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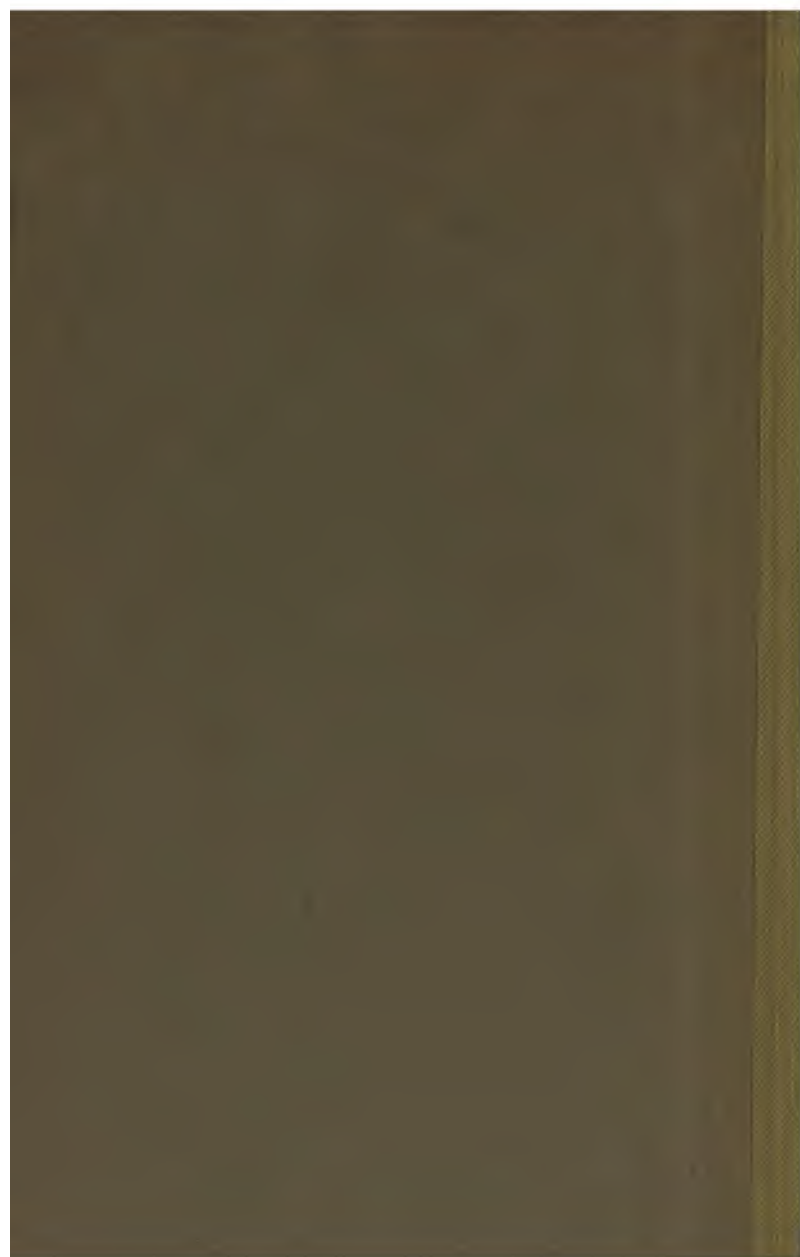
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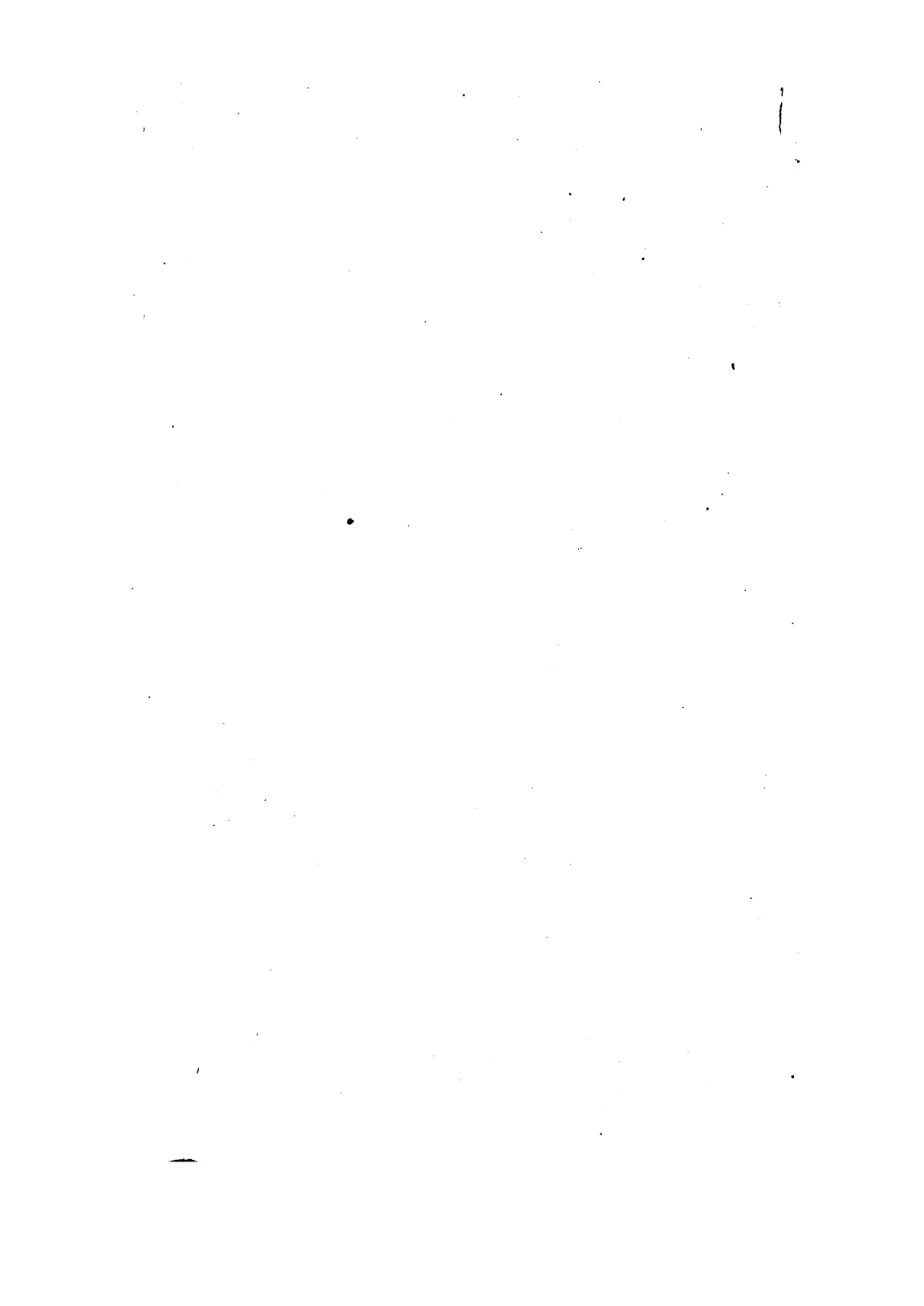
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TRANSACTIONS
OF
THE GAELIC SOCIETY OF INVERNESS.

VOLUME XXI.

1896-97.



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OF INVERNESS.

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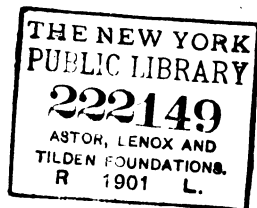
Clann nan Gaidheal an Ghailllean a Cheile.

Inverness:

THE GAELIC SOCIETY OF INVERNESS.

1899.

M.S.T.



Inberness:

PRINTED BY THE NORTHERN COUNTIES NEWSPAPER AND PRINTING AND PUBLISHING
COMPANY, LIMITED.

ROY WEL
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INTRODUCTION.

THIS, the 21st volume of the Gaelic Society of Inverness Transactions, though a majority volume, is published in the Society's 28th year of existence. The publication of a yearly volume has long been found impossible or impracticable; and this volume, like its two immediate predecessors, contains a year and a half's work—from January of 1896 to June of 1897. The volume claims to be unique in one respect: it is the largest which the Society has yet issued, coming as it does within a few pages of the five hundred. Its characteristics otherwise are the same as the later volumes of the Society—few general or elementary papers, but several papers containing original research or original documents. It is not invidious to draw attention to the historical or documentary value of the "Bighouse Papers" and the "Gleanings from the Cluny Charter Chest;" but it will be seen that the Society has not forgotten the other aspects of its work—Highland folklore, Gaelic literature in all its phases, Gaelic dialects, and local as well as clan history.

Our death-roll for this volume is heavy, both in number and quality. Alexander Mackenzie, well known under the sobriquet of the "Clach" (which arose from the name of his first shop in Inverness—"Clachnacuddin House"), died on the 22nd January, 1898. He was one of the most notable men in the Highlands for the last generation—Highland politician, editor, and clan historian. Born on a croft in Gairloch in 1838, he had little opportunity for schooling, and at an early age he had to earn his living as navvy, ploughman, and the like. About 1860 he joined the Scotch Drapery Trade in England, and soon made his way in business. In 1869 he settled in Inverness, first as clothier,

developing latterly into editor and publisher of the *Celtic Magazine* and *Scottish Highlander*. He has left seven clan histories, all works of great genealogical value. He was one of the founders of the Gaelic Society of Inverness, and took an active part in all its proceedings to the last. Sir Henry C. Macandrew, who had held the office of Chief of the Society, and who so often acted as chairman of its public meetings when the actual chiefs could not be present, died on the 26th September of last year; he was born in 1832. Another enthusiastic and energetic member was the late Captain Macra Chisholm of Glassburn. Within the last few weeks the Highland publishing world has had to mourn the loss of two of its most valued heads. Mr Archibald Sinclair of Glasgow, “deagh mhac an deagh athar,” died on the 1st February, at the early age of 48. From his “Celtic Press” have issued many Gaelic publications during the last thirty years. Mr Robert Livingston, manager of the *Northern Chronicle*, and practically the Society’s publisher, died suddenly at Edinburgh on the 3rd March, much regretted by everyone that knew him. The poetess, Mrs Mary Macpherson or “Mairi Nighean Iain Bhàin,” must also be added to our death roll. She was born at Skeabost, in Skye, in 1821, and died there in November, 1898, at the ripe age of 77 years.

In taking our customary glance at Celtic literature, we have to record a fair output for the Highlands. Gaelic works are few. Surgeon-Colonel John Macgregor has greatly enhanced his poetic reputation by his *Luinneagan Luaineach* (Nutt). Two volumes are now published in handy and cheap form of Rev. Mr Macrury’s racy and accurate translation of the “Arabian Nights”—*Syeulachdan Arabianach* (“Northern Chronicle”). Dr George Henderson has laid the Gaelic world under a great debt of obligation to him for his excellent work *Leabhar nan Gleann*, which contains three leading features: one-third of it consists of transliterations from the *Fernaig* MS. to the extent of half the MS., one-half is taken up with a collection of Hebridean poetry, and the rest contains an English translation of Prof. Zimmer’s important paper on “Matriarchy among the Picts.” Mr Henry Whyte has published, under the title of *Leabhar Na Ceilidh*, an

excellent selection of Gaelic readings and recitations in prose and verse. A new edition of Rob Donn's poems, edited by Mr Hew Morrison, with a memoir, has given rise to a very lively controversy as to whether the poet was a Calder or a Mackay. Of English works on Highland subjects, we may first mention the late Alex. Mackenzie's posthumous "History of the Munros," which merits to be placed among his best books. Dr Charles Fraser-Mackintosh has published the "Minor Septs of Clan Chattan," wherein he shews his usual clan enthusiasm and accuracy of research. Mr W. Drummond-Norie has written a most readable popular history of Lochaber under the title of "Loyal Lochaber," where the legendary element bulks largely. "Inverness County" was published last year by the Blackwoods in their County Histories series; Dr Cameron Lees, the author, has done the work with his usual literary power. Captain Ellice's "Place-Names of Glengarry and Glenquoich" is a very creditable performance, and we should like to see more of this class of work done; the last similar book was Mr Liddall's "Fife and Kinross Place-Names" (1896). Mr E. B. Nicholson, the Bodleian Librarian, spent some vacations in Golspie, and the result is an "omnium gatherum" work, entitled "Golspie: Contributions to its Folklore," very readable, and, save on Pictish inscriptions, reliable. Mr Andrew Lang has edited a Spy's Account of the "Highlands in 1750," with introduction and notes. It is a useful book, giving a valuable if prejudiced report upon the clans and their capacities. Of new editions we may mention Dr Kennedy's "Days of the Fathers in Ross-shire," edited by the Revs. J. Noble and J. Kennedy; "Leabhar Nan Cnoc," republished largely at the expense of that enthusiastic Highlander, Mr John Mackay of Hereford; and Mackay's Collection of Pipe-Music (Logan & Co). In regard to periodicals and journals, *The Caledonian Medical Journal* and the *Highland News* deserve special mention for their Gaelic and Highland matter. *Mactalla*, of Cape Breton Island, still continues to be our only purely Gaelic journal.

Outside Scotland there has been some slackness in book publishing, but magazine articles are as numerous as ever. A

new periodical has been added to the list, again "made in Germany;" it is called the "Archiv für Celtische Lexikographie," and is edited by Dr Whitley Stokes and Professor Kuno Meyer. The "Revue Celtique" and the "Zeitschrift für Celtische Philologie" flourish greatly. The last number of the latter contains an article on the Fernaig MS. by Dr C. Ludwig Stern, marked by his usual brilliancy. It should be read along with Dr Henderson's *Leabhar nan Gleann*. "The Annals of Tigernach" have been published in full by Dr Stokes in the *Revue Celtique*. Mr Nutt's second volume of *Bran, the Son of Febal*, is published, and contains a brilliant discussion on the "Celtic Doctrine of Rebirth." Miss Hull has published with Mr Nutt the whole story of Cuchulinn, under the title of the "Cuchulinn Saga"—an excellent piece of work. Prof. Macalister has written the first part of a work on "Irish Epigraphy," dealing with the Ogam. The "Celtic Renaissance" seems to be in abeyance at present; but we had one or two excellent novels dealing with the Highlands during the last year. Mr Neil Munro's "John Splendid," a novel of the Montrose wars, is written with the true Highland spirit; and the late William Black published at the same time his "Wild Eelin," the scene of which is laid mostly in Inverness town. It is one of Mr Black's best efforts.

A Pan-Celtic congress was lately held at Dublin, and one of the most interesting items brought forward was the distribution and number of the Celtic population in Europe. About three and a quarter millions speak one Celtic tongue or other. Of these Brittany comes first with 1,322,000, of whom 679,700 speak Breton only. Then comes Wales with 910,000, of whom as many as 508,000 speak nothing but Welsh, leaving 402,000 who speak both Welsh and English. Ireland has 680,000 Gaelic-speaking people, of whom 38,000 can speak Gaelic only. Scotland comes next with a quarter of a million Gaelic-speaking people, of whom 42,700 speak Gaelic only. In the Isle of Man from two to three thousand speak Manx Gaelic. The divisional sections in Scotland are very interesting. Most people believe that Gaelic is confined to the west and the isles, but (as returned by the census of 1891)

even the eastern and southern counties have a large proportion. There are fewest in Galloway, but it is certainly astonishing that there are 6000 Gaelic-speaking people in Mid-Lothian, 500 in Berwickshire, 100 in Haddingtonshire, 174 in Roxburghshire, and 800 in Fifeshire; while between Dundee and Peterhead (leaving out Perthshire) there are 6000. Lanarkshire comes out with no fewer than 25,000; Inverness-shire, Ross and Cromarty, and Argyll come first with respectively 62,000, 56,000, and 42,000. The large Celtic Colonial population must be nearly as numerous as the European; but no attempt has been made as yet to estimate it all. Canada, according to the latest estimate, has a quarter of a million of its inhabitants capable of speaking Gaelic.

In the preface to our last volume we stated that the Scotch Code recognised Gaelic in four different ways:—(1) The children's intelligence might be tested in Gaelic, and Gaelic might be taught for this purpose during Government hours; (2) an extra Gaelic-speaking P.T. could be employed for bilingual instruction, and a shilling extra of grant would then be paid on the average attendance, such P.T. also receiving a grant like any other P.T.; (3) Gaelic might be taken as a specific subject; and (4) Gaelic-speaking P.T.'s might receive additional— as many as for Latin and Greek —marks for Gaelic at the Normal entry examination, over and above the two languages to which other P.T.'s are confined. The Code of 1899, which is simply revolutionary, though in the right direction, in many vital matters of education, has considerably altered the position of Gaelic. Only points 2 and 4 appear in the new Code; 1 and 3 have disappeared. Number one may easily be restored, but Gaelic as a specific subject is doomed, for the Code has abolished Specifics. There is no separate payment for any such, though the standard of examination insisted on in the Advanced Department is founded on the old specific schedule. No doubt teachers will be allowed to take Gaelic as part of the Advanced Department curriculum, to be counted on an equality with Latin or French; but this point also requires clearing up.

INVERNESS, 15th March, 1899.

COMUNN GAELIG INBHIR-NIS.

CO-SHUIDHEACHADH.

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

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

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

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

5. 'S a' cheud-mhios, gach bliadhna, roghnaichear, le crainn, Co-chomhairle a riaghlas gnothuichean a' Chomuinn, 's e sin—aon

GAELIC SOCIETY OF INVERNESS.

CONSTITUTION.

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

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

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

4. The Annual Subscription shall be, for—

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

5. The management of the affairs of the Society shall be entrusted to a Council, chosen annually, by ballot, in the month of

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

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

7. Cuiridh a' Cho-chomhairle la air leth anns an t-Seachdamh-mios air-son Coinneamh Bhliadhnail aig an cumar Co-dheuchainn agus air an toirear duaisean air-son Piobaireachd 'us ciuil Ghaidhealach eile ; anns an fheasgar bithidh co-dheuchainn air Leughadh agus aithris Bardachd agus Rosg nuadh agus taghta ; an deigh sin cumar Cuirm chuideachdail 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 dheanamh 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 choinneamh 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-leabhar-lann.

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

January, to consist of a Chief, three Chieftains, an Honorary Secretary, a Secretary, a Treasurer, and five other Members of the Society, all of whom shall understand and speak Gaelic; five to form a quorum.

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

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

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

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

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

GAELIC SOCIETY OF INVERNESS.

OFFICE-BEARERS FOR 1896

CHIEF.

J. E. B. Baillie, Esq. of Dochfour, M.P.

CHIEFTAINS.

Mr James Fraser, C.E.
Mr Alex. Macbain, M.A.
Mr John L. Robertson, H.M.I.S.

HON. SECRETARY.

Mr William Mackay, Solicitor.

SECRETARY AND TREASURER.

Mr Duncan Mackintosh, Bank of Scotland.

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Mr William Fraser.
Mr Alex. Mackenzie.
Mr Wm. Macdonald.

LIBRARIAN.

Mr William Fraser.

PIPER.

Pipe-Major Ronald Mackenzie.

BARD.

Mr Neil Macleod, Edinburgh.

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CHIEFTAINS.

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Mr James Fraser, C.E.
Rev. Thomas Sinton.

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SECRETARY AND TREASURER.

Mr Duncan Mackintosh, Bank of Scotland.

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Mr William Fraser.

PIPER.

Pipe-Major Ronald Mackenzie.

BARD.

Mr Neil Macleod, Edinburgh

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TRANSACTIONS.

28th JANUARY, 1896.

TWENTY-FOURTH ANNUAL DINNER.

THE Twenty-fourth Annual Dinner of the Society took place in the Station Hotel this evening. The chair was occupied by J. E. B. Baillie, Esq. of Dochfour, M.P., Chief of the Society for 1896, who was supported by Major Jackson of Swordale; Capt. Malcolm, Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders; ex-Provost Ross, LL.D.; Rev. Dr Norman Macleod; Provost Macpherson, Kingussie; Mr Duncan Shaw, W.S.; Mr Alexander Mackenzie, publisher; and Mr Duncan Mackintosh, Secretary of the Society. The croupiers were Mr John L. Robertson, H.M. Inspector of Schools, and Mr William Mackay, solicitor, Honorary Secretary of the Society. Among those present were—Mr H. V. Maccallum, solicitor; Dr Munro Moir, Inverness; Rev. John Kennedy, Caticol, Arran; Mr Alexander Macbain, rector, Raining's School; Mr John Macleod, M.P.; Mr Guild, Thornbush Brewery; Mr James A. Gossip, The Nurseries; Mr Steele, agent, Bank of Scotland; Mr Donald Fraser of Millburn; Rev. Mr Morrison, Kintail; Mr James Barron, Ness Bank; Mr Alexander Mactavish, ironmonger; Mr Charles Macdonald, Knocknagael; Mr David Munro, solicitor; Mr Aeneas Fraser, writer; Mr Macwalter, of Messrs Marr & Co., music-sellers; Mr Mackay, contractor; Mr H. Rose Mackenzie, solicitor; Mr A. M. Ross, Dingwall; Mr John S. Fraser, solicitor; Mr Fraser, farmer, Balloch; Dr F. M. Mackenzie; Mr John Mackenzie, merchant, Greig Street; Mr John Cameron, bookseller; Mr Freeman, Union Street; Mr Arthur Medlock, jeweller; Mr William Fraser, Greig Street; Mr Alexander Macdonald, Highland Railway; Mr Keeble, Church Street; Mr M'Hardy, Chief Constable; Mr Duncan Mactavish, grain merchant; Mr Wark,

Lancashire Insurance Company; Mr Ross, solicitor; Mr Macpherson, merchant, Inglis Street; Mr Samuel Davidson, Union Street, and others.

After an excellent dinner had been done ample justice to, during which the Society's Piper, Pipe-Major Ronald Mackenzie, Gordon Castle, played stirring and well-selected music,

The Chairman, who was received with applause, gave the loyal and patriotic toasts, in course of which he sympathetically referred to the great loss the Royal Family had recently sustained by the death of Prince Henry of Battenberg. He was sure he was only expressing the feelings of every one present when he said they deeply sympathised with the Queen and widowed Princess.

Captain Malcolm replied for the Army and Navy, and Major Duncan Shaw replied for the Volunteers.

The Secretary then 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 Society have had another useful year. During the year fifteen papers were read at the Society's meetings, and the nineteenth volume of the Society's "Transactions" was issued and delivered to the members. Volume twenty is in the press, and will, it is expected, be issued before the date of the annual assembly in July. The syllabus for the current session is in the hands of the members present. The Treasurer's report is as follows:—Balance from last year, £55 2s 1d; income during year, £116 1s 5d; total, £171 3s 6d; expenditure during year, £146 1s 9d—Balance in Bank of Scotland, £25 1s 9d. During the year the Society was joined by 1 life member, 4 honorary members, and 39 ordinary members. On the other hand, the Council greatly regret the death of several members, including Field-Marshal Sir Patrick Grant, Chief of the Society for past year; Mr Colin Chisholm, one of the honorary chieftains of the Society; and ex-Bailie Alexander Mackenzie, Silverwells, who was for several years one of the chieftains of the Society.

The Chairman, on rising to propose the toast of the evening—"Success to the Gaelic Society of Inverness"—was received with great enthusiasm. He said—My position upon this occasion is to a certain extent an awkward one, as I am deficient in the very point which is the object of the existence of this Association. I think this deficiency may, however, be forgiven me, when you consider that all my boyhood days were spent in foreign countries, where my father had to live owing to his being in the diplomatic service. But I have always deeply regretted this want of know-

ledge, which would have enabled a closer and more intimate relation between myself and the people with whom I am most closely connected. I never regretted it more than I do now, as it prevents me speaking intelligently to such a large number of those whom I have the honour to represent in the House of Commons. I can, however, value and respect Gaelic without knowing it. It is impossible to allow the language of a nation to die without losing with it many of the mental and intellectual characteristics of the people. It is not only a matter of historical interest to preserve the peculiarities of this national temperament; it is, I believe, a matter of great importance in the history of a nation that the characteristics and every one of the elements of which the national life is composed should be preserved. The Highlanders have lessons to teach to Great Britain, and lessons to teach to the age in which we live. The Scotchman of the Lowlands brings into the national life thrift, carefulness, and determination of purpose, and a singleness of aim in life which brings him to the front as a man of business; the Englishman has these noble qualities—a sense of justice and honesty and respect for law, which makes him the best ruler in the world; but both of these have a tendency to the material and matter of fact side of life; it remains for the Highlander to introduce the romantic element, which finds so large an expression in his literature. Again, it is a common complaint that family ties and public loyalty are weakening every day. Surely the people whose love of name, race, country, and home is so proverbial, may have a place as teachers in such an age. I only wish I could prove the value I put upon this matter by learning Gaelic myself, but I fear it is too late to do so now. In conclusion, let me only say how glad I am to have this public opportunity of expressing the sympathy I feel for the objects of this Association, and to assure you that I shall always warmly second any efforts you may be making to carry on this work, which I consider as of such great importance.

Provost Macpherson, Kingussie, in giving the toast of *The Language and Literature of the Gael*, said—The subject of this toast has been so often and so ably thrashed out at successive gatherings of this Society, for many years, that one feels quite at a loss to say anything fresh on the point. I desire, therefore, simply to confine myself to a few words as to the language, and to a brief reference to the labours of those who, during the last half century—without going further back—have done so much in the way of rescuing and preserving the literature of the Gael. And

first as to the language, so appropriately termed "A' chainnt bhinn, bhlasda a bha ann o cheiu." While the English tongue is now as indispensable as English coin in the business of every-day life, we find in the Gaelic language, in the more sacred home-life of a Highland community, treasures—as has well been said—of devotion and affection, a balm for bruised hearts, a music of old times, reminiscences of genuine Highland hospitality, a vehicle of fire-side talk, and patriotic inspiration, and of young love whispering in the twilight of a summer evening in our native glens, such as no Highland heart will ever find in equal luxuriance in the chilly English speech. Let me recall in this connection a few of the many wise and patriotic sentiments to which Professor Blackie—that warm-hearted friend and admirer of the Gael, whose recent death awakened feelings of the deepest sorrow among Highlanders all over the world—so frequently gave expression. "I respect and reverence the Gaelic language," he said on one occasion, "and learn from her lips more tenderness, and, perhaps, more wisdom, than from the most recent school book, bound with red tape, and patronised by Her Majesty's inspectors. If the language," he continued, "is to die speedily the fault will mainly be with the Highland people themselves. . . . No doubt the Celt is a British citizen, and ought to be taught English. That should be placed in the foreground, but unless circumstances are very unfavourable—unless he is ill-treated by others, or ill-treats himself, and looks only to what affects his pocket, rather than to what makes his bosom swell with noble emotion and sentiment—he ought not to neglect his mother tongue; and he is a monster if he does not love it. He may have the misfortune to have a father who told him to avoid the mother tongue, and who sent him to Eton or Harrow to learn to read Horace and to be licked into an Englishman, and who did not know that the best thing for a Highland laird was to be familiar with the language of his own people, and the history and traditions of the ancestral glens." "No people," said Trelawny, the friend of Byron and Shelly, "if they retain their name and language need despair," and that pledge of liberty and guarantee of nationality, let us hope that, in some measure at least, we still possess. And now a few words as to the literature of the Gael. The question has not unfrequently been asked by would-be cynics whether such a thing as Celtic literature exists at all, but to enlarge upon such a question at a gathering of this Society would surely be altogether a work of supererogation. "The moment," says Dr Douglas Hyde, in an interesting little volume recently published—entitled "The Story

of Early Gaelic Literature"—“The moment that the English reader embarks on the sea of native Irish literature (and this applies with equal force to the literature of the Highlands) he finds himself in absolutely unknown waters. It is not merely that the style, the phraseology, the turns of speech, the entire metrical system are as unlike English as though the whole of Europe lay between the two countries, but its allusions are to things, and times, and events, and cycles, and dynasties strange and unknown to him, and he thus finds himself suddenly launched into a new world, whose existence was, by him, perfectly unsuspected. He is beset on every side by allusions which he cannot understand, similes he cannot grasp, and by ideas which are strange to him.”

Confining myself to the period I have mentioned, and to this side of the Border, the labours of such well-known Celtic scholars as Dr Skene, Mr J. F. Campbell, Dr Maclauchlan of Edinburgh, Dr Clark of Kilmallie, Dr Cameron of Brodick, Dr Hatley Waddell, Mrs Mary Mackellar, Professor Blackie, Sheriff Nicolson, Rev. Mr Campbell of Tiree, Rev. Mr Macgregor of Inverness, Mr Hector Maclean of Islay, and others, who have all now gone over to the majority, are, I have no doubt, familiar to most of you. Let me specially refer to the *Teachdàire* and *Cuairtear* of that Highlander of Highlanders, the elder Dr Norman Macleod, of St Columba's, Glasgow—a man, it has been justly said, “worthy to be remembered with affectionate veneration by all lovers of the Scottish Highlands, their people, and their language; whose perfect knowledge of Gaelic proverbs, and happy use of them, gave a special charm to his Highland dialogues, which, in wisdom, humour, tenderness, in height of aim, pureness of spirit, and simple beauty of style, have not been surpassed in the literature of any country.” Need I allude to these admirable, but now, alas! defunct, periodicals, *The Gael*, *The Celtic Magazine*, and *The Highland Monthly*, and to our northern newspapers, which have all done such excellent service in the way of promoting the cultivation of the language, poetry, and music of the Highlands? The three magazines which I have mentioned have unfortunately ceased to exist, but let me specially commend their successor, so to speak, that bright and attractive little periodical, *The Celtic Monthly*, at present so admirably conducted by Mr John Mackay, of Glasgow, which, I believe, is steadily increasing in circulation among Highlanders both at home and abroad. Among the many admirable papers given in *The Celtic Magazine*, I may be pardoned for specially alluding to the delightful “Snatches of Highland Song,” collected

in Badenoch by our worthy friend, Mr. Sinton, the minister of Dores, which have greatly interested natives of Badenoch, and which I hope may soon be published in book form. I would desire also to refer to the racy papers appearing in the *Inverness Courier* from time to time, from the pen of that genial and accomplished clergyman, "Nether Lochaber," which many of us, I am sure, do not peruse with less interest, from his decided Jacobite leanings. Of special interest to Highlanders have also been many of the papers in the *Northern Chronicle*, from the pen of Mr. Campbell, the able and accomplished editor of that newspaper. Coming nearer home, let me refer to the labours of Mr. Alexander Mackenzie, of the *Scottish Highlander*, the well-known author of so many clan histories, to whom such a splendid and well-deserved tribute of admiration was made this afternoon by such a large number of subscribers, representing all shades of political opinion. Let me also mention the name of Mr. Alexander Macbain, who has been appropriately termed "one of the best living Celtic scholars." If you will pardon a personal remark, not a few members of this Society, while admiring the attainments of our friend, Mr. Macbain, as a Celtic philologist, do not by any means endorse all his historical opinions, and I may perhaps be allowed to express the hope that, as regards some at least of these opinions, he may come to see "the error of his way." In the meantime, as loyal members of the Gaelic Society, we must of course "agree to differ." But this by the way. Within the last four or five years no little literary activity has prevailed in the way of publication of very meritorious works connected with the Highlands. During that short period we have had the poems and songs of Mary Macpherson, the Skye poetess; a collection of original Gaelic songs and poems by Allister Macdonald, Inverness; and fuller editions of the works of some of our earlier poets have been issued by Neil Macleod, the bard of the Society. We have also had the literary remains of that accomplished Gaelic scholar and native of Badenoch, Dr. Cameron, of Brodick, in two portly volumes, ably edited by Mr. Macbain and Rev. John Kennedy. Another remarkable volume—justly characterised as "a model parish history"—is "Urquhart and Glenmoriston," by our highly esteemed friend, Mr. William Mackay, one of the original members of the Society, and one of the most frequent and valued contributors to its Transactions. Within the same period, Mr. Mackenzie has issued a new and improved edition of his "History of the Mackenzies," which has been received with a chorus of approval, alike from the clan and from the general public. We have also

had "Eachdraidh Beatha Chrìosd" from that master of racy and idiomatic Gaelic, Rev. Mr Macrury of Snizort; "The Last Macdonalds of Isla," already out of print, from Mr Fraser-Mackintosh; "Personal Names and Surnames of the Town of Inverness," from Mr Macbain; "Memorable Highland Floods of the Nineteenth Century," from Mr Nairne, the talented sub-editor of the *Chronicle*; and "Gaelic Incantations and Charms," from Mr William Mackenzie, the secretary of the Crofters Commission, for some time the energetic secretary of this Society. In course of the present year we have also the promise of several very important works connected with the Highlands. Among these are Mr Macbain's "Etymological Dictionary of the Gaelic Language"; "The History of the Frasers," by the indefatigable clan historian, Mr Mackenzie; "The Records of the Presbyteries of Inverness and Dingwall," to be edited by Mr Wm. Mackay for the "Scottish History Society;" "The Clan Donald," by Rev. Archibald Macdonald, Kiltarlity, and Rev. A. J. Macdonald, Killearnan; and "Sutherland and the Reay Country," by Rev. Adam Gunn, of Durness, and Mr John Mackay, the editor of the *Celtic Monthly*. The toast was coupled with the name of Rev. John Kennedy of Caticol, Arran, whom Mr Macpherson characterised as one of the best Gaelic scholars of our time, and who had been associated with Mr Macbain in the publication of Dr Cameron of Brodick's *Reliquiæ Celticæ*.

Rev. Mr Kennedy, Arran, said he had to thank Provost Macpherson for the extremely kind way in which he had referred to himself. This was the first time he had been in the capital of the Highlands, and he enjoyed immensely the pleasure and privilege of being present that night. To begin with, he had to congratulate the Gaelic Society of Inverness on the motto which headed the programme this evening—

"A' chuir m sgaoilte ; chualas an cèol,
Ard shòlas an talla nan Triath."

The feast spread ; the music was heard,
High holiday in the hall of the heroes.

All present to that extent were heroes, and as Mr Macpherson had so splendidly given them an account of all that had been done during the past 50 years, he would only acknowledge in one word their indebtedness to him for criticising the work accomplished. Their chairman that evening, seeing he was so young, need not give up the idea of acquiring the Gaelic language. Mr Macpherson of Belleville acquired in two months a

fair knowledge of the language, and in two years he was able to speak to his tenantry. He was a credit to all landlords. It was sometimes said that something might be done for the Highlands, in Gaelic or in English, in the line of what had been done for the Lowlands by Barrie, Crockett, and Ian Maclaren. Crockett himself said his book was often asked for thus—"Have you the Crockett Minister by Stickit." They had Miss Fionna Macleod now doing the very best in that direction for the Highlands—the pioneer in a sphere where a great amount of work might yet be done.

Mr William Mackay, solicitor, gave the toast of the Clergy. He said the Highland clergy were the best working members of the Gaelic Society of Inverness. Indeed, if they removed the work of the clergy from the Celtic field there would be very little left. He coupled the toast with the name of Dr Norman Macleod, who was the representative of a family who had done more for Celtic literature than any other in the country.

Dr Norman Macleod, in replying, congratulated Mr Macbain upon the completion of his Gaelic Dictionary. He had the pleasure of meeting Dr Whitley Stokes, and when he found he was a Scotsman, and before he knew he was a Highlander, he remarked, "Do you know Macbain, of Inverness?" He assured them every member of the Gaelic Society would have been proud and gratified if they heard the way in which that eminent man spoke of Mr Macbain as a Celtic scholar. He did not know if the Highland clergy of the present day could be compared in literary power with those who went before, but he ventured to hope that they were not less assiduous in the discharge of their sacred duties. He could only hope that the clergy in their ecclesiastical associations should remember the Highland war-cry, "Clann nan Gàidheal an gvaillibh a chéile." Although they represented different denominations, they all belonged to the same grand army, were fighting with the same weapons against the same foes, and looking, he trusted, to the same victory.

A number of other toasts followed, and, at the close,

Mr Steele proposed, in appropriate terms, the health of the Chief. The toast was enthusiastically pledged with Highland honours and the playing on the bagpipes of "A man's a man for a' that."

The Chairman, in reply, thanked the company for the cordial way in which they had pledged his health. He also thanked them for the honour they had done him in electing him as Chief of this Society. He could not help feeling that the members

might have chosen some one better fitted to fill the position. He felt that the Chief of this Society ought to be the head of some ancient warlike clan, or some one well versed in the Gaelic language and literature. But if a true love of the Highlands and Highlanders and an earnest desire to further and cultivate the promotion of the real interests of his fellow-countrymen were a sufficient qualification, then, in this respect at least, he could accept the compliment with an easy conscience. He thought it was the late Sheriff Nicolson who once remarked that the man who did not love his native place should have been born somewhere else. He believed the Sheriff might have added that a Chief of the Gaelic Society who did not love the Highlands should not have been born at all. Mr Steele had kindly coupled his name with the toast as the representative of Inverness-shire—the greatest of Scottish counties. Such a position brought with it many responsibilities. He again thanked them for their kindness, and he trusted they might be long spared to work together for the well-being of their fellow-countrymen and the support of that Empire in which they gloried.

The proceedings, which were enlivened by occasional selections on the bagpipes by Pipe-Major Ronald Mackenzie, songs from Mr Aeneas Fraser and Mr R. Macleod, and the singing of "Auld Lang Syne," in which all heartily joined, brought a most successful meeting to a close.

6th FEBRUARY, 1896.

At the meeting this evening, Mr Thos. M. Batchen, C.E., Mr Murdo Macdonald, C.E., both of Highland Railway, Inverness, and Mr James A. Gossip, Knowsley, Inverness, were elected ordinary members of the Society.

The Secretary announced the following donations to the Society's Library:—"British Inscriptions," by E. B. Nicolson, Bodleian Library, Oxford, from the author, and "The Deponent Verb in Irish," by Professor Strachan, from the author.

Thereafter, the Secretary read a paper contributed by Charles Fraser-Mackintosh, Esq. of Drummond, entitled "The Cuthberts of Castlehill." The paper was as follows:—

MINOR HIGHLAND FAMILIES.

No. IX.—THE CUTHBERTS OF CASTLEHILL, STYLED
“MAC SHEORAI8.”

The recent valuable analysis of the names of the population of Inverness, compiled by Rector Macbain, shows that the predominant surname in the town at present is that of Fraser. That of Mac-kintosh was predominant in last century, and before then was the once leading name of Cuthbert, now disappeared, like those of Waus and Barbour.

The name Cuthbert is a very ancient Saxon one. St Cuthbert was popular both in England and Scotland, and many churches were dedicated to him.

It is generally admitted that the original Castle of Inverness stood on the Crown lands, and that after its destruction, and the reconstruction of the new one on the height overhanging the river, the words “Auld Castlehill” came into use. It may also be fairly assumed that the upper part of Castle Street, formerly “Domesdale,” was cut out from the Barnhills, or deepened as it now is, for the greater security of the new Castle.

It will be kept in view that the Castles of Inverness were essentially fortifications, and that while the new one was well defended by the river at its foot on the west side, it was at the same time essential that it should so far as practicable stand isolated from the adjoining heights on the east or Barnhill side.

Anyone who examines the sites of the old and new Castle hills will see at once how much stronger, both for attack and defence, the new position was.

The extent of Auld Castlehill may be fairly arrived at, as it is known that while part extended to the sea, the valley of the Millburn, perhaps the stream itself, would have formed the boundary to the North-East, as it is unquestionable that the lands of Knockintinnel, on which the Barracks are now built, bounded Auld Castlehill on that side.

These lands of Knockintinnel, as also the barony of Culcabock immediately adjoining to the South-West, with Auld Castlehill, comprehended the only lands independent of Inverness burgh until you come to Culloden proper, all the remainder, including Broomhill, Stoneyfield, and Culloden's Carnlaw, being included within the territory of the burgh of Inverness. The property of

Castlehill with which the Cuthberts were so long associated is mentioned at a very early date, but the surnames of the early proprietors, if any, have not been handed down.

The authentic antiquity of the family of Cuthbert is sufficient to stand on its own foundation, without giving credence to the imaginary genealogy of the well-known Bore Brief of 1686.

Among some of the oldest Inverness charters existing there are charters to and by the old proprietors of Castlehill, such as by Edoua of the "Auld Castle," one of the daughters and heiresses of the late Thomas, 4th March, 1351; Sir Robt. de Chisholm, superior, 14th September, 1362; and Donald of the "Auld Castle," 14th April, 1447—all except Chisholm's without surnames.

The lands were then held in feu, Sir Robert de Chisholm being superior, as already mentioned, in 1362, as was Thomas de Weike in 1458-1477.

The Cuthberts were free barons, although by the Valuation Roll of 1691 the valuation of George Cuthbert only amounted to £224 Scots, whereof £168 lay in Inverness and £56 in Croy parishes.

In 1644 Janet Mackenzie, Lady Castlehill, is rated at £266 13s 4d Scots. Hence it follows that Auld Castlehill, not extending to £400 Scots of valuation, must to constitute a freehold have been a forty shilling land of old extent.

A Thomas Cuthbert does appear as one of the witnesses to a charter of 1458, but the first Cuthbert of whom authentic record exists connected with Castlehill, and with whom I commence, was

I. WILLIAM CUTHBERT, who is said to have been a son of John and a grandson of George Cuthbert, who fought in 1411 at Harlaw, at the head of the contingent sent by the burgh of Inverness against Donald of the Isles, whose predecessors' visits to the town, being generally followed by sack and destruction, were not welcomed or appreciated.

From the charter of 1478 it appears that the lands of Auld Castlehill, "lying within the Earldom of Moray and the Sheriffdom of Inverness," were personally resigned into the King's hands by Sir James Weike, chaplain, and of new granted by James III. to William Cuthbert, burgess of Inverness, at Edinburgh, 23rd July, 1498, these being witnesses—John, Bishop of Glasgow; William, Bishop of Moray, Keeper of the Privy Seal; Thomas, Bishop of Aberdeen; Andrew, Lord Avondale, Chancellor; Colin, Earl of Argyll, Master of the Royal Household; David, Earl of Crawford, Lord Lindsay; James, Lord Hamilton; Mr John de Colquhoun of that ilk, Knight; Mr Archibald Whitelaw, Archdean of Lothian,

the King's Secretary ; Mr Alexander Inglis, Dean of Dunkeld, Clerk of the Rolls and the Register. The next Cuthbert who is noted was

II. JOHN, probably a son of the above William. John was succeeded by his grandson,

III. GEORGE, who received from Queen Mary, dated at the monastery of Haddington, 24th July, 1548, a charter as grandson and heir of John Cuthbert, some time of Auld Castlehill. This George, who married Agnes Rose of Kilravock, had with his wife another charter from Queen Mary on the following day, 25th July, 1548, of the following subjects :—

“ 12 acres of land of the lordship and heritage of Auld Castlehill, in the Sheriffdom of Inverness, viz.—8 lying continuously between the lands of Saint Michael and the heirs of the late Robert Vaus, the Queen's Street and the sea ; 4 acres upon the Castlehill, viz.—one in Milnfield, between the lands of the heirs of the late James Cuthbert, the land of the Chaplain of the Holy Rood, the road which leads to the mill, and the rig which leads to Broomtown ; the other in the field between the lands of John Cuthbert, the land of the said Chaplaincy, the street leading to the mill, and the rig leading to the Draikies ; the third between the lands of the said John Cuthbert and the street leading to the Draikies ; the fourth lying between the lands of the late Robert Vaus, the land of the Chaplaincy of the Blessed Virgin Mary's High Altar, and the way leading to the Draikies ; which the said John Cuthbert of Auld Castlehill resigned, reserving his frank tenement of four acres of said lands, to be holden to the said George and Agnes in conjunct fee, and to his heirs-male of their marriage.”

George was Provost of Inverness and is found in the years 1554 and 1561. In 1559 he, as Provost, with the Bailies, received the property and Church utensils of the Friars, conform to an inventory bearing their receipt and acknowledgment, at Inverness the 22nd of December of 1559, quoted in the Book of Kilravock.

Those who “ pulled the ropes ” acted with great prudence, and in the interest of the Burgh as they imagined.

The Magistrates had taken step after step for months to possess themselves of the Friars' property, but had hardly got it when they parted with it, voluntarily or involuntarily it does not appear, but unwillingly—I should hope—to the Cuthberts, which was their game from the moment the Friars were seen to be friendless and powerless and on the brink of being wiped out. Hitherto the Cuthberts had been loyal and devout Churchmen,

but now, like the impecunious Scottish nobles, they strove to acquire such ecclesiastical property as they could grasp, and one of them, William, also Provost of Inverness, betwixt the years 1570 and 1578, got a tack, first, of all the Friars' property, turning out the old occupants, and, later on, getting an absolute right by charter from the Burgh—in other words, from themselves. This clerical zealot Provost, fattening upon the spoils of the ancient Church, is found, in 1573, directing that four men be selected to perambulate the town on Sundays, in order that the public be hunted out and compelled to attend the new worship.

Shortly afterwards the Cuthberts appear to have had some compunctions, and gifted to the Burgh as a place of interment, certain acres surrounding St Mary's Chapel, afterwards and now known as the Chapel-Yard. Over the gate these words, which have disappeared for more than a hundred years, were placed, "*Concordia res parvae crescunt*," of a cynical nature, suggesting a very different meaning from that intended by Sallust.

George Cuthbert was succeeded by his son,

IV. JOHN, who was served heir to his father on 25th April, 1587, and received a Royal charter from James the Sixth, dated at Dalkeith, 19th August, 1592. The charter runs in favour of John Cuthbert of Auld Castlehill and his heirs-male whatsoever "bearing the arms and surname of Cuthbert, the lands of Auld Castlehill, which the said John resigned for this infetment, and which the King of new gave to him for his good service ; with mills, multures, mill lands, woods, fishings, as well of salmon as of other fishes in salt waters and in fresh ; and incorporated with the same into one free barony of Auld Castlehill, for which one sasine, taken at the Manor House thereof, should stand for all ; And whereas the King was aware that these lands were surrounded by insolent men, and of diverse, powerful families, not obeying the laws, who, entering to any part of the said lands during ward, etc., wished continuously to retain them, therefore he wills that whenever these lands shall be in the hands of the King by reason of ward or non-entry, the said John shall pay five marks yearly during the time of ward and non-entry, ten marks for relief, and 100 marks for marriage when they shall happen ; for which sums the King grants to the said John, the ward and relief, non-entry and marriage when they shall happen."

John added to the family estates by the acquisition in respect of unpaid loan, of the lands of Drummond in the parish of Dore. This estate did not remain with the Cuthberts for any time, although at a much later date a succeeding proprietor, finding

Drummond among the subjects included in the old titles, served himself heir to that estate, but ineffectually. The name of John is also found in 1600 and 1611, in which latter year the name of his son and apparent heir, William, is found.

V. WILLIAM, who, on 13th July, 1624, is retoured heir to his father John, but does not appear to have survived long after his succession to the property—for while the retour of William is dated in 1624, a charter under the great seal is granted to his son,

VI. JOHN, dated 1 August 1625. Contemporary with this John was his cousin James Cuthbert of Draikies. It may be convenient here to make some brief reference to the Cuthberts of Draikies, cadets of Castlehill. There were three Draikies—Wester, Mid, and Easter Draikies, whereof Middle and East, otherwise Meikle Draikies belonged to one family, and West Draikies, sometimes called Little Draikies, to another. Meikle Draikies fell into the Castlehill family in the beginning of last century as after-mentioned. After passing through several hands, the three Draikies, as well as Castlehill, have become part and parcel of the Raigmore property.

I happen to have the testament testamentar of Elizabeth Dunbar, the wife of the above-named James Cuthbert of Draikies, who died upon the 5th of April, 1618, under the seal of the Commissariat office of Inverness, 13th November, 1618. This inventory shows that Mrs Cuthbert was a very industrious person and good manager. She was a sister of Robert Dunbar of Easter Binns in Moray, and amongst her effects were 17 drawing oxen, 4 queys, 52 sheep and hoggs, 2 work horses, a brown nag, and a brown hackney nag. She also possessed a deal of corn, and a chain with a tablet of gold estimated at £11.

Amongst her debtors were Angus Mackintosh of Aldturlies, Duncan "in the Vennel," Thomas-vic-Allister-vic-Homas in the Leys, Joseph Marjoribanks, burgess of Edinburgh; Alexander Mackenzie, fiar of Gairloch; John Dunbar of Benneagefield, Zachary Dunbar, without designation, and Robert Munro of Assynt.

Amongst her creditors were Mr James, Bishop of Inverness, and her servants, John Dow, David Munro, and Sandie Johnston. Her daughters, Christian and Elizabeth, shared her property, excepting that Christian, the eldest, is specially left a gold chain and a pair of gold bracelets.

The above James Cuthbert was Provost of Inverness, and held considerable estates in Ross-shire. George Monro of Meikle Tarrell, dispones to him Lochslyne and Pitnellies by disposition, dated

Tarbat, 27th May, 1622. The said George Monro also grants James Cuthbert a disposition of Amatnatua, in Ross, of same date. He did not, however, retain Lochslyne long, for there is a confirmation by the King, dated 25th August, 1624, of a disposition and ratification by him with consent of his wife, Abercrombie, in favour of John Mackenzie of Applecross, dated at the Chanonry of Ross, 3rd June, 1624, witnessed by Colin, Earl of Seaforth; Sir Donald Macdonald of Sleat, Knight; Donald Mackay of Strathnaver, and others.

In 1737 the last Cuthbert of Draikies conveyed the estate to Castlehill, head of his family. In 1664 and 1676 notice is found of John Cuthbert of Alturlies, in the parish of Petty.

It is generally admitted that John, the sixth Cuthbert, served in the Swedish wars under Gustavus Adolphus, as also in Germany, and that after the death of his protector he returned to Scotland and married one of the daughters of Cuthbert of Draikies, probably one of the two heiresses before named, but as the only indication of her Christian name is "N.," the identification is not certain. Of John's marriage there were nine daughters, who were all married, and one son,

VII. GEORGE, who succeeded, and married Magdalen, daughter of Sir James Fraser of Brae, with issue—three sons and a daughter. George does not seem to have been retoured heir to his father until 21st April, 1677.

It was in the time of this George that the French branch applied for a certificate from the Scots' Parliament of gentle birth. The statement is to a great extent fabulous, but there can be no doubt of the antiquity of the French family of Colbert. There is a most interesting little volume, "Note sur la famille Colbert," printed at Paris in 1863, which I long tried to get without success. Its perusal, however, was kindly given me by the Rev. George Seignelay Cuthbert, present, and 15th of his house, son of the late Seignelay Thomas Cuthbert, and grandson of Lewis Cuthbert, the last laird of Castlehill, afterwards referred to. From it much information can be had, but it must not be relied on on every point. The short preface is signed by "N. J. Colbert," and it is understood this family is still represented by Baron Colbert, who holds some land near Calais. The family of Colbert in France was long distinguished in the Church, Senate, and Army, holding numerous titles of honour. I have an engraving, in good preservation, of Louis XVI.'s famed minister, dated 1660, an intellectual face, with much reserved power. George was succeeded by his eldest son,

VIII. JOHN, who has a sasine as heir to his father on 20th April, 1699, and married Jean, only daughter of the Right Rev.

N. Hay of Dalgetty, last of the old Bishops of Moray, who, upon 7th May, 1700, was infeft in the barony of Castlehill. On 6th November, 1731, John makes his last will and testament. He was succeeded by his eldest son,

IX. GEORGE, who, with his wife, Mary Mackintosh of Blairvie, was infeft in Castlehill, in 1735. By this lady, it is recorded, he had a large family, of whom eight were living at their father's death.

This George was for a long time Sheriff-Substitute at Inverness. His affairs had fallen into disorder, and he was so embarrassed that after his death the family had practically sunk.

The estate was under sequestration for nearly thirty years. The old Lady Castlehill, Jean Hay, bestirred herself on her son's death, and, with some of her boys, first went to London to crave the aid and protection of her brother, Dr Hay. He was in fair practice, but not in favour with Government, and told his sister to invoke the protection of the French relatives so influential in that country. This the plucky Dowager carried out, and got two of her grandsons put in a very fair way of succeeding in the world, becoming, and brought up as, Roman Catholics.

X. ALEXANDER, who was known as "L'Abbé Colbert," came to Edinburgh after an absence of about thirty years and bought back the estate. His eldest sister, Jean, who had married Thomas Alves of Shipland, Inverness, wrote to her brother congratulating him on the purchase, and the Abbé's reply has been fortunately preserved. It is now given, and I am sure every reader will sympathise with him and appreciate his high-toned and thankful spirit.

"Edinburgh, 5th January, 1780.—Dear Sister,—I received your kind and most agreeable letter, of the 21st December, congratulating me on my success as to the purchasing the old Duchus, for which I return you my most grateful thanks. If I have succeeded, it was indeed against the greatest opposition and difficulties on every side, as you observe. My power and abilities were inconsiderable, but I have all reason to thank God for it, and for believing that He directed and assisted me in obtaining my wish. My patience and perseverance were great and much put to a tryal, but the happy event compensates for all, and the due submission to the will of God commands my gratitude even under these tryals, and gives me hope of His further Almighty protection, without which the wisest undertaking of men will be baffled. I am rejoiced to learn from yourself that you have got the better of your cold, and hope you'll keep free of it the rest of

the session. The winter has been severe on many people's constitutions here—few or no families have escaped colds and chin-coughs. I have, however, stood it out hitherto, God be thanked. I hope now to continue to do so. With my best wishes of the season to yourself, Miss Molly, the Misses Low, and all friends, I ever remain, dear sister, your most affectionate brother and humble servant, (Signed) "ALEX. CUTHBERT."

(Addressed) "Mistress Alves of Shipland, at her house on the Shore, Inverness."

NOTE.—Letter wafered and appears to have been despatched by private hand—No post mark.—C.F.M.

It would appear that the Abbé could not hold the property, being a Roman Catholic ecclesiastic and naturalised in France, and it passed in respect of a small pecuniary consideration into the hands of his youngest brother, George, who was Provost-Marshal of Jamaica.

XI. GEORGE had hardly come into possession of the estate—in fact, never came back to Scotland—when he died, and was succeeded by his brother,

XII. LEWIS, who married Jean Pinnock, after whom a farm on the estate of Castlehill was called Pinnockfield, which long since has fallen into disuse. Lewis lived in the North at Cradlehall for some years, and was warmly welcomed by the neighbouring proprietors and the people of Inverness.

To the name of Cradlehall is assigned a curious history. It was occupied after the battle of Culloden for several years by a Colonel Caulfield. The upper part of the house had not been properly finished, and was reached by a moveable stair or ladder. The Colonel was exceedingly hospitable, and many of his visitors could neither find their way home nor be conveyed up these stairs to bed with safety. With the assistance of a confidential English servant of a mechanical turn, who was often puzzled how to dispose of "overcome" guests with unsteady feet, the Colonel contrived an apparatus somewhat in the form of a cradle into which these weak-kneed mortals were placed, and the machine attached to a pulley, they were wound up to the attics. Hence the name of "Cradlehall." Alexander Baillie, during the re-building of Dochfour House, and later Mr Lewis Cuthbert, lived at Cradlehall, which has retained its name although the cradle itself has long disappeared.

Lewis Cuthbert, when he came to reside at Castlehill, had good prospects of enjoying his new position, and entered on the posses-

sion of his property with every disposition to maintain the credit of his ancient house, and in answer to a letter of congratulation, wrote very much in the same terms as the Abbé Cuthbert had done some years previously. I regret to find when writing this paper that the letter, having been mislaid, cannot be given now. He raised considerable sums in Jamaica for the establishment of the Inverness Royal Academy.

It would almost appear as if the family were again to take root and recover their former influential position, but this "was not to be." Sheriff Cuthbert had not a very good reputation, and in my younger days, when old families with their traditions and old local stories and events were the constant subjects of evening conversation, the ultimate downfall of the Cuthberts was attributed to two causes—1st, their high-handed seizure of ecclesiastical property after the Reformation ; and, 2nd, the judicial murder, for it could not be otherwise described, of two poor aged women, who were burnt as witches, under sentence of Sheriff Cuthbert, at the foot of the stream at Altmurnich, which separates Knockintinnel from Broomtown, now Raigmore House grounds. It was also alleged that the unfortunate women called down Heaven's curse on the Sheriff and his descendants. There can be no doubt that very many families of those who acquired spoils of the Church have, according to a well-known work, died out or become impoverished—whether through the anathemas of the Church or not is a matter of question.

For a few years, between 1792 and 1795, Lewis Cuthbert lived, much respected, at Cradlehall, and I have the good fortune of possessing his best tea service of Rose Swansea china. The road by Cradlehall towards the Culloden woods is one of my favourite drives, but I never pass without regretting that the place, with its commanding outlook, and splendid trees of the old rule, now present such a ragged and down-in-the-world aspect.

Mr Cuthbert unfortunately became security for the holders of certain patent offices in Jamaica, whereby he became seriously involved ; and, for the protection of his bankers in London, had to execute a disposition of his property to Mr Abram Roberts, about the year 1796. The estate had been bought by the Abbé Cuthbert in 1779 for a little over £8000. It had now to be disposed of to clear Mr Lewis Cuthbert's cautionary obligations, and, like other Highland estates sold before the close of the Peninsular War, it brought an enormous increase, not much short of £80,000—the chief purchasers being Culloden, who extended his lands from Carnlaw, by Stoneyfield and Broomtown to Knockintinnel ; Gordon

of Draikies; the Right. Hon. Charles Grant; Duff of Muirtown; the Hon. Archibald Fraser of Lovat; Welsh of Millburn; and others.

Litigation continued, and as late as the year 1832 the Castlehill affairs were not completely wound up, but notwithstanding the frightful litigations and disputes among the creditors themselves as to preferences, all the debts were paid.

Going back a little, I wish to note that John, the eldest son of Sheriff George (9th) Cuthbert, was killed at Louisburg under General Wolff, and died without issue. Another son went to South Carolina, and his male descendants represent the family.¹

¹ When this paper first appeared in the newspapers, it attracted the attention of two of the Cuthberts in the United States, viz., Lucius Montrose Cuthbert, formerly of South Carolina, now of Denver, Colorado; and Miss Katharine Trescott, of Washington; and from both I received most pleasant letters. Miss Trescott, writing on 27th July, 1896, amongst other things says that she is the great-great-grand-daughter of John Cuthbert (8th) and of Jean Hay. That the Abbé Colbert was not a brother, but uncle of the Bishop of Rodez, is shown by a letter from the Bishop to her great-grandfather, which letter is dated Gloucester Place, London, 25th August, 1802, the house of Lord Gray, and immediately after Lewis Cuthbert's death. Miss Trescott possesses a minute knowledge of the American Cuthberts, and of the family generally. Mr Lucius Cuthbert is great-great-grandson of James, second son of George (9th) of Castlehill, whose eldest brother John was killed at Louisburg fighting under Wolfe. James Cuthbert, who emigrated in 1737, went to South Carolina, and settled at Beaufort, in which place the family continued in honour and comfort on their own estate until the war of 1860-1864, when, joining the Confederates, their estate was devastated by the Federals, and nearly all the family plate, papers, and other valuables either destroyed or appropriated.

James Cuthbert married Miss Hazzard of South Carolina, whose eldest son, James Hazzard Cuthbert, married Miss Furze of South Carolina. Their eldest son, Lucius Cuthbert, married Miss Charlotte Fuller, great-niece maternally of Arthur Middleton, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. Lucius Cuthbert's eldest son was the Rev. Dr James Hazzard Cuthbert. Dr Cuthbert married Julia Elizabeth Turpin of Georgia, a lady of high English and French descent. One of her predecessors may be mentioned, Louis Jean Baptist Champeron, Chevalier d' Antignac, Colonel of King Louis' First Company of Musketeers, who, on settling in America, raised a regiment in 1776 at his own expense, serving with distinction at its head during the Revolutionary Wars. Dr Cuthbert died in 1890, leaving three daughters and two sons, the eldest, Lucius Montrose Cuthbert, my correspondent, and Middleton Fuller Cuthbert, both unmarried. Mr Lucius Cuthbert, notwithstanding the family losses of property, papers, valuables, and the break-up of their ancestral home, has gathered up the threads of his family history, interesting himself greatly in all that concerns them, and it is much to be hoped that fortune will smile upon him and enable him to restore the family to the high position formerly occupied by them, attained through their own merits, and by their marriages with some of the oldest and most historic families of the Southern States, sprung from the ancient nobility of Great Britain and of France.—C. F. M.

Another of George's sons was Seignelay, Bishop of Rodez, who, on the breaking out of the French Revolution, had to fly from France, and lived for many years in England, where he died.

The Bishop was in the North on several occasions, and I have some documents to which his signature is attached. I had one or two letters of his, but they have unfortunately disappeared. His sister, Magdalen, married Major Johnstone, with issue—two sons and one daughter. Neither of the sons had any children. The daughter, Mary Ann, married the 15th Lord Gray, and the Bishop himself died at Lord Gray's house, near London.

One of the Bishop's brothers was Lewis, as above stated, the last proprietor of Castlehill. There were also two brothers, Lachlan, who died without issue, and George (11th), Provost Marshal of Jamaica, who also died without issue. Of George's (9th) daughters I have already mentioned Magdalen; the second was Rachel, who married Simon Fraser, last of Daltullich, and left several children; Mary, married David Davidson 1st of Cantray; and Jean, formerly mentioned, married Thomas Alves of Shipland. One of the descendants of the Alves marriage married Inglis of Kingsmills, of whom the present family derive. Another married William Welsh of Millburn.

Lewis Cuthbert died in 1802, and was succeeded by his eldest son.

XIII. GEORGE, sometime of Jamaica, who, dying without male issue, was succeeded by his brother,

XIV. SEIGNELAY THOMAS, of the Honourable East India Company's Service, thereafter residing at Clifton.

Lewis Cuthbert at his death was survived by his wife, Jean Pinnock, and two sons—George and Seignelay Thomas, above mentioned, and three daughters—Mary, Anne, and Elizabeth.

Though there is not a single Cuthbert now to be found in the north, there are numerous connections by marriage, the nearest being the families of Cantray and Kingsmills. Merely to enumerate the names in the 17th century would exhaust my limits, so I confine myself to one near connection of the Castlehill family, Alexander Cuthbert, who was Provost of Inverness. He possessed a vast number of small subjects within the town and territory of Inverness, the mere description in the year 1680 extending to twelve closely-printed pages. His heritable estate fell to his grandson, John Cuthbert, Town Clerk, reserving the life-rent to Elizabeth Fraser, the Provost's widow.

Provost Alexander left a large family, including, it is said,

nine daughters, whereof, according to the information of the venerable Dr Aird, late of Creich, one married John Macpherson of Dalraddy, who purchased the estate of Invereshie, and through whom the present Ballindalloch. The late Thomas Alexander Lord Lovat, in 1832, on behalf of his great political ally, the first Sir George Macpherson-Grant, tried to clear up the connection through the late accomplished antiquarian, Mr John Anderson, W.S., but failed, as their idea was that the Cuthbert in the Invereshie pedigree was neither of Castlehill or Draikies. Another daughter, according to Dr Aird, married Davidson of Cantray, but this was not so, as the first Mrs Davidson of Cantray was a Castlehill, as already mentioned. Another daughter married the well-known Provost Hossack, of Inverness. Two others married Ross of Culrossie and his brother; and the youngest, Anne, married the Rev. James Chapman, a native of Inverness, minister, first of Cawdor, and afterwards of Cromdale, who died in 1737, and was author of a very curious and fabulous history of the Grants.

Their grand-daughter, Anne, married Gustavus Aird, farmer, in the parish of Kilmuir Easter, who was born a very few years after the Battle of Culloden, father of the worthy and well-known Gustavus Aird, D.D., one of the chief antiquarians of the north, who has the hearty good wishes of all Highlanders in his retirement from active ministerial life.

Upon Seignelay Thomas Cuthbert's death he was succeeded by his son,

XV. THE REV. GEORGE SEIGNELAY CUTHBERT, formerly Vicar of Market Drayton, and now Rector, residing at The Warden's Lodge, Clewer, near Windsor.

The Rev. Mr Cuthbert, representative in Britain of Castlehill, paid his first visit to Scotland and the north in the autumn of 1895. Both he and Mrs Cuthbert are deeply attached to the north and the old Duchus, and they were warmly welcomed by those on whom they called during their brief visit, and on whom they created a pleasant impression, mingled with regret that they must have felt as mere sojourners for a time in a strange land.

Mr Cuthbert has no family, but it is hoped that some of the American Cuthberts, recovering from their vicissitudes, may yet re-establish the old name of "MacSheorais" permanently among us.

12th MARCH, 1896.

At the meeting this evening, Mr Angus D. Macleod, Windermere, and Mr Donald Ross, travelling auditor, Highland Railway, were elected ordinary members of the Society. Thereafter Mr Alexander Macdonald, Highland Railway, Inverness, read a paper entitled "Scraps of unpublished Poetry and Folklore from Glenmoriston." The paper was as follows:—

SCRAPS OF UNPUBLISHED POETRY AND FOLKLORE FROM GLENMORISTON.

I have always considered it one of the primary obligations of our Society to encourage the collection of unpublished Gaelic poetry and folklore. Of both there is unfortunately a great deal more still floating about than should be. As poets and story-makers the people of the olden times were remarkably prolific. Circumstances favoured them. Having few or no books to read, the literary faculty—which, perhaps, has in no stage of any people's history been entirely wanting—asserted itself in song and story; and the importance of such in arriving at a fair idea of the social condition of the ancient Highlanders requires no advocacy here.

Glenmoriston in past times had its own share—a very considerable share—of song-makers and story-tellers. While it is not necessary to account for the fact it is none the less a fact that in this respect it would compare favourably with most Highland glens. It may safely be stated that but a limited portion is yet available of all that is still to be found in the district, much of which could be rendered very interesting.

My first contribution this evening is a poem composed by John Grant, the father of Archibald Grant known as the Glenmoriston bard. The father was, in my humble opinion, however, by far the better poet of the two, though not perhaps the better *seanachie*. John Grant composed several poems, songs, and some hymns, which possess considerable merit. The subject of the following production is of melancholy interest. It appears that two young gentlemen, closely related to the Glenmoriston family, were returning one winter evening from Fort-Augustus, when one of them, in crossing a burn much swollen by a great rain-storm, stumbled and was drowned. The sad accident awakened the sympathy of the whole country around, and the bard's record of

it is perhaps fully as interesting as the local newspaper paragraph of our enlightened age would render it :—

'S ann tha 'n diùbhail an dràs'd
Air ar cùlthaobh 'm Portchlàr—
Fear an t-sùgraidh 's an stà
'N ciste dùinte fo 'n fhàd,
'S gu 'm bi iomagain gu bràth
Air an dùthaich is fheàrr còir ort.

'S ann tha 'n sgéula nach binn
'N diugh ri shéinn anns an tìr—
Mu 'n fhear chéutach 'bha grinn,
'S iad an déigh thoirt a linn ;
'S truagh a dh' éirich dtomh fhìn
Nach fhacas ri m' thim beò thu.

Thug a Challuinn oirnn sgrìob ;
'S ole a dh' fhairich sinn i ;
Thug i 'm falt bhàrr ar cinn ;
Thainig dosgainn ri 'linn
Fear do choltas 'thoirt dhi'n
Ann an aithghearra thim ;
'S tu air do ghearradh a t' fhìor bheò-shlaint

Tha a chàirdean fo ghruaim,
'S ann an càsmhor tha cruaidh,
O 'n chaidh Pàdruig thoirt bhuath,
'S nach bu nàr e ri luaidh—
Fear do nàduir 'us t-uails'
'Bhi ga d' fhàgail 's nach gluais ceòl thu.

Thuit a chraobh ud fo bhlàth,
'S cha tig aon te na h-àit' ;
'N uair a shaoil leinn i 'dh' fhàs
'S ann a chaochail a bàrr ;
'S léir a dhruidh sid air càch ;
'S soilleir dhuinn gu'm beil beàrn' mhòr asd'.

Tha do bhràthair gun sùnn
O 'n a chaidh tu 's an ùir ;
'S nach bu ghàrlaoch gun diù
Bha e 'g àiridh ach thu,
Fhir bu tlàth sealladh suil ;
'S anns gach àite bha cùis mhòr ort.

'N uair a thionail an sluagh,
 Eadar chumand' 's dhaoin uails',
 Bha iad uile fo ghruaim,
 Mu chùl bachlach nan dual
 'Bhi ga thasgaidh cho luath,
 Ann an clachan 's an uaigh ;
 Sgéul bu duilich ri luaidh
 Aig gach duin' ort a fhuair eòlas.

Fir an t-Shratha so thall—
 Thainig iadsa na'n ceann,
 Ga'r 'n robh 'n càirdeas cho teann
 Ris na dh' fhàg thu 's a' ghleann,
 Chuir do bhàs orra snaim
 'N uair a chaidh iad na'n rang còmhla.

I find that the story of this beautiful poem is so far attested by a gravestone in Invermoriston Churchyard, which bears the following inscription :—"This stone is placed here by Alexander Grant, Portclair, in memory of his brother, Patrick Grant, who departed this life on 31st December, 1789, aged 33 years."

My next contribution is of a different character. It also, however, possesses elements of the touching interest of sadness. It tells, in beautiful and glowing words, a tale of disappointed love—"the old, old story, yet always new." In one of the appendices to Mr W. Mackay's "Urquhart and Glenmoriston," reference is made to a "character" frequenting the parish in olden times known as "An t-amadan rùisgte"—the nude fool—who, judging from the fragments of poetry ascribed to him, and still sung by the older generation, possessed poetic powers of no mean order. The best known of his compositions, so far as I am aware, is the one which follows :—

Gur a mòr mo chùis mhulaid
 Mun ni nach urra mi luns',
 Luidh sachd air mo chridhe,
 Nach tog fiodhall na piòb ;
 'S cha dean lighichean féum domh
 Na dad fo n' ghréin ach aon ni—
 Gu'm faicinn mo chéud-ghràdh.
 'S mi 'call mo chéille ga 'dith !

Cha 'n 'eil an cadal, an cadal,
Cha 'n 'eil an cadal an dàn,
O nach fhaic mi mo leannan,
An ribhinn fharasda, thlàth ;
Tha da ghruaidh mar an caorunn,
'S a slìos mar fhaoilinn-air chàrn ;
'S 's e 'bhi 'sealltuinn na t-aodann,
A bheireadh 'ghaoil dhomh mo shlàint'.

Innsidh mise mu m' leannan—
Gruaidh than' dhearg mar ròs,
Sùil ghorm fo chaol mhala,
Slìos mar eal' air an lòn ;
Béul is binn' na na téudan,
Falt mar chléitean dhe 'n òr,
Calpa cruinn a' chéum éutrom,
A thogadh m' eislean 's mo bhròn.

Tha mo shùilean a' sìleadh
A cheart cho mire ri allt,
Tha mo bhéul air fàs tioram,
'S tha mo bheil' air fàs mall ;
Tha mo chridh' air a réubadh,
'S gach ball a réir sin de m' chléibh,
O 'n a dhealaich mo leannan
Rium aig cladach Portrigh.

'S gur a diùmbach mi m' phàrantan,
'S air mo chàirdean gu léir,
Nach do leig iad leam pòsadh
Na cailinn òig a b' fhearr béus ;
'S e thubhairt m' athair 's mo mhàthair—
Fhir gun nàire gun chéill,
'S ann a thoill thu do shràcadh
As an àite le sréin.

'S ged a chuir iad mi 'n Olaind',
Cha 'n 'eil seòl orm, 's cha bhi ;
'Nuair a shuidheas mi m' ònar
Bidh mi smaointeachd na m' chridh'
Ged bhiodh agam mar stòras
Na bheil a dh'òr aig an rìgh,
B' fhearr bhi còmhla ri m' Sheònaid
Ann an seòmar leinn fhìn.

Ach na 'n deanadh sinn pòsadh
 Cha bhiodh do sheòmhraichean gann,
 Bhiodh do chrodh mun na cròintean,
 'S t'èich air lòintean nam fang ;
 'S mi gun deanadh dhuit brògan,
 Bileach, bòidheacha, teann—
 Do chuid corc agus eòrna,
 'S cha bhiodh stòras dhuinn gann.

 'S i so a' bhliadhna chuir as domh,
 'S a thug am falt 'bhàrr mo chinn,
 A' chuid a dh' fhuirich air glasadh,
 'S a' falbh na shad leis a ghaoith ;
 'S cha dean lighichean féum domh,
 Na dad fo n' ghréin ach aon nì—
 Gu'm faicinn mo chéud-ghràdh,
 'S mi 'call mo chéille ga dith.

I am aware that another version of this song exists, containing a few more verses, which, however, are pretty much repetitions, if not indeed part of an entirely different song, as I should be disposed to think they are. One somewhat suggestive difference occurs which may be worth referring to: the line rendered above—

“ 'S ged a chuir iad mi 'n Olaind',

is given—

“ 'S ged a chuir iad mi 'n Oil-thigh.”

There may be something in this.

Little is known concerning the author of this passionate lyric, except what is to be gathered from the effusion itself and some vague traditions. He is said to have been a native of Skye—another tradition says a native of Gairloch—born and brought up in good circumstances. As the story goes, he appears to have fallen deeply in love with his father's serving maid—some say his father's dairymaid—a pretty Highland lassie, whom he calls Jessie in his song. His passion was warmly reciprocated, and the attachment having aroused the suspicion of the young man's parents, they dismissed the girl. She soon afterwards died, leaving her heart-broken lover in utter misery. It is related further that, in his wild despair, he one day visited her grave to shed tears of sorrow over her memory, and, while there, that he was seized by his relations, stripped of his clothes, and lashed

with reins. Ever afterwards he could suffer no clothing, and, his mind giving way, he left his native place and wandered from country to country during the rest of his life. People are still living who remember having seen him carried from house to house on a blanket. It was his pastime it is said, when left alone to tear such clothing as might be put about him to pieces with his teeth. When being supplied with meals, he, it is also said, was in the habit of asking, as his door was being opened—"An tù a th' ann a Sheònaid?" ("Is that you, Jessie?") It may be worth remarking that the above piece very much confirms these few particulars of the author's life, and suggests more. Let it be supposed that he, as the song says, was sent to Holland, or to a University, in order to forget his sweetheart. It is not impossible that he would have parted with her at Portree as mentioned; nor is it improbable that he would have taken an early opportunity of returning to his native country. In the interval, however, Jessie may have died; and on discovering the occurrence of the sad event, he may, naturally enough, have paid a visit to her grave.

Let me now submit some verses to you bearing on an institution at one time all important in the Highlands—the *àiridh*. Than the circumstances in which the Highlanders of old lived while in the midst of such ideally pastoral conditions as their life on the sheilings essentially afforded none more productive of poetic sentiment can well be imagined. It is not too much to say now that passing a considerable portion of every year in such conditions must have tended to render the Highlander the contemplative, freedom-loving being he is. Around *àiridh*-life are at anyrate to be found many of the sweetest and most perfect lyrics in the Gaelic language, which, from the peculiarly pure and elevating character of their sentiment, cannot be too well known. I should like, some time in the near future, to see a popular collection of *àiridh* songs available. The following verses appear to be of Perthshire nationality. They are well known in Glenmoriston. I do not remember having ever seen them in print:—

Chunnacas gruagach 's an aonach
'S gum bi gaolach na'm fear i.
Chunnacas, etc.

'S a chiall! gur trom 'luidh an aois orm
O 'n a dh' fhaod mi bha ma' ri.
'S a chiall, etc.

Gaelic Society of Inverness.

'S tric 's gur minig a bhà mi
 'S tù air àiridh 'm Bràigh Raineach.
 'S tric 's gur, etc.

Air chnocan an easain
 Far 'n do leig sinn ar n' anail,
 Air chnocan, etc.

Ann am bothan an t-sùgraidh
 Guu ga 'dhùnadh ach barrach.
 Ann am bothan, etc.

Bhiodh mo bhéul ri d' bhéul cùbhra'
 'S bhiodh a rùin mo làmh tharad.
 Bhiodh mo bhéul, etc.

'S thigeadh fiadh anns a bhùirich
 Ga ar dùsgadh le langan ;
 'S thigeadh, etc.

Boc biorach an t-seilich,
 Agus eilid an daraich.
 Boc biorach, etc.

Bhiodh a' chubhag 's an smùdan
 A' séinn ciùil dhuinn air chrannaibh,
 Bhiodh a, etc.

'S cha 'n 'eil i 'n Cill-Fhaolain
 Bean aogais mo leannain.
 'S cha 'n 'eil, etc.

Air ghilead, air bhòidhchead ;
 Air chòiread 's air ghlainead.
 Air ghilead, etc.

Bean shiobhalta, shuairce,
 'S i gun ghruaim air a mala.
 Bean shiobhalta, etc.

Tha do bhéul mar na ròsan,
 'S tha do phòg mar an caineal.
 Tha do bhéul, etc.

Tha do ghruaidh mar an caorunn,
 'S tha do thaobh mar an eala.
 Tha do ghruaidh, etc.

As part of this song a few other verses are sung, which seem, however, to be a "reply," though even as such they do not appear consistent. In olden times, it may be noticed, it was by no means uncommon for lovers to carry on a sort of correspondence in poetry, somewhat as is now done in letters, but much more pronounced and passionate—probably because the fear of breach-of-promise experiences did not disturb. This maiden's "reply"—if such it can be taken to be—throws some very suggestive light upon the social differences which existed at the time she composed it. It would seem to more or less reflect disparagingly upon the women of the *àiridh*. It says:—

'S i mo mhuine 'rinn m' fhoghlum,
'S ciamar dh' fhaoduinn 'bhi m' chaile.
'S i mo 'mhuime, etc.

'S nach do chuir i riamh buarach
Air bo ghuaillfhionn na bhallach.
'S nach do chuir, etc.

'S ann a bhiodh i ri fuaghal
Ma' ri gruagaichean glana.
'S ann a bhiodh, etc.

'S 's ann a bhiodh i ri léintean
'S a sìor chur ghréis orra 'dh' fheara'.
'S 's ann a bhiodh, etc.

Ann an uinneagan riòmhach
A' cur an t sìod' air na banna'.
Ann an uinneagan, etc.

Gloomy death sometimes visited the Highland sheiling, and under circumstances which naturally appealed to the Muse for expression. The following poem records the accidental death of a young woman by her lover's gun going off while he was playing with her in the little bothy. I leave it to tell its own tale:—

A fhleasgaich is cumaire
Chunna' mi 'n dé thu,
'Direadh a' mhullaich
'S do ghunn' air dheagh ghléusadh.

Hoirionn 'us O,
Hi hurabhaidh O,
Hi hoirainn 'us òro hò.

Gaelic Society of Inverness.

'Dìreadh a' mhullaich
 'S do ghunn' air dheagh ghléusadh;
 'S t' iosgaidean geala
 Fo bhreacan an fhéilidh.

T' iosgaidean geala
 Fo bhreacan an fhéilidh;
 Ach dh' fhàg thu 'ghruagach
 Dhonn gun éirigh.

Dh' fhàg thu 'ghruagach
 Dhonn gun éirigh;
 Dearg fhuil a cridh'
 Ann am broilleach a léine.

Dearg fhuil a cridh'
 Ann am broilleach a léine;
 Theirig-sa dhachaidh
 'Us innis mar dh' éirich.

Theirig-sa dhachaidh,
 'Us innis mar dh' éirich;
 Innis do 'màthair,
 Nach càraich i bréid oirr'.

Innis do 'màthair
 Nach càraich i bréid oirr';
 'S innis do h-athair
 Nach tàr e gu 'réitinn.

Innis do h-athair
 Nach tàr e gu 'réitinn;
 'S innis do 'bràithrean
 Gur cràiteach an sgéula.

Innis do 'bràithrean
 Gur cràiteach an sgéula—
 'Bhanarach bhuidhe
 Na 'luidh' air an déile.

'Bhanarach bhuidhe
 Na 'luidh' air an déile;
 'Mhulachag 's a' mheag
 Mar 'dh' fhàg i fhéin i.

'Mhulachag 's a' mbeag
Mar 'dh' fhàg i fhéin i;
'N t-im air a' mhuighe
Mar 'dh' fhàg i 'n dé e.

'N t-im air a' mhuighe
Mar 'dh' fhàg i 'n dé e;
'M buachaille galach,
'S a' bhanarach déurach.

'M buachaille galach,
'S a' bhanarach déurach;
'S a bhò mhaol dhonn
A siòr ghéumnaich.

Another very fine song lamenting the death of a young woman by her lover's dirk, under similar circumstances, will be found in Vol. XII. of the *Celtic Magazine*.

Notwithstanding that a very considerable number of songs in praise of whisky is already abroad, let me give the world one more, which, I think, has never yet received publicity. It is the composition of one of Macphadruig's herds who lived a few generations ago. It shows us how the herds—at any rate occasionally—passed their spare time. The words are still sung to a stirring air:—

Gur tric a' falbh na Sròine mi
A chuideachd air na smeòraichean;
'S e sid a dh' fhàg cho eòlach mi
Air stòpan na te ruaidhe.

Tha buaidh air an uisge-bheath',
Tha buaidh air nach còir a chleith;
Tha buaidh air an uisge-bheath';
'S co math teth 'us fuar e,

Gur math an am an earraich e,
'S cha mbiosa 'n am na gaillioinn e;
'S e 'n cù am fear nach ceannaich e,
'S e 'n t-ùmaidh dh' fhanas bhuaithe.

'S math 's aithne dhomh co 'dh' òlas e—
Luchd fearainn saor 'us dròbhairean,
Ceannaichean 'us òsdairean,
'S an seòl'dair cha d' thug fuath dha.

Uisge-beatha 'cheatlain,
 Le siucair geal na chuapan ann ;
 'S ann leam bu mhiann bhi 'n taice ris,
 'S e 'dol na 'lasair uaine.

The "te ruadh" (red-haired lady) referred to was the mistress of an establishment in the vicinity of the herd's grounds, where he and other knowing ones could procure "a drop on the sly." This little song shows clearly enough that the visitors knew how to enjoy their dram fully. In this connection let me quote a verse, sung, I think, to the tune of "The ewie wi' the crookit horn," in which the "whisky-still," once so common in the Highlands, is described with considerable allegorical aptness—

A' chaora crom a th' air an leachduinn,
 Bhleothnadh i pinnt agus seipean ;
 'S chuireadh i le séid a sròin
 An gille-craigeann air a dhruim.

I have, however, heard other interpretations put upon these lines, of which more than one rendering seems to occur.

I will now entertain you with a song of a character which will probably suggest to you a few others of a similar kind. It is a production of womanly love, disappointed feelings and pride. When the maidens of the present enlightened age lose their charmers, they either bring them to a court of law or leave them severely alone. When the young ladies of the olden time lost their sweethearts they adopted the much more classical course of giving embodiment to their feelings in verse. What the new woman will do in this direction I am not here called upon either to discuss or to guess. By the following composition, the authoress, Margaret Macintyre, not so very long ago dead, showed how she felt under the smart of unfulfilled promises. She goes on to say, addressing her lost lover—

Thug thu còrr 'us ràithe bhliadhna
 'S tù ga m' iarruidh air mo chàirdean ;
 'S o nach d' fhuair thu na bha mhiann ort
 Chaidh tu 'dh' iasgach sìos am Bàna.

Char thu, char thu mi a dh' aindeoin,
 'S cha dean aithreachas bonn stà dhomh ;
 'S o nach dean 's ann 's fhéudar lùbadh
 Leis a' chùis a bhi mar thà i.

Tha thu dileas dhomh mar charaid,
Tha thu dealaidh dhomh mar nàbuidh ;
Tha thu do leannan dhomh os 'n iosal,
'S o nach fhiach thu rinn thu m' fhàgail.

Cha 'n 'eil nì a dheanadh té 'ile,
Ris nach cuirinn fhéin mo làmh dhuit ;
Nìghinn 'us dh' fhuaghinn do léine,
'S leiginn do spréidh air an àiridh.

Tha mi cho math ris na fhuair thu
Ged nach 'eil mo bhuail' air àiridh ;
Tha mi 'Chloinn-an-t-Shaoir o 'n Chruachan
'S a dh' fhiòr fhuil uasal Tigh Mhic-Phàdrùig.

Chaidh tu 'dh' iarraidh nighean *Studdart*,
'S tha i leamhach buidhe grànnda ;
'S cha 'n 'eil aon a tha mu'n cuairt di
Nach 'eil suarrach air a nàdur.

Ach na 'm bidhinn-sa cho beairteach
Ris an tè a ghlac air làmh thu,
Bhidhinn sinte 'nochd na d' achlais,
'S ise 'dearras ma' ri 'mathair.

I will now quote four stanzas of what is supposed to be a lost song, by *Màiri Nìgh 'n Alasdair Ruaidh*. These verses are well known in Glenmoriston, where the following tradition is told concerning them.—I submit the story for what it is worth, and in the hope that it will arrest interest and receive some attention, with a view to the recovery of the whole song. According to this story there seems to have been some mystery about Mary's paternity. She appears to have been known as the daughter of Alexander Macleod, son of *Alasdair Ruadh*, who was, according to Mackenzie's biographical sketch ("Beauties of Gaelic poetry"), "a descendant of the chief of that clan." It is said, however, to have transpired, when she was pretty well advanced in years, that she was the daughter of a distinguished Macdonald of the time ; and that when she discovered the fact herself she composed a song, the following verses of which are all that I have ever heard :—

Thoir tasgaidh bhuam 'an diomhaireachd
 O chionn an fhad so 'bhliadhnaichean—
 Cha 'n airgiod glas 's cha 'n iarunn e
 Ach Ridire glic riasanach
 'Fhuair meas 'us misneachd iarlaichean ;
 'S o'n 'fhuair mi 'nis gu'm iarraidh e
 Gu'n riaraich mi Sir Dòmhnall.
 'S o'n fhuair, etc.

Mo chuid mhòr gun airceas thu,
 Mo chleasan snuaghmhor, dealbhach thu ;
 Mo ghibht ro phriseil ainmeil thu ;
 O'n chuimhnich mi air seanchas ort,
 Be 'n dichiumhn' mar a h-ainmicht thu ;
 'S na'n leiginn bhuam air dearmad thu
 Gu dearbha cha b'e 'chòir e.
 'S na'n leiginn, etc.

'S gur craobh de'n abhall phriseil thu,
 De'n mheas is blasda brìdhealachd,
 'S is dosraich an am cinntinne,
 'S a' choill 's nach biodh na crìonagan
 De'n fhior fhuil uasal fhìonanach ;
 'S gu'm bi mi dhoibh cho dìchiollach
 'S gu'n inns' mi 'nis' na 's eòl domh.
 'S gu'm bi mi. etc.

Thig sliochd mhòr Mhic Cathain leat
 'S an dream rìoghail Leathanach,
 'Bha uasal, uaibhreach, aighearach,
 'S bu chruadalach ri labhairt riu
 Fir Chinntire 's Lathuirne ;
 'S gur mairg luchd Béurla bhraitheadh tu
 'S nam maithibh sin 'an tòir ort.
 'S gur mairg, etc.

I have left myself little time to go to any extent into the folklore of Glenmoriston. This will form the subject of a separate paper at some future date. I will give you, however, the local version of a Glenmoriston folklore tale of some interest, and of which a few variants are to be met with. This is the story of *Cailleach a' Chràich* (the Hag of the Cràich):—In olden times almost every Highland hamlet had its hag, or “cailleach.” These extraordinary beings—whatever they were—according to a

common tradition, all frequented the wildest, weirdest, and most solitary parts of the districts where they were to be found, but yet very often such places as drovers, packmen, and travellers generally had from time to time to pass. An interesting feature of the belief in them was that while some of them were considered inimical, particularly to members of certain clans, others were looked upon as friendly. The parish of Urquhart and Glenmoriston, about a hundred years ago or so, contained no less than five or six of those "cailleachs," most prominent among whom was *Cailleach a' Chràich* (the Hag of the Cràach). The Cràach is a wild high-lying district about half-way between Corriemoney and Achnanconeran, in the hills of Glenmoriston. Here by the side of Loch-a'-Chràich (the Lake of the Cràach), and under the shade of Creagan-a'-Chràich (the Rock of the Cràach), this wicked old hag is said to have for years met and molested and murdered many a weary wayfarer. Like most similar regions the "Cràach" always had an evil reputation. Numerous stories are still told throughout the parish as to loss of life at this place under "uncanny" circumstances. One man of the name of *Alasdair Cutach* (Short Sandy), while running after a young mare that had escaped from Coire-Dho, was lost sight of at the Cràach by his companions, who were not so swift of foot as he; and though searched for diligently for days, he was never found, alive or dead. Some time after, it is told, another man was lost at this same place, and nothing was known concerning his disappearance until his "ghost" spoke to a friend, describing the circumstances of his death at the Craach as unspeakably awful, and adding that none ever saw such a fearful sight there as he since *Alasdair Cutach* went amissing.

According to one tradition *Cailleach a' Chràich's* pet aversion was the Clan Macmillan. There is some evidence, however, to show that members of the Clan Macdonald were particularly the objects of her malice and spite. In an old song one of them says regarding her :—

"Cha téid mi an rathad
A dh' oidhche na 'latha ;
Cha 'n 'eil deagh bhean an tighe
'S a' Chràach.

"Tha i trom air mo chinneadh
Ga 'marbhadh 's ga milleadh ;
'S gu'n cuireadh Dia spiorad
Ni 's fheàrr ann."

(I shall not go the way
By night or by day ;
She's not the best of good-wives
That's at the Craach.

She's hard on my clan—
Killing, destroying our men ;
O, that God would place a kindlier
Spirit yonder).

This remarkable member of the hag world appears to have had a peculiar way of bringing about the death of her victims. After struggling with a man for a time, she usually deprived him of his bonnet, in which she danced furiously until a hole was made in it when, as common belief says, he dropped down dead. On one occasion she accosted a man belonging to Inverwick, Glenmoriston, and gave him a most severe handling, but, with the assistance of a faithful dog, he got out of her clutches. However he lay ill for some months afterwards, while the poor dog was almost flayed in the encounter with the "cailleach." On another occasion a Macdonald from Glengarry was met by her as he was passing the notorious "Craach." After a brief struggle, she ran off with his head-gear. Believing that his life depended upon recovery before she could make a hole in it he pursued her. A fierce fight ensued, with the result that in the end Macdonald had the best of the situation, but not until he had buried his dagger in the body of the "cailleach." In another version of this tale it is stated that Macdonald merely recovered his bonnet from the hag, and that she told him, as he was running out of her sight, that he would die at a certain hour on a certain day within the year, which is said and believed to have actually taken place.

26th MARCH, 1896.

At the meeting this evening, Dr Samuel Rutherford Macphail M.D., Medical Superintendent, Derby Borough Asylum, was elected an ordinary member of the Society. Thereafter Mr Macbain, M.A., read a paper contributed by Mr W. G. Stuart entitled "Strathspey Raid to Elgin in 1820." The paper was as follows :—

STRATHSPEY RAID TO ELGIN IN 1820.

Elgin and the rich agricultural plains of Moray afforded abundant spoil to Highland caterans and rievvers in the days when

“Sweeping faulds and tooming of the glen
Had still been held the deeds of honest men.”

On the 3rd of July, 1402, Alexander Macdonald, third son of the Lord of the Isles, with a band of his many followers, plundered the Cathedral, as well as many of the private houses, and returned home rich with the spoils of the burgh. Nearly three hundred years later, in 1691, the Clan Grant organised a cattle-lifting expedition, and made a descent into the valley of Dallas and the neighbouring districts of Pluscarden and Duffus. Sir Robert Gordon of Gordonstoun, on hearing of the raid, gathered a few of his retainers and overtook the Strathspey men as they were driving the *creack* on the heights above Knockando. Sir Robert demanded by what authority they acted in plundering and robbing the tenantry under cloud of night. “By order of the Laird of Grant,” replied the leader. “I cannot believe that,” said Sir Robert, “unless you show me his writing.” “Here it is, then,” again answered the leader of the expedition, handing a letter to the Baronet, who immediately turned his horse, rode off to Edinburgh, produced the letter, and obtained decree against the Laird of Grant for the whole amount of his losses.

It was one thing, however, to obtain a decree, and quite another matter to enforce it; and a Sheriff-officer entering Strathspey in those days on such business embarked on a very dangerous enterprise, as Gordonstoun’s unfortunate messenger very soon found out. In Dunbar’s “Social Life in Former Days,” there is a copy of the complaint made by the messenger in question regarding the hard usage he met with at the hands of the Strathspey men:—

“I, Hugh Thaine, messenger, hireby declare that I am not at this tyme able to goe the length of Edinburgh, by reasone of sickness and unabillitie of body, haveing beine now sex or seven weeks werry unabell, by reasone of the hard usage I mett with in Strathspey, in the wood of Abernethie; and therefor I doe heirby dyser and give full power, to Sir Robert Gordone of Gordonstoun (who did employ me about executing of Councell letters in that place) to suplicat the Lords of ther Majesties Privie Concill, or any other of thir Majesties Judges to whom it may belonge, that

the saide Lords or Judges may, in ther prudence, apoyant some way for reddressing and punishing the abuses comitted against the law and government upon my persone, and those in my company, which wer as followith, viz., I (having upon the fyftinth of October last citted some witnesses, and upon the sixteenth thereof citted the Laird of Grant; and upon the seventinth thereof, be eight houres in the morning, as I went about three myles from Ballichastell, towards Culnakyle, both the Lairds houses, at a place called Craigmuir, at the wood of Abernethie), and three men, called Peter Morrison, in Fochabrs; John M'Edwart, in Glenrinnnes, and Alex. Bogtoun in Khieclehik, that were with me were seized upon by a pearty of armed men who most maisterfullie and violently struck me with their gunnes; gave me a stobbe with a durke in my shoulder, and a stroak with my owen sword; robbed me of my money, my linnens, some cloathes, my sword and provision; and of the principal Councell letters many coppies thereof and uther papers; then bound me and my company and always threatened me with pressnt death; for executing the foresaid letters, and examined me on oath whither any of those men did belonge to Gordonstoun that they might instantly kill him and offred his liffe to anyone of our companie that wold hange the rest of us; thereafter laid us down and secured us with horse-roapes on the ground within the wood, wher we leay in cold, hunger, and great miseries for four days and three nights, threatened hourly with present death. My conditione of healtie is welle knowen to the minister and neighbours in the paroch wher I live and may be atested by them if neid require. In testimony of the verity heiroy, I have written and subscribed ther presents with my hand at Fochabers the fourt day of December jajvej nynty one yeires (1691)."

Although the messenger was "thus badly treated, it was not with the object of avoiding payment, but rather to show their resentment at the means employed. The Laird of Grant at this time was Sir Ludovic, who with his son, the Brigadier, ruled at Castle Grant. The Brigadier was one of the foremost men in Scotland in his day, distinguished in the camp, and the Court, and a bosom friend of John—the great Duke of Argyll." The Knight of Gordonstoun was therefore summoned to come in person to Castle Grant and receive the full amount of his claim. Sir Robert, on entering the Castle, was received with every mark of respect. On receiving the money he immediately handed it to the Brigadier, saying, "This is a present from Robert of Gordonstoun, and I will see my tenants righted myself." The Brigadier

stood up, and after warmly thanking Sir Robert for his chivalrous generosity, said, "If ever I become Laird of Grant, I will gar the rash bush keep the cow and the pin in the cot door the sheep in a' time coming"—a promise which, from that day to this, has been faithfully kept by all the chiefs and clansmen of Strathspey.

But the Strathspey raid of 1820 must not be placed in the same category as an ordinary cattle-lifting expedition. It is of interest historically, being the last rising of a clan in Scotland; and although the event happened 76 years ago, almost in the middle of this 19th century—called by its critics the utilitarian age—the expedition presents features of loyalty and devotion to chief and clan as romantic in their character as anything that happened in the golden age of chivalry and romance.

The country lying between the two Craighellachies has now been in the peaceful possession of the Grants for over 500 years; and though more exposed than most Highland districts to the peaceful and more commercial invasion of the Lowlander, yet 76 years ago the Highlanders of Strathspey were primitive and unsophisticated to a degree of which those who have known them only during the last 30 years or so can form but a very faint conception. The late minister of Abernethy, Rev. Mr Stewart, used to tell a quaint story of an old poacher and smuggler who died in my own day. James had built himself a bothy under the shadow of Cairngorm, and with his musket bade defiance to all intruders. When over 80 years of age he had to wrestle with the grim king of terrors; and the minister, hearing of his illness, visited the old man and reminded him of his spiritual duties, saying, "You know there are just two places beyond the grave, to either of which all the human race must go." "Well," replied James, "I'll tell you the plain truth about myself. In my young days I had a lot of companions, and we were always together. I was wi' them at *Baiteal nam Bat*' (Battle of the Sticks) in Elgin, and I was in the middle of the big fight at Tomintoul market. Och, och! many a spree and fight and ploy we had; but now they are all gone before me, I feel gey lonely and forsaken now, and when I die I would just like to join my old companions wherever they are." Surely this will parallel the exclamation of Bardolph on hearing of Falstaff's death, "Would I were with him wheresoever he is."

In the country of the Grants, chieftainship, though legally deprived of its ancient and arbitrary authority, was neither forgotten nor disowned. Its spirit and all its finer features survived, and to a great extent regulated the relations between

landlord and tenant. The chief was still the father of his clan ; and his tenantry showed anything but a disposition on their part to sever their allegiance. For generations—and it is the same still—it was a point of honour with the Lairds of Grant never to remove an old tenant, and a list of the tacksmen's names in Strathspey reminds us of one of the early chapters in 1st Chronicles, where son succeeded father in endless succession. In the days of the clan feuds the Grants, owing to the position of their country, their strength, and unity, managed to hold their own without having to fight their neighbours. Yet in the hour of our country's danger, there was no lack of courage and military spirit among the men of Strathspey. In the years 1793-1794, when the "good Sir James "

"Kept his castle in the North
Hard by the thundering Spey,
And a thousand vassals dwelt around,
All of his lineage they,"

General Stewart of Garth tells us that Sir James raised the Strathspey Fencibles all from his own estates, and within two months of the declaration of war with France the regiment was assembled at Forres, being so complete in numbers that 70 men were discharged as supernumerary. As soon as Sir James Grant's Fencibles were embodied he made further proposals to raise a regiment for present service, and accordingly the 97th Regiment of the line, consisting of 1000 men, all from the Grant estates, with the exception of two or three companies, was formed. From the parish of Abernethy, in particular, a large number joined the army, and during the Bonaparte wars the military spirit in this parish was kept brightly burning by the pulpit ministrations of Rev. John Grant, popularly known as the "minister of the Gazette." Mr Grant, before settling down as minister of Abernethy, was for some years in the army as chaplain to a Highland regiment, and he took a passionate interest in the loyalty and military spirit of his flock. When many of them were away fighting the battles of their country, he used to allay the anxiety of their relatives at home by reading the "Gazette" newspaper to his congregation before dismissing them on Sabbath. After the downfall of Napoleon, a great many pensioners returned to Strathspey to tell a younger generation of the battles and sieges in which they had been engaged. In 1820, for example, there were 22 half-pay officers living in Strathspey, besides a large number of discharged non-commissioned officers and privates. It was at this time, then,

when the French war just over had fostered a fighting spirit among all classes of the people, that the death of George the Third caused a General Election, and the Goddess of Discord, in the form of Politics, seized the opportunity of throwing her apple among the Electors of Elgin, and setting them all by the ears.

Prior to the Reform Bill, the group of burghs consisting of Elgin, Cullen, Banff, Inverury, and Kintore, sent a member to Parliament, the Town Council of each burgh choosing a delegate to represent the community, and each burgh, in its turn, being the returning burgh where the other delegates met, and where the election was made.

The family of Grant, for nearly 100 years, possessed a paramount influence in Elgin politics ; and Cullen, since the accession of the family to the Seafeld estates and title, was also theirs. Banff, though now and then a little erratic, was generally true to the Duff interest ; while Inverury and Kintore were entirely under Lord Kintore's influence. It was one thing, however, to command a burgh and another thing to retain the command. The Magistrates, Councillors, and Deacons had to be constantly feasted, petted, and favoured. The good Sir James Grant of Grant was, according to General Stewart, the best patron Elgin tradesmen were ever blessed with, for most of them were mainly supported by his liberality and bounty. When resident at Grant Lodge, in the immediate vicinity of Elgin, the parish ministers, elders, Magistrates, and Town Council were generally invited to their Sunday dinner with him. When Sir James died he left a family of two sons and three daughters—Lewis Alexander and Francis William, and the daughters, Ann, Margaret, and Pennel. Owing to the delicate state of his brother's health, Colonel Francis was really the laird from the time of his father's death, and during the long period of 40 years he was unwearied in his efforts to promote the best interests of every one on his estates. He was also animated by the same desire as his father before him to cultivate the friendship of the citizens of Elgin, but as it was in Ossianic times—

“ In Alpin, in the days of the heroes, Fingal neglected to call some of the Fingalians to the feast he gave at Druiin Dialg. The proud rage of the heroes was aroused.”

On the occasion of Prince Leopold's visit to Elgin, Colonel Francis Grant, with the Provost, Magistrates, and Town Council, were in waiting at the town's marches to confer on him the freedom of the city, after which Colonel Grant invited the Provost and Town Council to dine with the Prince at Grant Lodge, while the

inhabitants of the burgh were feasted at a free banquet on the lawn. Owing to a mistake of the Town-Clerk, Patrick Duff, who issued the invitations, the Deacons of the Trades, who were often joined to the Council, and possessed great influence among the Freemen of the Burgh, were overlooked, and, thinking themselves insulted, would neither take bite nor sup.

When Colonel Grant heard of this he went himself personally to the Deacons and made an ample apology. He assured them it was entirely a mistake of the Town-Clerk, and he trusted they would pass it over. He asked them to partake of the entertainment provided, and, if not satisfied with that, to go to any house or inn in the city, and regale themselves with the best of meat and drink, and he would pay all expenses. "No, no," they answered, "he had looked over them before the Prince, and the King might come in the cadger's way yet." They could feast at their own expense. Accordingly they adjourned with their friends to the Trades' Hall, sent for a cask of whisky, got uproariously drunk, and then proceeded to perambulate the streets, conducting themselves in a lawless and disorderly manner. This was the beginning of the rift which culminated in the raid of the Highlanders later on. A slight somewhat similar in character a short time before resulted in the loss of the burgh of Inverury to the Kintore interest; so that in 1820 the Earl of Fife had the command of Banff and Inverury, and the Kintore and Seafield interest had Kintore and Cullen, while Elgin was supposed to be doubtful. To secure the Cathedral City then was the grand aim of both parties.

In the previous Parliament the sitting member was a Seafield nominee—Mr Robert Grant, afterwards Sir Robert Grant, Governor of Bombay, and brother of Lord Glenclg. When he heard that he was to be opposed by General Duff, brother of Lord Fife, he got frightened, and declined to stand, and accepted an English burgh provided for him by the Government. The Kintore party then brought forward Mr Archibald Farquharson of Finzean, a gentleman of very moderate ability, and quite unknown in the constituency. The traditions of both the Grants and the Kintores lay too much in the direction of Pope's axiom, that "whatever is, is right," to satisfy the aspirations of the more advanced electors; while General Duff was supposed to be favourable to reform. It may be taken for granted that in these circumstances Lord Fife was not unwilling to take advantage of his opportunity to make himself popular to the citizens of Elgin. His lordship then was in the prime of life, gay, affable, and generous;

and these qualities soon made him very popular in Elgin. He frequently took up his abode in the town, and made himself acquainted with the Burgesses, their wives and daughters, loading them with gowns, bonnets, ribbons, shawls, and rings; while he scattered money freely among the humbler classes—until, when he walked the streets, he was followed by a train of idlers singing his praises, and every door and window was filled with maidens and matrons whose devotion was rewarded by a ring or a silk gown, while the poor husbands and fathers had no rest or peace unless they supported the gay and gallant Earl. The Town Council of those days consisted of 17 members; the Council electing the new when their year of office was expired. A political agent who could contrive to keep nine good men and true in the Council was sure of electing a delegate favourable to the interest of his party when a general election should come.

There was a good deal of canvassing on both sides ere it was known which party had the majority, some declaring openly for the Grant party, others for Lord Fife, while some would not declare themselves. This, with the absence of the Provost, Sir Archibald Dunbar, in Edinburgh, and one of the Councillors, Bailie Innes, professing to stand neutral, kept the inhabitants in a state of anxious suspense. The Grants feared that the Burgh, and with it the election, should be lost, for the Duffs canvassed with such success that they prevailed on seven to declare for General Duff; so that the state of the parties was understood to stand eight for the Grant interest and seven for the Fife party. The great object then of the Fife party was to bring over one of the majority to the other side. Every form of bribery was tried, but as yet unsuccessfully. As soon as the Provost returned he was petitioned by 200 burgesses to support General Duff, but he refused to have the petition presented to him, and remained firm in his allegiance to the Grants.

Party feeling reached a white heat when it was rumoured that the Grants, fearing the fate of their cause, had endeavoured in the dead of night to kidnap Lewis Anderson and James Culbard, two of Lord Fife's supporters. To steal a Councillor and send him out of the way, to lock up a poor Bailie in defiance to all law and justice, was a rough-and-ready method of defeating an opponent often resorted to in the electioneering contests of a past generation; and, curiously enough, however innocent the Grant party may have been of man-stealing designs on this occasion, it is quite certain that they employed a somewhat similar stratagem to ensure the election of their Chief seventy years before. At that

time the proprietor of Kinsteary opposed Sir Ludovic Grant of Grant as a candidate for the representation of Elgin. The Highlanders of Strathspey, indignant that any Lowlander should presume to compete with their Chief, the Laird of Grant, came in detached parties to the neighbourhood of Elgin, where they were seen loitering about for days. When any of them was questioned as to their business they always pretended to be looking for a "beastie cattle that they lost." After watching every movement of their destined prey for a week, they at last seized a favourable opportunity, threw a plaid over Kinsteary's head, and hoodwinked his companions in the same manner. The candidate for the burghs was detained among the hills of Strathspey until the laird of Grant was returned for the county. It is only justice to Sir Ludovic to mention that he was no party to this transaction, and it was many years after the event before he understood that the bold effort to ensure his election was made by his own clansmen.

The attempt at kidnapping in 1820, if ever made, was not so successful, but it had the effect of rousing the ire of the Duff, who, baffled in their efforts to obtain a majority in the Counc, determined to retaliate on their opponents by kidnapping some of the Council favourable to the Grant interest. So, on the morning of Saturday, the 11th March, while a worthy Councillor, Mr Robert Dick, was removing his shutters from his shop windows, some three or four men came behind him and put a handkerchief over his eyes, and carried him up Craig's Close, round by Batchen Lane, to Mackenzie's Inn, where a carriage was waiting. The Councillor's daughter, who was a party to the plot, and who received a present of two diamond rings from Lord Fife, came up with a change of linen for her father. He was then put into the carriage, and, guarded by a couple of men, was driven rapidly to Burghhead, where a well-manned boat was in readiness to receive him. He was soon transported to the other side of the Firth, and landed at Dunrobin, where he was hospitably entertained by some Morayshire gentlemen who were in Sutherlandshire at this time. After a few days' enjoyment, the worthy Councillor and his escort started leisurely by land for Elgin, where they arrived too late for the election of a delegate.

In like manner another Councillor, but of higher grade, being no less than a Bailie, and at the time acting as Chief Magistrate, while taking a turn behind his garden, as was his usual custom in the morning, was seized by a party of Duffs, carried to Bishopmill, hurried into a chaise, conveyed in like manner to the seaside, where an open boat transported him and his captors to the same destina-

tion. But Bailie Taylor and his captors were not so fortunate as Councillor Dick ; a strong head wind had sprung up, they were all night on the sea in an open boat, and after having nearly lost their lives they managed, with the utmost difficulty, to get into the harbour of Brora, after being 17 hours on the passage. His family did not know what had become of him, and his wife was in such a state of grief and anxiety that some of the Fife party who were in the secret had to tell her that her husband was safe. Bailie Taylor, like his companion in adversity, made his way home by land, and arrived in Elgin too late for the election of a delegate. Having in this summary fashion secured a majority in the Council favourable to the Fife interest, they immediately called a Council meeting, which the Grant party did not attend, and as the Town Clerk refused to appear or deliver up the keys of the Council Chamber, another Clerk was chosen for the time, and the following Wednesday was appointed for the election of a delegate.

In consequence of the manœuvres related above, Elgin was in a most excited state. Colonel Grant was in Italy, and the Earl of Seafield was living in retirement at Grant Lodge with his sisters, Lady Ann and Lady Penuel. The beautiful Lady Ann was a woman of commanding presence, great wit, and force of character, and for some days previous to this she dared not appear on the streets without being jeered and insulted by the riff-raff of Elgin ; while in the evenings and at night, howling mobs surrounded the house and policies, singing rubbishy rhymes and uttering insulting cries, "Lord Fife for ever," and "May the diel pick out the Grant's liver." At last, so completely was Grant Lodge invested by the townspeople in the Fife interest, that no one was allowed to enter or leave the house.

The high-spirited Lady Ann resented this disgraceful treatment, and between Saturday, 11th, and Sabbath morning, the 12th March, 1820, she contrived the escape of one of her grooms, who sprang on a horse, and galloped to Castle Grant, a distance of over 30 miles, in three hours, the noble steed, it is reported, like Dick Turpin's celebrated mare "Black Bess" at York, falling under him dead upon reaching the Castle door. The message that Lady Ann sent to her clansmen was that her family were held prisoners in their own house by the burghers of Elgin. This intelligence produced an extraordinary effect in Strathspey, where Lady Ann was universally beloved. No fiery cross ever sped on swifter wing proclaiming the magic gathering word, "Stand fast, Craigellachie," than the news that Lady Ann was in danger travelled through the Strath. The men of the village of Gran-

town were collected by tuck of drum just as they were preparing for Church. In Cromdale, the Rev. Gregor Grant received the message in the pulpit, stopped the sermon, announced the call to the rescue, and offered up a short prayer in Gaelic for success.

Forthwith might be seen gathering from every hill and glen, as in the palmy days of old, every man who could grasp a stick, so that within two hours of receiving the summons about 300 men, with the minister at their head, marched for Elgin. Captain Grant, Congash, the factor on the Strathspey estates, sent messengers in all directions to rouse the tenantry. Mr Forsyth, Dell, father of the present minister of Abernethy, Dr Forsyth, assisted by Mr Grant, Rothiemoon, assembled the Abernethy men. Patrick Grant of Auchterblair, who afterwards became Field-Marshal General Sir Patrick Grant, performed a like service in Gleann Chearnach—the glen of heroes—as the parish of Duthil was anciently called; so that in the course of a few hours some 700 men had assembled at the different points of rendezvous, or were across the mountains, seeking the shortest route to the place where their chieftainness was imprisoned. In fact, the Highlanders, to a man, turned out, and, travelling all night, hundreds were in Elgin on Monday morning ere many of the burghers were out of bed.

As we can imagine, the excitement in Strathspey among the women and the old men who stayed at home was very intense, and the wildest rumours prevailed; one woman circulating the report that they had taken with them the "Armoury" at Castle Grant; another that a battle had already been fought, that many had been killed, and that Lady Ann herself was amongst the wounded. But, leaving the Strathspey women to imagine all sorts of horrors, let us see how they are preparing in Elgin for the onslaught. The civic rulers had a vague suspicion that something of the kind was contemplated, and when the first body of the Highlanders, consisting of the Cromdale and Advie men, arrived at Aberlour, about 11 o'clock on Sabbath night, one of Lord Fife's tenants, a Mr Inkson, suspecting the cause of so many men passing down Speyside, hurried on horseback to Elgin, arrived there about three o'clock on Monday morning, proceeded to Mackenzie's Inn, where such of the Council as were favourable to Lord Fife were kept under a strong guard, and informed the quaking burghers that the Grants had risen as in ancient times, and that a band between two and three hundred were already on the march, and within a short distance of the town. The tidings caused the greatest consternation and terror amongst the burghers. The bugle blew, the drum

beat, and those of the guard that could be spared ran in all directions to awaken the inhabitants. Soon the streets were crowded with panic-stricken and bewildered citizens who imagined that the Highlanders had come to sack the town, as the Macdonalds of the Isles did centuries before. For greater security the Council were escorted under a strong guard, from the inn to the Tolbooth; and when, a little before five, the alarm was given that the Highlanders were at hand, the citizens, who had armed themselves with staves, swords, and other weapons, flew to the Tolbooth, which happened to be the place farthest from danger, with a determination to stand by it to the last. Others of the citizens, more aggressive in spirit, stationed themselves at the gate of Grant Lodge, provided with baskets filled with broken bottles, to hurl at any one who might attempt a rescue. Meanwhile the Highlanders were marching on, silently at first, until the Sabbath was over, and then the word was given to Peter Bane, the celebrated piper and fiddler, who, with the Abernethy men, followed in the wake of Cromdale and Advie, to tune up his drones, "O Phàrig 'nis séid suas gu brais i," and the rest of the journey was enlivened by his stirring strains. There were not many people astir as they passed along, but such as were up could not conceive what was ado, and no further information could be obtained from the Highlanders than that they were going to the market. "Where was the market?" "Och, just at Elgin the morn." The Duthil men followed some hours later, and took the most direct route, as they had much further to go. About two miles from Elgin a general rendezvous was held, and the army was easily arranged in military order. As it was only five years after the peace, many of the men were old soldiers, and among them were several half-pay officers who had seen service in almost every quarter of the globe, while the factor and leader of the expedition, Captain Grant, Congash, was an old militia officer.

About 5 A.M. on the morning of March the 13th, a memorable day in the annals of Elgin, the first detachment of the Highlanders made their appearance. Marching up Moss Street, with pipers playing, they proceeded to Grant Lodge. Their numbers, and the resolute way they grasped their sticks, was enough for the broken bottle brigade; the siege was immediately raised, the burghers fled, and the Strathspey men quietly entered the policies of Grant Lodge, where they were joyfully welcomed, Lady Ann, genial, kind-hearted, and affable, going about amongst her clansmen, and showering her smiles and grateful greetings on every one. It was a serious business to feed seven hundred men at a moment's notice

after such a long journey, but a number of bullocks were slaughtered at Linkwood, a cask of whisky was broached, and provisions were prepared for the entire party on the lawn. As the blood of the Highlanders was up, the difficulty was in preventing a collision between them and the townspeople. The Provost was so afraid of a conflict that he crept into Grant Lodge by a back door, and implored Lady Ann on his knees to get the Highlanders to save the town and return to their homes. This appeal was backed up by the Sheriff, who, accompanied by the clergy of the town, waited on Lady Ann, and urged on her the absolute necessity of ordering the Highlanders to return home before anything more serious would happen. Her ladyship replied that the men had made a very long journey, and would require refreshment and a good rest before they were in a condition to march home again; and, further, that she must have an assurance from the Sheriff and Town Council that special constables would be sworn in to preserve the peace, and the inmates of Grant Lodge would no longer be molested. This the Sheriff and Town Council promptly agreed to do. The Highlanders, after being satisfied that the freedom and safety of the Earl and his sisters was assured for the future, agreed to return home that same afternoon.

It was insinuated by the Fife party that the object of the expedition was to settle the election as they did 70 years before, but that this idea was wholly unfounded will be apparent when we consider how easily they were persuaded to return home as soon as they were satisfied that their Chief and his sisters were safe. They left their homes almost at a moment's notice, some of the men from the western part of the parish of Duthil marching a distance of 47 miles in ten hours. They expected to have to fight their way through a mob of thousands of infuriated Lowlanders. But they never shrank from the ordeal. They relied upon courage, firmness, and a natural talent for fighting to overcome the formidable hosts which rumour told them were arrayed against their Chief. When they arrived in Elgin they found that numerically they were much stronger than their opponents, and it reflects great credit on their forbearance and respect for law and order that they agreed to return home again without cracking a few Lowland heads. They left at three o'clock on Monday afternoon, with drums beating and pipes playing.

The Highlanders having arranged to go home by a different route, Lady Ann, with thoughtful consideration, sent orders to Forres and every inn on the road to give them anything they

wanted. At Forres they made a night of it, eating, drinking, and dancing till the morning, and then on to Strathspey without a halt, many of the men from Duthil and the more remote parts of Abernethy having walked fully 80 miles without going to bed. Even after the departure of the Highlanders, Elgin continued in an indescribable state of excitement. All the able-bodied citizens were sworn in as special constables, drilled, and placed under the command of one of the many retired military gentlemen residing in the town. Patrols were established, sentries placed, and rounds made, and the town put as nearly as possible under military law. In the course of the forenoon the inhabitants were strengthened by Lord Fife's tenantry pouring in from the surrounding districts, armed with sticks and other weapons; while rumour, with her hundred tongues, every now and then brought reports that the Highlanders had not returned to Strathspey, but were lurking in the adjoining woods, ready to enter the town after nightfall and carry off Lord Fife's supporters.

About 10 o'clock at night, a false alarm that the Highlanders were going to attack the town put all on the alert. The horn of alarm was again sounded, the drums beat, and the inhabitants armed themselves as best they could, and, with the constables, paraded the streets for hours, while instructions were given to the occupiers of all houses fronting the streets to have their windows lighted up with candles, so that if a Highlander was lurking about he could be immediately detected. Accordingly, an extensive illumination took place. Many of the Grant party were obliged to light up their houses as well, to prevent their windows being broken. But no enemy appeared, the report originating by two or three poor fellows having got too much drink, who were seen loitering about the woods, and whose numbers were magnified into as many hundreds.

On Tuesday the town was a good deal excited, the special constables still continuing at their posts, and the guards at theirs, and old women of both sexes seeing a Highlander ready to pounce on them at the corner of every street if they crossed the door after nightfall. Wednesday was the day appointed for electing a delegate, and an immense crowd gathered on the streets, while the constables, with the Sheriff at their head, walked through the town to see that no riot took place. As none of Colonel Grant's friends appeared, the Fife party met alone and nominated a delegate to represent them at Cullen. This was hardly a legal proceeding, there being only a minority of the Council and no Town-Clerk present. After a number of party meetings, Coun-

cillor Dick, who had returned from Sutherlandshire, was brought over to the Fife interest, and with Bailie Innes standing neutral, the Council was equally divided. The Provost, who was a supporter of the Grant interest, had both a deliberative and a casting vote, so after a number of protests, Mr Farquharson was declared duly elected by the Chairman's casting vote. Parliament met on the 21st of April, and Mr Farquharson's title was sustained.

The disgraceful disturbances associated with this memorable election could easily have been prevented if those responsible for the peace and good government of the town had exercised a little more firmness, and promptly apprehended the ringleaders, instead of making theatrical displays at Grant Lodge, and military masquerading in the street. In connection with the kidnapping of the Bailie and Councilor, the matter was reported to the Lord Advocate, and the transaction was looked upon as highly unconstitutional by the Government. Four of Lord Fife's supporters from Elgin were tried at the Circuit Court of Justiciary, held at Inverness in September, 1820, on a charge of stellment, or man-stealing. They were defended by Mr John Peter Grant of Rothiemurchus; but as the parties stolen did not take the matter very seriously, a convenient flaw in the indictment was discovered, and the trial broke down. A great procession went out to meet the accused on their return to Elgin, where they were feasted by Lord Fife's supporters. At the annual meeting to elect a new Council, the Fife party were triumphant, and the General was, on the first opportunity, duly elected member for the Elgin burghs.

So ended this, the last struggle under the old system of self-government which gave rise to one of the most remarkable traits of the feudal system which the present century has seen. It would be difficult to approve and justify the policy which instigated this remarkable demonstration on the part of the Strathspey men, but one cannot help cherishing a feeling of admiration at the courage, loyalty, and chivalrous love which animated the breasts of those true and warm-hearted Highlanders. To the outward eye, however, the picturesque appearance that we associate with the rising of a clan was almost entirely absent, as very few of the men wore the Highland dress, which Duncha' Bàn nan Oran so eloquently describes as "the clothes that display the strife of colours in which the carmine prevails." There was, consequently, a want of that characteristic distinction which should have separated the Saxon from the Gael. The Strathspey men were, as a rule, dressed in coarse home-made tweed or hoddie grey cloth, a capital, warm, and serviceable dress, but in no way

characteristic of the Highlander and the Highland Clan. Yet the raid of Elgin furnished a splendid exhibition of the loyalty of the Strathspey men to the House of Grant, and it was so understood by Royalty itself. On the occasion of George the Fourth's visit to Scotland in 1822, when the King attended the ball given in his honour by the Peers of Scotland in Holyrood Palace, he asked one of the lords in waiting to point out the lady on whose account so many of the Strathspey Highlanders went to Elgin two years before. Lady Ann being pointed out, the Monarch emphatically remarked—"Well, truly, she is an object fit to raise the chivalry of any clan," and he took the first opportunity of raising her to the peerage. As might be expected, the incidents of the "Raid," the kidnapping, and the political battle, are referred to in the songs and poetry of the period. The Lowland muse is not particularly successful in "waking to ecstasy the living lyre," as the following samples will show :—

"Success to all Fife's voters now,
And to them we will humbly bow,
And gi'e that reverence due to them
Which they deserve as honest men ;
But let the Grants for ever stand
A haughty but a shameless band.
They brought themselves into disgrace,
I trust we'll never see their face."

ELECTIONEERING SONG.

"Now let us all to Elgin hie
Where each his can is drinking,
And fill the bowl to noble Fife
While Seafie'd's cause is sinking.
Success to Alexander now,
Each honest heart is cheering,
The dubious kind of votes to bind,
We'll go electioneering.

"See Banff in all her native grace
Shakes hands with Inverury ;
While rotten Cullen turns her back
And hides her face of fury.
But Elgin sure will never give
Each raving prayer a hearing,
But votes to find for noble Fife,
They'll go electioneering."

Most of the verses, however, are mere doggerel—

“ Oh, the Grants they are a filthy race,
Have brought themselves into disgrace ;
For they made the drums and pipes to play
At Grantown on the Sabbath day.”

The following is rather a better specimen, and styled “ A Patriotic
Wish for the Prosperity of Elgin ” :—

“ Oh Elgin, I would gladly sing
The beauties that around thee spring ;
Thy woods and groves with music ring,
And rich adorn ;
While smiling seasons plenty bring
Of grass and corn.

“ But why, oh why, do'st thou complain,
In such a loud and plaintive strain,
And groan beneath a load of pain,
As heaven would fa' ?
Why nearly fifty years they ta'en
My rights awa'.

“ Ah, waes me for't, my ain good toun,
That's reared so mony a canty loon ;
Who oft has trod the world rour'
With honoured name ;
And never was ashamed to own
From thee he came.

“ But what a fright to mony a mother,
To see so mony from the heather,
Seven hundred of them a' together,
Come frae the hill ;
What errand brought so mony hither
Is known fu' well.

“ I venerate the hardy sons
Bred 'mang the heather and the whins,
Who gallantly have used their guns
In our late war ;
And from the head even to the shins
Bear mony a scar.

“ They fought and bled at Waterloo,
And twined fair laurels round their broo,
The brightest plumes that ever grew
 Their heads adorn ;
Memorials of that overthrow
 Shall long be worn.

“ But gladly these returned hame
From our good town the way they came ;
Their leaders gained but little fame
 For a’ their toil,
Ne’er need they play another game
 On Callan’s’ soil.

“ Amid the darkness of the night
We hailed the flambeau’s shining light ;
In self-defence we stood for right
 Along the streets,
Prepared with all their boasted might
 Our foes to meet.

“ We mustered out a numerous throng
Of rich and poor, old maids and young ;
The streets with blended voices rung
 And youthful glee ;
Each avenue was guarded strong
 With jealous eye.

“ With weapons of the rustic kind,
Supported with an ardent mind,
Which no compulsive power can bind,
 We stood our ground,
And thankful are we now to find
 All safe and sound.”

In pleasing contrast to the common-place sentiments of the Low-land bards on the raid, take the following Strathspey song, full of Celtic fire and fervour, and for many years popular round the *céilidh* fire in that district. And yet there are indications in its quaint transitions and Saxon innovations that the old modes of thought and speech were beginning to crumble away :—

- “ Ye Highland lads, sing loud huzzas,
 'S bidhibh sùgach, greannar,
 Tha onair mhòr 's cliù as ùr,
 Tigh'nn air an teaghlach Ghranntach ;
 Craigellachie will shout with glee,
 Gus am freagair cnuic 's coilltean
 O bidhibh ait', a Ghaidheil ghasda,
 Gach òigear agus maighdean.
- “ For now a toast we have to boast,
 Fhad's dh'ara's sruth na planntain—
 Gum beil Miss Graund air àrdachd rang
 'S air a *stilig* 'nis na 'Ban-Tighearn'.
 Oh who would not drink out this toast,
 Cha'n'eil iad 'n so air am planntaig'
 Nach deanadh a h-òl do bhùrn an lòn
 Air sláinte an òg òigh Ghranntach.
- “ It's well our part to join one heart,
 Gu cliù a chuir an céill dhuibh
 Oir 's e a rùn a tighinn car ùine
 A thàmh 'measg luchd na féile.
 The lads so clean, with tartans green,
 'S ann asda dh'earbs' i'n càirdeas ;
 O b'e a rùn 'bhi 'tarruing dlùth
 'Nuair bhiodh na Goill ga 'sàrachd.
- “ When the Chief of Grant abroad did rant,
 Bha féum air gaisgich Ghaidhealach
 Gu dhol air ball air feadh nan Gall
 'Chumail ceart nam meirlich ;
 With bonnets blue and hearts so true,
 Rinn iadsan Eilginn 'sguabadh
 'S na Goill gu dlùth ruith anns gach cùil
 Gun toil, gun sùrd gu bualadh.
- “ The river Spey will sooner dry,
 B' fhuasad' Carngorm a thionndadh,
 Na iadsan buaidh thoirt air an t-sluagh
 Tha shuas an glac nam beanntann.
 Now hero, adieu, Miss Grant, to you .
 Do dheagh dheoch slàinte 'sa 'Ghàilig,
 'S mu bhios féum air daoine' Strathspé
 Cha thréig iad thu 's cha'n fhàilluing.

“ And Col. Grant we'll not forget,
Tha 'nis aig' onair dhùbailt,
'S lìon an àird' mo ghloin' gu bàrr,
'S òlaidh mi dha cùpan ;
Long may he man the Highland Clan
Le onair, aighear, 's àillteachd,
Is bidh ainm air luaidh le cliù 's buaidh
Air machair 's air Gàelteachd.

“ When times began to take a turn
'S dar bha sinn air ar sàrachd.
Chuir e gu deis thun 'n-taobh-deas
A' cheannach bidh gu ar n' àrach ;
Both corn and meal he did retail
Do na h-uile bha na 'n èiginn,
'S e is-barail leinn gun chaomhainn e roinn
Bho bàsach'd air na sléibhtean.

“ When meal was dear and far from here
'S an t-airgiod bhi glé ghann duinn,
'S nach robh siol cur an taoibh-s' do'n mhuir
A rachadh 'chur 's na beanntan ;
And when with frost our crop was lost
Bha sgread ro chruidh 's a' Ghàelteachd
Le cridh' blàth thug es' gun dàil
Mhàn beagan de nam màil dhuinn.

“ Who would not then all join as one
'Thoirt cliù dha 'n Choirnal bhéusach,
'S bidh chreag ud shuas 'cur fuaim a nuas
'S bidh Carngorm ag éisdeachd ;
The forests round will hear the sound
S' ni iad fiamh 'bhios fuasach,
'S thig Ne'ich mhàn na tonnan bán
'S i 'g éigheachd ri Spè 'bhi 'gluasad.

“ Let mirth abound and health go round,
Deoch slàinte do Chaiptein Grannda,
S' e 'chuir air luaidh air moch Diluan,
'S e mach air leathad nan beanntan ;
By four o'clock he made a smoke
'S bha biadh an sin 'san àm sin,
Bha mac na brach' an sin ga'r baisd'
Le aighear 's ceòl 's dannsa.

“ I don’t incline the rest to name,
 De uailsean ghasd’ Shrath-Spe dhuibh,
 Cha ’n urrainn mi an innseadh le brìgh
 Na ’n cliù a chur an ceill dhuibh ;
 But they are true and hardy too,
 Is gaisgich iad an éiginn ;
 ’S iad ’chumadh ceann ri clann nam beann
 Is Granntaich na’m bidh féum orra.

“ High are their bens and deep their glens,
 Tha slàinte ri fhaighinn annta,
 O ’s e ’s mo rùin air maduinn chiùin
 An siubhal air latha samhraidh ;
 They’re full of joy, no cares annoy,
 Tha feidh ’s laoigh mòran,
 ’N coileach dubh ’s a’ chearc gu-gu
 ’S a’ mhadainn binn ag òran.

“ By crystal springs the cuckoo sings
 O ’s ait’ leam bhi ga h-éisdeachd,
 ’S an smèorach bhinn ri cèoil do ’linn
 A’ measg nam preas ’s nan gèugan ;
 By rising sun through every den
 Bidh ’n tunnag fhiadhaich ’s a h-àl ann ;
 O ’s e mo rùin gus an dùin mo shùil
 Bhi’ seinn air cliù na Gàelteachd.”

2nd APRIL, 1896.

At the meeting this evening the Secretary read a paper contributed by Mr L. Macbean, Kirkcaldy, entitled “The Mission of the Celt.” The paper was as follows:—

THE MISSION OF THE CELT.

I.—THE GAELIC RENAISSANCE.

The revival of interest and activity in Gaelic life has now reached a point when it is time to review our position, and, if possible, form some intelligent idea of our mission and destiny as a people. The race is becoming conscious of itself, and feeling its unity as never before, and the moment is therefore opportune to

reflect intelligently on its place in the world, its power, and its future. In considering so wide a subject, we must first enquire what are the tendencies of the currents around us. The most potent fact here is the tide in the affairs of the Gael which has flowed with increasing strength and volume through the present century—a revival of life and interest which is at once a sign and a cause of the brighter era which is dawning upon our people. It will be interesting to examine the nature and origin and aims and methods and achievements of this revival. It is, broadly speaking, an outburst of race feeling shown in love of country, and people, and language, and music, and traditions—not an unprecedented phenomenon in the history of the world. It may be compared with the Slavonic dreams of a united race that adds a tinge of romance to the politics of Russia and the Turkish principalities, or to the Greek revival, which led to the resurrection of Greece, or even to the old Hebrew patriotism so vividly portrayed in our Bibles. In all these instances the race feeling has been allied with politics or religion—in our case it is almost entirely literary or social; and yet, in the case of Gael, and Greek, and Jew, and Slav, the great object in view is the welfare of the race and the triumph of its genius. Now, this triumph is of the utmost value to the world, as well as matter of natural satisfaction to the race immediately concerned; for it is to this that we owe the splendid contributions made by Hebrew, Greek, and Roman to the life of mankind. Every race must add its own endowment to the common heritage of man, and the Celt must take care that the Celtic contribution is not, through cowardice or ignorance, withheld.

(1)—GAELIC LANGUAGE.

The first feeble symptoms of new life were shown in connection with the Gaelic language. The Gael suddenly awoke to the alarming fact that his native tongue, which more than anything else was the distinguishing mark of his tribe, was dying out before the tongue of the Southron. The thought touched his sensitive and melancholy nature as nothing else could.

"'Tis fading, oh 'tis fading, like leaves upon the trees,
In murmuring tone 'tis dying like the wail upon the breeze,
'Tis slowly, surely sinking into silent death at last,
To live but in the memory of those who love the past."

People never know how much they value a thing until they are threatened with its loss, and so the thought of the approaching

death of the dear old language aroused the Gael to some appreciation of its beauties, and to the discovery that it could throw valuable light, not only on his own past, but on the history of the other races of Europe. In this connection it may be noted that the first beginnings of the Gaelic revival were peculiarly Celtic and extreme. Not only was a fabulous antiquity ascribed to the language, but a close relationship was claimed with other venerable tongues where no such relationship exists. We have lived to outgrow these early follies, and our enthusiasm for the old language is tempered by some degree of knowledge regarding its history, and changes, and real place in the family of languages.

(2)—THE PRESERVATION OF GAELIC.

One of the aims of the Gaelic revival was, and to some extent is still, to perpetuate Gaelic as a spoken language. The reasons adduced for its preservation are—(1) Its interesting history as the language of Ossianic poets, early Scottish kings, and the native Christian Church; (2) its unique, though limited, literary treasures; (3) its advantages as the language alike of song and religion; (4) its value as a bond of race, which is so necessary that, if it did not exist, we should have to invent it. The methods employed to perpetuate the use of Gaelic as a spoken language are societies, concerts, books, magazines and newspapers, and teaching in schools. Among the societies that have done excellent work are the Gaelic Society of London, established in 1777, and still alive; the Highland Society of London; the Highland Society of Scotland, to which we owe the great Gaelic dictionary; the Gaelic Society of Inverness, the Gaelic Society of Glasgow, the Gaelic Society of Perth, the Gaelic Society of Toronto, and similar societies in Aberdeen, Greenock, and elsewhere. At none of these societies is Gaelic commonly spoken, which may be taken as a sign that they do not consider the preservation of Gaelic essential. The concerts at which Gaelic songs are sung are generally well attended, and Gaelic vocalists are perhaps as popular as were the old bards and harpers in other days. Perhaps the day will come when we shall have a Gaelic drama. Schiller's "Wilhelm Tell" has already been translated into Gaelic, but I hope our first drama publicly performed will be Gaelic in subject as well as in language. Coming next to publications, it is gratifying to note that quite a number of Gaelic grammars and lesson books have been published; and, as many of them have had a very large sale, it is evident that there are to-day more readers of Gaelic than at any previous time in our history. The

magazines that have aided most in the enriching and perpetuation of Gaelic have been—"An Teachdaire Gàidhealach," "Cuairtear nan Gleann," "Fear Tathach nan Gleann," "An Gàidheal," "Bratach na Fhrinn," and the Gaelic Records of the Churches. Our most recent monthlies, such as the *Celtic Magazine*, the *Highland Monthly*, and the very excellent periodical published in Glasgow—the *Celtic Monthly*, have been chiefly printed in English, but they have contained Gaelic songs and articles; and Gaelic columns have also been given in many of our northern newspapers, such as the *Highlander*, the *Scottish Highlander*, the *Northern Chronicle*, and the *Oban Times*. All these supply sufficient evidence of the reality of the Gaelic revival, and an agency even more important for the purpose in view has been the teaching of Gaelic in Highland Schools. But here also much more successful work might be done if rich Gaels and rich societies were to offer substantial prizes and bursaries to the best Gaelic scholars, or grants to the most successful Gaelic teachers. We may even go further and say that society meetings and concerts, the publication of books and magazines, and the teaching of Gaelic in schools, do not exhaust the resources of civilisation that can be used to prolong the life and increase the usefulness of Gaelic. It will do an immense amount of good, not only for this purpose, but for the intellectual progress of our people, if we can have Gaelic lectureships throughout the Highlands. I would fain desire that lectures in Gaelic on social or scientific subjects should be delivered in every parish; and, if discussion in the same language were allowed after each lecture, it might lead to a Gaelic debating society being established in many a Highland glen, to the great gain of the inhabitants; and perhaps the way would thus be prepared for the business of our Highland parish councils being conducted in the language of the people.

In the meantime, discouraged Highlanders should remember that the Gaelic language, at one time spoken only by a small tribe in the Western Highlands, has lived to crush out the Pictish tongue in the east of Scotland, the Welsh in Strathclyde, and the Norse in the Western Isles; and that it is to-day spoken over a wider area, and by a far more numerous people, than in the days of Cuchullin or Columba. •

(3)—PHILOLOGY.

The second aim of the Gaelic revival has been the scientific study of the vocabularies and grammar of the old language. For a long time, indeed, Celtic philology, like many other goods, might be labelled "manufactured in Germany," for its first and

most successful exponents were large-minded Teutons like Zeuss — But their labours have been continued with interesting results by able Highland scholars.

(4).—LITERATURE.

In the department of literature, the revival of interest has been very fruitful. The antiquarian stores of Gaelic have been ransacked, and the tales of the senachies have been collected ; the songs that lived only on the tongue of the Highland maid have been solidified in cold type, and our strange, stunted growths of medical and botanical and zoological science have been carefully preserved. Among the most important books given us by the Celtic revival in Scotland are Skene's "Celtic Scotland," the printing of the "Book of the Dean of Lismore," MacLauchlan's "Celtic Gleanings" and "Early Scottish Church," Campbell's "Leabhar na Féinne," and his "West Highland Tales," John Mackenzie's "Beauties of Gaelic Bards," Pattison's "Translations of Gaelic Poetry," Blackie's "Language and Literature of the Scottish Highlands," Macneill's "Literature of the Highlands," Sinclair's "Oranaiche," Henry Whyte's "Celtic Garland," Malcolm Macfarlane's "Phonetics of Gaelic," Mackenzie's "Eachdraidh na h-Alba," the collection of hymns edited by John Whyte, Camerons' "Reliquiæ Celticæ," Alexander Mackenzie's *Clan Histories*, various books on music and place-names, and several volumes of poetry by talented Gaelic bards who are still living. We have some reason to be proud of the men who have stood foremost in the literature of the Gaelic revival. In history we have had Skene, MacLauchlan, Keltie, Brown, Macneill, and Mackenzie ; in poetry—Maccoll, Campbell of Ledaig, Maccallum, Mrs Macpherson, and Mrs Mackellar ; in music, collectors like Charles Stewart and Henry Whyte ; in lexicography—Macleod and Dewar, Macalpine, Cameron, and Alexander Macbain ; in grammar—Stewart and Forbes, Munro and Macpherson ; in folk-lore, collectors like J. F. Campbell, Hector Maclean, and A. A. Carmichael ; and in editorial work, men like Norman Macleod, Dr Clerk, A. M. Sinclair, Fraser-Mackintosh, Dr MacLauchlan, and John Whyte ; and in natural history, the Rev. Dr Stewart, Nether Lochaber. The revival has led to great activity in translation. A large number of English books, chiefly religious, have been translated into Gaelic ; and there have been numerous translations from Gaelic, chiefly poetry and fairy tales. In view of all this literary activity, it will be necessary for us to have a complete dictionary of Gaelic works, or perhaps an edition of Reid's "*Bibliotheca Scoto-Celtica*" brought up to date.

(5)—MUSIC.

Music is the only fine art in which the Gaelic revival has been felt. Our forefathers originated the Celtic cross, the mysteries of Celtic ornamentation, the marvellous beauties of illuminated initials, and even the audacious design of the tartan; but our environment in a barren country prevented us from making any progress in painting or sculpture. But in music the renewed energy of our people has already shown itself in the collection and printing of the fine old melodies bequeathed to us by a more gifted ancestry; and we may expect that before the Gaelic revival has quite spent itself, we shall have a national style of harmony in keeping with those splendid old tunes, and who knows but some talented Highlander will yet give us a Gaelic opera or a Gaelic oratorio.

(6)—HIGHLAND CUSTOMS.

The Gaelic revival has also been felt in the observation of old customs. Old Highland sports and the old Highland garb are preserved by the numerous Highland athletic gatherings that are held all over the country, and, although this is not very important, it shows how the tide is flowing.

(7)—MATERIAL PROGRESS.

But there is another department of life in which the re-invigoration of the national spirit has shown itself to some purpose—I mean the sphere of social and material progress. In our day there is a growing determination that our countrymen who remain at home in the Highlands—and especially the poorer classes among them—shall have at least fairplay. For the first time since the days of Prince Charlie, Gaelic has been used as an effective instrument of politics, and this use of the language of the people is a sign of a wish to respect their feelings. Of course, we know that the Highlands are too poor and barren to maintain all our people in comfort, but in each of our large cities a new Gaeldom is rising up, and the Gaelic revival has shown itself there in the form of clan societies for mutual aid and for the support of poorer countrymen.

II.—FUTURE OF THE GAEL.

Having now glanced over this heaving tide of new Celtic life which has overflowed the fields of literature, music, customs, and social progress, it remains for us to ask, What of the future?

The Gael are awakening to consciousness, and as a man when he becomes conscious, first asks, What am I? Whence am I? What am I here for? So the Gael must ask, What are we? What are our capabilities? What is our destiny?

CELTOPHILES AND CELTOMANIACS.

For more than a century there have been two views regarding the future of the Gaelic-speaking Highlander—the one held by supercilious Englishmen and echoed by feeble Highlanders, the other held by a small but patriotic set of Highlanders. The first view is that the Celt, as a Celt, is a relic of barbarism, a nuisance in the way of civilisation that must be speedily swept out of the way, with the exception that Celts who can transform themselves into imitations of Englishmen, be allowed to live on in subordinate positions suitable to their capabilities. There has really been a great deal of seeming reason for this view. The Celtic race in these Islands, not only in Scotland, but in England and Ireland, has apparently been driven westwards to the uttermost borders of the land, and even in those remote coasts the rising tide of Saxon civilisation has threatened to overtake and submerge them. The second view of the position and duty of the Gael has been that of the few patriots who protested against the invasion of the English tongue and English ideas, and declared that extinction was preferable to submission.

BOTH WRONG.

We have now arrived at a point whence we can see that both views have been wrong. The Highlander is really in a better position than either the one party or the other dreamed of. Our fate as a race is neither to die out nor to be Anglicised. On the contrary, it is important even for the future of Saxon civilisation that certain qualities of the Celtic nature should be preserved.

OUR CONTRIBUTION TO SAXON CIVILISATION.

The time has come when the Gaelic race must give its own contribution to the progress of humanity. We cannot give religious insight like the Hebrew, nor the perception of beauty like the Greek, nor civic law like the Roman, nor the fruits of plodding industry like the Teuton. But it happens that the Gael has the very qualities in which the Saxon is most deficient. It is ideality, it is sentiment, it is enthusiasm, it is *èlan*, it is strenuousness, it is intensity, it is imagination, delicacy of fancy,

humour, love of colour, love of nature. It is, in a word, all that is spirituelle and opposed to the sordid and the worldly. These are the very qualities which the Teutonic race and modern utilitarian civilisation lack most, and the mission of the Celt is to supply them.

A CAVEAT.

Now, no Scottish Highlander could advance such a claim before a Gaelic audience on behalf of the Gaelic race but for two things. The first is—That so far from being a Celtic invention this view has been first broached and supported by English writers of the highest rank, like Henry Morley and Matthew Arnold. The second is—That the claim is a general one, and does not affect any individual Gael. Every Highlander does not possess the Gaelic temperament; nor, on the other hand, must we imagine that every true Englishman is dull and unimaginative. The Gaelic temperament is often found in sunny England, and still oftener in Lowland Scotland; while a stolidity that might do credit to any phlegmatic Teuton may be found to the north of the Grampians. The fact is that we British are a mixed people, and there is in these islands no such thing as purity of race. The blood of Dane, and Pict, and Briton, is probably mixed with the Gaelic current in your veins and mine. There are Teutons in Caithness and Celts in Yorkshire. But still we must hold to the broad facts. The German or the Dutchman—dull, heavy, disciplined, slow, is a very different being from the Scottish Gael, with his verve and dash and alert mind. And the Englishman, while situated between these two extremes, has in him more of the German than of the Celt. Of course an educated Englishman is smarter than an ignorant Highlander; but taking both races on the lowest level, I think a lecturer or vocalist would be more likely to find an intelligent and responsive audience among the crofters of a Highland clachan than among the heavy, clod-hopping, honest hinds of an English rural district. The truth is that the Gael (like all Celts) is nervous, sensitive to the influences from the unseen, much impressed by the awful fact of death (as anyone familiar with our Highland peasantry can tell), keenly sensitive to the lash of conscience. He is by nature an idealist and enthusiast, and the peculiar note of his high-strung temperament is heard more or less clearly all through his history, his literature, his proverbs, his tales, and his music.

GROWING CELTICISM OF BRITAIN.

(1)—CELTIC INFLUENCE.

This short disquisition on the Gaelic temperament has prepared the way for the proposition I am now to lay down. It is a remarkable thing that while there has been a revival of feeling in Gaeldom there has been in English literature a recognition of Celtic influence. As an English litterateur has suggested, the Celtic fringe, the wreckage and relics of Celtic civilisation, driven to the borders of the land before the tide of Saxon aggression, have been resurging back upon that dark tide in the form of a certain foam and tinge of thought and sentiment. It has been generally observed that Scottish literature has long been growing more and more Celtic in character. To see this clearly you have only to compare the Anglo-Saxon poetry of writers like Dunbar, Henryson, and Douglas with the thorough Celticism of Ferguson, Burns, and Scott, as shown in their language, nature and colour, their brilliance of imagination, and frequent use of Gaelic words and fondness for Celtic ideals of life and valour. This Celticism, which has long and increasingly pervaded the literature of Scotland, is now being felt in the imperial literature of England. This is not fully accounted for by the fact that Celtic poets like Thomas Campbell, Chas. Mackay, Eric Mackay, George Macdonald, and William Macdonald have left their mark on English verse, or that novelists like Robert Buchanan, William Black, and Ian Maclaren have introduced the Highland spirit into English fiction, for in this department of literature there is a new vivacity and earnestness and delicacy which seem echoes of Celtic thought, and which in any rate are not Teutonic. The same remark applies to the art of music. It is not only that we now find among eminent composers Gaels like A. C. Mackenzie and Hamish MacCann but that the musical ideals of England are being illuminated by Celtic spirit. In the political world it is a matter of common remark that nearly all our Parliamentary leaders and nearly all our Colonial governors are Scotsmen with a large share of Celtic blood in their veins, but it is more to my present purpose to note that Celtic ideals of freedom, and Celtic sentiments of humanity and lofty principle are making themselves felt in the seat of power. In religion we have the same phenomenon. Good Celts like Livingstone and General Gordon and Mackay of Uganda have carried the Highland ideal of religion to the ends of the earth; but, what is more important, the religious wor-

becoming imbued with new ideals of true humanity, which is true divinity. But while thus becoming more tender, religion is becoming more honest. Having learned in solitude to measure somewhat of the realities of the moral world, the Gael judges himself severely, and the idea of accepting lightly Divine forgiveness is abhorrent to his nature. That is why ultra-evangelical religion (no less than ritualistic religion) has never obtained a footing among the Gaelic people, and I do believe that this Celtic feeling after reality is becoming more general in religion. I need not go over other departments of life. Our army has, of course, been long permeated by the peculiar Celtic gallantry, and this quality is to-day as strongly marked as ever. In short, we must admit that what Mr Grant Allen and others say is true—that modern British life is becoming Celticised. The Celtic population had to recede before the aggressive Saxon, but the Celtic spirit conquers in the end.

(2)—CELTIC POPULATION.

This remark about the population brings me to my third point. We have seen that of late there have been side by side a conscious revival of Celtic feeling in the North, and an unconscious growth of Celticism in the higher manifestations of English life. But we have now to see that these developments are not accidental things, not the carrying out of any human purpose, but products of the spirit and tendency of the age. For even our population is becoming more Celtic. There is a resurgence and reflux of Celtic blood, as well as of Celtic spirit. I have long suspected this in regard to many of our large towns, and in writing this paper I had the curiosity to put the matter to the test by comparing the Highland names in current directories with those of twenty years ago. In every case the surnames of Northern origin have increased enormously as compared with the rest of the population. No doubt there are sound natural explanations of such changes. For one thing our vastly increased facilities for travel must lead to more movement and mixing of the population, and for another there is a continual flow of the population from the country to the towns. But those things only confirm the statement that the population, especially in the larger centres of civilisation, is becoming more Celtic—the result of Highland transmigration in Scotland, and of an infusion of Scottish, Irish, and Welsh Celts in the English towns. That statement, I think, may be taken as fact. The truth is that city

life is so enfeebling that few families are able to stand it for more than two generations. The population of our British cities has to be constantly recruited, and our own Highland glens furnish excellent material for the purpose. The Royal Commission on the crofter question reported—"The crofter and cottar population of the Highlands, small though it be, is a nursery of good workers and citizens for the whole empire. In this respect the stock is exceptionally valuable. By sound physical constitution, native intelligence, and good moral training, it is particularly fitted to recruit the people of our industrial centres." That deliverance by a Royal Commission more than bears out the truth of my contention, and although I do not like to make too much of the stress laid by the Commission on the physical, mental, and moral value of the Gaelic stock, any one will see from the census returns that in Sutherland, Ross, and other Highland counties, you have the highest longevity of all Scotland. The Registrar's returns show that these counties are far above the average in morality, at least in one department, while the ordinary criminal calendar is equally satisfactory in regard to other departments.

MISSION OF THE CELT.

Well, now, we have looked at these three currents of our times—the rising tide of Celtic revival among ourselves, the flow of Celtic sentiment and ideas in English life and literature, and the stream of Celtic blood into city life—and we should now be in a position to guess what is the mission and destiny of the Celt. It is surely by infusion of ideas and transfusion of blood to leaven modern civilisation with its own awakening spirit. It is to touch to higher issues and transform by nobler sentiments the results of art and science and culture as these have been evolved by the sturdy Anglo-Saxon race. That seems a high enough mission for any people. And yet, I daresay, we may all feel inclined to say—It is a good and worthy task; but, in the meantime, what of our own race?

ANGLO-SAXON OR ANGLO-CELT.

Are we Gaels to be simply lost in the great ocean of Saxon civilisation? Must we become extinct as a race, our only immortality being a slightly more spirituelle aroma about English literature, and a slightly less German cast of the features of English people? We are all ambitious for our own race. We should like to see our small but gallant Gaelic nation playing a high and

noble rôle even yet on the stage of history. Some of us may perhaps have even wondered in our younger days whether it might not be possible some day for the Highlanders to descend from their mountains and seize the reigns of empire, as Cyrus and his Persians swooped down on ancient Babylon. The thing would not be worth doing, even if it were possible. All that is best in the empire is already ours for the taking, and what is even better, the opportunity of serving the empire is open to us all. But to the real question—Whether the Gaelic race as a race is to survive and take a recognised part in the moulding of the civilisation of the future? The answer must depend on our race itself. If the Gael is to be a real and acknowledged factor in that work, two things are necessary—he must preserve his heritage of Celtic ideals, and he must endeavour to rid his character of its historic weaknesses.

OUR WEAKNESSES—(1) INSTABILITY.

The first and most noticeable of these weaknesses will be recognised as instability. The Galatians of Asia Minor, an offshoot of our race, were the most ready and ardent disciples that St Paul ever made, but with all their exaggerated devotion they were the first to fall away. All down our history, and perhaps most of all in the career of the great Celtic nation of France, we have frequent examples of the volatility and instability of the race. Our own hard training in northern Scotland has done much to eradicate this weakness, but the ill-advised outbreak of '45, with its fruitless victories, as well as many a little outburst of temper since, must convince us that two centuries of industrialism and Calvinism have left us still Celts, with some of the racial weakness—spasmodic effort, ardent enthusiasm, with the inevitable reaction.

(2) PRIDE.

The second Celtic vice is pride. Two thousand years ago Diodorus wrote that we Celts were fond of enigmas, revelling in hyperbole, and with an overwhelming contempt for others. In our own day the expression "Highland pride and poverty" is proverbial, and when we see ourselves reflected in such mirrors as the novels and poems of Sir Walter Scott, we cannot overlook the hauteur there displayed. Now, before we can do any good in the world we must learn the graces of humility and brotherliness towards other races. If, as is generally supposed, the Celts are the oldest Aryan race in Europe, they ought to act the part of an

elder brother. The Gael ought especially to make himself master of English literature and science and art. He is the heir of all the ages, and for the perfecting of his own nature, as well as for the serving of the empire and the world, he must cast away his traditional pride, and assimilate the best that modern civilisation can produce.

(3)—PESSIMISM.

There is a third weakness at the bottom of our character as a race, which is, I think, the worst of all. It is the old fatalism and pessimism which fifteen centuries of Christianity have left quite untouched. In our Pagan Gaelic we speak of *Rath* and *manadh*. We say, *Bha e 'an dàn da* or *Bha 'uair a' feitheamh air*. In our proverbs we have constantly recurring the idea of relentless fate, and this notion of immovable destiny colours Highland ideas of life. That is why we are such ultra-Calvinists, and that is why every nation in Europe talks of "the melancholy temperament of the Celt." It is because we are pessimists at heart. This creed our forefathers learned in the hard school of adversity, where they struggled long and bravely with the cruel facts of life. No doubt they were right, as pessimists are still right, as to these facts, but there may be a question as to the point of view. The greatest optimist the world ever saw looked on the glorious texture and colour of a lily, and remembering that it bloomed only to fade on the morrow, pointed out the wonderful prodigality of nature when even the short-lived lily is so endowed. The pessimist genius of the Gael would be inclined rather to wonder at the mystery of awful fate when even the most perfect beauty lives but for a day. It is all in the point of view. Now, this melancholy fatalism is in our blood; it saddens the whole circle of Ossianic poetry, it rings through the Gaelic folk-tales, it gives its own weird colouring to Highland religion, and until we escape from it into a more happy atmosphere, our race can never have the buoyancy and cheerfulness which are quite necessary if it is to be a recognised factor in the evolution of civilisation.

PRESERVATION OF CELTICISM.

We shall be better Celts when we rid ourselves of these weaknesses, but if we are to remain Celts at all, not to speak of Celticising the British nation, we must keep in touch with the spirit of the race as embodied in our literature and traditions, for any real progress must bear some relation to the past. While appropriating the civilised institutions, the industrial arts, the

literature, and even the language of the Saxon, we must remain Gaels. It is only thus that we can have any real power. Civilisation has terrible problems that await solution. Side by side with its enormous increase of intellectual and material wealth there is an increase of degradation and vice. It needs the touch of some Celtic fairy to change it into some semblance of her own ideals. The British Empire, just as much as the old empires of Babylon and Egypt, is founded on brute force, and it needs to be inspired with Celtic sentiment and sympathy, and lofty idealism, and the generous chivalry of Ossian and Fionn. I think it is clear that it is on some such lines as these that Providence intends the Gael to accomplish his mission.

GOSPEL OF THE GAEL.

This, then, is the Gospel of the Celt. Until quite lately, we seem to have been a race under some evil enchantment. We were ashamed of our Gaelic, ashamed of being Highlanders, and, like a people in dotage, living only in the past. Our music was all in the minor key—

Dubh-bhròn mar an sruthan diomhair
Ag iarraidh fo iochdar na bruaich.

But all this is changed; the spell is broken. There is a new temper abroad. The Gael feels the current of youth coursing through his veins. He knows that a high destiny awaits him, and that if he is true to himself, "the world's great future lies with him."

9th APRIL, 1896.

At the meeting this evening, Mr Charles Fergusson, Fairburn, read his fifth contribution to the Society on the "Early History, Legends, and Traditions of Strathardle." The paper was as follows :—

SKETCHES OF THE EARLY HISTORY, LEGENDS, AND
TRADITIONS OF STRATHARDLE AND ITS GLENS.

—No. V.

1600.—This is certainly the most disturbed and unsettled period of Strathardle history that I have had to deal with since I began to trace it from the year 1; nothing but raids and cattle-lifting forays by caterans and unfriendly clans from all directions

—from the east came the Earl of Montrose's men from Kincardine ; from the south the Earl of Drummond's men and the Clan Gregor from Glenstræ ; from the west came the Clan Menzies and the Campbells of Glenlyon, and the Robertsons of Struan ; and from the north the Clan Chattan, and the Macdonnells of Keppoch and Glengarry—all these and many more came at this time to slay and to plunder ; and, to make matters worse, feuds, discords, and tumults raged amongst the natives, so that we find that the Privy Council Records for this period bristle with acts of caution, in which the Strathardle lairds are bound in very heavy sums of money not to harm each other or their neighbours. Religion had also a good deal to do with these disturbances, as the Robertsons of Straloch and many others had at the Reformation become zealous Protestants, whilst others stuck to the old Catholic faith, so that we find that, as Burns say, " Even at the Lord's House on Sunday " they could not restrain their rivalry : as we read in the Rev. James Robertson's " Barons Robertson of Straloch," page 14, writing of the " Baron Cutach " (John VI.), he says—" The Protestant religion was beginning to take footing in Strathardle, and the Baron, being not only a Protestant but the principal man in the country, it was necessary for him to go to the kirk in a warlike manner to protect the minister, Mr Sylvester Rattray of Persie, his brother-in-law, and also to prevent and quell tumults occasioned by Rattray of Dalrulzean and Spalding of Ashintullie."

I may here mention that there was an old feud between the Robertsons of Straloch and the Spaldings of Ashintully, and so bitter did it become that the Privy Council in an Act of Caution, 17th February, 1590, bound Robertson of Straloch in £500 not to harm Spalding. And by another Act, on 10th March of the same year, James Wemyis of Myln of Werie becomes surety for Andrew Spalding of Ashintullie in £1000 not to harm John Robertson of Straloch or his son. The Spaldings were always such a wild, restless race, and were so often in trouble, that it was found necessary here, as usual, to lay a double fine upon Spalding, and it will always be noticed as we go along that in all cases of caution or fines, however lightly the other Strathardle lairds get off, the Chiefs of the Spaldings always get extra heavy penalties. However, they always seemed to have had the art of slipping quietly out of their difficulties and getting clear when the others had to pay the piper.

Now, the Rev. James was very proud of all his ancestors, the famous " Barans Ruadh," and he specially extols the bravery and

other good qualities of the Baran Cutach ; but, as becomes a rev. divine, he draws the line at playing the bagpipes when going to kirk on Sunday, as he says :—" John VI., called Cutach (short), was of a genteel, generous disposition, loved to live high and to make a figure in the world. Went with a piper and a retinue attending him, and so fond was he of that attendance that I have heard it said that he commonly went to church on Lord's day with his piper playing before him. This, if true, was neither grave nor religious."

It will be seen that the rev. historian lets the Baran Cutach off as easily as possible for his Sunday pipe-playing, and, in fact, excuses it as necessary to protect his brother-in-law, the minister of Kirkmichael. He then goes on to tell us something of the week-day exploits of the Baron and his famous piper :—

"The Baran Cutach was famous for suppressing robbers. It's storied of him that one time he himself, with his piper only in his company, turned a hership or prey of black cattle, driven by eighteen well armed men, by the following stratagem :—Having come within sight of the thieves, he caused his piper to stay behind a rising ground and play on his pipes ; and he had the courage to march forward alone till he was within shot of the robbers, and then stood upon a little eminence and cried with a loud voice—' The thieves are here ! Haste up the people immediately ! Let a good party cast about and run before them, and let the body of the people come up straight and they are all our own.' How soon the thieves heard this bold call, and withal heard the piper play, they left their prey, all their baggage, and many of their weapons, and took them to their heels, leaving all to the Baron and his piper. He never used to go single. He had two other men with him besides the piper, and called them to move from place to place, as if to call in a body of people, crying—' Barons, come forward ! the thieves are here !' Then the piper played a march, which, when the thieves heard, they fled, for the Baron's name was a terror to all such people, as he seldom went any distance without men in arms, which was much in use for men of any note in those troublesome times. Going to Glenferinate some time after, as he was passing Tom-an-Tuirc, one of his servants who waited on his cattle informed him that some Highland robbers, to the number of fifteen or sixteen, had committed a great deal of abuse and robbery in and about his sheals and bothies. He hastened up to that place with a number of his tenants, whom he levied as he went forward, and found the thieves eating and drinking his milk and cheese. He fell upon them ;

killed them, and buried them in a hollow place not far from the bothies, where some nettles grow to this day. This occasioned a byword, still remembered, which is '*Bithidh urad mu dhéibhinn, 's a bhà mu dhéibhinn itheadh caise a' Bharain Ruaidhe*'—'There will be as much about it as about eating Baron Reid's cheese.'"

"On another occasion some Highlanders came down and killed a gentleman in Glenshee—one M'Omie or M'Homie (M'Combie). The Baron caught two of them, and instantly caused them to be hanged on birch trees in the wood at Ennochdhu. Their graves are to be seen there to this day. Their names were Donald-na-Hogg and Finlay-na-Balior." I have often when a boy heard the old people relate the story of the capture and execution of these two caterans, which took place at the famous "Fuaran Fhionnlaidh"—Finlay's Well—which took its name from Finlay-na-Balior. This well lies about two hundred yards south-east of Ennochdhu, at the foot of the bank between the higher and lower fields, and about midway between Dalreoch Bridge and where Dirnanean Burn joins the Ardle. Its water is extra good, and it used to supply the village, but since the bank was planted and fenced the pathway to it is now stopped, and it is seldom visited.

Finlay-na-Balior was the leader of the caterans who raided Glenshee, and slew M'Combie, who had attempted to rescue his cattle. Knowing that the Glenshee men would rise in force to revenge the death of M'Combie, the caterans relinquished their prey, and scattered in different directions to baffle pursuit, all going north or west except Finlay and Donald, who turned south to Strathardle by Dirnanean, and at daybreak they took refuge in the thick wood of Ennochdhu beside the well, where they lay hid all day to avoid being discovered, as the country was now alarmed and parties hunting for the fugitives everywhere. At night they sallied forth in search of food, but could find nothing, until at last they came across a cow belonging to an old widow who lived in a cottage near the wood. They at once drove off the cow, killed her, and roasted part of her, and then lay down to sleep in the thicket. In the morning the widow missed her cow, and went in search of her. There had been a very heavy dew that night, so the widow soon came across the trail of the cow and her captors where their feet had brushed the dew of the long grass; she followed this trail till she came to the well, where, to her great grief, she saw the half-skinned carcass of her poor cow, and the two caterans lying sound asleep beside it. She took in the situation at a glance, and quietly withdrawing, she at once hastened to the Baron Cutach, and told him her

story. He at once guessed that they were the murderers of his friend M'Combie, so calling his piper and some of his people, he hurried to the wood, and forming a circle, they surrounded the well where the caterans still slept soundly, but they soon got a rude awakening, as the Baron ordered the piper to blow up his pipes, which he did with vigour, composing *extempore* a new tune for the occasion, which is well known to this day, called "A' bhò dhubh, 's a' bhò dhruimfhionn"—"The black cow, the black white-backed cow," which was the colour of the widow's slaughtered cow. The robbers sprang up, and endeavoured to escape, but they were instantly taken, and the Baron at once hung them on two birch trees. Just before being strung up, Finlay asked for a last drink out of the well, which he got, and the well is called after him to this day. The Baron sent the cow's carcase home to the old widow, and a live cow as well, to replace her beloved "Black, white-backed" cow, and as a reward for her share in bringing the caterans to justice.

1601.—We have just seen in the previous year that Spalding of Ashintully raised tumults in Kirkmichael Kirk during service on Sundays. A wild, lawless, turbulent race were these Spaldings, regular Ishmaelites; their hand was against everybody, and everybody was against them. The first of the race is said to have belonged to the town of Spalding in Flanders; he came over with the Conqueror in 1066. After taking his full share in the hard fighting of the time, he got a grant of lands in and about Berwick-on-Tweed. There his descendants flourished till 1318, when, as we read in "Tytler's History of Scotland," Vol. I., page 133—"King Robert the Bruce determined to proceed with the siege of Berwick, a town which, as the key to England, was fortified in the strongest manner. Fortunately for the Scots, King Edward had committed its defence to a governor whose severity and strict adherence to discipline had disgusted some of the burgesses, and one of these, named Spalding, who had married a Scotch woman, was seduced from his allegiance, and determined on the night when it was his turn to take his part in the watch rounds to assist the enemy in an escalade. This intelligence he communicated to the Marshal, and he carried the news direct to Bruce himself, who was not slow in taking advantage of it. Douglas and Randolph, along with March, were commanded to assemble with a chosen body of men in the evening, and at night, having left their horses at the rendezvous, marched to Berwick, and, by the assistance of Spalding, fixed their ladders, and scaled the walls, and took the town." In reward for this service, we find


in "The History of the Carnagies, Earls of Southesk," page 482, that Spalding received from King Robert the Bruce on 1st May, 1319, in exchange for his lands and tenements at Berwick, the lands of Ballourthy and Petmethy in Forfarshire, together with the keepership of the royal forest of Kylgerry.

This was their first footing in the North. Hardyng, in his Chronicle, page 308, tells us "that Spalding after betraying the town went into Scotland, and was afterwards slain by the Scots." His name was Peter de Spalding, and I do not find any other mention of "his being slain by the Scots," though it is exceedingly likely, as most of his race died a violent death. In 1397 his son was slain by Sir Alexander Moray of Abercairney, who, as we read in the "Scottish Nation," Vol. II, p. 205, "Had the misfortune to be concerned in the slaughter of one Spalding, and was obliged to plead the privilege of Clan Macduff, as being within the ninth degree of consanguinity to the noble family of Fife, and the privilege was granted to him." I may mention that this famous privilege of Clan Macduff was granted to Duncan Macduff, the celebrated Thane of Fife of Shakespeare, by King Malcolm Canmore for great services done, and consisted of—"1st, That he, and his successors lords of Fife, should have the right of placing the Kings of Scotland on the throne at their coronation; 2nd, That they should lead the van of the Scottish armies whenever the royal banner was displayed; 3rd, That if he, or any of his kindred, to the ninth degree, committed slaughter of a suddenty, they should have a peculiar sanctuary, girth, or asylum, and obtain remission on payment of an atonement of money."


For centuries the Spaldings increased in power, and extended their lands in Perth, Forfar, and Fifeshires. In 1400 King Robert III. gives James Spalding a charter of the lands of Fernell and Fornachty, in Forfarshire; and Richard Spalding at the same time had a charter of confirmation of the lands of Lumbthain and Craigaw, in Fifeshire. In 1583 the Spaldings built Ashintullie Castle, and in 1615 their lands of Ashintullie were by Act of Scots Parliament created into a barony with many privileges, including, of course, the right of pit and gallows, of which they took full advantage, so that many a poor wretch was hung on the old ash tree on the Gallow-hill—"Tom-na-croiche"—at Ashintully without any trial but the laird's whim, though no doubt often enough innocent of the crime laid to his charge. Thus these warlike barons of Ashintully increased in wealth and power, and ruled with a high hand on the Braes of Ardlie till after the '45; but at the beginning of last century their power began to decline, and

they gradually lost all their extensive lands, and for the last two centuries it has been one of the best known traditions of the Strath, and firmly believed in to this day, that their then chief, Andrew Spalding, and his brother David, of Whitehouse, brought a judgment on their race by a dark deed of murder done by them, for which they blamed and hung an innocent man.

At that time they lived, at Bleaton, a farmer of the name of Andrew Fleming (ancestor of the late Alexander Fleming, Davan), who was also a great drover, and in the habit of buying all the spare cattle in the district, and taking them to the southern markets, where he sold most of them to the famous Rob Roy Macgregor, who was a great crony of his, and who used often to visit him at Bleaton, on which occasions they both always went and spent a night with Spalding in Ashintully Castle, where the room in which they slept is called Rob Roy's room to this day. Having taken an extra large drove of cattle to the south and sold them at a good profit, Fleming was returning home up Strathardle with a large sum of money in his possession, when he was waylaid at Whillie's Burn, near Bridge of Cally, by Spalding of Ashintully, and his brother, David of Whitehouse, who knew when he was to return, where they robbed and murdered him, and threw his body in the burn. Spalding had arranged that his butler should go to Blairgowrie on that day, and return about the same time as Fleming, and as he was the only one seen passing that way after Fleming, he was accused of the murder by the Spaldings, who had him tried, condemned, and hung at Ashintully. From that day began the decline and fall of the family, everything seemed to go against them, so that their power and their lands dwindled away, and their race died out, so that, at last, sad to tell, the widow of the last laird became a homeless tramp, begging her bread from door to door in Strathardle and Glenshee, and I have heard old men, whose grandfathers had given her food and shelter, relate how to the last her proud spirit and fiery temper were a terror to the goodwives and children in the houses she frequented; she was also a big powerful, masculine woman, and always carried a huge stick, which she freely used when occasion required.



But to return to the year 1601. Of all the wild and warlike race of Spaldings, the then chief, Andrew, and his son David, were the most noted. They were never out of trouble, and for many years about this time there were several cases both for and against them at every meeting of the Privy Council, and there are scores of acts of caution binding them to keep the peace, to



which, of course, they paid no heed whatever. In this year they were before the Privy Council many times, especially for a raid they made on the lands of Catgibban, but they got off for want of proof. A clear case of "Guilty but not proven."

In this year the Clan Menzies of Weem made a raid on Strathardle, and carried off the cattle belonging to William Chalmers of Nether Cloquhat, who complained to the Privy Council, and Alexander Menzies of Weem was at once ordered to enter Donald Menzies, the leader of the raid, on a certain day before the Council. The Menzies chief agreed to "enter the said Donald, provyding he wer leving." When the day of trial came, at Perth, on 7th August, 1602, Donald was not "leving," so the Laird of Menzies pleaded "that he could naways enter the said Donald, quha hed been cruellie and unmercifullie slain by certain of his seruandis." So the Lords ordered Menzies to pay £81 to Chalmers as compensation for the stolen cattle under pain of rebellion.

1602.—But of all the raids of this stirring period, the most unfortunate for Strathardle took place on the 4th August of this year, when Alexander M'Ranald of Gargavach, the tenth Chief of the M'Donnells of Keppoch, with 200 men, consisting of the M'Donnells of Keppoch and Glengarry, the Mackintoshes, and the Macgregors of Glenstrae, made a raid on Glenisla, Glenshee, and Strathardle, slew many of the people, plundered and burnt their houses and carried off 2700 cattle and 100 horses. This Alexander M'Ranald, the then chief of Keppoch, was the renowned "Alastair nan Cleas," Alexander of the Tricks, so famous in song and story, and the hero of so many Highland traditions, especially connected with the "Black Art," of which he was reckoned the greatest master ever known in the Highlands. He received his early education at Rome, where he also attended the school of Black Art, of which old Satan himself specially acted as head professor. Here he proved so able a scholar that he ultimately outwitted his teacher, the grand master himself. As the story goes, Satan's reward was that at the end of every day's teaching he carried off the last student who remained in the room. Now Alastair generally managed to be out amongst the foremost, but the other students being jealous of him, they formed a plot to block his way and keep him back. In this they succeeded, and as he was going out of the door last, Satan caught him and claimed him as his lawful fee, but Alexander of the Tricks was equal to the occasion, and in good Lochaber Gaelic he said—"Tha fear eile na m' dheidh"—

"There is another fellow after me," at the same time pointing to his shadow, which the bright sunshine threw on the wall. Satan instantly let him go and grabbed at the shadow, so Alastair escaped "that time," and at once returned to Lochaber, where his father, Ranald, having died during his absence, he at once succeeded, but ever after to the day of his death, let the sun shine ever so bright, he cast no shadow, as Satan had gone with it. Such is the old tradition so well known and so firmly believed in all over the Highlands during the last three centuries, and it almost seems a pity to spoil it by the modern up-to-date version given in last December's *Celtic Monthly*, where, in an account of the Chiefs of Keppoch, the following occurs:—"Alasdair X. of Keppoch is said to have been in Rome finishing his education at the time of his father's death. He was famous in his day and in his country as a performer of miracles. It would seem that part of the education he received at Rome was a knowledge of arts akin to the 'three card' and other 'sleight of hand' tricks of to-day, a knowledge which would have been beyond the understanding of his uninitiated countrymen, and which could easily account for the marvellous powers attributed to him. It was owing to his having been an adept in this way that he came to be known as 'Alasdair nan Cleas' (Alexander of the tricks). He was considered one of the most accomplished men of his day."

After Alastair and his Lochaber men had harried Glenisla, they journeyed west through Glenkilry and Strathardle with their plunder, and driving the 2700 cattle and 100 horses before them. The Glenisla men had sent word of the raid, and asked the assistance of the Strathardle people, so the fiery cross was sent round, and a party of Strathardle men under the Baron Ruadh of Straloch, and Spalding of Ashintully attacked the Lochaber men near Ennochdhu, where a fierce and bloody battle took place. The Baron Ruadh, a wise and prudent soldier, seeing the enemy in such force, was following them up in the rear, waiting till all his people would have time to gather, but Spalding of Ashintullie, always hasty and headstrong, coming up with a few men, at once began the battle, so to save him the Baron had to join in also, but though they fought with desperate valour, the Strathardle men were so few in numbers that they got badly cut up before the main body of their men could gather. There were sixteen gentlemen of the district slain in this attack, besides a great many men, as we are told in the Privy Council Records—"They slew the nowmber of sextene special gentlemen of the countrie, hurtit and wounded to the deid

a grite nowmer of uthir persons." But the Strathardle men began to gather in force from all directions, and fought so bravely that Keppoch soon saw that he would have to retreat and leave all his spoil — "and because they could nocht guidlie get the said guidis caryit away with thame, they maist barbarouslie and crewellie hochit, slew, and gorrit the maist pairt of the said cattel to the great hurt and prejudice of the common weal." At last the Lochaber men were totally defeated with great slaughter, and fled up Glenfermate, pursued to the marches of Badenoch by the enraged Strathardle men. The following complaint was laid before the Privy Council by the Strathardle lairds on December 16th, 1602:—Privy Council Records, Vol. VI., page 500. "Complaint by John Robertson of Straloch, Andrew Spalding of Ashintullie, Lauchlan Farquharson of Bruchdearg, John Rattray of Dalrylane, Walter Rattray of Borland, Colin Campbell in Glenisla, Archibald Campbell of Persie, John Ogilvie of Freuch, and the other good subjects in Strathardle and Glenshee, as follows:—Upon 4th August last, Alex. M'Ranald of Gargavach, Donald and Ranald M'Ranald his brothers, John Dow M'Ranald, Allane and Angus M'Ranald his sons, Allester M'Eane VeInnes, John, Angus, Donald, and Ranald his sons, with others to the number of 200 persons, all thieves and sorners of the Clan Chattan and Clan Gregor, and all Donald M'Angus of Glengarry's men, armed with bows, habershons, hagbuts, and pistols, came to Glenylna, and there reft all the goods within the said bounds, consisting of 2700 nolt, 100 horses and mares, with the plenishing of the country, whereupon the 'effray being risen in the country,' the complainers, in obedience to the laws and acts of Parliament anent rising at affrays, and following of thieves, 'conveint thamsellfs togidder, sa mony as they could mak on a suddene, and followed the said thieves and lymmers of purpose and intention to have releivit the geir, and to have apprehendit and presentit the offendours to justice. And so many of the said complainers as were convenient for the time having enterit with the said thieves, they maist crewellie and unmercifullie set upon the said complainers, slew the nowmer of fyftene or sextene special gentlemen of the country, hurtit and woundit to the deid a grite nowmer of uthir personis, and because they could not guidlie get the said guidis caryit away with thame, they most barbarouslie and crewellie hochit, slew, and gorrit the maist pairt of the said guidis to the gret hurt and prejudice of the common weal." Now, George, Marquis of Huntley, and Lachlan MacIntosh of Dunauchtane ought to enter the defenders because they are their men, and dwell upon their lands.

Charge had been given to the Marquis to appear himself, and enter the said men, as also to the said Donald M'Angus of Glengarry, and to Allastair M'Gregor of Glenstrae—many thieves and broken men of whose clan were present by his direction at the said deed—to appear and answer; and now Andrew Spalding of Ashintullie appearing for himself and the other pursuers, but none of the defenders appearing, and the said malefactors not having been entered, the order is to denounce Huntley, Glengarry, and Glenstrae rebels. The letters of horning are, however, to be suspended to Candlemas next, that the King and Council “may yet understand quhat diligence the said Marquis will do” in the entry of the said Allester by that time towards the redress of the complainers.

Instead of appearing, as ordered, before the Privy Council in Feb., 1602, to answer for their great raid on Strathardle, “Alexander of the Tricks,” and the other M'Ranald chieftains of the Keppoch Clan, did what was far more to their taste, they assembled, but, instead of going to Edinburgh, they went north the way of Inverness on a plundering expedition as usual, and which they carried out with their usual ferocity. This is proved by the following complaint to the Privy Council by John Campbell, Commissary of Inverness, P.C. Records, Vol. VI., page 369:—
 “That the M'Ranalds to the number of 60, all thieves and sorners of clans, and all by the causing of the said Alexander M'Ranald of Gargavach, came armed with bows, &c., to the complainers' houses and lands of Moy in fair daylight, and divided themselves into two companies for purposes of outrage. One company remained at pursuer's own place, “quhar thay tresscnablie and awfullie raised fyre, brunt, and destroyit his hail houssis and spulzied all. The other company passed to the house of the late John Buchan, pursuer's tenant, which they first spulzied and then tressonablie brunt, and moreover they took the said late James and Patrick Buchan his son and Robert Anderson his servant, and “having maist shamefullie, cruellie, and barbourouslie cuttit of their leggis and armis, and utherwise dismemberit thame at their pleasour, they kaist thame quick in the fyre and thair brunt thame within the said houssis.” They also carried off 20 oxen and 60 sheep belonging to complainer, and “wrakit and herryit his hail pure tenantis within the said toun the lyk of whilk barbarous and heistlie crueltie, committit so far within the incuntrie hes seldome bene herd of.”

The law was too weak at this time to reach Lochaber, so Keppoch and his clan escaped punishment for all these savage out-

rages and many more. Not only that, but I find that six years later, in 1608, Alexander M'Ranald had influence enough at Court to get the king to grant him a free pardon for these and all his other offences against the law. Truly he was well named "Alexander of the Tricks." This pardon is preserved in the Register of the Great Seal:—"2106 Apud Edinburgh 16th June 1608. Rex dedit literas remissionis Alexandro, alias Allaster M'Rannald de Gargavach pro ejus vita duraturas—pro arte and parte necis in Straythardill et Glenschie A.D. 1602, ant eocirca commissee; ac pro arte et parte ignis excitati in domum Commissarii de Inverness, &c., et pro ceteris offensis, &c." The purport of which is that the King grants a free pardon to M'Rannald for his raid on Strathardle and Glenshee; and also for burning the house of the Commissary of Inverness, &c., and for making a raid on Atholl in June 1608, and burning the house of Neil Stewart McGillecallum, *and for many other offences.*

Alexander of the Tricks carried on the same kind of life for thirty-eight years after his famous raid on Strathardle, and held his lands of Keppoch by the right of the sword for over fifty years against the Government and all the powerful families of the north, and at last died a very old man in his bed—a death which few, indeed, of his race ever died. The gallant fighting Keppochs! they won their lands by their swords, and they kept them by their swords, but they trusted too much and too long to their claymores, for when the old fighting days were past and gone, and when all the other lairds in the Highlands had secured charters for their lands, still the Keppochs refused to hold their lands by a "sheep-skin" charter, and still stuck to the sword, but others secured the despised parchment charters for the lands of Keppoch, with the result that, when the pen became mightier than the sword, the gallant Keppochs lost their lands, and to them the words of their old pibroch tune are only too true—"Tha a' Cheapach na 'fasach," "Keppoch is desolate."

This was a very stirring time for Strathardle, for besides its own internal feuds, it being one of the main passes into the Lowlands caused it to be traversed by marauding clans from all quarters, as we can see from the Privy Council Records. Besides the complaint already given against the M'Ranalds, there are other three in this same year. One on August 7th, by William M'Gillimoyle in Glenbrierachan, against the Robertsons of Struan for a raid on his lands; another on September 9th, by Fergus M'Coull, in Straloch, against the Breadalbane Campbells; and one on November 23, by Andrew Spalding of Ashintullie, against Lord Drummond and his clan for raiding his lands of Glenbeg.

In the year 1600 a feud broke out between two great Angus families, the Ogilvies and Lindsays, and in a skirmish, in which the former, under the Master of Ogilvie, defeated the latter, who were led by Lord Spynie, who was Alexander Lindsey, fourth son of the tenth Earl of Crawford, the Robertsons of Straloch assisted the Ogilvies. Lord Spynie complained to the Privy Council, and the Ogilvies were ordered to come up for trial, Sir John Ogilvie of Inverquharity becoming surety for £10,000 that the Master of Ogilvie and all the others would enter in ward at Haddington within 48 hours to stand trial. But they did not, and the case was adjourned from time to time till 15th September, 1602, when the Master of Ogilvie gave assurance, under pain of 10,000 merks, and his brother, Sir John Ogilvie of Craig, under a penalty of 5000 merks, that the said Lord Spynie would be unharmed of them till 1st January, 1603 :—"Yet, upon 26th November, 1602, when the said Lord Spynie, accompanied only by his wife, bairns, and three or four servants, was in his own dwelling place of Kinblethmont, and without armour, the said Master of Ogilvie, with Sir John, Mr David, Mr Francis, and Mr George, his brothers, Baron Reid, younger of Strathardill, and his brother, Leonard Robertson, Patrick Guthrie, son of Robert Guthrie, sometime of Kinblethmont, and others, resolvit upon ane night attack upon the said hous, be a maist detestable and unlauchful ingyne ef weir callit the pittart (petard). That night the said defenders, accompanied be an force of their freends to the nowmer of six score personis on horse and foot came to the said hous, and not only brocht with them the said detestable ingyne the pittart, bot lykwise feilding pieces, for beseigng the said place, gin the pittart shauld fail. Having affixit the said pittart to the principal yett of the said place, they forcablie blew up the said yett or ever the personis within knew of their being thair, and immediately at the blowing up of the yettis they schot, and dischargit thair feilding pieces, at the windous of the said place of purpose to have slain sic personis, as upon the noise of the blowing up of the yett should cum to the waindois to understand what the matter meant. And so finding the yetts open to them they ruscheit in the said hous with their pistoles and drawn weapons in thair hands. They then serchit the said hous for the said Lord and his wife to murder them, bot be the provydenche of God the said Lord had conveyed himself and familie out of the said house. Thereupon they assaltit the servandis and threatned to tortor them gin they did nocht reveil where thir master was. They endid by taking the hale plenishing, evidents, gold and silver in the house."

For this outrage the Ogilvies and Baron Reid were again ordered to appear before the Council, but failed, so their sureties were forfeited and the King denounced them rebels:—"Baron Reid, younger of Strathardill, and Leonard Robertson, his brother, being charget till appear, but not appearing, therefor His Majesty commands his Heines leiges and subjects' quatsomever that nane of thame ressett, suplee, intercommoun with the said Baron Reid, younger, and Leonard Robertson, &c., denouncit rebels, and put to the horn for the crymes respective aboun written, nor furnis thame meit, drink, hous, nor harbory, ryde nor gang with thame, kype trystis, conventionis, nor meitings with thame, nor assist, nor tak pairt with thame in their actions and interpryssis during the time of their rebellion, under the pain of deid; certifying thame that feilzes that they sal be taken, appendit, and punneishit to the died without favour or mercy." To us, who are now accustomed to see the sentences of the law carried out, this seems rather a formidable sentence, but the Master of Ogilvie and the Baron Reid simply paid no heed whatever to it, but went on their way in search of new adventures.

1603.—Still another raid on Strathardle, as Andrew Spalding of Ashintullie lodges a complaint with the Privy Council, on February 8th, against John, Earl of Montrose, whose men had raided his lands of Ashintullie. Andrew Spalding of Ashintullie, and his son David, are, as usual, tied down by several Acts of Caution this year not to harm their neighbours. On November 15th Andrew Herring of Glasclune and his sons give Angus Fergusson, in Easter Cally, a charter of some lands there, "with their moors, fishings, and shealings" (Reg. Mag. Sig. VI., 2157).

1605.—Kirkmichael, the capital of Strathardle, is a very ancient place, and in the days o' old was a place of much importance. At the very dawn of Christianity a church was built there, dedicated to St Michael, which, of course, gave it its name—*Cill Mhìcheil*—the Cell or Kirk of St Michael, whose day, the *Feill-Mhìcheil*—Feast of St Michael—is the 27th September, which is still commemorated by the Kirkmichael market. We have already seen that in King Robert Bruce's charter to young Neil Campbell, in 1314, it is Killmychill, but it also, from its noted church, got several other clerical names, which we often find in different deeds about this time, such as Kirkhill, Kirkhillocks, *Tom-an-t-Shagairt*—the Priest's Hillock—and *Tom-a'-Chlachain*—the Hillock of the Stones. For instance, in a charter to David Spalding of Ashintullie, which shall afterwards be given in full at its date in 1615, we read:—"Villas et terras de Kirktown, vulgo

Kirkhillock, alias Tomchlachan." This last name—"The Hillock of the Stones"—is the most ancient of all, and carries us back to the dim, misty, heathen ages when the Druids worshipped in their circles of stones. We have already seen in the beginning of this history of Strathardle that it is the most noted district in Britain for Druidical remains, and Chalmers, in his "Caledonia," says:—"In Kirkmichael, Parish of Strathardle, 'the distinguished site of Druid remains in North Britain,' there are a number of Druid cairns in the vicinity of Druidical circles and other remains." Well, one of these Druidical circles stood at Tom-a-Chlachan—the Hillock of Stones—where the Manse of Kirkmichael now stands, and there two thousand years ago our rude ancestors worshipped, according to their faith, in their circle of stones, and there, as elsewhere, when the pioneers of Christianity came to the district, they found it expedient to place their new church where the old circle of stones had stood, so the first church of St Michael was reared where the old clachan stood, on what the natives already considered holy ground.

Colonel Robertson, in his "Gaelic Topography of Scotland," page 261, says—"The next prefix is one of much interest, as it is such clear proof that almost all the names were given in heathen times. It is that of *clach* and *clachan*, meaning a "stone" and a "circle of stones." But *clachan*, besides meaning that last, is a distinctive appellation for a fane or place where heathen worship was held. Since Christianity was introduced, churches came to be built where the pagan stone circles had existed; and, still later, in many cases where the *clachans* had been, houses, as well as a church, came to be built, and so these not acquainted with Gaelic, fancied *clachan* meant a hamlet or village, which is a mistake. There is an expression still used by the Highlanders which has reference to the point now spoken of, and which proves very strongly the Gaelic language of the present day being the same as spoken by the heathen Caledonian. This is in the expression employed in asking the question as to going to a place of worship, when it is common to say, *Am bheil thu 'dol do'n chlachan*, the meaning being, "Are you going 'to the stones.'" No reference to a church, but "to the stones." From whence is it possible for this expression to have arisen except it had been in use by the heathen ancestors of the Highlanders when going to their stone circles, stones of sacrifice, and others dedicated to their deities? and, of course, the meaning of the expression is, "Are you going to the worship to be held at the stones of sacrifice and such like."

Kirkmichael was at a very early date made a free burgh of barony, as I find in a charter of this date (1605) the lands of Kirkmichael, Balnald, and Balnakille (the latter also taking its name from the church—*baile-na-cille*—the town or place of the church, cemetery, or burial-ground), spoken of as “anciently erected into a free burgh of barony.” The good folk of Kirkmichael may well be proud of their ancient burgh, and though the tide of its prosperity for a time ebbed to rather low water, still, now when that tide has returned, and is flowing so strongly and rapidly towards high water, I feel confident that the good old burgh will very soon surpass all its ancient grandeur and become a thriving and populous town, as well as become the capital of bonnie Strathardle.

The charter I have just mentioned of Kirkmichael, &c., was granted by King James VI. to Lord John Wemyis and his son, David Wemyis, a family who for long before and after this held the lands of Mill of Werie, above Kirkmichael. I may give the following extract from this charter, as it is given in the “Register of the Great Seal of Scotland”:—“27 January 1605. Rex concessit et pro bono servito Dominus Joannis Wemyis de eodem militis, de novo dedit Davidi Wemyis filio maximo natu, et heredi apparenti dicti Dominus . . . Villas Kirkhill—Kirmichael, Ballinkellie et Ballinnald, *ab antiquo in liberos burgo baronia erecta.*” The Lord Wemyis’ reign over Kirkmichael, &c., however, was only a short one of ten years, as we will soon see that in 1615, when David Spalding got his lands of Ashintullie erected into a free barony, he, along with many others, got the lands of Kirkmichael, Balnakillie, and Balnald added to Ashintullie.

With all the trouble that the Privy Council had with the fighting lairds of Strathardle, one would think the Council would rather discourage war and fighting; instead of that, we find them passing a special Act on January 3rd of this year, binding the Strath lairds, under heavy penalties, to buy arms from John, Earl of Atholl, and Sir Robert Crychtoun of Cluny, as follows:—“George Maxwell, son and heir of the late John Maxwell of Balgirsho, for John Rory in Balmacrochie, John Mustard there, Thomas Fergusson in Balmacrochie, John Bryson in Easter Dalnabrie, John Schaw in Wester Dalnabrie, John Keill M’Allane there, Allastair Bryson at the Mill of Pitcarmick, William Mawis there, John Schaw there, Thomas Murray in Balnabroich, Donald Dowlie in the Merkland, Andrew Reid in Balmyre, John Stewart there, Robert Rory there, Allastair Stewart in Wester Ballamaines, James Crichton in Bleaton, John Murray there, Donald Spalding

in Enoch, Donald Harper there, John Adame in the Lair, Richard M'Ewan Dowy, Lachlan Farquharson in Bruchdearg, James Spalding in Corydon, and Allastair Rattray in Mill of Enoch, each of them to buy from John, Earl of Atholl, and Sir Robert Crychton of Cluny such quantity of arms as it shall be found they ought to buy, under the pain of £50 for each stand."

It was well for the Strathardle men that they got their new arms, and also that they could use them so well, for immediately after their old enemies, the Campbells of Glenlyon, under their young chief, Duncan Campbell, apparent of Glenlyon, made a sudden raid on Glenshee and the Braes of Ardle, when some desperate fighting took place; but the Campbells, being a very strong party, got off with the spoil, by slipping quickly out of the country, up Glenderby and by Logierait and Strathtay, into the Breadalbane country, before the Strathardle men, who were mostly all away at a great wedding at the lower end of the Strath, could be gathered to pursue them. Spalding of Ashintullie complained to the King, and the Captain of the Guard "was orderit to hae Duncan Campbell, apparent of Glenlyon, and his associates apprehendit for stealing frae William M'Nicol in Little Fortere 70 head of oxen and kye out of Rowenry in Glensche; and 44 oxen grazing n Glen Tirrie belonging to Spalding of Ashintullie."

1606.—The Spaldings of Ashintullie being at feud with Chalmers of Drumloch, they assaulted him in his place of Cloquhat, and did a lot of damage there. Drumloch complained to the Privy Council, and the Spaldings were ordered to appear, but of course did not, so on March 20th the Council decreed:—"That A. Spalding and uthers being persewed be Drumloch for oppressioun and not compeirand decreit is given against thame, and they are ordainit to be chargit—be oppin proclamation at the Mercut Croce of Perth, because they are brokin hielandmen—to enter in wardie within XV. days under paine of rebellion." As usual they paid no heed to the terrors of the law. As this was the golden age of cattle-lifting in Athole, when every one either "lifted" or "was lifted," it is only natural that some men would come to the front and shine above their fellows in this exciting and, as it was then reckoned, honourable profession. The old song says of Rob Roy:—

"Let England boast her Robin Hood,
Auld Scotland had a thief as good."

Now, if we change the word Scotland into Strathardle, Athole, Lochaber, or almost any other district in the Highlands, we find it

equally applicable, most districts having had "a thief as good" of their own. Strathardle's foremost thief who flourished at this time was the famous Iain Dhu MacSheoc—John Dhu M'Jokie or Spalding, in Bleaton, who is described in the Privy Council Records (Vol. VIII., p. 274) as "Johnne Dow M'Jokie *alias* Spalding, in Bleaton, a notorious thief." It was this MacSheoc or M'Jokie, "the Son of Little John," that first originated the well-known Strathardle proverb:—"Mur biodh mu'n phoit ach MacSheoc's an liadh"—"If there were none about the pot but MacJokie and the ladle——." The origin of this proverb was at a great feast given by the chief of the Spaldings at his Castle of Ashintully, to which not only the Spaldings were invited, but also the Baron Ruadh, Small of Dirnanean, Rattray of Dalrulzion, and all the other great men of the Strath. After the dinner was over, M'Jokie, who had been away on some of his cattle-lifting expeditions, arrived on the scene, and the chief of Ashintullie, with whom he was a great favourite, at once proceeded to get him some food, and offered him his choice of all left on the table. M'Jokie, looking round, espied a large pot sitting beside the great hall fire, containing some warm broth, which he at once lifted on to a side table, and, getting hold of a large silver ladle, he proceeded to help himself therewith out of the pot. Ashintullie also brought him a huge sirloin of beef, and as he did not see a carving knife about he drew his own richly mounted silver dirk and laying it beside the beef told M'Jokie to help himself when ready, and passed on to attend to his other guests. Now it so happened that a very near relation of Ashintullie's, who had long coveted his beautiful dirk, happened to come the way, and seeing the dirk lying there, and as all the other guests were otherwise engaged, and M'Jokie exceedingly busy with his ladle, with his head deep down in the huge pot, he could not resist the temptation, so he quietly lifted the dirk and slipped it into the folds of his plaid. Ashintullie coming round soon after missed his dirk and asked M'Jokie for it, who truly told him he knew nothing about it. The hot and hasty Chief did not believe this, and at once got in a towering passion and accused M'Jokie of stealing his dirk, and it very likely would have ended in his usual way of settling these matters, by instantly ordering M'Jokie to be hanged, had not Small of Dirnanean, a very shrewd, observant gentleman, who had seen the whole performance from a quiet corner, stepped forward, and laying his hand on Ashintullie's shoulder, said—"Mur biodh mu'n phoit ach Mac Sheoc 's an liadh"—"If there were none about the pot but M'Jokie and the

ladle"—then he gave the guilty man a long, steady look which made him look very guilty and confused, and Ashintullie at once guessing how matters stood, finished the sentence by adding—"cha robh mo bhiodag air chall"—"then my dirk had not been lost," and not wishing to bring public disgrace on his own family, he turned away and ordered his piper to strike up a Highland reel, and very curiously, when the dance was ended, the dirk was found stuck upright in the sirloin of beef, and after that all was mirth and fun; and ever since that night, when one loses anything and does not like publicly to accuse their neighbour, they use the careful, canny expression of the old laird of Dirnanear—"If there were none about the pot but M'Jokie and the ladle"—and, like him, they leave the rest unsaid.

We must now leave Black John Spalding of Strathardle, for Black John Stewart of Atholl—"a thief as good" if not better than M'Jokie himself—who also flourished at this time, and who got into trouble this year. He was the notorious Ian Dhu M'Gillecallum, Black John Stewart of Auchinarkmoir, who, along with his brothers Neil and Allistair, were the most daring cattle-lifters that ever wore the Atholl tartan, and that is saying a great deal, as the district at this time swarmed with daring cattle-lifters. We read in "Chambers' Domestic Annals":—"Atholl of auld was most quiet and peaceable, and inhabit by a number of civil and answerable gentlemen, professed and avowed enemies of thieves, robbers, and oppressors. It now had become very lous and broken, an ordinary resett for the thieves and broken men of the north and south Highlands, and moreover a nowmer of the native people, sic as John Dow M'Gillecallum, and his complices, shakin aff all fear of God and reverence for his Majesty and the laws, ar become maist insolent, committin wild detestable murthers, open reiffs, privy stoutrie, barbarous houghing and goring off oxen, and uther enormities." John Dhu was a great favourite with everyone in Atholl from the Earl downwards, as he was very brave, and kind-hearted to the poor, and ever ready to avenge, with interest, any raid on the district by neighbouring clans, so he was aided and resetted by the Earl and all the gentlemen of Atholl, especially in Strathardle by the Baron Ruadh of Straloch.

So notorious had John Dhu become that we at this time find the King writing from London about him to the Chancellor of Scotland, the Earl of Dunfermline, and other Privy Councillors:—"Whitehall, Dec. 10th, 1606.—Richt trustie and well-beloved cosins and Councillouris, wee grite you heartily well:—Whereas wee are certified of the mony detestable villanyes and murthers

committit by John Dow Mack Gyllychallum Stewart in Atholl, and herewith being surely enformed that he is resette and ordinarily entertainit by Baron Reid in Atholl, Allester Tarlachson of Inchmagreunich, Neil Stewart M'Gyllychallum, brother to the said John Dow, and Neil Stewart of Fosse, thereupon wee have thought good to will and require you, that yee give present order for the apprehension of these four persons, resettters and entertainers of the said John Dow Mack Gyllychallum, and upon their taking, that yee presentlie committe thame to some warde and prison, there to remain till the said John Dow be exhibited and produced before you for their relief out of warde. Which being done, yee shall then certify us thereof, to the effect we may signify our further pleasour, and will concerning the aforesaid fower persons also, and remitting the same to your special cair and deligence wee bid you heartily farewell."—Records Privy Council, Vol. VIII., p. 504. On the receipt of this letter, the Privy Council at once ordered the Earl of Atholl to produce the Baron Ruadh, and the other three gentlemen named, before them, but he refused to do so.

1607.—Though warned several times, the Earl of Atholl still refused to give up the Baron Ruadh, and other resettters of John Dhu, so the Privy Council denounced him a rebel, and passed a special Act not to relieve him of his rebellion till he surrendered himself to them in the Castle of Edinburgh. The Council answered the King's letter as follows :—"Anent the state of the Heylandis, we haif not had any great insolence thair this long tyme. Yitt upoun the first brute thereof and your Majestie's directions thairanent delyverit be your Majestie's Secretair at his returning, they directit chairges against the Earl of Athole for exhibition of the criminals, and in respect of his dissobedyence after two continuations granted unto him, he is denouncit and registered to the horne, and ane Act made that no suspension sal be grantit till he first enter in warde within the Castell of Edinburgh."—Records Privy Council, Vol. VII., page 508.

As the Privy Council strongly enforced the Act of rebellion against the Earl of Atholl, he had "to enter himself in warde, within the Castell of Edinburgh," and when the King was informed of his surrender, he wrote again to the Council as follows :—Feb. 21st, 1607. "Quhairas we understand that the Earl of Atholl is committit to warde in the Castell of Edinburgh for not exhibiting before you of John Dow McGyllychallum, and certain other broken men, and sorners having thair stay, residence, and common resett within the boundis of Atholl, we have

therefore thoct meete to signify unto you our will and pleasour, that not onlie would we have you detain the said Earl of Atholl still in warde, and upon no condition ony way relieve him furth thereof, till first these broken men for which he is chargit be enterit, bot that you also call the chief gentlemen and principal men of quality within the boundis of Atholl before you, and such of thame as ather ar justilie suspectit of ony resett of these broken men, or whose stealling may mak them be presented, we would have to be committit to some of your prisons, in lyke manner therein to remain quhill be the dilligence of their friendis and servandis that our countrie may be purged from keeping within it ony of such dissobedyent snbjectis, and, willing you upon no respect without exhibition of these people to grant ony favour, herein we bid you richt heartily farewell."—Records Privy Council, VII., page 511. As John Dhu M'Gillecallum could not be captured, the Earl of Atholl was kept on a prisoner in Edinburgh for over a year, till the King saw that his detention did no good. Then he sent for the Earl to Court, and gave him a great lecture, and sent him back to Atholl to try and pacify the country. Meantime the Privy Council appointed a guard or watch over Atholl, to try and keep the peace, and James Gordon of Lismore undertook to apprehend John Dhu M'Gillecallum and his brother Allister, "and at length he lichtit upon the limmers, an after a lang an het combat, and the slaughter of fower or five of the principal of thame, the said Allister was apprendid, and John Dhu, being very evill hurt, by the darkness of the nicht escapit." Allister, who had many murders on his head, was brought to Edinburgh, and in spite of all the efforts of his friends, was tried and hanged.

1609.—When the Earl of Atholl was sent back by the King, after being so long in ward in Edinburgh Castle, to Atholl, he found the district so disturbed, and his estates so much in debt, that he offered to sell his earldom to the King, who, however, thought the debt too heavy, so His Majesty chose Lord Blantyre for the bargain. Atholl got a lot of money from Lord Blantyre, and then escaped from his lordship's house, where he was placed in custody till the agreement would be settled, and returned to Atholl. Upon hearing this, the King at once ordered Atholl to be again apprehended, and recompense to be made to Lord Blantyre for the money advanced to Atholl, and the King wrote again to the Privy Council, as follows:—"Whitehall, March 7th, 1609.—Richt trustie and weill-belovit cosins and counsellors we greete you weele:—The disourderit estate of the boundis of

Atholl, and the daily increase and growth of brokin men and sornaris committing divers insolences and outrages both within that boundis, and als in the neighbouring pairts moved us to commit the Earl of Atholl (who be his place ought to haif remedit the same) in warde within our Castell of Edinburgh. Bot finding his retaining to procure small amendment, we did therefore send for him to our Court, &c., &c.'” The letter then goes on to tell of the bargain with Lord Blantyre, and of Atholl's escape, and orders him to be apprehended again.

1610.—Two days were appointed for Atholl to appear before the Privy Council, but he paid no heed, but lived with his friends in Atholl, the chief of whom was the Baron Ruadh, our old friend the Baron Cutach, and upon this being reported to the Council, the Baron and others were denounced rebels, as will be seen by the following :—“August 1610.—Complaint by Sir Thomas Hamilton for His Majestie's interest that notwithstanding the proclomation made at the Mercat Croces of Banff and Perth, discharging the leiges from resetting on intercommuning with James Earl of Atholl, who had been put to the horn 28th February and 7th March, 1609, for not appearing before the Council to answer for escaping from Walter Lord Blantyre, to whose custody he had been committed by His Majestie's direction, yet John Cummission of Edradour, Johnne Robertson of Straloch, and Donald Reid in Logierait, have at divers times since the said denunciation resetted and entertained the said Earl in their houses as if he were a free man. Defenders for not appearing to be denounced rebels.” Records Privy Council, Vol. IX.-113.

The Baron Ruadh also got into trouble at the same time for rescuing our old friend of the ladle—John Dhu M'Jokie or Spalding from the Murrays, who had been sent to Strathardle to apprehend him by their Chief William, Master of Tullybardine, Sheriff Principal of Perthshire :—“David Spalding of Eschentullie appears as procurator for John Robertson of Straloch, and gives in a copy of letters raised by William, Master of Tullybardine, Sheriff Principal of Perthshire, charging Robertson to appear personally this day, and bring with him Jobune Dow M'Jokie alias Spalding, in Bleaton, a notorious thief, and also to answer a complaint by the said Sheriff for taking the said John Dow off the hands of David and Thomas Murray's in Strathairdill while they were bringing him to the Sheriff. The said procurators having enteriet the said John Dow, protests in respect to the absence of the Sheriff that Robertson shall not be held to answer further in this matter till newly warned : and the Lords admit the protest.”

Records Privy Council, Vol. VIII.-274. No sooner was this restless Baron Cutach out of one scrape or skirmish than he was into another; so we next find him along with Farquharson of Invercauld, and other five gentlemen of the Clan Farquharson, engaged in a raid, in which they slaughtered James Clerk in Auldranie. Clerk's widow appealed to the Privy Council against the "slaughterers" of her husband, though she does not seem to have mourned very long for him, as we find her married to another in a few months. According to Pitcairn's Criminal Trials, the Baron and the Farquharson's were:—"Dilaitit of airt and pairt of the slauchter of umgle James Clerk in Auldranie committit in anno 1610. Compeirit Thomas Sinclair and Robert Auchinleck as procurators speciallie constitute be Elespeth, now the relict, and be Andro Howie, now his spous, for his enteries, &c., &c.—And in name and at command of the said Elspeth, and hir spous, past simplicitir fra the persute of the haill personis or pannells, &c., &c. The pannells protests that thai wer nane of thame, be callit on persewit for the said allegit slauchter in ony tyme coming." No doubt the Council thought that Elspeth did not deserve compensation for her first husband, when she got a second in a few months, so they took no more notice of the case.

At this time and for three years after we also find David Spalding of Ashintullie once more in trouble with the Privy Council for harbouring and resetting Alexander Ruthven of Freeland, who, along with the whole race of Ruthven, was outlawed by King James for the Gowrie conspiracy. Spalding had to appear four times before the Council—"for the allegit tressonable resetting, supplying and maintaining of Alex. Ruthven, His Majestie's declared tratour, within his dwelling places of Essintullie and Enoche." Pitcairn's Criminal Trials, Vol. III. p 72. As there was no evidence against Spalding, these trials were always adjourned, and at last were quietly dropped.

1611.—We have already seen that the Clan Fergusson held most of the lands in Middle Strathardle and the third part of Glenshee, and we now find Finlay Fergusson of Baledmund getting a charter of most part of Glenbrierachan.—Records of the Clan Fergusson, page 91:—"The original Feu-charter of Baledmund is dated 17th Dec. 1611, and by it Sir Arch. Stewart of Synart, Knight, conveys all and whole the forty-shilling land of Baledmund with the three pendicles of Glenbrierachan on the east part of Edraharvie, called the funny runrig of Tomquhollan, and other two pendicles called the east part of the Glen, vulgarly the est end of the Glen, and the sheilings called Ruichragan,

Ruicraigvrackie, and the half of Ruibaslintnirk, and siclike al the and whole the twenty-shilling eightpenny land of the west end o the Haugh of Dalshian, &c., in favour of Finlay Fergusson o Baledmund, his heirs and assignees." Sasine was taken on 16th January, 1612.

1613.—At this time the cruel laws against the persecutec Clan Gregor, were carried out with great vigour, and we find a great many of the leading gentlemen of Atholl and Strathardle, especially of the Clan Fergusson, very heavily fined for resetting them, and supplying them with food and shelter. Amongst others, we find our old friend the Baron Cutach of Straloch fined 2000 merks. I think the bold Baron and the other gentlemen of Strathardle deserve great credit for doing so much and suffering so much for Clan Gregor, considering that only eleven years had passed since the Macgregors in strong force assisted Keppoch and his M'Ranalds in their great raid on Strathardle, when they carried off 2700 cattle, and killed fifteen gentlemen of the Strath. The following are the names and amount of fines, from the Privy Council Records, Vol. X., page 148:—"Sept. 15th, 1613. For-samekle as the resetts and supplie which the infamous thieves and lymnairis of the Clangregour hes had in divers pairtes of the countrie. . . . According whereto the Commissioners within the scherriffdom of Perth, hes discernit, adjudgit, and fynit the persons particularly underwritten, and every one of them in the soumes of money following:—Adam Fergusson in Drumfer-nate, 100 merks; Allaster Fergusson in Ballvoulin, 200 merks; Donald Fergusson in Inchndow, £100; John Fergusson of the Haugh, £50; Thomas Fergusson of Ballyoukin, 500 merks; Adam Fergusson of Ballichandie, 300 merks; John Fergusson of Inch, 50 merks; Patrick Stewart of Straloch, 1000 merks; Charles Fleming there, 100 merks; Allaster Stewart M'William M'Neil in Straloch, 500 merks; Walter Rattray of Borland, 200 merks; Allaster M'Intailzeour in Glenbrierachan, £100; John Moncrieff in Edraharvie, 500 merks; John Robertson of Straloch, alias Baron Reid, 2000 merks." The Baron Cutach's usual smartness in getting out of difficulties failed him on this occasion, as he "was fynit, and every one of thame, in the soumes of monie mentioned." So the Baron paid the fine, and with the assistance of the Macgregors, he very soon repaid himself with full interest by raids on his foes, Celtic and Saxon.

Now, though we have had to deal with nothing but wars and rumours of wars in Strathardle for a long time, we must not conclude that the arts of peace were totally neglected there during

those troublous times, and it is pleasant to record that early in this year, the minister of the parish of Rattray, who was John Rattray, of the family of Craighall, petitioned the Privy Council to get a bridge built over the river at Craighall. A great many lives were being continually lost there when the river was in flood, and as the pass is so very narrow, there could be no traffic pass except when the river was very low, and this being the only entrance to Strathardle, and one of the great passes into the Highlands, a bridge was urgently needed there. The good minister's petition says:—"In stormy weather there is no ford, and very oft, for the space of aught days together, all passage of the water, either by boat, horse, or foot, is interrupted, to the great hinder of His Majesty's subjects, and to the extreme hazard of many of their lives, of whom, during the time the supplicand has attended the Kirk of Rattray, aughteen persons to his knowledge have perished in that water." The petition was successful; an order was issued for a general subscription to build a bridge, and it was built this year, and it proved one of the most useful and beneficial things ever done in the district.

1615.—On January 10th of this year, the lands of Ashintullie were erected into a free barony in favour of David Spalding, with many privileges, amongst which were, that he was to have the ancient free burgh of Barony of Kirkmichael, "of old erected," with the privilege of holding a weekly market there, to be held on the lands of Balnakille and Balnauld. I may here mention that for over two centuries these weekly markets were held on the march between these two lands of Balnakille and Balnauld, at the little burn that crosses the road half-way between Kirkmichael and Balnauld, and as it became the custom at these markets for the buyer to stand on one side of the burn and the seller on the other, and as all monies were paid across the burn, it got the name of "Allt-an-airgioid"—Money Burn, or as it is more commonly called, "the Siller Burn," to this day. Spalding also got the privilege of holding two yearly fairs on the same lands. One of these, "ane yeerlie free fair, on the penult day of Sept. callit Michaelmas fair," which was to last for five days, was the origin of the famous "Féill Mhicheil," Michaelmas market, which, for two hundred years, was the greatest market in all Scotland, where all the Highland drovers met their customers from the Lowlands, who came there to buy cattle to carry into England or the south of Scotland. This great fair used to last sometimes for a fortnight before all the business was done, during which time many hundreds of both Highlanders and

Lowlanders used to be encamped on the market stance. This continued on till about the beginning of this century, when, to a great extent, Scotch drovers ceased going to England with cattle, and English dealers came themselves to buy the Highland cattle; and as they grumbled at having to come so far north as Kirk-michael, the Highlanders compromised the matter by going the length of Falkirk to meet them, as being a more central meeting place. So the business gradually became transferred there, and the glory of the great Michaelmas Market departed from Kirkmichael, very much to the regret of the youth of the Strath, to whom the fair was the great holiday of the year, and for which their few pennies were carefully hoarded up for months.

As this Ashintullie charter is a very interesting and valuable document, I may give the most of it here:—"Hereby, our Sovereign Lord, with the advice and consent of the Lords Commissioner of the Treasurie—Gives, grants, and disposes, to the said David Spalding of Ashintullie, and airs male of his body, whilks failzing, to his airs male whatsoever, and their assigneyes heretable and irredeemable all and hail the said David Spalding his third part of the Lands of Strathardell, comprehending the lands, and others particularly underwritten, viz.—all and hail the Mains of Ashintully, towns and lands of Over and Nether Weries, with the mill, mill-lands, multures, and sequells of the same. The town and lands of Spittal, with the mill thereof, mill-lands, multures, and sequalls of the same, with the crofts called the Chappell Crofts; the glen commonly called Glenbeg; town and lands of Cammis, of Tomzecharrow, of Dathnagane, of Soilzeries, over and Nether Tomenamowen, Tomphin and Bal-lachraggan. The lands of Pitviran, towns and lands of Easter Downie, of Balnald, of Balnakillie, of Glengenat (Glen Derby), of Dalreoch, of Wester and Middle Inverchroskie, of Kirktoune, commonly called Kirkhillock, alias Tomchlachan (Kirkmichael). With all and sundrie their towers, fortalices, manor-places, woods, fishings, annexis, connexis, dependances, tennents, tennendries, services of free tenants, pairts, pendicles, and universal pertinents whatsoever of the aforesaid third part of the saids lands of Strathardell, alswell not named as named within the Sheriffdom of Perth. With the priviledge of ane zeerlie free fair to be holden upon the ground of the said lands of Kirktoun, commonly called Kirkhillock, or upon the said lands of Balnauld or Balnakille, the penult day of Sept. called Michaelmas fair. And ane weeklie mercat together with the Burgh of Baronie of Kirktoun, vulgarly called Kirkhillock, alias Tomchlachan, of old erected, together

also with the advocacy, donation, and right of patronage of the Paroch Church and Parochin of Kirkmichael, with the teinds, parsonage, and vicarage of the same, and which haill lands, Burgh of Baronie, patronage, and others above disposed, with the pertinents, are erected in one haill and free Baronie, to be called the Baronie of Ashintully, conform to this charter granted by us under our Great Seal in favour of David Spalding of Ashintully upon this date, 10th January I.^m VI.^c and XV. years." This charter was again ratified and confirmed in 1674, and again more fully in 1681, when more lands in Strathardle were added, with more privileges by King James VII., all of which I will notice when I come to those dates.

1618.—With the view of stopping the continual feuds and fightings in the Highlands, the Scots Parliament had passed an Act forbidding the carrying of firearms, to which Act, however, the clansmen paid no heed whatever, but went on with their raids and feuds as usual for some years, till the Privy Council at length resolved to prosecute any defaulters they could lay hands on for contravening this Act. So, as Strathardle lay just inside the Highland border, and as its leading men were in the constant habit of visiting the Lowlands, always of course fully armed, contrary to this new law, it was easy for the authorities to get proof against them, so we find in this year the Council prosecuting the following worthies "for having for six years carried hagbuts and pistles, against the law"—David Spalding of Ashintullie; Patrick M'Leith, in Camis, Glenshee; Richard M'Endowie, in the Spittal; George M'Eane Vc Condoquhy and Allister M'Condoquhy, in Cuithill; Allister M'Phatrick Vc Camis in Stornloyne; Robert M'Intoshe in Dalvungie; William Spalding and Allister Anderson in Innedrie; William Ferquhair, in Fayingang; Patrick Tearlachson, in Laiz; John M'Intoshe alias M'Ritchie, in Soilzerie; David Wemyss, son of James Wemyss, Mill of Werie; Allister Robertson, in Downie; Robert Robertson Rioch, in Cultolonie; John Neilson, son of John Dow Neilson, in Dalnagarden; Duncan Robertson, in Kirkmichael; Allister Robertson, son of Duncan Neilson, sometime in Mill of Inverchroskie; Alexander Robertson of Straloch; John M'Intoshe alias M'Eane, in Dallocharnich; Allister Wilson in Craiginache; John Stewart, son of P. Stewart, Straloch; John Fleming, portioner, Wester Inverchroskie; and John D——, Wester Dalnabrick. All these were found guilty and fined. Spalding of Ashintullie, as usual, seems to have been the worst offender, as he was fined £40, whilst Robertson of Straloch—the Baron Ruadh—and all the rest got off with a fine of only ten merks.

After the preceding trial, the whole of these men were again summoned before the Privy Council, and they had to find caution, one for the other of them—"not to carry hagbuts or pistols, or to shoot wild fowl or venison." Records Privy Council, Vol. XI., p. 364. Here again the Council found it necessary to tie the redoubtable Spalding of Ashintullie tighter than his neighbours, as Allister Robertson of Downie had to become cautioner for him for £500, whilst Allister himself, Straloch, and all the rest got off for £100. No doubt these warlike worthies of the good old days thought it a far more iniquitous and unnatural law to be forbidden to shoot wild fowl and venison than to carry hagbuts and pistols to shoot their foes and fellow-creatures. However, little they cared for these new laws, and once they got above the Pass of Craighall, they were as ready as ever to shoot either man or beast, and as for going about without arms, they would as soon think of going about without clothes. As yet, and for some time after this, only the gentlemen of Strathardle and a few of their principal retainers had fire-arms, as the common people still stuck to their ancient weapon the bow and arrow, which they knew so well how to handle, and which, in the hands of an expert Bowman, was a far superior weapon to the rude fire-arms of those days. I may here give the story of a famous archer of this time, just as I gave it in the recently published "Records of the Clan Fergusson" (page 34) —"Long, long ago, according to Strathardle tradition, before fire-arms were so common in the Highlands, the most expert Bowman in Strathardle was an old man of the Clan Fergusson, named *Adi Biorach*, Sharp-faced Adam, who lived on the north side of the river near Inverchroskie Lodge. The only one who could come anything near him as a marksman was a neighbour who lived opposite him on the south or Dalreoch side of the river. Many were the trials of skill they had, but Adam always came off victorious, which made the other very jealous. They were also very keen cock-fighters, and had the two best fighting cocks in the district. One day Adam was sitting on a stone at the end of his house engaged in feeding his favourite fighting cock, which was so tame that it would feed out of his hand, when his neighbour, who had been watching him, drew his bow and sent an arrow across, which killed the cock as it fed out of his hand. Adam thought this very sharp practice, but slipped quietly into the house, and waited his opportunity. Some time after this, the slayer of the cock proceeded to thatch his house, and with the assistance of his wife, the work proceeded rapidly. After the thatching was done, he was laying a row of turf along the ridge,

and fastening each turf with a wooden pin, and when he was placing a turf in position, and both his wife and himself still had a hold of it, Adam, who had been watching the performance, sent an arrow over, and pinned the turf to the thatch, just where the wooden pin should go. Though startled, the old fellow took it very coolly, and ordered his wife to hand him another turf, which he placed in position, and then asked for a wooden pin to fix it. As his wife handed him the pin, another arrow from Adam's ready bow dashed it from their grasp. This was too much for him, so he quietly slid down the back of the house, and getting his pet game cock, he despatched his wife with it as a present and peace-offering to Adi Biorach, along with a pressing invitation to that worthy to come across and spend the evening with him, which invitation was readily accepted, and, according to the custom of the time, a very jovial evening was spent, and they mutually agreed that there was no occasion for any further trials of skill in archery between them, and they afterwards lived and died in peace."

At this time also, though very young, lived in Glenshee the most noted of all Perthshire bowmen, the famous *Cam Ruadh*, but as I will have to deal with him and his exploits in 1644, we will leave him till then.

No sooner was the ever-restless David Spalding of Ashintully back from attending the meetings of the Privy Council in Edinburgh, and paying his fines, than he and his crony and cautioner, Allister Robertson of Downie, "sought pastures new," in the way of breaking the laws. No doubt, as the Privy Council had objected to their carrying hagbutts and pistols, and shooting either men, wildfowl, or venison, they thought, just for a little change, this time to try some more peaceful occupation. So they shouldered their axes (and no doubt took their hagbutts and pistoless as well), and, calling their men, set off to the Braes of Mar, and began cutting down "certain great growing trees," belonging to the Earl of Mar, in the great pine forests there. As they had neither bought the timber nor asked the Earl's permission for it, this was of course against the law, so the Earl objected, and they had to appear once more before the Court, and we find it recorded in "*Pitcairn's Criminal Trials*," Vol. III., p. 458 :—"Nov. 18th, 1618. David Spalding of Essintullie and Alexander Robertson of Myddill Downie, dilaited of airt and pairt of the cutting down of certain grit growand treyis, and away-taking thereof furth of Johnne, Erle of Mar his Forrestis and woidis within the boundis of Braemar, Cromar, Strathdie, and Glengairn.

In respect of thair compeirance offerit thame selffis to the tryall of the Law, as altogidder innocent thairroff; and protestit for thair cautioneris releif; and that thai sould nocht be trubillet or chargit for the said allegit crymes." They pleaded innocent, and as there was either not enough proof, or the Earl did not wish to press matters too far, the affair was allowed to drop.

1620.—The gypsies, or "Egyptians," as they were then called, had become so numerous in Scotland about the beginning of the seventeenth century, and were so much given to thieving, robbery, and murder, that King James, in 1609, passed an Act of Parliament against them, forbidding any of his subjects to "resset, supplie, or entertain" any of them. All the district of Atholl, and especially Strathardle, had a full share of these "lymmaris and vagabondis," and we now find Alexander Rattray of Dalrulzion and our old friend, David Spalding of Ashintullie, getting into trouble for harbouring them, as follows:—"Complaint by the King's Advocate that the Act of Parliament of 28th June, 1609, forbidding any one to 'ressett, supplie, or entertain' any of these vagabondis, theives, sornaris, and lymmaris callit Egyptians, after the 1st day of August thairaftir under pain of confiscatioun, had been contraved by David Spalding of Ashintullie, Alexander Rattray of Dalrullion, Finlay M'Inroy in Moulin, and Thomas Arioche in Brae of Tullymet. Bye thir contempt of law thae saidis counterfoote theives, sornaris, and vagabondis, are encourageitt to remain within this countrie agains the tenour of the saidis Act of Parliament and to continew in their accustomed and wicket trade of theft, sorning, and abewsing of his Majestie's guid subiects." The Advocate appearing personally, as also David Spalding and Alex. Rattray, the Lords assoilze David Spalding; remit Alex. Rattray to be taken order with by the Treasurers; and depute and order the other defenders to be denounced rebels. (Records, Privy Council, Vol. XII., p. 562.) So Spalding once more got clear of the law, and still continued to harbour Egyptians, in whom he found valuable allies, as they were ever ready to engage in all the desperate enterprises in which he was so often engaged. It was during this time, when David Spalding had so many cases before the Privy Council in Edinburgh, that he, in his hot-blooded haste and anger, slew his famous serving man—"Dàidh Crom"—Crooked Davie, so called from his being hunchbacked, a faithful clansman, and the fleetest runner ever known in all Atholl. In justice to Spalding, I must say that he committed this foul deed under a misapprehension, and that he ever after regretted it, and always declared that of

all the men ever he had slain, Davie was the only one that he wished alive again.

Ashintully received a message from the Privy Council saying that unless certain papers were lodged in Edinburgh before sunset on such a day, he would be outlawed, and all his estates and goods confiscated. Now, owing to some delay, he only got the message late on the night before the appointed hour, so he at once got the papers, tied them up in a packet, and gave them to his fleet-footed retainer, Davie, telling him to start betimes in the morning, as he must deliver the packet in Edinburgh before sunset next evening. Now, as Edinburgh is about seventy miles from Ashintully, even as the crow flies, by Perth and Queensferry, I am afraid most of the degenerate retainers of the present day would as soon undertake a journey to the proverbial Jericho as go such a distance on foot. Not so the light-footed Davie Spalding; he thought nothing of it; he had often done it before. But it so happened that there was to be a great feast and a dance at the castle next night, and naturally such a light-footed youth as Davie was very fond of dancing; and, besides, had he not a sweetheart there, a bonnie, comely lassie, who did not care though Davie's back was a little crooked, for she knew that his heart was not crooked. Davie thought of all this and a great deal more, but those were not the days when a clansman dare grumble or disobey the orders of his chief, least of all such a haughty chief as that of the Spaldings. So Davie Crom took the papers quietly; but instead of waiting till daylight, he at once slipped out at the castle gate, and made a bee-line for Edinburgh, faster than ever he had done before, over hill and dale. He arrived there in good time, delivered his packet of papers, and got another packet in return, and at once set off on his return journey, and arrived at Ashintully late in the afternoon of the same day. As the laird was out hunting on the hills, Davie sought the great hall of the castle, where he had some food, after which he lay down and stretched his tired limbs on the floor under the huge table, and was soon fast asleep. It so happened that Ashintully had but bad luck and poor sport that day, and so returned to the castle in a very surly mood, and upon entering the great hall, the first thing he saw was crooked Davie curled up fast asleep under the table, amongst a lot of hounds, with the packet of papers clasped in his hand, and it at once struck him that Davie had never yet started for Edinburgh, and that the important papers that were to have saved his estate were still there undelivered. So, blind with rage and fury, he drew his dirk and plunged

it in the heart of poor sleeping Davie. It was only when he lifted the blood-stained packet of papers, and saw it was the answer back from Edinburgh, which the fleet-footed messenger had brought him in such an incredibly short time, that he saw, when too late, his fatal mistake, and that his ever-ready dirk had sent poor Davie on his last long journey from which there was no return. - There was no feasting or mirth in the Castle that night, as all mourned for Davie, and even the proud and haughty chief himself unbent so far as to admit that Davie was the only one he wished alive again of all the men he had ever slain. Aye, and I have heard old men tell how that, as long as there were Spaldings in Ashintully, before any of the family died, travellers between Ashintully and Kirkmichael were often startled by seeing a hunch-backed young Highlander with flowing tartans and a packet of papers in his hand flash past them like lightning. It was the ghost of Crooked Davie bearing the summons of death to some one of the Spaldings of Ashintully.

We have already seen that in 1603, Herring of Glasclune and Herring of Cally gave a charter to Angus Fergusson, alias M'Innes (M'Angus), of part of the lands of Easter Butter's Cally, and now we find these same two lairds giving a charter of part of Wester Butter's Cally to Robert Fergusson, alias M'Angus, in Wester Dalnabrick :—"Solarem tertiam partem terrarum et ville de Wester Butteris Calie per currentem rigam cum ejus moris piscationibus, lie girssingis et Schealingis. Reg. Mag. Sig., VI., 2156. 16th March 1620." Among the witnesses to this charter was James Fergusson in the Hill of Cally.

The various families of the Clan Fergusson in Strathardle and Glenshee had each their own patronymics to distinguish them. Thus the old Fergussons of Balmacrochie were always known as *MacAdi*—Sons of Adam, of Wester and Easter Cally; *MacAonghais*—M'Angus, or M'Innes, of Glenbrierachan; *MacFhionnlaidh*—M'Finlay, of Balnacult, in Straloch; *MacFhearghuis Dhuibh*—Sons of Black Fergus, of Downie; *MacRobi*—M'Roberts; whilst the Glenshee Fergussons, who were of the Downie family, were *Clann Fhearghuis Dhùine*—Clan Fergus of Downie. Connected with the latter we have a very fine old Strathspey tune, which was a great favourite with Robert Petrie, Robert Peebles, the Rev. Allan Stewart, and other famous old Strathardle musicians. It is called "An t'sean Ruga Mhor," which, being interpreted, means "The Big Old Termagant." M'Alpine, in his Gaelic dictionary, gives the meaning of "Ruga" as "a rough female," which, when the big and old are added, exactly describes

our heroine. She was a huge muscular, masculine, half-witted dame of the Fergussons of Dounie, who, upon hearing that some of her kinsfolk, the Fergussons of Glenshee, had been ill-treated by some of their neighbours there, headed by a M'Combie, who lived at Dalmunzie, she set off by Dounie burn, past Ashintully Castle, and up the glen to the great hill and pass of Burroch, and descending on Glenshee, reached Dalmunzie, and coming upon M'Combie unawares, she caught him and handled him so roughly that she nearly shook the life out of him, and at last threw him senseless in a dirty pool of water on his own midden, out of which he crawled when he recovered, and making his way across the Cairnwell, never to return, he sought refuge in Aberdeenshire, and settled there, and from him are descended the M'Combies of these parts. This tune, and its Gaelic words, are still well known in Strathardle, but the latter, when describing the rough handling she gave M'Combie, are scarcely refined enough for ears polite of the present day, but I may give a few verses :—

“Sud i null am Burrach, am Burrach, am Burrach,
Sud i null am Burrach,
An 't sean Ruga Mhòr.”

“Thig cobhair as an Dùnie, an Dùnie, an Dùnie,
Thig cobhair as an Dùnie, '
Ars an t' sean Ruga Mhòr.”

“A chobhair Chlann 'Earrais an Dùnie, an Dùnie, an Dùnie,
A chobhair Chlann 'Earrais an Dùnie,
Thain' an t' sean Ruga Mhòr.”

“Rainig i Dailmhùngie, Dailmhùngie, Dailmhùngie,
Rainig i Dailmhùngie,
An t' sean Ruga Mhòr.”—&c., &c.

“She's off across the Burroch, the Burroch, the Burroch,
She's off across the Burroch,
The old Ruga Mor.”

“Help will come from Dounie, from Dounie, from Dounie,
Help will come from Dounie,
Says the old Ruga Mor.”

“To help Clan Fergus of Dounie, of Dounie, of Dounie,
To help Clan Fergus of Dounie,
Came the old Ruga Mor.”

"She has reached Dalmungie, Dalmungie, Dalmungie,
 She has reached Dalmungie.
 'The old Ruga Mor.'"

Here we will leave the old "Ruga Mor," upholding the honour of her clan at Dalmungie, but before leaving her clan for the present, I may mention that on 16th March of this year I find a confirmation of the charter of 16th November, 1603, by which the late Andrew Hering of Glasclune, David Hering, his son and heir, and Andrew Hering of Cally, second son of the said Andrew Senior, granted in feu to Angus Fergusson, alias M'Innes, in Eister-Butteris-Callie—"quarterium terrarum et ville lie Eister Butteris-Callie (intra bondus specificatas) cum moris, piscationibus, lie girsinggis et schealangis per eum occupat, vic. Perth—Reg. Mag. Sig. VI., 2157."

On July 26th, John Fergusson (Iain M'Kerras Dowy) of Balnacult, in Straloch, was unlawed in 100 merks for not entering certain persons accused of carrying off "ane simple puir man" to Blair-Atholl, where he met with a miserable end—Clan Fergusson Records, 60.

Now, these "certain persons," whom this clannish Black Fergusson refused to enter for trial, were his kinsman, John Bowy M'Kerras Dowy, Fair John of the Black Fergussons, and his neighbours, Robert M'Coule in Wester Kindrogan, and Robert Glas there, as we find in Pitcairn's Criminal Trials, p. 491:—"July 26th, 1620. Taking captive, oppression, starving to death. Robert M'Coule in Wester Kindrogan; Robert Glas thair; and John Bowy M'Kerras Dowy in Straloche. Dilaitit for usurpatioun of our soverane lordis autoritie, in taking of vmqle Allaster M'Gilliemule, in Innerridrie ane simple puir man furth of the duelling hous of Johnne Roy M'Gilliemule vpon the lands of Bordland, within the scherifdome of Perth, binding him hand and fute and caryng him as ane captive and prissoner with thame to the Castell of Blair in Atholl, and stryppit him naikit of his claithes and thaireftir casting him in the pit of the said castell, quhair in the deid tyme of wynter, viz. in December last, he fameischet with hunger and cald, efter he had remainit foure dayis and four nichtis thairintill, and thairafter cayreing him out of the said pitt to ane gibbit (being deid) vpon the landis of Blair quhair thay hang him up, as ane malefactour, but no power or commission gevin till thame, or ony preceeding tryell tane of his guiltiness of ony crime. The Justice ordainit Johnne Fergusson of Belnacult in Straloche as cautioner and sourertie, to be vnlawit

for nocht entrie of ilk ane of the saidis personis in the pane of ane hundreth merkis. And siclyk, that they sall be denouncit rebellis and put to the horne and all thair moveabil guidis to be escheit."

1621.—We have already often seen that the Strathardle folk were always leal and true friends of the persecuted Clan Gregor, and though as lately as 1613 many of them were heavily fined for harbouring and resetting the Macgregors, yet they still persisted in giving succour and shelter to the clan that was "nameless by day." So now we find some of them in trouble again:—

"Edinburgh, 10th August, 1621.—Caution by James Weymis of the Mill of Werie, that David Spalding of Eschintullie shall pay to Arch. Prymrose, writer in Edinburgh, and Arch. Campbell, brother to Sir James Campbell of Lawers, commissioners appointed by the Lords of Council for uplifting of the fines imposed upon the resetters of the Clangrigour, and with consent of Archibald, Earl of Argyll, donator of the fines, the sum of 2000 merks as the fine imposed upon the deceased Johnne Robertson of Straloch, for which the said Spalding became cautioner if found liable. With clause of releif.

"Signed JAMES WEYMES, Cautioner.

"DAVID SPALDING."

—Records, Privy Council, Vol. XII., p. 562.

"Edinburgh, 10th August, 1621.—Caution by David Spalding Eschintullie for James Weymes of the Mill of Werie, that he will pay to the said Commission the fine of 1000 merks imposed upon Thomas Fergusson of Bellewecane for the resett of the Clangregour, for which he became caution if he be found liable. With clause of releif. "Signed DAVID SPALDING, Cautioner.

"JAMES WEIMES."

It is a great credit indeed to these wild reckless lairds of Strathardle and Atholl that they stuck so loyal and true to their ancient friends the Macgregors all through their long and bitter persecution. It was truly a very unselfish policy for them to pursue—they had all to lose and nothing to gain—yet they cheerfully, time after time, paid ruinous fines, and suffered long imprisonments for the sake of Clan Alpine.

Our old friend, John Robertson, the Baron Cutach of Straloch, with all his pomp and pride, had very little spare cash about him, Spalding of Ashintully had less, whilst James Weymes of the Mill of Werie was but a sma', sma' laird; yet these brave men and many others often cheerfully paid fines of 2000 merks in Edinburgh for resetting Clangregor, and then

hastening home to their native glens, celebrated the occasion by again resetting double the number of poor hunted Macgregors.

Of all the Highland clans, as we have already seen, the most inveterate resettlers of Clangregor were the Fergussons of Atholl, Strathardle, and Glenshee, and why not? Were they not connected by the sacred ties of clannish kindred? Were they not cousins only sixty-eight times removed? What man of the Fergusson clan but claims to be descended from King Fergus, the first King of the Scots? In the old Gaelic song, "The Gathering of the Clans," we have—

"Ach c'uim' an leiginn dearmad air
Clann Fhearghuis nan garbh thùrn;
Sliochd a chéud Rìgh Albannaich,
A chum ar còir 's na garbh-chrìochan."

And wherefore would I now forget
Clan Fergus of the brave deeds;
Descendants of the first King of Alban,
Who defended our rights to our mountain-land.

And another old bard sings of Clan Fergus:—

"Sliochd nam fear nach robh cearbach
Thanig sìos o Rìgh Fhearghuis,
A rìghich air Albainn 'o thùs."

Sons of the men who were never afraid,
Who descended down from King Fergus,
The first king who reigned over Alban.

And to show their royal descent from King Alpine, don't the Macgregors proudly bear above their crest the Gaelic motto—"S riòghail mo dhream"—My race is royal. To a Saxon, the kinship between these two clans may seem very remote, but to these old Highlanders, the clannish bond of being descended from the same ancient royal race made the Clan Fergus stick truly to the Macgregors through all the long, long years of their bitter persecution.

1622.—Once again I find about forty of the principal men in Strathardle and Glenshee summoned before the Privy Council for carrying hagbuts and pistols, and shooting wild fowl and venison. A few of them, no doubt the most innocent of the lot, appeared before the Council, and:—"The Lords assoilze the defenders appearing personally, because they have denied the

charge on their oaths of verity and order the absent members to be denounced rebels." As these persecutions against almost every man of standing in Strathardle and Glenshee went on continually for about ten years at this time, and as the charge always was, carrying firearms and shooting wild fowl and venison, while there is no mention of, or objection to, their carrying their ancient arms of bow, dirk, and claymore, which were such deadly weapons against human beings, I am a little afraid the Government of the day were really more alarmed for the destruction which the rapid spread of firearms at this time made amongst wild fowl and venison than they were for the loss of life through constant and bitter feuds between rival clans.

At anyrate, the result of all these persecutions was that about three-score of the principal men of the district all paired, each becoming caution for the other in 300 merks not to carry firearms. Foremost amongst those worthies who both gave and took the caution were the lairds of Straloch, Ashintullie, Dalrulzion, and Bleaton, none of whom, I am afraid, paid any heed to the law, or showed a good example to men of lesser note.

30th APRIL, 1896.

At the meeting this evening, in the Caledonian Hotel, which was largely attended by members and the general public—Mr Duncan Campbell, Craignish, presiding—Mr Callum Macdonald, Highland Club, Inverness, was elected an honorary member of the Society; and Mr John Macleod, M.P., Inverness; Mr John Mackenzie, factor, Dunvegan, Skye; and Mr D. Macleod, M.B., of Beverley, Yorkshire, were elected ordinary members of the Society. Thereafter Miss Goodrich-Freer, London, delivered an interesting lecture on "Second Sight in the Highlands," of which a summary is given.

The Secretary has received the following letter from Miss Freer:—

*27 Cleveland Gardens, Hyde Park, London, W.,
6th November, 1897.*

Dear Sir,

I am returning you a corrected copy of the newspaper report of my address on Second Sight in the Highlands. You will note that out of regard for your space I have substracted all that necessitated the use of a diagram, and all the stories which

served as illustrations of the points which the diagram was intended to explain. I think that such persons as are likely to be interested by what I had to say can probably supply more and better stories than I.

Will you allow me, in your pages, to again thank all those correspondents who were good enough to communicate with me after my appearance among you, and to thank them with that special fervour which is gratitude for favours to come? I am most grateful for all the information they are willing to send me; and to some who have apologised for triviality, I would say that, in such an enquiry as this, nothing is trivial that is relevant and true. The most trifling experiences are often the most suggestive, and I am still asking for more.

I am, faithfully yours,

A. GOODRICH-FREER.

SECOND SIGHT IN THE HIGHLANDS.

It is but seldom that one is privileged to tell one's fellow creatures that they are, or have, something which is far more valuable than they are at all aware. As a rule, we are all quite sufficiently well satisfied with ourselves and our possessions, but I think the Highlander is but little conscious of the immense value to students of psychology of that faculty, so characteristic of the Celtic race, which is known as Second Sight.

I was myself born south of the Tweed, but like the man who was born in Glasgow, "I canna help it." My ancestors, however, were more fortunate, and I venture to speak to-night as a Highlander to Highlanders, and for that reason I shall not waste your time and mine by showing that such a faculty as Second Sight does exist. I think that probably a large proportion of those here present would think it due to their own reputation to allege that they didn't believe in anything of the kind. "There is no such thing as Second Sight," you would say, "or if there ever were, it has ceased to exist except in auld wives' fables, and a few remote districts. But . . ." And then would follow some valuable and interesting story, which nothing would induce you to believe if it hadn't happened to yourself, or to some one you know very well, and which you feel is very mysterious, though far be it from you to say it was second sight! That is just the sort of story I am anxious to discuss; not local legends, or something which

happened long ago, or family traditions (all of which are immensely interesting as folk lore), but the sort of story which begins with a "But," and ends with, "That is perfectly true, and I can prove it."

It is in the hope that what I have to say may lead some of you to bring me such stories, that I venture to dwell, with some emphasis, on the importance of the subject both to literature and to science; not to those of small party feelings, and theories cut and dried, Spiritualists and Theosophists and theorists of one sort or another, but to those whose field of enquiry is—Man: his nature, his faculties, and his history, past and future. From this point of view, Highland beliefs and Highland history are of very great importance indeed to the literary and the scientific world. There is no need for me to talk to you about the literary worth of your history. We all know the very valuable family histories that have emanated from this very town of yours, by a fellow-townsmen—books that are not only valuable from a literary and historical point of view, but are absolutely teeming with stories dealing with the subject that it is my business to speak to you about to-night. I have found, in going through the Highlands and Islands, that many of the Highlanders have very little idea of what an immense value these stories are to the world of science. The time was when stories of Second Sight were regarded as having in them necessarily something of the supernatural, and were therefore not believed; but a reaction has now set in, and we are beginning to realise that if these stories are true, if the evidence accumulated is of such quality and quantity as to remove them from the explanation of being mere chance coincidence, the, by being true, they become a part of nature, and though they may appear to us to be *super-normal* because at present we have no sufficient explanation of their occurrence, they cannot, *ipso facto*, be supernatural.

Of course, on this hypothesis, very much must depend upon the nature of the evidence, and the care with which it is examined. You are probably aware that there is a society in London, known as the Society for Psychical Research, which is occupied with the collection and examination of evidence of this kind. There are many well-known names among its members, names famous in connections so different that one feels the more confidence that the Society is not maintained and worked by a few faddists, the misleading people who have a theory to prove, but by those whose concern is to enquire and to learn. Among such names I may mention the Marquess of Bute, Mr Arthur Balfour, Mr

Gerald Balfour, the Earl of Crawford and Balcarres, Mr Gladstone, and some dozen at least of prominent men of science, doctors and professors, both English and foreign.

For about eight years, the working members of this Society have been occupied with collecting first hand well attested experiences which appear to be super-normal, and the comparison of evidence has led, in a large majority of cases, to the conclusion that there is, in fact, no need to suppose them in any sense *super-natural*. Once granted the possibility of the existence of thought transference and of sub-conscious mental activity, much evidence which was formerly regarded as the natural prey of spiritualists and other superstitious persons has now been established as scientifically demonstrable fact, of which so large a proportion has a normal and "common-sense" explanation that we are encouraged to await with confidence some such explanation as to the remainder. Such cases lie mainly among stories of so-called ghosts, haunted houses, clairvoyance, and many of the illusions and delusions of "séances," "spirit-rappings," "mediums," and the like.

But there is one class of stories for which at present we have absolutely no hint of explanation to offer—the whole series of experiences which come under the head of Premonition, and which includes Second Sight, as found largely among the Celtic races, especially in the Highlands of Scotland. The liberality of the Marquess of Bute enabled the Society for Psychical Research to make some special enquiries into the subject. The Society had recently collected a Census of Hallucinations in every part of the world, and proposed to make their enquiries in the Highlands on the same system. The Rev. Peter Dewar, of Rothesay, kindly undertook the office of secretary, and sent out nearly two thousand schedules to ministers, schoolmasters, doctors, heads of police, land owners, and, as far as possible, to representatives of all classes in Gaelic-speaking districts of the Highlands. Out of these but sixty were returned duly filled up, and but half answered in the affirmative the following questions:—

1. Is "Second Sight" believed in by the people of your neighbourhood?
2. Have you yourself seen or heard of any cases which appear to imply such a gift? If so, will you send me the facts?
3. Can you refer me to any one who has had personal experience, and who would be disposed to make a statement to me on the subject?
4. Do you know of any persons who feel an interest, and who would be disposed to help in this inquiry?

At the end of six months, Lord Bute issued a further circular in his own name, with somewhat better results, two hundred and ten being filled up, of which sixty-four answers were more or less affirmative.

It was of no use, however, to disguise the fact that the attempt was a failure. The Highlander is independent and reticent. If he does not like to answer questions in the cause of science, he is quite right to hold his tongue; but it was disappointing. It was not till I came to the Highlands for the purposes of this enquiry myself, that I realised how entirely unlikely it was that such an attempt should have any success. I found that, in a great number of instances, the circulars had been neglected, not from indifference or lack of attention, but because many recipients felt that a subject which, if not a motive force in their own lives, was at least a tradition reverently received from their ancestors—one too great for their powers of handling, too sacred for discussion with strangers.

Moreover, the inquiry is inevitably one which cannot be adequately dealt with by correspondence merely. In a great number of instances the persons who are likely to give most valuable help in the matter, are those unaccustomed to express their thoughts in writing, or who have not leisure to relate long histories, even when they have the inclination to do so.

Moreover, even in the wildest glens and islands, the school-master is abroad, and a generation is fast arising that knows little of romance and poetry, and simple faith, and reverence for tradition; and those to whom these things are most dear are learning—in proportion as they feel their reality and power—to disguise and minimise the fact of their belief.

Again, in those parts where Presbyterianism is strong, with all its essential modernness, its imprimatur of reform, its association with political feeling, there is, among the people, an attitude of apology for their interest in psychical experience which one does not find where Church teaching, either Anglican or Roman, with its more picturesque presentation of sacred truths, its historic buildings, its manifold associations, has never been interrupted. The Presbyterians more especially showed a reluctance to commit their experiences to writing, though entirely courteous and willing when personally approached.

Hints are thrown out in certain of the schedules as to the possibility of personally communicating experiences which could not be written down, and, moreover, as to certain traditional methods of acquiring the faculty of Second Sight. These hints

led, in the end, to a request from the committee appointed to carry out the investigation, that, being a woman of leisure, deeply interested in the subject, and in most cordial sympathy with all that is Highland, I would make a personal visit, and advise as to future possibilities. Accordingly, with a friend and a dog, I visited the districts specially indicated, and have been received with such kindness and courtesy that I have volunteered to make myself responsible for the Report to the Society for Psychical Research on Second Sight in the Highlands. We continue to feel that the amount both of pleasure and profit has far exceeded our expectations; the Highlander is, in every rank of life, a gentleman; we have met with unfailing kindness and courtesy, and we look forward to repeating our visit with even more satisfaction than that with which we first undertook the trust.

The subject is quite too abstract and quite too difficult to be decided upon, or theorised about, without a far larger amount of material than we have at the present moment; but if I am spared, and help is given me, I hope to continue the inquiry until I have evolved something. One special reason why I have come all the way from London to Inverness to-night was the hope that I might stimulate a certain amount of interest among you in this inquiry. In so difficult a subject one needs all the help available, and you, who live on the spot, could give me hints that perhaps might take me six months to work out for myself.

The special characteristic of Second Sight in the Highlands is that it is mainly, or at all events largely, premonitory. I do not think the phenomenon exists in the same degree in any part of the world as it does in the Highlands. When you get anything like Second Sight elsewhere it is also in the mountainous country that you find it—in the Balkans, in the Himalayas, and the mountains of Italy; but nowhere do you find the evidence given with such reverence, sincerity, and simplicity as in the Highlands of Scotland. Out of justice to England I may say you hear of it in the Highlands of Devonshire and Yorkshire, and other solitudes of mountains, among people who, to a certain extent, are separated from the rest of the world. I do not pretend to give the explanation; but I offer the fact for your consideration. I wish definitely to say for myself and for a large proportion of the Society to which I belong, that we are not Spiritualists; that we are merely scientific inquirers, or, I should prefer to say, sympathetic inquirers in a scientific way. My special interest in Second Sight, as a subject for psychical research, lies in the very fact that it is one which the Spiritualist

has not yet seized and vulgarised, but that the stories, even if possibly exaggerated, are, nevertheless, told with characteristic Highland reverence, a reverence which, I venture to think, forms an essential part of all science worth the name, reverence for the mind and faculties and associations of man, and for the God in whose likeness he is made.

One might ask why should certain individuals or certain races be gifted with this power of Second Sight rather than other races and other individuals? Why should one man be a poet and not another? Why should one man be an artist and not another? Why should one man have the gift of expressing his thoughts and not another? I believe that the question of the difference of faculty is simply that of "the personal equation." We have most of us a great number of faculties of which we know very little; we all of us have a great number of faculties of which we make little or no use—powers often of a higher kind than those we are aware of and in which we take pride. You may have gone out of this beautiful city of Inverness this April morning, and have heard the sky-lark in the air. It was something delicious, that made the morning more beautiful than before; but when the poet Shelley heard the sky-lark as you did, he not only felt, but was able to express the feeling for us in poetic language; the feeling was common to us also, but he alone was able to externalise it. This Second Sight is simply the power of externalisation in a visual form of knowledge which somehow has got into our minds, just as the poet externalises in words emotion which has somehow got into his. Very often those of us who have the seer faculty are able to get at that which is in other people's minds. Imagine a country boy taken from a little village where he had few opportunities of society, of the world, and of education, and sent to a university, where he looks out upon the world and meets his fellow-creatures. In doing so you have made "another man" of him. You have educated him—you have called out the powers that were in existence, though unsuspected, before they were drawn out by this process of association and education. My contention is that the faculties of which we are conscious are not necessarily the whole of our personality; that the "you" I know, and the "me" you know, is only a part of you and a part of me.

Many old forms of divination may be explained as being artificial methods of getting at information which is all the time lying at the back of one's mind, but is not accessible at the moment, just as when you forget a name in conversation you know that if you go on talking it will very likely "come to you." Crystal-gazing

in all its forms is one of these. Its Highland equivalent is gazing at the shoulder-blade of a sheep, or even in some parts the more modern superstition of gazing into a tea cup. The effort of concentrating the gaze concentrates the faculties of memory and observation at the same time; you recall things you are hardly conscious even of having known, things which have come into your mind only in association with something more important or more interesting, and when you utter them they may seem, to yourself and your hearers alike, supernatural in origin. Or again, you dream of some fact you have known but have not thought of for years. Your memory still has been sub-consciously at work, and has brought up this fact by some force of association you find it now impossible to trace. I convinced myself strongly when experimenting in crystal-gazing that the visions I got in the crystal were often like dreams, and brought to my mind what I had apparently forgotten, or had hardly known of, or which I had observed and stored in my memory before I consciously knew or noticed it. Through the eye the brain can take its own pictures without our conscious knowledge. When we once realise this, we are able to account for much of the occasional possession of knowledge we are unconscious of having acquired, and this fact has been of the utmost use in psychical investigation. It has helped to explain many mysteries, for, after all, the mental and subjective mystery is much greater than the physical and objective one. It is not difficult to understand that a person in the habit of making mental pictures, of seeing things in his "mind's eye," should see visions and dream dreams; the mystery is far greater as to "the stuff that dreams are made of." It is not difficult to understand that persons should have hallucinations of other senses as well as sight, that they should in all good faith think they hear voices, or feel touches; the real mystery is when the voices tell them something true which they believe they did not know before, but which may have lain unrecognised in their minds all the time without their being aware of it. Crystal-gazing and automatic writing, and dreams and visions, are not in themselves mysterious, they merely, at the best, and supposing the process to be honest, externalise something already in the mind; the mystery is how it got there. The water-dowser's rod dips near a spring. There is no mystery in that. He (quite unconsciously, very likely) makes it dip; the mystery is how did the knowledge that he was near water get into his mind? In all these matters we are bound in honesty, before resorting to any supernatural explanation, to remember the immense amount of mental activity of which we are not conscious.

Or again, a long and careful enquiry and comparison of statistics has shown that it seems very probable that there is a good deal of communication between one mind and another by channels other than that of words or signs spoken or written, and which we call the thought-transference. How often it happens that our mind turns towards some friend, perhaps after a long interval of silence or estrangement, at the very time when a letter from him is passing through the post, or he is on his way to pay us a visit! How often two persons who are much together find they have been silently thinking about the same thing, or even that one will answer the other's unspoken question, or respond to a remark that has not been uttered aloud. How often we are conscious of even the silent and inactive influence of some person of strong individuality, of the tone of a household; in short, what a tremendous power is thought, even when unuttered by word or deed! We all know stories of friends communicating with each other at a distance or in the moment of death, or other crisis. Why should we not recognise that such communication may exist under less powerful stimulus? This would extend still further our possible sources of knowledge. We may perhaps, then, sub-consciously acquire information not only from our own observation, memory, and deduction, but by reading the thoughts of those about us. It is even conceivable, and there is a great deal of evidence which seems to show that it is probable, that this transference of thought is quite independent of distance, and possibly even continues after death. This, at least, would help to explain many so-called ghost stories—to do away with the so-called "supernatural" element in many houses alleged to be haunted.

Self-suggestion is a third hypothesis which explains many cases apparently supernatural. If you tell weird stories over the fire, in the gloaming, you are very likely not anxious to walk home alone afterwards. You suggest (unconsciously) unknown horrors to your own mind. Expectation is the strongest possible incentive to all emotion, and if you are in the habit of seeing pictures in your mind—as most of us Celts are—it will not be at all incomprehensible if you really do see something before your lonely walk is over. Hypnotism is largely employed in medicine to facilitate suggestion; suggestion is the secret of half the quack medicines, and a good many other medicines too; it is the method of the mother who says, "Baby hurt? mother will kiss it better," as of the teacher who says, "I know you will tell me the truth." It is probably the explanation of such successes as are achieved by

so-called "mediums," as well as of the magicians and fakirs of the East.

These three possible hypotheses, with some others which are of less value, go very far to subtract from the number of the mysteries which come under the observation of those engaged in psychical research. It will, however, be observed that they apply only to such experiences as refer to either the past or the present. We may be able to construct the immediate future by deduction from the past. Unconscious memory and observation may create visions and dreams which may prove true, yet for which we cannot account; self-suggestion and expectation may serve to create marvels which we are not in condition at the moment to investigate or reason upon.

The special interest of Second Sight, however, is that it relates almost entirely to the future, and that future very often distant by months and even years. In Tiree I heard of more than one well-attested case of prevision of events fulfilled fifty years later. In all parts of the Highlands I have heard stories of lights in fields where a railway was later constructed, of the sound of singing where a church was afterwards built, of lights on a loch where a pier came to be placed, and so on. With all its industry and ingenuity, Psychical Research has as yet no hypothesis of explanation for such facts as these. The Anglo-Saxon goes so far as to deny their existence, often while accepting others for which the evidence is infinitely less. He will not try to observe for himself, he will not read *Martin* and *Theophilus Insulanus*, and *Frazer* of Tiree; and he thinks because he has asked a few superficial questions of a gillie at a shooting lodge, and the gillie—and I don't blame him—has told the Sassenach what he seemed anxious to hear, that he has settled the whole question, and that Second Sight in the Highlands is an extinct superstition. He does not know the proverb, "He who pays the piper calls the tune," and he fancies he has acquired information.

But it is not only to justify the beliefs and traditions of our forefathers, nor to acquire information upon an obscure question of psychology, that I think this problem of the explanation of Second Sight worth the attention of careful observers and honest thinkers. In these days of scepticism one cannot but feel that this superstition—if superstition it be—may be the twilight path to faith, and minister more to the needs of man than the materialism which is the darkness no lamp of hope illumines. Only this morning, gazing over the grey distance of Culloden Moor, I felt the vivid presence of the Past—

“ the days of Prince Charlie,
When the North spent its valour in vain”

—a past that has gone, and in which we have no part but that of memory. But the Future is ours still, our stimulus here, our aspiration beyond, and I think it is no mere sentiment which makes one feel that all which concerns our relation with the time that is to be, demands our special reverence.

If the tradition of Second Sight is a mere delusion it will fall into the obscurity which awaits all that is not true and therefore eternal. On the other hand, if in less complex times and among our simpler ancestors there were those who were now and then permitted to turn a leaf of the book of the Future, we should not, I think, suffer any aspersion on the memory of those who may have had other, and perhaps higher, faculties than we. Or again, if here and there we may still find those, living as a rule near to the heart of nature, away from the bustle and the strife of towns, who have not wholly lost a faculty which, in its occasional use, reminds us of the seers of the past, they should be the objects neither of our ridicule nor of our fear, but should be observed with the care which lays the foundation of such knowledge of man as leads to that reverence which is the knowledge of God.

ANNUAL ASSEMBLY.

9th JULY, 1896.

The Twenty-fourth Annual Assembly was held in the Music Hall this evening. The chair was occupied by Rev. Dr Stewart, minister of Onich, who is known the world over as “Nether-Lochaber.” The fact that Dr Stewart had consented to preside raised lively feelings of anticipation, and rendered the assembly specially interesting to many. On either hand the Chairman was supported by representative gentlemen, including Provost Macbean, ex-Provost Ross, Mr E. H. Macmillan, manager of the Caledonian Banking Company, Limited; Mr William Mackay, solicitor; Brigade-Surgeon Grant, Rev. Mr Macqeen, Rev. Mr Cameron, Arpafellie; Mr Steele, Bank of Scotland; Colonel Alexander Macdonald, Portree; Major Napier, Mr Kenneth Macdonald, Town-Clerk; Mr Alex. Mackenzie, Mr James Barron, Mr Wm. Fraser, Rev. Dr A. C. Macdonald, Mr Duncan Mactavish,

Millburn ; Mr A. Macdonald, Highland Railway ; Mr John Whyte, Mr A. M. Ross, Dingwall ; Mr Duncan Mackintosh, secretary of the Society, and other gentlemen.

Dr Stewart, who was received with loud applause, said—I am exceedingly obliged to you for your kind reception, and very glad to be present with you here this evening. “It’s a far cry to Lochaw,” and almost as far to Lochaber ; yet from Nether-Lochaber, across the whole breadth of Scotland have I come, with no other end or aim or object than to take a small part in this the twenty-fourth annual reunion of the Gaelic Society of Inverness. I had the honour to be present, along with many distinguished men—the greater number of them now, alas ! no more—at the institution, or birth, so to speak, of the Gaelic Society ; and I am now glad to be present, to shake hands with it, so to say, on having attained its majority—a lusty, healthful majority, and a matureness of manhood which entitle it to a position second to no society of the kind in the kingdom. During the 24 years of its existence the Gaelic Society of Inverness has done a great deal of good work, of which its members may well be proud. The visitor to St Paul’s, London, which my friend Provost Ross will admit is the noblest non-Gothic cathedral in the world, will find on the tomb of Sir Christopher Wren, the architect of that magnificent pile, the very striking and appropriate inscription—*Si monumentum requiris circumspeice !* “If you seek for his monument, look around you !” And if anyone seeks to know what the Gaelic Society of Inverness has done to entitle it to be held in very high respect, I would point to its nineteen volumes of “Transactions,” and say, look at these volumes, and confess that the Society has done yeoman service—a vast amount of good work in elucidation of the language and literature, the antiquities and folklore of the Highlands ; and when I say the Highlands, I use the term in its widest sense—all the Highlands from, so to speak, Dan to Beer-sheba. But the Gaelic Society has not only done much admirable work directly, but also indirectly. It has stimulated gentlemen within its sphere of influence to undertake and happily accomplish a large amount of literary work of a high order of merit—work that but for the Society might never, perhaps, have been undertaken at all, or, if undertaken, that but for the Society would hardly have attained to the liveliness of phrase and general excellence of style which so markedly characterise it. Let me mention the *Celtic Magazine*, so long and so ably conducted by my friend, Mr Alexander Mackenzie—also his excellent *Clan Histories*, far and away the best works of the kind in existence.

Let me refer to the "Urquhart and Glenmoriston" volume of my friend, Mr William Mackay, hon. secretary of the Society; to "Church and Social Life in the Highlands," by Mr Macpherson, of Kingussie; to "An Etymological Dictionary of the Gaelic Language," by Mr Macbain; to the two handsome volumes, "Reliquiæ Celticæ," so ably edited by Mr Macbain and Rev. Mr Kennedy; to Nicolson's "Gaelic Proverbs," to Blackie's "Language and Literature of the Scottish Highlands," and to a recent little volume of Gaelic lyrics by Alexander Macdonald. Here, too, I should like to say how admirably written and intensely interesting are the volumes of Transactions published from time to time by the Inverness Field Club. I do not of course mean to say that the Gaelic Society can in any proper sense of the term claim the percentage of all or any of these works; but I do not think I am wrong in saying that their authors did their work all the more cheerily, and were stimulated in the direction of excellence of achievement because of the existence of the Gaelic Society of Inverness, and their connection with it as ordinary or honorary members. I only regret that circumstances have prevented Mr Baillie of Dochfour, our knight of the shire, from presiding here this evening. I also regret the absence this evening of our friend, Mr Fraser-Mackintosh, our excellent representative in Parliament for so many years, and one of the best, as he is one of the most accomplished, of living Highlanders. We must, however, do the best we can, although deprived of the genial presence of these gentlemen, and of others who might be mentioned. I once knew an old man, a native of the Island of Mull, who owned a small sloop, with which he traded between Tobermory and the Clyde. He was once asked if his sloop was a good sailer, when he answered—"Well, she has no great gift of going to windward, but give her wind and tide in her favour, and you would be surprised how nicely she gets along." Now, ladies and gentlemen, I am like that Mull man, your skipper this evening. You are, so to speak, the sloop, of which I am in temporary command. We have an excellent programme; we are all in good humour and willing to be pleased, wind and tide in our favour; and like Hector Mackinnon's sloop in similar circumstances, there is no fear but we shall get on famously, there being no adverse circumstances to bar our enjoyment.

Dr Stewart expressed his deep regret that Mr Macbain, M.A., who had promised to deliver a Gaelic address, was prevented by the state of his health from being present. In Mr Macbain's absence, he called upon Mr Alex. Mackenzie, publisher, who

delivered a racy speech, in the course of which he read the following poem on the Society, which had been written by Neil Macleod, Edinburgh, the bard of the Society:—

COMUNN GAILIG INBHIRNIS.

Tha samhradh eil' air teachd mu'n cuairt,
Tha ceòl 'us luathghair feadh nan crann ;
Tha maise 'sgeadachadh nam bruach,
Tha trusgan ur air cluain 'us gleann.

Tha clann mo rùin' a rithist cruinn
'Am baile rioghail tìr nam beann ;
A dheanamh iomradh air na suinn,
'S air eachdraidh bhuan nan linn a bh' ann.

A chumail suas na Gàilig bhinn,
'S a h-ionmhasan gun dìth gun chearb ;
Seasaidh a cliù bho linn gu linn
Air chuimhne mhaireannaich nach searg.

Cànain nam bliadhnaibh cian a thriall,
'S a gnìomharan cha teid air chùl,
Taisgaidh ar 'n anam cainnt nan triath,
Ga h-altrum suas le miadh 'us mùirn.

Dh' fhàg iad an eachdraidh glan na'n déigh,
Dhearbhadh iad an tréubhantas gu tric ;
Leanadh an sliochd air luirg an céum,
Gu fearail, fiùghail, gléusda, glic.

Cho fad 's a shiùbhlas uillt gu cuan,
Cho fad 's a bhuaileas tonn air tràigh ;
Biodh clann mo dhùthcha, 's cainnt mo shluaigh,
A' cosnadh buaidh bho àl gu àl !

A hearty vote of thanks having been awarded, on the motion of Mr E. H. Macmillan, to Dr Stewart, for his genial conduct as Chairman, the assembly concluded with "God Save the Queen" and "Auld Lang Syne," which were played on the bagpipes by the Society's piper, Pipe-Major Ronald Mackenzie, Gordon Castle.

The following is a copy of the programme for the evening. The singing was of a high class throughout. Miss C. Fraser presided at the piano.

PART I.

Address	CHAIRMAN.
Song (Gaelic), "Mairi bhan og"	Mr R. MACLEOD.
Song , "Angus Macdonald"	Miss JESSIE N. MACLACHLAN.
Song , "Scots wha hae"	Mr ÆNEAS FRASER.
Song , "Cam' ye by Atholl"	Mrs MUNRO.
Violin Solo , "Scotch Selections"	Mr ALEX. WATT.
Song , "Sound the Pibroch"	Miss KATE FRASER.
Dance , Argyle Sword Dance	Pipe-Major SUTHERLAND, Pipe-Major FERGUSON, Mr D. MACDONALD, and Mr ANGUS MACKAY.
Song , "Air Fal-al-al-o"	Miss JESSIE N. MACLACHLAN.
Song , "Scotland yet"	Mr R. MACLEOD.
Song , "Annie Laurie"	Mrs MUNRO.
Bagpipe Music by Pipe-Major RONALD MACKENZIE, Gordon Castle, Piper to the Society.	
Dance by Pipe-Major SUTHERLAND.	

PART II.

Address (Gaelic)	Mr ALEX. MACBAIN, M.A.
Song (Gaelic), "Caismeachd Chloinn Chamrain"	Miss J. N. MACLACHLAN.
Violin Selection , "Scotch and Highland Airs"	Mr ALEX. WATT.
Song , "Willie's gane to Melville Castle"	Mrs MUNRO.
Song (Gaelic), "Moladh na Lanndaidh"	Mr R. MACLEOD.
Duet , "The Crookit Bawbee"	Miss KATE FRASER and Mr ÆNEAS FRASER.
Song , "The Dear Auld Hame"	Miss JESSIE N. MACLACHLAN.
Dance , "Reel of Tulloch"	Oganaich Ghaidhealach.
"Auld Lang Syne."	

11th NOVEMBER, 1896.

A meeting of the Society was held this evening for the purpose of confirming a recommendation of a meeting of Council on 9th November to present the following ladies and gentlemen with some suitable token in recognition of their services to the Society for many years, in connection with the Summer Assemblies, namely, Miss Cossey Fraser, music teacher; Miss Kate Fraser, teacher; Mr Æneas Fraser, writer; and Mr R. Macleod, clothier, which was agreed to, after the names of Pipe-Major Ronald Mackenzie and Pipe-Major D. H. Ferguson had been added to the list. The recommendation of the same Council meeting to open the session with a social meeting on the 19th was remitted back to the Council for further consideration, after which it was arranged to open the session on that date in the ordinary way.

13th NOVEMBER, 1896.

At the meeting this evening, Thomas Mackenzie, Esq., Dailuaine House, Carron, was elected a life member; Captain D. Wimberley, Inverness, an honorary member; and Mr Wm. Krupp, Victoria Hotel, Inverness, an ordinary member of the Society. The Secretary laid on the table a copy of "Presbytery Records of Inverness and Dingwall" from the editor, Mr Wm. Mackay, hon. secretary, and intimated the receipt of £5 from John Mackay, Esq., Hereford, as a donation towards the Society's funds. Thereafter Mr Duncan Campbell read the first part of a contribution by Captain D. Wimberley, Inverness, entitled "Papers from the Bighouse Charter Chest," which was as follows:—

SELECTIONS FROM THE FAMILY PAPERS OF THE MACKAYS OF BIGHOUSE,

CONSISTING MAINLY OF LETTERS ADDRESSED TO JOHN CAMPBELL
OF BARCALDINE, SOME TIME ONE OF THE GOVERNMENT FACTORS
ON THE FORFEITED ESTATES AFTER THE '45.

Mr Colin Campbell Mackay, the present representative of the Bighouse family, having kindly consented to the publication of various letters and a few other miscellaneous papers now in his possession, an offer of copies of them is made to the Gaelic Society of Inverness for insertion in their Transactions by instalments. The greater portion consists of letters written to John Campbell of Barcaldine, descended from Sir Duncan Campbell of Glenorchy, and long factor on part of the Breadalbane estates, by various correspondents, including John, Lord Glenorchy, afterwards third Earl of Breadalbane; different members of the Barcaldine family, one of whom was the ill-fated Colin Campbell of Glenure; Baron Maule, one of the Barons of the Exchequer, who for some time managed and controlled the accounts of the forfeited estates; Mr Charles Areskine of Alva and Tinwald, Lord Justice-Clerk; the Hon. Hugh Mackay of Bighouse; the Hon. George Mackay of Skibo; and Colonel John Crawford, who commanded at Fort-William at the time of Glenure's murder. Among the miscellaneous letters and papers are one from John, first Earl of Breadalbane, denying all complicity with, or knowledge of, the massacre of Glencoe until after the event; this letter is addressed to Alexander Campbell of Barcaldine, grandfather of John of Barcaldine,

and is dated 26th May, 1692 ; a notarial copy of a Decreet of the Court of Justiciary, dated Inverness, December, 1695, against John Macdonald, the eldest, and Alexander, one of the younger sons of MacIain of Glencoe, for a raid committed on the farm of Dalshangie, in Glen-Urquhart, in 1689 ; an Inventory of Writs and Evidents of the Estate of Kilmun, delivered by Patrick Campbell of Barcaldine (father of John), for himself and in name of his spouse, Agnes Campbell, only lawful daughter to the deceased James Campbell of Kilmun, to Col. Alex. Campbell of Finab, dated Edinburgh, 9th May, 1705 ; an anonymous letter, dated 1753, anent Allan Breck, bearing internal evidence of being the production of James Mor Drummond or Macgregor ; and a copy of the Oath of Allegiance to George II., and of abjuration of James VIII., in Gaelic, of date 1754 ; and also two curious communications of much later date, 1809, relative to one mermaid seen near Thurso, and another apparently near Reay Manse. Lord Glenorchy's letters are of general interest, referring, as they do, to various topics of the day between 1745 and 1757. These include public events at the commencement of the Jacobite rising, and the appointment of the Duke of Cumberland to the command of the Royal army ; the movements of the Highland army, their campaign in the North of England and retirement northwards ; the raising of the militia and granting of commissions ; the sending of Highland prisoners from Edinburgh to Carlisle ; Lord Lovat's trial ; the abolition of heritable jurisdictions ; the forfeited estates, and opinions as to the education of the sons of the Jacobite lairds ; the search for the Prince after Culloden, and speculations whether he had escaped abroad ; the success of Ardsheal, Ludovick Cameron, and Cluny in remaining in hiding ; the trials and executions of Jacobites, and, in particular, Tirindrish ; an alleged visit of emissaries from the Prince to Cluny in his hiding-place ; the prosecution of Glenure's murderers, and references to James Mor Drummond or Macgregor, and to Admiral Byng's trial. The letters from members of Barcaldine's family, several of whom were soldiers, serving in regiments of the British army, are full of interest, relating personal incidents during the campaign, 1745-46, in the American war, at the assault on Ticonderoga, &c. ; at the attack on Pondicherry in India ; and at the capture of the French man-of-war, the Foudroyant, by the British ship Monmouth, on board of which the writer of the letter, a young officer in command of a small party of General Whitmore's regiment from Gibraltar, only thirty men, took part. Many letters relate to the murder of Colin Campbell of Glenure,

and the trial and execution of James Stewart of Acharn ; to the attempts to effect the arrest of Allan Breck, and the suspicion attaching to Fasnacloich and others ; some letters refer to the trial and execution of Dr Archibald Cameron, and some to the arrest of Cameron of Fassifern.

It will probably be most convenient to give the correspondence arranged chronologically, as in many cases letters from one person help to explain allusions in letters from others.

I beg to draw attention to a long and carefully prepared "Memorial" (as it is called) drawn up by Lord Glenorchy with a view to clear John Campbell of Barcaldine and his half-brother, Colin of Glewure, from the suspicion of having any Jacobite tendencies while engaged as Factors on forfeited estates ; it is undated, but probably belongs to the year 1750, and contains interesting information about his two kinsmen and proteges, whose grandfather, Alexander, had been Chamberlain on the Breadalbane estates at the time of the Glencoe massacre.

I shall commence by giving a short account of the Barcaldine family, as without this it is often difficult to understand the allusions, and to know who the writer of a given letter is : many of the writers were members of the Clan Campbell, but pretty widely connected by marriage, *e.g.*, with the Camerons of Lochiel, Mackays of Bighouse, Sinclairs of Ulbster, and Sinclairs Earls of Caithness. I shall also show briefly the connection between the Lochiel family and that of Glenorchy and its cadet Barcaldine, and also that of Achalader.

D. W.

The families of Campbell of Achalader and Campbell of Barcaldine were both cadets of the Glenorchy family ; the first of the former is said to have been a son of Sir Colin, 6th of Glenorchy, but I understand his name is not given in the Black Book of Taymouth as one of his sons ; he got a tack of the lands of Achalader for 90 years from Sir Colin in 1567, and according to the family papers was an only child of Sir Colin by his first marriage with [Margaret] daughter of Grahame of Inchbraikie, others say with a Margaret Stewart, daughter of Alexander Stewart, Bishop of Inveraray, and widow of Peter Grahame of Inchbraikie. The first of the latter (the Barcaldines) is said to have been a son of Sir Duncan, 7th of Glenorchy and 1st Bart., known as "Donacha Dubh a Churraichd" and also as "nan Caistealan," from his owning seven Castles, viz., Balloch (or Taymouth), Finlarig, Edinample, Lochdochart, Culchurn, Achalader, and Barcaldine.

The above mentioned tack for 90 years was granted by Sir Colin in favour of Gillespie Campbell, known as Gillespie Dubh Mor, of the lands of Achalandour in Glenorchy, and mention is found under date 1683, among other names within the lands of Glenorchy, of John MacPhatric vic Gillespie in Achalandour.—See a Hist. of the Campbells of Melfort (supplement). In General Stewart of Garth's "Sketches of the Highlanders of Scotland," it is stated in a note that "during 55 years in which the late Mr Campbell of Achalader had the charge of Lord Breadalbane's estate there was no instance of tenants going to law. Their disputes were referred to the amicable decision of the noble proprietor and his deputy; and as the confidence of the people in the honour and probity of both was unlimited, no man dreamt of an appeal from their decision."

The first or founder of the Barcaldine family, though he does not appear to have been ever designed as "of Barcaldine," was Patrick Campbell, known as "Para dubh beag;" authorities differ as to the date of his birth, but agree as to his being a son of the Sir Duncan of Glenorchy above mentioned. According to one he was the eldcest natural son of that knight, and born before his marriage with Lady Jean Stewart, daughter of the Earl of Athole, which took place in or about 1573-74: his reputed mother was Janet Burdown, who also bore a son named James to Sir Duncan. Para is said to have got a charter from his father of the lands of Dalmarglen, near Innerzeldies, in 1596 (but possibly in childhood), and his brother James is said to be mentioned in that charter. On the other hand Para's tombstone in the burial ground at Ardchattan Priory bears that he died in 1678, aged 86, which would make the date of his birth 1592.

Sir Duncan had no less than three sons named Patrick, besides a brother of that name, viz. :—1. Para dubh beag; 2. Para dubh mor, a natural son, the first of the family of Edinchip, a property granted him in 1620 by his father, from whom he had previously got the lands of Murlagan beag in Glenlochry, parish of Kenmore: he was also ancestor of the Campbells of Ardeonaig, later of Lochend; 3. Another son, Patrick, was legitimate, being Sir Duncan's eldest son by his second spouse, Elizabeth Sinclair: "he got from him Stakir and Culdares, &c., in 1625."

Returning to Para dubh beag, we find that "Sir Duncan gave the three merk lands of Kingart to Para dubh beag, Patrick Campbell 'fiar of Dalmarglen,' his natural son." I have no date for this, but perhaps it was on his marriage, for I am also told that Para on his marriage is designed "fiar of Dalmarglen."

Again, "Sir Duncan's natural son James coft the lands of Innerzeldies in June 1655." These lands *probably* fell on the death of James to his brother Para, as mention occurs later of Patrick of Innerzeldies. Again, "Donald Campbell and Patrick Innerzeldies, natural sons of Sir Duncan Campbell of Glenorchy, legitimated under the Great Seal." I have no date for this, but am told that an extract has been obtained from Register in Edinburgh, and that this must refer to Para dubh beag, who was afterwards "of Innerzeldies." Again, Sir Robert of Glenorchy, son of Sir Duncan, gave to John Campbell, lawful son to Patrick Campbell of Innerzeldies, going in the Marquis of Argyle's troop to England, horses, arms, clothes, and money worth the sum of 1000 merks."

Thus Para appears to have been designed "fiar of Dalmarglen," "of Dalmarglen," and "of Innerzeldies," and he is said to have exchanged Innerzeldies with his half-brother, Sir Colin Glenorchy, for Barcaldine [from Dunstaffnage's notes]; yet John his son is styled "of Innerzeldies" on 26th June, 1681, after the date of Para's death, according to his tombstone; but it was John who got the first charter of Barcaldine.

Most of the above information has been got for and sent me, in the shape of notes taken from the Black Book of Glenorchy [or Taymouth], but not what refers to Janet Burdown at the charter of 1596 of Dalmarglen, which I received from another correspondent.

Alexander, 3rd of Barcaldine, was Chamberlain to John, 1st Earl of Breadalbane; and John of Barcaldine and John of Achalader were evidently for some time factors on parts of the Breadalbane estates to the 2nd Earl; the latter is perhaps the Achalader mentioned by General Stewart, who also states in another passage that "the late Achalader and his father were upwards of 90 years factors to two successive Earls of Breadalbane," and quotes the following from George, Lord Lyttleton:—"But of all I saw or heard [at Taymouth] few things excited me more surprise than the learning and talents of Mr Campbell of Achalader, factor to Breadalbane. Born and resident in the Highlands, I have seldom seen a more accomplished gentleman with more general and classical learning."

A SHORT ACCOUNT OF THE FAMILY OF CAMPBELL OF BARCALDINE, mostly taken from Burke's Peerage and Baronetage.

I. Patrick Campbell, said to be born about 1592, and according to his tombstone aged 86 in 1678, the first of the Campbells of Barcaldine (a son of Sir Duncan Campbell, 1st Baronet of Glen-

orchy), had the lands of Innerzeldies, in the parish of Comrie, and other lands in Perthshire, and Barcaldine in Argyleshire. He was known as Para dubh beag. He married, 1st, in 1620, Annabel, daughter of Campbell of Dunstaffnage, by whom he had, with other issue, a son and heir, John, and a daughter, Annabella, wife of John Campbell of Kinloch. He married, 2nd, Bethia, daughter of Murray of Ochertyre, by whom he had, with other children, a son,¹ Colin, ancestor of the Campbells of Achnaba. He was wounded at Inverloch, died 25th March, 1678, was buried in Ardchattan Monastery, and succeeded by his eldest son.²

II. John Campbell of Barcaldine, who married, 1st, in 1647, Margaret, daughter of Campbell of Clathic, by whom he had a son, Alexander, his heir; 2nd, a sister (some say a daughter) of Sir Ewen Cameron of Lochiel, by whom he had another son, ancestor of the Campbells of Balliveolan. He died about 1690, and was succeeded by his eldest son.³

III. Alexander Campbell of Barcaldine, who married, in 1676, Mary, daughter of Colin Campbell of Lochnell; he died in 1720, and was succeeded by his son.⁴

IV. Patrick Ruadh (his second but eldest surviving son) of Barcaldine, born in 1677, who married, 1st, Agnes Campbell, last of the family of Campbell of Kilmun, by whom he had issue:—

¹ Colin, son of Patrick, 1st Laird of Barcaldine, is said to have been minister of Ardchattan and Muckairn for nearly 60 years; b. 1644, d. 1726.

² His children by first marriage were, according to one authority—1, John; 2, Alexander; 3, Duncan; 4, Donald Glas, and three daughters, the 2nd, Margaret, married John Campbell of Keithock; and by his second marriage 4 sons and 5 daughters.

According to another pedigree, by first marriage—1, John; 2, Jean, married Archibald Campbell of Lix; 3, Annabel, married John Campbell, Kinloch; 3, Gilies, married Colin Campbell of Bragleen; and by second marriage—1, Colin, ancestor of Achnaba; 2, William, minister of Balquhidder; 3, Duncan of Blacherin; 4, Alexander of Glenairm; 5, Donald Glas of Inverinan; 6, a daughter, married MacIntyre, wadsetter of Glenoe; 7, a daughter, married to Robert, son of —, otherwise to Stewart of Appin; 8, a daughter, married to Donald Campbell of the house of Kirkton; 9, a daughter, married to Colin Campbell, South Ardchattan.

³ Issue by 2nd wife—1, Colin of Balliveolan; 2, Duncan of Auch; 3, Robert of Dalmally; 4, Allan or Alexander of Inverreich; 5, Annabel, married Alexander Stewart of Balachulish; 6, Isobel, married Cameron of Kinlochleven; 7, Margt., married Macdougall of Corriellorn; 8, Barbara, married Patrick, son to Campbell of Auchnarn; 9, Catharine, married Archibald, son to James Campbell of Lix. The Christian name of John Campbell of Barcaldine's wife of the Lochiel family is given as Isobel.

⁴ Other sons, John of Corries, James of Raray, Colin Dubh, Alexander, and 5 daughters.

1. John of Barcaldine, who succeeded his father.

(1). Anne, married Charles Campbell of Ardhattan.

Patrick of Barcaldine married, 2nd, in 1707, Lucia (otherwise Luisa), daughter of Sir Ewen Cameron of Lochiel, by whom he had issue.

2. Colin of Glenure, who served in Loudon's Highlanders in Scotland and abroad, and retired after the peace; that regiment was disbanded in 1748. He was factor for Government on the forfeited estates of Stewart of Ardsheil, of Cameron of Callart, and of Mamore, part of that of Cameron of Lochiel: murdered on 14th May, 1752, by Allan Breck Stewart or some assassin unknown, when his brother Duncan succeeded as heir male to Glenure. He married 9th May, 1749, Janet, eldest daughter of Colonel the Hon. Hugh Mackay of Bighouse, son of Lord Reay, and had issue three daughters:—

- (1). Louisa, who inherited the estate of Bighouse on the death of her grandfather in 1770; she married, 11th June, 1768, her cousin, George Mackay of Island-handa, and had issue 19 children. [Note.—The Hon. Hugh Mackay's daughter, Robina, married William Baillie of Rosshall (or Roschall), in Sutherland, 22nd son of Alex. Baillie of Dochfour].
- (2). Elizabeth, died unmarried.
- (3). Colina, born posthumous, married James Baillie, Esq. of Ealing Grove, Middlesex, merchant in London, 3rd son of Hugh Baillie, Esq. of Dochfour, Inverness-shire, and had issue.
3. Donald, Surgeon R.N., died unmarried in the West India.
4. Alexander, a Lieutenant, and perhaps afterwards Captain, in Loudon's Highlanders, but perhaps a Lieutenant in Montgomery's Highlanders in 1757, wounded at Louisbourg in 1758, died at Quebec 1759.¹
5. Duncan, of whom presently.
6. Robert, a merchant at Stirling, apparently married, with issue, and had a son Patrick.
7. Archibald, an officer of the army.

¹ Among the officers in Loudon's Highlanders (raised in 1745) were Patrick C., son of Achallader; Alexander C., brother to Barcaldine; Colin of Glenure. A Lieut. Alexr. C. (Barcaldine) was wounded at capture of Louisbourg in 1758, probably an officer in Montgomery's Highlanders or in Fraser's Highlanders.

8. Allan, an officer in one of the three Companies of Black Watch raised in 1745; he served many years in that regiment, and was afterwards a general officer.
- (2). Isobel, married John Campbell of Achallader, her first cousin, their mothers being daughters of Sir Ewen Cameron of Lochiel. [*Note.*—Achallader begins his letter to Barcaldine "My dear Brother."]]
- (3). Mary, married Alexander Macdougall of Dunolly.
- (4). Annabel, married Archibald Campbell of Melfort.
- (5). Jane, married Campbell of Edinchip.

Patrick Campbell of Barcaldine died 1738, and was succeeded by his son.

V. John Campbell of Barcaldine, born approximately about 1700, one of Lord Breadalbane's factors on part of his estate, a captain in Argyllshire Militia in 1745, later factor on the forfeited Perth estate, and living at Crieff; a J.P. in Argyle and Perth shires, a Commissioner of Supply, and a D.L.; he married Margaret, daughter of Campbell of Keithock, and had issue—

1. Alexander, born about 1729; at 16 years old he joined the Argyllshire Militia as a volunteer at his own expense, served throughout the rising in '45 and '46, and owing to his services got the command of one of the Independent Companies in the Expedition to the East Indies under Admiral Boscawen in 1748, appointed Major in Montgomery's Highlanders in 1757; Lieut.-Col. 48th Regt., 1759; and a Colonel in the army August 1777; Deputy Governor of Fort-George, 1771. He married 1st August, 1765, Helen, born 8th June, 1747, daughter of George Sinclair, and sister of the Right Hon. Sir John Sinclair of Ulbster, M.P., and had issue—
1. Patrick, who died unmarried in 1783.
- (1). Janet, married Aeneas Mackay of Scotstown.
- (2). Matilda, who died unmarried.
- (3). Jean, married at Thurso Castle 2nd January, 1784, to James, 12th Earl of Caithness, and died at Edinburgh, 2nd April, 1853, leaving issue.
- (4). Isobel, born 1773.

Colonel Alexr. Campbell never succeeded to the family estate; he died at Bath, 22nd April, 1779; his widow died at Edinburgh 5th April, 1787, aged 40.

2. Patrick, referred to in letter No. 81, from his uncle, Robert.

3. David, a W.S., Edinburgh, who evidently got into ~~some~~ trouble, and went to New York; he married a Miss Campbell of the Argyll family.
4. Colin, a letter from him dated 14th Decr., 1762; ~~died~~ unmarried, in Grenada, West Indies.
- Others, including probably George, in General Gage's regiment; he died unmarried. Mungo, a Lt.-Col. killed at Fort-Montgomery, N. America, in command of 52nd Regiment. I understand he was a natural son, and he was with Glenure, his uncle, when the former was murdered by Allan Breck. Col. Mungo was married, and had issue.
- (1). Margaret, married John Campbell of Danna.
- (2). Annie, married Capt. Trapaud.
- (3). Matilda, married Capt. Neil Campbell of Duntroon.

John Campbell of Barcaldine, being deeply involved in ~~debt~~, sold the family estates to his half brother, Duncan, and so was succeeded by—

VI. Duncan Campbell of Barcaldine and Glenure, fifth son (but fourth by the second marriage) of Patrick Campbell of Barcaldine; he was born about 1716, was at one time Sheriff-Substitute for Perthshire at Killin; married, in 1744, Mary, daughter of Alexander Macpherson, Esq., and sister of Sir James Macpherson, Bart., and died in 1784, having had issue—

1. Alexander, his heir.
2. Patrick, appointed Lieutenant 77th Atholl Highlanders, 1778; captain in Wallers Corps in 1783, afterwards a major; he appears to have become blind, and lived later with his cousin at Thurso Castle; married a daughter of James Pearsall of New York, and had issue.
3. James, Lieut. 42nd, and later captain 77th Atholl Highlanders, 1777, died 1782.
4. Colin, Captain 2nd Batt. 42nd, raised 1780; wounded at Paniané, 1782.
5. Hugh, an officer in the army; a Lieut. in Fraser's Highlanders, 1775; married a daughter of a brother of Cameron of Fassifern.
6. William, appointed Ensign 77th, 1782; Lieut. 1783, placed on half-pay on reduction 1783.
- (1). Lucy, married Sir Ewen Cameron, Bart. of Fassifern.

Duncan of Barcaldine and Glenure was succeeded by his ~~eldest~~ son.

VII. Alexander Campbell of Barcaldine and Glenure, a member of the Faculty of Advocates, born 30th April, 1745, married 2nd September, 1785, Mary, daughter of John Campbell, Esq., of Edinburgh, and died 17th March, 1800, having had issue :—

1. Duncan, created a Baronet.
2. John, died s.p. in 1808.
3. Peter William, in the Military Service of the E.I. Company; died in Bengal in 1819 s.p.
4. Colin Alexander, Major 74th Foot, born 23rd September, 1796, died s.p. 10th March, 1863.
 - (1). Caroline Louisa Anne, died unmarried 19th March, 1848.
 - (2). Maria Helen, married 8th October, 1818, the Rev. Hugh Fraser, Ardchattan, and died 4th January, 1862, having had issue.

Alexander Campbell of Barcaldine and Glenure died 1800, and was succeeded by his eldest son.

VIII. Sir Duncan Campbell of Barcaldine and Glenure, born 3rd July, 1786, created a Bart. 30th September, 1831; was Captain in the Scots Fusilier Guards; served at Copenhagen, in Walcheren Expedition, and in Peninsula; acted as A.D.C. to his cousin, General Sir Alex. Campbell, of the Achalader family, at Talavera; a Magistrate and D.L. for Argyleshire; he married 22nd February, 1815, Elizabeth Dreghorn, daughter of James Dennistoun of Dennistoun, Co. Dumbarton, and had

1. Alexander, 2nd Bart., born 1819, and six other sons and four daughters. Sir Duncan died 2nd April, 1842, and was succeeded by his eldest son.

IX. Sir Alexander Campbell, J.P., Sergeant-at-Arms in the Queen's Household, Captain Argyle and Bute Militia; born 15th June, 1819, married 1855 Harriette, daughter of Admiral Henry Collier, R.N., and had issue :—

1. Duncau Alexander Dundas, present Bart.
2. Eric Reginald Duncan, Captain 2nd Battalion P.V. Royal Irish Fusiliers, born 28th November, 1857.
 - (1). Harriette Beatrice Mabel.
 - (2). Flora Mary Muriel.

Sir Alexander died 11th December, 1880, and was succeeded by his eldest son.

X. Sir Duncan Alexander Dundas Campbell, Bart. of Barcaldine, Captain 4th Battalion Highland Light Infantry, Gentleman Usher of the Green Rod, b. 4th December, 1856.

DESCENT OF THE CAMPBELLS OF ACHALADER, taken from a Memorial History of the Campbells of Melfort.

I. Archibald, or Gillespie Dubh, son of Sir Colin Campbell, sixth laird of Glenorchy, by Margaret, daughter of Bishop Alex. Stewart and widow of Patrick Graham of Inchbrakie, married Mary, daughter of John Dubh na Laine, *alias* Macgregor, and had a son.

II. John Dubh, who married Mary, daughter of Donald Stewart, Invernayle, whose grandmother on the father's side was a daughter of Lochiel; they had a son.

III. Archibald, who married Margery, daughter of Colin Macpherson of Bear [Qy. Brin], whose mother was a daughter of Hugh Fraser of Lovat; and Margery's mother was a daughter of Macleod of Harris; they had a son.

IV. Allister Dubh, who married Agnes, daughter of John Macnab of Borane, by Mary, daughter of Duncan Campbell of Glenlyon; John Macnab's mother was Catharine, daughter of Sir Duncan Campbell of Glenorchy; they had a son.

V. John, who married in 1713, Katharine, daughter of Sir Ewen Cameron of Lochiel, and had 3 sons and 4 daughters.

1. John of Achalader.

2. Archibald, of old 78th (Campbell's Highlanders), killed in German War at Fellinghausen, 1761, as Major.

3. Patrick, joined Loudon's Highlanders, 1745, died in America.

(1). Louisa, married Campbell of Achline.

(2). Jane, married Cameron of Fassifern, her cousin, father of Sir Ewen of Fassifern.

(3). Anne, married Patrick (Para Dubh an Achaidh) Campbell of Auch.

(4). Margaret, died unmarried.

VI. John of Achalader married his cousin, Isabella, daughter of Patrick Campbell of Barcaldine, and had issue.

1. John, Lieut.-Col. Breadalbane Fencibles, died 1799 unmarried.

2. Patrick, married Ann, daughter of — Livingston, Esq.

3. Archibald, Colonel 80th Regiment, died 1825, married Margaret, daughter of Admiral Edwards.

4. Sir Alexander, K.C.B. and Bart., who married 1st, Olympia Elizabeth, daughter of William Mosshead, from whom is descended Sir Alex. Cockburn Campbell, and 2ndly, Elizabeth Ann, daughter of Rev. F. Pemberton.

5. Colina, married John Campbell of Melfort, son of Archibald (Melfort), by Annabel, daughter of Patrick Campbell of Barcaldine.
6. Louisa Maxwell, married Patrick Macdougall of Macdougall (Dunollie), whose mother was Mary, daughter of Patrick Campbell of Barcaldine, by his wife Lucia, daughter of Sir Ewen Cameron of Lochiel.

VII. Patrick of Achalader, 2nd son of John, married Ann, daughter of — Livingston; he bought Ballied, now called Achalader, and died there 1811. They had an only child John Livingston.

VIII. John Livingston of the Coldstream Guards married Ann, daughter of Reginald Macneil of Barra, by whom he had a son, John Livingston, father of the present representative of the family Major John Colin Livingston Campbell, R.E., of Achalader, and a daughter Jane.

THE CAMERONS OF LOCHIEL, FROM SIR EWEN (Evandhu), as given in "Burke's Landed Gentry," edit. 1846, with some additions.

1. Ewen Cameron of Lochiel, born 1629, married

1st, Mary, daughter of Sir Donald Macdonald of Slate; no issue.

2nd, a daughter of Sir Lachlan Maclean of Dowart, by whom he had

1. John, his heir, who succeeded him.
2. Donald, Maj. in service of States of Holland; d. s. p. 1718.
3. Alan, died at Rome, in service of Chev. St George, leaving 3 daughters, of whom the eldest married Campbell of Lochdochart.
 - (1). Margaret, married to Alex. Drummond (otherwise Macgregor) of Balhaldie.
 - (2). Anne, married Alan Maclean of Ardgour.
 - (3). Katharine, married William, brother german of Sir Donald Macdonald of Slate.
 - (4). Janet, married Grant of Glenmoriston.
- 3rd, Jean, daughter of Barclay of Urie, and had by her
4. Ludovick, married his cousin.
 - (5). Christian, married Alan Cameron of Glendessary.
 - (6). Jean, married Macpherson of Cluny.
 - (7). Isobel, married Archibald Cameron of Dungallon.
 - (8). Lucy, married Peter Campbell of Barcaldine.

- (9). Ket, married John Campbell of Achallader.
- (10). Una, married Robert Barclay of Ury.
- (11). Marjory, married Macdonald of Morar.

Note.—Sir Ewen's father, John Cameron, yr. of Lochiel, predeceased his father, having married Margaret, eldest daughter of Sir Robert Campbell of Glenorchy, by whom he had Ewen, who succeeded his grandfather, and Donald, ancestor of the Camerons of Glendessary and Dungallon.

Sir Ewen Cameron died in 1719, aged 90, and was succeeded by his son, John, as representative of the family.

John Cameron of Lochiel, called John Macewen, had joined the Earl of Mar in 1715, for which he suffered attainder and forfeiture. He married Isobel, sister of Sir Duncan Campbell of Lochnell, by whom he had issue.

1. Donald, his heir.
2. John, of Fassifern, married Jane, daughter of John Campbell of Achalader, his cousin; father of Sir Ewen of Fassifern, who was created a baronet in 1817, for the gallant services of his son, Colonel John Cameron, who fell at Quatre Bras in command of the 92nd.
3. Archibald, a physician, who was out in the '45, escaped to France, and was first a Captain in Lord Ogilvie's regiment, then of Grenadiers, and a Captain in his brother's regiment, and probably for some time an Army Surgeon. He appears to have also held a Colonel's commission in the Spanish service. (See "Stuart Papers," No. CCLVI.) He was in Scotland in the winter of 1749 on a mission with Lochgarry and others, when they got some of the treasure belonging to the exiled Stuarts, which was hidden at Locharkaig, apparently on instructions, perhaps forged by some one, but gave Cluny a receipt. He and Lochgarry were again sent on another mission by Prince Charlie towards the end of 1752, but the Dr was apprehended near Inversnaid 20th March, 1753, sent to London, tried, and executed. He married Jean, daughter of Archibald Cameron of Dungallon, her mother, Isobel, being a half-sister of his father, and had by her four sons and one daughter.

John Cameron of Lochiel died at Newport, in Flanders, in 1748, and was succeeded in the representation of the family by his eldest son.

Donald Cameron of Lochiel, who had succeeded to the family estates on the death of his grandfather, Sir Ewen, rejoined Prince Charlie in 1745. After the Battle of Culloden he retired to France, and was attainted and forfeited. He got command of the "Regiment of Albany," with power of naming his own officers, and was enabled to live suitably to his rank. He married Anne, daughter of Sir James Campbell, fifth baronet of Auchenbreck, by whom he left at his death (in the same year as his father), 25th October, 1748—

1. John, his heir.
2. James, Captain in the Royal Regiment of Scots in France; died unmarried in 1759.
3. Charles, who succeeded his brother, John.
 - (1). Isobel, married Colonel Mores in the French service.
 - (2). Janet, died in a convent at Paris.
 - (3). Henriët, married Captain Portin in the French service.
 - (4). Donald.

John Cameron of Lochiel succeeded his father, Donald; he had served as a Captain in his father's regiment, and, after his death, in the Royal Scots. He returned to Scotland in 1759, and died in 1762, when he was succeeded by his brother, Charles Cameron of Lochiel, great-grandfather of the present Lochiel.

SELECTIONS FROM THE BIGHOUSE PAPERS.

NO. I.

"LETTER from John, first Earl of Breadalbane, to Alexander Campbell of Barcaldine, dated Edinburgh, 26th May, 1692.
Note.—It is addressed 'ffor Alexr. Campbell of Barcaldine,' and docketed 'Ir. anent the Glenco men.'

"Edr. 26 May 1692.

"I did yesterday receive yours of the 18th instant: I have already taken too much pains to blame all persons who hade accessione to the killing of the Glencoe men, iff they cane be made beleive that I had the lest thought yrof: and amongst other lyes this enclosed is absolutely false in matter of fact ffor Major Fforbes wes come from London befor I cam yr. and I met ym. upon the road many weeks befor that misfortune of Glencoe; nor doe I believe that C. A.¹ writt any Letter or any such thing to Glengarie. I wish to know the person that saw the Letter or M. A's Letter which I also little belive to have been written. If

¹ Perhaps Campbell of Ardkinglass, Sheriff of Argyle.

ye Glencoe men will not be satisfied that I am also Innocent of that affaure as the Chyld unborne is I will not take any more pains upon ym. They may understand its all malice—to hound ym. at me that maks this discourse and could tell ym. that iff they prefer the ffalse sugestionones of enemies to the trewthys yrof. I assure you I doe warne them that in case they doe me any hurt they will ffynd me yr. enemy which is the desyre of many persons. But I expect they will be better advysed and take all ye good I can doe for ym. in this the tyme of their miserie, and for soe doing let ym. offer to doe me all the service in yr. power to dissappoynt such designs. I sent my advyse already how they should carie themselves, which is all at present. But yt. I assure you I never spok of Glencoe nor Glencoe men at London nor elseqr. to my Lord A.¹ untill I heird off that slaughter and ym. I expostulat extreamly with ym. their men should be accessorie to it, and yir answer was that they behoved to obey orders.—I remaine,

(Sd.) "BREADALBANE."

NO. II.

"NOTARIAL COPY of DECREE before the Court of Justiciary at Inverness at the instance of James Cuming of Dalshangie and others against John Macdonald of Polveig Laird of Glenco and others.

"20th Decr. 1695.

"Justiciary Court holden within the Tolbooth of Inverness on the Twentieth day of December One thousand six hundred and ninety-five years Be Sir Robert Gordon of Gordonstoun [left blank], Cuming of Altyre, Sir Alexander M'Kenzie of Coul, Sir Donald Bayn of Tulloch, Mr Alexr. Rose of Clava, Mr Simon M'Kenzie of Taraden, Mr David Polson of Kinmylies, Mr William M'Intosh of Aberarder, Farquhar M'Gillivray of Dunmaglass, Alex. Sutherland of Pronsie, Mr John Gordon of Carroll, Sheriff Depute of Sutherland, Commissioners of Justiciary appointed for securing the Peace of the Highlands within the Northern District conveyed for the time, when the said Sir Robert Gordon was chosen Preses of the meeting curia legitime affirmata That day annent the Lybelled Precept Raised and pursued before the said Commissioners at the instance of James Cuming of Dalshangie elder, James Cuming younger thereof, Alexr. Roy M'Comas there,

¹ "My Lord A." Perhaps the Lord Advocate, but more probably Lord Aberuchill, who with Stair is said to have kept back the date of M'lar's taking the oath.

Donald M'William there, and Duncan M'William Bayn there, Tennants and Servants there, Parties Leased¹ and David Cuming Pro'r fiscal of the said Court for His Majestie's interest against John Macdonald of Polveig Laird of Glencoe, Ranald M'Donald of Leekinloym, John M'Innish vic Allan in Larach, Donald M'Donald of Achatriechatan, Donald M'Alister Roy in Brealerlaid, Alexander M'Donald Brother to Glenkoe, Angus M'Donald alias M'Alister Roy in Stroan, Alexander Cameron in Gargoich and against Robert Steuart of Appin and Donald Steuart Tutor of Appin as Masters to the forenamed persons, dwelling on their lands Make and mention that albeit the Common Law, Municipall Laws dayly custome and practig of this kingdom the crimes of theft, receipt of theft, stouth of robberies oppressions and others of the like nature be expressly forbidden and the Committers thereof punishable accordingly, Yet true it is and of verity that the forenamed persons complained upon are Acters, Receptors art and part of the saidis crimes In sua far as they with severall others their accomplices of their causing sending hounding out Command Precept assistance and Ratihabitione came to the bounds of the lands of Dalshangie houses and folds thereof, in the month of October one thousand six hundred and eightie nine years upon one or other of the days of the said month, and therefrae most masterfully Robbed wrongously intromitted with and away took from the saids complrs. seven score fifteen cows great and small, worth Ten Pounds Scots money the piece overhead, Item Threttie twa piece of horse and mears worth the like sum of Ten Pounds money forsaid the piece overhead and the haill portable household plenishing, armes pertaining to the said Tennants above named worth one hundred pounds money forsaid, which cattle horse plenishing armour and others forsaid Robbed and masterfully away taken as said is were driven by the persons above complained upon and their accomplices to the Lands of Glencoe, Appin and Gargoich, and the saids persons there receive possessions thereof, where they were perpelled, divided and disposed of be them at their pleasure Through want of which cattle, horse and others Lybelled with the Devastation of their lands and provisions the Complainers sustained the damage and loss of one thousand pounds money above written Besides and by and attour the sum of [left blank] Debursed and carried out be them In reference to the Premisses, And therefore the persons above complained upon and Ilk one of them in solidum ought and should be Decerned to make payment to the

¹ Leased, *i.e.*, hurt or injured.

said complainers of the particular avails prices above written with the damage and expenses above mentioned and also ought to underly the law for the criminal part as accords and their Rexive¹ masters a named ought to present them to that effect or be decerned in solidum with their said men in the Terms of the Act of Parliament as in the Prinll. Lybelled precept raised in the said matter at lenth is contained The Said pursuers Compearand personally with William and Alexr. Cumings writers their Procur. who repeated their Lybell and craved Decreet conform to the said conclusion thereof and the saids Defenders both men and their saids masters being oftymes called and not compearand though they were lawfully summond be John Monro Sheriff and Justiciary Officer to have compearand at this Court to have answered at the saids Pursuers Instances in manner to the effect and for the causes Lybelled with Certification the saids Commissioners of Justiciary Held and hereby Hold the saids Defenders all pro Confessis and have Decerned and hereby Decern them and ilk one of them in solidum both men and masters to make payment and satisfaction to the saids Complrs. of the said sum of Ten Pounds Scots money as price of ilk one of the said number of Seven score fifteen Cows great and small and the like sum of Ten Pounds money forsaid as price of ilk one of the said number of Threttie tua piece of horse and mears young and old with the said sum of one hundred pounds money forsaid as price of the household plenishing and armes all masterfully wrongously intromitted with and away taken in manner and at the time @ written As also to make payment of the said sum of one thousand pounds money forsaid of damage sustained by the Pursuers through want of their said cattle horse and others above written, devastatone of their Lands extending in all to the saids prices and damage to the sum of Two thousand nine hundred and seventy pounds, and sicklike to make payment of the sum of Two hunder ninety seven pounds as the Tenth part of the said haill accumulats sums due to the saids Commissioners themselves conform to their Commission which Tenth part the Commissioners @ named have unavimously assigned and hereby assigns to the saids Pursuers, and have Recommended and hereby Recommends to the Commanders of his Majestie's forces in the rexive¹ adjacent Garrisons to give their aid and concurrence to the execution of this Decreet Because the saids Defenders both men and masters have been lawfully cited to have compearand at this Court to the effect above written, and that they nor no other in

¹ Rexive : for *Respective*.

their names compeared and that the pursuers made faith givinge their Oath in Litem upon the value of their Cattle horse and others above mentioned and Damages forsaid Therefore the saids Commissioners of Justiciary have Holden and hereby Holds the saids Defenders pro confessis and gave their Decreet in manner above sett down ordaining all execution necessar to pass thereupon in form as effeirs. Extracted by me (sic subscr.)

“JA. BAILLIE Clk. Dept.

“What is above written is an exact copie of the principall Decreet of the date tenor and contents before recited without any addition thereto or Diminution therefrom being faithfully compared by us Notarys Publick subscribing and as such attested by us at Inverness the twenty-third day of November IajvjC and fifty-two years before these witnesses Lient. Simon ffraser, son to Dunballoch, John Greig vintner in Inverness, and James Cuming and Donald M'Bean both writers in Inverness.

“JOHN MACKLEAN [?] wr. N.P. WILLM. FFRASER, N.P.

“SIMON FRASER witness.

“JOHN GRIEG witness.

“DONALD MACBEAN [?] wr. witness.

“JAMES CUMING [?] wr. witness.”

NO. III.

“INVENTAR OF THE WRYTTS & EVIDENTE OF THE LANDS AND ESTATE OF KILLMUN Delivered by Patrick Campbell of Barcaldine ffor himself and in name and behalfe of Agnes Campbell his spouse only Laull Daughter to the deceast James Campbell of Killmun to Coll. Alexander Campbell of ffinab.

“Imprimus, precept of clare constat and Charter containing ane novo-damus by Archibald Marquis of Argyle in favours of Archibald Campbell of Kilmune as son and air to Archibald Campbell his ffather his airs male and Assigneys of the Lands of Killmune Auchalnechar Cafflad Coillemeineth Clerynie? neting and salmond fishing and of certain @ rents therein mentioned containing several priviledges Dated the Twenty second day of Jany. IajvjC and ffyftie eight (1658).

“Item, Sasine following thereupon Dated the eighth Day of Apryle IajvjC an ffyftie eight Registrat at Edinr. upon the fyfth Day of June yraftr.

"Item, a Tack of the Quarter Teinds of Kilmune by John Bishop of Lessmore to Archibald Campbell of Kilmune Dated the Sixteen day of March IajvC and twelve (1612).

"Item, Ane other Tack of the said Teinds by Andr w Bishop of Lesmore to Archibald Campbell, Provost of Kilmune Dated the seventh day of January IajvC & thirty three (1633).

"Item, Charter by Archibald Earle of Argyle to Duncan M'Eanduy vic Angus alias M'Lauchlan of the four merk land of Ardnadane Dated the penult of June IajvC & nynty four (1594).

"Item, Lyferent Charter by Duncan M'Lauchlan of Ardnadan to Elizabeth Campbell alias nean vic ean of two Merk land of the said ffour merk land of Ardnadan Dated the last day of July IajvC and nyntie seven (1597).

"Item, Disposition by John M'Lauchlan eldest son and apparent air to the said Duncan M'Eanduy vic Angus alias M'Lachlane of Ardnadane to Archibald Campbell of Kilmune of the said ffour merk land of Ardnadane Dated the Eight day of December IajviC and thirtie six (1636).

"Item, Instrument of Resignatione following thereupon Dated the Twentie third day of November IajviC and ffourtie one (1641).

"Item, Charter by Archibald Marques o? Argyle upon the said Resignatione of the said Lands of Ardnadane in favour of the said Archibald Campbell of Kilmune Dated at Edinr. the Twenty seventh day of Nover. IajviC & ffourtie one (1641).

"Item, the said Archibald Campbell of Kilmune his generall Retour as air to his ffather Dated the second day of December IajviC and ffourtie six (1646).

"Item, ffew Charter of the Lands of ffimbacan by Mr Niel Campbell Bishop of Argyle to Duncan Dow M'Lachlane of Ardnadane and Allason Nian vic ean his spouse Dated the Twenty seventh day of March IajvC and ninetie eight (1598).

"Item, Contract of Wodset past betwixt Coline Campbell of Straquhar with consent of Anna Campbell his spouse on the one part and Jannet ffrazer Relict of umqll. Archibald Campbell of Kilmune and Archibald Campbell their son with consent of his Curators on the other part whereby for the soume of six thousand merks the lands of Craigen and others therein contained are wodset to her in liferent and to her said son in ffie which Contract is dated the eight day of November IajvC and ffyftie one (1651).

"Item, Charter by the said Coline Campbell of Straquhar with consent of his said spouse of the said three merk Land of Craigen and others therein contained In favours of the said Jannet ffrazer Relict of umqll Archibald Campbell of Kilmune in Life-rent and

Archibald Campbell her son in ffe Dated the ffourteen Day of March IajvjC and fyftie ffour (1654).

"Item, Sasine thereou of the same date Registrat at Edr. the tenth day of Aprile yr aftr.

"Item, prinll bond by Coline Campbell of Straquhir To Archibald Campbell of Kilmune for the soume of ane thousand merks. Scots with a rent and penalty Dated the Sixth day of february JajvjC and fyftie ffour.

"Item, Charter by the Provost and Chaplains of Kilmune with consent of the Earle of Argyle as patron In favours of Archibald Campbell of Kilmune Dated the third and fourteenth days of July IajvjC and two of the Lands of Kilmune and others (1602).

"Item, Assignatione by Mr Alexander Colvil Provost of Kilmune to [] of any Right which he could pretend to the Maills and Dueties of Blairmore Dated the Twentie first Day of January IajvjC and fyftie eight (1658)

"Item, Charter of erectione of the Burgh of Barrony of Kilmune by King James dated the Twenty first day of November IajvjC and nyntie (1490).

"Item, Sasine of the Lands of ffinbarkau In favours of Duncan Dow M'Lauchlan Dated in the year IajvC and nyntie nyne (1599).

"Item, Agreement betwixt James Campbell of Kilmune and Mr James Smollet dated the Twenty first day of December IajvjC and seventie two (1672).

"Item, protestation James Campbell of Kilmune against Ellangreg anent his keeping Courts on Kilmunes Lands.

"Item, Discharge Archibald Campbell of Drumsynie to James Campbell of Kilmune In part payment of ane bond of a thousand merks Dated the Twentie third day of December IajvjC and sixtie three (1663).

"Item, Discharge Hugh Campbell of Garvchorie To James Campbel of Kilmune of ffour Hundred merks Dated the ffourteen day of July IajvjC and nyntie six (1696).

"Item, Tack Sir Dowgall Campbell of Auchenbreck to Archibald Campbell of Kilmune of the Lands of Kilihamaig and Gartabrich Dated the Twentie eight day of May IajvjC and nynteen (1619).

"Item, Instrument Kilmune against the Earle of Argyle's Chamberlane in the year IajvjC and nyntie one (1691).

"Item, Generall Discharge Mr James Smollet to James Campbell of Kilmune Dated the Twenty first Day of November IajvjC and seventy seven (1677).

"Item, Severall Discharges of ffe. Dueties Coline Campbell and others Chamberlanes to the Earle of Argyle to Kilmune.

"Item, Discharge the Bishop of Argyll to James Campbell of Kilmune of Seventeen Bolls one firloft for the Quarter Teinds of Kilmune and Twenty eight pounds ffyften shilling for Viccarage Dated in IajvjC and Seventie two (1672).

"Item, Discharge Coline Campbell of Straquhur to James Campbell of Kilmune of the ffew Dueties he possesses in Straquhur Dated the Twenty sixth day of December IajvjC and seventie six (1676).

"The Grounds of Blythswood's Adjudicatione.

"Item, Bond by Archibald Campbell of Kilmune to Colin Campbell merchant burges of Glasgow for ffyve Hundred merks with @rent and penalty Dated the Twelfth Day of January IajvjC and ffourtie ffour (1644).

"Item, Another bond by Archibald Campbell of Kilmune as prinll and James Campbell of Ardkinglas and Coline Campbell of Lochnell as Cautss to the said Coline Campbell therein designed Colin Campbell of Blythswood in name and behalfe of his sons therein named for the soum of Seventeen Hundred merks with @rent and penalty Dated the Twenty seventh of Aprile IajvjC and ffytie eight (1658).

"Item, Bond by the said Archibald Campbell of Kilmune to Elizabeth ffrizel Relict of umqll Walkinshaw of that ilk and to Susanna Walkinshaw her daughter for ane Thousand merks with @rent and penalty Dated the Twenty second day of December IajvjC and ffourtie (1640).

"Item, Assignation thereof by the said Susanna Walkinshaw to Coline Campbell of Blythswood Dated the Twenty sixth day of October IajvjC and sixtie ffyve (1665).

"Item, Bond by the said Archibald Campbell of Kilmune to Archibald Campbell Uncle to Duncan Campbell of Carrick for the soum of a Thousand merks Dated the Seventeen day of July IajvjC and ffourtie three (1643).

"Item, Assignation thereof by the said Archibald Campbell of Kilmune to John McEwin merchant in Kilmichel in Glassie Dated the nynteen day of Apryle IajvjC and sixtie ffour (1664).

"Item, Decreet following thereupon obtained before the Lords of Council and Sessione At the instance of the said John McEwin against James Campbell of Kilmune air at least Lawfully charged to enter air to the said Archibald his father Dated the sixteen Day of November IajvjC and eightie one (1681).

"Item, Translatione thereof by the said John McEwin to the said Coline Campbel of Blythswood Dated the ffourth day of Apryle IajvjC and sixtie ffyve (1665).

"Item, Bond Archibald Campbel of Kilmune To Walter Watsone Nottar in Dumbartone for Threë Hundred and ffyftie merks Dated the nyynth Day of January IajvjC and ffyftie seven (1657).

"Item, Assignation by the said Walter Watson thereof to Blythswood Dated the fourth day of Apryle IajvjC and sixtie ffyve (1665).

"Item, Contract of Marriage betwixt Mr Alexander Gordon Minister at Inveraray and Margaret Campbel daughter to the deceast Archibald Campbel of Kilmune with consent of her ffrends therin named Dated the tenth Day of November IajvjC and ffyftie one whereby Archibald Campbel of Kilmune her Brother and Jannet Shearer her mother bouud and obliged them to pay to the said Mr Alexr Gordon the soun of Two thousand ffyve Hundred merks in name of Tocher with his sd Spouse (1651).

"Item, Assignation therof by the said Mr Alexander Gordon to the sd. Coline Campbell of Blythswood dated the fourth day of Apryle IajvjC and sixtie ffyve (1665).

"Item, Generall Charge to enter air the said Coline Campbel against James Campbel of Kilmune to enter to the sd. Archibald his Brother.

"Item, Renunciation by the said James Campbell to enter air to his said Brother Dated —

"Item, Decreet of Adjudicatione Cognitionis causa at the Instance of the said Coline Campbell of Blythswood against the said James Campbell and the lands and Estate of Kilmune following upon the forsaide bonds Dated the Eight day of July IajvjC and Sixtie six (1666).

"Item, Letters of Horning at his instance against the Superiors for infesting him in the Lands contained in said Decreet.

"Item, Summonds of Maills at his instance agst the Tennents of Kilmune.

"Item, Act following thereupon Blythswood against the said Tennents.

"Item, Disposition by Coline Campbel now of Blythswood son and air served and retoured to the said Coline Campbel of Blythswood of the forsd Decreet of Adjudication Grounds and warrands therof Lands and sounes of money therin contained In favours of Alexander Campbel of Barcalden Dated the seventh day of October one Thousand seven Hundred and two.

"Item, Disposition and Assignatione thereof by the sd. Alexander Campbel to Patrick Campbel his son Dated the Twenty day of January IajvjC and three.

"Item, Cancelled Backbond be Colin Campbell of Blythswood To Susanna Walkinshaw relative to the debt therein mentioned assigned by her to him.

"Item, Discharge by John M'Ewen to James Campbell of Killmun Dated the Twenty second day of January IajvjC and Eightie ffye (1685).

"Item, Discharge by the said John M'Ewen to the sd. James Campbell of Killmun Dated the ffourteen Day of ffebruary IajvjC and Eightie ffour (1684).

"Item, Suspension Campbel of Kilmun contra M'Arthur of [] dated in anno one Thousand six hundred and eightie six.

"Item, Inhibitione Archibald Campbell of Kilmun agst. Campbell of Arkinlas anno IajvjC and Twenty nyne Regrat. at Edr. anno IajvjC twenty nyne (1629).

"Item, Act of the Lords of the Sessione Campbell of Killmune against Campbell of Ardkinglass in March IajvjC and thirteen (1613).

"Item, Assignatione be Campbell of Straqr. to John Campbell his uncle of the Bishops quarter Teinds of Killmune Dated the Eight day of June IajvjC and seventie six (1676).

"Item, Recept of poynding James Campbell of Killmune against severall persons for Teinds anno IajvjC and nyntie two (1692).

¹"Item, Tack of Teynds by Duncan Campbell Provost of Killmun with consent of the Earl of Argyle In favour of Archd Campbell of Kilmun dated the twenty fourth of July IajvjC and two years (1602).

"Item, Obligation Coline Campbell of Strathquhar to Jannet ffrazer Relict of Archibald Campbell of Kilmun ffor giving ane herell. bond for six thousand merks Dated in December IajvjC and ffourtie nyne (1649).

"Item, Discharge Hugh Campbell of Garrowcherran to James Campbell of Killmune of Two Hundred merks of his Tocher, anno IajvjC and nyntie ffye (1695).

"Item, an Agreement betwixt Archibald Earle of Argyle and John Campbell provost of Kilmun his Brother with Coline Campbell of Balquhiddier their Brother dated the twelvth day of May one thousand ffour Hundred and ffyftie (1450).

¹ This Item is added in the margin of the Inventory.

"Item, Discharge be J hn McEwen to Janet Campbell of Killmune Dated the nynth Day of May IajvjC and eightie ffve (1685).

"Item, Contract of Marriage betwixt Coline Campbell of Strachurr and Anna Campbell daughter to Archibald Campbell of Killmun whereby he is bound to pay ffour thousand pounds of Tocher to Strachurr Dated the Twentie first day of October IajvjC and ffourtie three (1643).

"Item, Discharge be Campbell of Strachurr to Campbell of Killmun of the said sum of ffour Thousand Pounds of Tocher dated fifth Febry. IajvjC and fifty four (1654),

"Item, Disposition and Assignatione Robert Campbell of Silvercraige To Patrick Campbell younger of Barcaldine of ane apprysing Ledd at the instance of the said Robert against the Lands and Estate of Killmune which Dispositione is dated at Edr. the Twenty second day of Apryle IajvjC and two (1702).

"Item, Disposition be William Meffarlane of Drumfada To James Campbell of Killmun of ane bond ffor Three Hundred and ffyfty merks of prinll with @ rent and penalty granted to Archibald Campbell of Killmun to Walter Watson Nottar in Dumbarton and to which bond the said William Meffarlane hes right in manner mentd. in the sd Disposition which is dated the sixth day of December IajvjC and seventy eight (1678).

"Item, Bond of Corroboration fer the prinll sum of Seven Thousand merks granted by John Campbell of Strachurr with consent of his Interdicter therin mentioned to Agnes Campbell only Lawful Daughter to James Campbell of Killmun and Patrick Campbell younger of Barcalden her husband fer his interest Dated the ij and eightenth of Janry and third of May IajvjC and fyve (1705).

"Which wrytts and Evidents contained in the above wrytten Inventar are delyvered by the said Patrick Campbell of Barcalden for himselfe and in name and behalfe of the said Agnes Campbell his Spouse to the said Coll Alexander Campbell of ffynab wherof the said Collonell grants the Recept and obleidges him his airs and successors to make the samen together with such Charters as he has gote from the Duke of Argyle of the said Lands ffurther coming fer the better enabling them to defend in any Actione of Eviction that may be intended against him or his forsaied of the said Lands and Estate now Disponed by the said Patrick and Agnes Campbell to him, or that may be Intented against them as representing the said deceast James Campbell of Killmun or any other of the said Agnes her predecissors And as to such of the

Grounds or Warrands of Blythswoods Adjudication and Silvercraigs Apprissing as are wanting and not contained in the Estate Inventar the said Collonell Alexander Campbell takes his hazard of recovering the same from the Havers thereof and shall not burden the said Patrick or Agnes Campbells their airs or successors with seeking out or delivery of the same. In Witness whereof Both of them have subscriybed thir presents (written be James Ogston wrytter in Edr. At Edinburgh the nynth day of May lajvjvjC and fyve years before these witnesses Colen Campbell writer to the signet and Colen Kirk writer in Edinburgh inserter of the place date and witnesses names and designationes and of the marginall note).

"CO. CAMPBELL, Witness.

"COLEN KIRK, Witness.

"ALER. CAMPBELL.

"PAT. CAMPBELL."

Note by Editor Northern Chronicle :—James Campbell, the last of the old lairds of Kilmun, died about the beginning of last century. His only daughter was the wife of Patrick Campbell of Barcaldine. The estate was sold to Colonel Alexander Campbell of Finab, or Fonab, in Atholl, who repelled Glenlyon's invasion of Argyll, with his Perthshire Jacobites, in 1715. Barcaldine handed over the evidents of Kilmun to Finab, as per inventory, on the 9th of May, 1705. From the many names of persons and places, back to the end of the fifteenth century, it contains, the inventory, we think, must be interesting to Cowal people, and useful to Argyll historians. The parish of Kilmun—in Gaelic Cil-a-Mhuna—has long been united with the parish of Dunoon, and, so to speak, lost in it. It was ecclesiastically of old the more important of the two. Since 1442 the old Collegiate Church of Kilmun, founded in that year for a provost and six prebendaries by Sir Duncan of Lochawe, first Lord Campbell of Argyll, has ever since been the burial place of the Argyll family.

NO. IV.

"LETTER Anthony Murray of Dollerie to the Laird of Barchalden.

"Sir,—Ye are at full freedom to be sharer in the stoness ye mention, altho I hade any view of use for them, which is not the case at present, and I may even as yet name ane proverb of Scotland That the longest liver bear the burn furthest, so that I plead with my willingnesse your taking what of these big stoness your occasions demand from any ground to which I have right. Janet and I offer our good wishes to Lady Barchalden and your familie, heartilie wishing you livelie and prosperous accounts of my

acquaintance your son George, amongst other your American friends—I am, Your most obedt humble sent.

“sd. ANTHONY MURRAY.

“Dollerie May 25th 1727.

“James Conell desires me to inform you that I know Patrick Mershall is provided in ane room by Cultowhey. James hath hopes ye have ane vacancie for him : I believe them both to be discreet men, and am vexed enough they remained so long unprovided in rooms by their neighbours assuredly breaking their promise to me.”

NO. *va.*

LETTER from Colin Campbell, Glenure, to his brother, John Campbell of Barcaldine, the cover addressed to “John Campbell of Barcaldine Esq. to the care of the Postmaster of Inveraray,” and docqueted “Edr. 22 Feby. 1744 Letter Colin Campbell of Glenure.”

“Edr. 22d Feb. 1744.

“Dr. Broyr—I have had so many letters from you that I’m ashamed to own I have made so few answers : let this long scrawle which I fancy will tire you be an Appologie for former ommissions.

“I ended wt Appine before he left this place which you need not make a secrete of and have sent my Charter of Portcharran to be confirm’d by Lord Glenorchy, which is not yet return’d : I had many mo. difficulties to fix matters with the Laird than I imagin’d but now all is over. I’m told you had some skirmishes wt that country I hope you was not foil’d.

“I’m very sorry for poor Pet. Cam. : it’s a very great loss to us all, Ld. Breadalban and especially Ld. Monzie are in a great concern for him.

“I remitt you to the Gazetts for Publick News all Britain is allarm’d wt an Invasion which is now past a Joack. Expresses arrive here every day from London wt fresh orders and its asserted that Warrands are given out to apprehend suspected persons, particularly young Ld. John Drummond the Duke of Perth’s Broyr.

“Private news : your old Mistress Annie Campbell, Ld. Monzie’s daughter run off wt Lewt. John Menzies heir presumptive of Appine of Dow a few nights ago, which has put that good familie in great affliction.

“The Master of Glen. is much better, Jack is very well, My Lady goes this night to the playhouse from thence to a privat Bawll and tomorrow to the Assembly.

"This Parragraff for my sister Mrs Robison and all her good familie are well. Peggy goes to as many Diversions as is necessary for a young Ladie, but neglects no part of her learning in which I'm told she makes great progress and is a most charming Dancer. She is extremely happy in having Mrs Robison for her Guardian who is an exceedingly good kind woman and mighty well regarded here.

"To be forwarded to Glenclererin Ballevolan's Daughter is a very fine lassie applys her schools very closs and I hope will convince John that his 40 stots are well bestow'd.

"All I have to add for myself is that I begg you tell Allan whom I hope you will not neglect it in case they begin to sow in Gleniure and Creagan before I get home that he see they sow right seed corn and likewise desire the Boumen¹ of Gleniure by no means to kill any calves of the cows that were double Isued² on the Straith of Gleniure, the Brown Bull I got from Airds is their Syre, and I want to keep them, male and female.

"I assure you for all the stay I have made here I have not in the least dipt in love hitherto.

"My kind complements to my sister Miss Robison and the young familie and all oyr friends that please to enquire for me.—I am Dr Broyr Yours

"COLIN CAMPBELL."

NO. vb.

LETTER Colin Campbell, Glenure, to John Campbell of Barcaldine.

"Edr. 15th Novr. 1744.

"Dr Broyr—Just as I am writing this I receive yours and will diliver your Commission about lease to Lord B. Lord Glenorchy went of yesterday for London. I can say nothing of Mr Dowgall's affair, only it has no bad aspect yett and you may believe I'm not idle about it tho' I cannot promise for success.

"The judiciall Rentall was scandalous and to be sure for no good designe but I expected no oyr from that Quarter. Your letter to the Shirref was a very strong pathetick one and I wish you wow'd write such anoyr as the scroll you sent me under cover to me to be delivered or not as I see cause I have not yett seen the Shirref but propose to see him tomorrow.

¹ Boumen, herdmen or cattlemen.

² Double Isued probably means having twin calves: all such Glenure wished to be kept, in spite of the common bel. that twins of different sexes would not breed.

"Mr John M'Lachlan is come to town, but I hope he'll miss his errand.

"I wish you woud send in the Shirref's answer to my sister's Letter or a scroll, as likewise a scroll of the Judicial Rentall taken by Airds and Esraggan.

"I am oblidged to stay here to clear my flayrs. Intromission wt. the estates of Lochell and Clanronald, which accounts, as Sandie knows how my papers ly, I have writt him to send me pr. express. I refer you to Sandie about his own affair of Corregell I was resolved to risque my Court on it.

"I am just now playing all my Polliticks to procure a Commission for Allan in one of the head Companies for the Highland Regt. but cannot promise for the success but will write you of it soon. I hope Allan is as dilligent for me at Gleniure and Creagan.

"James Campbell ¹ the Lieut. was here one night, saw Ld. G., dined wt. me and went straight to winter quarters to put an end to the toils of the Companie. Senior Joanino told me upon his parting wt. James very gravely he woud be none of Cuticks Tutors, that he had once acted for James Campbell and woud not disseat him, which I as gravely take to be a matter of no great moment. I believe we'll get the brunt of the battle ourselves.

"If you resolve I shoud do anything in that affair while I am here I begg you send me in all the papers relating to it by the express Sandie sends me, and especially the paper of Judge — you got by Ld. G.'s letter if you don't they'l not overtake me here James did not open his lips to me on the subject nor I to him but I think 'tis time to do something in it now or never, Iff you are not apply'd to to submit it Butt if you are not pray send in all the papers that we may have some advice and light in the matter which James has and we want all this time.

"I begg you'll take the trouble to send Gilpedder wt. a line to Duncan Campbell Lessmore to desire himself as well as the oyr. Tennants to have all their monie readie for me when I go home, you may believe I'll be very well appetis'd for it. I have no step but to clear the factor accounts. I likewise begg you desire Allan to keep a watchfull eye over them in Gleniure and Creagan and to give proper orders about my Cattle both there and in the parks of Bars and be as diligent for me as I for him, tho' the success does not depend on myself.

¹ James Campbell, the lieut., perhaps James of Glenfalloch, who was appointed a lieut. in the Highland Regiment or Black Watch (then the 43rd), on 25th Oct., 1739, and was killed at Fontenoy. The writer's brother, Allan, got a commission as ensign in the same regiment, 25th Dec., 1744.

"I heard some odd stories here of my Broyr. Dun.¹ and Gibbie M'Person about the litle Girle his sister pray desire Duncan to write me the whole story as it happen'd. My best wishes to my sister and all your young familie.—I ever am yours

"COLIN CAMPBELL.

"P.S.—Tell Peggie I hear she's married and that I hope soon to see her at her own fireside: what further occurs I'll write by next post. M'Dougall will write you by next. He received your letter this day."

CONTEMPORARY LETTERS ON THE REBELLION OF 1745.

PREFATORY NOTES BY THE EDITOR OF THE "NORTHERN CHRONICLE."

Lord Glenorchy, whose letters to the Argyllshire factor of his father form a very interesting portion of the Bighouse Papers, was a man of high character and sterling ability. He was sent as Envoy Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to Denmark in 1718, when only twenty-two years old, and succeeded in renewing former treaties and concluding a new one. He was afterwards British Ambassador at St Petersburg for some years. He was twice married, first in early youth to Amabel Grey, eldest daughter of Henry Grey, Duke of Kent. By her he had two children, Jemima, afterwards Marchioness Grey, who inherited her grandfather the Duke of Kent's estate, and a son, who died in infancy; and secondly to the younger of the two daughters of the squire of Sugnall, in Staffordshire, who, subsequently, through the failure of male heirs, became co-heiress with her elder sister of the Sugnall property. The son of this second marriage, the Lord Glenorchy who died in 1771, eleven years before his father, was the husband of the pious Lady Glenorchy. The death of this Glenorchy without surviving issue opened, in 1782, the succession to the titles and estates of Breadalbane to the son of the Carwhin, who is chaffed about his admiration of his new sword in one of our Lord Glenorchy's letters.

Lord Glenorchy does not begin his correspondence with Barcaldine until after the Prestonpans battle was fought. Apparently he came down from England after that event, to act for his father, the second Earl of Breadalbane, who was broken down by years and infirmities. Before his coming, John Campbell of Glen-

¹ Duncan, the brother of the writer, married Mary Macpherson, sister of Sir James Macpherson; probably the reference is to her. Their sister, Margaret, married John Campbell of Danna.

lyon and John Menzies of Shian had made a bold, and not altogether unsuccessful attempt to raise the Breadalbane men for the Pretender, in spite of the old Earl, who was a douce Presbyterian Whig. Lord Glenorchy tells how he refused to see Glenlyon when he called on him at Taymouth. The reason, which he does not give, was that Glenlyon and Shian had sent, in an incredibly short time, the fiery cross round Loch Tay in defiance of his father's prohibition; and it was suspected with the connivance of old Achalader, the Chamberlain of Breadalbane, who pleaded sickness in excuse of seeming negligence or connivance. But, while the two audacious Jacobites were able to defy the Earl of Breadalbane, they were thwarted, in a manner on which they had little calculated, by the power of the Church. Mr Douglas, minister of Kenmore; Mr James Stewart, minister of Killin; and, still more fiercely, Mr Fergus Ferguson, minister of Fortingall, backed by their respective Sessions, worked mightily, in the midst of threatenings, wrath, and manifest dangers, to array their parishioners in defence of the Protestant constitutional monarchy and civil and religious liberty. The Church had in the southern Highlands become by this time so powerful that lords, chiefs, and lairds found out they had lost most of the influence they possessed and unscrupulously exercised in 1715. But still the cry of *Oighre dligheach a chruin* was not without effect; and so the fiery cross was not sent round Loch Tay altogether in vain. Some thirty young men of Glenlyon also broke off from their people to fight for the Prince, five of whom were killed at Culloden. The other 250 took up arms on the side of the Government when the new companies were formed. The strength was in the cause of hereditary descent, and not in Glenlyon and Shian. Both of them were "wee lairdies" in embarrassed circumstances. Glenlyon, in 1745, had nothing of Glenlyon but the ancestral title. He possessed nothing but the small estate at the west end of Fortingall. Shian had nothing then but the four merkland of Western Shian in the Perthshire Glenquaich. The founder of his family was, strange to say, Mr William Menzies, minister of Kenmore, a stern Covenanter of the best type, who at his death, about 1658, left to his son John, the grandfather of the Jacobite, the four merkland of Western Shian, with half the village of Pittintran, near Crieff, and some leasehold lands in Appin of Dull.

Alexander Robertson of Struan, the poet Chief of Clan Donnachaidh, John Campbell of Glenlyon, and John Campbell of Achalader were middle-aged men when they fought for the Stuarts at Sheriffmuir in the wing of Mar's army, which, as they

boasted, was not defeated. They were too old to take the field in 1745, but the first two worked hard to set the heather on fire, while the third got sick unto death. John Menzies of Shian was in the '15 rising also, but he was younger than the other three. Younger than all of these was James Menzies of Culdares, who was scarcely of age when captured with Mackintosh of Borlum's men at Preston. Struan, Glenlyon, and Culdares went to France after the rebellion until they got pardoned; and when he returned in 1718, Culdares, the wise young man, brought back with him the first specimens of larch plants ever seen in Britain from the Tyrol. He was, as Lord Glenorchy says, "too cunning"—too wise he should be called—to join openly in the 1745 rebellion, although he sent a gift horse, the *each odhar*, to the Prince, by John Macnaughton, a Glenlyon man, who was a watchmaker in Edinburgh, and who was afterwards executed at Carlisle for killing Colonel Gardiner when he lay wounded on the field of Prestonpans.

In "Waverley" Sir Walter Scott made Grandtully Castle, in Strathgairn, the Tully-veolan of the Baron of Bradwardine and Shian, in Glenquaich, the residence of the Highland Chief, Fergus Mac Ivor. He also introduced the real contemporary Rannoch robber, Do'ull Ban Leathan, into the story as Jacobite agent at times, which he truly was. We do not know that any John Mor, descendant of the minister of Kenmore indulged in forays, or had a "Bodach Glas;" but Archibald Menzies, the son of Shian, met, in the retreat from England, with Fergus Mac Ivor's misfortune. He was captured, but he could not have been executed at Carlisle, because he was one of the people specially excepted from the Act of Indemnity, and a true bill was found against him at Edinburgh, in 1748. His father, Colonel John Menzies of Shian, never returned from Culloden. It was said that he crossed the Nairn with the party that did not break up at once, that he was wounded, and that, having taken refuge in some hut, he refused to surrender, and that after he had shot some of his besiegers, the others fired the hut, and that he thus, like an old Viking, perished unsubdued in the flames.

NO. VI.

LETTER Lord Glenorchy, evidently to John C. of Barcaldine but without address. It is docqueted "9th October, 1745 Letter Ld. Glenorchie."

"Octr. 9th.

"Sir,—I am very glad you interposed in preventing the curiosity of those Glenorchy people, who seemed fond of visiting

the sacks of the travellers, and that you extinguished the sparks which are beginning to appear. One Breadalbane man whom you mention in your letter to John is of the right stamp. I wish all the country thought as he does or pretends.

"I have heard nothing of Ld. Seaforth and Sir Alexr., but that they and their men have been long talked of, but are probably quiet at home.

"Tis said the M'Phersons, with Cluny himself, are coming forward, and that they wait only to be join'd by Ld. Lovat's men. What makes this likely to be true is that Lady Cluny pass'd last Thursday for Edinr. But, on the other hand, the delaying so long makes it doubtful, and when Lovat hears of the troops being landed, he may probably change his note. Kinlochmudert's brother pass'd north two days ago, with 15 horses loaded with baggage, got probably since the battle.¹ The M'Kinnons were some days ago at Blair. The D. of At. was to go to-day with all his men to Dunkeld, and from thence to Edinr.

"I'm glad the Person in whom you say you are nearly concerned resolves to be quiet.

"Inclosed are the last newspapers I've receiv'd. I believe the Troops design'd to come north may be at Edinr. before the end of this month. Mareshal Wade is to command in this expedition, and I believe Sr. Jo. Legoniere and Ld. Tyrawley are appointed to act as Lieutenant-Generals.—I am, yours,
"G."

Note.—"The Person"—Possibly Campbell of Keithock, whose sister was John Campbell of Barcaldine's wife.

NO. VII.

LETTER Alexander Campbell to John Campbell of Barcaldine, Esq.

"Octr. 11th, 1745.

"Dr. Brother,—I have received your's wherein you desire that I tell Carwhin that his people are beginning to besturr themselves, and I have since heard that M'Dougald² is likewise turned light in the head. Wherefore I beg that you deal with him to stay at home if he has the least regard for his family, for there are 21,000 regular forces march'd from London the 21st of Septr. against the Highlanders, of which 14 regiments from Flanders and our whole army are embark'd from Flanders. So you may see what a miserable plight these poor gentlemen that are engaged with the Prince are in. I believe we shall soon be oblig'd to march, which

¹ Battle, viz., Prestonpans, fought 20th September.

² M'Dougald of Dunolly.

I hope you'll keep a secret till I write you again. Your sword [sword] is out upon command, and I shall send it to you as soon as the command comes home, by express. Please make my compliments to my sisters and all the family at Inverargan, and I always am, your loving broyr.,

"ALEXR. CAMPBELL."

Note.—The writer was a lieutenant in Loudon's Highlanders, his commission dating from 8 June, 1745. Ewen Macpherson of Cluny was appointed a captain at the same time.

NO. VIII.

LETTER Lord Glenorchy, evidently to John Campbell of Barcaldine, but not addressed. It is docketed "Taymouth, 14 Octr., 1745. Letter Lord Glenorchie."

"Taymouth, 14th Octr., 1745.

"Sir,—I send you the inclosed papers, the written one is sent from London. It is very odd to stir up the old story of Glencoe again, and it is thought by some in Edin. to be done with a particular view.

"Ld. Monzie went suddenly last Friday into the Castle of Stirling, I don't know his reasons. I have had odd hints in letters from Edinr. I don't know but I may be soon at Armadie. This is the season of woodcocks. If I come there I'll let you know it.

"I have heard nothing of the M'Phersons, M'Intoshes, or Frasers, only that the former were expected at Dunkeld last Saturday. If they were come I believe I should have been inform'd of it.

"I'm told two gentlemen from the Isle of Skie pass'd lately thro Athol, who gave out they were going to Edinr. to settle the time and manner of Sir Alexr. and M'Leod's men joining the army; but that it was thought their intention was to see how matters stand before they form their resolution.

"The blockade of the Castle¹ is taken off so that they have provisions at liberty.

"Shian finds a great deal of difficulty in raising Struan Robertson's men again. About 130 soldiers taken at the Battle, who were committed to the care of Shian, and were listed by him, have escaped from his guard, and are gone into Stirling Castle.

"A small ship (said to be a smuggler) came lately to Monross, and landed three gentlemen, one of whom is the Master of Strathallan, with arms for about 500 men, and some money.—Yrs.,

"G—."

¹ Blair Castle.

NO. IX.

FROM Lord Glenorchy, evidently to John Campbell of Barcal-dine. Docquetted "Achmore, 25th October, 1745. Letter Ld. Glenorchie."

"Achmore, 25th October, —

ir,—I send you (as you desired) the following parts of the affair described in the newspapers.

I can see no reason for the alarm sent me from Edn. Ld. I have some intelligence of an attempt to be made upon his person upon which he went to the Town of Stirling (not the place as I first heard), from whence he rides about in the neighbourhood. His House has been since search'd for arms and ammunition. Of the former they found only one gun, belonging to him, which they took away; and of the latter they found nothing for their purpose, the Ly. (Lady) having sent them all away.

When the Troops in Perthshire march, I believe he will come again.

All who pass the Bridge of Tay say the Isle of Skie men and officers are coming forward, but this has been so often said that I shall not easily believe it. Young Cluny brought the news into Athole about 8 days ago, and went himself back to Achmore, which makes some think he will stay at home to see future consequences; about 200 of his men have been in vain forcing Culdares' men to rise, who refused it, unless their officers went with him, but he is too cunning to expose himself, so prevailed on Duncan Duneaves' brother to head them, whom they went yesterday willingly. Shian¹ has at length, with the assistance of the McPhersons, forced out the Appin of Perth, much against their will, and yesterday they all march'd, but the Athole men were not march'd two days ago, but intended to do so soon, the D. being at Perth receiving some cannon, ammunition, and money, landed somewhere near Peterhead in a ship from France, and I'm told a third ship is also landed, but I did not hear where.

Eight regiments last order'd from Flanders landed on the coast at Newcastle, and arrived the Monday following at Perth. The army coming by land from the South consists of 12,000 men, who were, on the 15th, at Doncaster, Yorkshire, and are now at or near Berwick now. There will be at least 14,000 besides the Dutch, who are commanded by Counts Nassau and Schwartzburg. I don't know their number, having heard

¹ Shian, John Menzies of Shian.

only of 3000 being landed, but I suppose the rest are also arrived. Marshall Wade, with the Generals Wentworth and Halke, and Brigadier Chumley, command the British.

"I don't at present think of going further west; when I do, I'll acquaint you with it.

"Achalader is in a very bad state of health, very much alter'd since you saw him; he has not breath to walk, and hardly to speak without difficulty. When I came here he came in a chaise, not being able to ride.

"I wonder several who went North to bring up their men are not yet return'd, particularly Ludovick Cameron and Barrisdale. I think they have not much time to loose.—Adieu. Yrs.,

"G——.

"Mr Drummond (Lord Strathallan's brother) my Banker at London, is broke, with £700 of my money in his hands, which was remitted to him out of Staffordshire just two days before he broke. This loss, added to the difficulty of getting rents this year, will be very inconvenient to me. If you know any body who can let me have four or five hundred £ on my Bond, I wish you could procure it; the Interest shall be regularly paid and the Principal when demanded."

Note.—Auchmore, near Killin, was occupied for ninety years by the two Achaladers, father and son, Chamberlains of Breadalbane. Both were called "John." The "Young John" mentioned by Lord Glenorchy in his letter of 11th November, was old Achalader's son and successor.

NO. X.

LETTER from Allan Campbell, an ensign in Lord John Murray's (afterwards the 42nd) or the Highland Regiment, to John Campbell of Barcaldine. This letter is so addressed and docketed: "Perth, 26 Octr., 1745. Letter Allan Campbell."

"Dr. Brother,—This is to aquent you that I am in health and still a Prisoner on Parole; we have the liberty of the town of Perth and two miles round it; we pass our time very agreeably, their being about fifty of us Prisoners and a great many of them very pretty gentlemen.

"I never was so idle, having nothing to do but sleep, dress, and walk. I believe such a life would agree very well with my Brother Duncan.

"Please tell Mrs Campbell at Drimouick that her Brother Archy is in very good health, who is a very honest, pretty fellow.

"I have no news but that thar was a great many smal arms and six pieces of cannon that came from France pass'd throw this town last day, under ye care of the Duke of Athole's people and some Irish men that were in ye French service, about 20 in number, for ye Prince's use. Make my compliments to all friends in ye Country, and to my sister in particular, and I ever am, Dr. Br., your affec. and lov. Br.

"ALLAN CAMPBELL.

"Perth, 26th October, 1745."

Note.—Allan Campbell, with his Captain, Sir Patrick Murray, and Lieut. James Farquharson, yr. of Invercauld, was at the Battle of Prestonpans, and the whole Company were either killed or taken prisoners. See Gen. Stewart of Garth. His Commissions were—Ensign, 25th December, 1744; Lieutenant, 1st December, 1746; Captain, 13th May, 1755; Major, 15th August, 1762; removed to half-pay 1763; brought in on full pay to 36th; and died a Lieut.-General in 1795.

NO. XI.

LETTER from Colin Campbell (evidently Sheriff of Argyle), to John Campbell of Barcaldine. It is docqueted "Inverary, 10th Nov. Letter Colin Campbell."

"Dr. Br.—The Duke of Argyle has at last given his orders to raise the Militia. Such of the Deputy-Lieutenants as came got their Commissions, and have by a sederunt of yesterday's date appointed intimations to be sent to the several Parishes to have on (? one) man on the twenty shilling land ready to come when called for.

"General Campbell is coming down from Liverpool, with arms and provisions, to head them; and, as soon as he arrives, the Militia will be called here. It's by the cess note the Militia is to be levied. Glengyle came down thorow Cowal beginning of this week, as it's thought to cover the rising of some men, which alarmed this town, and occasioned the calling in all the Militia hereabouts. He was last night at Duncan Brecks upon his return. I believe there is a party to march this day of 150 men to intercept him at the head of Lochgyle, but I reckon he'll endeavour to give them the slip. The Edin. post has not come in yet. Airs will give you all their news by the post, and, if I have anything worth, I'll write you from Glenorchy, where I go to day to concert about the Militia of that Countrey. I leave it to you to name the officers of your own and my Lord Breadalbane's men in the

Parish of Ardochattan. I think John Auchnaba would do very well to be Captain over them. In my opinion, we should make the best show we can, and march in all my Lord Breadalbane's men in a body, and order them all to meet at Clathaik; but of this we have time enough to think, and probably I may see you before they may be called, to concert some general plan to follow. The Highland army marcht from Edinr., as it's said, for England, and accounts came in last night by express from Glasgow that they returned back again.—I am, Dr. Sr., yours,
"CO. CAMPBELL."

Note—General Campbell. General John Campbell of Mamore, afterwards Duke of Argyle.

NO. XII.

LETTER Lord Glenorchy, evidently to John Campbell of Barchaldine, docqueted "Taymouth, 11th November, 1745; Letter Ld. Glenorchie."

"Taymouth, 11th November, 1745.

"Sir,—I received a letter yesterday from the Sheriff, dated the 4th, which had, I suppose lain so long by the neglect of the officer thro whose hands it came. He informs me that he has received orders for raising the Militia, and that he expected General Campbell there soon, wind and weather serving, which was likewise writt to me from London a fortnight ago.

"When the Militia is rais'd, all in my estate must be on the same footing with the rest of the shire, and I hope my friends who are to command them will qualifye as the Law directs, especially if the D. of A.'s friends do it.

"A distinction would look extremely ill, and might be very hurtfull to my interest at this time.

"I have not heard from Edin. nor London for a long time. An Express whom I sent ten days ago is not yet returned. I heard accidentally from Sterling that as the man was going into Edn., he was heartily beat by some mob, because he had the appearance of a Highlander, tho' very little of the garb. So much was the face of affairs changed at Edn. since the army left it on the last day of October and the first of this month.

"Great numbers of Highlanders pass to the North, 20 and 30 in a body. Above 150 have pass'd lately thro this country. Some of them give out that they are sent back to form a Body of observation in the North, others say they have leave to return to take care of their own country, but 'tis most probable they

have neither orders nor leave. They are all well arm'd, some doubly.

"Tis now pretty certain that none from the Isle of Sky are to stir. The Frasers have been long talk'd of, and preparations have been made for them on the road, but if they had set out when it was reported, they must have pass'd long ago: about 140 of Glen-garie's men pass'd ten days ago southward, and about 200 M'Intoshes and M'Illevrays from the Braes of Mar pass'd lately.

"A deserter yesterday said he left the army at Moffat, and that they were marching the West road in 3 columns.

"Old Glenlyon came here yesterday. I sent to tell him to go away immediately. He was in a chaise. Young John ask'd him some questions, but he could answer nothing; nor did he know which road the army had taken.

"A disturbance at Perth has made a good deal of noise, occasion'd by some people of the town assembling to celebrate the 30th of October, and one man of the town was kill'd, and one Frenchman who came over in one of the small ships with arms.

"The Sheriff writes to me that he had a letter from Berwick telling that Maréshall Wade was at Newcastle with 16,000 men, where he was to make a halt, and would be at Berwick on the 7th, and that more Forces were landed in the Thames from Flanders, Horse, Foot, and Dragoons. I suppose Wade will cross the Country to meet the Highlanders. There is not a word true of any landing from France or Spain.

"A gentleman from Edr. tells me that Sr. Watkin Williams Wyn has subscribed a large sum of money jointly with other gentlemen, who are known friends to the Government, for raising of Troops. Adieu. Yrs.,

"G——.

"Achalader continues much the same, too weak to go thro his accounts, or to mind much business.

"My letters are this moment come from Edr. 'Tis certain that Wade had 11,000 men with him in Yorkshire, besides 4000 more in other parts of the County, and that 30 ships were come into Newcastle with Forces from Flanders.

"The Edr. *Mercury* mentions a Proclamation by Wade that, whereas several people have been seduced into the Rebellion, whoever returns home before the 11th of this month shall not be molested, upon which 500 had pass'd northward thro Kilsyth one day, and 300 the next day.

"I hear there is great unanimity and high spirits in London, being no ways apprehensive of an Invasion."

NO. XIII.

LETTER from Lord Glenorchy, evidently to John Campbell of Barcaldine, docqueted "Taymouth 3rd Decemr. 1745—Letter Lord Glenorchie."

"Taymouth 3rd Decr. 1745.

"Sir,—I have received yours of the 27th past with the names of the officers of the Militia. I suppose Carwhin was so taken up with trying on his Broad sword that he forgot to send their names to me. I think they are very well chosen, and I daresay the young nameless Ensign from Dalfour won't degenerate from the behaviour of his ancestors. I'm glad you are in a way of getting quit of your gout, and that you'll soon appear at Inveraray. I'm very glad McDougal judges so right, but Appin's conduct surprises me a little.

"The Sheriff writes to me that he is inform'd Glenoe is in a treaty with Glencoe, and hopes I will put a stop to it. I desire you by all means to prevent anything of that kind, and you may tell Glenoe that instead of expecting my friendship I shall be the greatest enemy he has in the world if he should affront me by breaking his promise to me, and no man with half a grain of sense will engage on that side as matters now stand with them.

"I don't think there is any reason for blaming the Forces in England for letting the Highland Army advance so far, nor do I think their getting Carlisle of any consequence to them. I have been very often there, it being my road from Sugnall, and I know it to be of no force, the Fortifications being ruinous, and only 500 men of Invalids hardly able to carry a musket which is call'd a garrison. Upon this occasion indeed part of the Militia of the County was in the Town, and one Durand (who I suppose is an officer sent thither for the present) declares that he would have held it ten days against the whole highland army if the Inhabitants had not obliged him to capitulate for fear of being plunder'd, but I don't believe him.

"Lochiel was sent back with a detachment to demand the Baggage which they had left at Lockerhy and which was taken by the men of Dumfries, but before he reached Dumfries he was recall'd to the army. Marshal Wade came from Newcastle (where he had staid so long in order to see which way the Highlanders should take) but was stop'd by the snow when he was about 25 miles from Carlisle, and hearing that their army was advancing towards Lancashire he would loose no more time by waiting for a change of weather but return'd to Newcastle and took the Great

Road (tho' round about) which leads into Lancashire in order to follow them. Sir John Ligonier's army was within 50 miles of the Highlanders and superiour in number to them, for I don't think there can possibly be above 3000 real Highlanders, considering the great desertion, and those at Perth and that neighbourhood, which amount to 16 or 1700 men; and I'm told those in England were joyn'd in the South of Scotland only by 2000 men at most.

"I saw a letter from one in their army at Carlisle who owns that none have joyn'd them there but a very few of the lowest of the people. If they should happen to push through Ligonier's army, they will meet a third army composed of the best troops in England, and I do assure you that the very name of a Highlander is detested by the people all over England.

"I have a letter from Col. Campbell inclosing a copy of one from the General to him, in which he desires him to advise with me about the officers for 8 Independent Companies, in which he says the men must be listed regularly for a year certain or to the end of the Rebellion. He does not say on what footing the officers are to be afterwards, whether they are to keep their ranks and to have half-pay, but to be sure they will be upon the same footing as those Companies rais'd in the North. I have recommended you and McDougall for each a Company in order that my friends may not take the Lord's name in vain. Tell McDougall of it, and let me know immediately if you or he have any objections to it, for I find the Genl. expects to have those Companies compleated as soon as possible without waiting for him. Send me a List of some gentlemen proper to be Lieutenants and Ensigns in those Companies.

"Tis said by all hands that McLeod has joyn'd Lord Loudon with 430 men, and that his Lds. has 1400 men with him.

"Ld. John Drummond landed last week at Montrose; as soon as the news of it was spread about the Guns of Down Castle were fired, and 'twas given out that he has brought 8000 men with him. The accounts from Perth call them 800, and other accounts bring them down to 400 and 100, so that they are probably few and Irish.

"The Laird of McLachlin, or as some say one Capt. McLachlin, went lately thro Strathern from Carlisle to Perth. The cause of his coming back is not yet known, some imagine 'tis to bring those men after the army. He was attended by 20 Hussars of the Carlisle edition that is Angus men with Fur Bonnets.

"The Second Barrisdale was (I'm told) some days ago alone at Dalnakardoch, I suppose he went to Perth.—Adieu, yrs.

"GLENORCHY.

"I hear nothing of the Frasers, 100 of them came some time ago to Perth, about 120 M'Leods of Rasa are there, Ld. Cromartie has 200 McKenzies, Ludovick Cameron is there with the Camerons who came thro Glendochart as also Stewarts and Glenco's men. There are Farquharsons and M'Intoshes there and some of Glengarie's men.

"This goes by an express to Armadie who leaves it with the officer of Glenorchy, you may send your answer back, which will be taken up there by the man on his return from Armadie."

Note.—The young nameless Ensign from Dalfour, probably Barcaldine's son Alexander, who joined the Argyleshire Militia as a Volunteer at the age of 16 about this time. Dalfour is near the present mansion-house of Barcaldine.

NO. XIV.

LETTER from Lord Glenorchy to John Campbell of Barcaldine, docqueted "Taymouth 6 Decr. 1745—Letter Lord Glenorchie."

"Taymouth, 6th December, 1745.

"Sir,—I received this afternoon yours by the Bearer, and I suppose you've seen before now by my last that as soon as I got the account from Inverary I thought of you. I'm glad I prevented your writing to me about it, and I suppose there can be no difficulty in it.

"I hear from London that the Duke of Cumberland is gone to command the army which Sir John Ligonier was to have commanded, but he was taken suddenly ill, however he is recover'd and set out with the Duke. The army consists of about 9000 men of old Regiments, most of them come from Flanders, and 3000 of new Regiments. Two Battalions of the Guards from Flanders are with them, and all our Troops are now coming over. Their only apprehension at London is that the Highlanders will get into Wales and escape them for some time.

"A French ship is taken by one of our men of war and carried into Deal, near Dover, having above 60 officers aboard, and 'tis thought P. Henry is with them. Ld. Derwentwater is in that ship and Kelly, and it was talk'd at London that Adml. Martin had destroyed the whole fleet that was coming over, but this perhaps is not true. Another of our ships has taken a Frenchman and carried him into Dover but it is not known how many men were aboard, and a third ship is carried into Leith with about 130 men. There were arms and ammunition in all of them.

"It is reported at Perth that Adml. Bing's ship was seen off Montrose in chace of three French ships very near them.

"Ld. Jo. Drummond has about 140 men with him. There are at Perth in all near 2000 men. Several Frasers pass'd lately towards Perth.

"Loudon is said certainly to have with him 400 M'Leods, 100 Grants, 100 Guns, 100 Munroes, 100 M'Kays, 100 Sutherlands, Capt. Sutherland's Company compleat, about 40 of Major M'Kenzie's Company and as many of Ld. Chs. Gordon's Company, and two Companies of Guise's Regiment.

"Your Brother Allan is just come in here on leave for some time.—Adieu, yrs. (Sd.) "GLENORCHY.

"I've sent two English and two Scots News papers to Achalader to read and desired him to send them forward to you. 'Tis the Laird of M'Lachlin that is come to Perth but his errand is not known. Achalader is a good deal better.

"The Highlanders were counted at two Bridges in England, and were a little above 6000 men. They have been joyn'd by none since they enter'd England."

Notes.—Prince Henry. Not long after the arrival of Lord John Drummond at Montrose with his own regiment and other troops from France, it was intended to send another expedition, which was to land on the English coast, and that Henry, Duke of York, should accompany it; but apparently before the necessary arrangements were completed, Prince Charlie commenced his retreat from Derby, and the plan was not executed.

Lord Charles Gordon, 2nd son of the Duke of Gordon, commanded a Company in Lord Loudon's regiment.

NO. XV.

LETTER from Lieut. Alexander Campbell¹ to his brother, John Campbell of Barcaldine, docqueted "Corregyle² 6 Decr. 1745. Letter Alexr. Campbell," and addressed "to John Campbell of Barcaldine Esq."

"Corregile Decr. 6th 1745.

"Dr. Broyr.,—This morning I was ashured that Barisdle with 700 men are to be in the Breas of this country this night with what Intent I cannot tell, but it is belived with an intent to pay

¹ Alexr. Campbell and Colin Campbell, Glenure, brothers of John of Barcaldine, and their cousin, Patricj, son of Achalader, were all Lieuts. in Loudon's Highlanders.

² Corryghoil is in Glenorchy, about 4 miles east of Dalmally.

a visit to Inverary: we are likewise told that there are two thousand to com from Perth to join him and to come in a body into this Shire Please receive by the Bearer a trunk with all the Papers I have within it, which I hope you'll take the same care of as you'll do of your own Papers if the Rebels begin to Plunder the Shire (which you'll soon be informed of) I think you should put your Castle¹ in a pouser of Defence without loss of time and put in all your own and friends most valuable things. I talk as if you was in perfect health tho' I know the contrary but I hope you'll not neglect to cause Do it, and the sooner the Better. Please make my complements to my sister and family and I ever am yours till death.

"ALEXR. CAMPBELL."

NO. XVI.

LETTER from Lord Glenorchy to John Campbell of Barcaldine, docqueted "Taymouth 15th December 1745—Letter Ld. Glenorchie."

"Taymouth 15th Decr. 1745.

"Sir,—If I wrote to you that Genl. Campbell expected the Companies should be compleated before his arrival I certainly exceeded my own Intention, for I only meant that I wrote pressingly about them and hoped they would be pretty far advanced by the time he came. Your objections to so much haste are very obvious, and what I can give no answer to, for (as I believe I mentioned before) I know nothing about the establishment of them, no more does Colonel Campbell till his father's arrival who brings blank Commissions with him, and will certainly be desirous of raising the Companies as fast as possible.

"I will have regard to the persons included in your list as far I can, but I am not sure if they will not exceed my property if there are but three officers to a Company, for I have already recommended Archibald Glenfalloch's Uncle, Jo. Campbell Achnaba's nephew now carrying arms in Sr. Pat. Murray's Company and gleid Duncan to be Lieutenants, I will certainly insist on young Achnaba,² and procure him to be your Lieut., if no objection starts up to it (I mean as to being in that Company) which I don't at all foresee. You say it will be difficult and take high bribing to get men to list for a year or to the end of the Rebellion.

¹ Barcaldine Castle, at the entrance of Loch Creran.

² John Campbell, younger of Achnaba, got a Commission, and received a wound at Culloden, of which he died two days afterwards, and was buried in Inverness-shire.

I can't see wherein this difficulty lies, for I think it would be easier to get men to enlist for a certain time for nothing, than to engage for life in the common way for a considerable sum of money.

"McDougall desires to know how many men each Company to consist of, what Levy money is to be allowed, what time will be given for raising the Companies, and if the Officers are to have half-pay when disbanded. He says 'tis necessary for him to know these things, otherwise he may plunge himself into an affair that may quite disconcert his present way of living if the Commissions should be of short duration. These are questions certainly very proper for him to ask, but impossible for me to answer at present, as I have writt to him. He likewise desires if he has a Company, that he and his friends may be freed from the Militia, which is not in my power to grant, and wishes to know his subalterns, of which I cannot inform him, and desires to have Creganich for his Lieut. if I am not pre-engaged. My inclosed answer contains that as I am desirous of serving him and his family, I thought this might be an opportunity of doing it, but that I can't answer any one of his questions because I don't know what footing these Companies are to be on. That if he apprehends such a Commission will not answer the end I propose, which is serving his family, he is not in the least bound by what I have done, and as the Companies will certainly not be of long duration very possibly it may not suit his affairs, in which case I shall be very willing to procure him any Benefit I can some other way. This is the contents of my letter to him, but I'll tell you that I have been very lately inform'd that some difficulties may be thrown in his way at Inveraray, I suppose for private reasons. The Lieut. Col. in answer to my letter naming you and McDougall for Captains, Duncan, Archibald and John for Lieuts., only says that he will communicate my letter to his father on his arrival, and that my recommendation will have weight with him.

"If you apprehend McDougall may be objected to, I should really think it better to drop it than to start a difficulty of this kind, since he does not appear extremely keen in it himself, and very possibly it may not suit with his other affairs. I suppose his desire of being freed from the Militia is in order to put some same men in his Company, but I doubt if he can be exempted from the Service of the Militia. I would not mention anything to him of this difficulty, which I did not in the least imagine at first, and possibly may yet be nothing, but if there is any probability of it I really think you would do right to put him off it.

"Five hundred Frasers are gone lately to Perth as I'm informed, and I hear they make the number about 2000, and that there are about 1500 Irish landed in different parts. Old Lochell came over with Ld. Jo. Drummond.

"I'm told they are cutting a deep broad ditch round the town of Perth and intend to put cannon on it when they can get them over the River, but the boats are too small for them. All the Country about will be ruin'd, they plunder terribly, and have kill'd some farmers who would have defended their Houses.

"I expect a man from Edinr. daily. I'll send you the Newspapers. By the last accounts the highland army was at Manchester at the south end of Lancashire, a most populous City where are great manufactures, and yet they could get but 100 men to whom they were forced to pay 6 guins. each. And tho' Lancashire is always reckon'd the most Jacobite County in England they have not been joyn'd by one man. The Duke of Cumberland's army consisting of 9000 men from Flanders and 3000 new raised, were about 30 miles from them, but the Highlanders by going to Manchester turn'd out of the direct Road to them as if they would avoid them. Marshal Wade was marching back southward slowly. I believe a part of his army will be sent to Scotland.—Adieu, yrs. "G——."

Note.—The General Campbell referred to is the Hon. John Campbell of Mamore, afterwards 4th Duke of Argyll; his son Col. C. was afterwards 5th Duke. The General arrived at Inveraray on 21st December to command the troops and garrisons in the west of Scotland.

M'Dougall.—Alex. M'D. of Dunolly who was married to Mary, sister to John C. of Barcaldine, and was restored to his father's estate, which had been forfeited after 1715, by charter from the Duke of Argyll in 1745.

NO. XVII.

LETTER from Lord Glenorchy to John Campbell of Barcaldine docquetted "Taymouth 18th Decr. 1745—Letter Ld. Glenorchie."

"Taymouth 18th Decr. 1745.

"Sir,—I wrote to you in my letter that I had a hint given me of some objections that would be made to a friend of yours. I have heard nothing further about it nor can I till the General's arrival. But if there is any grounds to expect objecting, it would be much better for him to decline it of himself.

"I've sent two news papers to Achalader who is to send them forward when he has read them. 'The Highland army is trying to avoid the Duke of Cumberland, which looks ill for them. They were pass'd all Lancashire, which is the most Jacobite shire in England, and were join'd by none but a very few Rabble. They attempted to go to Wales but a part of the Duke's army got before them, and he himself began his march towards them with the rest of his army at eleven o'clock at night. They afterwards turn'd short to the East which obliged him to march back, and they were about 17 or 20 miles asunder, each within 70 miles of London. I think their game was to attack him directly, but probably they think him too strong. If they should march faster than he and go to London, they will find an army there to entertain them till the Duke comes up which must be in some hours after them.

"There were 22 officers taken in the French ship which the Sheerness man of war took, and with them is Ld. Derwentwater whose Brother was beheaded in the 1715. Sixteen officers were taken in the ship brought into Leith besides several sergeants and private men in both : all of them Scots and Irish.

"Im told 400 Frasers are come to Perth, and that they are casting a ditch round Oliver's Citadel on the South Inch, where they intend to put Cannon.

"I've heard from Fort William that Lord Loudoun came from Inverness to Fort Augustus with 600 men, and staid there some days, and that he has 1300 men at Inverness.

"A man who left Perth last night tells me that 1000 men with 8 Field Pieces march'd yesterday from thence towards Crief. They gave out they were going to Sterling, but the smallness of the Cannon is a proof they don't intend anything there.—I am yrs.

"G——."

NO. XVIII.

LETTER from Lord Glenorchy to John Campbell of Barcaldine, docqueted "Taymouth, 19th Decr. 1745—Letter Lord Glenorchy."

"Taymouth 19th Decr. 1745.

"Sir,—I wrote to you last night and sent you two newspapers and acquainted you with what I heard of affairs. But I have just now received accounts of much greater importance. An express came yesterday to Genl. Blakeney at Sterling from Genl. Guest informing him that the Highland army after retreating very fast was overtaken by the Duke of Cumberland near Lancaster on the

13th or 14th, where after a smart action they were forced to fly into the town of Lancaster, and were immediately surrounded by the Duke's army; and that the P. and the D of Perth had escaped with 100 Light Horse, and all the country was up in pursuit of them.

"The Town of Lancaster is open on all sides, so that I don't see how any can escape, unless some could have time to pass the Bridge on the North side of it, and to break it down, but I don't imagine the Duke will give them an opportunity of that.

"Lancashire is fatal to the Highlanders. I have just now heard that part of that body which went from Perth on Tuesday came that night to Crief and march'd yesterday towards Down. The rest came last night to Crief and follow'd them this day.—I am, yrs.,

"G—"

"Upon recollection I think it very possible that my author from Sterling (who saw Blakeney's letter) may have mistaken the name, and that 'tis Manchester not Lancaster. This would make no difference, only that the further south the harder for any to escape."

Note.—Lord Glenorchy's informant was right: the Highlanders were at Lancaster on the 13th and 14th, and marched for Kendal on the 15th: as they left the town some of the English horse entered it, and followed the Highland army for two or three miles, but no engagement took place.

NO. XIX.

LETTER from Lord Glenorchy to John Campbell of Barcaldine, docqueted "Taymouth, 26th Decr. 1745.—Letter Lord Glenorchy."

"Taymouth, 26th Decr. 1745.

"Sir,—I received this day yours of the 22nd, to which I have nothing to answer. I suppose Genl. Campbell did not arrive at Inveraray so soon as was expected after his landing at Camp belltown, otherwise I should have heard it by a man whom I sent there last week, and is (I suppose) detain'd by the Sheriff till his arrival.

"I intend to be at Inveraray next Wednesday, and wish you could meet me there or soon after. I have sent three newspapers to Achalader, who is to forward them to you. There does not seem to have been any battle at Lancaster. The Highlanders, indeed, ran away and very fast before the Duke's army, and I'm told in a letter that the men ran and the Baggage horses gallop'd

By their extortions, contributions, and other severities (besides gathering Taxes), it seems as if they never intended to return into those counties, where the name of a Highlander is now become odious. I believe they were incensed at not being join'd by any but a few common fellows to whom they gave great Levy money, tho' the counties of Lancaster and Stafford are reckon'd the two most Jacobite Counties in England. In Staffordshire the people would take no payment for their Horses and Carriages with the Duke's army, and they lodged all his men gratis. The Duke of Devonshire has raised 600 men, and pays them all himself, he won't take any money for it from the Government. His family has always been distinguished Whigs, but 'tis a great deal for any subject to do.

"I doubt if the Duke's Horse can come from Carlisle for want of forage. If it is possible he will continue to follow them, for he has shown so much activity and judgment in always crossing between the Highlanders and London, and in pursuing so fast without overfatiguing his Troops, that he is so beloved by them they will go through any dangers with him cheerfully.

"I hear the Highlanders march'd 30 miles some days, and once 35 miles. I should think many of them would desert as soon as they can. I suppose part of Wade's army will be immediately in Scotland.

"At Edinr. all is confusion. The Banks are carried up to the Castle, and people are leaving the Town again.

"The House of Commons have address'd the King, desiring him to order the Provost of Edinr. to be continued in custody.—
Adieu, yrs., "G."

NO. XX.

LETTER from Lieut. Alexr. Campbell to John Campbell of Barcaldine, his brother, docqueted "Aberdeen 18 April 1746, Letter Alexr. Campbell"; and addressed "John Campbell, Esq. of Barcaldine at Dalfour."

"Aberdeen, Aprile 18th 1746.

"Dear Brother,—I received yours this Day afternoon and I understand by it that you did not receive the Letter that Auchnaba wrote giving a distinct account of my misfortune. The bearer of it was John McCintyre once gardener at Clifton. He sett out from this upon the tenth current.

"But as I understand that that account is not come to your hand I shall give you a distinct narration of my misfortunes, which is as follows, Upon the nineteenth of the last month I was ordered

by Coll. Campbell out with a party of Sixty foot and thirty Light Horse from Strathbogie to Keith, which is six miles distance, in order to intercept some of the Rebell Hussars: my subalterns were Ardslnish and Petty Ardchattan, Robie Balivolan was volunteer along with me and severall other young gentlemen, we stayed at Keith all that Day and I myself with twenty of the Light Horse rode out from Keith untill we came within half a mile of Foccabirse and Reconitred the enemy's camp on Speyside and all the Intelligence I could get the Enemy had crossed Spey that evening to their camp, whereupon I cam back to Keith and ordered the half of my party both horse and foot to mount guard and made Ardslnish Captain of the Guard and ordered the other half of the foot to ly in their Cloaths and arms in the Church beside him: and he and I both planted the Centuries in the most convenient parts from the town to the number of nine or ten, this far I have given you a History of my Management in vindication of my conduct, I sate up till near one in the morning at which time I threw myself upon a bed in my cloaths and arms and just as I was falling asleep I heard firing begun at our Guard House door which was within the Churchyard. I ran out of the house and gott down to the Church stile, when I observed the whole Churchyard filled with the Enemy, but luckily their backs was upon me. I drew my sword and rushed thro' them untill I gott to the Guard house. They fired severall shots at me as I passed but missed me. When I came to the Guard house I found everything in disorder, four of the men killed, the Captain wounded and what remained of the men in the house quite inactive in their duty. I told Ardslnish that the only chance left us now for our Lives and Reputation was to make a brisk attempt to gett thro' the enemy back again which He agreed to, we both Rushed out of the house but could not make our post good. He was immediately taken Prisoner upon his getting out of the Door, I stood longer to my defence tho' I was frequently offered Quarters and my Reason for not taking quarters was that I was almost sure that I would be cutt to pieces after being taken Prisoner which was at last my fate, for a fellow came behind me with a clubbed firelock and knocked me down, and then they slashed at me till they left me in the miserable pickle I am now in; for I gott no cutt while I was standing except one across the Face and Nose. After I was flatt upon the ground I gott a wound in the head, one in the right shoulder, and a very bad one in the left wrest which is the one now confines me to my bed, all the rest of my wounds are in a very good way and almost whole. The cloaths I had on will yet

show how many wounds were designed for me, tho' the number of hands that were striking at me at the same time hindred their blows from being so deadly as they would have been was there but one striking at me and in the above situation did they leave me for dead on the ground but Returning in a little they found that I was not quite dead, whereupon they sett me upon horseback in order to carry me away to their camp but after they had carried me about a mile off they again threw me off on the ground for dead and there left me.

"After they were away about twenty minutes I gott up and wandred for about a mile till I perchance lighted upon a farm house which I went into but the people of the house observing how I was, ran out of the house and left it to myself, whereupon I left the house and went into another house in the same Village, the People of the house left me the same way as the former, but there was a good fire in the house, and I laid myself down at full length by the side of it which comforted me much, as I was quite chilled with cold and faint with loss of blood. The Landlord was not in the house when I came to it, came in then and seid the miserable situation I was in wallowing in my blood by the fireside, He gott water and washed my wounds and Immediately called a Surgeon who dressed my wounds, all the above happened before daylight, the enemy's numbers that attacked us by the best Information I could gett afterwards were about six or seven hundred, so far you have a distinct history of my misfortunes. Our own people came by ten a cloak that same day with a Surgeon and gott me aright dressed, In spite of all the care could be taken of me I was obliged to stay for eight days in the Farmer's house before I was fit for being carried upon a Litter for Strathbogie, when the Army marched from Strathbogie I was sent here upon a horse Litter where I now ly. God knows if ever I rise for I am in a weak situation.

"I wish from my heart that it was possible that Sandy Campbell, Auchnaba's Brother, could come here, was he but to stay for two nights, there are three Rideing horses of my own, and a servant lying idle in Glenorchy and horse furniture conform which he might take the use of for the greater expedition, this is all I have to desire of you at the present which if you can agree to will give me vast ease of Body and mind. Please make my complements to my Sister and the rest of your family when you write them and I ever remain Your Lov. Brother

"ALEX. CAMPBELL."

Note.—The writer was a Lieutenant in Loudon's Highlanders. See note at end of next letter.

NO. XXI.

LETTER from Colin Campbell, Glenure, to his brother, John Campbell of Barcaldine, docqueted "Aberdeen 21st April 1746—Letter Colin Campbell."

"Aberdeen 21st Apryle 1746.

"Dr. Broyr.,—I found your servant here whom I kept till this moment to try and send you the best accounts I could gett of the Victory gained by His R.H. over the Rebels.

"I have sent you a printed account which was the first: But every account that comes here makes the number of the killed and Prisoners more than the first. I have sent you enclosed a list as was given up by an Express how [who] came here from our army this day, whom I saw examined here in the town house. The Argyleshire men by all accounts behaved gallantly and did great execution in the chase. I'm told they had two officers and 20 men killed but can't tell the officers names: Coll. Campbell is safe. It gives me great pleasure our friends behaved so well.

"We have not yet gott so distinct accounts of particulars, but [it] is most certain it was a compleat victory and what I'm persuaded will put an end to the Rebellion. Numbers of prisoners are brought every moment. It's affirm'd the Pretender is wounded in his knee and thigh and gott off in a Chaise toward's Fort Augustus.

"I will now give you an account of poor Sandie. I found him just alive, and most miserably mangled, his spirits are better since I came hear. I think he'll live, but can never be a firman: his face is much disfigured by the want of his teeth, but his worst cut is in his Hand, which I'm much afraid will be of little use to him. It's lucky 'tis his left hand. Lord Crawford was so good as allow me to come here for a few days, I must return to Perth in 2 or 3 days and design to send Robie here from Stirling to stay closly with Sandie till he carries him home. begg upon receipt of this you send express to Robie to tell him that he meatt me at Perth and let him know that he must come and wait of our Broyr here: Butt att any rate he wait at Perth till I come there. I hope you'll not neglect this and I think you should write Bailie Dauskin the necessity there is for his parting with Robie for a month.

"Ld. Crawford told me the moment I returned from this must go to Argyleshire so that you may expect to see me over this or next week.—I am Dr. Broyr. yours &c.

"COLIN CAMPBELL.

"I send you Sandie's letter, which was writt before I came."

Note.—Colin Campbell of Glenure was at this time an officer in Loudon's Highlanders: his brother Robert was a young merchant at Stirling. Lord Crawford had been the first Colonel of the Independent Companies, which in time became the 42nd; he was at this time commanding a large force of Hessians and others, located in the central districts of Scotland—Perth, Stirling, &c.—and watching the passes. The party which surprised and routed the detachment at Keith was one of 200 foot and 40 horse, under the command of Major Glascoe, a French officer of Irish origin. They were sent from the Prince's army, encamped beyond the Spey. It is stated that only a few of Campbell's detachment escaped, the remainder being killed or taken prisoners, and that an officer, probably Ardsignish, 1 non-commissioned officer, and 5 privates were killed, and that 12 of Major Glascoe's party were killed or wounded. Campbell's party was sent to Keith by order of General Bland from Strathbogie. See Browne's History of the Highlands.

Of the Argyleshire Regiment, John Campbell, yr. of Auchnaba, was mortally wounded at Culloden.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

26th NOVEMBER, 1896.

At the meeting this evening Mr Robert Stuart, 46 Shore Street, Inverness, was elected an ordinary member of the Society. Thereafter Mr A. Macbain, M.A., read a paper in Gaelic, contributed by Mr Neil Macleod, Edinburgh, Bard to the Society, entitled "Beagan Dhuilleag bho Sheann Bhàrdachd Eilean-a'-Cheo." The paper was as follows:—

BEAGAN DHUILLEAG BHO SHEANN BHARDACHD
EILEAN-A'-CHEO.

Cha robh suidheachadh anns am biodh an seann Ghàidheal, co dhiù a b' e aighear no bròn, soirbheachd no doirbheachd, nach robh luinneag no duanag òrain aige a bha freagarrach air cor inntinn aig gach am.

Mu 'n robh leabhraichean agus paipeiran-naigheachd air an clò-bhualadh agus air an craobh-sgaoileadh air feadh na Gàidhealtachd mar a tha iad an diugh, bha gach eachdraidh, ceòl, bàrdachd, agus uirsgeul, air an giulan air aghaidh o linn gu linn air cuimhn'

agus meomhair an t-sluaigh. Dh'fhàg sin na Gàidheil na 'n sluagh géur-chuiseach, beachdail, agus fiosrach air eachdraidh agus bàrdachd nan linntean a dh'fhalbh. Bha móran de spiorad na bàrdachd anns na Gàidheil gu nàdurra. Cha 'n 'eil teagamh nach do chuidich an dòigh caithe-beatha, agus maise na dùthcha anns an d'fhuair iad an crannchur, ann a bhi 'g àrach an spioraid sin anna. Tha eagal orm nach ann a' beothachadh a tha 'n spiorad rioghail sin ann an Gàidheil an latha 'n diugh, ach a' bàsachadh. Agus bu mhór am béud e. Ach gu bhi tighinn a dh'ionnsuidh ar ceann teagaisg. Bheir sinn dhuibh a chiad duilleag bho 'n obair aig Raonull Dòmhnallach, no mar bu tric a gheibheadh e, "Raonull Mac-Iain-'Ic-Eobhainn." Bha Raonull, 'na dhuine sunndach, àbhachdach, aighearach, agus 'na dheadh bhàrd. Chuir e móran ri 'chéile de bhàrdachd bhinn, cheòlmhor, ach 's e glé bheag a chaidh riamh ann an clò dhe 'shaothair. Rinneadh an t-òran a' leanas do choille bhig ris an abradh iad "Grimsaig," mar gum b' i fhéin a bhiodh ga dheanamh.

GRIMSAIG.

'S e labhair Grimsaig 's a' mhaduinn,
 Gu moch 's i teannadh ri seanachas,—
 Gur a lionmhor m' aobhar smaintinn
 Bho 'n thainig orm aois 'us aimsir ;
 'S beag an t-ioghnadh mi bhi tùrsach
 'N uair a bheir mi sùil mu'n cuairt dhomh,
 An dreach a bh' orm ri linn m' oige
 Fàth mo bhròin e bhi as m' aonais.

Bu bhadanach, soilleir, sùghmhor,
 An cruth 's an ro mi 's an am sin,
 Gu fùranach, duilleach, àluinn,
 'S mi 'g éiridh ri blàths an t-sambraidh,
 Gu méurach, meanglanach, bileach,
 Gu h-ianach ribheidach ceòlmher,
 Gu bocach, maoisagach, meannach,
 Nach iarr 's an earrach an cròdhadh.

Bu shlatach, cabarach, lionmhor,
 Mo chuile dhiomhair, 's bu sheasgair,
 Gu gallanach, fada, fìor-ghlan,
 Gu h-òganach, dìreach, seasmhor.
 'S iomadh boc 'us maoiseach tharr-fhionn,
 Agus gabhar bhallach mheanbh-bhreac,
 'N uair dh' fhairicheadh iad fuachd na ßaillionn,
 A thigeadh fo' m' bharrach gu tearmann.

Far am biodh crònan nan damh,
Gu cròic-cheannach, corrach, àrd,
Slìos air nach luidheadh an dealt,
'S tric a thug mi fasgadh dhà ;
'S iomadh fear a ghabh air fàth,
Air a thàrr ri sàil nan cnoc,
'S mu 'n tugadh e cheann a sàs
Bhiodh e ri làr air a lot.

Cho fad 's a' rachadh duthar nam beann
Chuirinn-sa faileas mo chrann ;
Ach chaochail mo chumadh 's mo ghreann,
'S chaill mi gach urram a bh' ann ;
Chaill mi gach buaidh a bha romham,
Chaill mi mo dhreach 'us mo shnodhach,
Chaill mi meanglain air gach taobh dhiom,
Chaill mi mo chaorunn 's mo chnomhan.

Chaill mi mo dhuilleach 's mo bhàrr,
Chaill mi h-uile h-agh a bh' agam,
Ghrod mo fhréumhan anns an làr,
'Us àrd a chuireadh blàth bho 'n talamh ;
Ach dh' fhàs mi 'na m' choille lomain,
Tha mi air pronnadh 's air gearradh,
Cha 'n 'eil géug annam gun lùbadh,
Gu h-ìosgadach, glùineach, meallach.

ORAN AN UISGE-BHEATHA.

Chaidh an t-òran sunndach so a dheanamh leis an ùghdair chéudna. Tha 'n t-òran so glé thrì air ainmeachadh, "Cuach Mhic-Il'-Anndrais," ach cha 'n 'eil còir no buntuinn aig an dara h-òran ris an òran eile :—

'N am éiridh anns a' mhaduinn dhomh,
'S mi dol a mach gu m' sheirbheis,
Gu 'n thachair òigfhear gasda rium,
'S bu charthannach a sheanachas ;
'N uair thaituinn fhearas-chuideachd rium,
'S ann cuide ris gu 'n d' fhalbh mi,
Thug esan bhàrr an rothaid mi,
'S dh' fhàg sin an gnothach ainmeil.

Ged dh' fhalbh mi air an turus ud,
Air m' urras bha mi smaointinn,
Gu 'm bu mbath an teàrnadh dhomh,
Na 'n tàrainn a bhi saor uai' ;

Thachair cuid dhe 'chàirdean ris,
 Dha 'm b' àbhaist a bhi 'n gaol air,
 'S cho fad 'sa mhaireadh fàirdein dhaibh
 Bhiodh pàirt dhe air a thaobh-san.

'N uair bha mi greis 'na 'chomunn,
 Bha mi 'n sin a' togairt falbh as,
 Ach fhuair mi e cho caoimhneil
 'S gu 'n do dh' fhaighnich mi cia ainm dha ;
 Thuirt esan "dean air t-athais,
 'Us gladh fhathast air an t-searbhanta,—
 Lion an soitheach sòlachadh,
 Am fear 'tha 'n stòp mar ainm air."

Ghnog mi màs a' ghurraich,
 'S chuir mi cuireadh air an t-searbhanta,
 Smaonich mi bho 'n dh' fhuirich mi
 Gum faighinn bun a sheanchais ;
 Dh' fheobraich mi co shloinneadh dha,
 Ged cheileadh e de b' ainm dha,
 'S ann thuirt e rium gu faoilidh—
 "Cha bhi h-aon dhiu ort an dearmad."

"Ma tha thu 'g iarraidh eòlais orm,
 'S gu 'm bheil thu 'feòrach m' ainme,
 Gu 'm faigh thu fios mo shloinnidh
 Le bhi ùine bheag 'na m' sheanchas ;
 'S mi mac na poite-duibhe
 Bhios 'na suidhe am bun a' ghealbhain,
 'Se 'n t-eòrna buidhe is athair dhomh,
 'S i 'n atharnach mo sheana-mhathair."

"Ma sa tusa an urra sin
 Bha thu 'na d' churaidh calma,
 Cha chuala mi fear eallaich
 Bheireadh barrachd ort an Alba ;
 Gu dearbh bu deadh fhear gnothaich thu,
 'S bu chomharraichte air falbh thu,
 Bu dannsair math le fìdhill thu,
 'S ad' shuidhe bu tu 'n seanachaidh."

"Bu leoghann tréubhach, sgairteil, thu,
 Cha robh thu lag no leanabail ;
 'S mar biodh iad ga do bhaisteadh,
 Gum biodh cuid dhe d' bheairtean ainmeil.

Dhùisgeadh tu na cadalaich,
'S gu 'n lagradh tu fear amasguidh,
'S gu 'n deanadh tu fear lapach
'Chur an staid an fhir bu mheannaich'."

"Dé nis is àite fuirich dhuit,
No 'm bheil do bhunait dearbhte,
No 'm bi thu aig daoin' uailse
Mar bha thu uair dhe t-aimsir?
'S minig a bhiodh fuaim ac' ort,
Ga d' chur an cuachan airgoid,
Bhiodh uisge teth 'us fuar aca,
Ri truailleadh do mhac-meanmainn."

"Cha 'n fhuiling iad an tràth-sa mi,
Tha àilleas agus anabharr
Ga 'n lionadh leis an stàitalachd,
Tha àileadh sa ro shearbh leo;
Cha leig iad ball na 'n làthair dhiom,
Bho 'n tha mi 'fàs an Alba,
Ach fion, 'us ruma, 'us branndaidh,
Rud tha tigh'nn an nall air fàirge."

"Tha 'n g'nothach sin ro chruadalach,
Ma chumair uainn do chòmhradh;
Theid a' chùis bho eireachdas
Ma cheilear air an stòp thu—
Ga d' ghlasadh ann an seilearan,
Gun choire tha e neònach;
'S gur iomadh fear a theireadh
Nach bu bheag air thu 'na sheòmar."

ORAN AN ACRAIS.

Bheir sinn aon duilleag eile dhuibh bho 'n obair aig Raonull òir, agus an sin gabhaidh sinn ar cead de aig an am so. Tha e oltach gu'n robh Raonull agus an t-acras gu math eòlach ir cach-a-chéile, agus cha b' ann còirde bhitheadh iad. Ach luinneamid beachd Raonull fhéin air a' chùis:—

Gur eòlach air an acras mi,
Tha theachdaireachd neo-inntinnach,
Gur tric a thug e turrag orm
An uiridh roimh am dinneireach.

Am fear a bhios 'n a dhraghaire,
 Neo-aghartach, mi-dhìchiollach,
 Cho luath 's a gheibh e eòlas air
 Cha deònach leis a chuiteachadh.

Thug e na h-ochd seachduinnean
 Air fasdadh 'n a mo theaghlach-sa,
 Dh' fhéuch e ri mo sporan,
 Fhuair e cothrom math air fhaothachadh ;
 Thug e gach ni bhuineadh dhomh,
 A bhuileachadh dhe 'n t-saoghal dhiom—
 Cha mhòr nach tug e' m bàs dhomh
 Ach gu 'n d' fhàg e 'na mo Raonull mi.

Cha 'n eòl dhomh fear do bhùitheis
 Anns a h-uile cùis a dh' innsinn ort,
 Gu 'm fàg thu air bheag lùiths
 Am fear a bhios tu dlùth do 'n mheis aige.
 'S iomadh duine giùlanta
 Dha 'n d' ionnsaich thu droch innleachdan,
 'S gu 'n cailleadh fear a nàire
 Dol air sgàth na teachd-an-tir ugad.

'S eòl dhomh cuid dhe d' chleachdaidhean,
 Bidh fasanan ro mhiodhoir agad,
 'S tric a bhios tu 's deifir ort
 A' dol a dh' fheitheamh mhireanan ;
 'N uair thigeadh tu 's an fheasgar
 Cha b' fhear greisaid thu air sìor-obair,
 'S gur iomadh òigfhear bearrach
 A rinn do chleasan cilleag dhe.

'S corrail an am gluasaid thu,
 Cha dualach dhuit bhi sìobhalta,
 Cha 'n fhaicear fiamh duin'-uasail ort
 A latha fuar no shìde math ;
 'N uair theannadh tu ri miananaich
 Bu diachainneach air chibhlean thu,
 'S a rìgh gur iomadh sgiabadh
 'Thug thu air mo bhial na 'n innsinn e.

Tha mi 'n dùil gu 'n d' theich thu uam
 A bhleidein 's dearbh' bu tìm dhuit sin,
 Bu tric a thug thu greis agam
 'S bu leisg do dhol an ìre dhomh ;

Cha 'n fhaic mi ball 's a' gheamhradh dhìot,
 Cha b' e sin am do shìnnisreachd,
 Ach ruigidh tu mi 's t-samhradh
 Bho 'n 's e uair bu ghann mo libhrigeadh.

Mo bheannachd do 'n bhuntàta
 Bho 'n 's e 'ghràinich bhuam a' chiad uair thu,
 Cho luath 's a thug mi dhachaidh e,
 Cha 'n fhacas bad a' bhliadhn' ud dhìot ;
 Ma sguir thu dhe mo thaghal
 Gur e sin mo roghainn iarradais ;
 Mo mhallachd as do dheighaidh
 'S math a' chobhair leam gu 'n thriall thu bhuam.

Chaidh an t-òran a' leanas a dheanamh le bean uasal, ghrinn, thàlantach, Baintighearna D'Oyly, fìor bhana-Ghaidheal, agus deadh bhana-bhàrd. Bhuineadh Baintighearna D'Oyly, do theaghlach Mhic-'Ill'-Challum, Rasair. Rinn i mòran bàrdachd nach ro riamh ann an clò. Tha còig dhe cuid òrain anns a' cho-chruinneachadh aig Mac-na-Ceàrdaidh—an “t-Oranaiche.” Tha luinneag bhinn, cheòlmhor leatha ann an “Sar-obair nam bàrd Gàelach”—“Thainig an gille dubh 'n raoir do 'n bhaile”—ach 's beag sin dhe na rinn i de bhàrdachd. Agus ged a rugadh 's a thogadh a' bhean uasal, ghrinn so ann an teaghlach mhùirneach agus àrd-inbheach, cha d' thug sin oirre tàire dheanamh air seann chànan a sinnsir. Lean i riamh gu seasinhach, dileas, éudmhor, a' dìon na Gàilig, agus cliù nan Gàidheal.

ORAN DO RASAIR.

Eilean ghaolaich, eilean ghràdhaich,
 Eilean anns an d' fhuair mi m' àrach ;
 'S ge do chunnaic mi iomadh àite
 'S e 'n Clachan grianaich riamh a' b' fheàrr leam.

Fìor shìol Thorcuill a ruaigeadh fairge,
 Nam bìrlinn caol leis an sgaoilte an garbh-thonn ;
 'S nan lannan géur leis an réubt' an targaid,
 'S nan cuilbheir gléusda gu féum an t-sealgair.

Sliochd Iain Ghairbh, an gaisgeach tréubhach,
 Cha d' fhàg thu 'n Alba fear do bhéusan ;
 Fear làidir, meanmnach, gu cath na seilge,
 'S tu d' fhàg an t-ainm ged a b' òg a dh' éug thu.

Tìr nan gaisgeach, tìr nan uasal,
 Na Leodaich ghasda, ghléusda, uaibhreach ;
 Na fleasgaich òga, gun smal gun ghruaimean,
 Gu dìreadh bheanntan, 's gu siubhal chuantan.

Tìr nam maighdean bu chaoimhneil fàilte,
 Nam bilean mìn-dhearg, 's nan déudaibh àluinn ;
 Nan sùilean dùbh-ghorm, 's nan leadain fhàinnteach ;
 'S an anail cùbhraidh mar dhriùchd an fhàsaich.

Eilean fallain gur pàilt gach lòn ann,
 Nan gleannan grianach ; nan sliabh 's nam mòinteach ;
 Gheibhte fraoch agus craobhan mòr ann,
 Bho Chnoc-an-Ràtha gu Càrn-nan-neoinean.

B' e sin an talamh bha rioghail, òrdail,
 Bu tric daoine uaisle nan suidh' aig bòrd ann ;
 Bha mais' 'us buaidh air gach lagan uaine
 'S a' mhuir mu 'n cuairt air le luingeas sheòlaidh.

'S ann a chluinnte fuaim nam pìoban,
 Cluich air chlàrsaich 'us foun air fìdhlibh ;
 Bhiodh danns' 'us ceòl ann, bhiodh mir' 'us spòrs' ann,
 'Us fuinn air òrain am measg nan nìghneag.

An am an iasgaich bhiodh mìle seòl ann,
 Air linne ghrianaich bho thìr mo shòlais ;
 'S air gach taobh dheth na beanntan mòra,
 Bho 'n Chuillin àrd gu Dùncànna 'n fheòir ghlais.

Dh' fhalbh an uair sin, dh' fhalbh an tìr sin,
 Dh' fhalbh mo chàirdean, dh' fhalbh mo mhuinntir ;
 Tha daoine Gall' ann an tigh mo shinnsir,
 O, eilean ghràdhaich cha 'n fhaic mi chaoidh thu.

Iain òig Mhic-'Ille-Challum,
 Mu 'n d' rugadh thu bha sud air aithris—
 Gu 'm falbhadh uatsa do thuath 'us t-fhearann,
 Do chliù 's do bhuaidh, 'us do làmh bhi falamh.

Reic thu t-oighreachd, reic 's do dhùthaich,
 Bha aig do theaghlach roimh am nan Stiùbhart ;
 Ach 's iomadh cridhe bha briste, brùite,
 Air feadh do mhuinntir 'n uair chuir thu cùl ri.

ORAN.

Le Iain Mac Dhòmhnuill-'Ic-Alasdair.

Rugadh Iain Dòmhnallach, no mar is tric a gheibheadh e, Iain Mac-Dhòmhnuill-'Ic-Alasdair, ann an Uige. Bha e beagan bhliadhnach 's an Reiseamaid Dhubh. Cha robh athair deònach e bhi 's an arm agus cheannaich e as e. An deigh an t-arm fhagail thainig e air ais do Ghleann Uige. Thug e fichead samhradh 'sa h-ochd aig iasgach an sgadain. Bu tric leis a bhi aig an tigh 'sa a' gheamhradh. 'S ann air falbh aig an iasgach a bha e 'n uair a rinn e 'n t-òran so. Rinneadh iomadh òran agus duanag laghach le lain. Ach tha eagal orm gu'm bheil mòran dhiubh nach gabh faotainn an nis. Rugadh e mu 'n bhliadhna 1797, agus chaochail e 's a' bhliadhna 1875.

Dh' éirich mise maduinn chiùin,
'S gu 'n thog sinn siùil ri garbh-chruinn,
Chunnacas dùbhradh mor is dùdlachd
An dara taobh 'n uair dh' fhalbh sinu ;
'S gu 'n shéid i bras le borb-thuinn chas,
'S i tighinn a mach gu gailbheach ;
'S i ruith le sùgh air bhàrr gach stùchd,
Ri togail smùid na fairge.

Bu mbath bhi 'n uair sin feadh na luachrach,
Shuas aig àiridh Uige,
Far 'm bi na h-uain 's na caoraich luaineach,
Ruith mu 'n cuairt gu siùbhlach ;
Mi fhin 's mo chruinneag ri mo ghualainn
'S deamhais chruadhach dùint' aic',
Gach fear 'us gille ruith mu 'n cuairt,
'S bhiodh Dòmhnall Ruadh le 'chù ann.

Sud an gleann is bòidheche sealladh
Ann am maduinn reòta ;
Le caoraich gheala, dhubh, 'us ghlasa,
Cuid dhiu tarr-fhionn, brògach ;
'S bidh làir le 'n searraich 'm bun gach beallaich,
Suas ri srath nan lòintean,
'S a dh' aindeoin gaillionn no fuachd Earraich
Cha 'n iarr mart ann cròdhadh.

'S iomadh caileag chuimir, ghuanach,
 Tha ann ri cuallach spréidhe,
 Le cuman 's buarach dol do 'n bhuaille,
 'S laoi gh mu 'n cuairt di 'gèumnaich.
 B' e 'n ceòl nach b' fhuathach leam an duanag
 'Na suidhe luadh air cléithidh,
 Mi-fhìn gu h-uallach 's pìob ri m' ghualainn
 Cluich nan nuallan éibhinn.

'S iomadh caileag bhoidheach, chuimir,
 Bhios na 'n suidh' aig cuibhle ;
 Sniomh nan ròlag, seinn nan luinneag,
 Bidh gach iorram bhinn ac',—
 An snàth is bòidheche falbh bho meòirean,
 Cothrom, còmhnaidh, sìnne,
 'S am falt na chuaich air chùl an cluais,
 'S e togta suas le cìrean.

'N uair bha mi òg mu 'n d' rinn mi pòsadh,
 Bha mi gòrach, aotrom,
 Falbh gu spòrsail 'measg nan òighean,
 Sud an seòl bu chaomh leam ;
 'S an te bhiodh còir 's a bneireadh pòg dhomh
 Shuidhinn stòlt' ri taobh-sa ;
 'S o 'n te nach fuilingeadh ball 'n a 'còir dhiom
 Gheibhinn dòrn mu 'n aodann.

'N uair thig an geamhradh 's am nam bannsean,
 Gheibh sinn dram na Tòiseachd ;
 Bidh Nollaig chridheil aig cloinn-nighean
 'S aig na gillean òga ;
 Na mnathan féin gu subhach, éibhinn,
 'S iad a' gleusadh òran,
 'S bidh dram aig bodaich anns an fhodar—
 Sogan orra 'comhradh.

Gheibhte sgialachdan ro bhriada
 Aig bodaich liatha cheanna-ghlas ;
 B' iad sud na seòid 'n uair bha iad òg
 Gu iomart bhò feadh gharbhach ;
 Gu'm biodh iad tric 's an Eaglais-bhric
 Ag iomain cruaidh feadh gharbh-chrìoch,
 'S cha rachadh bròg a chur mu 'n spòig
 Gu ruigte an ceò o 'n d' fhalbh iad.

Iain-Ic-Theàrlaich far do làmh,
Tha sinne càirdeil daonnan ;
Tha thus' a' fàs is mise cnàmh,
'S mo cheaun cho bàn ri faoileig ;
Bu mhòr an toileachadh do phàisde
Gheibheadh blàth ri taobh thu ;
'N uair thig an geamhradh bidh tu 'n sàs
Aig nighean bhàn Mhic-Mhaoilein.

'S iomadh oidhche fhluich 'us fhuar
A ghabh mi suas an t-àrd-chnoc,
A shealltain air a' chaileig ghuaaich,
Bean nan gruaidhean nàrach ;
Olc no math le luchd ar tuaileis
A luaidh, gus mi gad' fhàgail,
Phòs mi 'n sin thu 's thug mi uath thu,
'S bha sud cruaidh le Pàdruig.

Fhir a shiubhleas gu mo dhùthaich—
'S ann a Uig a dh' fhalbh mi—
Thoir beannachd dùbailte ga 'n ionnsuidh
Chosdas cruintean airgid ;
'Us can ri Seochd 'tha anns a' Chùil,
An co-dhùnadh mo sheanachais,
Gur barail leam gu 'm faic mi 'ghnùis
Mu 'n teid an ùir air Armchul.

ORAN BHONAPARTE.

Rinneadh an t-òran a' leanas le Aonghas Shaw (Mac-an-Lighich),
deadh bhàrd agus deadh shaighdear. Dh' fhuiling e mòran
amhghair agus alaban, ann an iomadh cèarn de 'n t-saoghal ann an
seirbheis a rìgh 's a dhùthcha. Rinn e 'n t-òran fearail so aig
criochnachadh cogagha na Frainge. Tha e air aithris gu 'n do
thachair Mac-an-Lighich agus am bàrd Conanach, ri cheile aon
uair ann an Tigh-òsda Dhunbheagain. Tha e coltach gun ro am
bàrd Conanach 'na luidhe air an ùrlar leis a' mhìsg. Sheas Mac-
an-Lighich os a chionn, agus thuirt e :—

“Tha 'm bàrd Conanach gu tinn,
Air a drium an tigh an òil ;
'S ge b' e phàigh air son na deoch,
Bheir e biadh do choin Mhic-Leòid.”

Ach bha 'm bàrd Conanach eho deas ris fhein. Thionndaidh e agus fhreagair Mac-an-Lighich, air ais leis an rann a' leanas :—

“Thug thu masladh do Mhac-Leòid,
'S dhòmhsa cha bu chòir a chleith—
Nach fhaigheadh a chuid con de lòn
Ach na nì luchd òil a sgeith.”

ORAN BHONIPARTE.

Na 'm b' fhear-focail bhiodh gear mi
Gun lochd bhi 'na m' bhriathran,
Gu 'n innsinn nam b' fhiach leibh,
An sgiala so a th' ann ;
Ma 'sa h-eachdraidh tha fìor i
Thug a' phacaid an iar dhuinn,
Tha na naimhdean a phian sinn
Air an ciosnachadh teann ;
'S ann 's a' mhìle 's ochd ciad,
Agus coig-bliadhna-diag
Thainig naidheachd na sìthe
Bho chrìochaibh na Fraing ;
Bha sinn fada 'g a h-iarraidh
'S tha Breatainn làn riarichte,
Tha na Frangaich air strìochdadh
Le dìobhail ar laun.

Rinn làmhach fìr Lunnuinn,
Agus càbhlach ar luingeas,
Bonapàrte chur an cunnart
Ged a dh' fhuiling e strì ;
Neart làidir ar gilleas,
Anns nach tàrmaicheadh giorag
'S nach sàraicheadh fionnachd
Fo shìleadh nan spéur ;
Rachadh dàna ri teine,
Anns na blàraibh gu minig ;
Buaidh làrach gach fine
Ag iomain an tréud,
Rinn spàirn an cuid pìostal
An gàrradh a bhristeadh,
Ghabh Spàintaich, 'us 'Turcaich
'Us Prusaich ratréut.

Gu'n d' illsic sinn " Boni,"
Ged a b' àrd a bha choileir,
Le àilleachd 's le olachd,
Le chonas 's le shannt ;
Thainig beàrn' air a dhorus,
Far an d' fhàillig am balla,
Chaidh am meirleach ri talamh,
Leis a' charachd a bh' ann ;
Cha robh stàth 'n a chuid chanan,
Chaidh a phàirtaidh an tainead,
Rinn a dhànadas cearrail,
A chuid fearainn a chall ;
Chaidh a phàlais a ghlacadh,
Le h-àirneis 's le h-aitreabh,
'S tha 'n Spain air a creachadh
'S cha robh 'chasgairt ud fann.

Na 'm biodh treòir na mo neart-sa,
'N uair bha 'n rògaire ud glacte,
Ged nach b' bheò mi fad seachduin,
Chuirinn acaid na chom ;
Gheibhinu còrach a nasgaidh,
Bhiodh na ròpan an cleachdadh,
Chuirinn còrd dhi ga thachdadh,
'S e gun tacs a ri' bhonn ;
Bhiodh a sheòmrachdan daingeann
'S a chòmhlaidh air a barradh,
Gun aon deò thighinn dhe anail
Ged 'robh theanga 'n a poll ;
Bhiodh a léine dhe 'n darach,
Cha bhiodh féum air an anart,
'S bhiodh an rébal fo 'n talamh
'S leachd thana ri' thom.

Sgrìobhainn ainm a lic-san—
Fear mharbhadh nam fichead,
Ceann armait a' bhrìstidh
Ceann stuice gach ròg,
Ard chealgair nam pìotal,
Air an alachaig bu tric thu
Chuir am fàrbhas 'na d' dhrip thu,
'S chuir e sgiotadh 'na d' eòin ;

Cha b' e 'n calman do thiotal,
 Cha b' e chalmachd bu mheas dhuit,
 Rinn fir Alba agus Blucher
 Do chuid isein a' leòn ;
 Murtair armailt na creiche,
 Robair airgoid na Tuirce,
 Cluinnear t-ainm anns gach litir,
 Fhir nach d' fhiosraich a' chòir.

Fear gun nàire ,gun mheas thu,
 Gun chàirdeas, gun gliocas,
 Gun bhaigh ri fear briste,
 Gun iochd ri fear leòint' ;
 Gràine mullaich an t-sluichd thu,
 Tom gàbhaidh na buidseachd ;
 Bha bàthadh 'na d' shlugan
 Air son slugadh an òir ;
 Cha 'n 'eil geàrd no tigh-cuspainn
 Eadar Pàras is Lisbon,
 Nach robh 'meirleach 'n am measg ann,
 Gus an ruigeadh e 'n Róimh ;
 Ged a shàraich thu mise,
 Le geàrd is le piocaid,
 Chaidh aird ort an nise ;
 'S fheàrr fo 'n lic thu na beò.

Tha gach maighdean 'us caileag
 Le deòir air am malaidh,
 Bho na mheall thu 'n cuid leannain
 A dh' aindeoin am bonn.
 Gach òg agus sean-bhean,
 Rì stròiceadh am bannaig,
 Bho na sheòl an cuid fearaibh
 Bho chala nan long ;
 Gach seang-bhean 's bean thorrach,
 'S leat fuidhleach am mallachd,
 Thug thu 'n coimh-leapaich shona
 Bho 'm broillaichean trom ;
 Tha gach mathair 'us muime,
 Léughadh gàsaid na dùnach,
 Sgéula bàis an cuid luran
 Fuar, fionnar, fo 'n tom.

Fhir a shiùbhlas an rathad
Gu dùthaich ar 'n athar
Air chùl nam beann srathach
Far an tathaich an ceò,
Thoir le dùrachd mo naigheachd
A dh' ionnsuidh nan coimhearsnach,
Ceannardan thighean,
Nach biodh coimheach mu 'n lòn ;
'S e mo dhùrachd gach latha
Gu 'm faie mi sibh fhathast,
Agus deireadh mo bheatha
Bhi ga caitheamh 'n 'ur còir ;
Fhir a léughas an ealaidh
'N uair a bhios tu ga gabhail,
Bi toirt cuimhn' air an t-Seathach,
'S uisge-beathe ga òl.

Bheir sinn aon duanag ghoirid eile bho 'n obair aig Mac-an-Lighich, agus cuiridh sin crìoch air a' phàipeir so. Rinn Mac-an-Lighich, an t-òran a' leanas 'n uair a ghabh e 's an arm an toiseach. Faodaidh cuid a bhi faotainn coire do 'n dòigh litreachaidh a tha air cuid a dh' fhacail anns a' phàipeir so. Ach tha iad air an cur sìos car air a' mhodh air am bheil a' Ghàilig air a labhairt anns a cheàrn anns an d' rinneadh na h-òrain so.

ORAN A' GHUNNA.

Tha 'n oidhche 'n nochd gle fhuar
'S mi ri uallach mo chéile,
Ga giùlan air mo ghualainn
Cha tuairisgeul bréig e ;
Cha 'n fhaod mi dol a dh' uaigneas
No chluaineis ri té ile
'S cha 'n urrainn mi cur uam
Ged nach d' fhuair mi bho 'n chléir i.

'N uair fhuair mi as an Tùr thu
'S tu 'ur bharr na féille,
Bu bheachd leam gu 'm bu chliù
Bhi ga d' ghiùlan gu h-éutrom ;

'N uair tharruinn mi thu dlù dhomh
'S mi 'n dùil a bhi réidh riut ;
Cha tuiginn guth dhe d' chàinain
An Gàilig no 'm Béurla.

Nach mairg a fhuair ri giùlan
Té ruisgte gun éideadh,
A chaidleas anns na cùiltean,
'S nach ionnlaid mo léine ;
A chuireas féum air bùrn
Gu bhi sgùradh a créubhaig,
Le cudrom chupla phùnd
Eadar ùilleadh 'us bhréidean.

Bho 'n chiad la chuir mi snaim ort
Chaidh maill' air mo léirsinn,
Chaidh tilleadh air mo chùimhn'
Agus buidhread air m' éisdeachd ;
Chaidh m' aigneadh uil' air aimhreit,
'S mo cheann troimh-a-chéile,
Nach bochd dhomh bi fo' d' chuing
'S tu gun suim dhe mo chréuchdan.

Freagairt a' ghunna—

Ged tha mi 'n duigh gun stòras,
Gun chòta, gun léine,
Gu 'n chuir mi roimh an t-òr
'N a do dhòrn nach robh gléidhteach ;
Fichead *guinea* còmhla
'N uair phòs sinn le éibhneas,
Gur cinnteach dhuit an còrr
Ma sa beò sinn le chéile.

Cha chòir dhuit a bhi rium,
Ged nach cunntais mi spréidh dhuit ;
Tha dollair dhuit ga 'n cùinneadh,
'Us fùr air gach féill dhuit ;
Bidh muic-fheoil, 's mairt-fheol ùr
Anns gach bùtha do 'n téid thu ;
'S leat aran cheithir pùnd,
'S do chuid leann cha bhi 'n éis ort.

*12th JANUARY, 1897.***TWENTY-FIFTH ANNUAL DINNER.**

The Twenty-fifth Annual Dinner of the Society took place in the Caledonian Hotel this evening, under the presidency of Cluny Macpherson of Cluny, chief of the Society for the year. Cluny was supported on the right by Sir Jacob Wilson, Sir Henry C. Macandrew, and Provost Macpherson, Kingussie; and on the left by Dr Alexander Ross, Rev. Dr Norman Macleod, and Mr Robertson, factor to the Duke of Athole. Mr Alexander Macbain, M.A., and Mr Alex. Mackenzie, publisher, were croupiers, and over sixty gentlemen were present.

The Chairman, who was received with applause, gave the customary loyal and patriotic toasts, which were pledged with enthusiasm.

Mr Duncan Mackintosh, secretary to the Society, then 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:—In submitting the twenty-fifth annual report, the Council have pleasure in reporting that the Society has had another useful year. During the year 1 life member, 3 honorary members, and 14 ordinary members joined the Society. Volume XX. is in the hands of the printer, and the Publishing Committee will endeavour to have it issued to the members as soon as possible. The membership of the Society stands at present—32 life members, 51 honorary members, and 340 ordinary members. The Treasurer's report is as follows:—Balance from last year, £25 1s 9d; income during year, £136 7s 8d; total, £161 9s 5d; expenditure during year, £100 2s 1d, leaving a balance to the credit of the Society's account in the Bank of Scotland of £61 7s 4d. John Mackay, Esq., J.P., Hereford, has within the last month generously sent a special contribution of £5 towards the publishing fund, and during the year a number of interesting volumes have been added to the Society's library, including a copy of the "Presbytery Records of Inverness and Dingwall," from the editor, the honorary secretary of the Society, Mr Wm. Mackay, solicitor. It may be mentioned that the Society's annual assembly in July last, presided over by Rev. Dr Stewart, Nether-Lochaber, was the most successful ever held under our auspices, and it is evident that the Society continues to do excellent work; and with a greater command of funds would still extend in influence and usefulness.

Cluny, who was enthusiastically received, in giving the toast of the evening, "Success to the Gaelic Society of Inverness," said—I desire very heartily to thank the Council for the high compliment they have paid me in electing me "Chief of the Society" for the current year. I appreciate the honour all the more from the fact that my father, who was much esteemed by all Highlanders, was its "first" Chief, and that he continued to take the warmest interest in the prosperity of the Society down to the date of his death. Re-elected as Chief for the second time in 1873, I find from the third volume of the Transactions that he presided at the annual dinner on 13th January, 1874, just twenty-three years ago, and proposed the toast of "Success to the Society" in the old mother tongue so dear to us all. I regret that, though I am conversant with Gaelic to a certain extent, I am unable to make a speech in it, not having learnt it in my boyhood, and since then having been so long absent from the country in the service of Her Majesty. Followed as my father was in the Chiefship of the Society by such distinguished and patriotic Highlanders as Sir Kenneth Mackenzie of Gairloch, Mr Fraser-Mackintosh of Drummond, Professor Blackie, Mr Mackay of Hereford, Mr Macdonald of Skeabost, Rev. Dr Macdonald of Edinburgh, General Sir Patrick Grant, Lord Dunmore, Lochiel, Mr Mackenzie, yr. of Kintail, Mr Munro-Ferguson of Novar, Mackintosh of Mackintosh, Sir Henry Macandrew, Mr Murray Grant of Glenmoriston, Mr Douglas Fletcher of Rosehaugh, Rev. Dr Norman Macleod, and Mr Baillie of Dochfour, the history of the Society since its institution in 1871 has been, I am glad to say, one of uninterrupted prosperity and progress. As you are aware, "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 the 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." These are most laudable objects, and I am sure you will all agree with me that right nobly has the Society, so far, carried them out. The nineteen admirable volumes already published, a set of which I am proud to have the privilege of possessing, are a perfect mine of information regarding the

poetry, traditions, and legends of the Highlands. I am particularly gratified with the exceedingly valuable papers contributed to the transactions elucidating the history and old folk-lore of the wide and extensive district of Badenoch, with which for many centuries my forefathers have been so intimately connected, and in which I am myself naturally so much interested. While it is very satisfactory to find that within the last few years so many clan societies have been formed with similar aims, although to a more limited extent than those of this Society, it seems to me that these societies are, as a rule, if I may be allowed to say so, given to spending too much of their funds on social functions, in the shape of various entertainments, such as concerts, balls, and so on, the results of which, although otherwise enjoyable for the time, are generally very evanescent. It certainly would be well, I think, if all such societies were to follow, so far, the example of this Society, and devote the larger portion of their annual income to the publication of old documents and traditions, as well as the founding of bursaries for deserving and promising young students connected with their respective clans. Without further remarks, let me ask you, gentlemen, to drink a very hearty bumper, with all honour, to the success of the Gaelic Society of Inverness. Long may it continue to flourish, and foster, as it has so successfully done in the past, the noble objects for which it was instituted—"A' nise òlamaid na h-uile soirbheachadh do Chomuinn Gàilig Inbhirnis."

Sir Henry Macandrew proposed "Tir nam Beann nan Gleann 's nan Gaisgeach"—(applause). He believed the person in charge had endeavoured to compress this toast list, and had committed to him the duty of giving a very comprehensive and very ancient toast. It embraced almost everything to which they could wish to drink upon such an occasion. It embraced the country and the people in it. When they drank to both they drank to what all of them felt in their inmost hearts; they drank to the influence of their country as it bound them, the ideals existing in them, and to the memories that live for ever. His toast also embraced the people of this country—and he believed it was a very ancient toast this "Tir nam Beann nan Gleann 's nan Gaisgeach"; it was also very instructive, in as much as it taught them the way in which their ancestors looked upon their ancestors, upon the kind of people they believed themselves to belong to; it was a country of heroes. The poet had said that the old times looked beautiful because they were far off. It might be that their ancestors were not as great as they were thought to be; but was it not possible that they of the

present day were better than they thought themselves? But there were heroes in this country, and they need not go very far back either in history or traditions to find them. They found people in this country living a great life in so far as they did it because they looked to the high ideal behind them and wished to maintain it in their own time. Coming nearer their own period, they knew that during the last great war in Europe this country rose from being an Island into an Empire. By our own right hand we held our own against the whole of Europe. There were many brave and great men then; and he thought, considering their area, the Highlands occupied the greatest prominence in the number of great soldiers and great statesmen it gave the country. At that time, as they knew, we lost a great part of our Empire, America—a very thinly-populated and small country then—but while that was so, we gained, mainly through the exertions of a Highland gentleman, our great Indian Empire. He referred to Charles Grant, son of a not very distinguished family in Glen-Uigubhart, who rose up to be a great statesman, and a benefactor of his country. Coming to their own time, the question they should ask themselves was, were they worthy of the Past? Why were their ancestors heroes? He would say first because they felt the influence and associations of the glorious country in which they lived. Then they looked always to a high ideal—it might be to a family, a chief, a clan, but still it was something above the man himself, something for which he lived above his own life, and for which he was willing to sacrifice his life to gain—not those material concerns upon which, he was afraid, they at the present day placed too high a value. That, he thought, was why the people of old called themselves heroes; and it was only by keeping some high ideal before them that they could in some degree become worthy of those associations. He concluded by giving them this ancient toast, and called upon the company to drink it with Highland honours.

Provost Macpherson, Kingussie, in replying, said that he appreciated very highly indeed the honour of being asked to respond to the very important toast so eloquently proposed by Sir Henry Macandrew. If he remembered rightly, this was the first occasion on which “*Tir nam Beann nan Gleann’s nan Gaisgeach*” had been proposed at a dinner of the Society, and no more appropriate toast could, he thought, be given at such a gathering of Highlanders. The very name “*Tir nam Beann*” stirred up in their hearts tender and subdued memories of bygone days, and recalled many of the most pleasant associations of their

Mr Macpherson delivered a lengthy reply, and in conclusion he expressed the hope that "Tir nam Beann" would in time be given an honourable place in the toast-list of the society dinners, and that it would be always as ably proposed, and heartily received, as it had been that evening.

A number of other toasts were proposed and heartily responded

Gaelic and English songs were sung, and the Society's piper, the Major Ronald Mackenzie, played appropriate pipe music at the dinner and between the toasts.

28th JANUARY, 1897. J

At the meeting this evening Mr R. Paterson, Town Chamberlain, Inverness, and Mr H. M. Graham, solicitor, Inverness, were elected ordinary members of the Society. Thereafter Mr A. Chalmers, M.A., read a paper entitled "Mr Skene v. Dr Skene." The paper was as follows:—

MR SKENE *VERSUS* DR SKENE.

My reason for writing a paper appealing from "Skene Young" to "Skene Old" is due to the fact that the popular historian and clan controversialist prefer Dr Skene's earlier work of 1837 to his maturer work of forty years later on "Celtic Scotland," or, at least, quote the two works as of equal value. Hence blunders out "maormors," cadet "toiseachs," and the Culdee Church are created, and the authority of the earlier book is cited to bolster a genealogy, such as that of the Macdonalds as against the Macdougalls, while the later work has quietly corrected the errors of the first book, and makes the Macdougalls, for instance, the nearest descendants of Somerled, as they undoubtedly are. The reason why the earlier book is popular, and the later book is not, is simple enough: the work on the "Highlanders" is a youthful production, full of the cock-sureness and consequent clearness and easy reading characteristic of youth. "Celtic Scotland" is, in the words of the poet, "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;" it is a learned, laborious work in three portly volumes, with minute notes and references, balanced arguments, and constructive theories reasoned out before the reader's eyes—a difficult book to read, and, for most readers, a difficult book to understand. It deals with clan origins in a generalised and scientific way,

whereas the early book treats each clan by itself, and gives a short sketch of the leading clans to the number of about thirty. Over the one book hangs as an atmosphere the certainty of youth, over the other the hesitation and caution of age. And the public naturally prefer the former.

A more serious point on which the influence of Skene has been harmful and will be so for some time to come is the ethnology of early Scotland. The views which he held on the origin and language of the Picts and on the Scottic conquest of 843 were revolutionary in the extreme: they were a reversal of all documentary and traditional history, and the only other historian before him who maintained similar views, and who in fact was the originator of the new theories, was Pinkerton, who in his "Enquiry into the History of Scotland" in 1789, glorified the Picts and depressed the Dalriads. Skene worked out his "uniformitarian" theory of Scottish ethnology wherein the Picts are proved to be the direct ancestors, genealogically and linguistically, of the present-day Highlanders: there was no change in the language or race made in the 8th and 9th centuries of our era in Northern Scotland, as the former historians maintained. This plausible but revolutionary theory has completely captivated the popular historians and other writers on historic subjects in Scotland. In fact they do not seem to know now that Skene's views are revolutionary. Fordun in the 14th century formulated the old and orthodox view of Scottish history wherein the Scots conquered the Picts and imposed their language on Pictland; Wyntoun put the same history into Scottish rhyme; Boece overlarded it with fables and fictions; Buchanan embalmed it in Livian Latin; Father Innes in 1729 put it on a scientific footing, making the Picts simply the "Painted" Britons and kin to the Cymry in language; and Chalmers made it encyclopædic in his "Caledonia," adopting Innes' "British" view. But Pinkerton and Skene changed all that, and the worst of it is that the general reading and intelligent public have not observed that these two authors have revolutionised early Scottish history. For instance, the "County Histories" now in course of publication by Blackwood have one and all hitherto accepted Skene's views as a matter of course, seemingly never having any idea that another and older view existed. And yet the older view is the one which now Celtic scholars here and on the Continent hold with more or less modifications.

A few words as to the life-history of Dr Skene are not out of place in considering his earlier and later work. William Forbes

Skene was born in 1809, the same year as Gladstone and Tennyson: a Highlander, too, by birth, which took place at Inverie of Knoydart, on the Glengarry estates. His father was James Skene of Rubislaw, near Aberdeen, Scott's great friend, a lawyer and litterateur; his mother was a daughter of Sir William Forbes of Pitsligo. He received his early education at Edinburgh High School, and even at this early stage devoted attention to Gaelic, which was all the easier, as he was connected maternally with the Glengarry family. Besides, he was, on Scott's suggestion, boarded for a time with Dr Mackintosh Mackay in Laggan. These facts account for his bias in after days towards the families of Cluny and Glengarry as against Mackintosh and Clanranald. In 1824 he went to Germany with his brother, where he acquired a taste for philology, which, however, never passed the amateur stage. Therafter he passed a session at St Andrews, then served his legal apprenticeship with Sir William Jardine, his uncle, and became W.S. in 1832. He practised as W.S. for forty years, and soon after passing for the title he became clerk of the bills in the bill chamber of the Court of Session, an office which he held till 1865. During the later portion of his life he devoted himself, in the comparative freedom which he attained from his business cares and engagements, to putting his thoughts and researches into Scoto-Celtic history into shape, and "*Celtic Scotland*" appeared in 1876-1880, his *magnum opus*. He never married; he took a great interest in religious and church matters, being an Episcopalian in church politics.

His first book was the "Highlanders of Scotland," published in 1837. It was a youthful essay, written for the Highland Society, whose prize it won. It has nothing of the grasp and accuracy of another work published then by nearly as young a man as himself—I mean Gregory's "Western Isles," a book which is still a standard authority, while Skene's work ought to be obsolete. Skene's next considerable work was the Introduction to the Dean of Lismore's Book in 1862. Here he maintained the general authenticity of Macpherson's "Ossian," and in so doing attacked the early history of the Irish annals, drawing a line across the historic page at 483 A.D., the date of the Battle of Ocha, where the Hy Neill vindicated their claim to the Irish head kingship. It may be said at once, to use a well-known phrase, that it would surpass the wit of man to draw any such line with any regard to the character of these annals; old Tigernaoh (A.D. 1088) proposed to draw such a line at Cimbaeth in 305 B.C., with almost equal justice. Where fiction and artificial chronology end

and fact and correct dates begin is impossible to say within two or three hundred years or more. Nor does it affect Macpherson's fictitious and factitious history; he sins against the literature of the race—the history embalmed therein and never departed from before or after Ocha; and no attack on the genuineness of that history can get over the fact that Macpherson's history is made up of his own ignorance and invention. In 1868 Skene published in two volumes "The Four Ancient Books of Wales," where he displays his besetting tendency to accept documents as belonging to the time at which they pretend to have been written, though appearing, as in this case, in MSS. six hundred years later. His "Chronicles of the Picts and Scots" is a valuable work, where all the MS. materials of British and Irish origin bearing on the history of Scotland anterior to Malcolm Ceanmore are brought together. The introduction describes the material and its sources, and propounds his well-known views on the descent of the Dalriadic monarchs. He edited Fordun for the "Scottish Historians" series, and also Reeves's "Adamnan." His great work on "Celtic Scotland" appeared in successive volumes in 1876-1880, forty years after the "Highlanders of Scotland." Skene was made D.C.L. in 1879, and succeeded Burton in the honorary office of historiographer royal for Scotland in 1881. He died at Edinburgh in August, 1892.

Skene's genius is constructive, not critical; and in the present state of our historic material it is criticism that is wanted. His proneness to accept the professed date of a composition, despite the lateness of its appearance in MS., is fatal in Celtic studies. His glorification of the Albanic Duan is a case in point: it professes to be composed for Malcolm Ceanmore, but it appears only in late MSS., its language is late Middle Irish, and, in fact, its composition is at least three hundred years later than it professes—a poor manufacture of the 14th century at the earliest. Yet Skene bases his great theory of the disappearance of the Dalriadic kingdom in the 8th and early 9th century upon it and Flann; and Flann, too, is not the real Flann who died in 1056, or else he is able to record events for 73 years after his own death! The use which Flann's continuator makes of the expression "*ri Alban*" is the cause of the whole confusion. The four or five last kings before Kenneth Mac Alpin whom he gives were kings of Pictland, not of Dalriada, or even Alba; but they were kings in Alba coeval with the Irish monarchs whom he mentions. Skene ought to have remembered that the Mormaers of Moray are called kings of Alban when Malcolm Mac Kenneth was really the king—

Finlay in 1020 and his nephew Malcolm in 1029. In fact, Skene himself blundered sadly on this very point in 1837. Against all history and tradition he insisted that Malcolm, Mormaer of Moray, was king of Scotland from 1004 to 1029, simply because the Annals of Ulster record his death in 1029 as *ri Alban*. So Flann has to be read critically, and the Albanic Duan simply puts Flann's kings down, omitting four, with dates of reigns, which, as we shall see, are simply absurd for the first part of the 9th century. Dr John Mackintosh, author of the "History of Civilisation in Scotland," says bluntly but truly of Skene:—"He was very industrious and painstaking; but his mind was narrow and glimmering. He had no philosophic grasp, and very little of the critical faculty."

For the questions which he essayed to clear up—the early history and ethnology of Scotland—he lacked two absolute essentials: he knew no scientific philology, in which his work is no great advance on Chalmers; and he had no equipment at all in anthropology, so that he was quite unable to appreciate the profound significance of the Pictish law of succession or heirship through females. He made no use of archæological results: he depended entirely on literary documents. The Celtic language and Celtic culture belong, as we now know, to the wider Indo-European or Aryan area, full cousins to Latin, Greek, and Teutonic early civilisation. This itself is enlightening, but it does not enlighten Skene's pages, who seems to regard the Celticised Picts as aborigines, and whose comparisons of their early customs are made, though daintily, to Kaffir tribes and Indian clans. Where did the Celts come from, and who inhabited Britain before them? How did the Scots come to Ireland, and when? We look in vain for an answer in Skene. True, he speaks vaguely of an Iberian foundation, and, in 1862, he maintained that the Feinn were the ancient inhabitants of Ireland, Britain, and Lochlann (Denmark and Scandinavia), and in Scotland he argued that these were latterly the Cruthnigh or Picts. These Cruthnigh he saw everywhere; he filled Ulster with them, and "bagged" for them all the heroic figures of Gaelic myth and legend—Cuchulainn, Fionn, and the rest.

The Pictish succession he regarded in his earlier work as a variation of the ordinary Celtic or Gaelic *tanist* law. Among the Gael a son did not necessarily succeed a father: if the son were young, or anyways incompetent, he did not succeed at once, and in the latter case not at all. The *tanistear*, or next heir, succeeded, or an election was held, and the chief or king appointed

from the male members of the royal or chief family. In short, succession was in the male line of the royal or chief's family, but it was elective. A far out cousin might succeed, though it rarely was the case. This is far from being the Pictish rule. Their succession was through the females: a prince succeeded to the throne because his mother was royal through her mother. His heir was either his brother, by the mother's side, or his sister's son. In any case, the right of succession passed to his sister, whose son was the real heir. Her daughter again carried on the succession. This system of succession prevailed among the people as well; all property descended through females. Now, what is the meaning of this extraordinary custom? It is thoroughly non-Celtic, and indeed non-European in historic times otherwise. Such succession, however, is well known outside Europe among barbarian and savage tribes. The explanation given by many modern scholars is that the Picts were a non-Celtic and pre-Celtic race, still enduring in Scotland, and having a primitive marriage system, where only maternity was certain, and where exogamy, or marriage outside one's clan and name, prevailed. This theory is no doubt correct, save on one point: the Pictish language in historic times was Celtic, for the Celts had evidently conquered a pre-Celtic tribe and imposed their language on it, while many of the customs—especially the marriage customs—of the conquered race were allowed to survive. Skene is satisfied with explaining the custom as due to low ideas about marriage, and he therefore misses the ethnologic significance of it. In his early work, as I have said, he regards the custom as only a variety of the ordinary Celtic system of elective male succession; it was merely a rule that the son of a former king could not occupy the throne!

In regard to Celtic philology, Skene belonged to the old popular school. He knew that *p* of Welsh interchanged with Gaelic *c* at times; and we are told by Bede that the Roman word all end was called in Pictish *Pea-fahel*, where *pean* is the Pictish for "head," cognate with Welsh *penn* and Gaelic *ceann*. It can be shown that Pictish possessed the letter *p*; old Gaelic had no such letter initial and rarely otherwise. Skene, therefore, missed the significance of *pet* or *pit* as a place-name prefix, the Gaelic of which is really *cuid*, older *cuit*. Another word which he did not appreciate was *aber* or *ober*, a confluence. Such is its meaning in Welsh; but old Gaelic *abar* meant a "marsh," as it did in the name of Loch-*aber*. Minor mistakes in phonetics occur: in the Clan Chattan genealogy he has two such. First, he regards Cattan as standing for Cathan, from *cath*, war; but the hard *t*

could never become *th*. The name is the same as that of *cat*, a cat. Similarly "Donald in Caimgilla," Donald the One-eyed, he thinks, in 1837, might be Donald from Cowal, where *m* becomes *v*; in 1880, he deduces from this epithet Quhele, the name of the mystical Clan Quhele! M'Gillivray he regards as M'Gillebride; and the M'Nicols he takes from an ancestor, Krycul, where he shows that he did not know that *n* after *c* usually becomes *r*: Mac Krycul is in fact Ma-cnicol. In regard to his Ossianic philology, Dr Whitley Stokes says:—"When Mr Skene connects Adamnan's Regio or Mons Cainle with the man's name Ainle, and the river name Ness with the man's name Nàisi, and when he invents a place-name Arcardan in order to connect it with Ardan, he must excuse Celtic and indeed all other scholars from declining to follow him."

Skene also allows himself to be over-ridden by a theory. He discovered in 1837 that "captain" was a title borne in the 15th and 16th centuries by certain Highland chiefs, notably Duncan Mackintosh, captain of Clan Chattan, and Allan Cameron, captain of Clan Cameron. He maintained that these were cases where the oldest cadet family had ousted the true chief's line; the Mackintoshes ousted the Macphersons from the lands and leadership of Clan Chattan, although by descent both belonged to the Macphersons. Similarly the Camerons of Lochiel ousted the Macmartins. In all these cases there is also a myth about the usurping family marrying the heiress of the old line. Hence they were "captains," not "chiefs" of the clans. This theory in a milder form obtains a place in "Celtic Scotland." The awkward fact that Sir John M'Farlane, chief of his clan in the latter part of the 15th century, calls himself "Capitaneus de Clan Pharlane" is explained away on Skene's favourite method of "it appears," which latterly develops into a certainty. "It appears" that M'Farlane had no natural right to the title of chief! It simply "appears" so because Skene's theory demands it. There is no break in the M'Farlane genealogy, and to hint and argue so is highly unscientific, if really honest at all. Now, the truth in this matter is very simple. The Celtic clan chief was in proper Gaelic called *tóiseach*; this we know from Irish sources and from the Book of Deer. The regular Latin translation of this was *capitanus*, sometimes further explained as *capitanus sive praecipuus dux*. The mediæval English for this also varied; first it was simply "captain," though in Ayrshire the Gaelic title of *cenn cineil*, "Kenkennol," Major's *caput progeniei* (Gaelic *ceann-cinne*), appears in the 14th century. Thereafter it was "captain, chief

and principal man," and, in the 1587 Act, we have the roll of clans who "hes capitanes, cheiffs, and chiftanes whome on they depend." The fact is, the word "chief" meant the "head," and meant no more a Highland chief than the corresponding French *chef* then meant "cook." Both are historic developments; the word "chief" itself has a life history which must be studied ere an argument can be built on it. About the first use of the term "clan" borrowed into English was its application to Clan Chattan and the North Inch of Perth—certainly its first literary appearance, though it occurs once or twice in charters before that. What led Skene astray was the fact that captain meant more than chief in the 16th century; it was applied to the leader of the clan when the chief was a minor or an incapable. Skene concluded rashly that this was always its meaning, and hence tried to bolster up his theories about Clan Chattan by antedating the 16th century extended use of "captain."

His views about the Picts differ slightly between 1837 and 1876: the Midland Picts (of Atholl) disappear by 1876, for these were Picts settled in Meath, as later knowledge disclosed. The Southern Picts have more prominence in 1837, and he regards them as the Piccardaich of the Annals, incorrectly of course; but in one point the 1837 book is better than "Celtic Scotland." It allows that the Dalriads conquered the Southern Picts in 843; that, in fact, *was* the Scottic Conquest. The Northern Picts were unaffected by this conquest, went on speaking their native Gaelic, and became the ancestors of the modern Highlanders. The Southern Picts were linguistically different also in 1837, for Bede says the Pictish was a language, one of five, and Skene restricts the application of this to Southern Pictland. The philologic mistake of calling the Northern Picts Cruithen-tuath is also made (vol. I., p. 63), an expression which means "Pictish-nation:" this mistake was of course duly repeated in the late history of Inverness County. "Celtic Scotland" knows of no Scottic Conquest of 843 in Southern Pictland: it has much to say of a Pictish conquest of a hundred years earlier in Dalriada; a change of dynasty was all that occurred in 843, and a change in the law of succession—so we have it in "Celtic Scotland."

The history of the period from 843 to 1057 is in the 1837 work ostentatiously taken from new sources—Norse Sagas chronologised by Irish Annals. And the result is really wonderful. It is a small detail that he insists on two Kings Malcolm from 1004 to 1034, one of whom dies in 1029. He discovered later that this was only the *mormaer* of Moray, dignified by the Annals into the

"King of Alba," just like his predecessor Finlay, who died in 1020 as "King of Alba" (Book of Leicester Annals). The exaggerations and confusions of the Sagas are taken seriously, and the history of Northern Scotland is re-written from them. "Celtic Scotland" accepts the native annals, which are really older, more authentic, and more local to the events than the Sagas. The result is accuracy, and a good full account of events from the Scottic Conquest to the death of Macbeth. He acknowledges his earlier error about the Kings Malcolm in "Celtic Scotland," I. p. 400.

His defence of Macpherson's "Ossian" in 1837 is different from that of 1862, and there is no mention of the Fingalian heroes in "Celtic Scotland." He proves to his own satisfaction, in 1837, that Macpherson agrees with the old Irish Annals; he knows better in 1862, and consequently abuses old Irish chronology as artificial. What Macpherson really did was to adopt the Irish kings' names which he found in the ballads and in Toland's "Druids," and make a kingly system of his own. He had not read either Keating or Flaherty, though both books were published before his "Fingal" (1762). His errors were pointed out at once, and he attempts to correct them in "Temora" (1763). Skene compares his kings' list with that of the Annals:—

<i>Irish System.</i>	<i>Macpherson and Skene.</i>	<i>Macpherson's final list.</i>
Conn, K. of Temora	Conar, a Gael from Alba	Conar
Art	Art	Cormac
Cormac		Cairbre
Cairpre	Cormac, killed by Cairpre	Artho
		Cormac

I add Macpherson's final and real list as a third column. Such is Macpherson's agreement with the Irish Annals! And Skene adds that Tigernach, the annalist, does not mention Cairbre's father; so he may have been of the Fer Bolgs, as Macpherson has it! No such nonsense appears in 1862. There, however, he identifies the Feinn with the early Picts, and finds them also in Denmark and Norway, in Britain and in Ireland. That he changed his view on the whole subject is clear from the significant silence of "Celtic Scotland."

The 1837 work unfortunately has the old account of the Celtic Church, where of course it became the Culdee Church, and he regarded it then as episcopal. Within the last two years histories have appeared where these earlier views are repeated. Yet the second volume of "Celtic Scotland" is entirely devoted to the Celtic Church, and it is an excellent account of it, under the guidance of Bishop Reeves. There the Culdees are shown to be anchorites of the ninth century or thereabouts, gradually becoming amalgamated into collegiate bodies, somewhat after the fashion of the canons of the Continental Church. *There was never a Culdee Church.* The early Celtic Church was monastic purely—tribal monasteries, with a presbyter or priest abbot, and a bishop or two kept on the premises for the sake of ordination. In doctrine it nothing differed from Rome, and in ritual it differed little, and that only because it grew old-fashioned when the Anglo-Saxons cut Ireland and the Cymry off from the Continent in the sixth century.

The account given in 1837 of old Celtic polity is obsolete. I have already remarked on the errors in regard to Celtic and Pictish succession. The title of *mórmaer* is written *maormór*, an error which persists in nearly every work thereafter, except "Celtic Scotland." The *mór* or "great" comes first: it practically meant "earl," and was translated by the Norse *jarl*; but even to the last Skene does not seem to have noticed that it still persists in the general Gaelic title of *moirear*, which translates "lord." He blundered also in regard to the next rank to the *mormaer*: this was the *toiseach* or clan chief. Skene made him, in 1837, the head of the eldest cadet family of a clan, who, on occasions, might be "captain" of the clan. The title is now obsolete. Skene's early errors on these points were also lately reproduced in Highland clan histories. Another title over which he stumbled in 1837 is the imaginary one of *abthane*. Fordun spoke of Abthane Crinan, and historians have reproduced the error ever since till Skene put it right in "Celtic Scotland." The title is a popular derivative from *abthanis* or older Gaelic *apdazne*, "abbey-lands," which of course is derived from the title *abbat*. The Appins of modern Gaelic topography attest to its old prevalence and meaning. There never was an "abthane;" the title was that of "abbot." The old ideas about it will be found in "Highlanders," vol. 2, pp. 129-132; the corrected ideas are best given in the second volume of "Celtic Scotland."

In a note at page 365 of Vol. Three of "Celtic Scotland," Skene says:—"In the main the author has seen little reason to

alter the distribution of the clans in an earlier work, *The Highlanders of Scotland*, published in 1837, to which the reader is referred for their detailed history." The earlier work is more systematic and definite; the later work is more scientific, inasmuch as it avoids the excessive and, at times, inaccurate classifying of the 1837 book. The Gallgaidheal or Norse-Gaels occupy a prominent place in the early book, spreading over Western Scotland and Galloway, including the diocese of Dunkeld; and they were Picts also! Picts and Norse mixed. The Gallgaidheal actually were the Norse-ruled, Norse-mixed, and probably paganised inhabitants of Man, Galloway, Arran, Bute, Kintyre, and the Argyle seaboard—the outer isles being purely Norse, and known as Innse Gall or Isles of the Foreigners. The great Macdonald clan sprang from the Gall-gaidheal, as Skene says. Their seat was Lorn—the Norse Dali or "Dales," where the Orkney Saga places King Somerled; and under that chieftain they acquired the rule of the northern half of the Gall-gaidheal from the King of Man and the Isles, who, however, retained Man and the Hebrides (Skye and the Long Island), and was the original "Ri Finn-ghall," or King of the Hebridean Norse, proudly claimed by the Macdonald chiefs. The Lordship of Garmoran also discreetly takes up small space in "Celtic Scotland," for therein the clans are treated by their separate localities, little or no grouping being attempted.

The Macdonald history is weak and confused in the 1837 work; in "Celtic Scotland" it is clear and accurate, thanks to Gregory's "Western Isles," which is duly acknowledged. Somerled's grandson Somerled, who succeeds him in 1837, is not found in the 1880 work: Dugall, the eldest son, there succeeds his father in the cradle of the race in north Argyle; Reginald succeeds in Kintyre and the Isles, and the third son somewhere northwards, the latter and his family being finally obliterated by Reginald and his sons. This is no doubt correct. Another great improvement in the Macdonald and Macdougall genealogy also takes place in 1880. The earlier book maintained that the Macdougalls of Lorn were descended from Dugall, son of Reginald, not Dugall, eldest son of Somerled, which deprived that clan of being the eldest representatives of the race of Somerled—the real "Clann Somairli," as the Book of Lecan truly calls them. Skene was led astray by the MS. of 1450, which, as well as its guide the Book of Ballimote, curiously makes Dugall second son of Reginald, son of Somerled. The Book of Lecan, which is equal in age with the other, gives the correct genealogy and the most accurate naming

of the Clan Macdougall in calling them clan Somerled. "Celtic Scotland" more than once records the facts, but never hints at the grave error of 1837, which has lately found a place in the history of Clan Donald. To clinch the argument, the earlier book maintains that King Ewin of Argyle, undoubtedly descended from Dugall, son of Somerled, died without male heir, Alexander of Argyle being not his son, but a descendant of Dugall Mac Reginald. "This," he adds, "is confirmed by the chartulary of Cupar, for the manuscript [1450] makes Alexander de Ergadia, the son of *Duncan*, son of Dugall, son of Reginald; and in that chartulary Duncann de Lornyn witnesses a charter of the Earl of Atholl of the lands of Dumfallandy, dated certainly between 1258 and 1270, while during that period Ewen was in possession of the lands of this branch of the family." So specious is this argument that Mr A. Brown, in his "Memorials of Argyle," says that the Cupar Chartulary gives Alexander's genealogy as above (son of Duncan, &c.) Alas, the Duncan de Lornyn in the Cupar charter was no Argyle magnate: he was laird of Lornie, near Perth!

It goes without saying that in 1837 Skene regarded the Glengarry family as the senior and premier family of the Clan Donald—in short, Glengarry was chief of the Macdonalds. Ranald, son of John of Isle, was the common ancestor of Clanranald and Glengarry, and he or his family got or acquired the lordship of Garmoran, with its seat of Castle-Tirim, his mother having been heiress thereof. Skene and Gregory make him the youngest son of Amy M'Rory and John of Isle; but M'Vurich, with more probability, ranks him first, and, besides, shows that he was steward of the Isles under his aged father, and tutor of his half-brother Donald, to whom he handed over his patrimony honourably, though the men of the Isles wanted him to continue himself as chief. Anyway, from his sons, Allan and Donald, were descended the rival houses of Clanranald and Glengarry. Skene regarded Donald as eldest, and proves it by asseverating that this was no other than the Donald Balloch who led the clan at Inverlochy in 1431. "Celtic Scotland" knows better than this. M'Vurich represents Donald, ancestor of Glengarry, as dying in 1420, which is like correct, eleven years before Inverlochy. Besides, we know from the life-history of Donald Balloch. The tradition and historic facts are that Allan was eldest son of Ranald; he had, besides, the cradle estates of the M'Rorys, always a proof of primogeniture.

In fact, Skene was unlucky in his choice of sides in a controversy; he was swayed by his feelings, and by what ought to have been, but unfortunately was not. The Macneills of Barra,

t, ought to have been and to be chiefs of the clan, but in 1530 and that Torkil Macneill of the Gigha family is addressed by Brown as "chief and principal" of the name. Skene was all the Barra family. He is on the Duart side in the case of the Leans, where, no doubt, he is right as to the seniority of the brothers whence Duart and Lochbuie are descended, but—! regards the Macleods of Dunvegan and Lewis, Skene's first mistake is to regard them as mainland clans at all; but he finds the first mentioned in connection with Glenelg and Assynt actively in 1343, and concludes that they belonged to his Garmoran lordship lot. Here tradition and geography agreeably with philology. The Macleod names are exclusively sea. Tradition connects them first with Lewis and Harris as cradle, and the Norsemen as their ancestors, while history and geography demands that Lewis is their place of origin and spread. The Macleods of Lewis, as the older writers held, such as theenzie historians and Buchanan of Auchmar, were the eldest as having the family "nest." Skene, however, says there is "vestige of authority" for the Macleods being Norse: if by authority he means charters and contemporary documents, he is right; otherwise, he is wrong, for there is plenty room for scientific inference. Of course he decides for the Dunvegan Macleods as the elder branch: they should be so, on the principle of the survival of the fittest, which seems to have swayed Skene here. Skene refuses to decide the case; Skene, "Old," has no word on the subject, though he is still for the Celtic descent of the clan. Wrong or nearly so in the case of Macdonalds *v.* Macdougalls, Macdonald *v.* Glengarry, Macneills of Barra against those of Barra, the Lewis Macleods *v.* those of Dunvegan, his champion authority appears in the case of the Clan Chattan. Even in his "Celtic Scotland" he shows a sad lack of critical insight—especially in the "Captain" argument already referred to—besides with a lack of knowledge of the history and rise of the Highland clans. The poor genealogies of MS. 1450 have to be much overhauling. Skene manages to connect the second pedigree of the Clan Chattan given in the MS. with the family of the Mormaers of Moray through Head, son of Nectan (circ. 1000), whence the Mac-heths, the possessors of, and claimants to, the earldom of Moray and even the throne of Scotland. In the MS. the name is Tead, which Skene regards as the later name. His son Sween is father of Muirech, the parson, whence the "pherson" and M'Vurich, circ. 1173, whose son the "Ugilla" gives his name, even in "Celtic Scotland," to Clan

Quhele! The genealogy in 1837 offered to the Macphersons is very unlike the one they believe in themselves; but neither in 1837 nor in 1880 does Skene trouble himself with the genealogy given by the 17th century seanachies for the Macphersons: here, and elsewhere, he is above that sort of thing, if his theory demands it. In "Celtic Scotland" this genealogy is mercifully assigned to the "old" Mackintoshes, and the other is assigned to the present Rothiemurchus and Moyhall lot. The Macphersons get recompensed by being referred to Duncan Persoun (1438), a fellow-prisoner with the Earl of Ross in Tantallon Castle! Their further connection with Clan Chattan he shows to be that one of the "old" Mackintoshes or Shaws of Dalnavert married a daughter of Kenneth Mac-vuireach—the same Muireach as the "old" Shaw himself is descended directly from!—who is Fordun's leader of two thousand in 1427, viz., Kenneth More. If Skene thinks this Kenueth More was ancestor of Cluny, and had two thousand men in 1427, he has much misread Highland history. In 1837 Kenneth More was the ancestor of the Mackenzies, also a guess, but possibly not far wrong. Kenneth More's son is Duncan Persoun, who is in gaol with the Earl of Ross in 1438. Both Duncan and Kenneth are in the Macpherson genealogies; but that Duncan Persoun had any connection with Kenneth More is highly improbable. The whole thing is unscientific guesswork.

In 1837, the combatants at the North Inch in 1396 were Mackintoshes and Macphersons, the former Clan Quhele, the latter Clan Ha or Heth. In 1880 the combatants come to be the Mackintoshes and Camerons, the former Clan Quhele (Clann a' Cham-gille!!!) and the latter Clan Ha, that is, Clann Mhaol-an-fhaidh, from Maol-an-fháidh, Prophet's Servant, which he thinks might be curtailed to Clann-an-fhaidh. The name Maol-an-fháidh was a Cameron one, and the M'Gillonies or M'Lonvies were therefrom, but it can hardly be the origin of Clan Ha, simply because the true name is Macl-anfaid, "servant of storm," with the accent on the *an* of *anfaid*, not on *faid*. How Skene exactly stands in regard to genealogy when he has married Shaw-Mackintosh M'Vurich, descended of the "Cam-gilla," and direct representative of the "Old" Mackintoshes, to the daughter of Kenneth More M'Vurich, seeming chief of the "Old" Clan Chattan and descendant also directly of Muirech the Parson, I cannot tell it is a pretty bungle. All he says about the chiefship in 1880 is in a note on page 329: "The Clan Vuireach, or Old Clan Chattan seldom recognised the authority of the Captain"—Mackintosh, 1 wit.

As the matter is of the highest importance for the early history of Northern Scotland, I will in conclusion endeavour to give what appears to be the real history, checked by native and Irish chronicles, of

THE SCOTTIC CONQUEST OF 843.

When Bede closes his history in 731, he tells us that the four nations inhabiting Scotland are then at peace. The Picts have a treaty of peace with the Angles; the Scots, satisfied with their own territories, neither plot nor combine against the Angles; and the Britons throughout Scotland and England are helpless. But scarce a year had passed since the nations of the Picts and Scots had each passed through the stress of civil war and international fight. In Dalriada the Cinel Gabran had rightfully the supremacy of Dalriada as descended from the elder son of Erc; but the Cinel Lorn asserted claims to the kingship, and made them good, thus making Dalriada a miniature Ireland, where kings were elected alternately—or, it should be, alternately—from the Northern and Southern O'Neills. The Cinel Gabran ruled from 503 to 675, seemingly without interruption; but in 675 Ferchar Fada, of the House of Lorn, became King of Dalriada, doubtless not by election, but by the sword. Adamnan (circa 1000) records the low ebb of Cinel Gabran, which Columba had prophesied. Ferchar died in 697, and his two sons succeeded him, Selbach, the latter son, being king "off and on" for some 25 years, and a powerful king, too. Curiously enough, he is noticed only in Flann's "Synchronisms" (12th century) only. In 725 his son Dungal was ejected from his throne, and the rival house led in the person of Eochaidh, son of Eochaidh, who managed to repossess his position, though old King Selbach left his monastery to assist him. Eochaidh died as "Ri Dalriada" in 732.

In Pictland we know nothing of the striving dynasties; we know only the kings' names, and the districts they represented more or less. Nectan MacDerili, famed in the pages of Bede as the first Pictish king that conformed to Rome, had left the kingship to which he had retired, and in 727 joined in the civil war to oppose the formidable King of Fortrenn, Angus MacFergus. Angus had already, in two battles that year, completely overthrown Alpin, King of the Picts, who himself was a usurper, for he had previously expelled King Drust, Nectan's enemy (725). Nectan and Angus met at the Lake of Lochy, possibly at the upper end of Loch Tay, and Nectan was defeated. King Drust then resumed his throne; him, too, Angus encountered and slew in 728.

The loss of a fleet of 150 Pictish ships is recorded, evidently foundered in a storm. To add to the confusion, the men of Dalriada intervened in the proceedings, and the Picts were conquered by them at Murbulg in 730. The last fight in the Pictish Civil War was in the same year between Brude, son of Angus, and Talorgan MacCongus, no doubt representing the Northern Picts, who was defeated, but escaped.

We may pause here to consider the extent of territories denoted by Pictland and Dalriada respectively. The Picts were mainly divided into two districts, one of which had for its minimum area the district of Fortrenn (Fife, Kinross, and Clackmannan), but which, at its best, extended from the Forth and Roman Wall along the East Coast to Aberdeen, Magh-Chircinn, or Mearns, forming the part most important of it next to Fortrenn. It included also eastern Perthshire. In the third century classical writers called the people *Maeatae*; in the fourth, *Vecturiones*, which has been happily corrected by Professor Rhys into *Verturiones*, or Men of Fortrenn; and Adamnan, no doubt, refers to the district in speaking of the *Miathi*. Bede calls them practically *Cismontane Picts*, as opposed to the Northern Picts, those beyond the Grampians. In the third and fourth centuries the second nation of Picts dwelling in western Perth—Athole—and the North are called *Caledonians*. The *Dve-Caledonii*, or *Bi-Caledonians*, of Ptolemy, may have meant that the tribe was separated into two by the Grampians.

The extent of the Scottic power is a more difficult matter to determine. We must banish from our minds the notion that the Dalriadic colony of 503, under the sons of Erc, was the first Gaelic invasion of Scotland. Conquests were made in the third century along the whole coast of Britain, settlements being even made in Wales, though under Roman dominion. In the fourth and fifth centuries the Scots and Picts were allied in harassing the Roman province; and it is then that the Gaelic settlements in Wales mostly took place. We may legitimately infer that the Isles and portions of the western mainland of Scotland were then taken by the Scots. Argyle, or *Oirir-Ghaidheal*, "Coast of the Gael," extended from Kintyre to Lochbroom, as ancient charters attest but Dalriada was confined to Argyle. Aedan, son of Gabra (573-605), annexed part of Perthshire, and his sons fell in battle in the Mearns (Circinn, Adamnan's *Miathi*). They appear to have possessed or claimed most of Dumbarton, Menteith, and Stratearn. How much the Gaelic Scots pressed on the Picts in the north it is impossible to say; but the earlier colonies we

evidently more northerly, and made to move northward by the Dalriads; and their dialect is still remembered in the northern dialect of Gaelic as opposed to the southern—the dialect of Dalriada and its conquered province of Perth.

Muredach, grandson of Ferchar Fada, assumed the Chiefship of Lorn in 732, and seemingly also the Kingship of Dalriada, as he is named in the Kings' list. But Dangal, son of Selbach, was active. In the same year a Scottish fleet was sent to help the Irish King, and seemingly Brude, the Pictish King's son, either joined, or was on the sea. Anyway Dungal dragged him from sanctuary in Tory Isle; war in any case ensued; a battle was fought at Callender between Dalriada and Fortreun, where Talorgan, son of Fergus, put to flight another grandson of Ferchar Fada. Angus in person invaded the district of Dalriada, took Dunadd, burnt Creic (?), and captured Dungal and his brother, wasting the country as well. The date of this event is 735. ✓

Angus was a "sanguinary tyrant," as an English chronicle has it; and, as a consequence, we need not wonder that Talorg, son of Congus, who fought in Mearns against him, on being betrayed into the hands of the "Piccards" was drowned (733)—a fate which in 738 also befell Talorgan Mac Drostan, King of Athole, at Angus's own hands. These were the leaders of the Northern Picts. Angus's brave but turbulent son, Brude, died in 735, shortly after the Dalriad raid. In 740 Angus again visited Dalriada, and gave it a "smiting" (*percussio*), as the old annalist has it. But evil days were in store for this powerful and restless warrior. War broke out between the Picts and Britons in 749, and a battle was fought at Mugdock, on the Dumbarton borders, wherein fell Talorgan, Angus's brother, amidst great slaughter of the Picts; and the annalist adds the significant remark, "Ebb of Angus's sovereignty," for the wane of his power had come. Internal dissensions again broke out in Southern Pictland; a battle was fought in the year 751 in the "Strath" of Mearns, where fell a chief with the well-known name of Brude Mac Mailcon. Possibly this was another attack upon Angus by the Northern Picts. Simeon of Durham records that Eadbert, the Anglie King, and Angus of Pictland joined forces against the Britons, advancing as far as Dumbarton Rock, where they received the surrender of the Britons, but the conquering army was nearly all destroyed in returning homewards (756). Angus died in 760, styled "King of the Picts;" but his brother, who succeeded him, died in 762 merely as King of Fortreun. This dynasty had then shrunk to its former measure of power. ✓

The "devastation" of 735 and the "smiting" of 740 passed over Dalriada, as did similar invasions of Scotland at the hands of the English in later times. The Cinel Lorn ruled till 747. We are told that Muredach grandson of Ferchar Fada assumed the rule of Lorn in 732, but the King of that house given in the Latin lists is Ewen, son of Ferchar Fada, who ruled from about 732—the date of Eochaidh Mac Eochaidh's death—till 742, when the lists recognise the Kingship of Muredach. The latter is succeeded by his son, Ewen; and then we are on the firm ground of reference by the annalists in regard to the next King, Aed Finn, son of Eochaidh, of the Cinel Gabran, who succeeded in 747, and whose death as King of Dalriada is recorded in the Annals of Ulster under 777. He was evidently a powerful monarch, but the only incident of his reign recorded is a war with the Picts in 767. "War in Fortrenn," says the annalist, "between Aed and Kenneth." This appears to prove that Aed had a good hold in Western Perthshire. On his death in 777 he was succeeded by his brother, Fergus, whom the annals record as dying in 780, "King of Dalriada." The Annals of Ulster, which forms so valuable a check on the king lists, unfortunately records no purely Dalriadic event from 780 till 857, the death of Kenneth MacAlpin. After Fergus the Latin lists enter Selbach, son of Ewen, the Lorn King who died in 747, as King for twenty-four years; then Eochaidh the Venomous, son of Aed Finn, for thirty years, his name appearing in all the lists save in the Albanic Duan (but placed by Flann next to Fergus); thereafter the Latin lists of the 12th and 13th centuries alone have at this point Dungal, son of Selbach, for seven years; and Alpin, son of Eochaidh, for three years—which brings us to the year 843; and to Kenneth MacAlpin. Flann, however, followed by the Albanic Duan, places Dungal and Alpin about 100 years earlier, evidently making Dungal the son of the great Sealbach and Alpin brother of King Eochaidh MacEochaidh, who died in 732. There is no good reason for doubting the correctness of the Latin lists especially as the later Alpin *must* have existed, as he was father of the historic Kenneth.

Meanwhile in Pictland events of importance had taken place. Brude, brother of Angus, died King of Fortrenn in 762. His successor was Kenneth, King of the Picts, who, as was seen, fought with Aed Finn in Fortrenn, with what result we know not. The annals record his death in 774. Alpin, son of Wroid (777-779), Drust, son of Talorgan (779-83), and Talorgan, son of Angus (783-786), follow one another in quick succession in the list

Only two entries occur in the Ulster Annals for these years, and they both concern the year 779. The one records the death of Alpin, who by mistake is made King of the Saxons (compare the Saxon *Alfwinn*); the other states that Dubh-talorg, King of the Cismontane Picts, "perished." Skene thinks that Talorgan, the last king mentioned, was the son of King Angus, and that he was therefore a usurper, having no right by Pictish succession law to the throne. The next King bore the very Gaelic name of Conall, son of Tadg, or Connell MacTeague; his father was doubtless a Dalriad or Scot. Civil war broke out again, if it was not chronic, in 788. Conall was defeated, but escaped to Dalriada, and the conqueror, Constantine, son of Fergus, reigned in his stead. Conall himself was afterwards, in 806, slain in Kintyre, by one Conall MacAedan. It was in the early years of Constantine's reign over the Picts that the Norsemen and Danes appeared in the northern and western seas. They attacked the Western Isles in 793, and laid them waste. Iona escaped till 801, when it was burned and ravaged, and in 805 the whole community of 68 persons were put to the sword. Constantine is said to have founded the Church of Dunkeld, possibly in view of the loss of Iona as an ecclesiastical centre. He died in 820: the record calls him King of Fortrenn then. He was succeeded by his brother Angus, who reigned till 833, when the Annals of Ulster again record the title as King of Fortrenn. Confusion now reigned among the Picts. Drust, son of Constantine, contrary to the Pictish law of succession, tried to rule, but the rightful heir apparently was Talorgan, son of Wthoil, and there was a corjoint reign for some four years. Alpin, the Scot, according to the late chronicles, took advantage of this state of things, attacked the Picts at the Easter solemnities, and defeated them (834); but, elated with victory, he again engaged them a few weeks later, and was defeated, losing his life thereby. Skene puts the scene of this battle at Pitelpie, or Pit-Alpin, near Dundee. The next King of Fortrenn was Eoganan, son of Angus, who ruled from 836 to 838. The distracted and tottering kingdom of Pictland—if such a thing now existed as "kingdom" or common action between the Northern and Southern Picts—received its final coup from the Norsemen or Danes in 838. The simple record of the Annals of Ulster is here given: the tragedy has to be read between the lines as usual—"Battle by the Gentiles against the men of Fortrenn, in which fell Eoganan, son of Angus, and Bran, son of Angus, and Aed, son of Boanta; and almost countless others were slain." Kenneth MacAlpin took advantage of the distracted state of Pictland, and some authorities

have it that he grasped the Pictish supremacy in 838 after the Danish defeat. The Kings' lists give two further monarchs for Pictland—Wrad, son of Bargoit, for three years, and Brude (Bred in the lists), one year. Kenneth united the Picts and Scots in 843 in one kingdom of Scotia, then and for some time thereafter known to outsiders, however, as Pictland, as a witness of which we have the Pentland Firth, Norse Pettland, that is Pictland or Scotland Firth, and the Annals of Ulster record Kenneth's death in 857 as King of the Picts. Kenneth had some struggles with his Pictish subjects, it is said, for the first seven years of his reign, but thereafter he ruled in peace.

The immediate cause of the collapse of the Pictish power was, no doubt, the defeat and damage inflicted by the Danes. The kingdom was also torn by civil dissension, possibly caused by the law of succession to the throne. Heirship was traced through the mother, not the father, as I pointed out already. A king's son could not succeed him, for the right lay in the King's mother, and it passed from her to her daughter. In fact, the heir to the King was his own brother or the son of his sister. Pictish Princesses married outsiders often—in fact were exogamists; possibly they were queens of British Strathclyde or Dalriada, or the outside Princes may have had them as "hand-fast" wives on a sojourn or in exile in Pictland. Thus, Talorgan (657-661) was son of Eanfred, an Anglie Prince, son of Ethelfred, King of Anglia, himself afterwards King of Northumbria. He was an exile among the Picts when he fell in with the Royal Princess. The next two Kings—Gartnait (661-667) and Drust (667-674)—were sons of Domhnall or Donald, a Dalriadic or Scottic name, and no doubt a Prince of the Scots. The next King we may, without any great doubt, regard as the son of the King of Alclud or Dumbarton, viz., Brude, son of Bili (674-695), Bili being the father of the British King Owen, who killed Domnall Brecc in 641. In fact Nennius censures Ecfred, the Anglian King, for attacking Pictland in the last half of the 7th century, calling it an "uncousinly" act. This one-sided exogamy must have been a source of weakness from making the Kings too friendly with external states; but it was still more so from a dynastic point of view, for it in fact destroyed dynasty founding: a man fought, not for his own, but for his sister's, house. Another weakness in the Pictish kingdom, so called, was its physical character: it was divided naturally by the Grampians into Northern and Southern Picts, and they certainly did not work harmoniously together. Evidently also there was a King of Athole who could give trouble.

The real crux of the Pictish question, after all, is not the conquest by the Scots: the difficulty is the rapid disappearance of the language, not a literary specimen, scarcely an ordinary word, of which remains. Every authority is now agreed that it was more or less different from both Gaelic and Welsh: even Skene, after seeing the Cornish names in the Bodmin Manumissions in the first volume of the "*Rev. Celtique*," acknowledged that there was a British element in the list of Pictish Kings, but it was Cornish, not Welsh: in fact, the Picts between the Tay and the Forth, belonging as they did to the British Damnonii, were, he says, British by race in all probability; but the Northern Picts were pure Gael of Alban, direct ancestors of the modern Gael, language and all, he thinks. What greatly contributed to kill the Pictish so soon was the fact of its not being a literary language like the Irish or Gaelic. Besides, the ecclesiastical language, outside Latin, was Gaelic. Skene's idea that the Columban monks and church were banished from Pictland is untenable in the light of subsequent facts: Nectan's "expulsio" of Colmban monks in 716 was merely a burst of reforming zeal, and conformity with the Roman calendar would ensure non-molestation. We may be sure most conformed; and in any case Iona itself conformed next year! The pressure of the Norse on the West and North of Scotland (possibly on the East as well) also confined the range of both languages, and made the struggle, such as it was, all the shorter and keener. Like its sister language, the British of Strathclyde,¹ Pictish soon disappeared, leaving its impress strongly laid on the landscape of Pictland. Every available source of information—names in the Kings' lists, other names, and the ancient and modern place-names—prove that the Pictish language was of the same Celtic branch as the Welsh.

The reality of the conquest of the Picts by the Scots was never doubted till the publication of Pinkerton's "*Enquiry into the History of Scotland*" in 1789. Pinkerton, working on the "*Albanic Duan*," found that Dungal, son of Selbach, and Alpin, son of Eochaidh, were placed at about 730, while the Latin lists end the line of Dalriadic Kings with these two names—Kenneth MacAlpin, son of the latter, becoming King of the united peoples. His idea was that the Dalriadic Kingdom came to an end in 730 or thereabout, through the exertions of Angus Mac Fergus of

¹ Indeed it may be said that the British language of Strathclyde disappeared with greater suddenness and thoroughness than Pictish. Strathclyde had a separate existence till the middle of the tenth century, when the Scots absorbed it. Gaelic dominated the west coast from Renfrew through Ayr to Galway for several centuries thereafter; and it has left its impress still strong on personal and place names there.

Fortrenn, who, in short, wiped it out, and annexed the country to Pictland. It is a minor matter that he regarded the Picts as of Gothic descent: they were too good to be of Celtic descent!

Skene arrives at similar conclusions from these and other premises. Alpin he makes the last King of Dalriada. A battle, called the battle of Dun Cathmail, fought really by the Irish Cruithnigh, is transferred by him to Galloway, and there, in 741, he somehow manages to kill off Alpin, the last Dalriadic King. Of course, Angus Mac Fergus is his hero: he conquered and annexed Dalriada. The awkward facts of Aed Finn's sovereignty of that country (747-777), and the still more awkward fact of Kenneth MacAlpin, a Scot of Dalriada, becoming King of the unconquered Picts is as awkwardly got over. Aed "attempted to restore the Dalriadic Kingdom," and Alpin, father of Kenneth, "Scot by paternal descent," claims *inter alios* the Pictish throne in 834, and his son Kenneth, with the help of the Danes, makes good the claim! Such, in brief, is Skene's answer.

In the first place, Skene has misread the history of Angus Mac Fergus. An important sentence in the Annals of Ulster was misread by Dr O'Connor, and Skene has not got it in his extracts in the "Chronicles of the Picts and Scots." This is the remark which follows the account of the war between the Britons and Picts in 749, "Wane of the sovereignty of Angus." It is correctly given in Hennessey's new edition of the Annals. Besides, there is no indication in the Annals of any annexation of Dalriada or anything beyond an ordinary invasion, cruel of its kind. The Dalriads were more often the invaders than the Picts. Aed's war in Fortrenn in 767 is ample disproof of Skene's position: here we have the Scots at their old game of fighting east of Perthshire, as they did in the days of Aedan (573-605).

Skene has not, as already said, shown high critical faculty in dealing with the Latin king's lists as against Flann's "Synchronisms" and the Albanic Duan. The Latin lists bring the kings' names and reigns down to William the Lion, and Skene correctly regards the original list as composed about then. The best one is in the Colbertine fourteenth century MS., which Skene reproduces in fac-simile. This MS. contains the Pictish list of kings as well; and it is amusing to note that, whereas the Pictish part is given as belonging to the tenth century, and given on the first page onwards, the Scottish part is relegated to page 130 and the twelfth century! Some Latin lists, those followed by Fordun, place a King Maolduin after Donald Brecc (641), and in this they are right. In fact, Flann puts Donald's three brothers and two

nephews between him and Ferchar Fada from 641 to 675. Flann Mainstrech died in 1056, and Skene regards the "Synchronisms" he quotes as belonging to Flann and to the eleventh century. But these "Synchronisms" end in 1119, and can hardly be Flann's. Anyway they are valuable, but little discernment seems to have been exercised in choosing the kings' names: any leading prince seems to have got a place; and the last five kings, if not more, before Kenneth MacAlpin were Pictish kings or princes shoved in much on the principle that Finlay, Macbeth's father, and Malcolm, his cousin, are recorded as "Kings of Alban" in the Irish Annals, in 1020 and 1029.

Skene, however, makes much of the last kings given by Flann before Kenneth: it proves, he thinks, that the Pictish kings were also kings of Dalriada. It just proves that Flann's continuator was generous in his interpretation of what constituted "*ri Alban*." The pitiable mess made by the Albanic Duan in assigning them years of reign might have warned Skene that something was wrong. Thus Constantine, who really reigned in Pictland thirty years, is made in the Albanic Duan to reign only nine. The Duan is evidently founded on Flann, or Flann's sources; but differs from Flann in giving the length of the reigns, and in omitting the great Selbach; Eochaidh MacEochaidh; Fergus, brother of Aed Finn; and Eochaidh the Venomous. Skene, as we saw, regards it as having been written in Malcolm Ceanmore's time, but it is plainly a production of a much later age. In fact, it has far less value than the Latin lists from which it differs. Skene, however, regards itself and Flann as prior to the lists, which is undoubtedly a mistake in critical judgment. He simply repeats the same mistake as he made in 1837 in rejecting these native Latin lists and chronicles in favour of the Norse Sagas for the history of the period from 843 to 1057. The native chronicles after all turned out to be correct; and "*Celtic Scotland*" follows them for 843—1057: Why not for 731 to 843?

Skene, in maintaining that the Picts absorbed the Scots, as against the old-established view that the Scots overcame the Picts, further held that the Pictish language and race still exist in the Highlands; in short, Pictish was Gaelic. He appealed to the unlikelihood of such a disappearance of the language as almost to leave no trace, forgetting the similar disappearance of the British language of Strathclyde; and by some antiquated philologising he proved that there was nothing to disappear, for the Gaelic and Pictish were one. The historical objection to his views is great: his theory runs counter to all the traditions and literature of the race.

In view of these, his theory is bizarre and revolutionary, yet so plausible is it that it now holds the field among Scottish scholars And the worst of it is, as I said, that every man that writes a local or county history accepts Skene's views as a matter of course, and does not seem to dream even that he is accepting views which are revolutionary and contrary to the historic material and traditionary lore of his country.

4th FEBRUARY, 1897.

At the meeting this evening Mr David Ross, solicitor, Inverness and Rev. Charles M. Robertson, Inverness, were elected ordinary members of the Society. Thereafter Mr A. Macbain, M.A., read a paper contributed by Rev. John Kennedy, Arran, on "Some Unpublished Gaelic Ballads from the MacLagan MSS." The paper was as follows :—

SOME UNPUBLISHED GAELIC BALLADS FROM THE MACLAGAN MSS.—No. I.

INTRODUCTION—MEMOIR OF MACLAGAN.

Many of our members who are interested in ancient Gaelic lore are more or less familiar with some of the contents of these MSS., although they may know very little regarding the collector of them. In the Highland Society's "Report on the authenticity of the poems of Ossian," 1805, there are frequent references to these MSS. At pp. 153-156, we find that MacLagan helped Macpherson to get some well-known ballads. Mr MacLagan also made a valuable Ossianic collection for the Highland Society of Scotland, but it seems to have been lost. The materials from which he worked it were kept in his family, who kindly lent them to the editors of "*Reliquiæ Celticæ*," to make good the loss of the original. (See "*Reliquiæ Celticæ*," Vol. I., xiv.) Mr MacLagan contributed most of the Ossianic poetry in Gillies's collection (1786), and many other songs to be found in that work. There is much in the MSS. still unpublished, and the following poems are only a few out of many, selected on the grounds of variety of theme. The following biographic sketch of this industrious collector of Gaelic poetry, taken from Rodger's "*Scottish Minstrelsy*," Vol. III., will doubtless be of interest to our members :—

"James Maclagan was the son of a small farmer at Ballechin, in the parish of Logierait, Perthshire, where he was born in 1728. Educated at the University of St Andrews, he received licence as a probationer of the Established Church. Through the influence of the Duke of Atholl, he was appointed to the Chapel of Ease at Amulree, in Perthshire, and subsequently to the chaplainship of the 42nd Regiment, his commission to the latter office bearing date the 15th of June, 1764. His predecessor in the chaplainship was Dr Adam Ferguson, author of the "History of the Roman Republic," who was also a native of the parish of Logierait. Than Mr Maclagan few could have been better qualified for the duties of chaplain to a Highland regiment. He was intimately conversant with the language, character, and partialities of the Gael, and was possessed of much military ardour, as well as Christian devotedness. He accompanied the regiment to America, and was present in several skirmishes during the War of Independence. Anecdotes are still recounted of the humour and spirit with which he maintained an influence over the minds of his flock, and Stewart, in his "History of the Highlands," has described him as having essentially contributed to form the character of the Highland soldier, then in the novitiate of his loyalty and efficiency in the national service. In 1776, while stationed with his regiment in Glasgow, he had the freedom of the city conferred on him by the Corporation. After discharging the duties of military chaplain during a period of 24 years, he was in 1788 presented by the Duke of Atholl to the parish of Blair-Athole, Perthshire. He died in 1805, in the seventy-seventh year of his age. A pious and exemplary clergyman, Mr Maclagan is still kindly remembered in the scene of his parochial ministrations. An accomplished Gaelic scholar, and with a strong admiration of the poetry of the Gael, he recovered, from the recitation of many aged persons large portions of the poetry of Ossian, prior to the publication of the collections of Macpherson. He composed some spirited Gaelic lyrics during the period of his connection with the army, but the greater portion of his poetry still remains in MS. A collection of Gaelic songs under his editorial superintendence, was published anonymously.

"Mr Maclagan was of fair and ruddy complexion, and was under the middle stature. He was fond of humour, and his dispositions were singularly benevolent. In youth he was remarkable for his skill in athletic exercises. He married Catherine Stewart, daughter of the Rev. James Stewart, minister of Killin, the originator of the translation of the Scriptures into

the Gaelic language. Of a family of four sons and three daughters, one son and two daughters still survive ; his eldest son, the Rev. James MacLagan, D.D., was successively minister of the parishes of Auchtergaven and Kinfauns, in Perthshire, and ultimately Free Church Professor of Divinity in Aberdeen."

RANN OBUNN.

Labhair rium am Bradan tapaidh—

" 'S mionach cait th' agad ri d' bhéist,¹

Sud is cuile² bhuidhe, lacunn,

'S ni nach taitneach le Rìgh éisg."

PARSON—

" 'S maith a thachair thu ri parson,³

So dubh⁴ gasda 's òr an gleus."

SALMON—

" Sin an ceart ni a bhios agam,

Dh' ain-debin acuinn agus cléir."

Thuirte mise—" Laimh d'athars', cha'n fhaigh tu ;

Tha teud rìghinn air a déigh ;

Tha mi féin sgath⁵ aingidh laidir

'S bidh cruaidh spàirn againn mu 'n bhéist."

Thug e ruathar—am bradan tapaidh—

Chuile ghlac e ann a bhéul,

Thug sinn fichead car 'sa' ghlac-shruth

Thug mi mach e, 's chaidh e éug.

AN GILLE DUBH GAOLACH.

Ise.

Mo ghille dubh gaolach eatrom acfuinneach,

Sunntach, suaire gun ghruainn air aigneadh

Is miannach leam do chomhradh taitneach

Gu 'n siubhlainn fada o'm dhaoine leat.

'S e mo rùn an t-òigfhear suairce,

'Shiubhlas gleann is beinn is fuaran,

Beith do choilìobh air do ghualainn,

Shiubhlainn cuan is caolas leat.

¹ bhéist = bait.

² cuile = cuileag—fly.

³ parson = probably the author, Rev. Mr MacLagan.

⁴ dubh' = dubhan—hook.

⁵ sgath = somewhat.

'S e mo rùin an Gaidheal rìmheach,
Beul gun bhruidneal, is suairc a labhras ;
Ge do dhiultain cuirteir Gallda,
Shiubhlainn beinn is aonach leat.

Faill ill o ro uill ho ro
Faill ill o ro uill o ho
Faill ill o ro uill ho ro
Gur h-e mo ghille dubh gaolach e.

- *Eise.*

Ghruagach òg nan òir-chiabh fàineach
Modhail, beusach, ceillidh, nàrach,
A rùin mo chléimh, cha deanainn tàir ort,
Beith mi ghnàth do t-inndraichinn.

Deud mar chailce labhras suairce,
Gruaidh mar ròs aig òig-mhnai uasail,
Do shlios mar nònain air lòn fuarain,
B' e mo luaidh bhith sùgradh riut.

Do bheul cùmhraidh mar an caiuneal
T' anail ùr mar ubhla meala
Tha do shùil mar dhrùchd air bharrach
Mo rùin geal thu, lubainn leat.

Faill ill, &c.,
Gur i mo chaileag shugach i.

AIR COMHRAG BHAN. LE TAILLEIR AN MUILE.

'S coma leom na mnathan fadhair,
Nach gleadhaidh an an-tlachd,
Tha mo chluasan air fas bodhar,
Le glodhar bhur càinte.
Noise o chuaidh sibh o riaghailt
Leigim srian le bhur n-aimhleas ;
Teannuidh mi gu àite dìonhair
O mhio-thlachd bhur càinte.

'S ann sud bha 'm fìrinn, farusa,
Chiris, chairis cèainte,
Shaoileadh gach fear reacleadh seacleadh
Gu 'm bu chlach le gleann e ;

N uair dh' éuigh an t-shipe, shoipe
 Am measg a' phrascain bhantrach
 Geodhlair air mnathan na tartraich,
 'S droch fhasan a dh' ionnsuich iad.

Dh' ionnsuich iad bhi beurrach, sgaiteach
 La fant' ann an càinte,
 Gun aon té(a) dhiubh 'gabhail suasadh,
 Is iad 's a bheirt cho coimh-dheis
 Ge do chàirich an Rìogh càil-dhreach orra
 Caoin air ascaoin thionntaidh iad,
 Mo cheud mollachd aig a' phaca
 Thréig an tlachd air an-tlachd.

Sin 'nuair thòisich iad da rìreadh,
 'S shin iad air na h-armaibh,
 Tharruinn(g) té(a) dhiubh cuigeal dìreach
 'S tapan min-gheal, marrachunn
 An snàth bu choile na 'n sìde,
 'S e gu sliobhta, ballachruinn,
 'N deis a tharruinn(g) as a' ghriosaich,
 Aig ro mhiad na h-argumaint.

Sin 'nuair chunna bean na ceirtle
 Lasair ris an abhras,
 Dorn air bhuirbe 's air ghaïsge,
 Air chaise 's air chàinte ;
 'S mòr gu 'm b' fheàrr a seachnadh,
 Na 'glacadh 's an àm ud ;
 Rug i air cuaile maith bata
 'S shlac i feadh nan ceann iad.

Cha raibh crumach 's cha raibh cailleach
 'S cha raibh bean 'ga seanntachd ;
 Cha raibh gruagach òg na cailinn,
 Bean-baile no banutrach,
 Nach d' éirigh nam frime, frama,
 B' i sud an eangach aimh-reit,
 Fallas gach té(a) air a mala
 'S malairteach a' sealltuinn.

IAN LOM, &c.

Is mise bhiogh gu h-aighireach,
Nam faighinn mar a dh' iarruinn
An ceann thoirt do Mhac-Cailein
Agus fail air Mac Ioin Riabhach.
Ciod an cagnadh th' agad oirnn daonan ?
Cha 'n e 'bhi gar cagnadh bu doilich leom,
Ach nach b' urrainn domh bhur slugadh.
Dol a chreachadh nan srathaibh
Is srathair air a' bhliadhnach.
Is fuath leom céile bhiodh carrach,
Is fuath leom cailleach ri 'pòsadh,
Is fuath leom òiseach gun òran,
Is fuath leom, Och, Och, gun tinneas.

AM FONN ILEACH.

'S daor a phai(gh) mi 'm Fonn Ileach
'S leir do m' Rìgh nach e 'n t-airgead :
'S i creach Sheumuis a leòn mi,
Dhol am feòil bhrathar a mhathar.
'S ùr an tugsaidh a leagadh,
Air an eibir bhig bhlàrain.
'S daor a cheannuigh mi 'n t-saighead,
Rinn an rathad gu gathainn,
A chuir maillid air th' amharc,
A mhic na mna o 'n Ghairbhil.
Ann an Cille-Chomain an Ilea,
Ghabh do dhilsin féin fardoch.
Ach a chéile Catriona,
Fear dileas, treun làidir ;
Agus Ruaraidh na féile
Bheireadh feusda da chàirdean.
Ach a' Bhothag a' ghlinne,
Leom is binn thu na clàirseach ;
Ach a' Bhothag an Easain
Leom is leisg bhi ga t' fheachain,

O nach fhaighinn 'na shuain ann
Am fear ruadh mar a b' abhaist.

IURRAM BATA.

Hoirinn o u ho ino,
Iuru o ro hug eile,
Hoirinn o u ho ino.

I.

Mo cheisd air fear a' chuil dosraich
Dh' aith'ninn air thoiseach nan ceud e.

II.

Mo luaidh air fear a' chuil dualaich
Cha b' e buachaille nan spréidh e.

III.

Mo cheist air fear a' chuil bhuidheadh,
A dhireadh am bruthach gu h-eatrom.

IV.

Shiubhladh, shiùbhla, shiubhlainn féin leat
A dh' aon taobh gu'n téid thu.

(*Variation*) Rachainn leat air chùl na gréine.

V.

Shiubhlainn leat coille na 'n càbair
Ge do bhiodh sneachd air na geugan.

VI.

Chunncas do long sìos an rudha
'S i na siubhal fiu làn éididh.

VII.

'S minic chualas fuaim do chrannaig,
Siubhal roimh laethe (là) air chuan Eirinn.

VIII.

Bha mo leannan féin air stiùir ann
'S ro mhaith thig gach cùis mu 'n téid e.

IX.

Bha mo leannan féin air stiùir ann
'S cha robh cùram orm mu dhéimhinn.

X.

Fhad 's a mhaireas crainn gun lubadh
S a mhaireas na siùil gun reubadh.

FUATH NA H-UISEAG.

I.

Ceithir nithe gu'n tug mi fuath
Do mnai luath dhubh is do chu mall
Do sheann duine (oighre fearthuinn) gan bhi glic
Agus slíos (also var.) nach tuga clann.

II.

Is fuath leam òiseach gan òran,
Is fuath leam ochain gan tinnis,
Is fuath leam dubh Ghall gan Bhearla,
Is fuath leam téidin gan bhinnis.

III.

Is fuath leam lochan air làr nis,
Is fuath leam gan chlachan thairis,
Is fuath leam neid natharach an dris,
Is fuath leam balach air banais.

IV.

Is fuath leam cogar re boghar,
Is fuath leam loghar (lame) an coisiridh (travelling)
Is fuath leam mo chéilidh a bhi carrach,
Is fuath leam caileach a phòsadh.

V.

Is fuath leam tigh mòr, falamh, fàs,
Gan bhlàs gan teine gan bhiadh ;
Is fuath leam bean òg bhrùineach bhrais,
Is fuath leam duine cas liath.

VI.

Is fuath leam bain-tighearna labhar,
Is fuath leam Abhal¹ gan ùbhlan,
Is fuath leam ceann cléiridh gun teagas,
Is fuath leam cearcal nach lubadh.

VII.

Is fuath leam miosgain nam fear pàrt,
Is fuath leam troda na mna gaoil (loving),
Is fuath leam suidhe fad an cill
Air droch comun is air luinn daor.

¹ I take abhal to be the true etymology of Athell, as it abounds with wild apples. Or if it be ahol, which in old Gaelic signifies mouth, it is the mouth or entrance into the Grampian Mountains.

VIII.

Is fuath leam diulta gan iartas,
 Is fuath leam fiatachd gan fheòrach,
 Is fuath leam aigne 's i sgaoilte
 Aig neach nach saoilte bhi gòrach.

IX.

Is fuath leam iarna gan chonn,
 Is fuath leam long a bhios gan stiùir,
 Is fuath leam duine lochdach searbh,
 Is fuath leam talamh dearg gan sìol.

X.

Is fuath leam suireach faiteach (shy)
 Air mnai shuilibhir nan rosc mall,
 Is fuath leam an uair a gheabhadh e cheid
 Gu 'm bithidh an cleas air chall.

XI.

Is fuath leam ceann feòna (leader) gan bhi cruaidh,
 Is fuath leam sluath nach togadh creach ;
 Is fuath leam an cogadh na 'n sìth
 Am fear nach cuiridh ni ma 'n seach.

(NOTE).—There is another verse awaiting to complete this poem, which I'll soon get. I have obscured several words through bad spelling, which I hope, sir, you'll excuse me. Those I thought doubtful I wrote their meaning in English immediately above.

(The spelling of the original has not been interfered with.—J. K.)

LE FEAR SHRATH-MHATHAISIDH [M. Gillies].

Tha sluagh an t-saoghail-se 'nan deannaibh,
 Fear ag scaoileadh 's fear ag tional,
 Fear ag carnadh òir 's ga mhuchadh,
 S fear eile ga mhùin re balladh.

Uainn a dhaoine, 's gabhaidh 'n sèol e,
 Bhi ro ghlic, no bhi ro ghòrach,
 Leigibh dhibh e 's leanaibh mise
 Seall sibh noise dhuibh mo dhòidhse.

Gun bhi ro chaiteach, no nam dhaolaig,
 Cruinneach' òir, no ga scaoileadh,
 Ma gheabh mi biadh, teine 's earradh,
 Ta mi toilichte dhe 'n t-saoghal.

'Nuair a bhuailas an t-eug a ghath orm,
Tha mo Shlan-fhear air a chathair,
Bheir e mi cho luath do Pharrais,
'S ge b' e Rìgh na Spainne m' athair.

ALTUCHADH NAM MEIRLEACH.

Le Alastair Mòr Mac a Lonabhaidh.¹

A Mhic Dhonuill Duibh moir o Lochai, Dean tròcair oirne, is ann duit bu dual; thu féin agus odhachan do dha sheanar, Fear Chuil-cheannan, Fear an earrachd agus Fear nan Cluainte. Alastair Mhòir Ghlinn-deiseir, Is tu bheireadh maitheamhnas duinne, an uair a bhitheadh cuid chàich aguinn. A mhic a Lonabhaidh as an t-Sróin, Cuireamaid ar dòchas annad; Is tric a thug thu dhuinn greim rathaid, gun bhonn a ghabhail ga cheann. Ach guidhidhmid air Fear Ghlinn-Eamhais, o na 's ann air a tha sonus na febla. Is tric a cheil e 'n tòir ann sa mhona gun bhonn a sea a chuir á 'r pocaid. Gu má h-amhluidh sin a bhios sinn foighràsaibh Mhic Dhonuill Duibh Mhòir á Lochai Sir (tir?) Ailein nan creach o'n Chorpach.

MU 'N T-SNIOMHACHA.

Tha na caileaga 'n tràsa
Ga 'n sàruch le cuigeil
Edir latha Fheill Sraide
'S la Fheill Padruig le'n dusan.
'S tosach driochain san fhàrdoidh
Ma bhios failing an cut deth,
Is olc a fhuair thu le d' mhaíne
Gun mo mhàlsa bhith cuideachd.

'S mòr iàrgain do mhail dhomh,
'S e dh' fhàg sream air mo shùilean,
Seach 'n uair ghoireadh an coileach,
'S ann bbiodh an oirionn ga m' dhusgadh.
Rachadh chrois ud a tharruing
'S bhiodh i ealamh gu cunntadh,
'S mur biodh an dusan re taraing
Bhiodh 'm am chairis ga dhùnadh.

¹ This is one of the famous M'Gillony Camerons of Strone, Lochaber.—J. K.

Bhiodh tu d' chairis gu dhùnadh
 'S beag sunt th' ort ga ionnsuidh,
 Caitheadh min agus mòine
 Air do thoin re a gheamhruidh,
 'S mòr mo ruith ris a ghiumhas,
 'S goirt mo shiubhal d'a ionnsuidh,
 Ga mo phrornadh ga choisneadh
 Ann an clodach cruaidh lainteach

'S mòr t-iomradh mu ghiumhas
 'S mòr do bhrùighinn mu mhòine,
 Cha ludh' do chuid iargain
 Mu m' bhiadh diomhain Dia-dòmhnau
 'S ann a bhios tu gam tharruing (ag gearan)
 Anns gach àit am bith comh-dhail ;
 'S mar fhaireche re tarrung
 Ga m' shir sparradh an còmhnuidh

Feadai nise do sparradh
 Cha ghabh thu fallus na nàire,
 Ged tha muinntir a' bhaile
 Toirt an aire do d' ghnàthach
 'S am a bhios tu gad' gharadh
 'N àm tarruing an t-suàine,
 'S mise a fhuair an cnap-starra
 Nach dùin bealach mo mhàil domh.

Dhùininn bealach do mhàil duit
 Nam biodh tu sàmhach do d' bhruidhinn,
 'S ann a bhios tu gam' nàrach
 Anns gach àit am bith buidheann.
 Ach thig oirne an samhradh
 Agus àm dol d' an ruidhe,
 Sin fàgaidh mise dhrandan,
 'S gheabh mi aon ratha sughach.

Ged is sughach an samhradh
 Cha 'n ann gu tàmh 'tha air òrdach' ;
 Ach bhi bisidh re cuibhle,
 'S 'cur gach ni mar bu chóir dha,
 Sniomh clòth agus cath-dath,
 'S 'cur na plaide an òrdugh,
 'S 'nuair a gheabh mi thu dhathigh
 Bithidh tu 'm fasta 'san eòrna

'Nuair a gheabh thu mi dhathigh
 Cha toir thu caidridh na làmh dhomh,
 Ach gam chnàmh 's gam shir-chagnadh
 O n' tha e agad mar nàtur !
 Tha bhliadhna so fada
 'S cha 'n 'eil teireachd gu ceann oirr'
 Ach 's math am modh a bhi sàmhach
 O na thàine mi t-ionnsuidh.

O na thàine tu m' ionnsuidh
 Bha thu mall an cois gnìomha,
 Bha thu dian an cois cutoig
 'S tu thrusadh am biadh leat
 'Nuair a thigeadh an t-aran
 'S ann a bhiodh an gallop air t' fhiacail
 'S ge do bhithinn s' ga cheannach
 Bhiodh tu 'n ain-ìochd ga chrìochadh.

A BHEAN UINSINN ODHAR.

'S beag an t-iongnadh dhuit bhith brònach
 'N uair a chaidh thu lea a phòsadh
 'G amharc air na mearaibh mòra
 'S air na crògan uinsinn,

Agad tha 'bhean uinsinn odhar,
 Ud, ud, a 'bhean uinsinn odhar,
 Agad tha 'bhean uinsinn odhar
 'S a' bhean odhar uinsinn.

'S ann agad tha 'n aghaidh lacunn,
 'S an smig a ghearradh na clachan ;
 Da shùil uain' air dhreach na lasrach
 Ann do chlaigionn uisinn

'N uair a theid i chum na h-airidh
 Cha dean i calanas no stàth dhuit ;
 Millidh i t' ìm is do chàise
 Leis na crògan puinsin.

'N uair a theid thu chum a' chlachain
 Cha bhith do leithid re fhaicinn,
 Ch' uile fiacail ann do chlaigionn
 Cho fhad re cabar uinsinn.

Gaelic Society of Inverness.

N' uair a thèid thu chum na féille
 Cha 'n fhaic thu do leithid fhéin ann ;
 Bithidh na ribeinin 's an leinnich
 Air na feithibh uinsinn.

O IAN MAC NEILL A BARRA.

Leis a' Bhearrtha (February) cuir da aon,
 A leith 's a' Mhàirt, dha 's an April,
 Triùir 's a' Mhai do d' mheanmna,
 Cearthar 's a Iuin na co-leanmhuinn,
 Cuig le Iuli a's glan grian,
 'S le August ni 'n droch ciall ;
 Iarr a h-ochd le September,
 Ochd le October.
 Nobhember da chuig gun chol,
 December deich a dhiithear,
 Aois do reitheach a ta
 An so (lo ?) d' an mhi 's an Epac.

O DHUNACHAI MAC MHAOL-DOMHNICH.

Far mile agus chuig ceud,
 Cùnt sud na naoi-deug,
 Linn na corra bhliadhna mar sin
 Uibhir oir na bliadhna sin.
 Airthear leat an uibhir oir
 Aon uair deug 's ni dol ea-coir,
 Ag deanamh thriachad dhuibh gu beachd
 Am bi da eis an Epac.
 Suim dh mhios o Mhàrt amhain,
 An Epac 's an là do 'n mhi
 Os cionn tri cheud fui ge b'e,
 Aois do reithe dhe do ni.

NIONAG A' CHOTA BHUIDHE. (Jas. M'Lagan)

I.

Tha nighean hall ud na suighe
 Da 'n tug mise gaol mo chroidhe ;
 Gad' bhiodh an abhainn 'na siubhal
 Rachainn féin am ruidh a nunn.

A nionag a' chota bhuidhe
Deansa suidhe cuide reom (rium)
A nionag a' chota bhuidhe
Chota bhuidhe, chota bhuidhe
A nionag a' chota bhuidhe
(do-reom) var. Dh' fheuda' tu suidheadh leam.

II.

Gad budh leomsa Leòs is Uibhist,
Is na h-Earadh cuide riubha,
Bheirinn sud uam is a thuille
Air chota buidhe leis na bh' ann.

III.

Ged' budh leomsa do fheudail,
Na h-edir so is Dun-eidinn,
Gu 'n tugainn thairis dhoibh féin e,
Chionn thu bhith 'g éirigh cuide riom.

IV.

Ged' bhithinn air bord am shuidhe
Far am biodh ceòl agus bruidhinn,
B' fhearr leom na clàirseach is fidheall
An cota buidhe leis na bh' ann.

V.

Na 'm faighinnse toil na Cléire,
T' athar 's do chàirdin le chéile,
Luidhinn leat as do léine,
'S cha bhiodh ar n-éirigh ach mall.

Ged' bhiodh do mhathair an gruaim reom
Is t' athair air tìdh mo ruagaidh,
Cha tug, is cha tabhair mi fuath do
Dh' ainnir shuaire nan rosg mall.

VII.

Mur dean t' athair reomsa réite
Ni mi tuille mòr ga eacoir,
Théid mi edir thu 's do léine
Gun toil na Cléire bhith ann.

LE MR AONAS MORASAN.

'N uair (n'ar) shuidheas a' chòir gun cheart
 'S iad a ni bheirt chlaon ;
 Cha bhi Mac-Caonaich gun mhart,
 A fad sa bhios an c- na mhnai.

ORAN A RINNEADH DO MHAC DHOMHNUILL SHLEITE A DH' EUG
 ANN AN LUNDUINN AG COMENADH TEAGHLAICH LANCASTER.

Ged' tha 'n oidhche nochd fuar,
 'S beag air chadal mo luaidh,
 'S cha 'n e tainid no fuairid m' éididh.

Ach bhith 'g acain an laoiach,
 Da 'm bu Shuaicheantas Fraoch,
 'S e mo chreach nach do fhaod thu éirigh.

Le do chuilbhir caol glas,
 Nach diultadh an t-srad,
 'S a leagadh damh bras an t-sléibhe.

Ann an Sasgan fo 'n ùir,
 A dh' fhàg mi 'n tasgaidh mo rùin
 Ann an caibeall nan Tùra gle-gheal,

Ann ciste dhaingeann nam bórd,
 'N deis a sparradh le h-òrd,
 A ghaoil, cha dùisgear le céol nan teud thu.

Am baile Lunduinn nan clòc,
 A dh' fhàg mi urra mo leòin,
 'S leat bu doilghich e Dhomhnuill Shéitich¹

A Rìgh gur mis' tha fo sproc,
 'S cach mu t' fhearann ag trod,
 'S a ghaoil nach suidhich thu cnoc da 'n réiteach.

Och, O Rìgh is beag mo luaidh,
 A dhol do'n Dairre so shuas,
 Far an cluinnteadh a chuach 's a Chéitinn

'S mis' a chunnaic do Chùirt,
 Làn do mhire 's do mhùirn ;
 Tha nois inneal do chiùil gun ghleus orr'.

¹ Shléitich.

Var. 'S mis' a chunnaic do chùirt,
 'S i gun mhìre gun mhùirn,
 Agus inneal do chiùil gun ghleus orr'.

 'S maith thigeadh bonaid o'n bhùth,
 Air aghaidh shoilleir mo ruin,
 Cota Lunduinneach dù-ghorm eutrom.

 Ann Tigh lagha 'm biodh cùirt,
 Far m' bu radharcach thu,
 Cha bu chladhaire chunntagh féich ort.

11th FEBRUARY, 1897.

At the meeting this evening, Mr John Whyte read a paper contributed by Rev. Charles M. Robertson, Inverness, on "Arran Gaelic Dialect." The paper was as follows:—

THE GAELIC DIALECT OF ARRAN.

The more prominent features of the Gaelic spoken in Arran are among the vowels the attenuation of *a* and *ao* with the accompanying development of a semi-vowel *w*, and the partiality shared with Irish for *i*, in lieu of *ui*; among the consonants the prevalence as in the islands of Argyll of the unaspirated sound of slender *n*, the loss of slender *ch*, as in Irish and Manx, the occasional attenuation of the mediae and of *bh* and *mh* (as *f*), the hardening of final *dh* and *gh* with broad vowels, and an absence as compared with northern dialects of vocalisation. *Bh* and *mh*, for example, under the last-named feature, as a rule, receive their full value, viz., *v* not *u* or nil, as in *arbhar*, *ruamhair*, *geamhradh*, *samhradh*, &c.; it might not be correct to say 'that they retain their *v* sound, as the pronunciation "cavasair" (and "cavastair") of *cabhsair*, from English *causey*, would alone suggest the possibility of a re-development of the *v* sound. Slender *dh* and *gh* at the end of a syllable which are sounded on the West Coast generally are silent in Arran (except in one word, *an déidh*). The phonetic tendencies in general are at a less advanced stage than in more northern dialects; witness *Sasgunn* for *Sasunn*, *nunn* for null. The elision or loss of slender *ch* even may be a proof not of a swifter but of a slower advance, for the suggestion has been made, and not without facts seeming to countenance it, that the pronunciation in modern Scottish Gaelic of that sound is a

re-development and not a retention of the old pronunciation. The pronunciation of *ao* may also be an instance of the retention of older sounds. The position that the vowel variously represented of old by *áe*, *ái*, *óe*, *ói*, and now by *ao* (and *eu* sometimes), has changed in representation only and not in sound, as Professor Rhys seems to hold (*Manx Prayer Book*), is hardly tenable in view of the great diversity of pronunciations in modern Gaelic, both in Ireland and in Scotland. The probability is that there was like diversity in the old language, and that not only in different dialects but at different periods, as is suggested by the fact that *óe*, *ói* are more general in Old Irish, while *áe*, *ái* are more frequent in Early Irish.

Natives of Arran recognise three dialects, viz., Northend, Shiskine, and Southend. Northend Gaelic is more like Kintyre Gaelic than the others are. It is Southend Gaelic that is specially dealt with in the following pages. The use made of "Northend," "Shiskine," or "Southend" is to limit the statement with which the word is associated to that particular dialect. When no such limitation is made, Shiskine and Southend dialects are understood to agree, as does also the Northend in many, probably in most cases. The divergences between Shiskine and Southend consist of little more than the application or non-application of common principles in particular instances, and the same may be true of the Northend also. The nearest approach to a difference of principle is the treatment of *mh* after Mac in surnames in which it is attenuated at Shiskine (*Mac Faolain*, *Mac Furchaidh*, &c.), and elided at the Southend (*Mac 'Aolain*, &c.).

Some characteristics are recorded which are not peculiar to this dialect alone, but only such as are more or less local and limited in their range. Among other pleas that might be urged in favour of that course, the representation of the dialect is more complete and the determination of the range of such characteristics is facilitated.

In the phonetic re-spelling of words the letters are meant to have their standard Gaelic values, *e.g.*, *u* means the sound of *u* in Gaelic "guth," of *oo* in English "food;" *i* means that of *i* in Gaelic "sith" and in English "piano." Vowel sounds that differ only in length, *e.g.*, *u* and *ù*, *i* and *ì*, &c., have not been separately treated, but are distinguished in the usual Gaelic way. Apostrophes are used in room of silent letters, especially of vowels whose sole use in the word is to stand between a broad consonant and a slender vowel, *e.g.*, *s'im* for *suim*, or between a slender consonant and a broad vowel, *e.g.*, *t'anga* for *teanga*. The

slender *ch* is represented sometimes by an apostrophe, by *gh*. The mark ~ indicates that the vowel over which it is placed is nasalised.

a.

Vowel *a* has two sounds, open and close, though the difference is more marked than in the case of *o* and *e*. The close sound is not always associated with the liquids, as seems to be also in Manx. In Arran the close sound is found after a double liquid, or a liquid and mute, excepting *r* and *y* *g*, *b*, or *bh*, *e.g.*, amadan, cam, ball, gann, bàrr càrn, g, bàrd, gart. So also la (day), adhlac, balach, pàrant, (arm in the eye), prat (a tantrum). So damh, samhradh, mh, nàmhaid.

The open sound of *a*, except in combination with other vowels, in accented syllables, *e.g.*, gabh and agus, but is always the same in the diminutive suffixes *ag*, *an*. In the combinations *ia*, as its open sound, *e.g.*, biadh, fiadh, ruadh, tuagh, àird, agidh, fàidhidinn (patience), cainnlear (candlestick), saighdear, aig, saibhir, E. Ir. saidber (risk), gairid, O. Ir. airidh, an rair (last night). *ai* in those examples is a close *i* being distinctly sounded except in àird and gairid.

In the unaccented positions *a* has the sound of Gaelic open *e*, as in "care," "fare," or *e* in "less," which gives in Arran a perfect rhyme with "cas" in the local verse—

"Nevertheless
Na bris do chas
A ruith do chearc
Di-Domhnaigh."

Examples of the Rev. Peter Davidson, of Brodick (Glasgow : No. 81 Virginia Street), who was a native of Arran, that rhymes many of the rhymes, *e.g.*, làmh, nàmh (p. 35), snàmh, . 105), which rhyme together perfectly. The sound of open *e*, may be conveniently called slender *a*.

The influence of *i* in preserving the broad sound of *a* is not in the digraph *ai*, but may be exerted from the following specially if liquids are present, *e.g.* : abair, abhainn, àluinn (Northend è'lainn), cathair, athair, màthair, àthair, abuich, abhaist, athais. Such words as anail, pronounced e'nal' (Manx ennal), e'ca'ng, are exceptions more frequent than real, however, as *i* is not the sounded vowel of the syllable. Broad *a* is restored also whenever *i* is introduced. *i* is made slender whenever *i* is thrown out in inflection,

&c., *e.g.*, *a* is broad in the accented syllables of the nominatives athair, màthair, bràthair, nathair, in the genitive càil, in the plural naimhdean, in slàinte, aige, aice, but slender in the genitives athar, màthar, bràthar, nathrach, in the nominative càl, and the singular nàmhaid, in slàn, agam, agad, and also againn, agaibh, although *g* is elided. In nàire *a* is broad, but in nàirich, perhaps better nàraich, it is slender.

In a few instances *ai* is close *e*, viz., maille, airean (ploughman), cait (oblique case of cat), caibe (a spade); it is nasal *e* in bainis (or banais) and bainnse, and in caith (wear, use). The remarkable thing is that in several other dialects *a* never is sounded as *e* except in the digraph *ai*.

Another peculiarity of Arran Gaelic is associated with that slender *a* and with *ao*, which also is a slender vowel in Arran, viz., the development of a *w* sound between the altered vowel and the preceding consonant, plain or aspirated, especially *b*, *f*, *p*, *l*, *m*, *n* before a long vowel, *e.g.*, bàta, bàn, fàs, Pàpa, làn, màg, màl, màm, màthair, nàmhaid, nàdur, nàraich. The use of *w* as the symbol is apt to give an exaggerated impression of the sound, which is better described as a very short *o*, and may be reproduced by inserting such an *o* between the consonant and the slender *a* sound. In the case of short *a* the sporadic sound sometimes obscures the vowel of the syllable, so that *a* is apt to be taken for *o*, whence we have such representations of Arran Gaelic as "moith" for "maith," "fo:la" for "fada." The true sound, however, is *o-e* open. The same sporadic sound is found in one instance where the vowel is open *e*, viz., in the phrase "co mheud."

An explanation of the phenomenon has been suggested by Mr John Whyte. The broad sporadic vowel is required as a stepping-stone between the consonants, some of which are themselves broad, and all formerly followed by a broad vowel, and the now slender vowel. It is, in short, the old broad sound of *a* still asserting its influence upon the consonant.

The feature suggests comparison with the *w* found with the broad vowels in Manx, *e.g.*, mwaagh, a hare; bwoirryn, a female; twoaie, the north, where *w* has the same sound as *u* or *v* in such English words as "quick," "dwindle" (Rhys' Manx Prayer Book, II., 58). Compare also the Manx moir, mother; moddey, a dog, which were formerly written meier, moaddy, and baa, formerly buó, genitive of booa, a cow.

It seems to be a somewhat similar sound that is intended by *h* in Macalpine's phonetic representation of the words math, màthair, buidhinn, namely, mha, mhàhyer, bhùé-enn.

As in the other dialects, there is sometimes an interchange of *a* and *o*. In the substitution of *a* for *o* in such words as *cas*, *cadal*, *facal*, &c., Arran follows Scottish Gaelic; so *fàd*, a peat, not *fòid*; *gallan-gaoithe*, a swallow; and the borrowed words *afaig*, an office or position, Argyllshire *ofaig*; *searmainn* (not *searmoinn*), sermon (Southend); *làd*, a load; *baban*, a bobbin; and Southend *cadan*, cotton.

It is *o* on the other hand in *sporr-an-tighe*, the rafters (Southend); *doingean*, Shaw's *doimhean*, deep; *trosnan* (Southend), a crutch, for *trosdan*, from *trast*; *mollachd*, a curse, and verb *mollaich*; and also in *smot*, a bite, a mouthful; *bolgum*, a mouthful of liquid; *bos*, in the sense of "a slap," O. Ir. *boss*, palm of the hand; *tochraig*, wind (yarn); *bòiche* (Southend), but also *bàiche* and *bathaigh* (*ba'i*), a byre; *fomhair*, a giant, Irish *fomhor*, E. Ir. *fomòr*. *Roimh*, *troimh*, *gheibh*, *falbh*, may be noted here also. The first two, which have *ei* in some dialects, are both pronounced alike, *rò*. The latter two are *gheo* (close *o*); *folbh*.

o.

O has its open sound in *còta*, *leòghann*, *ochd*, *coda-ban* (four-penny piece); *foirfeach* (an elder), *brollach* (breast), *folbh* (for *falbh*); *compaid* (company), Shaw's *compait* and Macalpine's *compairt* (partnership). It has its close sound in *obainn*, *olainn*, *sroin*, *lodan* (puddle), *loch*, *lothag* (a filly), *sòlas* and *clò* (thick cloth). The words *mór* and *móran*, as is very generally the case, have the vowel close, except when they are emphatic, and then it is open. *Thoir* (give) has close *o* except in the interrogative and subjunctive forms, in which *o* is open.

Open *o* is found in place of *u* in *molt*, a wedder (Southend); *rogaid*, a slattern; *rogadh*, rough handling; *mosach*, nasty; *boin*, belong to; *oircean*, a young pig; *oidheam*, accoutrements; and also in *sòrd*, condition, with its derivative *sòrdail*; and *brothas*, brose.

On the other hand, it is not *o* but *u* in one or two words—*uirre*, on her; *guiseag*, a stalk, from *goise*; and *cnù*, or as it is pronounced *cnutha*, a nut.

u.

This vowel receives somewhat exceptional treatment in the following words, in which it is long:—*cnutha*, a nut, for *cnù* or *cnò*, has been mentioned already. Similarly *burn*, water, is *bù'arna*; *gùn*, gown, is *gu'ann*, and is written *gughann* by MacAlpine; and the borrowed word *bùlas*, a pot-hook, is *bu'al*, written *buthal* by Shaw.

e.

The Argyllshire partiality for the close sound of *e* appears in Arran in the words teth, leth, leubh, deng, geug, beuc, peacadh, teas, seas, seasgann, neasgann (an eel), easbach (regrettable), teaghlach, rèidh with its derivatives. In reub, ceithir, sneaghan (an ant), the vowel is open *e*.

The Inverness-shire tendency to pronounce *ea* as *ya* has been remarked by Mr Macbain in Badenoch Gaelic, but it is only a difference of degree between that district and the rest of Scottish Gaeldom, with the exception of Lochaber, where that digraph always has the sound of *e* simply. In Arran the *ya* sound is found in searrach, sealbh, teann, ceann, greann, geal, which Mr Macbain cites from Badenoch, and also in beachd, cleachd, feachd, reachd, sneachd, deachaidh, teanga, dream, feamrach (seaweed), sealasdair (yellow iris), leamh, leamhragan, leatha (broader), leatha and leaiche (with her) glèadh (keep) crèadh (clay), one pronunciation of gèadh (goose), ceath (cream), seath (six), seathar (six men), brèagh (Northend, as in Kintyre, brè), and for *ei* in ceirtle, meirleach (so MacAlpine for these two). So also sreathartaich for sreothartaich.

Ea is sounded *eo* in treabh (till), gèadh (goose), in one pronunciation geòach, MacAlpine gè-aògh. Earball is urball, as on the West Coast generally. On the other hand, rud, a thing (Ir. rud and raol, Manx red, O. Ir. rét), is read (close *e*) short, and rudach, kindly, is réudach at the Southend.

i.

Some dialects have *i* in certain words, where others have *e*. Arran takes *i*, and extends it to a large number of words, e.g., a miosg, mios, smior, mil for a measg, meas, smear, "mel" (honey). An original *i* is retained in sileadh, Neacail, eannchainn, tionnadh, ionnsaich (pronounced òs*i*, ò nasal), Mac a Bhriuthain, ruig, fiodh, and at Southend eadhon, i'coinn, liubhar, l'har, pìrnean (a "pìrn"), where *e*, *a*, *u*, &c., may be heard in other dialects. Let it be observed that *i* is the only vowel sound in the accented syllables of the examples mentioned and to be mentioned in this connection.

An original *e* is replaced by *i* in éirich (Manx iree), meas, mèag, reannach (a mackerel), meadar (milk pail), reudan, Eanruig, cuibhill, pronounced ci'all, snaoisean, to which add measgadh, measa (worse), mean (small), where an original *i* became *e* at an early period. So deirge, deilg, and other *ei* oblique forms of *ea* words, and at Shiskine rionnag (a shooting star), Shaw rinnag for

reannag. In sibhreag a fairy *i* represents *ia*, from original *ei*, according to Mr Macbain.

In the digraph *ui*, *i* as a rule suppresses *u*, e.g., thuige, suim, cluinn, ruith (Shaw rith), pronounced thige, s'im, &c., without changing the broad sound of the preceding consonant. So ciota (Shaw also), a tub, cf. cudainn, ciostag, the little finger, cf. cuisdeag, and the loan words crup, cuifean, or ceafan, Scotch coof, and ciofanachd, cuffing. In lùdag, little finger, lùdallan, a hinge, Shiskine lùdan, *ù* is pronounced at the Southend as *i*, *l* and *d* retaining their broad sound; at Shiskine it is French *u*, which is MacAlpine's pronunciation.

It is *i* in some words having *o* originally, but now showing various vowels, e.g., oidheche, suidh, tuig, cuimhne, cuinge, smuain, maoth (tender), aon, Di-h-aoine, druim, Cuimein, Naoghas (Angus), ceaird (trade), pronounced cird, and Southend struidheach (prodigal).

On the other hand, *i* is avoided in meadhon (me'an, open *e*), uibhir (u'ir), sgiuirt, English "skirt" (sg'u'rt, Gaelic *u* at Southend, at Shiskine French *u*), Mac Eanain (M'Kinnon), and Clann Eanain. This last suggests that the name was received through Lowland Scotch. Timchioll, at Shiskine tiomall, is tiumall at the Southend.

In Ireland the usual pronunciation of the digraph *ui* (and also of *io*) as in duine, cnuic, uisge, is that of English *i* in "hit," "fill." Oidheche is pronounced in Ireland as it is in Arran. In Manx oie (night) is in one pronunciation simply Gaelic "i," and we may also note dreeym (back), riiym, I shall run, and jirgid (redness).

Druim is very generally pronounced dr'im in Scottish Gaelic. Compare also uireas and ioras.

ao.

The sound given to this, the most variable, vowel in the language, is that of Gaelic close *e*, the same sound as occurs in English "whey," and it is the same, except in some instances in length, whether it represents an older *ae*, *ai*, *oi*, or a past or present *agh*, *alh*, &c. For example, the vowel sound of the accented syllable of teaghlach is *é*, and of lagh, laghach, aghaidh, adharc, ladhar, rogha, &c., is the short sound of the same close *e*. The tendency to that sound is so strong that natives of Arran who try to follow the Northern pronunciation give *ao* the sound of *é*, e.g., in fòghlum, North faolum, Arran folum.

The same close *e* sound takes the place of *oi* in those words in which that digraph receives the sound of *ao* in some dialects, e.g.,

oilt, coille, coileach, boile (madness), toill, coinneal, oighre, soitheach. At Shiskine the vowel of the numeral aon, viz., *é*, is retained in ònrachd and its derivative ònrachdach.

The sporadic *w* or *o* developed before this pronunciation of *ao*, has been referred to under *a*. Instances are laogh and lagh.

In Arran poetry there are numerous instances of *ao* rhyming with *é* (and also with *è* and attenuated *a*). For example—

“Mar threudich math a choimhdas cruin na caoraidh,
Innaltradh nuadh bhith's, go tric, ag iarridh,
Chaidhas luchd cailt, luchd seachrain threoruichas,
'S an oiche ghleadhas, 's an la innaltras ;
Na uain og togidh suas 'n a lamh go caomh,
Gach aon ag altram, ann a uchd mar naomh :
Marso mor-churam do an chinadh *dhaon*,
Gabhidh Ath'r caomh nan lin a tha 'n ar *deidh*.”

“Faic mic us nighana tha 'n diugh gan bhreith,
Faic feadh do chuir na h ail a tha gan bhith,
Am buidh'n an cruin ag eirich air gach *taobh*,
Ag iarridh beatha, deonach bhith air *neamh*.
Faic ducha coimhach gu do dhoirsa teithadh,
Trial ann do shollus, ann do theampul feithadh ;
Ma t' altair ghraonach tha na riogha cruin,
Us gibhta trom do fhas nan Sabean.”

—*Shaw's Translation of Pope's "Messiah,"*
vv. 49-56, 87-94 (A.D., 1780).

“O shiorruidheachd, do runaich thu
An iompachadh 's an *t-saogh'l* ;
'S trid umhlachd agus bas do Mhic
An deanamh reidh riut *féin*.”

—*Davidson's Poems*, p. 110.

“Cha chreidinn faidhean no cairdean Dé,
Gu'n gabhadh Criosd ri neach cho *bréun* ;
'S ann a shaoil mi gu'm feumainn paigheadh
Airson an t-saoibhreas tha iomlan *saor*.”

—*Gaelic Poems by Alex. Cook*, p. 14 (Glasgow :
W. Munro, 80 Gordon Street. 1882).

The peculiar Gaelic system of assonance, it may be remarked in passing, is observed in the last quotation, viz., Dé and gabh *a* as *é* ; paigh and saoi *bh* as *ai*.

Irish pronunciation of *ao* is, as in Arran, that of *é*, except aught, where it is Gaelic *i*, and in Ulster, where it is *u*. The Manx pronunciation is nearly that of French *eu*, "e," "peur."

ia and *ua*.

diphthong *ia* is found in *iarlas* at the Southend and in *Shiskine earlais* arles, and in *ceud* but not in *riasladh*, *iad*, *dé'g*, *é'd*. So Manx *shey jeig* (sixteen), but *ceead* 1). As already noted, *a* is open in those diphthongs.

Semi-Vowels.

semi-vowel *y* takes the place of initial *e* or *i*, followed by vowel in words containing liquids, *e.g.*, *callach*, *eolas*, *ionnuichair*. *W* occurs for *u* in *dawaireug* (accent on last *i.e.*, *da-uair-dheug* (twelve o'clock); cf. Irish *dareug* persons).

Nasal Vowels.

accented vowel is nasalised in *faigh*, *caith*, *oidhche*, *uchd*, *hall*, *crudha* (horse shoe), and at *Shiskine ith*; and in *tuaim*, *gruaim*, *guaim*, *uam*, *uainn*.

CONSONANTS.

partiality which we have seen for slender vowel sounds, and with the tendency which exists to attenuate the mediae, perhaps the most general characteristic of Arran speech. In the districts the sounds of the language seem to be produced every back of the mouth or even down in the throat, what might be taken as taking a mouthful of one's words; in other words they seem to be produced in the middle of the mouth; and the attempt seems to be to produce them in the extreme back of the mouth, and to squeeze them out through as narrow an opening as possible.

A common effect of that peculiarity is to cause the *tenues* to be softened for the mediae. It may be for that reason that *pròtail* in Mr Macbain's Dictionary. In Shaw's Dictionary we find *piast*, a worm; *peist*, a worm, beast, monster; *gais*, a little worm, all with *p* for *b*; *ceis* for *gais* (loathing), *creatachan*, which are still the pronunciations of *cioda*, *greachachan* (a churn-staff). So *b* and *d* in *beadaidh*, *coda-ban* (a groat), which MacAlpine also pronounces *cota-brog*; and *g* in *geannaire* (hammer), *aingidh*, *brogach*, (collops), and, as now pronounced, Shaw's *carruigag* (a *è*), and (at Southend) *boga-leò*, bumpkin. *Druid* (starling), *ruideag*, is *truid* in Early Irish.

The *v* sound of aspirated *b* and *m* is similarly attenuated occasionally, *e.g.*, fomhair (giant), siobhag (a straw), sibhreag (a fairy), griobhach, are pronounced fòfair, siofag (so in Islay), sifreag, griofach (so in Kintyre). Mac Creamhan (English Crawford) is 'Ac Creàfan, and Mac Mhurchaidh is 'Ac Furchaidh at Shiskine (at Southend 'Ac 'Urchaidh).

There is an attenuation or explosive enunciation of *m* and *n* also in initial position. In some cases the reverse may be heard, as in cuirnean (a pin head, so Irish), pronounced guirnean; taca, traon-ri-traon, pronounced daca, drionaidh dreun; *cf.* blangaid, butan, Biobull, all pronounced with initial *b*, not as in some dialects *p*. At Shiskine, afaig (for oifig) is abhaig.

The Liquids.

The elision of *m* and *mh* noticed above is a feature in the use of the surnames generally. Mac in surnames only is always pronounced 'ac, whence comes Shaw's word "ac, a son," which is quoted by Armstrong, *e.g.*, Mac Nicol, now Nicol in English, is still 'Ac Riocail in Gaelic; Mac Mhuirich is pronounced 'Ac 'Uri', at Shiskine 'Ac Fuirì, and is still further curtailed in the English form Currie. Macintyre suffers at the Southend still greater abbreviation: Iain Mac-an-t-Saoir, for example, is simply Iain t-Saoir. The usage in great part of Argyllshire is much the same — only *c* remains of *Mac* in surnames.

Medially *mh* is retained more often than in other dialects, *e.g.*, ruamhair, fomhair (giant).

Finally it is generally retained except in words of more than one syllable. The infinitives deanamh, caitheamh, càramh, and at Southend seasamh, feitheamh, end as in Argyllshire in *adh*, pronounced *ag*, as does also creideamh. In talamh, ealamh, falamh, claidheamh, and at Shiskine also in annamh, ullamh, coinneamh, briteamh, àireamh, seasamh, feitheamh, *mh* is retained. It is elided in the ordinal numbers which MacAlpine writes with the termination *adh*, *e.g.*, ceathramh, pronounced ceathro, and so written by Shaw; so also theagamh, except when followed by *gu'n*, when it is *theag'*. In other instances in which *mh* is gone at the Southend, *a* has either the sound of the indistinct vowel (*ao* short), as in annamh, ullamh, coinneamh, and an alternative pronunciation of creideamh, or it has the sound of Gaelic short *u*, as in àireamh, briteamh, and an alternative pronunciation of ealamh. At the Northend, seasav, coinneav, and theago occur.

There is no inserted *u* before *m*, *nn*, *ll*, as there is in Northern Gaelic, *e.g.*, cam, bonn, toll, pronounced even in North Argyll caum, bounn, toull.

The liquids have the usual sounds, except that *r* has lost its unaspirated broad sound. According to Shaw, *l*, *n*, *r*, seem to sound as if reduplicated in places of aspiration; so, labhram (I speak), labhair mi (I spake), pronounced llabhair mi (Analysis, pp. 16, 17). It is in the case of *n* that the different sounds are most easily distinguished, viz., the plain broad *n*, the plain slender *n*, and the aspirated *n*, the two *n*'s not being distinguished when aspirated, i.e., when standing in positions in which other consonants would be aspirated. Slender *n*, however, is scarcely ever aspirated, to use a convenient expression, except in initial position. Medially and finally, except in one or two words, such as *fein* (self), *sin* (that), slender *n* has the sound which in such positions is always represented in Gaelic by a double *n*, that is, the sound of French *gn*, or of English *n* in "vineyard;" e.g., *teine*, *mìn*, and Southend *minig*, are pronounced as if they were *teinne*, *minn*, *minnig*; so also *cùimhnich*, *cruithneachd*, and at Southend *aoibhneas*, *caoimhneas*. An apparent exception is *minidh* (an awl), which, however, seems rather to be *mionaidh*; cf. MacAlpine, *meanaidh*, Ir. *meanadh*, E. Ir. *meanad*. Even broad *n* receives the pronunciation of slender *nn* in *mionaid* (a minute), *feun* (a waggon), *eadhon* (namely), and in the phrases "air 'ar n-athais," "air 'ur n-athais," pronounced *minneid*, *fèinn* (a "load"), *iocoinn*; and in the suffix *-an* when affixed to a word whose final vowel is slender, e.g., *gràinnean* (a small quantity), *cuirnean* (a pin head), pronounced *grainn'ainn*, *guirn'ainn*. The same pronunciation is given to that suffix by MacAlpine, and if we may judge from his examples, *firean*, *uircean*, *Ailpean*, with the restriction in his dialect also to words with preceding slender vowel. We may note here also that the Arran pronunciation of slender *n*, medial and final, prevails throughout the islands of Argyllshire.

In a few instances broad *n* is unaspirated, viz., *ionad* (a place), Ir. *ionad* and *ionnad*; *beachan* (a bee), *gùn* (a gown), pronounced *gu'ann* in Arran and in Islay. *Sean*, old, is always *se'n*, never *seann* (*syann*). The aspiration of *n* in "as a nodha" (anew) is noteworthy.

In *dona*, *sona*, *monadh*, *muna* (see conjunctions), *n* has the soft or unaccented sound found in *Di-Domhnaich*: to put it otherwise, the words are pronounced *do-na*, *mo-nadh*, &c., not *don-a*, *mon-adh*, &c.

N is unusual in *troshan*, a crutch (so Shaw), influenced apparently by *tarsnan*, the more common *trosdan* being also used, and in *eugnais* (want, defect). The word for maggot is *cruinneag*, evidently for *cruimheag*.

N appears as *r* in *feamrach* (seaweed), Shaw and E. Ir. *femnach*, and in the verb *comanaich*, and may be heard as *l* in *meanbh-chuileag*, pronounced *mile-chuileag* (accent on penult), and at the Southend in *braolan* (an earth nut), and *mairseal* (a merchant). On the other hand *nunn* has not become null.

In a number of words *n*, *nn*, or *ng* is elided, while the vowels, except in *aisling*, retains the nasal sound:—*eunlaith*, *muinle* (sleeve), *Eanraig*, *onrachdan* and *onrachdach*, *ionann* (*i'ann*), *coinnlear*, *innleachd*, *innis*, *ministear*, *bainnse*, *praiunseag*, *ionga*, *iongar*, *ceangail*, *teanga*, *aingeal*, *aingeal* (fire), *daingean* (*dòir'ean*), *aisling* (*aislea*), *long* (*lòì*), *meanglan* (*mè'lan*), is at Northend *meà'ghlan*, just as in *Badenoch* and other districts *langan* is *làghan*. The same reduction of *ng* to *gh*, and a subsequent hardening of *gh* into *g*, after the analogy of other *-agh* words, seem to be the steps by which *ng* has become *g* in *coimhcheangal* (*còicheàgal*). At the end of words *nn* is preferred to the *g* found in some dialects, e.g., *cumhann*, *tarrunn*, *fuilinn*, with infinitive. *a' fulan*, not *cumhag*, *tarrag*, *fuilig*, *fulag*. At *Shiskine* occur, however, *fuilig* and *bodhaig* (body), the latter being used at the Northend also.

In *Manx aingeal* (in both senses) is *aile*, and *onrachdan* occurs in a phrase which has been misunderstood, viz., "*ny lomarcan*," alone (*Manx Prayer Book II.*, 14), i.e., 'n a lom *onrachdan*, pronounced in *Arran òragan*, lom being merely intensive, as in *loma lan* (quite full).

l.

A substitution of *nn* for *ll* seems to be the explanation of the word *bàinnigh*, a factor. *M* in lieu of *l* appears in a loan word which has undergone quite a number of mutations. The Latin *pulpitum* is *pulpaid* (and *puilpid*) in Shaw's Dictionary, *pùbaid* in *Kintyre*, &c.; *cùbaid* in literature, &c.; *cùbaidh* in *Ross-shire*, *cùbainn* in *Lewis*; in *Arran* it is *pumpaid*. A comparison of that form with *strump* of *Shiskine*, *Perthshire*, and *Macalpine*, from *stroup*, *tombaca* from *tobacco*, *plang* from *plack*, and *Manx cramp* from *knapp*, does not tend to confirm the explanation of *n* in *buntata* as a piece of folk etymologising. It is rather an instance of the sort of reflex action that is so often found alongside of assimilation and other processes in language. Thus when the combinations *nd*, *nt*, *mb* (*mp*), &c., occur, the tendency is to get rid of one or other member, but when only one member occurs it often happens that the other member is arbitrarily introduced, as in the above examples. In that way may be explained the *Lewis cùbainn*. *Cùbaid* first became *cùbainnd*, and then by assimila-

tion cubainnd became cubainn, and so may be explained the frequent substitution of *n(n)* for *d* which is a feature of Lewis Gaelic.

An interchange of *l* and *m* appears to have taken place in muirminn, which MacAlpine writes muirlinn and muirichlinn (edible sea-weed, dulse). Shaw's muiririn (placed after muirn) may be a misprint.

There is *l* for *r* in compailt (company), so Shaw; at Southend compaid more frequently; MacAlpine compairt (partnership); at Shiskine eilean for eirean or airean (aoirean, Macbain), may be heard occasionally.

r.

This consonant has its broad sound in an uraidh (last year), Ir. annuraidh, and urad, so Shaw and MacAlpine for uiread (so much), but it is slender in àiridh for àraidh (certain), Ir. àirighe, M. Ir. àiridhe; and in ùirnigh (ùirnnigh), prayer.

The Gutturals.

c.

The sound of *c* does not differ according as it is initial or post-vocalic. At the Southend and at Shiskine the aversion to the hyper-guttural sound given to post-vocalic *c* in some dialects is so great as to have thrown *ch* out of a few words in which it has a right to be, viz., iochdar, uachdar, onrachd, curachd, pronounced iocar, uacar, onrac, currrac; and yet in casachdaich (coughing), Ir. casachdach, the *ch* has been retained where the other dialects have rejected it. Compare also frasachdach (showery) Southend.

Medially *c* is elided in piotar, a picture (cf. do'tair for doctair, "Cuairtear nan Gleann"), and occasionally at Southend in faicinn (seeing), pronounced fa'inn, Manx fakin, and also fáin; finally it is elided in chunnaic (saw), pronounced thunnai.

ch.

Initial *ch* is pronounced *h*, in cha, chaidh, chunnaic, in Knapdale honnai, in Jura hanna, Manx ha, hie, honnick. Medially it is elided in deachaidh, and at Southend in meille-chartan, pronounced meileartan. *Ch* in lieu of *th* is probably universal in dachaidh and gu bràth (in 1408 charter, gu brach); in Arran it is found in lothag (a filly), bothan, féith, pronounced féach, and Southend triath, in which three Shaw has *ch*. Compare MacAlpine's pronunciation of dlùth, maoth, viz., dlugh, maogh, and

mao, and the Manx *bragh*, *daghy*, *myghin*, for *bràth*, *dath* (dye), *maothainn* (clemency).

Slender *ch* is *h* in *chi*. Medially and finally it is retained in *greannaichte* at Southend, *doiliche* (more difficult), *iche* (night), Manx *oie*, *dùiche* (country), *bàiche* (a byre), *deich*, *deicheamh*, *eich* (horses). It is elided in *fichead*, *timchioll* (pronounced *tiumall*), in the place-names *Bailemhicheil*, *Cillmhicheil*, in the passive participle of *ich* verbs, as *beannaichte*; in the other parts of those verbs medial *ch* is broad, as *beannachaidh* (will bless); cf. *flinne* and Shaw's *flichne* (sleet), also Northend *dioll* for *dìchioll*.

Final *ch* is elided whenever and wherever it comes in contact with a slender vowel; in adjectives, as *doilich*; in oblique cases of -ach nouns, as *coileach*, *coilich* (v. Shaw's *caoraidh* for *caorach supra*); and in *ich* nouns, as *buainich*, a reaper, "Picts, na Cruinnith," Shaw; in the past indicative and the imperative of -ich verbs, as *imich* (Southend), Manx *imee*, *ceannaich*, *teich* (written *teithadh* in Shaw's translation of Pope's "Messiah," v. 91, quoted above. Even *ith*, so generally pronounced *ich*, is as often *i* as it is *ich* in Arran.

It is substituted for *th* in *snàithean* (a thread), *maith*, *bruith*, *ruith*, *ràith*, *suith* (pronounced *sùiche*, Ir. *sùitheche*, M. Ir. *sùithe*), *laitheil* (daily), Shaw *laichol*; *Thighearna*, pronounced at Southend *Chiarna*, Manx *Chiarn* (cf. Shaw's *ogchiern*, a young lord); and at Shiskine in *gaoith*. MacAlpine pronounces all except *Thighearna* with *ch*; *bruich* is of course common, and *maich* occurs in Irish.

It even takes the place of *sh* in the two phrases "*car mu chlios*" for "*car mu shlios*," upside down (of clothes), and "*La chealg na cuthaige*," also "*La cheal' na cuthaige*," "All Fool's Day," for "*La shealg na cuthaige*," equivalent to the Lowland Scottish "Hunt the Gowk."

The elision of final slender *ch* in the oblique cases of nouns prevails in Islay; MacAlpine has *Di-Dcnaidh Càisg*, s.v. *Càisg*. It has been elided in all parts of speech in Manx also; and in Irish it is represented by *gh*, which is not sounded, e.g., *Domhnaich* is Donee in Manx, and *Domhnaigh*, pronounced *Domhnai* in Irish. Initially *ch* slender is sounded *h* in a few words in Manx, e.g., *heeym*, I see; medially it is usually elided, and that is the case even in *oie* for *oidhche*, where it was enforced by *dh*. In Irish it is sounded initially and medially like *h*, or rather like *h* followed by *y*, e.g., *Michael* is pronounced *Mih-yal*.

g.

In conversation *g* is usually elided in *agam*, *agad*, *againn*, *agaibh*, and in *Gilleasbuig*, *Eanruig*, *thainig*, "*Domhnach Càs*" (Easter Sunday), and in *sealg* in "*La shealg na cuthaige*." It is preserved in *Sasgunn* though not in *Sasunnach*. In some instances it has become *t* or *d* after *s* at the end of a syllable, *e.g.*, at the Southend uisge is often *uiste*, and at the Northend brisg, *loisg*, *dùisg*, *sothaisgean* (a primrose) are *brisd*, *loisghd*, *duisd*, *sothaisdean* or *soisdean*. An elision of *g* in the passive participle of *sg* verbs is common to other dialects, *e.g.*, *loiste*, *rùiste* for *loisgte*, *rùisgte*. The substitution of *st* for non-initial *sg* (*sc*) is one of the characteristics of Manx Gaelic, *e.g.*, *measgadh*, *Soisgeul*, *Sasgunn* are in Manx *mastey*, *Sushtal*, *Sostyn*. Contrast the North Highland *cosg*, *cosgus* for *cosd*, *cosdus*.

At the Southend *cuideal* and *caidil* may be heard occasionally for *cuigeal* and *caigil*, and on the other hand *cliug*, a cuff with the fingers (and *cliugaileis*, cuffing), for *cliut*, or, as the dictionaries have it, *cliùd*.

gh.

Gh final, preceded by a broad vowel, especially if the vowel is short, is pronounced *g* as a rule in substantives, *e.g.*, *lagh*, *dragh*, *seach*, *sleagh*, and Shaw's triugh (hooping-cough) are pronounced *lag*, *drag*, *seag*, *sleag* (with *a* as *ao*), and *driog*, *Shiskine triog*. At the Northend even *brèagh* may be heard as *brèag*. At Shiskine *laogh* is *laog* (*ao* as *e*), which occurs in the local place-name *Glenlaeg* (Calve's glen), *So caithte-bhràgaid* (King's evil), and at Southend *agus*.

Elision of *gh* occurs in *aghaidh*, *gartghlan* (to weed), and *Ghilleasbuig*, pronounced *ao'i* (Manx *aoi*), *gartlan*, and '*Leasbui*', and also in such verbs as *thagh*, *leagh*, &c.

Gh is of course generally the pronunciation of *dh* when sounded, and is in Arran pronounced as *gh* is, viz., *g*, *e.g.*, *fiadh*, *fiodh*, *geadh* are *fiag*, *fiog*, *geag* (one pronunciation). So also *iodhal*, *fionnadh* (hair), *reothadh* (frost), and at the Southend *fiadhaich*, *cràdhach*, *eadhon* (*i'coinn*), which are at Shiskine *fià'i*, *crà'ach*, *e'ghon*. All the *adh* terminations of subjunctive and infinitive, including those in *amh*, are pronounced *ag*, *e.g.*, *ghabhadh*, *gràdhachadh*, *gràgachag*. *Comhdhail* is *còhail*. At Shiskine *ubh* is *ug*, O. Ir. *og*. *Uaimh* (a cave) is *uagai* at Southend; at Shiskine *uav*; but in both places "*Ua-Rìgh*" (*ua*, not *ua* nasal!), the King's Coves at Shiskine. There is *ag* for *ibh* also in *mar fhiachaibh*, in *air taillibh* at Shiskine, and in *beulaobh*,

fearaibh at Southend, pronounced fhiachag, tailleag, beulag, fearag, also fearagh.

Final *gh* and *dh* preceded by a slender vowel, the pronunciation of which is so generally characteristic of the Hebrides and West Coast, are not sounded in Arran. There is, however, one instance at the Southend in the oblique forms of *laoigh*. Used as a term of endearment, that word has four pronunciations, viz., *laoi*, *laoigh* (*ao* as *é*), *lói*, and *lóigh*.

Dentals.

In contact with slender vowels, *d* and *t* are not always spirants. In great part of the west of Ross-shire they are sounded in such words as *teid*, *teine*, *direach*, like English *t* and *d* nearly, and not like English *ch* and *j*. That pronunciation of slender *t* prevails very widely in the case of the words *taìtinn* and *taìtneach*, the second *t* being sounded as *t* in English "hit," and not as *ch* in "chin." The *ch* sound may be heard in those words occasionally in Arran, but the English *t* sound is much more general there. Another development has taken place, both at the Southend and at Shiskine: *t* has become *c*, the words being usually pronounced *taicinn* (*thaicinn*, *taicnidh*, *taicneadh*), and *taicneach*.

The dentals have their spirant sounds at the Southend in some instances in which the broad sounds are usually heard, e.g., *uait*, *dhuìt*, *t'fhirinn* (all in Kintyre also), *maidinn* (so Irish for *maduinn*), *bòit* (boot), *air t'athais* (where *a* is not sounded as *e*). *Baiteal*, on the other hand, is *batail*, and *poit*, *pota* (so Irish), plu. *potachan*. V. *seilisdeir*, also sub. The assimilation of *ld* may be noted in the loan word *sgall* (so Irish), for *sgald* or *sgailt*, to scald.

s.

The slender sound of *s* is heard in *iseal* (low) and *treise* (stronger), so MacAlpine both; *esan*, pronounced *eisean* (close *e*), *piseir* (pease), *uirsinn* (door-post), *deis* (ready), *dilis* (faithful), *faileais* (shadow). Shaw has *failais* and *dilis*. On the other hand, *seilisdeir* is *seileasdair* (so Shaw, MacAlpine), and also *sealasdair*; and *suisd* is *susaid* as in Islay. Such divergences are not unusual in the case of those and of other consonants, e.g., *uaibhreach* (Shaw, MacAlpine, &c.), and *brollach* (Shaw, Skye, Uist, Early Irish), compared with *uabhrach* and *broilleach*.

The characteristic Manx change of *sg* at the end of a syllable into *st* or *sd* has been noticed under *g*. Another change occurring in that language is to make *st* and *sd* at the end of a syllable into

s. There is an instance of that also at the Southend in one pronunciation of Criosd, viz., Iosa Crios'. Compare also Lùnas (Lammas) for Lùnasd, Manx Lunys, Ir. Lughnas, E. Ir. Lúghnasad. Cf. also Càs for Càisg.

There is no *s* sound in Arran and Kintyre in the combinations *rd*, *rt*—*e.g.*, bord, mart, cairt, not as in some dialects borsd, marst, cairst (in Tìree they say bosd, mast, caist, &c.) In *rtl* neither *s* nor *t* is heard: ceirtle, fairtlich are pronounced cearle, fairlich, Shaw farlaicam (to cast, overcome); MacAlpine cearsle, fairslich.

An so, an sin, an sud, are sometimes pronounced an t-so, an t-sin, &c., and sometimes ann a so, ann a sin, &c. Some dialects have simply (tha e) a so, &c., and Arran Gaelic has evidently been one of them at one time, ann a so, &c., being identical constructions with (tha e) *ann an* Albainn, and (thug e sud) *do dh'* Alasdair.

The Southend saoragan (lapwing), Shaw saotharcán (a sort of grey plover), MacAlpine sadharcán (s. v. pibhinn) may be simply adharcan with prosthetic *s*. The Southend srileag (a sparkle, glowing ember) looks as if there had been an attempt at a compromise between srideag and Shaw's drithleag (diminutive of drill). The Manx enmysit for ainmichte has its parallel in Southend ainmiosaite (ainmiosachaidh, da' ainmiosaigh, but ag ainmiosachadh or 'ainmeachadh). Cf. *s* of laimhsich (handle).

Initial *sr* has no inserted *t* (srath, sruth, not strath, &c.), except in strac (to tear), stràc (to stroke), and strub, Shiskine strump (a spout). Some dialects, on the contrary, have strath, stròn, &c., but srac and srub.

Perhaps it should be noted also that before *l* followed by a slender vowel, *e.g.*, in slighe, sleamhuinn, *s* has its spirant sound, not as in some dialects its broad sound.

Other Consonants.

Bh almost invariably receives its full value, viz., *v*, *e.g.*, in arbhar, uabhar, and in the imperative 2nd plu., as iarraibh, thigibh, thallaibh, but not easbhuidh, gobha, go'a (close o). There is one instance of an elision of *bh* in a surname such as has been noticed in the case of *mh*, viz., MacBhrìdein (M'Bride), at the Southend 'Ac 'Rìdein.

The not unusual interchange of *p* and *f* is found in the loan words fiseag (a kitten), frìne (a pin), Manx phreeney, and caiftinn (a captain).

Aspiration.

The *c* of *co*, in *co mhath*, is not aspirated as in some dialects, but the *m* of *co mheud* (*cia mheud*) is. In *ùr nodha* the *n* has got aspirated. *Airidh* (certain) is sometimes pronounced *àird*, elsewhere *àraidh* and *àraid*. Possibly *ràbhaic* (a roar) is the word *raoic*, cf. *rabbadh* (a warning); in Wester Ross *rao'idh* (*ao* short). *Bi fholbh* for *bi falbh* is noteworthy, and *cha dheanainn*, so Kintyre. "Ta" is occasionally heard for "tha," especially in phrases that are somewhat stereotyped.

Initial *f* in composition with the prefix *an* becomes *bh*, not *fh* as in some dialects, e.g., *anbhann* (weak), *ainbhiachan* (debts). It seems to be a distinction indeed between northern and southern Gaelic that the former aspirates *f* and the latter reduces it to *bh* in such positions. The *f* of *féin* is generally not aspirated after consonants; after *m* of the prepositional pronouns of the first person, it becomes *p* at the Southend, as in Manx. Thus, *agam féin*, *dhiom féin*, are *agam* and *a'am* *pein*, *dhiom* *pein*; Manx *aym pene*, *jee'm pene*. Even after the circumlocution that is used in place of *chugam* (to me), *pein* is used—"cuir mu m' thuairam *pein e*," equivalent to "cuir *chugam féin e*" (send it to myself). *Sibh pein* is common to other dialects also. There is a tendency to retain *n* when *f* is aspirated, and to drop it when *f* is plain *fhéin*, *fé'*.

Metathesis.

Metathesis is found in *Sasgunn*, *asgail* (bosom), *Naoghas* (Angus), *sneagan* (an ant), *Di-daoinn* (Thursday), and *eibhle* (a kilt), *Shaw ebhladh*. The two last forms occur in Islay also. At the Southend *ullabur* is sometimes heard for *urball* (tail).

Prosthesis.

An initial *s* is found in Southend *slorg* (a track), and sometimes in *stuainnealach* (dizziness), but is wanting in *dreap* (to climb), so Irish, usually *streap*, and in *braigeal* if it be identical with Shaw's *spraical* (strong, active, high-spirited). The prosthetic *f* in *faileas* (a shadow) is very general, and so is that of *fàradh* (a ladder) in the Argyllshire islands. Shaw's *Feadailt* (Italy) and *feugmhas* (*eugmhais*) may be noted. *Fàile* (smell) is rightly *àile*, or rather *àilea*, the vowel sound following *l* being *a*. So *fairich* is *airich*. Near though the dialects of Arran and Islay are to one another in many respects, the passion for prosthetic *s* and *f* that exists in the latter island is unknown in the former.

In the words *neasgann* (an eel) and *neag* (a notch), *n* of the article has got attached to the substantive.

Vocalic additions to the end of words are found in *sibhese* (*sibh-se*), *fàitheama* (a hem), *bùrna* (water), *Di-Sathuirne*, *boiche* (a byre), *dhiucha* (of them) *frine* (a pin), and at *Shiskine Domhnacha*.

The addition of a final dental consonant, a common occurrence in Gaelic, is found in *màireachd* (to-morrow), *tóiseachd* (commencing), *toiseachd* (precedence, &c.), *éireachd* (rising), *fuirreachd* (waiting, *Shiskine*), *dithist* (two persons), *treabhailt* (travelling), *liobhairt* (delivering). Shaw has *eireachd*, *dithisd*, and *Macalpine* *liobhairt*, and *Manx*, among other examples, *trauylt* (travelling), in which Professor Rhys regards the dental addition as being of obscure origin.

Some monosyllables appear as dissyllables, as was noted under the vowel *u*. In addition to the instances mentioned, there are *fé' inn* (a load) for *feun*, *motha* (greater), O. Ir. *móa*, &c., *othasg* and *othaisg*, plu. *othasgan*, Shaw *othisg*, *Macalpine* *othaisg* for *òisg* (a yearling ewe), E. Ir. *óisc* from *òì* (sheep), and *seasg* (barren); an *déidh* (after), *de'idh* (close *e* short), as on the West Coast generally; *ca-dhè* for *cè* (give, hand anything), apparently an old imperative form of *chi* (will see), cf. the use of the imperative *feuch* in the sense of "give;" *litheag* (a lick). In borrowed words the division of one syllable into two is common in Gaelic, *e.g.*, *paidhir* from pair, *bleitheas* from blaze.

GRAMMAR.

Article.

The genitive plural of the article, as in the case of the noun, has been supplanted by the nominative: "*tigh nam fear*" is "*tigh na fir*," except before words beginning with *b*, where *nam* is still used. The other cases agree with the regular usage.

Noun.

The use of the nominative singular as the genitive also is somewhat common, though it is regarded as a mark of a careless speaker. The assimilation of the genitive to the nominative in the plural is more general. A correct genitive plural is seldom or never heard. The general characteristics of declension are an aversion to the guttural plural, which is first favourite in other dialects, and a partiality for the plurals formed by making the broad ending of dissyllabic words slender. Such words as *madadh*,

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ach, aodach, mullach, cupan, caman, asal, bachall, plural by the insertion of *i* after the last vowel; that the nominative plural and the genitive singular are alike. So *ceann* and *ceanniche* are alike, as has been said already, is silent in Arran, and that *ch* when in contact with small vowels, as has been said already, is silent in Arran, and that *ch* is observed in the case of words which form their plural in *ch*. In addition to the elision of *ch* in these plurals, the two vowels are compressed into one, and the resultant vowel is *i*; or, if not otherwise, *chea* is elided and *in* are lengthened slightly to compensate for the elision, and are sounded like *cen* of English "when," "ween," except that the voice dwells more upon the vowel *i* than upon the consonant. The words in which such plurals are found are principally nouns whose nominative singular ends in *ch*, *ach*, *each*, *uach*, *uachair* (a serpent); terms of kinship in *r*—*e.g.*, *piuthar* (sister), along with a few borrowed words bearing a resemblance to these *r* and *ir* nouns, *e.g.*, *leabhar*, *cathair*, *faidhir*, and a few ending in a vowel with the plural variable, *e.g.*, *còta*, *malaigh* (an eyebrow), plural *còtaichean*, *malaichean*, pronounced *còtain*, *malaìn*. This plural, which may be marked with an accute accent for the sake of clearness, is found also in

smuain, pron. *smìn*, plu. *smuaintean*, pron. *smintín*
bliadhna, plu. *bliadhnaichean*, or *bliadhnachan*, pron. *blianda* ⁱⁿ
gobha, plu. *goibhne*, etc., pron. *goibhnín*
fàil, a peat spade (*fàl*), has plural *faltain*

Samhradh, *geamhradh*, *carrach* are in the plural *samhra* ⁱⁿ
geamhrain, *carrain*. Autumn is *faomhar*, plu. *faomhair*. *Abha* ⁱⁿ
has plu. *aibhnean*.

teanga (tongue) has *teangan* and *teangachan*
dùthaich, pron. *dùiche*, gen. *dùthcha*, has plu. *dùichean*
gnothach, gen. *gnothaigh*, has plu. *gnothaín* (so Northend al-
solus has plu. *soillsean* (*o* as *ao* short)

The word for flames, *lasraigh* (Northend *lasraichean*) requires ⁼
singular nominative *lasrach*, and such has been used. It
evidently an instance of the displacement of the nominative
the genitive. The true nominative *lasair* is known, but has p-
bably been recovered from the literature. The word is not of-
used in the singular.

Guttural forms are found in *pònair*, gen. *pònarach*; *caora*, ^g
caorach, plu. *caoraigh*; *ciòthall* (a wheel), gen. *ciòthlach*, p-
ciòthlan and *ciòthlain*; and also in the following forms:—*ais* ^u

plu. asnach, a plural which occurs in one of the Old Irish glosses ; gualainn, plu. guailleach ; sgleut (slate), plu. sgleutach ; léine, plu. léinteach, Shaw leintach, O. Ir. leinti ; liop, plu. lioprach ; rathad, plu. na rathaideach mora, otherwise na rathaid ; fiadh, gen. sing. feidheach in the phrase “ cabar feidheach ; ” fear, gen. and dat. plu. at Southend fearagh and fearag, also fir and fear : compare “ a’ cur mar fhiachag. ” Those and other instances seem to show that the dative plural termination has been treated the same as *-adh*, and has been extended in the case of “ fear ” to the genitive plural.

Such words as *tarbh*, *marbh*, &c., have *ei* (*e* close), not *ai*, in the oblique cases, but without the quality of the consonants being affected by the change from broad vowel to slender, *e.g.*, *tarbh*, plu. &c., *tairbh*, *t’eirbh*. *Bó*, cow, gen. *bó*, has plu. *ba* (*bwe*), not *bà*. *Miós* (month), has plu. *mis*, as in Old Irish *tri mis* (three months). *Fàd* (a peat), *bòit* (a boot), and *claidheamh* have plu. *fàdan*, *bòiteannan*, and *claidhmhean* (*mh* as *v*). The word for stocking is *osan* in the singular, with *stocaidh* at the Southend for plural, apparently the plural of a form *stocadh*, resembling the Irish nom. sing. *stoca*.

Both the Manx and the Irish declensions have several points of agreement with Arran Gaelic. Manx nouns in *adh*, written *ey*, are, as a rule, indeclinable in the singular, and have the plural in *aghan*, *e.g.*, *caggey* (war), gen. *caggey*, nom. plu. *caggaghyn*, but *moddey* (dog) has gen. sing. and nom. plu. *moddee*, exactly as in Arran. Nouns in *agh*, equal to Scotch *ach*, have the same declension in the Isle of Man, in Ireland, and in Arran, Islay, &c., *e.g.*, *kellagh* (a cock), gen. sing. and nom. plu. *kellee*, Irish *coileach*, gen. *coilligh*. So *keyrrey* (a sheep), gen. *ny geyrragh*, plu. *kirree*. Another class of Manx *agh* nouns indeclinable in the singular have their plural in *eeyn*, *e.g.*, *claddagh*, a loch (beach), plu. *claddecyn*, a pronunciation not unknown in Arran, and marking a less advanced stage of the treatment of *ichean*.

Speaking generally, the genitive and the vocative singular and the nominative plural are the only declensional forms kept, and these are in general correct. The dative singular does not differ from the nominative, and in the plural all the cases are like the nominative. A vocative singular in use is *rud* (a thing), pronounced *reid* (close *e* short) in the expression “ a *reid ghranna*. ” Instances of plural datives have been mentioned—*mar fhiachag*, *do na fearag*, to which add *air taillibh*, used at Shiskine, and of course *beulaobh*, *culaobh*, pronounced *beula*, *cula*, but *beulag* an *tighe*, at Shiskine *beulaibh*.

The tendency to use the oblique case as the nominative is seen in *tlàim*, *sròin*, *gualainn*, *uilinn*, *uirsinn*, *gois*, but there are on the other hand such nominatives still as *claigionn*, *craicionn*, *fearann*, *salann*, *siabunn*, *cnàmh*, *làmh*, *gobha*, *lurga*, *smug* (plural *smugan*), *bos* (in sense of a "slap"), *taos*.

The gender of nouns originally neuter is in the dialects in a state of confusion, but the words *corp*, *ubh*, *ubhall*, are notable feminines in Arran. Mr Macbain has remarked the Lewis treatment of "*muir*," which is there feminine in the nominative and masculine in the genitive, and there are several other words of complicated gender, as Professor Mackinnon has pointed out. For example, *boirionnach*, *mart*, *capull*, and *bàta* take in Arran, as elsewhere, a masculine adjective but a feminine pronoun, *i.e.*, the adjective is not aspirated after them, and the pronoun that agrees with them is not *e* but *i*—*e.g.*, "*Thainig am bàta mor agus tha i a feitheamh ort.*" "*Soitheach*" again is masculine when it means a dish, but feminine when it means a sea-going vessel. The only other example regarding which we have anything to remark in Arran is *talamh*, which is masculine in the nominative but feminine in the genitive, which is *na talmhan*, as in Irish, not *talmhainn*. The Old *talam*, gen. *talman*, dat. *talmain* is feminine throughout. In most dialects a second genitive, *talaimh*, which is masculine, has been formed, and is more or less confined to the sense "of the soil," the former genitive being then limited to the sense "of the globe." The peculiarities of those words have been observed by MacAlpine in his Grammar, where he characteristically remarks that they "set all rules at defiance."

The gender of the Manx form of *talamh* has been bothering the grammarians of that language also; it is nominative "*y thalloo*" (the earth), formerly "*yn tallu*," gen. "*y thallooin*," formerly "*yn talúin*." It is regarded, with some hesitation, as masculine in the literature, and the reason for so regarding it seems to have been the non-aspiration of the initial consonant after the article, the reason of which is of course that the law of aspiration does not operate upon the dentals after *n*—*e.g.*, *nighean donn*. Even as it is, *tallu* is in some instances feminine, and it may be that in making it masculine, the grammarians, after their wont, have been carving it to fit their rules.

Adjectives.

The inflections of the adjective are well-nigh gone, with the exception of the forms of comparison. *Teth*, *laidir*, *beag*, *mor*, *math*, *gasda*, have as comparative forms *nas teotha*, *laidire*, *lugha*

(French *u*), *motha* (O. Ir. *móa*), *fearr*, and also *feobha*, *gasdacha*. At the Southend, *àird* (high) has displaced *ard*—*e.g.*, *duine àird* (a tall man), *tigh àird* (a high house).

The numerals are pronounced—*in*, *d'è*, *tri*, *cethir* (open *e*), *coig*, *syà*, *syachd*, *ochd*, *n'l*, *deich*, *in-déug*, &c., *fi'ad*, &c., *ciad*. The prefixed *a* in enumerating is retained at Shiskine and at the Northend, a *h-in*, &c. The numeral nouns are—*inear*, *dithist*, *triuir*, *cethrear*, *cóigear*, *syathar*, *syachdar*, *ochdar*, *ninear* (at Shiskine *ni'ear*), *deinear*. *Coicer* and *octar* are Old Irish, and agree, as does also *seachdar*, with the forms given by Shaw and by MacAlpine. The termination of the ordinals is open *o* short, *e.g.*, *deicho* (tenth).

Prepositional Pronouns.

The following forms occur: *-uirre* (on her), *dincha* (of them), *duit*, *bhuait*, not *dut*, *uat*; *daibh* (to them), *focha* (under them), *leaiche*, *leocha* (with her, with them), *bhuaiche*, *bhuacha* (from her, from them), *riche*, *riucha* (to her, to them), *thaire*, *thairte* (over him, over her); *tromh*, *tromhan*, &c., has lost initial *t* throughout, and so is identical in form with *romh*, *romhan*, &c. (before me, &c.), *mh* being silent, and *o* nasal in all; *thugad* means “away with you,” and *thuige* is *thige*.

Verb.

The elision of slender *ch* in *-ich* verbs has been mentioned, but it has to be noted that in the future indicative and in the preterite and future subjunctive of such verbs, *ch* is broad, *e.g.*, *beannachaidh e*, *bheannachadh*, *ma bheannachas* for *beannachaidh e*, &c. Shaw has *coiruchidh*, *mhothuchas*, &c. (Analysis pp. 127, 139). *Sanntaich* has *sanntachaidh*, &c., but *ma shanntas Eirich*, pronounced *iri*, *Manx iree*, has future indicative *ireachaidh*, Shaw *eirichidh*, infinitive *ireachadh*, or more frequently *ireachd*.

Ruig reach (arrive at) is a regular verb, with past indicative and interrogative *ruig*, and infinitives (at Southend) *ruigsinn* (to reach anything) *ruigeachd* (to arrive), at Shiskine *ruigheachd*. *Faic* (see) has past indicative *thunnai*, at Northend *thunna*. The future is *thibh*, with related forms *thibhinn*, *ma thibh*, *thibhear*, &c., &c. At the Northend *chibhinn* occurs. Shaw has “*chibh*”—

“*Ionadh an treudich glacidh 'm fasach lom ;
Nuair chibh e feur us neonain fas fo bhonn ;
Cliosgidh, nuair, measg nan carruig thartor chruaidh,
Ni easan leimnach monar ann a chluais.*”

—*Pope's Messiah in Gaelic*, vv. 67-70.

The form is a *b* future, Old aiciub, and parallel forms occur in Ross's Psalms, *e.g.* lxxxvi. 9, "Ticfidh gach fine rinneadh leat." Faigh (get), Ir. faighaim, E. Ir. fagbaim, is fàì', and fà', with nach fhà, cha'n fhà, Manx cha (now), nam fà'inn, and so on. Gheibh is gheo (close o), at Northend ghei and so on, with infinitive faotainn, Rach (go) has thaiddh (went), an dea'iddh, rachainn, imperative racham (rarely used), rachaibh, and instead of 2nd sing. rach, thig is used, *e.g.*, "Thig a dh' Irt." Thig (come) has thaini'; infinitive ti'achd; imperative 2nd plu. thigibh, 2nd sing. thalla. Thoir (give) is tho'ir; infinitive to'art and tort.

The passive forms of the verb are well enough known, but are rarely used, the sense being expressed by the ordinary periphrases.

Adverbs.

The day before yesterday is "ear-bho-dé;" the year before last, "ear-bho'n-uraidh;" *bho*, which bears the accent in those combinations in Perthshire ("air bhó'n de"), being unaccented in Arran, while *ear* and *de*, *uraidh*, are. "'Na dhéidh sin," for "an déidh sin" (after that) occurs in Scriptures, *e.g.*, Luke xvii. 8. "Upside down," as of a dress, is "car mu chlios," and "inside out" "car air asgain"—Macleod and Dewar, "caoin air ascaoin;" "heels over head" is "car a bhuigain olla."

Prepositions.

The preposition *gu* (chun, thun) appears as 'un :—"Chaidh e 'un an tigh," " 'un an àite," " 'un Sheumais" = he went to the house, to the place, to James. "He went to the town" is "chaidh e 'n a' bhaile, which is identical with the Badenoch expression in form, but not, I think, in origin. The Arran 'n *a* is for thun a', while that of Badenoch, as explained by Mr Macbain, is for do'n. "'N a' bhaile," " 'un a' bhaile," "gus a' bhaile," are all used for "to the town."

Conjunctions.

The conjunction *mur*, so Northend (unless), is *muna*, Manx mannagh, Irish mana, colloquially *mur*, O. Ir. mani. *Muna*, written "ma na (bheil)" in MacAlister's Sermons, *e.g.*, p. 35, is Shaw's form, and is used also, I believe, in Islay, Lewis, and Raasay. The word for "when" is *an* at the Southend, *ar* or *air* at Shiskine; O. Ir. *a n* : rinn e sin an a thainig e = he did that when he came; gheibh e so an a dh' éireas e = he will get this when he rises. It may be compared with *an* in "a' bhliadhna anns an tainig e," and with *n* of the conjunctions o'n, na'n, gu'n, all which seem

be, as Thurneysen says in regard to *n* of *gu'n*, simply the relative pronoun *a*, *an*, or going a step further back, the neuter of the article *an*. The form *nar* is also used, but less frequently.

Interjections.

"Neorra tha" is an affirmation known elsewhere. Other Southend forms are "an deorra tha," and still stronger "an deorra féin tha;" at Shiskine, "dheorra tha" and "dheorra féin tha."

"Ocha-nì" (Southend) is expressive of sadness, Manx *ogh-chae* (woe's me); cf. Welsh *ochenaïd* (a sigh). Expressive of surprise are "a chiachainde," "a chiasta" (for "a cheusda?") and the less frequent Southend "a chiastaid," with the passive participle suffix reduplicated. "Mo réire" means certainly.

Shaw's "faraor, alas!" and "Machtre, a Highland interjection," seem to be unknown in Arran.

Idiom.

The future of *dean* (do) is not *ni*, but *deanaidh mi*, *thu*, &c., with future conditional *ma dheanas mi*, &c., and passive *deanar*, *a dheanar*. The reply to *an toir* is not *bheir*, but *thoir*, e.g., *An toir mi dha so?* *Thoir*."

"Ruith e mar a dh' fhairleachadh e"—"He ran at his utmost speed": "ruith mar a dh' fhairleas thu"—"run as hard as you can." The word is evidently *fairtlich*.

This is "go," not "come." "Come in" is "thalla steach," and literal "thallaibh a steach." "Go in" is "thig a steach"; "go way" "thig air falbh." The phrase corresponding to "Go to anff," or "Go to Halifax" is "Thig a dh' Irt," "go to St Kilda."

Tha mi 'g airea' gu = I think that, is an expression in constant use; *tha mi 'g airea' gu'n e th' ann* = I think it is he; *tha mi 'g airea' gu'n dean sin feum* = I think that that will do. It is *airea'*, not *àirea*, except when the word stands last, as "Is e so e tha mi ; àirea'." At Shiskine and at the Northend it is "Tha mi 'g ireamh" (*mh* as *v*), so that the primary meaning is "I reckon."

Is beachdaidh leam gu, *Tha mi beachdaidh gu* = I know that, I am sure that; *bheil thu beachdaidh* = are you certain? *tha mi lé bheachduidh* = yes, I am quite certain.

Bheil thu dearbhas = are you certain that—; *tha mi dearbhas*.

Tha e 'brath = he intends; *tha e 'brath falbh*, *tha e 'brath sin dheanamh*.

Tha e an aire dha = he intends.

Tha e a mhiann = he wishes to; tha e a mhiann a dheanamh, &c.

Meal do naigheachd = I congratulate you, is the set phrase for congratulating a bride or bridegroom; "he congratulated him" or "them" is "Chuir e meal-a-naigheachd air," or "meal-an-naigheachd orra."

Is math an sàs so am buntata a lobhadh, is math an sàs so an gart a fhròiseadh = this (weather) is enough to rot the potatoes, to shake the (standing) corn; is math an sàs sibh mo chuir a mach air an dorus = you are enough to drive me out of the house (with noise) or to make me homeless (with your extravagance). Also, Is math an sàs sin a thoirt an lobhadh anns a bhuntata, Nach math an sàs sin a thoirt breitheanais air an talamh.

Cha mhath gu'n = it is to be hoped that, negatively; cha mhath gu'n do thachair a bheag dha = it is to be hoped that nothing has happened him.

Cha bu chròic sin a dheanamh, cha bu chròic dha sin a dheanamh = that could easily be done, he could easily do that. Also, De 's cròic sin a dheanamh, and to anyone, for instance, leaving a "ceilidh" unusually early, De a chròic a th' ort.

Truagh gu'n robh e = pity but he were. An imprecation used at the Southend is Truagh gu'n robh thu eadar Allasan is Eabhainn = Pity but you were between Ailsa Craig and Sanda (island near the Mull of Kintyre), the meaning of which is further illustrated by the remark that may be heard on stormy days, "Cha bu mhath bhi eadar Allasan is Eabhainn a leithid so a latha." The Shiskine form of Ailsa is Allasa, the second vowel being indistinct and the noun masculine. The form Ealasaid is not used in Arran. Eabhainn (è) may of course be for Abhuinn (à).

"The same to you" is "mar sin is duitse."

"This is a better day" is "so la a's fhearr;" "this is a bigger one" = "so fear a's mò," not "na's fhearr, na's mò." So past tense "thug e dha rud a b' fhearr," "chunnaic e fear a bu mhò. "He became better and better" is "dh' fhas e na b' fhearr is na b' fhearr;" at Shiskine, "dh' fhas e na's fhearr is na 's fhearr."

"Too" (soon, good, etc.) is "motha 's," e.g., "it is too early" = "tha e motha 's tràth," equal to "tha e tuilleadh 's tràth."

"'S mò tha 's na nach 'eil" is a common formula of reply to questions answerable with yes or no, and has the force of a modified or qualified assent, e.g., in reply to "Are you tired?" it means "a little," "somewhat." So also "'S mò seadh 's na nach eadh."

Cha 'n eil a choir urad ann = there is not nearly so much.

Tha 'n t-am againn falbh thar a chéile = it is time for us both (or all) to go.

"He went north" is "chaidh e gu tuath," and more often 'chaidh e mu thuath ;' "he is in the north" = "tha e mu thuath." So with deas also. "He went to the Northend" (of the island) is 'chaidh e thun a cheann mu thuath ;' "he went east" is "chaidh e thun an ear," or "'s ann an ear a chaidh e," and so with iar. The adverbs for "out" and "in" are used with etymological precision at the Southend : "chaidh e mach," "tha e muigh." 'thainig e steach," "tha e stigh."

Anew, afresh, over again = "as ùr," is "as a nodha," Manx *ass-y-noa* ; immediately is "gun stad ;" busy is "mu theinn," a phrase in constant use ; "tha thu mu theinn" = you are busy ; "tha na madaidh mu theinn," used of dogs barking ; "air 'chois" means up, out of bed ; "air a chasan" means (standing or walking) on his feet ; "m'a réir" is "free ;" "leig iad m'a réir e," they set him free.

"Glé mhath" means good enough ; very good is often "math, math ;" "cha'n eil e aon dath (fuar, &c.)" = it is not the least (cold, &c.) ; "gun taing do" is in spite of ; "rachadh e ann gun taing domh" = he would go in spite of me, sometimes simply "chaidh e ann gun taing ;" "chuireadh e annainn gun taing gu'n" = he would insist that (it was so). "Air alt" is a very common expression, and means properly, rightly, perfectly ; thuig mi e air alt = I understood him perfectly ; cha'n eil fhios agam air alt = I do not rightly know.

"How (are you)," ciamar, is "dé mar (a tha thu) ;" and "why," carson, is "c'oma."

"Dol air beinn" = going *over* the hill ; at the Southend it always means "going to Lamrash."

For "to," in the sense of (sending) to, dh'ionnsuidh, "mu thuaiream" is used ; chuir mi litir, leabhar, &c., m'a thuaiream—mu thuaiream Sheumais = I sent a letter, &c., to him—to James.

"He will go to do it" is "theid e 'a dheanamh ;" "he went to do it," "chaidh e 'a dheanamh ;" "he is going to do it," "tha e dol' a dheanamh ;" but "he is doing it," "tha e 'g a dheanamh ;" "he was doing it," "bha e 'g a dheanamh ;" cf. "dh' innis e is mi 'bhacadh dha innis," "he told after I had forbidden him to ;" and "dh' innis e is mi a bacadh dha innis," "he told while I was forbidding him to," *i.e.*, *ag* with infinitive expresses a contemporary act ; *do* (aspirating following consonant) worn down to *a* with infinitive, expresses a past or future act.

"Look at" is "amhaire air;" "co air a bheil thu 'g amharc," also "co tha thu ag amharc air."

"Where is he coming from" is "c'aite bheil e 'tigheachd" and "c'aite as bheil e 'tigheachd," Manx "kaid as vell e chiit."

"Help yourself" is "cuidich leat fein," but "help him with the work," "cuidich leis leis an obair," and "cuidich e leis an obair."

"The man to whom they belong," "an duine is leis iad, leis an leis iad, and d'an leis iad" (cf. d'am buin iad for the third form). The Manx tendency to use pronominal phrases of the third person for all persons, e.g., "tha mi nylomarcán," i.e., "'n a lomarcán" for "na mo lomarcán," is not seen in Arran. (It may be observed in Lochalsh, e.g., "thug mi leis e," "I brought it *with me*"). "A bhean leis an robh i," which may be heard anywhere, is in Arran frequently inverted "a bhean a bha i leis."

"A cur maille air an leirsinn," "dazzling the eyes," used e.g. of the sun or of anything gorgeous.

"Fhuair e réidh 's e, réidh 's a chùis," "got clear or rid of it, rid of the business."

The use of "thu" or "sibh" is determined solely by number, and never by age or rank, except that old people say "sibh" to a minister.

"Cha 'n eil aon duine an sud" = Northern "Cha 'n eil duine an sud," "there is no one there." "Aon," which is not emphasised in such uses, is thus used frequently, not as an intensive but as if a step had been taken towards supplying Gaelic with an indefinite article. In Irish "aon duine" is used for "any man."

The following list contains some words whose local significance or use seems more or less noteworthy:—

aingidh, angry; aingidheachd, anger.

anail, opinion; na 'm faigheadh tu 'anail air, if you would get his opinion of it. The expression, which is not common, is evidently an adaptation of the Lowland "get his breath on it," breath being in all probability the Gaelic breith, judgment. At least one Scottish writer has tried to improve on the expression by writing "smell his breath," which is offensive.

anastachd, hardness, endurance of cold.

bad, a group, cluster; bad tighean; bad daoine; bad chaorach.

balach, a bachelor at any age; in Kintyre "giulan," though he should be an octogenarian

- llan, an ulder, also a teat ; ballan-losgainn, a toad-stool.
 lt, a man's collar, from Eng. welt.
 schann (not beachan), a hive-bee ; seillean, a wild-bee.
 rt-threobhaidh, a plough.
 d, a dirty mouth.
 sa, a cavity in a potato.
 nte, relationship equal to *daimh*.
 d nan gràisg, the table to which children and servants sit after
 others have been served at weddings, harvest homes, &c.
 athar, the Scriptures ; tha e anns a Bhriathar (not anns an
 Fhocal), Southend.
 b and briobag, any considerable sum of money ; English
 bribe.
 chag, a corner ; Shaw, a chink, an eyelet.
 n, spring water, also fìor-uisge ; uisge means rain and also
 brook water.
 ainnt, talking, at Shiskine bruthain.
 eag, a basket.
 ch, one-eyed.
 raigh-bhrocach, black-faced sheep.
 to twist as thread ; Macalpine to wreathe, bend.
 hte, fulled, thickened of cloth.
 p, a potato ; spion an cnap, peel the potato.
 a-bàn, fourpenny piece ; Macleod and Dewar, "cod, s.f., a piece
 part" (from quota ?).
 ; pious ; never kind, good natured.
 ollaid, arguing, Northend ; same as collaid, clamour, &c.
 bh, any garden bush ; a bush that grows wild is tom, as tom
 fraoich, tom àirnean, &c. Preas is not used.
 c, sell, not reic.
 hle, a spinning wheel, the wheel of a ship ; any other wheel
 is roth.
 eaga sneachda, flakes of snow.
 an, a little thick-set man.
 ag, a big stout woman ; nach i an darag i ; darag, an oak tree.
 duilean, poor thing ; also an duileag, plu. na duileachan.
 ach, a herd, stock of cattle ; cuig cinn eallaigh, five head of
 cattle, so Shaw, Irish.
 ag-leuthraigh, a bat Southend.
 a halo about sun or moon.
 a (pro. feuin), a load, what a person can carry, e.g. feun uisge,
 a "gang" of water.
 hainteach, generous.

gàis, loathing, cf. gais, surfeit.

garadh na h-eaglais, churchyard.

giulla, a man servant; gille, a youth.

gleusda, kind.

greannaichte (bristling), tha e greannaichte fuar, it is bitterly or
piercingly cold; nach tu an "swell" greannaichte, what a
tremendous "swell" you are.

guidheachan, imprecations.

iomarcach, trying hard to bear, as cold, heat, &c.

ladhar, a toe (of man); so in Islay; a hoof is crodhan.

laghach, kind.

leamh, annoyed, provoked; is mi a tha leamh dhe, provoked at or
by him, &c.

loinnean, an easy, careless, fat, untidy fellow; "a greedy gut,"
Macalpine.

min, soft, gentle; "a dhuine mhlù" used as "a dhuine choir" is
elsewhere; also "paisdean min," an expression of endear-
ment to a child, cf. Manx "aw boy veen, boy bogh."

phairt with the possessive pronouns corresponds to English mine,
ours, &c., e.g. bheil do lamhansa tioram? tha mo phairt sa
fliuch, are your hands dry? mine are wet.

rànach, hoarse.

raodach (reudach), kindly.

reodhadh, "ice," as well as frost.

reulag, a star; at Shiskine rionnaig, a shooting star.

samhuilt aithne, bha "samhuilt aithne" aige air an duine, or bha
e a' deanamh samhuilt aithne air an duine, he knew that he
ought to know the man but he could not recall who he was;
also "aithne gun chuimhne."

seisrigh, a pair of horses, a team; properly six horses.

seòg v.n., to fly.

siolaigh, a stallion.

sliomair, a thief.

srùbag, a swig (of liquor).

srùban, tha srùban air, he has had a drop, i.e. he is the worse of
drink.

taca, time, season; mu'n taca so bhliadhna, at this season of the
year, or about this time of year.

tonn, a quantity of any liquid Southend; tha tonn math uisge
anns a chuinneag fathast, there is a good drop of water in
the pail yet. So also tonnag.

tòrachd, enquiring, asking.

torran, dunghill.

tulg v., to rock (a cradle); Shaw, tulagam, to rock, move; Mac-alpine, to rock, roll, toss, sway, bend, as of cradle, ship, trees; same as tulg or tolg, to dint (metal).
ultach, a burden (on the back).

VOCABULARY.

aibeal, impertinent, Northend.

aigeachd, frolicsomeness; Shaw aigantachd, aigantas, jollity, cheerfulness.

ainspriad, evil spirit; cf. anbhochd, antrom, both in Shaw.

aisridh, an axle.

altar, orderly tidy, from alt, a joint.

ath-cheo, henbane; perhaps ath-theo, allowing for local pronunciation; Shaw has deothadh and dtheoda; Armstrong, an deodha; Macbain, detheoda, from Alexander Macdonald; in Lewis it is ath-teo: in Skye, di-theodha. The word for hemlock, iteodha, looks like another variant of the same. Compare the Southend place-name Achenhew, explained as achadh-eò, field of the yew, by Dr Cameron; in Gaelic, An ath-cheo; in Pont's map, Ahew.

baid (a-i diphthong), entice, allure; Shaw, baidham id; Macleod and Dewar, bàith, folly, a lure, decoy; the *d* of baid may have come from *t* of the passive participle baidhte or bàithte.

baid, bait, from English.

bàinnigh, a factor, from baillidh probably, although bàinneach is occasionally used; cf. Rob Donn's barraidh, a bailie, magistrate, baron-bailie.

bàitheal, cow's stall; Shaw, baidheal; M'L. and D., buaigheal.

bathar, whisky; an robh bathar aca air a' ghiulan = had they whisky at the funeral? Probably bathar, wares, applied to whisky in smuggling times.

beallaidh, filthy, Southend; Shaw, bealthich, s.v. dirty.

beubanachd, butchery, mangling, Southend; beuban, anything mangled (Macbain); cf. Shaw, beabh tomb, beabham, to die.

bidean, complaining, incessant pleading or urging.

beileaman-ruadh, a species of hawk; Macbain's bealbhan-ruadh, from Shaw.

boga-leò, Southend (Shaw, bogaleo), bumpkin, blockhead; Easdale, buige-leò.

bóidean-reothaidh, an icicle.

braigheil, proud, uplifted; cf. bragraireachd, and Shaw's spraiçal, strong, active.

braile, a clap, peal, outburst as of thunder, or sudden rain ; Shaw,
a heavy rain It is the same word as Shaw's braoighille and
Macbain's broighleadh.

brailich, MacAlpine braighlich, clattering sound, i.q. straighlich.
brais, an epileptic or other fit.

brathaigh or braigh, a blow, stroke, peal (of thunder).

buta, discount, MacAlpine difference (in price, &c.), surplus, from
English bate.

buthair, a boor, bumpkin.

bùthair, Englished "bouer" or "boouer," a man who rents cows.

caornag, a wild bees' nest.

càrlach, a load of hay or straw ; from càrn, sledge.

carrageag, a pancake ; Shaw, carruigag, a sort of pancake ; so
Macleod and Dewar.

casair, a small hammer.

caspainn, a pace.

càtaich, tame, reconcile to new quarters, as a cat.

ceargan, a poor house boy ; Shaw has cairbhecan, a ship's boy ;
cairbhin, a small ship ; cairbham, to man a fleet, &c.

ceògag, a heedless silly woman, Southend.

cleighe, a gad-fly, "cleg," Southend.

clearaidh, a dawdler, Southend ; perhaps clearaich, from cliar, a
poet.

clearachd, dawdling, Southend ; another form of cliarachd, singing
feats.

enapalach balaich, a lump of a boy.

cnocaidh, in clach-chnocaidh, a stone hollowed out for unhusking
grain ; synonymous with cnotag. Shaw has crocam, to beat,
pound ; from gnog, English knock.

coirbte, wicked, perverse, E. Ir. corpte, from Latin corruptus.

colag, Shaw colog, a steak, chop ; Irish idem, says Armstrong :
coilop and cùlag have evidently been confounded.

collagag, for colgag, the forefinger, Southend ; Shaw colagag and
colgag.

crotag, a curlew ; Shaw crotach-mara id.

cuideil, proud, having the air of a person of means.

cùraidh, to crouch ; cf. cùrr, a corner ; in Scots curry, to crouch,
u is short ; Perthshire, curraidh, Welsh cwrrian, idem.

dàicheil, likely, probable ; tha sin dàicheil, from dòcha, dàcha.

dailceanta, strong, healthy.

dairleanta, or doirleanta, strong, healthy.

dalluinneag, a square cavity used as a shelf in the wall of a room.
dannaire, stubborn, obstinate ; M'L. and D. dan(n)arra.

- dathag, a worm ; so Shaw, Armstrong.
 diùnlach, pronounced diùlach, a tall youth ; Shaw diunlaoch, a young hero ; M'A. diùlach, and diùnlach : Armstrong diùlach and diùlnach.
 doirbhidh, bad, dreadful, nach d-sin, isn't that bad now ; Kilbrandon duirbhidh.
 an dòran and an dòrag express pity and some degree of disapprobation, connected with dòruinn.
 dritheanaich, fits ; chaidh e 's na dritheanaigh ghaireachdaigh, he went into fits of laughter ; cf. MacAlpine's triogh, n. f. fit as of coughing or laughing, the chin cough, the hooping cough : Shaw has troighthin, dizziness.
 dromlach suith, gall.
 duba, a pool (in a river).
 duthan, s. m. plu. duthain, kidney ; MacAlpine dubhain, s.v. airne.
 eàl, keen, zealous ; nach e tha eàl, how earnest he is.
 eubalta (close e), grand, Northend ; at Shiskine (with e close), strong, capable ; cf. MacAlpine abalt ; Shaw abulta, expert, from Lat. habilis ?
 eugnais, Shaw eagnais, want, as eugnais for as eughmhais ; cf. iùnais, aonais, O. Ir. iugnais.
 eusbach, regrettable pity ; b'eusbach gu'n, 'tis pity that ; b'eusbach, sin, that was unfortunate ; Shaw has easba, want, scarcity, defect ; cf. easba braghaid, King's evil ; M'L. and D. Easbhuidh is pronounced easuigh.
 failcion, a pot-lid, the knee-cap ; Shaw, "knee-pan, sgallan no failcion-a-ghluin ;" Macalpine quotes from Armstrong, "failcean, the rotula or whirl bone of the knee."
 faireachair, a mallet, Shiskine ; cf. fairce.
 faomhar (ao short), harvest, so Shaw ; Macalpine has fobhar (*mh* and *bh* sounded *v*) ; from the same source as fòghar (in some dialects fo'ar), E. Ir. fogamur.
 feumalan, a thistle, Southend ; at Shiskine, fothantan ; Macalpine, fonntan ; Macbain, s.v. fobhannan.
 fiafraigh, ask (Macbain).
 flinne, sleet ; Shaw, flichne and flichshneachd ; Macleod an' Dewar, fliuch-shneachd.
 foireagan, playing with, teasing, tormenting.
 forsail, well-to-do, prosperous, as tuathanach forsail, from Eng. force ? cf. E. Ir. fortail, able, strong, hardy.
 gagan, cackling ; Shaw, gaggan.
 gairbhean, complaining, ailing, Southend.

geostan (geothastan), ragwort; perhaps from gaoisid because of its tough and fibrous character; cf. M'L. and D. geòsadan for gaoisdean.

glaim, a large mouthful; Shaw also.

glaimh, a glutton, Southend.

gliofaid, a chatter-box, Southend; Shiskine, gliofan; Armstrong,

"glifid, a noise, voice Ir.;" so Shaw, who gives also glifram, to prate, make a noise; E. Ir. glifid, "outcry," Stokes.

gluis, slush, also sloppy-food; Scot. "glush."

guàdan, murmuring, complaining; so Shaw.

gogaidh, an egg (a nursery word); Lowland Scotch, goggy, idem.

gorglais, croaking (of frogs); Shaw goraiclais; M'L. and D.

"garraicleis, a noise of wild geese or swans;" goir and glas (water).

graim, the expression of a crying child.

greighear (close e), a stallion; froia greigh.

guaim, management, thrift; Southend cha 'n eil moran guaim innte, she is not a good manager (of her means).

guamach, managing, thrifty.

guait, leave, put away; Shaw guaiteam, to leave off, let alone, be quiet; chiefly if not solely used in gabh no guait e, take it or leave it: uait with *g* prefixed for assonance.

gùgan, a daisy; Shaw id., also a bud, a flower; cf. gucag, a bud, &c.

imirc, a removal, fitting; Shaw idem; Macalpine iomairc, n.f. and v.; Ir. imircim, E. Ir. immirge, Macbain s.v. "imrich."

laimairean, dawdler, trifler.

lamhrachdaidh, handling, Southend, Shaw.

lamhrgan, fingering, handling, Southend, Shaw; at Shiskine lamhargan, handle of a flail (other part being buailtean).

lanntoir, the inner apartment of old Arran houses; Shaw "a pantry, partition."

liathanach, hoar frost; Macalpine liathnach.

macanadh, sobbing, Southend.

mathalt, a potato basket.

meuragan, fingering, handling, so Shaw; Macalpine has verb meuragaich and meuraganaich.

mileag, a mean woman (Southend); perhaps from miol, notwithstanding that *l* is slender.

a' mioghlachadh, in suspense, fearing or anticipating evil (Southend); cf. Shaw's meogal, medley mixture, and Glenlyon bha e 's a' mhoguil = he was hesitating, undecided (the latter a metaphorical use of mogul, husk).

cean, Southend (pronounced exactly like oircean, a young pig, viz., oirceainn), the horizon or the heavens? only in "tha stoirn air an oircean," said when a storm or squall is seen approaching; perhaps aigeann with intrusive *r*, E. Ir. oician, from Latin oceanus.

cair, a packman, from pac,

clach, the fill of both arms of straw, &c., Southend.

taidh, anything big of its kind, Southend; Shaw, patantachd, thickness.

ilc, large stomach, *e.g.*, of a cow that has eaten its fill; a metaphorical use of peillic, E. Ir. pellec, a basket of untanned hide.

aid, of a person falling his whole length on the ground, fhuair e plaid; nach e fhuair a' phlaid.

at, a tantrum

bhaic, a roar, rabhaiceil, roaring; used in Islay also; cf. raoic.

can, mischief, noise, so Shaw; Macbain, ràcain; nach ann annad tha an racan.

maisceil, romping, noisy; cf. ramachdair, ramalair; in Perthshire reamalair; and Shaw's reimam, to ramp; reim, a troop, band.

usbaid, a term of contempt; "a beggar's brat" (Shaw).

meach, loose shreds of skin at the base of the finger nails.

ramach, profusely hospitable, from ròram.

tach, the circle of mud gathered by one's dress off muddy roads, Northend; Shaw, rodacht, a covering, fence; from Scot. rot, Eng. rut?

chail, to rummage, rùchailt, rummaging; Shaw, ruchail, tearing, cutting.

aidh, a tub; same as saidh (and saith, the back-bone, &c.?) cf.

Scot. say, sai, or sey, a tub. From same root as soitheach?

th, ill; in phrase, Cha dubhairt e math no sath.

abhas, meaningless talk, nonsense; also adjective seabhasach.

al-mara, space from which the tide has ebbed; "dol do'n t-seol-mhara," going for wilks, sea-weed, &c., as the case may be.

albhan, a number, a crowd; "bha e sealbhan uairean an so," he was here several times; from sealbh, a herd, &c. Manx shallváyn, herd.

eir, a covering, top layer, as on cold porridge, or of fat on soup, &c.

oirean, drops of food, &c., as on clothes; cf. MacAlpine, sgearaich, to scatter, &c.

eirmeil, clean, tidy; cf. sgeilm or sgeinm.

sgeòblach, untidy person or dress ; cf. MacAlpine, sgeòb, aperture, wry mouth.

sgìoblan, a lapful (Shiskine).

sgiuirleach, a lapful (Southend).

sgluait, a slattern ; cf. sgleoid, idem.

sgraiteach, ragged.

sgreunach, stormy, windy.

sgroinneach, ragged.

sgùilear, a mean, contemptible fellow, Southend ; cf. Shaw sguille, scullion.

sibhreag, a fairy, Ir. siabhra, &c.

smeachranachd, tampering, trifling, as with edge tools, &c ; MacAlpine.

smùr, dross, v. smùrach.

snagairt, whittling, *i.e.*, snagaireachd ; Shaw snaigheoireachd.

sothaisgean (soisgean), a primrose, Southend ; Shaw somharcain and sorigh (*i.e.* sobhraich) ; MacAlpine sobhrachan, M'L. and D. samhaircean, Manx sumark.

spreòcainn, a sickly person, valetudinarian, cf. spreòchan.

spreòd, spread (peats to dry, &c.).

spròg, a disease of sheep, sturdy.

spruchag, a hoard, savings, Southend ; cf. M'L. and D. broghadh, increase, profit ; Manx prughag, translated "miser" (Moore's Folklore, p. 184).

stroid, Southend, synonym for rotach (*supra*).

strubladh, a beating with wind and rain ; 's e fhuair a strubladh, of one who has been out in wind and rain.

stuaic, a wry neck, E. Ir. stuag, an arch.

sùmhail, pronounced sùil, quiet ; Shaw snidheal, quiet, calm, sedate, noble ; MacAlpine, of little bulk, portable, of a person humble, obedient, obsequious ; at Shiskine sùin, influenced probably by ciùin.

tainneadh, thaw ; Shaw taithnadh, taithnan, to thaw ; Macbain tainneamh.

tè, thick as soup, gruel, &c. In Skye when fish, milk, preserves, &c., take the bitter or sharp taste caused by fermentation, they are said to be tè. Cf. teuchd, to congeal, &c., Ir. teuchdaim, to curdle, &c.

turradan, rocking oneself as one in grief ; "nodding," Shaw ; MacAlpine has turraman and turram, with verbs turramain and turraim ; North turraiban ; at Shiskine air thurrachdain, shaking.

ùsaid, use, (noun), so Ir. ùsaidich (verb), usaidech, useful.

There are one or two uses of borrowed words, which are somewhat interesting :—

Nach tu th' anns a ghe'll (open *e*), said to anyone in great haste ; English gale.

Rinn e mach a phut (*u* as in Eng. "shut"), he accomplished his purpose or his task ; from Eng. "bit," originally used of shearers finishing their share of a field.

Rinn iad s'eusar orra (first *s* broad), they made a seizure (in connection with smuggling) ; Eng. seizure ; Shaw's siasar, a session, assizes, and MacAlpine's seusar, acme, perfection, &c. (turning point, crisis) seem to show the same origin.

tòth, eagerness, inclination, &c., Southend ; ann an tòth dol ann, eager to go ; ann an tòth leis, greatly attracted to, or taken up by it or him ; English "in tow."

18th FEBRUARY, 1897.

At the meeting this evening, Rev. James Macdonald, Reay ; Rev. Archibald Macdonald, Kiltarlity ; and Mr R. T. Stewart, Commercial Bank, Tain, were elected ordinary members of the Society.

A communication from the Gaelic Society of London soliciting the support of the Society towards a proposed deputation to Lord Balfour anent the teaching of Gaelic in Highland Schools, on similar lines as of Welsh in Welsh Schools, was submitted, and it was agreed to countenance and support the movement.

Thereafter, Rev. James Macdonald, Reay, delivered a paper entitled "Fauns and Fairies." The paper was as follows :—

FAUNS AND FAIRIES.

Since the day on which the Rev. Robert Kirk, minister at Aberfoil, "went to his own herd," in 1692, our knowledge of fairies has made no appreciable advance. When men ceased to prosecute witches and burn them, the traditions of the past were by mutual consent forgotten, and the prevalent type of Christianity put curious prying into the unknown under a ban. So it happened that during the latter half of the seventeenth, and the whole of the eighteenth century Scotland, forgot its folk-lore. Old stories with a spice of Paganism were deemed unsuited for

grave and sober Presbyterian households. Even the cherished traditions of the Roman Catholic church were regarded as something more than harmless superstition, and treated accordingly. In odd corners the older folk-lore stories remained. Men could tell tales of battle where other heroes than the Great Twin Brothers led the van, and record, with minute amplification of circumstance, scenes of midnight carouse and revel, at which immortals appeared and claimed the service and homage of those whose spirits were congenial to the forgotten cult. Gradually the beliefs or superstitions of Christianity displaced the ancestral spirits from their sylvan homes, and substituted a kind of personal devil, clad in bull hide and smelling evilly of brimstone, thus transforming beautiful legends and stories of folk-lore of untold value into grotesque representations of a Christianity little understood and rarely practised.

When science began to sift medieval and modern accretions from the ancient, little which was of direct value was left; and only by infinite pains, and comparing beliefs, customs, ceremonial acts and usages in widely separated countries could a measure of certainty be arrived at, and this is particularly the case in regard to the subject of this paper. Of theories and writing we have enough and more than enough. Scattered through the records of trials in court, enquiries before ecclesiastics, theological dissertations on demonology, diaries and curious essays, there is no lack of counsel; but any one who is acquainted with Kirk's essay on "Fairies, Elves, and Fauns," and Martin's "Description of the Western Islands," must feel that both ancient and modern theorists have not much more to relate. That a great deal of good work has been done since then every one knows, but this has been by way of wider research in other fields, illustration and comparison of facts already recorded, and a closer application of scientific methods to the elucidation of the facts folk-lore has to teach. But this has not greatly added to our direct knowledge of how our ancestors viewed the fairy world; that we learn rather by inference than by fresh discovery within our own borders.

In discussing the subject of fairies we much approach it as antiquarians, folk-lorists, and anthropologists; for beyond all doubt fairy cult is a complex thing, and is based on material supplied by tradition going back thousands of years: on the facts of nature and unexplained phenomena, as rappings, loud noises, mysterious movement of bodies, lights and phantoms, and all the complex powers of the unknown as these presented themselves to primitive man as he looked out upon the world, and as they re-

shaped themselves through ages upon ages of an evolution imperceptible in its upward movement—here leaving an ancient belief behind forever, there seizing on a new thought and clinging to it with the same tenacity with which man clings to life itself.

In this paper I propose to glance first at a few of the more common fairy beliefs and legends, and then endeavour to trace their origin and how they are allied to other phases of folk-lore and myth. And to revert to Robert Kirk. Before he “went to his own herd,” he had no manner of doubt regarding the actual physical existence of fairies, and with rare glimpses of the scientific method, sets himself to explain the undoubted facts. His evidence in this respect is of more value than Martin’s, who simply records many Celtic beliefs and customs as a curious survival. Kirk’s pamphlet does not appear to have been published till comparatively recently, but Lord Reay saw it about the close of the seventeenth century, and Scott had access to it at the time when he wrote the letters to Lockhart. These, and a number of his poems and ballads, are largely indebted to the minister of Aberfoil. When Kirk wrote, probably about 1680, unseen beings abounded, castles were haunted, lakes and rivers had their denizens, witches practised their evil arts, and kirk sessions exercised their diligence in rooting out these public pests; and to doubt the existence of fairies would have been to have exposed his own orthodoxy to a severe strain. So his science must yield to acknowledged facts.

His fairy bodies are congealed air or essence. They have, or assume, the human form, but are diminutive and most frequently invisible. They eat, but not our gross material food, for only the finest spirituous essences serve to sustain them. These they extract or suck out of ordinary substances, and neither corn nor milk comes amiss to them. They have been known to impoverish whole fields so that the meal made from the corn had no sustaining power, nor would barley so affected make whisky. The little people can work, and they have been heard striking with hammers as a smith at a forge; but their only visible work is the elf arrow. They change their place of residence quarterly, and where there is at one period of the year high revel, with music and the dance, there is at another nothing but the silence of the everlasting hills. As they migrate from place to place they swim on air low down above the ground, and men, seers that is, have often seen them travelling through space, and felt a rush as of wings, with low musical notes which filled earth and air as they went.

Among fairies there are orders, kings, more often queens, and commoners. The latter are divided into various grades, chiefs,

masters, servants, slaves. They attend at all banquets, marriages, and funerals, and take part of the provision made for those who attend, not in its gross material form—they simply extract its essence and regale themselves on this ethereal fare. They help to carry the body to the place of sepulture at funerals, and take part in all the ceremonies connected therewith, except those of a religious or Christian character. They go fishing on stream and tarn in the guise of monks in cowl and hood. Men have fairies as their co-walker or double, and these are never separate from their human second self. A voracious eater does not require more food for his support than another man, but an elf is his co-walker and must be daily fed. Our reverend author prescribes no remedy for this form of possession, but there are other fairy evils he knows how to cure. For example; when a cow calves, if some of her dung is smeared on the calf's mouth before it sucks, no harm can come to the milk during the season. When a mother just begins nursing her new born infant, a bible, iron, or a piece of bread placed in her bed will prevent her being stolen by the fairies to nurse elf children, a common occurrence in those old days at Aberfoil. Of all substances the little people feared iron most; and that because hell lies between the chill tempest and hot scalding metals, and no sooner does a fairy smell iron than it fears and flies. Fairy clothing resembles that of the country where they dwell. Its colour is always green. At Aberfoil they wore kilts; in Ayrshire trews! They become old and die, but not as we do; for nothing ever perishes in fairyland. Everything goes on in circles lesser or greater, but continuing for ever and renewing all that revolves, every change being but a kind of transmigration into new forms. Nor is the mystic land devoid of literature; but the books are so learned, involved, and abstruse, that mortal man has never been able to unravel their contents.

The wraith, or death messenger from elf-land may be insulted, and his vengeful rage knows no bounds, only his wrath may be appeased by the death of an animal, whether offered directly in sacrifice or not the record does not relate. The coming of this elfland wraith seers can foretell. They have seen him and have entered into combat with him. But he is impalpable and invulnerable, for he may be cut through with a sword blade with no resistance and no result; the blade simply passes as through the liquid air. On the other hand he has wrestled with seers, and many a sore combat has been waged on the heathery hill-side between those who could see farther than their fellows, and the mysterious figures, half light, half darkness, which met with them

and maimed not a few of them for the remainder of their days—which same may be a kind of Pagan paraphrase of the well-known story of Jacob by the Jabbock. The spirit-world messenger inflicted his wounds with elf-arrows, and these left no visible mark though the wound was mortal. The only hope of cure was to find the spot where the arrow entered the body, and place one's finger upon it. As men were wounded to death by these fairyland weapons, so, too, were cows and other domestic animals. After such wounds they pined and died with no visible sign of injury.

Departed human souls frequently dwell in fairy hills, and are identified with the fairy folk. Numerous instances are related of their being seen and even recovered. When our reverend historian "went to his own herd," it was revealed to a seer, after his supposed burial, that he was not dead, and that the coffin contained nothing but leaves. On a certain night he was to reappear, and if a relative, named to the seer, threw his dirk over him he would remain; if not, vanish for ever to the land of mirth and song. He did appear, but the man who alone could detain him among mortals got so excited that he only threw the dirk as the minister vanished into thin air. It was too late. He had gone to his own land, and was seen no more. He still, doubtless, visits the scenes of his mortal life on winter nights when the moon is full.

The vanished world of those days could not get along without its seers. Men became soothsayers by training. An essential part of the rites of initiation was, that the novice should make himself a girdle from a horse hair tether which had been used in binding a dead body to a bier. With this girdle about his loins he must stoop downward and look backwards between his legs till he saw a funeral approach and cross two marches between lands or farns. Another method of watching an approaching funeral was through a hole in a board where a wood knot had fallen out. Having attained to second sight, the seer could tell the future by looking through the shoulder-blade of a sheep, and this was a sure method of detecting any misdemeanours in the owner's household. A man who doubted his wife's fidelity, had but to present a shoulder of mutton to the seer, and the facts were revealed.

But the erratic movements of wives were not always the result of fancy for a handsome man. Fairies stole them, and only a seer could restore the abducted spouse to her sorrowing lord; and our author puts one well-authenticated case on record of a wife being stolen, and a fairy woman substituted in her place. The elf-wife died and was buried. After a suitable period the widower consoled himself with a "fair and comely maiden" as his

Gaelic Society of Inverness.

At the end of two years the original was found, but whether she proved a kind of Enoch Arden the author does not relate. The author, however, adds that "there is no superstition, for recovering the stolen." It is a pity the author did not deem it worth while to put the art on record, only to say, well known and authenticated, this was unnecessary in his opinion, and it is to be feared it has been lost. He does tell us a number of marvellous facts, of which the following is one:—Lord Tarbat met a seer in the west of Ross-shire. He was working in a field, and Tarbat having observed him looking intently towards a hill above the place where he was working, asked him if he saw anything. He replied that he saw a troop of soldiers leading their horses down the hill, and turning them loose to graze in a field of barley. This was on the 4th of May. In August of that same year, a party of soldiers under Colonel Middleton led their horses down the hill in question, and turned them loose to graze in the very field where the seer was sowing his barley in the previous May when he saw them.

This brief summary of the contents of Mr Kirk's pamphlet gives pretty well the substance of what was known of fairies two centuries ago, and all the stories gathered since then, may be regarded as a mere amplification and fuller illustration of what was well-known and universally believed about the time of the Reformation.

In "Waifs and Strays of Celtic Tradition" we have a number of familiar stories of work done by fairies—their tireless energy, the spells they laid upon people, how inanimate objects did their bidding, and how men outwitted them. The same is found in the pages of Kennedy's book regarding Irish fairies. As we advance we see a kind of Christianised Paganism opposing itself to the forces of demonology, and in accordance with the trend of the prevalent theology prevailing. For example:—A diligent housewife is busily engaged preparing yarn for cloth. She is both careful and worldly. Sleep has departed from her eyes, and as she spins after the witching hour has struck, she keeps wishing she had some one to help her in her labours. Obedient to her wish a fairy enters and begins to spin, another comes and takes to carding the wool, then another and another, till they convert the house into a workshop, and the whirr of labour is heard afar. The husband sleeps and snores, nor is his rest disturbed by the busy scene. The wife provides refreshment for her guests, and they devour all she can give them—they are more materialistic than Kirk's. She now wished to be rid of them but could not, so

she hurried to a wise man. The seer told her that her husband was under a spell, and that she must return to the house, and before she enters shout three times—"Burghill is on fire;" and when the fairies rushed out to see if their house was destroyed she must enter and disarrange everything in the house. This she did, and when the fairies returned one called out "Spinning wheel open the door." "I cannot, my band is off." And so all the other articles, wool cards, water pails, chairs, and tables.

Fairy visits did not always end thus. The miller of Alva had his wife spirited away, and had infinite labour before recovering her; while the smith of Tullibody saw his never no more. Working a bar of iron he heard the abductors sing as they flew up the chimney—

"Deedle Linkum Doddie,
We've gotten drunken Davie's wife,
The smith of Tullibody."

The theft of children was more frequent than the abduction of wives, and when a child was taken an elfin was substituted; but they do not appear to have succeeded in grafting our heavier mortality on to their own aerial bodies. Even thefts were not always on one side, for a man rushing in upon a fairy festival and carrying off their drinking goblet could keep it as an heirloom and *cornucopia* for all time, if he only succeeded in crossing a running stream before being overtaken by the revellers whom he despoiled, a fact immortalised by the famous riding exploit of Tam o' Shanter and his grey mare. One such fairy goblet is preserved at Edenhall, in Cumberland. This was secured by one of the ancient family of Musgrove, and while it is preserved prosperity attends their house; but

"If this glass do break or fall,
Farewell the luck of Edenhall."

A more useful motto than the rhyme of the Clydesdale ploughboys of a past generation, who believed if they but sang as they turned at the end of the rig,

"Fairy, fairy, bake me a bannock and roast me a collop,
And I'll gie ye a sportle aff my gad end,"

that at the fourth round these desirable delicacies should be there waiting for them.

The fairies were on the whole a good-natured sportive folk, but touchy on matters of names, and revengeful of insults and injuries. They differed from brownies or domestic spirit drudges. The latter were given to eavesdropping and tale-bearing, and frequently accused others when they were themselves the culprits. One who did drudgery for a very close-fisted Galloway matron, who gave her servants but poor fare and little of it, is a typical example. Two servant girls stole a bowl of milk and a bannock. In order to make a fair division of the spoil, they sat on a bench and took alternate mouthfuls of the bread and milk. Presently the one accused the other of taking more than her fair share, and was answered by a similar charge. Suddenly they were startled by a "Ha, ha! Brownie has't; Brownie tells." These domestic spirits and fairies blend together in many of our folk-lore stories. For example:—A steward during the winter months steals small quantities of his master's grain. In spring he has enough to sow a field for himself, which he does; but when the corn is fully ripe, the fairies from a neighbouring Shi pull up every stalk, thrash it clean, and deposit the grain in the barn of the man from whom the seed was stolen. This is doubtless Brownie's work though attributed to fairies. It has besides a modern flavour, and leaves an uncomfortable impression of copy-book head-lines and adaptations, by some shrewd ecclesiastic in the days when fairies were still real beings, and scientists had not learned to call "brimstone" by its more modern name.

But our fairy cult as a whole represents them as a free, rollicking, social pagan society—music and the dance, midnight rides and wanderings, elvish pranks and light laughter covers the canvas, and any departure from this can only be regarded as the growing spirit of austerity in the religious opinions of the people, and that this gave a gloomy bias to certain traditions and a moral or rather theological trend to others. This is borne out by the well-known fact that modern English fairies are more sportive than their Scotch cousins. Naturally the fairy legends tend all over Europe to merge into the common doctrines of demonology, and this is the more natural as the same process goes on among savage men, with every advance of thought, as we shall see. The green patches called "the guidman's croft," which our ancestors never disturbed with spade or ploughshare, were, though not expressly avowed within historic times, sacred to spirits, fairies, or pagan gods, and so passed over as by right of inheritance to the more modern devil. This is all the more certain, as beneficent gods were favourable to agriculture the world over, and the fairy

owe and guid man's croft were left untilld, first from reverence ; n through fear of malign influences. Again, the Ourisk or nestic spirit resembles Pan, and is something between a goat l a man ; hence a goat's head being made representative of the ril. One of these Ourisks becomes troublesome to a miller down chlomond way. On being caught red-handed and challenged, gives its name as "Myself." Here we have the "Outis" of the yssey, transferred from the shores of the Mediterranean to the nks of Lochlomond by a process of oral tradition which has ue on, the world over, since first men dispersed themselves and ried with them to their new abodes the little stock in trade th which the race emerged from its cradle.

The working machinery of tradition the world over is a dwarf ce and their doings. A people untamed and untamable, palpable and invulnerable, and these we find in England as in otland ; dwelling in green glades in Dorset, in caves in Shet- id ; frequenting ancient ruins in the Highlands ; hid in the pths of the forest in Germany ; wandering on the mountain tops East Central Africa ; and making their home with the Bengal ger on the plains of India. They keep the Breton peasant in a ste of perpetual fear, and their favour must be bought in New ledonia. Clearly we must look for some explanation which will count for world-wide facts like these elsewhere than among the ottish "Pechts," worthy burrowers as they must have been.

The Celtic peoples of Europe being essentially an imaginative ce, ascribe to their sylvan pigmies social and convivial alities of which we hear nothing among peoples of different igin. But this is nothing more than a detail resulting from ecial characteristics, both national and individual, and these cial qualities freely ascribed by tradition to its heroes easily ss into an organised fairy society, corresponding to what isted during the oldest memories of the race preserving the aditions. Kings, queens, courts, courtiers, splendid halls, feasts, illiant surroundings, loyalty, love, revenge—these are the ecessary trappings in which the Celtic imagination clothes its uppets. These are the things most loved and sought after by ny typical Celt. It is only when a seer—a seer of Christian mes, be it observed—has a vision of elfland, that its glory turns o dust and ashes, and its banquets to tasteless and saltless aspidity. Then fairy bodies shrink into the shrivelled decrepi- ude of old age, and intercourse with them is converted into a social crime and deadly sin.

Nor could the Celtic imagination be otherwise, for the Celt himself is a curious bundle of contradictions. The man who in the early morning would commit the most cold-blooded murder to save his chief the trouble or danger of slaying an enemy later in the day, would spend the evening composing love ditties with no sense of incongruity. The chief himself, impoverished beyond the hope of solvency, assumes the airs of a man able to dispense princely hospitality without the slightest inconvenience or financial difficulty, and every clansman speaks of his chief as regal in dignity and princely in fortune, even should he have suffered the deepest indignities at his hands but a day before. Passion and poetry, love and revenge, cruelty and pathos, individual independence and absolute loyalty to the chief or the cause, blended together in the Celtic character with no sense of incongruity left, and the Celt is the same to-day, or the breed and blood is the same, as when Somerled roved the Western seas, giving short shrift and a long halter, to any unfortunate wight who raised unnecessary scruples about adopting the clan name and wearing the heather badge.

Sleeping on a dun-Shi exposed one to the danger of being transported to fairyland, leaving no trace of the unhappy wight's whereabouts except his bonnet placed on the top of some church steeple as he sped his aerial flight. But the journey was not always through the limped blue, for Jane Thomas travelled to elfland mounted on the "lady's own milk white steed," and left the north wind behind. It was not so long after the Rhymers made his famous pilgrimage to the farthest confines of elfland that a new bias was given to the graphic stories of a long-forgotten past. We find the Earl of Orrery sending his valet or butler to buy playing cards, which were now veritable "devil's books." While on his errand he was invited to join a fairy revel. This he refused to do, and hurried home; but he was almost carried away bodily, though Lord Orrery and two bishops held him down—rather a poor certificate to the power of look, bell, and candle.

It was possible to hold converse with fairy-land without journeying thither and taking up one's abode there. Bessie Dunlop met Thomas Reid, who was killed at Pinkie, and had long conferences with him. He stood by her and showed her fairy horsemen when others saw nothing. Through him she became familiar with all the mysteries of the unseen world, and at her trial gloried in her knowledge and power. Poor Bessie, whether lunatic or driven mad by torture we do not know, for all the

record we have of her is a note scrawled on the margin of the trial record—"Convict and burnt." Alison Pearson was another who had her familiars from fairy-land. One William Simpson, a cousin, who was "taken away by a man of Egypt," came to her clad in green, and told her what men may not know nor maidens dream. He always left abruptly when adjured in God's name, which is another copy-book headline if you please. Alison affected to cure diseases by elfine arts, and Patrick Adamson, Bishop of St Andrews, who suffered from some intractable malady, submitted to her cures. The old pagan was promptly "libelled" by his peers. Besides effecting cures she delivered oracles. She met Lethington and Buccleuch in fairyland, and we can only hope that these turbulent spirits had a less stormy existence among the green knowes and the elves who dwell there, than they had as courtiers and rebels by turns. Alison's fairy friends stole infants because they had to pay a yearly tribute to Tartarus, and mortal infants stolen helped to make up the tale. For her tampering with green men and dead politicians Alison Pearson followed Bessie Dunlop, and went to her own herd in lurid flames; and men looked, and as they saw the smoke ascending, blessed God who had given power to holy men to root out evil-doers.

Setting the legend of "True Thomas" aside, which is simply a Scotch version of Numa and Egeria, we have, in the statements of those who professed to hold converse with the unseen world, the imagination run riot after a confession had been wrung from them by torture. Once that was made, all subsequent statements were simply the grouping together and localising of all the folk-lore stories they knew. One can understand a woman with a distinct individuality tortured into a confession, and knowing she had neither love nor pity to expect, simply glorying in scandalising her legal and clerical examiners by each enormity she confessed. At this distance of time we cannot reduce to their original form the stories they adapted; but certain it is that, after examination by torture, they personified the heroes of ancient story, and even this throws us back a step, and brings us nearer to the real fairy-land we are in search of.

The Welsh Nicneven is but a hag, a bad reproduction of the Greek Hecate, and has little in common with the jolly and convivial Mab. The Morayshire trials do not add much to what we learn from the two already referred to. But they all point back to a time when woodland deities abounded, and when these passed into elves, fauns, and fairies. They are sportive or malevolent, according as the ideas of the Reformation or the pagan Renaissance

were pushed and almost forced upon the people. The old beliefs, deities, superstitions, and traditions must be adapted or disposed of as the case may be. A death by summary violence they refused to accept; but being violently driven out, and the tolerant indulgence of the older religion and science being no longer possible, the gods retired to fairyland. They continued to revisit mortals as guardian spirits, and in this form the Church found some use for them. A Banshi gave Macleod of Dunvegan a fairy banner. It has already been in two battles, and each time was borne to victory. When it is next carried to the field of combat, Macleod will be carried away to fairyland, never more to revisit Dunvegan with its scenes of song and story.

The guardian fairy appears most frequently in Irish legend, and the minuteness of detail regarding time, place, and circumstance, leaves no doubt as to the Irish Celts being animal worshippers. Myth is never so graphic as when it weaves actual facts into its narrative; and the creditable way in which Irish domestic animals acquit themselves, reminds one of the Hottentot wolf which appeared at places a hundred miles apart in a single night. For example, a talented Irish bard satirised mice that troubled him, and at the same time lampooned domestic cats for allowing such vermin to put their noses into an egg he was eating. He was at Cruachan, in Connaught, at the time. The King of the Cats was at Knowth on the Boyne. No sooner did the senachan finish his rhymes than his feline majesty took the road under a vow to eat nothing till he had chastised the poet. Arrived at Cruachan, he seized the offender, carried him off, and swept across the Shannon with him, and would doubtless have borne him to Knowth, to be solemnly tried by a jury of cats, but St Kieran, who was working a bar of hot iron, seeing a baptised person being carried away, shot the bolt at the abductor. It pierced the cat's body just one inch behind the man. He was saved, and the saint's labour rewarded. In this narrative the resolve to eat nothing, the timely appearance of the saint, and the fell design of the cat being frustrated because the poet was baptised, reminds us too forcibly of that band of Jewish enthusiasts who vowed neither to eat nor drink till they had killed Paul. The ancient belief in the supernatural powers of animals is used as a foil to the saint's intuitive knowledge regarding baptised persons, and his power against all malignant influences, the virtue of iron as a talisman being brought in as an incidental circumstance.

Nor is this the only manner in which the priest appears in those fairy legends. The minister of Aberfoil did not record the method of recovering the stolen, but his Irish confrere gives us a means of knowing whether we have changelings in our cradles. One of these elfin imps was found to be always fretful and wailing. It ate what was given it, but never seemed to be satisfied or thrive. Doubts having arisen as to its being a fairy, it was arranged to have it baptised, and for that purpose it was, on the way to the priest's residence, carried across a stream. When crossing, the imp wriggled out of its wrappings, freed itself from the nurse's arms, and plunged into the water with a "Ha! ha! ha!" of derisive laughter.

Reference has been made to the more sportive tendencies of English fairies as compared to the Scotch. The Irish have their own peculiar characteristics, and of these one is a strong tendency to faction fights. The man who at Ballinasloe fair asked the time of day, and then said, "Eleven o'clock, be jabers, and the devil a foight yet!" was no keener for a riot than are some of these sylvan pigmies. Their hostile meetings were near streams, and a rushing noise as of wing-flapping was heard by seers on either side. This rushing noise moved and swayed from side to side, as do men when settling a disputed matter at a fair. As the noise went to this side or that, faint silvery bugling was heard as if to rally the combatants. The notes were strange and weird, differing from all human music, and impossible to reproduce on any known instrument. Their light bodies were heard falling into the water with a noise resembling that made by an angler's fly when fishing. After such falling noises shouts of victory could be heard filling the air, not as our harsh notes make the hills reverberate, but as a kind of low, wafting sound, as if the air itself moved and became audible, and so fell upon the senses like an enclosing medium.

A prominent feature of Irish fairy lore is the Ban-Shi, or Guardian Spirit. She appeared to persons of pure Milesian origin, in whose veins there was not a trace of Norman blood, and announced to them certain future events. When an approaching death was to be made known, she appeared in mourning, and evinced all the outward signs of bereavement and sorrow. Closely allied to this guardian spirit is the fairy love. Respectable Presbyterians have had their fairy loves, to the no small scandal of their wives. The case of Fion's daughter is well known. She, according to high courtly etiquette, was, on being betrothed, given in charge to a trusted guardian—this is a common custom among

Africans at this day, and to the guardian the bridegroom is responsible. The guardian consigns her to the care of another for added security, and he to the bridegroom. The bridegroom had a fairy love. She bullied and upbraided him; told him false stories about the bride, but all to no purpose, for he loved the King's daughter. The fairy then turned her into a hound, and a hound she remained. The husband stormed and raged; the wife whined piteously, but all to no purpose. The fairy was obdurate till the husband came under a dreadful vow to renounce his wife for ever. Then she was restored to womanhood, while the husband vanished into elf-land, and still holds courtly revel when the moon is at the full.

These general statements and examples, which might be indefinitely multiplied, illustrate with tolerable accuracy the fairy belief as it has come down to us in our own land. The whole field of fairy cult is too wide to be touched upon in a brief paper, and that just because we find similar traditions among peoples differing from each other in race, language, religion, institutions, customs, habits, and usages. And the question forces itself upon us. Whence these legends so universal and persistent? Have they a common origin, and if so, can we trace it back to a once universal cult? or is it simply the result of a peculiar tendency of the human mind? Do legends, as we possess them, represent the faded memory of a lost race, or are they the dying flickers of a world religion? And do the variations in details simply point to modifications and adaptations, or do they mark radical differences? Are the traditions and accretions of Brahminism, Buddhism, Mohametanism, and Christianity, as these are modified by race, locality, and social institutions, part of this once common cult?

These questions have been variously answered, and men have not even now arrived at a universally accepted solution. Only as the sciences of antiquarian research, ethnology, and anthropology eliminate the modern from the ancient and pre-historic, can we hope to attain to definite results. If we look only at the fairies of our own land and their German cousins, we find Mr Macritchie and others arguing them into a race of dwarf inhabitants, whose memory has been obliterated by time, as they themselves were exterminated by the conquerors, and that they made their last retreat in underground dwellings, which still exist to prove beyond dispute the soundness of this conclusion. In order to identify the semi-mythical Fions with the fairies, he is driven to the necessity of converting the former into a race of dwarfs, and that on the sole ground that the exploits of certain dwarfs of that famous race are

served by tradition. He reminds us too that the knights of old had each a dwarf attendant, a statement fatal to the story of a war of extermination on the part of the conquerors. As of fairywomen take service with the Fions, a somewhat necessary illustration if the Fions were themselves the fairies!

A bishop of Orkney appears to support the extermination story, and gives names and places. One Haarfayr, a ninth century worthy, obliterates all trace of a whole people, and we are invited to believe that since then all memory of them has perished, and that we find neither waif nor stray to give evidence of their existence except the people clad in green. To the worthy churchman the Peti were an exceedingly small people. They worked with incredible energy at city building during the morning and evening, but were in daylight devoid of all strength and energy, and retired to their underground dwellings during the day. One is amazed with amazement why these dwarfs should work with incredible energy at city building if their homes were underground burrows? And whether the zeal for building was inspired by the church? The bishop, it is clear, does not advance our knowledge. Indeed, ancient history lies under the suspicion of adaptation, and the facts of ecclesiastical history are more aggravated than those of secular narrative.

But any facts are useful to support a theory, and the realists, the euhemerists, as they like to be styled, find, in the loss of strength during the day and alleged defective vision in sunlight of the good bishop's dwarfs, a sound reason for the identification of Fions and fairies. There is another line of argument—that based on root words and vocables. The name for an underground dwelling, in a language which could not be that of the original inhabitants, but that of the conquerors, affords strong presumption that they lived underground; that they were dirty in their habits; that their dens reeked of filth; and that they themselves were but a modified kind of skunk as they emerged into the light of day, so evilly did they smell.

It does not fall within the scope of this paper to take account of underground human dwellings. War and contest, possibly partial extermination, may have given colour to many fairy legends. It may be pointed out that certain south-east African tribes live habitually underground in earth excavations. These are not their only dwellings, and are used for security or concealment, or both. The slight basket hut, with its straw roof, is a poor citadel to defend. It is easily fired by an enemy, and then the inmates can be speared at leisure as

they emerge from the burning dwelling. The underground burrow cannot be so easily destroyed, even if it is discovered, no easy matter as a rule, and this is especially the case at night. So the native in time of profound peace occupies the more airy and healthy hut. In times of war or danger he lives in his hut by day, but retires to his underground chamber at night. And any one seeing and entering a sentry cell in Angoni land ceases to wonder at the small size of many similar chambers found in underground dwellings in Scotland. A man crouching with his chin between his knees does not need a high vaulted roof. Our own earth houses, doubtless, served a similar purpose in the wild and lawless days of old, when clan feuds were rife and fire the most effectual weapon in rooting out a troublesome sept. The ordinary houses were wattle; the strongholds burrows. That fire was a ready means of warfare within historic times we know, and the name of at least one Highland parish is evidence of the fact.

The fairy cult is world-wide, and to account for it we must travel farther afield than Highland Brochs, Fion Kings, and Gaelic particles, and go back to a time when man looked upon nature as the true divinity, and worshipped her in the person of his chief, and then in sylvan deities who for him were the personification of the powers of nature. To gain a clear understanding of such worship our appeal must not be to Highland fairies, their English cousins and German kinsfolk, where primitive beliefs have been compelled into the service of the varying phases of the historical religions professed from century to century, and made and re-made to suit the predominant bias. Our appeal must be, in the first instance, to people who have remained practically unchanged through millenniums, and who to-day perform the same acts of worship, and revere the same deities which inspired the world with awe in days when the remote ancestors of the Chaldean astrologers gazed upon the stars and read the fate of nations and individuals indifferently, as written in the heavens, or in the spots found on the entrails of a decapitated cock.

Among such peoples we do not expect to find a fairy tradition, for the fairies themselves are there. Our popular tales are being daily enacted. Spirits live and move and regulate the course of nature. They are beneficent or revengeful; sportive or cruel, as they are treated. They know pride, anger, jealousy, and revenge. They demand victims and abduct persons. They take an active interest in the affairs of men, and insinuate themselves into the most profound secrets. They feast on the essence of food, espec-

ally that offered in sacrifice. Their bodies are aerial and impalpable, and they have been known to raise the dead. These they carry away to spirit land with their ghost bodies; and some of them have been seen after the manner of the minister of Aberfoil, who appeared once, after he went to his own herd.

Let us now illustrate these general statements. The priest of primitive man was lord of the world at will, and regulated the powers of nature for the benefit of his people. He was spoken of as king, and his sphere of action as a kingdom, and, so far as we know, all early kings performed priestly functions. With the growth of thought, the offices were separated, and the priesthood remained the sacred order who had to do with all supernatural phenomena. The divine right of kings appeared at a later period of the world's history, and after men had ceased to fear the supernatural power of the priest. The savage man of to-day, like his savage forefather, does not distinguish accurately between the natural and supernatural. To him the whole world is regulated by supernatural agents, that is, by persons who act on impulses like his own; and these agents can be influenced by appeals made to them. This speedily leads to the idea of a man god, and passes in process of time into ancestor worship. These stages of progress we can trace among existing races. Sacred men worshipped here, retire unto the unknown by natural death or violence—more frequently the latter—when the spirit of the departed king is supposed to enter his successor, and still continue to take an interest in human affairs. A weak king professes to have seen his predecessor and received oracles from him, and the spot becomes a shrine. At these sacred places spirits reveal the future to seers, and popular imagination makes the shrine the home of the ancestors; a kind of dwelling place for deity. The deities of primitive man, in other words the priests, could control nature at will, and this power every savage man has less or more. A Fiji Islander, who fears to be belated, ties the tops of a handful of reeds together, and this delays the going down of the sun. An Indian of Yucatan pulls out a few of his eyelashes, and throws them sunward for a like purpose. By placing a handful of grass on the path and a stone over it, the African both retards the sunset and causes his friends at home to keep the evening meal waiting his arrival. Conversely the setting of the sun can be hastened when that is desired, as in a doubtful engagement. By similar processes wind and rain, heat and cold, can be controlled, all of which goes to show that savage man fails to recognise those limitations to his own powers which are so obvious to us. But

with the advance of thought, and the evolution of a sacred caste, we find methods of attaining to inspiration and power which bring us nearer our friends the fairies. In the temple of Apollo at Argos, a lamb was slain once a month. The prophetess tasted the blood, and then divined, being god-inspired. In Achaia the earth priestess drank from the blood of a bull, just slain, before descending into the cave of prophecy. In Southern India the devil dancer drinks the blood of a slain goat, putting his mouth to its throat, and is then inspired. He snorts, he stares, he dances and gyrates. The demon takes complete possession of him, and he is then worshipped as a present deity. All this brings us nearer to Kirk's account of fairy food as being the essence or life-giving properties of our common fare.

Nor is this all. In the religious history of the Aryan races tree worship was one of the most potent factors of national and domestic life, and Grimm supposes the forest glades were the first sanctuaries of the human race. This we can easily understand; for even at the dawn of our own era the larger portion of Europe consisted of dense forests, and what clearings were made must have appeared as islets in an ocean of green. Need we wonder that fairy folk ever dress in the universal nature colour. The Lithuanians, who were not converted to Christianity till the fourteenth century, were at that date tree worshippers, and begged St Jerome not to cut down their sacred groves. A form of worship so common and so widespread must have had some basis on which it rested—a philosophy such as satisfied the instincts of millions, and that philosophy came down from savage man. To him all nature is animate. The spirit of reproduction dwells in trees, in corn, and grass. Spirits of men do not differ essentially from these, for here, too, reproduction is the great factor of existence, and as the spirit of the decayed vegetation lives through the winter and re-animates the world in spring, so human spirits retire to the unknown depths of the forest, but not to perish. They live and re-appear. Siamese monks believe trees have souls, and that to lop off a branch is equivalent to severing a man's hand from his body. These monks are, of course, Buddhists; but the Animism of Buddhism is not a philosophic theory evolved by itself. It is simply a common savage dogma incorporated into the system of an historical religion. Buddhism simply borrowed it from pagan savagery. And pagan savagery treats a clove tree in blossom as it does a pregnant woman. No noise must be made near it, and no light carried past it; whoever approaches it must uncover his head. In the Philippine Islands the souls of the ancestors inhabit

well-known trees. In Kabongo the reigning monarch has a safe sleeping place for his soul in a grove. In Assam, when a child is lost, it has been stolen by the spirits of the wood. In Sumatra, when a native fells a tree he plants a young one in its place, and hangs some betel root upon it. This is the new home offered to the spirit that dwelt in the tree that has been cut down, and who otherwise might be homeless.

In these beliefs and customs the tree itself is animate under the earlier forms of religious thought. Then an important advance is made, and the tree becomes the abode of a spirit, which can leave it and take up its home elsewhere. These spirits dwelling in trees gradually resolve themselves into departed souls, giving us the material on which the whole system of ancestor worship is founded. It explains why the old Prussians believed woods inhabited high oak trees, and why the Lithuanians begged St. Jerome not to cut down their sacred groves, as from the spirits dwelling there they had obtained sunshine and rain, summer heat and winter snows. It throws light on the well known dogma that tree spirits make horses multiply and bless women with offspring.

At Gilgit there is an annual custom at wheat-sowing, of which the following are the essential facts:—Branches of the sacred cedar are brought from the mountain forest. After various ceremonies each villager goes home with a few sprigs of the cedar, and to find the door of his house shut in his face. The wife asks him within, "What do you bring," to which he replies, "Children you wish them; food if you require it; cattle; whatever you want;" she then opens the door and says, "Son of the fairies, you have come from far," and sprinkles him all over with flour. Among civilized peoples tree festivals are continued in May-day and midsummer customs. Men's opinions change; their philosophy develops; religious revolutions come suddenly or slowly; but customs and ceremonial acts remain, and the old order weaves itself into myth and legend, and myth is always most graphic when it describes what actually took place and colours it in the imaginations of many centuries.

Our brief survey of tree spirits leads us to this:—The tree spirit passes into a person. This person is king of the wood; under his influence vegetation revives, rain falls, domestic animals increase, and people multiply. Festivals are held in honour of this sylvan deity, who presently emerges into the doctrine of souls and ancestral worship. Man at this stage has travelled a long way on that upward ladder of progress which the race has followed from its cradle.

The soul of primitive man was exposed to various forms of danger, and against these precautions were taken. A safe keeping-place for his soul was an essential to a ruler. The soul was an exact reproduction of the body in miniature. It was invisible except to seers. During sleep or a swoon it was absent from the body, and its return might be prevented by an enemy who was a magician, or through the person being removed from the place where the soul left him. Then if a man saw his own reflection in a dark pool or reflecting surface his soul might be snatched away and lost; so men, kings more particularly, were surrounded with taboos to secure their safety. Nor did this always suffice, for many rulers selected secure keeping-places for their souls at a distance from their residence, as a sacred grove, a spring, or an inaccessible pinnacle of rock. These places the imagination peoples with spirits, the souls of the living and the dead, for what more natural when a man died than that his soul should continue to reside where he had placed it. It knew the locality, and took an interest in it while its owner lived. And if it remained there its interest would continue unabated, and would influence the course of events as when the king lived. It entered his successor if it is true, but duality of existence presents no difficulties to savage philosophy. But there were frequently rival chieftains, and so a rivalry among souls would naturally follow, and this suggests two things—First, the frequent trials of strength among the gods of mythology, and the doctrine of beneficent and evil spirits. To follow this further is foreign to our present purpose.

While the country was largely forest-clad, woodland deities ruled supreme, and could hardly be said to divide their power with water spirits, which figure in all mythologies. As clearings increased and forest fires laid bare large tracts of country, or as men wandered northwards to regions of ice and snow, the altered conditions necessitated a re-adjustment of sacred places and the homes of divinity. Where a sylvan shrine existed before a great fire the spot would remain sacred, or the gods would betake themselves to the shelter of an over-hanging cliff. Tradition peoples such spots with the self-same divinities who dwelt in the forest glades when youths and maidens worshipped dancing in the glinting moonlight.

Nor is this mere conjecture, for we only need a haunted room in some baronial hall to make it in after ages the scene of midnight revel and the home of ghosts, whose pale outlines are seen by the fearful as a fitful light shows athwart the open casements when winter winds are high. The mountain slopes and low-lying fens,

once covered with forests and resonant with the songs of birds, now bare and lifeless, presented to the cowering savage a picture of awful desolation, and he peopled them with those spirits which his imagination pictured as solitary and evil, while the good clung to any remaining clusters of trees or raised green mounds.

Next comes the rude hand and new religion of the conqueror to shatter all that remained of the ancient faith. It perishes, vanishing as if it had never been, and the new takes its place and retains it. But the memory of the old remains, and men look back in a kindly way to the past, and children hear with awestruck wonder stories of the ancient days when spirits walked at noonday. They learn to reverence the spots where they dwelt, and in their play rehearse the doings of the gods. And then some one hears in the green mound where the ancestors hide, the strains of a forgotten music, and before his fevered vision ghostly figures glint in the moonlight, and he dreams dreams of a vanished glory. As he recounts his vision, his enthusiasm kindles, his narrative becomes real, and the youth who hear know he has been to fairyland. He saw the mighty dead; he heard music sung by immortals; he is inspired: a seer for evermore.

By such processes does tradition weave together the imaginary and the real, blending them into a golden web of the past and a mysterious present, till with rude hand the fabric is thrown down, and men make a new advance in thought. They do not forget the past; they adapt it, and the adaptation is determined by the new cult. Buddhism seizes on it, and claims it as its own. Christianity bans it as of the devil, indulgently at first, then with stern visage and legal sanctions. The dreams of the past are banished into hidden corners, and men, women especially, fear the thumbscrew and the faggot, if it should be suspected that they hold converse with this forbidden world and eat its baneful fruit. If men do recount the deeds of the past, and the frolics of spirits in the green woods, they are careful to weave a kind of latter-day moral into the tale.

As the memory of sylvan deities and guardian ancestors wanes and waxes dim while tradition persists, men imagine that the tradition is but the distorted history of a race of men who lived, and felt, and suffered, and vanished. Races of men are created and then exterminated, leaving a few solitary wanderers, the sole witnesses of a vanished world. A burrow is made and a human dwelling found. It was the home of a chief of the vanished race. A name of doubtful derivation is met with. It is a word preserved from a lost language. The man who dwelt in that house was a fairy—the lost language his speech; and so our sylvan denizens

become mere eaters of flesh and abductors of children to avenge political wrongs.

It has already been said that our familiar fairy cult is a complex thing. It is composed of materials supplied by tradition, and has no doubt drawn from stories of battle, murder, and revenge; and here prehistoric materials are to be met with. But on the other hand it contains a vast mass of legend regarding the older religious beliefs and unexplained phenomena. Man as he advanced left behind him at each stage a whole world of unexplained facts. He progressed along certain lines, and left collateral branches of knowledge to be the sport of tradition. This entered into popular folk-lore, and became in a measure the common heritage of all nations. We have also to take account of sudden noises, rappings, musical sounds, movement of objects without apparent cause, and that curious group of experiences we may class under second sight, as well as prolonged trance or suspended animation. All these and many other factors enter into our familiar legends, and give to the fairies a local colour and historic setting. That many unexplained facts exist, we, most of us, have had experience, and though science may be moving in the direction of a more rational explanation than hitherto, nothing very satisfactory has yet appeared. The noises heard in Wesley's house at Epworth are as well authenticated as any fact can be, and yet no better than many similar phenomena elsewhere. Our modern telepathy may do something to explain the facts, or it may find itself worsted as the Wesleys did in their attempts to set the spirits to do some useful work.

We now return to the fairies and their habits as these are described by Kirk and Martin. The former went to his own herd in 1692; the latter wrote about 1695, so that their evidence is contemporary. Both men were close observers, and each in his own way had rare glimpses of science. To them fairy bodies are congealed air, impalpable and invisible except to seers. They know nothing of their having any built dwellings. Their habitations are fairy hills, nothing more. They are diminutive and have the human form reproduced in their miniature bodies. To the savage in Africa, India, the South Seas, America, and Tartary the soul is a reproduction of the body. It is in miniature, but is fat or lean, long or short as the man is. It is aerial and impalpable; it is invisible except to the magician; it is capable of living apart from the body and going long journeys in an incredible short space of time; it may breakfast in Senegal and dine in America; it feeds on the essence of our grosser fare and impoverishes what it eats of.

In fairy stories men are often placed under spells and lose sense and reason till restored with infinite labour by a seer. So are men whose souls are stolen and detained in savage lands. When a funeral passes through a village the Karens of Burmah tie their children to an article of furniture with a special kind of string lest their souls should be drawn away with the dead. And at the grave those who bring the body provide themselves with a bamboo slit lengthwise, and a small stick. When the earth is filled in each man thrusts his bamboo down into the grave and draws his stick along the groove to show his soul the way out should it by any chance be down with the dead.

The good people of Aberfoil heard a noise as if men were working on anvils, but the Polynesian ancestral spirits can remodel a whole village in a single night, while a Wazerema sylvan deity can box an offender's ears till he sees new constellations; and a Bougo spirit can make the forest resound again to the beat of drum. Fairies change their abode quarterly; but the Galoon spirits are made to change, being driven out by the long-suffering inhabitants. They, too, can float on air, and make a low, musical noise, or a crepitating sound, should they leave in anger. Fairies have their orders. African spirits have theirs, and settle faction-fights like any Irish pigmies of them all. But these are the usual trappings of ancestral deities the world over. Even men's souls, temporarily absent from their bodies, may meet and fight, with much damage to their owners; and stories are on record of Burmese souls doing each other grievous harm. Nor are such wandering souls absent at banquets and funerals. They hover round the corpse to snatch away the soul to join their own company. When seen, they may appear in any guise, and seers have difficulty in distinguishing between the soul of a living person and a disembodied spirit. The minister of Aberfoil does not record the method of restoring the stolen, but the Karens know all about the recapture of an abducted soul; and a Samoan seer can fit a man with another soul should his own be lost or stolen beyond hope of recovery. In Hawaii souls were caught and shut up in calabashes; and the seers of Danger Island set soul traps fitted to catch those of different sizes. Against these dangers charms must be used, from bits of reed to iron; and when these fail, the lost may be restored by means well known to every savage man.

The death messenger from Elf-land, so Mr Kirk tells us, might be appeased by the death of an animal. A Pondo condemned to die may, with the consent of his chief, redeem his

life by the sacrifice of an ox and a fine ; among other tribes, by the substitution of a slave. Wounds inflicted by elf arrows were mortal, and woe betide the savage who is touched by a weapon from the spirit world. And the spirits of savage man have their local habitations, places where they have lived time out of mind, like our own little hill folk.

In our fairy cult we meet with facts not easily explained from the analogy of savage custom. Men whose souls are stolen, and wander in forests in a kind of waking sleep, give a clue to fairy spells ; but the abduction of wives and children must belong to a later era, and may be a faint re-echo of old classic stories, or the record of an experience not at all uncommon in lawless lands. The changeling would follow as a kind of corollary to the abduction ; or it is a faint and fading memory of the savage dictum that animals, as wolves, may, under the influence of evil spirits or wicked magicians, substitute their own cubs for children they devour.

These parallel illustrations, or some of them, are capable of being pushed too far ; but in regard to a world-wide cult, they appear to afford a more rational explanation than the extermination of the inhabitants of whole continents. For, if the theory holds good in regard to the "Pechts," it must be true regarding aboriginal races the world over, whose very names and memory have perished utterly. Yes, and their bones too, for of fossil dwarfs we have none.

That the earliest objects of worship were the chiefs who ruled and regulated nature for the benefit of the tribe there seems no reasonable doubt. That this merged into nature-worship, and that into adoration of ancestral spirits we have ample evidence to support in the condition of savage lands of to-day. To this rule the nations of Europe were no exception. From well-known facts the world over, we are not permitted to doubt the residence of ancestral spirits in particular localities, and by all the rules of reasoning, in our own country also. These ancestral spirits were diminutive, corresponding to the souls of living men. They migrated from place to place, and their influence was felt in all directions.

A savage is nothing if he is not religious, and when, with the development of thought, higher religions claimed his homage, the past remained as a fading memory. Imagination clothed it with a halo of glory, and the midnight revels of elves and fauns and fairies preserve to us the more human and social aspects of what was to primitive man a stern reality. Christianity, first tolerant,

whatever be the merits or demerits of the Roman form of it, was in the early days wisely human and tolerant of the vanishing paganism which it displaced, then less tolerant, and, finally, formed and austere with its rigid code of morals and conduct, obliterated the last traces of pagan pageantry in its own worship and in social life. It almost compelled fireside stories to take a kind of Hanoverian hue to the glory of the Prince of Orange. So Scotland bade farewell, a sorrowful farewell, it may be, to its satyrs and its elves; its fauns and its gnomes; its sunset wanderers and midnight revellers, and left it to this and kindred societies to rescue from oblivion the last remnants of a world to which we can hardly look back without regret, and wish we could feel

“As free as nature first made man,
When wild in woods the noble savage ran.”

25th FEBRUARY, 1897.

At the meeting this evening, Dr James Macrae, Newcastle, and Mr P. J. Sinton, Fort-William, were elected members of the Society. Thereafter the Assistant-Secretary read a paper attributed by Charles Fraser-Mackintosh, Esq. of Drummond, titled “The Robertsons of Inshes,” in continuation of his interesting series of papers to the Society on “Minor Highland Families.” The paper was as follows:—

MINOR HIGHLAND FAMILIES—No. 10.

THE ROBERTSONS OF INSHES.

The Robertsons of Inshes were honourably connected with the burgh and parish of Inverness for over four hundred years. Through the kindness of the last proprietor, Mr Arthur John Robertson, known as “The Laird” so well in and about Inverness, I was favoured many years ago with the perusal and copy of taking some notes from the singularly well kept papers of the family. In their papers the family took great pride, and had them looked over by several antiquarians, such as the late Mr Alexander Mackenzie of Woodside, Mr George Anderson, and others. Mr Arthur Robertson, grandfather of the late laird, was a frequent correspondent of the well-known

collector, a century ago, General Hutton, some of whose papers connected with Inverness and the North are in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh.

The first Robertson of whom there is authentic note was

1. Duncan Robertson, a cadet of the Robertson's of Strowan, undoubted head of the Clan Donnachie, and the Inshes family are mentioned as one of his kindred clan by the celebrated Alexander Robertson of Strowan, warrior and poet, one of whose letters to Inshes, dated "Hermitage, 20 July 1742," will be found hereafter quoted.

From the deed of 1448 after-mentioned, this Duncan would presumably have been born not later than 1400.

The first charter in existence is a charter by

2. Robert, Duncan's son, burgess of Inverness, to William Michael, burgess of Inverness, of his particate of land, lying on the east side of Domesdale, Inverness (Castle Street), in form of pledge, dated Inverness, 20 April, 1448, the witnesses being Patrick Fergusson, Walter John's son, Richard Logie, John Thomas, junior, Johnr Gray, and John William. The three seals originally attached have disappeared, but the document itself is in good preservation, and like most ante-Reformation writs, brief, and of beautiful caligraphy.

I gave Duncan the first as born about 1400, as his son must have been major by 1448. Robert was succeeded by his son,

3. John, father of William and Laurence. This Laurence Robertson, described as "Burgess of Inverness," acquired, 28th July, 1517, a house at the head of Bridge Street, south or west side, from Henry Deval. Prior of the Order of *Fratres Predicatores*, which, as probably the only unthatched house in Inverness, is styled the "Sklait House." The seal of the Monastery, of great rarity, is engraved in "Invernessiana."

4. William was father of

5. John, a powerful man, whose designation, "Stalwart John," has been handed down, by family tradition and otherwise, as having been standard bearer to Lord Lovat at the battle of Blàr-na-léine, 1544. He was one of the very few who survived, and having afterwards married, was succeeded by his son,

6. William Robertson "Elder," burgess of Inverness, in connection with whom there are several burghal documents

extant. One is an assedation by the Council and community of Inverness, in favour of William Robertson to build "a timber shop opposite to the Tolbooth." Mr James Robertson writes from Poland to get a certificate of gentle birth from the Provost, magistrates, and clergy of Inverness, "as being second son of William Robertson, some time Bailie and one of the Town Council of Inverness, who was son of John Robertson, Bailie and Councillor of Inverness." That his mother was "Margaret Paterson, daughter of William Paterson, Bailie of Inverness, and of Agnes, daughter of Hugh Rose of Kilravock. The father's mother was daughter of Sir Thomas Urquhart of Cromarty. I observe a memorandum that William Robertson died 1631, aged 72, and was therefore born in 1559,

7. And that John Robertson, 7th, was born when his father was 25, or in 1584.

It was in time of this John that the Robertsons established themselves as landowners in the parish. John had many struggles, becoming ultimately victorious through the assistance and counsel of his wife, Janet Sinclair. The Barony of Culcabock, including Knockintinnel, and the little Haugh below, next the sea, were a great attraction in the eyes of John and his wife. Being the only freehold in the neighbourhood, these lands had particular value. Between the Leys, Culduthel, and Hilton, on the one side, and Culloden on the other, the whole land, except that small part of the Castlehill estate called the "Barony of Castlehill," were part of the old forest of Draikies, granted to the Burgh of Inverness, extending from the Miln Burn to the Mount of Daviot, and comprehending Inshes, its hill lands and woods, and the lands of Bogbain.

The superiority of Culcabock was vested in the Hays of Mayne, and in property in that of Paterson. Alexander Hay of Mayne is infeft in Culcabock 7th Nov., 1498, and is succeeded by William Hay, whose seal to a charter, dated 8th July, 1521, is in fine preservation. After this William, the superiority drops out of the Hay family until 1618, when James VI. grants a charter to William Hay. Same year the King grants a charter to John Grant.

The first name I have observed as actual possessor of Culcabock was Sir William Paterson, rector of Boleskine, found in 1500. No doubt he was one of the family of Paterson, at this and for one or two centuries later so numerous and influential in and about Inverness. Sir Thomas Paterson, rector of Assynt, is served heir to his grand-uncle, Sir William Paterson,

in Culcabock, Knockintinnel, etc., at Inverness, 21st July, 1513. The inquest included the lands of Durris, of the value of 24 merks, while Culcabock was valued at 20 merks, and in time of peace at 12 merks, was held before Hugh Rose of Kilravock, Sheriff-Depute, and the following inquest:—Alexander Cumyng of Altyre, Andrew Kinnaird of that Ilk, Alexander Urquhart of Burdsyards, David Douglas of Pittendreich, Alexander Brodie of that Ilk, William Dallas of Budgate, Henry Dallas of Cantray, Robert Steuart of Clava, Andrew Munro of Davochcartie, Alexander Denune of Davidston, William MacCulloch of Plaids, Angus MacCulloch of Tarrel, John Corbet of Easter Ard, Alexander Nicolson of Freirost, James Murray of Fochabers, John Cuthbert of Auld Castlehill, Walter Rose of Kinstearie, Walter Douglas of Cramond, James Tulloch, *de eodem*, George Dunbar of Moy, and William Douglas, burgess of Elgin.

A few years later, Elizabeth Paterson is found as owner, together with her husband's name, Andrew Jak, and on her resignation, a charter is granted by the superior to John Grant of Glenmoriston, therein described "of Elachy," in 1520, one of the witnesses being Gordon Lesslie, rector of Kingussie. This John Grant, son, as handed down by tradition, of the Laird of Grant by the Baron of Kincardine's daughter, is obliged to obtain an apostolic license for the legitimization of his own children and the binding nature of his marriage with Agnes Fraser. The license is granted by Marcus, Patriarch, by authority of Pope Paul, on 30th April, 1544, wherein John Grant is described as "Laicus Moraviensis," and Agnes simply "Mulier." Inshes, as I have said, had his eye on the property, and in the first place, lent money over it to Glenmoriston. The latter failing to pay, adjudication was taken out, and a title completed. Further steps against Glenmoriston, with the view of Inshes entering into actual possession of Culcabock, were violently resisted. Inshes himself was captured by stratagem at Inverness, and carried off to the West, his farms were burnt, and his tenants and himself spuilzied. Though some of these violent proceedings occurred chiefly in the time of William, 8th of Inshes, they may be properly referred to briefly at this point, having begun in John Robertson's time. Sir Hugh Campbell of Calder exerted himself for Glenmoriston, with the view of an adjustment. The Bishop of Moray is prayed to order a public subscription to compensate Inshes' losses, and finally, in 1664, Glenmoriston had to succumb. Upon 27th January, 1664, the following Bond of Caution under law-

burrows is given by Hugh Fraser of Struy in favour of Glenmoriston : —

"I, Hugh Fraser of Struy, by the tenor hereof Bind and oblige me my heirs executors and successors, as cautioner and surety in lawburrows, for John Grant of Glenmoriston, That Master William Robertson of Inshes and his men, tenants, their servants, wives, bairns and families shall be harmless and skaithless of the said John Grant and of his men, tenants, and dependers on his lands, heritages, taiks, steadings, rooms, possessions, corn, cattle, guidis and gear. And that they nor none of them shall be anyways troubled nor molested thereuntil by the said John Grant, nor that his tenants, servants, followers, or dependers, nor by any other of his or their causing, sending, hounding out, command receipt assistance or rathabition directly or undirectly in time coming, otherwise than by order of law and justice, under the pain of one thousand merks Scots money, likeas I, the said John Grant, further bind and oblige me my heirs executors and successors to free and release my said cautioner and his above specified at all hands and against all mortals. Subscribed at Davochfour, 27 January 1664, before Alexander Mackintosh, fiar of Connage, Capt. William Robertson, merchant, burgess of Inverness, Angus Mackintosh of Daviot, and others."

The following extract from a similar Bond of Caution in lawburrows, granted same date and place, by Glenmoriston, for his family and clan, is interesting from its full enumeration of the people of Glenmoriston in 1664.

John Grant of Glenmoriston binds himself to free William Robertson of Inshes and his, and harmless and skaithless keep them from attack or molestation by

- 1 John Grant, tutor of Glenmoriston.
- 2, 3 John and William Grants, his lawful sons.
- 4 John Mac Neil in Invermoriston.
- 5 Ewen Mac Iain beg there.
- 6 Duncan Roy Mac Homas vic William there.
- 7 Alexander an Greasich there.
- 8 Patrick Smith there.
- 9 Donald Mac Conchie mor there.
- 10 Donald Mac Iain beg vic Iain roy there.
- 11 Christopher Mac Coil vic Iain roy there.
- 12 John Mac Alister dhu there.
- 13 Donald Mac William vic Iain roy there.

- 14 Angus Mac Iain vic Neil there.
- 15 Duncan Mac Iain vic Neil there.
- 16 Donald Mac Hamish vic Couter there.
- 17 Donald Mac Finlay vic Iain roy in Blairie,
- 18 Ewen Mac Gillie Chriosd there.
- 19 John Mac Ewen vic Gillie Chriost there.
- 20 John Mac Iain reoch there.
- 21 Duncan Mac Coil vic Iain in Duldreggan mor.
- 22 John Mac Coil buy there.
- 23 John Mac Fionlay, brebiter, there.
- 24 Duncan Macintyre there.
- 25 Donald Mac Iain vic Coil buy there.
- 26 Ewen Mac Iain roy there.
- 27 William Mac Allister vic Ewen there.
- 28 Ewen Mac Allister vic Ewen ban in Duldreggan beg.
- 29 Donald Mac Angus roy there.
- 30 Finlay mor Mac Coil there.
- 31 John buy Mac an Taillear there.
- 32 Soirle Mac Iain vic Soirle there.
- 33 Donald Mac Aonas vic Coil there.
- 34 John dhu Mac Iain vic William in Dalchregart mor.
- 35 Duncan Mac Allister vic Ewen there.
- 36 Allister vic Ewen there.
- 37 Gillespie Mac Conchie vic Ruarie there.
- 38 John Mac Iain dhu vic Iain in Dalchregart beg.
- 39 Dugald Mac Iain his son there.
- 40 Duncan ban Mac Iain vic Coil there.
- 41 Ferquhar Mac Iain glas there.
- 42 John Mac Conchie vic Iain vic Coil there.
- 43 Duncan Mac Iain vic Conchie his son there.
- 44 Duncan Fergusson Mac Iain glas there.
- 45 Duncan Mac Gillespie there.
- 46 Donald Mac Iain there.
- 47 Donald ban Mac Conchie vic Coul in Craskie.
- 48 Ewen Mac Conchie vic Ruarie there.
- 49 William Mac Coul there.
- 50 Donald Hamish there.
- 51 Donald roy vic Coul there.
- 52 John Grant, Duncan's son, in Inach.
- 53 Malcolm Mac Iain vic Iain roy there.
- 54 Lachlan Mac Allan vic Harlich in Achlean.
- 55 John ban Mac Coil vic Neil there.
- 56 John Mac Ewen ban in Inchvalraig (?).
- 57 Rorie Mac Coil vic Ewen there.

- 58 Donald Mac Coil vic Ewen there.
- 59 Ewen Mac Iain vic Iain vic Ewen there.
- 60 Donald Mac Ruarie vic Coil there.
- 61 John dhu Mac Coil vic Ewen there.
- 62 John Mac Iain roy there.
- 63 Rorie Mac Coil vic Ewen there.
- 64 Duncan Mac William vic Iain Roy in Dalcattaig.
- 65 John Coul Mac Fionlay in the Inver.
- 66 Donald Mac Coil vic Coul in Levishie.
- 67 John Mac Ferquhar vic Quien in Blairie.
- 68 Alexander Mac Conchie ban in Duldreggan.
- 69 Donald Mac Gill Andrish there.
- 70 John Mac Conchie vic Iain og there.
- 71 John Mac Iain Gromach there.
- 72 Allister Mac Coil ban in Dalchregart mor.
- 73 Duncan Mac Iain mor there.
- 74 Alexander Chisholm in Aonach.
- 75 John Mac Coil og, vic Coil vic Iain ban in Achlean.
- 76 Allan his son there.
- 77 John dhu Mac Coil vic Ewen there.

This list is rather lengthy, but it is worth giving in full, as without doubt comprehending every family, for it will be noted, that while each township is gone over, a few additional names are added as if of those omitted at first. Putting six to a family, this would bring out 500 souls, and it is known Glenmoriston could bring into the field 120 fighting men, some from Urquhart, and a few occasionally from Glengarry.

It was not until 27th May, 1666, that matters, through the interposition of Sir Hugh Campbell of Calder, and the payment by Inshes of 9500 merks, were finally arranged, and a Discharge and Renunciation executed by Glenmoriston, which is also signed by Calder.

I now revert to the further acquisitions of property and dignities by John Robertson of Inshes. Upon 7th July, 1615, John Robertson, eldest lawful son of William Robertson, senior, burgess of Inverness, is admitted a free burgess of Inverness. The extract, which has the ancient seal of the burgh, in very good condition so far as it exists, showing both sides, is signed by the Town Clerk, and bears to have been granted in presence of John Cuthbert of Auld Castlehill, Provost Alexander Paterson, William Campbell and Duncan Forbes, Bailies. John Robertson acquires one of the four coble fishings on the Ness from Finlay Macphail. He also acquires Easter Inshes, also

Easter Leys, or Leys Cruin, from Simon, Lord Lovat. The disposition, dated Dalcross Castle, 14th May, 1629, is concurred in by Lady Lovat, who could not write.

In and about 1626, John Robertson, with Duncan Forbes, Provost, Alexander Baillie of Dunain, and many other proprietors, binds himself to the Earl of Moray, on behalf of the Clan Chattan, then undergoing violent persecution at his lordship's instance.

Easter Inshes was acquired by John Robertson from Baillie of Dunain, who had held them for a short time, succeeding a family named Macphail. He further acquired Wester Inshes from the Patersons.

There was an hereditary feud 'twixt the families of Paterson and Robertson, patched up for a time by the marriage of Alexander Paterson with Katherine, daughter of John Robertson, and finally ended by the Patersons withdrawing from the contest.

Parts of the forest of Draikies, including Bogbain, were acquired from the burgh, and thus the Inshes property stretched in part from the sea until it met Mackintosh at the Mount of Daviot.

John Robertson, described of Easter Inshes, merchant, burgess of Inverness, married Janet Sinclair—contract dated at Edinburgh, 22nd September, 1624—daughter of William Sinclair, Indweller in Leith, then widow of Alexander Newall, merchant in Edinburgh, with the consent of Marion Purves, her mother, and Robert Baillie, merchant and burgess of Edinburgh, then Marion's husband. Inshes signs the contract thus—"Ihone Robertson Williams son of Easter Inshes with my hand."

In 1628, in respect of John Robertson apologising for aiding the Clan Chattan, the Earl of Moray is graciously moved to acquit Inshes, by deed signed at the Castle of Darnaway, 3rd February, in presence of Hucheson Rose of Kilravock and John, his brother german.

John is dead before 17th December, 1657, survived by Janet, his wife, and at least three sons—William, who succeeded; Hugh, afterwards Provost of Inverness; and George, described as John Robertson's third son. It may be noted here that Inshes, having in 1647 petitioned Parliament for a grant of 10,000 merks in satisfaction of the losses by and through Glenmoriston, is voted 2000 merks.

9. William Robertson, who reigned for the long period of at least 60 years—his father dying in 1657, and his own name being found as owner in 1717.

William Robertson passed as an advocate, and was a man of considerable attainments, an excellent classic scholar—some of his Latin effusions being extant. He first married Magdalen Rose of Kilravock, and some of their love letters exist, most creditable to both, for they would stand the rather crucial test of being read in a court of law. Inshes lost his wife early, and married secondly Sibilla Mackenzie of Pluscardine. Their second daughter married, in 1698, John Rose of Holme. The eldest daughter, Jean, married, same year, Duncan brother to Alexander Robertson of Strowan. Her tocher was 6000 merks. The bride's mother, Sibilla Mackenzie, was living, and her nearest of kin, Provost Hugh Robertson, and Charles Mackenzie of Earnside. Among the witnesses to the contract are John Robertson of Lude and Patrick, his brother-german.

William Robertson obtains a pew for himself in the old High Church of Inverness in 1676, by the following Writ:—

“At Inverness, the 1st day of August, 1676. The said day there was a supplication presented by Mr William Robertson of Inshes, making his humble address to the Session of Inverness: Regretting the inconvenience for himself and family in the High Church of the said Burgh for the reverent and incumbent attention of the ordinances: Desiring he might be licensed and empowered to cause build and erect two sufficient pews next to the Guildry's dask. Whereupon, which supplication after rype and grave advisement, was found very reasonable, and knowing him to be a deserving person, the whole members of the Session did unanimously grant the said two pews, and thereby to inherit and enjoy them in all time coming as ane undoubted heritage. For which two pews, the said Mr William did give the little dask sometime belonging to his mother—And to be given to Hugh Robertson, Treasurer, and James Cuthbert, late Bailie, ordaining also these presents be insert and registrat in the principal Session register of the Burgh, therein to remain for future security and preservation thereof. Extracted by me. (Signed) John Innes, Clerk of the Session.”

The last Laird has often told me that at this time the Gaelic Church pulpit, originally an auctioneer's rostrum, and made in Holland, was given by his predecessors, and stood in the old church after 1664, and is the “dask” before referred to.

Inshes had busied himself in erecting the handsome place of sepulture of the family adjoining the church. It was feared that it would block a window in the aisle, and this, it will be observed, was guarded against in the grant:—

“ At Inverness, the [torn] 1664 years. For as muckle as Mr William Robertson of Inshes gave in a supplication upon the last day of March 1663 years, supplicating the Session of Inverness to build and rear up ane tombe above the corpus of the deceased Marion Purves Lady Walstown, some time his grandmother,—The Session continued and delayed the same, fearing the building of the foresaid tombe should prejudice the light rights of the said church, when the same should be built, upon the west side of the side wall from the little door of the old aisle of the said church,—taking ane foot or thereby of the south gable gable thereof,—as the compass of ground in length and breadth is casten. And the Session taking the same into consideration, with advice and consent of my Lord Bishop of Moray, has given and granted, and by these presents gives and grants hereby to the said William Robertson of Inshes to build, rear, and make up the said tombe as is above designed, with this provision, that the same when it is built shall in no ways prejudice the walls or lights of the said church in the least. And if it be found prejudicial to the lights or walls of the said church, immediately against the completing thereof, then and in that case by the signature of the said Lord Bishop, or any person he shall nominate to that effect, it shall be demolished in so far in so far (sic) as it shall be found prejudicial to the lights and fabrick foresaid. And likeways the Session, with advice and of command of my Lord Bishop of Moray, disposes as much ground in length and breadth as above designed, to appertain in property to the said Mr William Robertson of Inshes and his family as their burial place in all time coming for ever. Whereupon act.

“(Signed) MURDO MORAVIEN, Eps.

“ Recorded in the Kirk Session books, 9 February 1664.”

In 1703 (7th December), John Robertson, younger of Inshes, is contracted in marriage with Barbara Balfour, second daughter of Lieut.-Col. John Balfour of Fairnie. The contract is dated at the Canongate, Edinburgh, and witnessed, inter alias, by Arthur, by the providence of God Archbishop of St Andrews; Alexander, by the mercy of God Bishop of Edinburgh; John, Master of Balmerino; Sir Robert Douglas of Kirkness; Mr Colin Mackenzie, advocate; Sir William Gordon

of Dalpholly; Thomas Robertson, second son to Inshes; George Innes, younger of Coxtoun; and Mr James Elphinstone, son to the Master of Balmerino. This was a high match for the family, but, unfortunately, the tocher was moderate, and the family lived up to, if not beyond, their means.

The following letter from "Bumper," John Forbes of Culloden, dated 1714, shows the close, kindly, and neighbourly footing on which the Culloden, Castlehill, and Inshes families, near neighbours, lived:—

Culloden, 21st October 1714.

"Sir,

"Your good friend and mine, Castlehill, tells me that you are much my friend. I do indeed believe it, and though I cannot at this time or in this manner express the true sense I have, and always will have, for your friendship, I assure you, on the word of a comrade, that none longs more for an opportunity to serve you or wishes better to your familie than,

"Dear Sir,

"Your most affectionate cousin
and faithful friend,

(Signed) "JO. FORBES.

(Addressed) "The Honourable
"The Laird of Inshes."

In 1703, Thomas Robertson, only son of John, only son of Provost Hugh Robertson before mentioned, married Miss Coutts, of Montrose; and in 1713, Captain Thomas Paterson, of Montrose, marries Mary, daughter of William Robertson—William Coutts, Provost of Montrose, being one of the witnesses. Of this family sprung the founder of the historic banking house of Coutts.

A younger son of Inshes, Thomas, is described in 1723 as "late General Surveyor of the Customs at Inverness."

The following excellent letter, from old Robertson of Strowan to his clansman, Inshes the younger, may be inserted here:—

"The letter you mentioned which you did me the honour to design for me, never came to my hands, else to be sure I had made you a return in due time.

"I cannot think the trustees on your estate can or will refuse so just a demand as to count and reckon for their intromissions. If the matter be put into a clear light, there are none upon the Bench but must see it reasonable; and I am

persuaded that my Lord President, whom you have strove to oblige, will use his influence in your cause. He is a person who will not be biassed in a point that is palpable oppression. This is the world's opinion of him, and must not be contradicted. So that it seems to be your main business at present to get your design represented in a handsome manner to his Lordship, who will certainly do you justice and also generosity. But things must be done with great modesty and temper. As for myself, I am the most oppressed man in the nation, and my affairs have strangely fluctuated ever since my old agent—worthy George Robertson—departed this life; nor do I well know which hand to turn me to. So does villainy prevail in this world.

“But as the Lady Inshes is now at Edinburgh, she can well settle charges with, and know the method of bringing your trustees to reason. I am in a manner endeavouring the same against some trustees of my own name, who are attempting to do injustice to my father's family, against the laws of God and man. But I am hoping, with the assistance of Providence, at length to get the better of them—and their perjuries, forgeries, calumnies, and notorious lies, defeated. All I have done must, at long run, drop me into confusion.

“Mr Ross advises me to write my advice to Provost Hossack, which I will do in a day or two. What influence that may have upon him I cannot tell, but I shall do my best. Being with utmost affection, Dear Sir,

“Your most obliged cousin and servt.,

“(Signed) A. ROBERTSON of Strowan.

“Hermitage, July 20, 1742.”

In 1742 old William Robertson is noted for the last time, while John, his son, and William, his grandson, are both mentioned.

10. John Robertson succeeded, and, earning nothing, while his manner of living was much in excess of his means, brought his affairs and the estate to a low point. He was succeeded by his son,

11. William Robertson, who, equally careless, did nothing to improve matters. The Duke of Cumberland and his advisers tried hard, here, there, and everywhere, to get up evidence against all landowners or men of any property who might have shown themselves favourable to the Stuarts, in order to confiscate their estates. Of the very few

on whom an impression was, they imagined, made, one was this William Robertson, a weak man, in the fullest sense of the word. He was sent up to London to give evidence, but thought better of his position, if the whole were not a plot for incriminating neighbours got up by the Duke, and, on interrogation in London, he took up the position of "nihil novit," and that the reports about his knowledge were unfounded. He was sent back to Inverness, as mentioned in the letter given:—

"London, 10th February, 1747.

"Sir,

"The bearer, Mr William Robertson of Inshes, one of the J.P.'s for the County of Inverness, is one of those that was ordered up by His Royal Highness's orders. I spoke of him to you formerly. Sir Everard Fawcner has remitted him to you, to consider what it is proper he should have for carrying his charges down to Inverness. You'll therefore please let him have what you judge proper, as he can be of no manner of use here. I have given orders as to the clothing of two men you mentioned to me. I am, with great respect, Sir,

"Your most obedient servt.,

"(Signed) DAVID BRUCE."

His connections were much distressed about his supposed disclosures, as may be seen from this letter, from a near relative on the mother's side, dated 22nd September, 1746—a letter reflecting the high character of the writer, who probably had no sympathy with the Jacobites:—

"Dear Willie,

"By a letter I had from my sister Inshes, of the 13th, I was confounded to hear of your being at London, since she did not assign me any cause for it.

"I supposed it had been upon a call from Lord President, who has always proved your true friend, and is a man of the greatest honour; but as my sister would certainly have wrote me if that had been the case, I am hopeful you will take no step there without his particular advice and direction, and then you are sure you will act no part but what is consistent with a man of honour. It gives me pain for the 'fama clamosa' of your journey there, though it is not possible for me to give the least credit to it.

"Every good man will think himself bound by his conscience to serve his King and his country (even to the last drop of his

blood) in what is honourable. But there are some employments that have ever been and will ever be of so infamous a nature that the accepting of them must of necessity make one infamous and detestable to all mankind, even to those very persons that make use of them to serve their ends. It is an employ inconsistent with honour, truth, religion, charity, or any one thing that is consistent with religion. It is only fit for the devil and his angels—it is what cuts one off for ever with not only every friend and good man; but even men otherwise wicked won't have any intercourse with such men. God forbid that any friend I have the least concern in should be so demented. For my part, I would have more pleasure in seeing my relation and friend hanged, drawn, and quartered, rather than accept of such an hellish employ. And therefore, my dear Willie, as it is impossible that you could give any person encouragement to believe you capable of so wicked and abominable a trade, which would not only bring infamy on yourself, but more or less on your friends and relations. Sure you could not be poisoned with such sentiments from any sprung of my father's loins. It gives all your friends here the utmost concern to hear such a clamour; and though we are persuaded you would rather part with your life than your honour, yet all of us expect that you will signify it under your hand—that to say you are capable of any such infamous trade is malicious and wicked; and therefore by your telling me the truth in plain terms, I will have it in my power to suppress this 'fama clamosa,' and take people to task who shall venture thereafter to sully your character. Write me per post directly, to the care of Mr John Mackenzie, W.S., Edinburgh. You can easily believe what concern I must have in your character, therefore consider the anxiety I must have till I hear from you. I am, dear Willie,

“Your most affecate. uncle,

“(Signed) JOHN CRAWFURD.

“Ballingry, 22 Sepr. 1746.”

12. Arthur Robertson succeeded to an estate practically in the hands of creditors, but, by dint of attention and ability, contrived, during his long possession, extending, like that of his predecessor, William, over 60 years, to keep up a good position, and maintain the credit of the family. In his time, however, all the old and considerable burghal property was disposed of. His brother, Captain Thomas, died in India, leaving some means, which had to be shared with others,

including a sister, Johanna, found in 1772 as spouse of Capt. Zebulon Cockerell, of Sunderland. Their grandmother, the old Lady Inshes, Mrs Barbara Balfour, was still alive. Being a freeholder, Inshes had considerable influence, and by his own and his successor's warm support of the Grants, after the Lovats had retired, earned their gratitude and substantial good-will, as many of their letters testify.

In 1817 Arthur Robertson is dead, and was succeeded by his son,

13. Masterton Robertson, married to Miss Shearer, which lady many old Invernessians will recollect, a conspicuous figure, in her pew in the gallery of the High Church. Masterton Robertson was rather unfortunate, and had to submit to be put under trust, during which period the family lost Easter Leys, acquired by Lachlan Mackintosh of Raigmore. In his Glasgow student days, Masterton was on very intimate terms with another student who afterwards became famous—Francis, Lord Jeffrey.

One of Jeffrey's letters from Oxford, without date—shewing that thorough belief, if not conceit, of his own powers and judgment, afterwards so conspicuous—may be given as an early specimen of the writer's decided views on whatever subjects or persons he chose to discuss. The writing is so bad as make it almost unreadable:—

“I received your letter last week, and from the expedition with which it appeared to have been transmitted, I am more puzzled to account for the delay in the postage of my first, which ought to have reached you almost a fortnight before you appear to have received it, as you will see from the date.

“My hands are so cold I can scarcely write, you see—so while I am (suppling?) them at the fire, I will look over your letter again, that this may be, in a true and legal sense, an answer to it.

“Now—ay—this is something like; my handwriting is not at any time superlatively elegant, but when my fingers are cold you see what I make of it.

“You ask me to drop you some English ideas. My dear fellow, I am as much, nay more, a Scotchman than I was while an inhabitant of Scotland. My opinions, ideas, prejudices, and systems are all Scotch—the only part of a Scotchman I mean to abandon is the language, and language is all I expect to learn in England, and indeed, except it be playing and drinking, I see nothing else that it is possible to acquire in this

place, both of them unfortunate accomplishments, in which I have neither ability nor inclinations to excel.

"As to playing, I think I told you how much we had of that, and for drinking, if I could only make you walk down my staircase, I think you would understand what rioting in College means. More, Sir, you would see the fragments of doors which were broken to pieces last night, then you would see all the shattered, splintered frames of the windows, without one pane of glass entire, and the railing of the stair itself violently torn, more than one half of it lying on the landing-place, a trophy of their prowess. Nor were their depredations confined to my neighbourhood, but extended over the whole College, and this is a scene which is lately acted even three or four times a week.

"What hints you expect upon our learned Masters I am at a loss to guess, but unwilling to disappoint you, I shall give their general character in a few words. The Fellows, in Heads of Colleges, are in general men of a drowsy, stupid, gluttonous, sottish disposition, resembling in their external appearance and address our old friend Bauldy Arthur. Men who had in their youth, by dint of regular, persevering study, painfully acquired a considerable knowledge of the requisite branches of science,—which knowledge served only to make them pedants, and to render still more austere and disgusting, together with that torpid insensibility and awkwardness which they had contracted in the course of their painful retirement from the world. Men who, accustomed themselves to pay a vile and sycophistical reverence to their superiors, while they had them, now insist upon a similar adoration and observance to themselves.

"If you add to this a violent attachment to the game of whist, and to the wine called Port, you will have a pretty accurate conception of the venerable men to whose hands I am now committed, and under the influence of whose example I cannot fail to acquire every virtue and every accomplishment under Heaven.

"But this is really very uncharitable, for there are exceptions to this character within this College.

"I am quite in the horrors at the prospect of the long lonely winter nights I must wear out in this dull, dismal place, without the assistance of company, or public places, or family parties, or old acquaintances, or anything that can render cold and confinement tolerable.

"I am half ashamed of the length of this letter, but I have so many occasions to apologize for the same fault that I have

me boldly not to consider it at all, and to be quite callous upon the subject; or to make no secret of what will not be hid, very seldom write shorter letters than this.

"I hope, however, that this fair confession will not frighten you from my correspondence, but rather stimulate you to a similar conduct, and induce you to punish me only by retaliation.

"Are there any resident in Glasgow whom I know? I write to every body, say for me all that you think I should have said, and believe that I am,

"Yours sincerely,

"(Signed) F. JEFFREY.

"Do not address me as 'Student of Laws.' We have no business here, so this appellation is improper, and God knows what those precise gentry may say to it.

"Masterton Robertson, Esqre.,

"Student of Laws,

"University of Glasgow."

Masterton Robertson did not survive long as owner, and was succeeded by his eldest son,

14. Arthur John Robertson, so well known in and about Inverness. Gifted with great natural talents, he was charming company, hospitable and kindly to a degree. He married twice; first, Miss Marianne Pattinson, of Montreal, through whom, in his latter years, he succeeded to valuable Canadian property. She left both sons and daughters, one being wife of Surgeon-General Mackay, who has had a distinguished career. He was for some time resident in Inverness, and now in Edinburgh, an active Chieftain of the Clan Mackay Association, rich, for wealth and energy, ranks amongst, if not the first of modern Clan Associations. Of this marriage there are several descendants.

Inshes' eldest son, also named Arthur, died during his father's lifetime, leaving a son, who represents the family of Inshes. The late Inshes was a great improver, and spent beyond the returning capacity of the estate. This, and the amount of inherited debt, ultimately caused a sale of Inshes, purchased by one of the numerous family of Bairds, who bought and so largely in Scotland some years ago.

By the death of my worthy and valued friend, the late Arthur John Robertson, terminated that close connection between the Robertsons and the town of Inverness, which lasted for over four hundred years.

11th MARCH, 1897.

At the meeting this evening, Mr John Mackintosh, 57 Church Street, Inverness, was elected an ordinary member of the Society. Thereafter Mr A. Macbain, M.A., read a paper of critical and historical comments on an ancient Ossianic ballad, entitled, "The Ballad of the Mantle," which he supplemented by another paper on "Some further Gaelic Etymologies." This paper is as follow :—

FURTHER GAELIC WORDS AND ETYMOLOGIES.

Since the publication of my *Etymological Dictionary of the Gaelic Language* in January, 1896, I have had the benefit of criticisms of that work both publicly and privately, and the result of these, along with what I have gleaned from my own reading and thinking, I here give to the Gaelic Society and the public, so as to form a sort of *addenda and corrigenda* to my dictionary. I have to thank the critics of that work for their almost unanimous praise of it ; its reception was very flattering indeed. The criticisms of most weight were from foreign scholars, the best in the way of addition and suggestion being that of Prof. Kuno Meyer in the *Zeitschrift für Celtische Philologie*. In Scotland the *Inverness Courier* gave the weightiest judgment on the general philology of the work ; and other papers and periodicals as well added their quota of fruitful criticism. Nor did the work fail to meet with critics who acted on Goldsmith's golden rule in the "Citizen of the World"—to ask of any comedy why it was not a tragedy, and of any tragedy why it was not a comedy. I was asked how I had not given derivative words—though for that matter most of the seven thousand words in the Dictionary are derivatives ; such a question overlooked the character of the work. Manifest derivatives belong to ordinary dictionaries, not to an etymological one. This was clearly indicated in the preface ; the work, too, followed the best models on the subject—Prellwitz, Wharton, and Skeat. Another criticism was unscientific in the extreme : I was found fault with for excluding Irish words ! Why, it was the best service I could render to Celtic philology to present a pure vocabulary of the Scottish dialect of Gaelic ; the talk of the impossibility of "reading the marches" between Irish and Gaelic may be Celtic patriotism, but it is not science. As against this criticism, I was especially congratulated by Prof. Windisch for attempting to read these same marches. A funny

criticism was passed on the style of printing adopted for the leading words ; no capitals are used at the beginning of each article. The critic had not seen a dictionary before without such capitals, and it offended his eye to see my work so "headless" as it is ! Here again acquaintance with like philological works would have removed the "offence" and shown the utility of the style. In fact in Gaelic, with its accented vowels, capital initials are troublesome and unsightly, and the philological method is at once more scientific and more easy to work.

The following vocabulary contains (1) etymologies for words not etymologised in my dictionary ; (2) new or corrected etymologies for words already otherwise traced ; and (3) words omitted. These new words have come from the public and private criticisms and suggestions already referred to, and from another overhauling of such dictionaries as M'Alpine and M'Eachan.

ORDINARY VOCABULARY.

- a**, who, that (rel. pron.). In G. this is merely the verbal particle *do* of past time, used also to explain the aspiration of the future rel. sentence, which is really paratactic, as in the past rel. sentence. Oblique cases are done by *an*, *am* (for *san*, *sam*, O. Ir. *san*, *sam*), the neut. of art. used as rel. (cf. Eng. *that*). The rel. locative is sometimes done by the prep. *an*, *am* : "An coire am bi na caoraich" (1776 Collection, p. 112).
- aba**, abbot, M. Ir. *apdaine*, abbacy, in M. G. "abbey lands," whence place-names Appin, older Abbathania (1310), Abthein (1220), "abbey lands."
- abhall**, an orchard, apple-tree, M. Ir. *aball*, apple-tree. See *ubhal*.
- abhaist**, custom, M. Ir. *ábaisi* (pl.). Meyer suggests from N. *ávist*, abode : unlikely.
- abhras**, spinning, O. Ir. *abras*, gestus, E. Ir. *abras*, handiwork, spinning, *abairsech*, needlewoman.
- Abraon**, April : the form is due to folk-etymology, which relates it to *braon*.
- acair**, anchor ; from N. *akkeri* : **acarsaid**, anchorage, from N. *akkarsaeti*, "anchor-seat." From L. *ancora*.
- achlaid**, chase, pursuit, so Ir., M. Ir. *acclaid*, fishing, E. Ir. *atclaid*, fishes, hunts, pursues : *ad-claidim* ; see *claidh*.
- adhal**, flesh hook, O. Ir. *áel*, tridens : **pavelo-*, Lat. *pavire* ? But cf. Eng. *awl*, M. E. and Ag. S. *awel*, *awl*, flesh-hook.
- adhbhal**, vast. Stokes and Osthoff give root *bel*, *bol*, strong, big, Skr. *balam*, strength, Gr. *βέλτερος*, better, Lat.

- de-bilis*, weak, Ch. Sl. *bolijǵ*, greater; whence *bailceach* (Osthoff) and *bail*, *buil*.
- agh*, also *adh*, happiness, Late M. Ir. *ád*, Ir. *adh*, *ágh*.
- aibheil*, huge (M'E). See *adhbhal*.
- aice*, a lobster's burrow, also *faiche*.
- aingeal*, light, fire, Manx *ainle*, M. Ir. *aingel*, sparkling: **pangelos*, Ger. *funke*, M. E. *funke*.
- ainis*, anise, M. Ir. *in ainis*, gloss on "anisum cyminum dulce."
- ainstil*, fury, over-fizzing: *an* + *steall*.
- airchios*, pity: see *oircheas*.
- airidh*, better *airigh*, hill pasture, sheiling: Norse or Danish *ery* from Gaelic equals Norse *setr* (Ork. Sag.). This Norse form proves the identity of Gaelic with E. Ir. *airge*.
- aisneis*, rehearsing: root *vet*, Lat. *veto* (Stokes), but this does not account for *i* of O. Ir. *aisndis*.
- aisead*, delivery; from *ad-sem-t*, root *sem* as in *taom* (Stokes).
- aitionn*, jumper; **at-tenn*, "sharp bush or tree"; from root *at*, sharp, E. Ir. *aith*, sharp. For *-tenn*, see *caorrunn*.
- alainn*, beautiful. Stokes prefers referring it to *áil*, pleasant, **pagli*, Eng. *fair*, root *pag*.
- all-tapadh*, mischance; from *all*- and *tapadh*.
- alp*, ingraft, also *ealp*.
- amal*, swingle-tree: cf. N. *hamla*, oar-loop.
- amarlaid*, blustering female; not *amarlaich*.
- amart*, need (Dial.).
- amhach*, neck: **om-ák-á*; Lat. *humerus*, shoulder (**om-es-os*); Gr. *ᾰμος*; Got. *amsa*.
- amhain*, entanglement by the neck (M'A.); from above.
- amhsan* (*ansan*), Dial. *osan*, solan goose; from Lat. *anser*?
- anabas*, dregs, also green, unripe stuff cut; from *an-abaich*.
- anacair*, affliction: *an-shocair*.
- aobharrach*, a young person or beast of good promise, hobble-dehoy; from *aobhar*, material.
- aoideag*, hair-lace, fillet; from root of *aodach*.
- aoine*, fast: Stokes suggests Gr. *πείνω*, hunger, as cognate, making it native: **poin-io*. Unlikely.
- aoirean*, ploughman, herdsman, *airean* (M'A.), Ir. *oireamh*, g. *oireamhan*, ploughman, the mythic *Eremon*, *Airem(on)*, **arjamon*, Skr. *Arjaman*, further *Aryan* (?); root *ar*, plough.
- aoirneagan*, wallowing; see *aonagail*.
- aol*, lime: **aidlo*, from *aidh*, light, fire, Gr. *αἶθω*, gleam (St.). See *Mackay*.

- r, seems, **ar leam**, methinks, Ir., M. Ir. *dar*, E. Ir. *indar*, *atar*, with *la*, O. Ir. *inda*, *ata*, *da*; where *ta*, *tar* is the verb *tha* (*thathar*), is, with prep. or rel. *in* before it. See *na*, *than*.
- r-amach**, rebellion; for **eirigh-amach*, "out-rising."
- rsa**, quoth: Stokes refers it to the root *ver*, *verdh*, Eng. *word*, adducing E. Ir. *fordat*, *ordat*, *oldat*, inquiring, for the *verdh* root. Thurneysen objects that *ol* or *for* is a preposition, the *-dat* being the verb *ta* on analogy with other forms *indás*, *oldáte*. The original is *al*, propter, "further" (see *thall*), like Latin *tum* ("tum ille"—then he), later *or* or *for*, and later still *ar*—all prepositions, denoting "further."
- star**, journey, E. Ir. *astur*: **ad-sod-ro-n*, root *sod*, *sed*, go; Gr. *ódos*, way, Ch. Sl. *choditi*, go; Eng. *ex-odus*.
- thar**, evil effect, consequence: **at-ro-n*, from *ath*, "re-."
- tharnach**, second crop, ground ready for second crop.
- tharraais**, mimicking, mocking (Dial. *ailis*): *ath-aithris*, "re-say," Ir. *aithris*, tell, imitation. See *aithris*.
- abh**, a surmise (M'A.), quirk.
- ad**, cluster; cf. Lat. *fascis* (**fað-scis*).
- adhan**, a churchyard (Sutherland), *i.e.* "enclosure," same as *bábhun*.
- aghan**, stomach, Dial. **maghan** (Sutherland); cf. Eng. *maw*, Ger. *magen*, Nerse *magi*.
- agileis**, loose lumber or baggage (Argyle); from *baggage*.
- ail**, **baileach**: see *adhbhal*.
- airig**, bestow; from Eng. *ware*, as also *bathar*.
- aisceall**, wild person: M. Ir. *basgell* (i. *geltan*), *boiscell*.
- alla**, wall, Ir. *balla*, *fala* (Munster).
- anais**, wedding, M. Ir. *banais*, g. *baindse*.
- ansgal** (Dial. *banasgal*), a female, a hussy, Ir. *bansgal*, E. Ir. *banscál*, O. Ir. *banscala*, servae; root of *sgalag*, as given in the Dictionary.
- arraaisg**, boasting, brag, **bársach**, vain, prating; see *bàirseag*.
- adaidh**, impudent, E. Ir. *bet*, talking, shameless girl (Corm.): **beddo-*, **bez-do-* root *bet*, *get*, as in *beul*.
- arach**, dogfish, O. Ir. *berach*, verutus, from *bior* (Meyer); cf. Eng. "picked or horned dogfish."
- artach**, rich, W. *berth*, rich, *berthedd*, riches.
- icein**, a single grain (Arg.).
- inid**, also **minid** (Arg.); cf. *muinne*, stomach.
- iorsnaois**, bowsprit of a sailing boat (N. Lochaber).
- osg**, sound a horn, W. *bloedd*, a shout, from **blogdo-*, for *bloðgo-*; cf. *mèag*, W. *maidd*.

bóid, vow, M. Ir. *in uóit*; from Lat. *vótum*, as is also *móil* (Stokes).

bòl, bowl; not *bol*.

bòrlanachd, **mòrlanachd**, compulsory labour for the proprietor; from Eng. *bordland*, as under *bòrlum*. Hence M'Morland.

bòrlum, a flux; for *bòrc-lum*; see *bòrc*.

braile, **braighlich**, a rattling noise (Perth); see *braodhlach*.

braodag, a huff.

braon, rain. Stokes derives it from root *ver* (see *fearthuinn*), **vroen*, but unlikely.

brasailt, panegyric, E. Ir. *bras-scélach*, panegyric; from O. Ir. *bras*, great, W. and Br. *bras*; cf. Lat. *grossus*, Eng. *gross*.

breacan, a plaid, Ir. *breacán*, W. *brecan*, rug; from *breac*. Rhys regards W. as borrowed from Irish.

brim, pickle (Arg.); from Eng. *brine*.

brod, a lid; from Sc. *brod*, side form of Eng. *board*.

brolamas, a mess; same root as *brollach*.

broth, lunar halo (Arg.), or **brogh**; cf. O. Ir. *bruth*, heat, and *bruthainn*.

bruais, gnash: **bhraud-so*, Lat *fraus*, Eng. *brittle*.

bungaid, a hussy (Dial.); from Sc. *bunzy*, pettish.

bùrlam, a flood, rush of water (Arg.); see *bòrlum*.

burraidh, blockhead; from Sc. *burrio* (1535), Fr. *bourrieau*, Lat. *burrae*.

buthuinn, straw for thatch; cf. **sputhainn**, straw not threshed, but seedless (Arg.), which seems from *spoth*.

cabhladh, ship's tackle, Ir. *cábhlúighe*; cf. *cabhlach*, and Eng. *cable*.

càblaid, turmoil, hindrance.

caig, conversation, claque (Arg.).

cagar, whisper, M. Ir. *cechras*, qui canet, *cairche*, sound; root *k-ar*, of Lat. *carmen*, Gr. *κήρυξ*, herald (Stokes).

caigeann, a winding pass through rocks and brushwood, a rough mountain pass (Dial. = *cadha-éiginn*), anything (= *càileiginn*).

cairbh, carcase, also **cairb** (Dial.).

calbh, head, bald, so Irish, not *calb*.

calpa, principal set to interest, Sc. *calpa*, death-duty payable to the landlord, from N. *kaup*, stipulation, pay.

cana, porpoise, young whale, Ir. *cana* (O'R.), *cána* (O'B.), whale pup, M. Ir. *cana* (do.); from Lat. *canis*?

caog, wink; cf. Norse *kaga*, keek, Sc. *keek*.

càpraid, drunken riotousness (Dial.); from Lat. *crápula*.

càradh, condition, usage; from *càirich*, mend.

carathaist, compulsory labour, **cairiste**, **cairbhist**, which last see.

casach, part of the tackle attached to the hook; from *cas*.

ceadan, bunch of wool, Ir. *ceadach*, cloth, coarse cloth, W. *cadach*, clout. Rhys regards W. as borrowed from Ir. For all, cf. *cadadh*, *caiteas*.

cealair, a virago (Badenoch).

ceann, head: hence **ceannag**, a bottle of hay, **ceannaich**, buy (= "heading" or reckoning by the head; cf. Dial. **ceann**, sum up), **ceannaidh**, head wind, **ceannas**, vaunting.

ceannard, commander; M. *kinnoort*, Ir. *ceannphort*, commander, authority, head post or city: *ceann* + *port*.

ceireanaich, fondle, make much of (Perth); cf. *ceirein*, plaster.

ceòban, drizzle, Ir. *ciabhrán*, M. Ir. *ciabor*, mist.

ceòl, music. Stokes now suggests alliance with Ger. *heulen*, hoot, howl, O. H. G. *hiuwilôn*.

cha, *cha 'n*, not, Ir. *nocha n*, O. Ir. *ní con* aspirating. The particle *no* or *nu* is no part of this negative: only *ní* and *con*, "non quod," *con* being the same as *gu'n*. Aspirating power of it is as yet unexplained.

✓ **cheana**, already; from *cen-é*, "without this," root in *gun*, without, *cion*, want.

cileag, a diminutive, weakly person, (Arg.)

✓ **cisean**, hamper (Islay); from *céis*.

ciseart, a light tweed (N. Lochaber).

✓ **cith**, rage, ardour; **ketu-*, cf. *cuthach*: **an cith**, attuned, where *cith* seems from Eng. *key*, mood.

clabar-nasg, the clasp of wooden cow collar (Arg.).

clachan, kirk or kirk town, Ir. *clachán*, monastic stone-cells singly or in group; also G. and Ir. "stepping-stones."

✓ **clàtar**, mire (Dial.); from Sc. *clart*.

cleuraidh, one who neglects work (Arran).

cliob, excrescence: root *qlg*, stumpy, Gr. *κολοβός*.

clis, active; still used, so that the obsolete mark must be deleted.

cneas, skin; Corn. *knes*, body, W. *cnaud*, human flesh.

coimhiong, race, also *coi'lige* (Dial.).

coimhirp, rivalry, striving (Arg.); same root as *oidhirp*.

còineag, nest of wild bees; from *còinneach*, moss.

coinne, woman (Heb.); from N. *kona*, *kvenna* (gen. pl.), woman, Eng. *queen*.

colag, a small steak or collop (Arg.); from Eng. *collop*.

columan, a dove, Ir. and O. Ir. *colum*, W. *colomen*, *cwlwm*, Corn. *colom*, Br. *coulm*; from Lat. *columbus*, *columba*.

coma indifferent; from root *me*, measure: "equal measure."

combaid, company (Dial.).

comraich, sanctuary, Ir. *comruighe*.

corran, sickle. Stokes suggests from *kurvo-*, allied to Lat. *curvus*; but this would give *corbhan*.

creapall, a garter, **creapailld** (Skye).

crèòth, wound, **creònach**, being pained: **krevo-*, as in *cro*, blood.

crilein, creel, also **criol** (Arran, Perth); see *croidhleag*.

crog, earthen vessel. Schrader derives these words from O. Ir. *crocenn*, skin—a “skin” vessel being the original.

crogan, a gnarled tree (Arg.): cf. *cròcan*.

crògan, thornbush (Arg.).

croman, kite, hawk, from *crom*.

cuanal, company, E. Ir. *cián*, host, **koupn-*, Lit. *kupa*, heap, Eng. *heap* (?)

cuartach, a fever (Arg.); from *cuairt*.

cuibhreach, bond; Stokes (rightly) now gives root as *rek*, bind, Skr. *raçana*, cord, rope, *raçmi* (do.).

cuicheineach, coquetting, secretly hobnobbing (Arg.): *co-ceann*.

cuid, part. Some have suggested comparison with Lat. *costa*, rib, Eng. *coast*.

cuircinn, women's head-dress, E. Ir. *cuirce*, bow, knot; which makes the Sc. and Eng. comparison doubtful.

cùmhnant, covenant. Dial. plurals are *cùmhlaidhean* and *cùmhlaidhean*.

daigheil, firm or well-built (of a man)—Arg. Cf. *daingean*.

dar, when (conj.), Northern form for 'n *uair*; probably *d' uair* = *do-uair*.

deàrrsadh, radiance, E. Ir. *derscaigthech*, splendid.

deasgadh, lees: **disc-atu-*; cf. Lat *faex*, for *ðair*. Gaelic root *dik*, whence *dik-sko*, then *desc-*.

deise, suit of clothes, so Ir. and M. Ir. *deise*, a robe.

detiach, weasand: peculiar as accented on *iach*, properly *det-iach*;

Dial. *it-ioch*, epiglottis (Arg.).

dil, deil, keen, diligent (Arg.); formed from *dealas*, zealous.

dileigh, digest, **dileaghadh**, digesting, Ir. *dìleaghadh*, from *dì-leagh*, root of *leagh*, melt.

dinnsear, ginger, Ir. *gingsear*, M. Ir. *sinnsar*; from M. Eng. *ginger*, Lat. *zingiber*.

diomasach, proud: M. Ir. *diumus*, from *dì-od-mess*, root *mess* of *comus* (Zimmer).

dochann, hurt: M. Ir. *dochond* debars M. Ir. *dochonach*, as given in the Dict.

- doicheall**, churlishness, Ir. *doicheall*, g. *doichle* ; E. Ir. *so-chell* also meaning "kindness," *soichleach*. Root is rather that of *timchioll*. Gaul. *Sucellos*, a god's name.
- doimh, doimheadach**, vexing, galling : **do-ment-*, "ill-minded."
- dòmhaill**, bulky, M. Ir. *derg-domla*, pl., from **domail*; root of *meall* : **do-fo-mell*?
- dràbh**, scatter, dissolve (M'A., Arg.), not *drabh* (H.S.D., which, however, has *drabhach*, rifted).
- draighlichd**, a trollop, draggle-tail (Arg.); from Eng. *draggle-tail*? Cf. *draghlainn* under *draoluinn*.
- drann, dranna**, a word (M'A., Arg.); same as *drann*d.
- draoidh**, a druid. Thurneysen means by *dru*, high, strong. See *truail*.
- drog**, a sea-swell at its impact on a rock (Arg.).
- droigheann**, thorn, also *droighneach*, (1) thorn, (2) lumber, "entanglement."
- druid**, close, E. Ir. *druit*, close, firm, trustworthy. Stokes now refers **druzd-* to the same source as Eng. *trust*.
- dual**, due, Ir. *dúal*, just, proper, might come from **duglo*, root *dhugh*, fashion, Gr. *τεύχειν*, Got. *dugan*, Eng. *do*.
- duan**, song. Stokes derives it from *dhugh* above under *dual*.
- dùc**, heap, **dùcan** (Perth) : **dumhacán*, E. Ir. *duma*, mound, heap. Root of *dùn*.
- durcaisd, turcais**, pincers; from Sc. *turkas*, from Fr. *turquoise*, now *tricoises*, "Turkish" or farrier's pincers.
- eadradh**, milking time, Ir. *cadarthra*, noon, milking time; from *eadar* + *tràth*.
- ealachainn**, a peg, E. Ir. *alchuing*, *elchuing*, dat. *alchaing*, pl. *alchningi*.
- eallach**, cattle (Arran), so Ir. : cf. O. Ir. *ellach*, conjunction, **at-slégos* (Zimmer).
- eanraich**, soup, but, in most dialects "chicken-soup," as from *eun* + *bruith*.
- earghail**, arable land; *air* + *geadhail*, which see.
- earlachadh**, preparing food (Suth.); from old adj. *erlam*, ready. See *ullamh*.
- earraid**, a tipstaff, **tearraid, tarraid**, from Eng. *herald*?
- easga**, moon : **encscaio-*, Skr. *pñjas*, light, Gr. *φέγγος*, light (Strachan).
- eige**, a web, **eididh** (on analogy of *éididh*), **veggid*, root of *figh*.
- eileach**, mill-race, embankment; from *ail*, stone : "stone-work."
- eilitriom**, bier, M. Ir. *eilitrum*; from Lat. *feretrum* (Stokes).

- airbleach**, slack-jointed or crippled person ; cf. Sc. *hirplock*, lame creature, *hirple*. The possibility of *air-ablach* (cf. *conablach*) should be kept in view.
- eire**, burden : **pario-*, root of *air*. Cf. Lat. *porto*.
- éisd**, listen, O. Ir. *étsim* : *an-tus-*, great silence ! Cf. Ir. *éist do bhéal* = hush ! Root of *tosd*.
- eisimeil**, obligation, M. Ir. *esimol*, *an esimul*, **ex-em-mo-lo-*, root *em* of *eudail*. Cf. Lat. *exemplum*.
- eithich**, perjured ; cf. Ir. *di-thech*, denial on oath, *for-tach*, admission on oath, *di-tonyar i. séntar*, *fortoing*, proved by oath : **tongó*, swear. See *freiteach* for root.
- euchd**, feat, E. Ir. *écht*, slaughter, from *éc* (Stokes).
- eumhann**, pearl, O. Ir. *ném*, *g. némann*, pearl, *níam*, sheen, *níamda*, bright, W. *newys*, vigour, *nwyfiant*, brightness, vigour : **n-im*. Cf. *neamhnuid*.
- fabhairt**, also "tempering," as in Keating. G. **faghairt** suits pronunciation best (*fa'irt.*).
- fádadh**, kindling : E. Ir. *adsúí* *tenid*, kindles, *adsúithe*, kindled (Meyer).
- faiche**, lobster's burrow ; see *aice*.
- faileas**, shadow ; or allied to *ail*, mark ?
- fainear**, consideration, Ir. *fa d'ára*, remark, *fé ndéar*, *fé ndeara* (Munster). Foley gives *tabhair fa d'aire* = "observe." The above may be a fixed *fa d'aire* = *fa-deara*, with *n* from the plural *an*, their.
- fáir**, dawn : **vásri-*, Lit. *vasará*, summer, Skr. *vásará*, early shining, morning (adj.), Lat. *ver*, spring, Gr. *éap*, spring (Stokes).
- fairge**, ocean : W. *Môr Werydd*, the Atlantic.
- fairmeil**, noisy ; allied to *seirm*.
- fáladair**, really "man who works the scythe," a turfer, from *fál* : "scythe" properly is *iarunn fáladair*.
- fallus**, sweat, O. Ir. *allas*, **jasl*, root *jas*, *jes*, seethe, yeast, W. *jas*, what pervades, Br. *goell* (= *vo-jes-l*), leaven ; Eng. *yeast*, *zeal* ; Gr. *ζέω*, boil.
- famhsgal**, **fannsgal**, hurry, confusion (Arg.).
- faochainn**, entreat earnestly, strive, inf. **faochnadh** (M'A., Arg.).
- faodhail**, ford ; from N. *vaðill*, a shallow, a place where straits can be crossed, Shet. *vaadle*, Eng. *wade*.
- faoisg**, unhusk : O. Ir. *desc*, *concha*, *aesc*, classendix, Lat. *aesculus* ? (Stokes).
- faomadh**, fainting from closeness or excitement, falling (Lewis) ; from *aomadh*.

- , **far an (am)**, where, Ir. *mar a n-*, where; from *mar* and *rel*, not from *for*.
- dal**, delay, M. Ir. *fordall*, staying, E. Ir. *fordul*.
- fonadh**, warning; see root in *fathunn*: **vor-svon*.
- raid**, ask, **faghairt** (Perth), which suggests *fo-gar-t*, root *gar*, speak.
- hamas**, warning, also **fothamas**: **fo-tod-mess*-, root of *meas*, *tomhas*, &c.
- hamas**, occasion: **fo-tad-mess*-, see *amas*.
- hunn**, news, **fabhunn** (Dial.): **vo-svon*, root *svon*, sound (see *tabhann*), or root *bon*, *ban*, Eng. *ban*, O. Ir. *atboind*, proclaims?
- chd**, time: Osthoff regards it as allied to Lat. *vices*; see *fiach*.
- lan**, hives, M. Ir. *filún*, glandular disease, *fiolún saith*, anthrax, malignant struma, all which Stokes takes from L. Lat. *fello*, *strumae*.
- nnag**, lazy bed; older *fennoc*, trench; from *feann*, flay.
- rsaid**, a spindle, not *fearsaid*.
- rsaideag**, thrift or sea gilly-flower; from obs. *fearsad*, estuary, sand-bank, passage across at ebb-tide, whence place-name *Fersit*, and in Ireland *Belfast*; for root see *fear*.
- le**, charm, E. Ir. *éle*, *héle*, *mo fhéle*. Stokes regards Zimmer's derivation from N. a failure, and compares W. *wylo*, wail; weep, as Ir. *amor*, music = W. *afar*, grief, and G. *cedl* = Ger. *heulen*, howl.
- le**, kilt, E. Ir., O. Ir. *fial*, velum.
- bharan**, pith, puff (*feo'ran*)—Dial.
- ch**, debt, value: **veico*-, Lat. *vices*, change, Ger. *wechsel*, exchange, Skr. *vishtí*, changing, in turn (Osthoff). This is the right derivation.
- lean**, a green islet or spit uncovered at high tide, web of sea-clam (Isles); from N. *fit*, webbed foot of waterfowl, meadow land on the banks of firths or rivers, *fitja*, to web, Eng. *fit*.
- idh**, poet: add Old Germanic *Veleda*, a prophetess (Tacitus).
- nnsgheul**, romance, Ir. *finnsgeul*: **ande-sgetlon*-.
- heach**, raven: this is a dissyllable, **vivo-ko*-, the phonetics being those of *biadh*. Stokes gives **veijako-s* or **veivako-s*. It is still distantly allied to Ger. *weihe*.
- ghair**, expectation, E. Ir. *fiugrad*, *praedicere*; from Lat. *figura*. Ir. has *floghair*, figure, fashion, sign.
- ichlean**, sprout, **faichean** (Arg.).
- nn**, a tune, M. Ir. *adbonn*, a strain.
- rc**, push, pitch with a fork; from *forc*, fork.

fòtus, a flaw ; from Sc. *jaut*, as in *fabhd*.

frabhas, refuse, small potatoes (Arg.).

fraochan, toe-bit of shoe ; "heather-protector," from *fraoch* ?

freothainn, bent-grass (Arg.).

frìoghan, pig's bristle, M. Ir. *frìghan* i. *guairech muc*.

frìth, **frìoth**, small, which M'A. says antecedes the noun, is the prep. *frìth* or *ri*.

fuidheall, remainder, O. Ir. *fuidell*, W. *gweddill*, **vodilo*-, *dil*, allied to Eng. *deal*, *dole*, Ger. *teil* (St. with query).

fulleair, **cha'n fhuileair**, must ; for *furail*, O. Ir. *foráil*, excessive injunction, infliction, same root as *earail*.

fulbh, gloom (Arg.) ; see *suilbh*.

futhar, the dog-days ; from Sc. *fure*-days.

gàbairt, a transport vessel (Heb.) ; from Sc. *gabert*, a lighter, from Fr. *gabarre*, storeship, lighter.

gabhann, gossip (Perth).

gàirdeachas, rejoicing. K. Meyer regards this as from older **gartingud*, shortening or whiling time, from *goirid*, E. Ir. *urgartingud*, while time, amuse ; with a leaning on *gàir*, laugh. Cf. W. *difyru*, amuse, divert, from *byr*, short.

gàirdean, arm ; from Sc. *gardy*, arm, *gardis*, yards, same as *yard*.

galad, good girl, brave girl, fem. for *laochan*, used in encouraging address : **a ghalad**. Root is *gal* (**galnat*), brave.

gaorr, faeces : in Arg. pronounced with Northern *ao* sound ; in North, pronounced with *ao* broad as in Arg.

gàsaid, fray (Dial.).

geadhail, a ploughed field, park (Arg., M'A.) ; hence **earghalt**, arable land : same root as **gead**, viz. *ged*, hold, Eng. *get*.

geamhda, thick, short block ; cf. Ir. *giobhta*, *giota*, a piece.

gearraidh, the pasture-land between the shore-land and the moor-land (Heb.) ; from N. *gerði*, fenced field, garth.

geinn, wedge, N. *gand*, *gann*, a peg, stick, Lat. *offendo*, **fendo*, Eng. *offend* (Stokes and Liden).

glaiseach, foam (M'A.), **glais-sheile**, water-brash, from obs. *glais*, stream, E. Ir. *glais*, same root as *glas*.

glòic, having hanging cheeks, as in hens.

glòir, speech, Ir. *glór*, E. Ir. *glórach*, noisy ; same as *glòir*, glory.

gnìomh, deed : the root is *gné*, do, from *gen*, beget, as in *gin*.

Hence **déan**, **nì**, **rinn**.

gog, tossing of the head, **godadh** (Arg.).

gonan, grass roots ; cf. *cona*.

greòd, a crowd (Arg.) ; from Eng. *crowd*.

greusaich, shoemaker, Ir. *gréasaidhe*.

- daleum**, a bound, wild leap (Arg.).
raiceach, unfeathered bird, lump (Arg.), from *gur*.
rracag, a blot (Arg.).
rrach, "hunkering;" cf. Sc. *curr*, to "hunker," *currie*, a stool, Eng. *cower*. It also means a "fledgling" (Arg.). The Perthshire **curraidh**, hunkering, is from Scotch.
lach, jaunty, lithe; cf. *uallach*.
pis, imis, imminence, **an impis**, about to, almost, M. Ir. *imise catha*, imminence of battle, root *ved* of *tòiseach* (Stokes).
ne, gutter, sewer, kennel (M'A.).
o, raw cake; also **uibe**, which see.
ra, pl. **iobannan**, tricks, incantations (Arg.); see *ubag*.
shd, clemency, M. Ir. *icht*, protection: **pektus*, root *pek*, *pak*, Lat. *pectus*, breast, *paciscor*, paction; allied to *uchd*.
lla, view, glance; *gabh iolla ris*, just look at it; cf. *ealla*.
altan, harmless tricks: **air + alt*.
rbhail, infection, taint **air + bail*, "on-issue."
reach, rifle: Meyer suggests from *isean*, young of birds, comparing "fowling-piece."
chair, key: root stem *pecu-*, fastening, whence Lat. *pecu*, cattle, Eng. *fee*.
thar, hoof: **plaðro-n*, root *pla*, extend.
rig, a pass, O. Ir. *loarcc*, furca. Often in place-names.
imhrig, lamraig, landing place; from N. *hlað-hamar*, pier or loading rock, Shet. *Laamar*.
rgaiseachadh, pulling a boat along by a rope from the bank.
in, also "a scale, scale of a fish, disc" (Arg., M'A.).
oir, drub lustily (M'A.), **laoireadh**, rolling in the dust (H.S.D.) Cf. *léir*.
s, thigh, O. Ir. *less*: **lexa*, root *lek*; Eng. *leg*, Gr. *λάξ*, kicking (St.).
garra, self-satisfied, smug (Arg.).
b, a shred; cf. Norse *leppr*, a rag (Craigie).
m, conceit, **leòmais**, dilly-dallying; cf. Ir. *leoghaim*, I flatter, *leom*, prudery.
mann, moth, Ir. *leomhan*, *léamhann*, E. Ir. *legam*.
mhann, lion, Ir. *leomhan*, O. Ir. *leoman*; from Lat. *leo*, *leonem*.
n, wound, Ir. *leónaim*, E. Ir. *lénaim*, wound, *lén*, hurt; this Strachan refers to **lakno-*, root *lak*, tear, as in Lat. *lacero*, lacerate, Gr. *λακίς*, a rent. But cf. *leadradh*, E. Ir. *leod*, cutting, killing, **ledu*, root *led*, *ledh*, fell, Lat. *labi*, Eng. *lapse*.
n, cia lian, how many; same as *lín*, O. Ir. *lín*.

- liatrus**, blue-mould, **liathlas** : *liath* + ?
liod, lid, a syllable, lisp, **lideach**, **liotach**, lispings, Ir. *liotadh*, a lisp (Fol.); cf. Gr. *λήτή*, prayer, Lat. *lito*, placate.
liùth, a lythe; from the Sc.
lèban, **lòpan**, peat creel; from N. *laupr*, basket, timber frame of a building, Shet. *loopie*, Ag. S. *léap*.
logais, unwieldy person, loose slipper or old shoe (Arg.): cf. Sc. *loggs*.
loinn, comeliness, M. Ir. *lainn*, bright; from *plend*, Lat. *splendo*, Eng. *splendid*. Hence **loinnear**, bright. So Stokes.
longadh, a diet, so Ir., E. Ir. *longad*, eating; a side form of *slug*, which see for root.
loughphort, harbour, camp, palace, Ir. *longphort* (do.); from *long* + *port*. Hence **lùchairt**, palace; *longart*, *lunkart* in place-names.
loth, marsh (Sutherland), O. Ir. *loth*, mud; see further under *lòn*.
lùchairt, palace; see *longphort* above.
lugh, a joint (M'A.), **luighean**, a tendon, ankle, Ir. *luthach*, joints, *luighéan*, a nave, M. Ir. *lúithech*, sinew.
lùir, torture, drub (M'A.); see *laoir*.
lum, part of the oar between the handle and blade; from N. *hlumr*, handle of an oar.
luma-làn, choke-full, also *lom-làn*; from *lom* + *làn*.
machlag, matrix, M. Ir. *macloc*.
màg, a paw, E. Ir. *mác*; **manká*, root *man*, hand, Lat. *manus*, Gr. *μάχη*, Norse *mund*, hand. Sc. *maig* is from Gaelic.
maith, forgive, W. *maddeu*. Rhys regards the W. as borrowed from Ir.; if so, G. is same as *maith*, good.
màn, a mole on the skin, arm-pit ulcer; side form of *màm*.
màrach, a big, ungainly woman (Arg.); from *mór*, with neuter termination *ach*.
màrrach, enchanted castle which kept one spell-bound, labyrinth, thicket to catch cattle (M'A.). Root *mar*, *mer*, deceive, as in *mear*, *brath*.
meall, lump, Br. *mell*, joint, knot, knuckle: **m̥lso*-; cf. Gr. *μέλος*, limb, part.
meidh, balance, W. *medd*, centre of motion. Hence **meidhis**, a measure, instalment (Arg., M'A.).
meilcheart, chilblain (Arg.); root in *meilich*.
méin, disposition, Ir., M. Ir. *méin*, mind; Eng. *mean*, Ger. *mein* (Stokes).
meuchd, mixture (Dial.): **meik-tu*, root *meik*, *mik*, as in *meag*.
miadh, respect; allied to Eng. *meed*, Gr. *μισθός*, pay, Lat. *miles*, soldier, Cf. Gr. *τιμή*, fame, price.

- mìnis**, degree, portion (M'A.), root of *mion*.
miobhadh, ill-usage, as by weather; from *mi-bhàidh*.
muinne, stomach (Arg.). Cf. *mionach*.
mùinnteachd, disposition (Dial.); for root see *muinighin*, and cf. O. Ir. *muiniur*, I think.
mulc, a shapeless lump, a lump.
murrach, rich, able, Ir. *murrtha*, M. Ir. *muire*, *muiredach*, lord, Murdoch; Ag. S. *maere*, clarus, Norse *maerr*, famous (Stokes), same root as *mór*.
mùsuinn, confusion, Ir. *múisiún* codlata, hazy state preceding sleep. From Eng. *motion*?
na, that which; for *an a*, O. Ir. rel. *an* (really neut. of art.) and G. rel. *a*, which see. Descent from *ní* or *ní*, without any relative, is favoured by Book of Deer, as *do ní thlissad*, of what would come. Possibly from both sources.
neasg, boil; Stokes regards E. Ir. *ness*, wound, as from **nekso*-, root *neg*.
neónagan, a sty in the eye (Arg.); cf. *leumhnad*.
oil, offence, Ir. *is oth liom*, I regret; really *oth* before prep. pronouns with *le*: *oth* a short form of *uath*.
oisinn, corner, Ir. *isinn*, the temple, *fán na hoisean*, along the temple, E. Ir. *na-h-usine*, the temples.
osag, a breeze: **ut-sá*, root *ut*, *vet*, *ve*, blow, as in *onfhadh*.
òtrach, dunghill; add Ir. *othrach*, dung, **putr*-.
padhadh, thirst, M. Ir. *paadh* is explained by Stokes as **spasádu*-, root *spas* or *spes*, Lat. *spiro*, breathe, W. *ffun*, breath, from **sposnd*. For phonetics see *piuthar*.
padhal, ewer; from Eng. *pail*; cf. *adhal*, *paidhir*, *staighir*, *faidhir*, *rathad*.
piocach, coal-fish, saith (Arg., M'A.); cf. Eng. *pike*.
plam, anything curdled; Arg. has *bainne plumaichte*, curdled or soured milk.
pleigh, fight, Ir. *pléidh*, debate; all from M. Eng. *pleie*, game, play.
plionas, a hypocritical smile (Arg.).
ponach, lad, in Arg. *boinnean*, from *boinne*.
prac, a tithe, *pracadair*, tithe collector; from Sc. *procutor*, Eng. *proctor*, *procurator*.
prat, a trick, *pratail*, pranky; see *protaig*.
proitseach, boy; cf. *brod balaich*, *brodan*, boy, from *brod*. The termination is *-seach*, really a fem. one. In Arg. **propanach**, a boy, from *prop*, also *geamht*.
punntainn, benumbment; cf. Eng. *swoon*.

- rag**, stiff: *razgo-, root *reg*, *rag*, Lat. *rigeo*, rigid, Eng. *rack*, N. *rakkr*, straight, Lit, *rezgù*, knit.
- raìth**, a threatening.
- ramair**, a blockhead, a romp; cf. *ramalair*.
- raoic**, roar, M'A. *raibheic*, pronounced *raoi'c*: *ro + beuc.
- raoir**, last night: *prei-ri, root as in *riamh* (Asc., St.). This is the right derivation.
- ràsdaill**, sound of frying meat; cf. *ròsd*.
- rathad**, road; from M. Eng. *roade*, road, Ag. S. *rád*.
- ré**, moon *revi, Skr. *ravi*, sun.
- reachd**, a loud sob, keen sorrow, Ir. *rachd* (also G. *rachd*), E. Ir. *recht*; cf. Eng. *reck*.
- reusbaid**, a beggar's brat (Arran), a rascal.
- riabhag**, a lark, "grey one," from *riabhach*.
- righ**, stretch (on a dead bed), Ir. *righim*, stretch, reach, E. Ir. *rigim*, Lat. *rego*, etc., as under *righinn*.
- roid**, bog myrtle, Ir. *rideog*, M. Ir. *raidleog*, darnel: *raddi- Cf. *ras*.
- ròmhán**, wild talk, raving, rigmarole (Dial.); from Eng. *row*?
- ros**, seed, Got. *frasts*, for *fra-sst s*, from *pro-sto-* (Stokes).
- rud**, thing, Dial. *raod* (Arg., Arran), *rudach*, hospitable.
- rùsal**, **rùsladh**, turn over things, **risleadh**, rustle, move things about (Perth); from Eng. *rustle*.
- sac**, a load, burden, Ir. *sacadh*, pressing into a sack or bag, **L**ow Lat. *saccare* (do.); from Fr. *sac*, pillage, the same as **E**ng. *sack*, plunder, all borrowed from *saccus*, a sack or bag.
- saidh**, **saidhean**, the fish saith; from N. *seiðr*, the gadus vir **E**ns, now *sei*.
- sath**, **saith**, bad (Dial. *maith na saith*, *math na sath*), M. Ir. **E**ath (Lecan Glossary), *saith*, O. Ir. *saich* (*cid saich no mair* **E**h): *saki-s, root *svak*, *svag*, weak, Ger. *schwach*.
- sealbhan**, the throat, throttle: *svel-vo-, Eng. *swallow* (*svel-k **E**-v)?
- seaman**, rivetted mail, W. and M. W. *hemín*, rivet.
- seamarlan**, chamberlain, M. Ir. *seomuirllín*; from the Eng.
- séileann**, sheep-louse, tick.
- seilleán**, a bee, **teilleán** (Perth), **tilleag** (Suth.), W. *chr* **E**nil, beetle; root *svel*, turn, as in *seal*?
- seirean**, a shank, leg, spindle-shanked person; for connections **E**see *speir*.
- sgeò**, g. **sgiach**, haze, dimness (Heb.); see *ceò*.
- sgillbheag**, a chip of slate (Arg.); from Sc. *skelvie*, a thin sli **E**ce, Eng. *shelf*.
- sgilig**, shelled grain (Dial.), from Norse, whence Sc. *shillin*, wh **E**ch see under *sgil*.

- sgimilear**, intruder; from Sc. *skemmel*. Cf. *sgiomalair*.
sgionabhagan, "smuthereens" (Arg.).
sgliobhag, a slap (Dial.); cf. Sc. *sclaff*, *sclaffert*.
sgrál, a host, a large number of minute things (Heb.); cf. *sgriothail*.
sgreunach, boisterous (of weather)—Arg.
sgriach, a score, scratch (Dial.); cf. *strioch*.
sgróban, a bird's crop, Ir. *scrobán*; cf. Eng. *crop*, Ger. *kropf*.
sguainseach, hussy, hoyden (Arg.); possibly from Sc. *quean*:
**s-quean-seach*; cf. *sìrsach*.
siab, sweep, Ir. *siobadh*, blowing into drifts. Root *sweil*, Eng. *sweep*.
siaban, sea-spray, sand-drift; from above.
sianan, **breac-shianain**, freckles; from *sian*, foxglove (Dr Gillies).
siaranachadh, languishing, **siarachd**, melancholy (Dial.); from *siar*, "going backwards?"
sid, weather, also **tid**, which suggests borrowing from N. *tíð*, tide, time, Eng. *tide*.
sioll, a turn, Ir. *siolla*, a whiff, glint, syllable; root of *seal*.
sionn, phosphorescent, solus **sionn**, phosphorus, also **teine-sionnachain**. For root see next.
sionnach, valve of bellows, pipe-reed, **piob-shionnaich**, Irish bag-pipe. From root *spend*, swing, play, Skr. *spand*, move quickly, Gr. *σφενδόνη*, sling, Lat. *pendeo*, hang, Eng. *pendulum*.
siop, despise, turn tail on (Dial.); see *sèap*.
siota, a blackguard, a pet; from Sc. *shit*.
sithionn, venison; add M. Ir. *sideng*, deer.
slabhcar, not **slaucar**, as in Dict., slouching fellow, from Norse.
sléisneadh, backsliding (Heb.): **sleið-s-*, root of *slao*d and Eng. *slide*?
smal, blemish: add Eng. *mole*.
smeòrach, thrush, Ir. *smaolach*. Stokes derives W. *uwyalch*, blackbird, from **meisalko-*, Ger. *meise*, Eng. tit-mouse.
smeuraich, grope; from *meur*.
smuile, glumness, dejection; M. Ir. *smuilectn*, a small snout: "snoutyness."
snichdean, a stitch of clothing (Arg.).
socair, ease; opposite is **deacair**, O. Ir. *deccair*: **di-acair*, **so-acair*, from **acar*, convenience, root *cor*, place, as in *cuir*. Hence *acarach*.
sodal, pride, according to Stokes **sput-tlo-*, W. *ffothyll*, pustula Lat. *pustula*, Skr. *phutkar*, puff (Stokes).

- soighneas**, pleasure, Ir. *sóighneas* : *so-gne*, root *gen*.
soimeach, easy circumstanced, seems to combine O. Ir. *somme*, dives, and O. Ir. *soinmech*, lucky, good, Ir. *soinmheach*, fortunate, happy. The former Stokes derives from *so-imbi-s*, for which see *iomadh*; the later is *so-nem-ech*, root *nem*, under *nèamh*. M. Ir. *somenmnach*, good-spirited, is from *meamna*.
soirbh, gentle, **soirbheas**, success, wind, flatulence (so in Arg.).
somalta, bulky, placid; from M. Ir. *soma*, abundance, with adj. terminations *-ail* and *ta*. See *soimeach* further.
sona, happy : **so-gná-vo-s*, "well-doing;" root *gna* of *gnìomh*.
sorchan, foot-stool, support, light-stand, peer-man; from *sorcha*.
speech, wasp, **connspeech**, "dog-wasp," is referred by Stokes (Dict. 302) to **speká*, Gr. σφήξ; for phonetics cf. *padhadh*, *piuthar*, also *speir* and *speal*,
speech, stitch in side, blow, Ir. *speech*, a kick.
speal, scythe, Ir. *speal*, M. Ir. *spel* : **spelá*, Gr. ψαλís, shears, root *spal*, clip, pull, further Eng. *psalm* (so Stokes).
speil, herd, Ir. *speil* : **speli-*, allied to Lat. *spolium* (Stokes).
spoll, a quarter, **spòld**, joint of meat; from Sc. *spaul*, limb, *spald*, shoulder, from old Fr. *espaule*, *espalle*, L. Lat. *spatula*, shoulder, whence Eng. *epaulet*. Ir. *spolla* is also hence.
sreamadh, curbing or checking by the nose.
stabhaic, wry neck, pronounced in Arg. **staoi'c**, **staghaidh**.
stàirn, a particle, small quantity (Perth); from Sc. *starn*, particle, grain, star, from *star*.
stalladh, dashing against, thumping (M'A.), **stallachdach**, stupidly deaf, careless (Arg.).
stamhnaich, reduce to order, subject, break in, drub (M'A.).
stannadh, subject (Heb.); from N. *stafr*, a stick, *stafa fyrr*, rule, *fyrr stafni*, aim at, *stafn*, stem?
stangarra, the fish stickleback; from *stang*, sting.
stéidh (not **stéigh**), foundation; from Norse *stæði*, *stæða*, establish, Ork. *steeth*, foundation, *steethe*, to found.
stidean, **stididh**, a cat, also **tididh**, from Sc. *cheet*, *cheety*, puss, cat, Eng. *chit*, cub, youngster; from *cat*, like *kitten*.
stiorc, stretch (at death, Arg.); from Eng. *stark*?
stoth, hot stream, vapour; see *toth*.
stùc, jutting hill; from Teutonic—N. *stúka*, wing of a building, Eng. *stook*, etc.
stuthaig, starch; from Sc. *stiffing*, starch, Eng. *stiff*. Perthshire has *stifinn*.
sùbh, **subh**, raspberry, **subh**, fruit generally (Arg.). Root *suy* as in *sugh*.

suilbh, cheer, hospitality, geniality : **su-lubi*-, root *lubh*, please, love, Lat. *libet*, Eng. *love*. It influences the meaning of **suilbhir**, originally "eloquent."

tabaid, fight, brawl ; see *sabaid*. Cf. Sc. *debate*.

taighlich, chattels (Heb.) ; a side form of *teaghlach*.

tàille, apprentice fee, premium (M^A., who has *tàilleabh*) ; see *tail*.

tàille, **tàilleabh** (M^A.), consequence, **air tàille**, on account of ; cf. M. Ir. *a haithle*, after, as *a haithle sin*, thereafter, O. G. as *á áthle*, thereafter. (B. of Deer), *aithle*, remnant.

taisdeal, journey : **to-asdel*, **ad-sod*-, root *sod*, as in *astar*.

tairleas, **turlas**, cupboard or aumrie (Perth).

tánaiste, tanist ; rather root *at* of *ath*-, "re."

taom, empty ; root *sem*, from *sé*, Lit. *semi*-, draw (as water), Lat. *simpulum*, ladle (Stokes).

tathaich, visit ; Stokes prefers root *at*, go, discussed under *tánaiste*.

tè, **tèa**, insipid, slightly fermented ; from root of *teas* ; cf. *tepid*.

tèachd, silly boasting (Arg.).

teamhall, slight swoon or stun, Ir. *teimheal*, darkness, O. Ir. *temel* (do.), Skr. *támas*, Lit. *tamsa*, Lat. *tenebrae*, *temere*, rashly.

teanacadh, deliverance, succour, **teanacas**, healing : **tind-ioc*, from *ioc*, heal.

thall, over, Ir., O. Ir., *thall*, *tall* : **t-all*, O. Ir. *ol*, quam, *iudoll*, *altarach*, ultra, *al*, ultra ; root *ol*, *el*, *ol*, Lat. *ille* (= *olle*), *alius*. Also **eile**, other, which see.

theagamh, mayhap ; Meyer takes O. Ir. *ecmaing* from *ad-com-bangin*, *bang* root of *buain*. It has also been referred to root *mang*, *may*, Eng. *may*, etc.

tioba, a heap (Arg.) ; from Eng. *heap* or G. *iob* ?

tionnail, likeness ; **t-ionnail*, from *ionnan*, like.

tiorail, cosy ; add W. *tirion*, pleasant, a familiar object.

tiot, moment ; cf. Ir. *giota*, something small, jot, appendage, from Lat. *iota*, whence Eng. *jot*. Gaelic is *t-iot*.

tiùghachd, liquid, spume (Heb.) : *t-lighe* ?

tòbairt, flux, diarrhoea spasms : *to-fo od-ber-t*, root *ber* of *beir*

tòch, bad smell ; add **tóchar** or **táchar**, dense volume of smoke (Arg.) ; root *stou*, as in *toth*,

toigh, agreeable ; Stokes derives this from **togi-s*, root *tag*, take, Lat. *tango*, etc.

toill, deserve, Ir., O. Ir. *tuillim*, *atroilli*, *asroille*, meruit, later *do-sli*, meruit, from *sli* (Thur., Strachan).

tomult, bulk ; see *somalta*.

tosg, peat-cutter ; cf. Shet. *tushker*, from N. *torfskeri*, turf-cutter.

treachladh (1) digging, for which see *treachail* ; (2), fatiguing, for which cf. Sc. *trackle*.

trealais, the spleen (M'F.).

treall, **treallan**, a short space or time, Ir. *treall*, M. Ir. *trell*, root *ter*, through, Eng. *thrill*, pierce.

treisg, **treisginn**, weaver's paste, trash (M'A., Arg.) ; cf. Sc. *dressing*.

trid, rag, clout, stitch.

trusdar, filthy fellow ; cf. Ir., E. Ir. *trist*, curse, profligacy, L. Lat. *tristus*, improbus.

tuairmeis, hit on, discover : **do-fo-air-mess* ; see *eirmis*.

tuaitheal, wrong, Ir. *tuaithebhil*, E. Ir. *tuathbil* ; *tuath* and *sel*, as explained.

tualaig, loose, have flux, **tuanlaig** (*n* elided) in Perthshire. From *leig*.

tubaist, mischance, Ir. *tubaiste*, Aran *tiompaiste*.

tunnachadh, beating, dashing ; see *tuimhseadh*.

turag, a trifling illness (as of a child)—Arg.

turcais, pincers ; see *durcaisd*.

uabairt, expulsion ; not *uad-bert*. there being no *uad* really ; from **od-bert*, prefixed by *ua* ?

uaigh, grave, E. Ir. *uag*, **augd*, allied to Got. *augc*, eye, Eng. *eye*. See for force *dearc*. So Stokes, and rightly.

uamhag, sheep-louse.

ubairt, rummaging among heavy articles, bustle (Dial.) ; see *ubrand*.

uchd, breast. St. now gives *poktus*, allied to *pectus*. See *iochd*.

ùmlagh, a fine (Arg.) ; from Sc. *unlaw*, *unlach*, a fine, transgression, from *un-law*.

unradh, adversity (Campbell's Tales, II. Mac-a-rusgaich) ; a form of *an-rath* ?

urcag, thole pin (N. Lochaber). Cf. *àrcan*, a cork.

ùrlaigh, turn (disgustfully)—Arg.

utag, strife, **ùtag** (Arg.).

ùtag, a knuckle ; better **utan**.

PERSONAL NAMES.

ALLAN, G. **Ailean**, E. Ir. *Ailène*, Adamnan's *Ailenus*, from *al*, rock ? The Norman *Alan*, whence Scotch *Allan* mostly, is O. Br. *Alan*, *Alamnus*, Nennius *Alanus*, from *Alemannus*, the German tribe name—"All Men." Cf. Norman, Frank, Dugall, Fingall.

- CHARLES, G. **Tearlach**, M. Ir. *Toirrdhealbhadh* (Maclean Genealogy), Englished as *Tirlagh* and *Turlough*, E. Ir. *Toirdelbach*, Latinised and explained as *Turri-formis*, "Tower-shaped," but the *toir* in Gaelic took the phonetics of the prefix *tair*, super, and hence the modern G. form.
- COLIN, G. **Cailean**. Cf. *Coileán*, "whelp," and personal name; the G. is a dialectic form of old *coileán*, *cuilean*, whelp.
- FINLAY, G. **Fionnlagh**; this is "Fair hero"—*Fionn-laoch*. It is a popular (10th and 11th century) rendering of *Finnlugh*, "Fair attractive one," the older name.
- JOHN, G. **Iain**, older **Eoin**, in compounds **Seathain**, as *Mac-Gille-Sheathainn*, now **M'Illeathainn**.
- KENNEDY, G. **Ceanaideach**, **Ceanadaidh**, E. Ir. *Cennétich*, means "Ugly head," from *ceann* and *éitigh*. Called also **M'Ualraig** from Walrick Kennedy (16th century), who first settled in Lochaber: *Walrick* may be G. **Ualgharg** confused with Teutonic *Ulrick*, older *Udalrich*, "rich patrimonially."
- LAMOND, : hence *M'Clymont*, D. of L. *V'Clymont*, *Clyne lymyn*.
- MENZIES; local G. is **Mèinn**, **Méinnearach**.
- MURDOCH; for *Muiréduch*; see *murrach* above.
- MACBETH, Northern G. **M'Bheathaig**. From *Macbeth* come *M'Bey*, *M'Vey*, *M'Veagh*.
- MAC-ECHEARN: also Englished as *M'Kechnie* (**Mac-Echthigerna*).
- MACKELLAR, G. **M'Ealair**: *Ellar M'Kellar*, 1595, which proves the name to be **Ealair**. M. Ir. *Elair*, the Gaelic form of Lat. *Hilarius* borrowed.
- MAC-KESSACK, also MACKIESON, *M'Kesek*, 1475; *Kessokissone*, *Kessoksone*, 1488; *Makesone*, 1507; *Makysonn*, 1400 (mostly in Menteith and S. Perth), from *Kessoc*, *Kessan*, personal names circ. 1500, also St. *Kessog* or *Kessock*.
- MACKIRDY, G. **M'Urardaigh**. *M'Urarthie*, 1632; *M'Quiritei*, 1626; *Makmurrarty*, 1547; *Makwerarty*, 1517; common in Bute and Arran of old, from *Muircheartach*, "sea-director" (*muir* and *ceart*); whence also *M'Murtrie*, *M'Mutrie*.
- MAC-NEE: D. of L. *M'neee*, *M'Nie*, 1613; *M'Knie*, 1594; *M'Kne*, 1480 (Menteith and Breadalbane). From *mac-nia*, champion?
- MACQUEEN: in Arg. **M'Cui'ne**, for **M'Shuibhne**, which is the best spelling for Argyle.
- RODERICK, G. **Ruairidh**; the terminal *-ri*, *-rech* (old gen.) is a reduced form of *righ*, king (Zimmer, who, however, regards *Ruadri* as from N. *Hrórehr*, but this in Gallo-way actually gives *Reirik*, *M'Reirik*, *M'Crerik*, 1490, 1579, thus disproving Zimmer's view). *M'Cririck* still exists.

ROSS, G. **Rosach, Ros** ; from the County name *Ross*, so named from *ros*, promontory.

SHAW: G. **Seadhgh** now, evidently formerly *Sìach* or *Sèach*, *Schiach M'Keich*, Weem in 1637 (=Shaw M'Shaw), *Jo. Scheach*, Inverness in 1451, *Jo. and Tho. Scheach*, king's "cursors" 1455-1462, *Sythach* Macmallon in Badenoch in 1224-33, Ferchar filius *Seth* there in 1234, *M'Sithig* in B. of Deer: **Sithech*, M. Ir. *sidhach*, wolf. The female name **Sitheag** was common in the Highlands in the 17th century (*Shiak, Shihag*). The Southern Shaws—of Ayrshire and Greenock—are from *De Schaw* (1296), from Sc. and Eng. *shaw, shaws*; the southern name influenced the northern in spelling and pronunciation.

Oighrig, Eighrig, EUPHEMIA, M. G. *Effric* (D. of L.), med. documents *Africa*, Ir. *Aithbhric*, older *Affraic* (two abbesses of Kildare so called in 738 and 833); from *Africa*?

Raonaild, Raonaid, RACHEL; from Norse *Ragnhildr*, "God's fight." Cf. *Ronald*.

18th MARCH, 1897.

At the meeting this date, Mr W. J. Watson, rector, Royal Academy, Inverness, and Mr Murdo Macdonald, M.A., School-house, Aldourie, were elected ordinary members of the Society. Thereafter Mr Charles Fergusson, Fairburn, read his sixth contribution to the Society, on "The Early History, Legends, and Traditions of Strathardle." The paper was as follows:—

THE EARLY HISTORY, LEGENDS, AND TRADITIONS OF STRATHARDLE.

1624.—So very disturbed and unsettled had the Highlands of Perthshire become at this time, that the Government saw that something must be done to put a stop to the continual raids and feuds of the clans, so we find that, on January 22 of this year, the Privy Council issued summons to the landlords of the Highlands to attend a consultation as to the best means to suppress crime. So the Privy Council and these Highland landlords met in Edinburgh, and, after due consideration, decided as follows:—"Sederunt of Council and Highland Landlords:—Decided—First: That choise be maid of twa Captanes, who salbe callit his Majesties Captanes; the one for

he Stewartry of Strathern, Menteith, and Lennox: and the other for the boundis of the Earldom of Atholl, the Bishoprick of Dunkeld, Glenshie, Stratharle, Strathtay, Strathbrane, Breadalbane, and the Braes of Angus: and that ather Captane half xx. men under his charge and command; authorised with ample power and commission to hunt, follow, and pursue with tyre and swerd all broken lymmeris, theives, sornairs, and masterful oppressours within the said boundis, and yf they fall oute of these boundis to follow them to suche outhier partis as they sall flee unto. . . . And every Captane, with his companie, within the boundis allowit unto thame salbe in continuall action in watching of the country and pursuite of lymmers."—Privy Council Records, Vol. xii., p. 464.

Each company was to consist of a captain and twenty men, and the pay was to be forty shillings Scots for a captain, and thirteen shillings and four pence Scots for each man, per day. The captains appointed were:—For No. 1 Company, Strathern and Menteith—John Stewart, the steward-depute of Menteith; and for No. 2 Company, Athole—Robert Stewart, younger of Ballechin. This was the beginning of that policy of raising private companies of the natives, to keep the peace along the Highland border, which ended a hundred years afterwards in the raising of the famous Black Watch in the same district. In the present case, the two companies of twenty men were far too weak to do any good, when scattered over such a wide district, even though they were "kept in continuall action in watching and pursuite of lymmers."

1626.—When our old friend, the Baron Cutach of Straloch, died, he was succeeded by his son, Alexander, who, in 1617, had married Marjory Graham, daughter of M'Combie of Claymots; and I now, in this year, find William, Earl of Tullyardine, who had succeeded the Earl of Atholl, granting Baron Alexander a charter of the lands of Straloch and Inverchroskie.

As we have already seen, the Baron Cutach was, like King David of old, "a man of war from his youth;" but, as is often the case, even in the most warlike families, his son, Alexander, was a man of peace, who, instead of going to Kirkmichael Kirk on Sunday with a strong armed guard, and his piper playing before him, followed the Scriptural advice of beating his claymore into a ploughshare; and so we find him the great pioneer of agriculture on the Braes of Ardle.

Before this time, most of the level lands of Strathardle, along both sides of the river, were covered with a dense jungle of underwood, alder, hazel, thorn, and brier, whilst most of the

cultivated land lay high up on the braes, by Glenfermate, Dirnanean, Ardchroskie, Minnoch, Whitefield, Ashintully, and the Braes of Dounie. As no underwood grew naturally at that elevation, only grass and heather, it was easier of course, in the earlier stages of agriculture, to reclaim that land, so that high ground was taken in at an early date, and the previous warlike barons were quite content with their small patches of land wherever it cost least labour to reclaim.

It was not on agriculture they depended—no! nor even on their abundant flocks and herds—to support their numerous retainers; theirs were the thoughts and feelings of Roderick Dhu:—

“ Ask we those savage hills we tread,
For fattened steer, or household bread,
Ask we for flocks these shingles dry,
And well the mountain might reply—
‘ To you, as to your sires of yore,
Belong the target and claymore!
I give you shelter in my breast,
Your own good blades must win the rest.—
Pent in this fortress of the North,
Think’st thou we will not sally forth,
To spoil the spoiler as we may,
And from the robber rend the prey?’ ”

These were the good old days, “ when might was right,” and “ when each man followed the fashion of his clan; ” and so these old warlike barons had gone on, spoiling the spoiler and rending the prey, when and where they thought fit, from the earliest dawn of history till the time we have now come to, when times began to change; old things were passing away, and the dirk and claymore were beginning to give way to the plough and the pen; and even the proud barons of Straloch began to reclaim their lands from the wild state of nature, and to cultivate their fields, and attend to the breeding of cattle on their farms, instead of lifting them from their foes, as had been their wont.

The worthy old minister of Glenmuick—the Rev. James Robertson—tells us, in his MS. History of the Barons of Straloch, how his great-grandfather, the third Alexander, at this time began to turn his attention to agriculture, as follows—

“ This Alexander III. was a discreet, sober, peaceable gentleman, the most frugal and wisest that were in the family

before him. Prudent and careful of his affairs; diligent in attending to his husbandry; took great delight in cattle, of which he had considerable herds, not only in his own possession, but laid out by way of 'bows' (as they call them) in the hands of such of his tenants as lived in farms proper for it. By these means, under God, he recovered the family when almost sunk under a great burden of debts that his father had laid it under. I have often been told by old men that, when he entered on the estate, it was so far burdened that all was in the hands of creditors and life-renters, except Minoch, wherein he dwelt. Being one day straightened for want of money, he spoke to one Fleming, who had a wadset on his Mains of Inverchroskie, to lend him some money. But the carle answered him reproachfully, saying—'Co bheireadh dhuibhse airgaid? C'ait am beil bonn nur creideas?'—'Who would give you money? Where is your foundation of credit?' This insolent answer so far vexed him that he went and sold his cattle, made money of them, and paid Fleming, and freed his Mains, and came and dwelt on it, and kept Minoch for grazing and fother to his beasts, making up his herds again, by buying here and there, after he had come to Inverchroskie. It is reported that in the winter he consulted an honest man that lived over against him, in a place called Dalnaguilsich (the level field, on the south side of the Ardle, east of where Aldchroskie burn falls into the river), where he might get fother to buy for his beasts. The other answered—'Baron, you are still buying victual: my advice to you is, either fit your barn to your byre, or your byre to your barn;' and he observed to him that there was a field under his house called Press-an-droin, all overgrown with thorns, which, if freed of the thorns and well dressed, might keep him from buying. This advice had such an impression on him, that from that day forth his thoughts ran much upon Press-an-droin. At length he convened his tenants, and invited his neighbours, and fell heartily to work, and in a short time rooted out the thorns and other shrubs that had encumbered that ground; and what of it could not be tilled he caused dig, and the ground did not disappoint his expectation, for we are told that it carried many folds to him for many years. This encouraged him to enlarge his Mains in other places, build an enclosure above his house, and to go on successfully in many improvements. His care and conduct and surprising success being observed in the neighbourhood, so far raised his reputation and advanced his credit, that they cheerfully lent him money when he had use for it. It is observed of this

Alexander, that though he entered to his estate under great burdens and difficulties, and lived on it but twenty-two years, yet, by the blessing of God on his wise and prudent management during that short time, he not only paid all his debts and freed all his estate, but gained besides what handsomely provided for his family, and had £1000 besides at his death, wherewith he was to have purchased Maxwell of Telling's superiority of the third part of the large parish of Kirkmichael, which was of considerable value before the feu duties were sold to the feuars; out his untimely death, in 1636, spoiled all this project."

After having nothing to write about but wars and rumours of wars for centuries, it is pleasant to see the arts of peace beginning to take root, and to find the fertile haughs and fields of the strath brought under cultivation. This field of Preas-an-droighionn, that we read of here, is the level ground above the road just below Balvarran House; it means the field of thorn bushes, a perfect thicket of which, before this time, covered all the low grounds from Kirkmichael to Kinnedrogan, which latter place takes its name from the thorns ending there—"Ceann-an-Droighionn," the end of the thorns.

1629.—On 7th March, Robert Fergusson of Derculich and Dunfallandy was served heir to certain lands in the barony of Douny, viz.:—Over Douny, Middle Douny, Borland, Edmar-nochty, Cullatony, Stronymuck, Pitbrane, and Glenderby, in Strathardle; and those of Finnegand, Inneredrie, and its mill, Bynanmore, Bynanbeg, Riedorach, Kerrow, Cuthill, Dalmungie, and Glenbeg, in Glenshee; paying £32.—Retours, Perth, 367. And, on 18th July, Robert Stewart was served heir to his father, Lord James Stewart of Ballechin, to various lands, amongst them, part of the lands of Pitlochry, with their pendicle in Glenbrierachan of Edraharvie; and the lands of Kinnaird, with its pendicle of Clunskea on the water of Brierachan:—"4 libratis terrarum de Pitlochrie, et pendicula ejusdem in Glenbrierachan nuncupata Eddaraharvie: terras de Kynnaird cum pendicula vocatis Clunysca super aqua de Brochin infra parochiam de Mwling."

1640.—A stirring event took place in July of this year, which has ever since been famous in song and story, viz., the burning of the "Bonnie House o' Airlie." Who has not heard that—

It fell on a day, on a bonnie summer day,
When corn grows green and barley,
That there fell out a great dispute
Between Argyle and Airlie.

Argyle he has ta'en a hunder o' his men,
A hunder o' his men and mairly,
And he's gane down by the back o' Dunkel
To plunder the Bonnie House o' Airlie.

Lady Ogilvie looked o'er her castle wa',
And oh! but she sighed sairly,
To see Argyle an' a' his men
Come to plunder the Bonnie House o' Airlie.

"Come down, come down, Madame Ogilvie," he cried;
"Come down and kiss me fairlie,
Or I swear by the sword I haud in my hand,
I winna leave a stan'in stane in Airlie."

"I winna come down, ye fause Argyle,
Nor yet will I kiss ye fairlie,
Tho' ye swear by the sword ye haud in yer hand
That ye winna leave a stan'in stane in Airlie."

"O had my ain gudeman been at hame,
As he's awa' wi' Charlie,
There's no a Campbell in a' Argyle
Dare hae trod on the bonnie green o' Airlie."

"But since we can haud out na mair,
My hand I offer fairlie;
Oh! lead me down to yonder glen,
That I mayna see the burnin' o' Airlie."

He has ta'en her by the trembling hand,
But he's no ta'en her fairlie,
For he's led her up to a hie hill tap.
Where she saw the burnin' o' Airlie.

Clouds o' smoke and flames so hie,
Soon left the walls but barely;
And she laid her down on that hill to die,
When she saw the burnin' o' Airlie.

'e all know that poets have a certain amount of licence,
nany a good old song is not literally correct as to facts,
hough it always grieves me to knock the romance out of
a good old song or story, yet I must say here that this
iful song gives Argyle credit for personally leading his
o plunder their foes, whereas, even though circumstances
most favourable, as Lady Ogilvie's gudeman and her

gallant sons were "a' awa' wi' Charlie," and only herself left to guard the castle, yet Argyle kept at a safe distance, just as he did five years after, when he three times fled on board his galley and sailed south, leaving his clansmen to the tender mercies of Montrose. Argyle himself never went

"Doun by the back o' Dunkel
To plunder the Bonnie House o' Airlie."

But he sent his kinsman, Dougal Campbell of Inverawe, to do so, with strict ordres to burn the castle—"Ye shall fyre it weill, that so it may be destroyed." But, with his usual craft, he wishes to keep himself clear, so he cautiously adds—"Bot ye neid not lett know that you have directions from me to fyre it."

So very anxious was Argyle to secure for himself all the "haill nolt (cattle), shiepe, horss, and mearis, perteineing to my Lord Ogilbie," that he could not wait for the return of the expedition from Glenisla to his own countrv, but he must needs come all the way to Strathardle to meet them at the bottom of Glen Fernate.

The original letter of instructions, which Argyle gave Dougal Campbell, for the plundering and burning of Airlie (or rather Forthar Castle), is still preserved at Inverawe House, and as it is a great curiosity, showing, as it does, the cool, business way in which war was carried on in those days between rival clans, I may give it in full:—

"July, 1640. Dowgall,—I mynd, God willing, to lift from this the morrow, and therefore ye shall meitt me the morrow at nicht at Stronarnot, in Strathardill; and cause bring alonges with you the haill nolt and shiepe that ye have fundin perteineing to my lord Ogilbie. As for the horrs and mearis that ye have gottine perteineing to him, ye shall not fail to direct thame home to the Strane moor. I desyre not that they be in our way at all, and to send thame the neirest way home. And albeit ye should be the langer in following me, yett ye shall not fail to stay and demolishe my lord Ogilbies hous of Forthar. Sie how ye can cast off the irone yeattis and windows, and tak down the rooff; and if ye find it will be langsome, ye shall fyre it weill, that so it may be destroyed. Bot ye neid not to latt know that ye have directions from me to fyir it: only ye may say that ye have warrand to demolishe it, and that, to mak the work short, ye will fyr it. Iff ye mak any stay for doing of this, send fordwart the goodis. So referring this to your cair, I rest, your freynd,

ARGYLL."

The last verse of the song commemorates how "Dowgall" carried out but too completely the furtive and confidential deeds he had received from his Chief—

"Clouds o' smoke and flames sae hie,
Soon left the wa's but barely;
And she laid her down on that hill to die,
When she saw the burning o' Airlie."

may here say that the song correctly describes the route of the Campbells on their way to the Ogilvie country—

"And he's gane down by the back o' Dunkel
To plunder the Bonnie House o' Airlie."

They came by Breadalbane, Logierait, up the Braes of Tullyet, and through the Pass of Athollford at the head of Lenderby, and down that glen, which is literally at "the back o' Dunkeld," and by Kirkmichael and Glen Kilrey, to Airlie.

There had been an old feud between the Ogilvies and the Campbells, as we have already seen that the Argyle men many times raided Glenisla, especially in 1591; and as the two chiefs now took opposite sides in the politics of the day, Airlie going for the King, and Argyle for the Covenant, of course a state of civil war was the time to gratify private revenge, and settle an old clan feud.

Argyle had his innings first, when he burnt the Bonnie House o' Airlie, but Airlie had ample revenge on the Campbell clan four years after, on many a bloody field, under the gallant Montrose, and finally squared accounts with Argyle in 1645, by the burning of Castle Campbell, or, as it was then called, the Castle of Gloom, of which we have a good account in "Perth, its Annals and Archives," page 279, where it says:—"Montrose descended once more from the mountains in the glory of victory, with an augmented army, and soon after moved to the westward. After threatening Perth, where the Covenanters occupied entrenchments, he made his way through the county of Kinross, on leaving which he skirted the Ochills, in the southern part of Perthshire, and, chiefly at the instigation of the Ogilvies, as a retaliation for the destruction of 'the Bonnie House o' Airlie,' five years before, he doomed to the flames one of the most magnificent of the old baronial strongholds in Scotland—magnificent still, even in its extensive ruins. This was the noble castle, the property of Argyle, occupying the

summit of a most picturesque and remarkable eminence in the gorge of a romantic glen in the Ochills, near Dollar. Its majestic ruins and most singular situation are highly attractive to tourists to this day. It is still called Castle Campbell, but formerly it was styled Castle Gloom, or the Castle of Gloom. The situation corresponds with this. It is accessible only from behind; and the visitor has first to go up the hill, then to come down again, and approach by a narrow access betwixt two deep and gloomy ravines, each upwards of three hundred feet deep, and having a rushing mountain torrent on each side—the one known by the name of Grief, and the other Care—both uniting at the foot of the promontory in the rivulet named Dolour, half a mile above the town of Dollar—said to be a corruption, or rather a different orthography, of the word. Sir Walter Scott justly remarks that ‘the destruction of many a meaner habitation, by the same unscrupulous and unsparing spirit of vengeance, has long been forgotten; but the majestic ruins of Castle Campbell still excite a sigh, in those that view them, over the nurseries of civil war.’

Having now seen the Ogilvies amply revenged on the Campbells for burning the Bonnie House o’ Airlie, we must turn to other scenes, as these were stirring times for Strathardle during the wars of Montrose, so I may here tell you some of the exploits of our most famous archer—the most expert bowman, and one of the greatest worthies, ever known in our district.

1644.—At this time there lived in Glen Taitneach, a little above the Spittal of Glenshee, one John Grant, known in Gaelic as the “Cam-Ruadh”—the one-eyed, red-haired man—whose feats with the bow surpassed all others, and whose fame is still fresh all over the central Highlands. James Grant, in his “Legends of the Braes o’ Mar,” thus describes our hero:—

“The Cam-Ruadh was as ugly a five-feet-high carl as you would wish to see on the longest summer day’s journey. He had a provoking little warty nose, that came out between his eyes broad and flat like my thumb, and turned up into the air in a most impertinent pug, just as if it was not worth its pains to smell anything earthly. A pair of broad cheeks, whereon you could see every rough, red, knotted vein, like the ditches of a corn field on a dry summer, ended on each side of the nose, with a lump below the eyes, in a thin crop of red whiskers, the birse of which went away scrambling everywhere, as in a desperate search for their neighbours. He had but one eye—a large border of red surrounding a bright circle of blue—so

bright indeed that it shone like a star. The frame of the Cam-Ruadh was as strong as a block of oak. His legs were shockingly banded, and his feet were as flat as shingles. What of that? 'A man's a man for a' that;' and the Cam-Ruadh was possessed of many enviable qualifications and acquirements. He could distinguish a blue-bottle fly on a granite stone at a distance of twenty yards with his one eye. He could send an arrow twice as far as an ordinary person, with force to kill an ox, and accuracy to hit a midge. Not a hind, hound or hare could beat him at a long race, and but little at a short one. No person can say much of the Cam-Ruadh's sentiments or opinions, for he seldom said more than three words at a time. He was as obstinate as a pig, and a deal more cunning than a fox. Such as he was, he found the way of winning one fair damsel's heart, and descendants of their's are still amongst us."

At this time, Argyle had quartered a strong body of Campbells in lower Braemar, from where, from the beginning of May till July, 1644, they made continual raids on all the surrounding glens; and so thoroughly did they do their work of "cleaning" these glens of every hoof and horn of cattle, that they became known by the name of the "Cleansers"—a name, like that of the Black Douglas of old, still used to frighten naughty children in these glens. The Cleansers had made several rather extensive raids into Glenshee and Glenisla.

For offences of this kind against his goods and chattels, the Cam had conceived an inexpressible hatred to these gentlemen, as indeed to all kern kind in general, and he shot them down like hoodie crows, till every corrie and glen smelt with carrion. One night, however, as he returned from the hills, disgusted with the sights that met him on every hand, the Cam-Ruadh vowed his hand would not, for the space of one whole day, be lifted against human life, Cleansers and kern included, unless in self-defence. Unfortunately, that very night the Cleansers made an inroad from Cromar, and cleansed Glenshee and Glenisla of hoof and horn. Glenshee was furious, and Glenisla in a ferment; the men of both glens rose, and it was agreed that, marching from opposite directions, they should simultaneously surround and destroy the enemy. To make surer work, a messenger was despatched to the Laird of Dalmore, praying him to hasten to their assistance with the Braemar men. By the grey of morning the different parties were on the march. Unfortunately, no leader was chosen, and no rendezvous appointed, and the Glenshee men went forward in small straggling bands, as they happened to meet on the

way. Thus the Cleansers fell upon them separately, and destroyed them as they came up, with little or no loss to themselves. This skirmishing fight continued for some hours, the Cleansers withdrawing with their spoil in the direction of the Cairnwell. The Glenisla men, having prudently stationed themselves in a body on the Maol Odhar, and considering it "best to sleep in a hale skin," did not advance to the assistance of their neighbours. Had they not been a pack of miserable cowards, the arrival of the brawny miller, his seven sons, and the strongest party of the Glenshee men that had yet appeared, gave them an excellent opportunity of attacking the common foe in the rear, while hotly pressed in front by the Glenshee and Strathardle men. During all this time, the Cam-Ruadh, who had early intelligence of the raid, hung hovering like a ghost on the flanks of the Cleansers. Sorely did he repent him of his rash oath, and often did he look up to the heavens, measuring the distance which the sun had yet to go ere he could deem himself free. Meanwhile, the miller and his seven sons did prodigies of valour, cursing the cowards of Glenisla, and often turning their expectant eyes in the direction of Braemar. One after another of the seven sons fell, and as death after death was told to the father, he pressed on more hotly, crying out, "Fight to-day, and lament to-morrow." All were gone, but still he repeated the cry, standing over the body of the last one. At length he fell himself on his knees. A stout Cleanser engaged him, but, after some strokes, stepped back, well knowing that he had but a few moments to live, and fearful of risking himself against the last nervous efforts of so terrible a foe. It was mid-day. His arms fell powerless by his side, and he cast a last longing look with his fast-dimming eyes in the direction of Braemar. He saw nothing there; but the strange movement of a bush of rushes attracted his attention. There he perceived, peering, a red eye, whose bright light seemed to enter his brain. His eye, too, brightened up; his vigour returned. There was a twang heard—a hiss in the air. There was a white streak, shot like lightning, before his eyes. The Cleanser, who had returned, and stood with uplifted sword to deal the miller the last blow, shrieked and leapt up convulsively from the ground. The miller sprang to his feet. The two clasped each other in their arms, and, with their dirks driven to the hilt in one another's backs, fell dead together.

Consternation seized on the Cleansers. Arrow after arrow—they knew not from whence—came dealing sure death in their ranks. Not a single one missed its mark. Man after man fell

fast around. The Glenshee men kept up a feeble discharge, and helped to distract their attention. They yelled in fury, but the avenging hand still smote them. Eighteen of their number lay stretched upon the ground. A blast of wind swept over the heather, and, catching the Cam-Ruadh's plaid, raised it in the air. The dark object caught the Cleansers' eyes. A whole swarm of them rushed yelling to the place. The last arrow was adjusted, the bow twanged, but the arrow snapt. "Curse you," cried the Cam, in fury, throwing the bow after the broken arrow. He leapt from his hiding-place. He was cut off from the Glenshee men, so he fled down the hill like a mountain deer. He distanced his pursuers every moment. The foremost of the Cleansers seeing this, bent his bow and sent an arrow after the fugitive. It flew with unerring aim, and entered the Cam's back, which only increased his speed, so they gave up the chase in despair, just as a loud shout from the hill above announced the coming of the long-expected Braemar men. The Glenshee men answered with a hearty cheer, and a feeble cry from the top of the Maol Odhar testified that the Glenisla men were not asleep. Then the Cleansers fled amain, leaving all the flocks and herds they had captured.

When the Braemar men arrived, and were told the various incidents of the fight, their indignation against the Glenisla men knew no bounds. As they drew near, making a thousand excuses and flattering phrases, they were told, in the sternest way, to take what belonged to them and be gone; and from that time till very recently the brave men of Strathardle, Glenshee, and Braemar would scarcely speak to any one from Glenisla. The Glenshee men went sorrowfully home with their flocks, so dearly recovered, and the Braemar men set off in pursuit of the Cleansers; and there is a tradition that the slaughter was so great that thirty-eight widows afterwards came to carry off their husbands' bodies.

The poor Cam-Ruadh, as he went trudging home, was saluted by every old woman he passed with—"Chaim-Ruaidh, Chaim-Ruaidh! tha saighead na do thoin": "Cam-Ruadh, Cam-Ruadh! there is an arrow in your back;" to which he would testily reply—"Tha fios agam fhein air sin": "I know that myself," and pass on. Arrived at home, the difficulty was to have the arrow extracted. His wife pulled, and better than pulled, like the better half she was, but all was of no avail. At length the fertile brain of the Cam found an expedient, which I would recommend to every one in similar circumstances. Lying down on his face, full length, his wife stepped

upon his back, and, placing a foot on each side of the arrow, gave a long pull, and a strong pull, and a pull altogether, till out it came, the barb bringing with it a whole screed of the Cam's flesh. This deficit he had care immediately to supply by falling to a plentiful dinner of venison, after taking a second bow and a quiverful of arrows from the roost, to prevent all unpleasant interruptions to his meal.

Among the Cleansers shot by the Cam-Ruadh at the battle of the Cairnwell was the Baron Macdiarmid, chief of a sept of Clan Campbell, who left a family of seven sons, stout and bold, to avenge his death. Before they left Aberdeenshire they had ferreted out who the terrible archer was, and they determined to return to avenge their father's death on the Cam-Ruadh.

One cold, misty day, as the Cam was herding his flocks on the hills with an old blanket over him for shelter, which garment certainly gave him rather a crazy look, he felt a tap on his shoulder, and, turning round, beheld—yes, he knew them at once—a dozen Cleansers. His eye blazed like a bonfire, but he saw no means of escape or defence.

"Let us go on, there is no use talking to that fool," says one.

"It matters little," said another, "fool or no fool, if he tells us what we want."

"My man," says their captain, "can you show us where the Cam-Ruadh lives?"

"Perhaps I can," answered the Cam, very innocently.

"Is it far from hence?"

"Perhaps it is," was the answer.

The Cam now took a great fit of affection to their bows and arrows, pretending not to know what they were, or their use. The captain, thinking to gain him, told him that he would give him one of these pretty things, and a quiver full of arrows, if he would find the Cam-Ruadh for them.

"Which of them?" says the Cam.

"Your choice," answered the captain.

The wily Cam at once chose the best bow and largest quiver of arrows, and then told them that they were of no use to him unless they showed him how to use them. So, to coax him, the captain pointed out a large white stone on the other side of a burn, and showed him how to shoot at it. After many blunders and awkward attempts, the Cam managed to send all the arrows over the burn but one, and it so happened that just as he was to fire it, a small bird flew and alighted on the top of the stone. He aimed at it, and it fell dead. "A splendid shot!" cried the Cam, as he bounded away, carrying the bow with him, to lift the bird. The Cleansers considered

this as a sheer chance hit, and suffered him quietly to gather all the arrows he had shot. When he had them all collected, he stepped behind the large stone, and, holding up the dead bird in one hand, and the bow with a menacing arrow in the other, cried out, "'S mis' an Cam-Ruadh"—"I'm the Cam-Ruadh." After this brief though startling announcement, he bent down behind the stone, so that the Cleansers only saw the upper part of a bent bow and the point of an arrow directed against them.

"Mercy," cried the chief, "and we will go without harming any one."

"If you don't," replied the Cam, and he drew the bow to its full strength.

The Cleansers waited no longer—every one made for himself; and the Cam, following up in the rear, from time to time hastened their speed by a loud shout, till he saw them beyond the bounds of Glenshee.

This last exploit exasperated the Cleansers, and during the winter that followed the seven Macdiarmid brothers set out to balance accounts with the Cam. If it was a bad night when they met him last, it was doubly worse now. The snow fell fast and deep, and the frost was very keen. The Cam and his wife sat that night by their fireside, blessing themselves that they had a home, however humble—and it was nothing to brag about. A little hut, with windows where a turf supplied the place of glass, was the habitation of the Cam-Ruadh. The Cam happened to be in extra good humour that stormy night, and as the worthy pair sat basking themselves before a good fire, the better half asked—"What would you do, Cam, if the Cleansers came to-night?"

"Give them meat," replied the Cam.

"And then?" continued the wife.

"Let them sleep," said he.

"And at last?" persisted the dame, astonished at the extraordinary moderation of her husband.

"Let them begone," answered he testily.

"Be as good as your word," cried a gruff voice from outside. "for I am sure we were never in greater need of what you promise."

"Surrender arms first," replied the Cam, who had little expected this strange turn to his matrimonial converse and happiness. He was, however, armed in a moment, and ready for defence.

"Send out your wife, then, Cam-Ruadh," cried the chief, "and we will give up our arms to her."

She got their arms, and then the Cleansers were admitted to thaw their frozen limbs at the fire. They got a good sheep from the fold, and plenty good ale to wash it down, and things got on so well that before morning a peace was agreed upon: and before they left Glentaitneach an alliance, offensive and defensive, was entered into, and they parted the best of friends.

Some time after, these Macdiarmids came to open war with another clan, and the Cam was sent for, and, according to the terms of the alliance, he set off to their assistance. He was late; they were all gone. The Cam, however, asked their mother the way they went. She looked at the strange creature before her in astonishment, and exclaimed—"Are you going to help them?"

"Yes," said he.

"If they do with you, they'll do without you."

"That may very well be," quoth the Cam, drily, "but I'll go and see."

She carelessly pointed out the way, and he arrived in the very nick of time. His friends, the Macdiarmids were in flight. Sheltering himself in a hollow, his unerring shafts began to fly in every direction, and certain death went with each arrow into the ranks of Clan Diarmid's foes, whose courage fell. The fight was renewed, and the Cam's friends, owing to his prowess, came off victorious.

Some time after this, the Baron Ruadh of Straloch had his cattle continually stolen from his folds at Balvarran by marauding caterans from Lochaber, in spite of all his watchfulness: and the Baron, who well knew the Cam-Ruadh, requested the favour of a visit to try what could be done. Of course, the robbers always chose the darkest nights for their operations, when they could get the cattle away unseen. The Cam-Ruadh, however, outwitted them, by enclosing in the fold a white cow, which he purposely lamed. He then lay down beside the wall of the fold to wait results, armed, of course, with his trusty bow. At length, on a very dark night, he heard the robbers beginning to drive off the cattle, and, fitting an arrow to his bow, he followed quietly till they got a start, when, of course, the lamed white cow dropped to the rear, when it became the business of the driver to urge her on, which he did by giving her a ringing thump across the back with a stick. That was the wily Cam's chance; every time he heard that thump he let fly an arrow, aimed immediately behind the white cow, which he could see in the dark, and that driver dropped unseen, and his place was soon taken by another, to share the same fate. After he had

slain many of them in this way, the robbers got alarmed at the sudden and mysterious disappearance of their comrades, and, leaving their prey, they fled westwards towards Aldchroskie. But the cunning Cam, being fleet of foot, and knowing the ground, got before them to Aldchroskie burn, and scrambling down the steep banks, where Aldchroskie House now stands, he got to the bed of the burn, and as each straggling robber appeared on the top of the high bank, the Cam had a clear view of him between him and the sky-line, and quickly sent an arrow through him. One by one they rolled down at his feet into the bed of the burn, where every little pool ran red with their blood—aye, so red that even to this day the stones in the bed of the burn are believed to bear the stains of their blood. Many a time, when I was a boy, have I gone with other children, on the hot summer days when the burn was almost dry, to look for the blood-stained stones, dyed by the blood of these caterans from Keppoch, not one of whom ever “returned to Lochaber no more,” as the Cam slew them all. To this day their ghosts haunt that spot, and of all the haunted and uncanny places in the district, and they are many, this was always reckoned the most dangerous place to pass at night. Many a curious story have I heard of the different shapes and forms in which the famous ghost of Aldchroskie appeared to different persons, but I am afraid that, like many other things connected with the good old times, this famous ghost has now disappeared.

As for the Cam-Ruadh, for all his perilous adventures, he died in peace, at a good old age, the pride and boast of his country.

1644-6.—At this time began the wars of the great Marquis of Montrose, a leader who, above all others, understood the Highlanders, and called forth all their best qualities as soldiers—their bravery and endurance, and, above all, their ability in marching incredible distances, over the highest mountains and wildest routes, and in the roughest weather and deepest snow, on which occasions Montrose himself always marched on foot at their head, dressed in the Highland garb. As an example of the extraordinary marching powers of Montrose himself, which have never been equalled, or anything near it, by any other general known in the world's history, Wishart informs us, in his “*Life of Montrose*,” page 69, that when the Marquis arrived at Blair-Atholl, and there met Alexander Macdonald—the famous “*Alasdair Mac Cholla*” of Highland song and story—and his Irish forces, “*Montrose had travelled seventy miles*

on foot, in a Highland dress, accompanied only by his cousin, Patrick Graham of Inchbrakie, as his guide." Where is there another instance on record of any general marching seventy miles on a stretch, even though dressed in the Highland garb.

But Montrose knew where to go and whom to trust, as we read in Brown's "History of the Highlands," page 336:—"In fixing on Atholl as the place of his rendezvous, Montrose is said to have been actuated by an implicit reliance on the fidelity and loyalty of the Atholl men, and by a high opinion of their courage. They lay, besides, under many obligations to himself, and he calculated that he had only to appear among them to command their services in the cause of their sovereign."

When Macdonald first got instructions, when he arrived on the West Coast, to join Montrose, he marched towards Atholl through Lochaber, but on coming to Badenoch he was threatened with an attack by the Earls of Seaforth and Sutherland at the head of their own clans, assisted by the Frasers, Grants, Rosses, and Munros, and other northern clans, who had assembled at the top of Drumuachdar; but Macdonald very cautiously avoided them, and hastened into Atholl by a round-about way, by marching from Balachroan, where he was encamped, eastward, through Glenfeshie, down Glenlochsie and Glenshee, and then westward, through Strathardle and the back of Benvrackie, to Blair-Atholl.

On arriving in Atholl, Macdonald was coldly received by the people of that, as well as the surrounding country, who doubted whether he had any authority from the King; besides, they hesitated to place themselves under the command of a person of neither noble nor ancient lineage, and whom they considered an upstart. This indecision might have proved fatal to Macdonald, who was closely pressed in the rear by the army of Argyll, had not these untoward deliberations been instantly put an end to by the arrival of Montrose at Blair, where Macdonald had fixed his headquarters. Montrose's appearance was hailed by the Athollmen with every demonstration of joy, and they immediately made him a spontaneous offer of their services, and on the following day the Athollmen, to the number of 800, consisting chiefly of the Stewarts, Robertsons, and Fergussons, put themselves under arms, and flocked to the standard of Montrose. Thus, in little more than twenty-four hours, Montrose saw himself at the head of a force of upwards of 2000 men, animated by an enthusiastic attachment to his person and to the cause which he had espoused.

Though the Robertsons of Struan and Atholl joined

Montrose, yet the Robertsons of Strathardle did not, as owing to their chieftain, the Baron of Straloch, the most influential leader in the strath, being a rigid Covenanter, the Strathardle men on this occasion took the opposite side from the rest of the Atholl clansmen, which is one of the many proofs we have that the Highland clansmen did not always blindly follow their chiefs, regardless of right or wrong, as most Lowland writers would have us believe. Aye, and not only these Strathardle Robertsons and their chieftain, the bold Baron Ruadh, but all the other inhabitants of the strath, both Whig and Tory, suffered as well, as the whole district was several times burnt and harried by the armies of both parties. All the houses in the strath were burnt, and amongst them the Baron Ruadh's new house of Balvarron, which was then only three years built, as we read in the Robertsons of Straloch, page 24:—"The Parliaments of both kingdoms thought it needful to stand for religion and liberty against the encroachments of Court and clergy, and the Baron (John VII.) very early appeared on the Parliamentary side, therefore the Marquis of Montrose, on his march from the Highlands to Tippermuir, caused burn his dwelling-house and ruin his tenants." Again we read, at page 45:—"The Barron (John VIII.) resolved not to join Lord Dundee but the event what it may, but was in great perplexity, minding that his father's whole bigging was burned by another Graham (Montrose) in 1644, and knew not but he might happen to undergo the same."

The Rev. James Robertson (son of Baron John VIII.), the historian of the Stralochs, though generally very correct, is mistaken in the time of the burning of Balvarron House, when he says—"The Marquis of Montrose, on his march from the Highlands to Tippermuir, caused burn his house and ruin his tenants;" as all authorities agree that Montrose, accompanied only by Inchbrakie, travelled by a circuitous route from Tullybeltane House to Blair-Atholl, where he met Macdonald, and from where, as soon as the Atholl men joined him early next morning, he at once started south by Castle Menzies on his way to Strathearn, as we read in Brown's "History of the Highlands," page 337:—"The Atholl men, to the number of 800, flocked to the standard of Montrose. Impressed with the necessity of acting with promptitude, he did not hesitate long as to the course he should pursue. He might have gone immediately in pursuit of Argyll, who had followed the army of Macdonald with slow and cautious steps, and by one of these sudden movements, which no man knew better how to execute with advantage, surprised and defeated his adversary:

but such a plan did accord with the designs of Montrose, who resolved to open the campaign at once in the Lowlands, and thus give confidence to the friends and supporters of the King. In pursuance of this determination, he had put his small army in motion the same day towards Strathearn, in passing through which he expected to be joined by some of the inhabitants of that and the adjoining country. At the same time he sent forward a messenger with a friendly notice to the Menzieses of his intention to pass through their country, but instead of taking this in good part, they maltreated his messenger, and harassed the rear of his army. This unprovoked attack so exasperated Montrose that he ordered his men, when passing by Weem Castle, which belonged to the Clan Menzies, to plunder and lay waste their lands and burn their houses, an order which was literally obeyed. Notwithstanding the time spent in making these reprisals, Montrose passed the Tay the same evening.

So we see it was impossible that Montrose could "cause burn" Balvarron House on his way from Blair to Tippermuir. If it was burnt at all before that battle, it must have been done by Macdonald when he was passing through Strathardle on his way to Blair, which is quite possible, as he burnt and plundered as he went along, as we read in the "Annals of Perth," page 269:—"In August, 1644, Alex. Macdonald, alias Colcattoch's son, who came from Ireland with an army against the Marquis of Argyll, landed with his ships in the Isle of Skye. He went through the Western Isles, and through Lochaber, untill he came to Badenoch, and encamped there on Friday, 22nd August, at night. Next night he pitched at Ballichroan, where he rested Saturday and Sunday. He laid waste all the country round, and burnt and destroyed the standing corn, and carried away the choice young men, and pressed them into his service. From thence he passed through Glenshee into Atholl. He joined Montrose at Blair Castle, whom he found dressed in Highland weed."

Of course we have already seen that Argyll followed Macdonald's army through Glenshee and Strathardle, burning and plundering also; and though Macdonald spared the lands and houses of all the Royalist inhabitants who were of his own party, yet Argyll, having many an old grudge against the Strathardle men, burnt and plundered without mercy the lands of both friend and foe alike in Glenshee and Strathardle. I have already many times had to chronicle the bitter feuds, raids, and forays that took place between the Campbells and

the Strathardle men, so there was no love lost between them; and as on this occasion Argyll had ample time, having made a halt in Strathardle, not caring to follow Macdonald into the heart of the country of his hereditary foes of Atholl, so, instead of following Mac Coll Kittoch up Glen Brierachan and on to Blair Castle, Argyll encamped in Strathardle, and spent his time in burning and laying waste the strath, and in carrying off all the cattle of the district, and destroying the crops, till there was nothing left but bare fields and smoking ruins, which caused this time to be ever afterwards remembered in Strathardle as "The hungry harvest of Argyll."

But as our pithy old proverb says, "Tha latha fhein aig na h-uile fear"—"Every man has his day;" and this was particularly true in these old fighting days, when the victorious to-day were very often the victims to-morrow. This was Argyll's day, but Montrose's victories soon changed matters; and a day of reckoning and revenge was at hand, when the men of Strathardle retaliated upon Argyll and his people in a tenfold degree the miseries he had occasioned them at this time.

Montrose at first intended to winter his army in the Lowlands, but at the earnest request of the Clan Donald, and the Atholl and Strathardle men, who had all suffered so much from the Campbells, he changed his plans, and went into the country of Argyll instead, where, having divided his army into three parties, each under the respective orders of himself, Clanranald, and Alex. Macdonald—Mac Coll Kittoch—they spent six weeks burning and plundering, and only came away when there was nothing else left to destroy. On the march from Atholl into Argyll, through Breadalbane—which they also ravaged and burnt—Montrose had the Atholl and Strathardle men under his own command, but, on reaching Argyll, the latter specially requested to be allowed to join the party under Alastair Mac Colla, as they expected to get more freedom under him, in which they were not mistaken, as we are told that his party did more damage than the other two put together, which must have been very great, as we are told in the "Red Book of Clanranald" that the party under Clanranald slew 900 persons, and Wishart tells us that Montrose spared none that were able to bear arms, and that he put to death all the men who were going to the rendezvous appointed by Argyll.

The destroying career of Alasdair Mac Colla in Argyll is still kept in remembrance there by the well-known old saying, "Alasdair Mac Cholla, fear tholladh nan tighean"—"Alexander Mac Coll, the man to hole our houses." We are told by Dr

Norman Macleod, in the *Teachdaire Gaidhealach*," that his name is still used in Argyll as a bogle to frighten naughty children. Many of our Gaelic bards have sung his praises. One says:—

" Alasdair a laoigh mo chéille,
Co chunnaic na dh' fhag thu 'n Eirinn?
Dh' fhag thu na miltean, 's na ceudan,
'S cha d' fhag thu t-aon leithid fhein ann,
Calpa cruinn an t-siubhail eutrom,
Cas chruinneachadh an t-sluaigh ri cheile;
Cha deanar cogadh as t-eug 'ais,
'S cha deanar sith gun do reite;
'S gar am bi na Caimbeulaich reidh riut,
Gu'n robh an Rìgh mar tha mi fein duit," etc.

" Alastair, my well beloved,
Whom did you leave behind in Erin?
You left hundreds, and left thousands,
But not your own equal amongst them;
With shapely leg, and light-treading foot,
You swiftly gathered in your people;
We make not war without your aid,
Nor peace without your consent;
And though the Campbells do not love you,
Yet the King loves you, as I do myself," etc.

The account given in Brown's "*History of the Highlands*," page 357, of this great raid into Argyll is as follows:—"While Argyll was passing his time in Edinburgh, Montrose, who then lay in Atholl, was meditating a terrible blow at Argyll himself. to revenge the cruelties he had exercised upon the Royalists. Nothing could be more gratifying to Montrose's followers than his resolution to carry the war into Argyll's country, as they would thus have an ample opportunity of retaliating upon him and his retainers the injuries which, for a course of years, they had inflicted upon the supporters of royalty in the adjoining countries, many of whom had been ruined by Argyll. The determination of Montrose having thus met with a willing response in the breasts of his men, he lost no time in putting them in motion, so, dividing his army into two parts, he himself marched with the main body, consisting of the Atholl (and Strathardle) men and Irish, to Loch Tay, whence he proceeded through Breadalbane. The other body, composed of Clan

Donald and other Highlanders, he sent by a different route, with instructions to meet him at an assigned spot on the borders of Argyll. The country through which both divisions passed, being chiefly in possession of Argyll's kinsmen, was laid waste by them, particularly the lands of Campbell of Glencorby. When Argyll heard of the ravages committed by Montrose's army on the lands of his kinsmen, he hastened home from Edinburgh to his castle at Inverary, and gave orders for the assembling of his clan. He did not expect an invasion from Montrose at such a season of the year; but while reposing in undisturbed security in his impregnable stronghold, some shepherds arrived in great terror from the hills, and brought the alarming news that the enemy, whom he imagined were about a hundred miles distant, were within two miles of his own dwelling. Terrified at the unexpected appearance of Montrose, whose vengeance he justly dreaded, he had barely self-possession left to concert measures for his own personal safety, by taking refuge on board a fishing boat in Loch Fyne, in which he at once sought his way to the Lowlands, leaving his people and country exposed to the merciless will of an enemy thirsting for revenge. The inhabitants of Argyll, being thus basely abandoned by their Chief, made no attempt to oppose Montrose, who, the more effectually to carry his plan for pillaging and ravaging the country into execution, divided his army into three parties, each under the respective orders of Clanranald, Macdonald, and himself. For upwards of six weeks, viz., from 3th Dec., 1644, till nearly the end of January following, these different bodies traversed the whole country without molestation, burning, wasting, and destroying everything which came within their reach; villages and cottages, furniture, grain, and effects of every description were made a prey to the devouring element of fire. The cattle which they did not succeed in driving off were either mutilated or slaughtered, and the whole of Argyll and Lorn soon became a dreary waste. Nor were the people themselves spared, as the slaughter was immense. Wishart says that Montrose spared none that were able to bear arms, and that he put to death all the men who were going to the rendezvous appointed by Argyll. In fact, before the end of January, the face of a single male inhabitant was not to be seen throughout the whole extent of Argyll and Lorn. Having thus retaliated upon Argyll and his people in a tenfold degree the miseries which he had occasioned on the adjoining countries, Montrose left Argyll."

Such is a picture of real life in what is now often called the

"good old" fighting days, in which the man who slew the greatest number of his foes, or who burnt or carried off the greatest quantity of plunder from them, was counted the greatest hero. In proof of this, and in connection with this period, I may quote the well-known Gaelic proverb, "Is truagh nach bu cheaird sinn gu léir an diugh"—"Tis a pity we were not all tinkers to-day"—said by Alastair Mac Cholla, after having received great help in a fight from an Atholl tinker, named Stewart, who, after killing a great many of the enemy and contributing greatly to the victory, after the fight was over sat apart on a stone, and when Macdonald, who had noticed his gallant bearing in action, sent for him and asked who he was, he modestly replied—"I am only a poor man, not worthy to be named amongst heroes, being only a poor tinker from Atholl;" upon which the gallant Alasdair at once replied, in the words of our proverb—"Tis a pity we were not all tinkers to-day." I may, however, here explain that the word "ceard" did not then, as now, mean a tinker, but a smith or tradesman, as any Gaelic-speaking man will understand from our modern word "fear-ceaird," a tradesman.

In connection with the burning of Balvarron House, I think it is more likely that Montrose burnt it on his way south after the battle of Auldearn, as we find him then encamped on the banks of the river Ardlie. Napier, in his "Life of Montrose," says, page 339:—"A new commander had recently taken the field in the south. The Earl of Crawford lay at the Castle of Newtyle in Angus with a body of men lately raised. These Montrose resolved to crush at a blow. No sooner therefore had he shaken off Baillie in the north, than he again issued from Badenoch, crossed the Grampians, and arrived by forced marches on the banks of the river Ardlie."

Montrose would have assuredly annihilated Lindsay's army, which he was preparing to attack, but an unexpected occurrence put an end to his design. This was the desertion of the Gordons and their friends, who almost all returned north to Strathbogie to protect their lands from Baillie, who was burning and plundering that district. So, instead of reaping the promised victory, Montrose was constrained to return northwards with his scant army, through Glenshee and the Braes of Mar, to Cromar.

Montrose again passed through Glenshee and Strathardle after the battle of Alford, as we read in Wishart, page 218:—"After Aboyne had returned home, Montrose marched through

Braemar and Glenshee, and so down into Atholl, where he increased his forces by a new levy."

Every time Montrose or any of his party passed through Strathardle they burnt and plundered the lands of the Baron Ruadh, and the other Covenanters, without mercy; and though they spared the lands of the Fergussons, Rattrays, and others, who had joined their clansmen of Atholl and gone out with Montrose, yet their lands did not escape, as the leaders of the Covenant were just as ready as the Royalists to burn and plunder when they got the chance, and they three different times ravaged the lands of the Royalists in Atholl and Strathardle.

When Montrose lay in Cromar after going north from Strathardle, the Earl of Lindsay passed westwards from Angus, by Glenisla, Glenshee, and Strathardle, into Atholl, burning all the country as he went along, as we read in Wishart, page 143:—"In the meantime the Earl of Lindsay took from Baillies' army a thousand old experienced soldiers. Thus furnished as if he intended some mighty exploit, he passed through the Mearns, and returned into Angus, from thence he ranged through Atholl with his army, and plundered and burnt all that country, which was the upshot of this great expedition."

And, again, Baillie, after burning Atholl, marched eastwards through Strathardle to Kerriemuir, as we find in Spalding's "Troubles in Scotland," page 492:—"Upon Sunday, 3rd May, 1645, Baillie goes into Atholl and burns and destroys that pleasant land, for the loyalty of the inhabitants to their sovereign, comes to the Castle of Blair, an impregnable strength, but he could not get this house taken, and after burning of the country he plundered horse, milt, and sheep, with the hault goods thereof for entertaining of his army. Syne marches frae Atholl in through the fields to Kerriemuir," etc.

Altogether, the good folks of Strathardle and Glenshee, both Whig and Tory, must have had rather a lively time of it during the wars of Montrose, as we find the district so often traversed by the armies of both parties, who seem to have vied with each other in the zeal with which they burned and plundered, and I think it is very appropriate indeed that here—at Rattray—in the lower part of Strathardle, the last act in the great drama of the brilliant campaign of the gallant Montrose should take place, when, sorely against his will, and after repeated remonstrances, he at last very reluctantly, by the King's express and often repeated orders, disbanded his gallant army, which, though only composed of rude Irish and simple

Highland clansmen—men without any special training, drill, or experience as regular soldiers, except what came natural to every Highlander—yet performed some of the most extraordinary marches, the most brilliant military manoeuvres, and secured more victories in a shorter period than has ever been known during the world's history.

Wishart tells us:—"Preparatory to disbanding his army, Montrose appointed it to rendezvous at Rattray, at which place, on the thirtieth day of July, he discharged his men, after addressing a feeling and animated oration to them, in which he gave them due praise for their faithful services and good behaviour, and told them his orders from the King, and bade them farewell, an event no less sorrowful to the whole army than to himself. Their sorrow was likewise considerably augmented by the thoughts of being separated from their brave and successful general, and falling down upon their knees, with tears in their eyes, they obtested him that, seeing the King's safety and interest required his immediate departure from the kingdom, he would take them along with him to whatever corner of the world he would retire, professing their readiness to live, to fight, nay, if it so pleased God, even to die under his command. And not a few of them privately determined, though at the evident risk of their lives and fortunes, to follow him without his knowledge, and even against his inclination, and to offer him their services in a foreign land, which they could no longer afford him in their own distressed native country."

Such is the account of the affecting farewell, which took place in lower Strathardle, between Montrose and the few remaining brave and adventurous men who had shared with him all the dangers and vicissitudes of the battlefield.

And so ends the stirring time of the wars of Montrose, in which, as we have already seen, Strathardle was six different times over-run, burnt, and harried—three times by each party—so that the district must have been in a sad state, and the poor people must have suffered great loss and hardships.

In connection with the burning of Balvarran House at this time, I may mention that when the late Patrick Small Kier of Kindrogan acquired the estate of Balvarran, I, as a small boy, accompanied my father, who went to superintend some workmen in planting some young trees near the mansion, when, in digging a pit for a tree, a cannon ball was dug up, which is still preserved in Kindrogan House, and which, no doubt, is a relic of the time when Montrose "caused burn the hail bigging."

1646.—We have already seen that, in 1537, King James V. gave a charter of confirmation to Robert, the fifth Lord Maxwell, of the superiority of his lands in Strathardle, and we now find that Robert, the ninth lord, who had been created Earl of Nithsdale in 1620, was forfeited and sequestered for his loyalty to the King, when he, of course, lost his Strathardle lands along with his others; but Nithsdale's kinsman, Patrick Maxwell of Newark, who held these lands from the Earl, now successfully applied to Parliament for the superiority of these lands, as we find in the Acts of the Scots Parliament, vol. vi., page 557:—
 'The Estates of Parliament, having heard and considered the supplication of Patrick Maxwell of Newark, desyring that the Estates would give and dispoine to him the right of superiorite of the Lands of Strathardill lyand within the sheriffdom of Perth, halden by him, of the late Earl of Nithsdale, with all the right of the same lands, competent to the estates by the forfeitor of the Earl of Nithsdale, etc. The said Estates gives, grants and dispones to the said Patrick Maxwell of Newark the right of superioritie of his said Landis of Strathardill, with all the right theirof, to be halden by him of the King's Majestie sicklyke, and also freilie in all respects as the late Earl of Nithsdale held the same, etc.'

1649.—We have, preserved in the Acts of the Scots Parliament of this year, one of the most valuable and interesting records connected with this period of Perthshire history, and which, of course, is authentic, viz., "The Rentall of the County of Perth, by Act of the Estates of Parliament of Scotland, 4th August, 1649":—

RENTALL OF THE COUNTY OF PERTH.

By Act of the Estates of Parliament, 4th August, 1649.

PARISH OF KIRKMICHAEL.

William Spalding of Ashintullie for his lands in the parish	£540	0	0
John Robertson for Easter Straloch	240	0	0
Laird of Kirkmichael	300	0	0
Andrew Rattray for his lands	80	0	0
Alexander Rattray for Dalrulzian	100	0	0
William Spalding for Runavey	70	0	0
Robert M'Kintosh for his lands	90	0	0
John M'Kintosh for Fairneazaird	90	0	0
Andrew Leslie for Mornloch (now Whitefield)	80	0	0
Jean Herring for her lands	80	0	0

James Robertson for his part Cultalories	70	0	0
John Cutts & his Goode Sister for their part yreof	16	0	0
John Robertson for Lenoehmore	25	0	0
Robert Flemynge for his part Binzean	25	0	0
Duncan M'Kenzie for his part yreof	15	0	0
John Rattray for Boirlands	66	13	0
John Stewart for his half of Dalvonzie	20	0	0
The said John Stewart for Cuithill... ..	30	0	4
John Spalding for one quarter of Inneredrie ...	12	0	0
Richard M'Kintosh for part Cambus & quarter Inneredrie	35	0	0
David Farquharson for Broichdarge	70	0	0
John Robertson for Bleatone	130	0	0
• John Rattray for Mylne of Eunoch... ..	60	0	0
John Robertson for half of Wester Euncch ...	40	0	0
John Murray for Balnabrichie	60	0	0
John Dowlich for his part Balmyle and Merkland...	33	6	8
John Stewart for his half Balmyle	15	0	9
John Easson for his half yreof	30	0	0
John Robertson for Stronymuick & oyr lands ...	110	0	0
John Stewart for Easter Bannateym	24	0	0
Janet Robertson for her part Balmacrochie ...	36	0	0
Patrick Fergusson for his part yreof	24	0	0
John Mustard for his part yreof	4	0	0
John Brae for his part yreof	8	0	0
The said John Brae for Dalnabroick	45	0	0
John M'Kenzie for his part of Dalnabroick ...	20	0	0
Fergus Shaw for his half yreof	20	0	0
Alexander Bruce for his lands and Mylne of Pit- carnick... ..	66	13	4
John Bruce for Wester Pitcarnick..	66	12	4
John Bruce for Tomnamone	16	13	4
→ George Small for Dalreoch	50	0	0
John Eviot for his part Wester Innerchroskie ...	30	0	0
Alex. Spalding for his part yreof	30	0	0
John Red-Gow for his part yreof	30	0	0
Robert Fleming for his part Innerchroskie... ..	45	0	0
Andrew Spalding for his part yreof... ..	25	0	0
Lachlan M'Keich for his part yreof... ..	25	0	0
Patrick Robertson for Glengennett & oyres ...	210	0	0
Patrick M'Kintosh for Camuies	36	0	0
Alex. Mackenzie for Taine	40	0	0
Annapple Murray for Solzearie	60	0	0

Early History of Strathardle.

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Atholl for his Few-dewties	150	0	0
Airlie for his Teynd-dewties	160	0	0
Teyllin for his Few-dewties	260	0	0
	<hr/>		
	£4015	0	0

PARISH OF MULZOING (MOULIN).

Stewart for Stragarrich	£53	6	8
'Klachlan for his wadsett of Do.	53	6	8
Stewart for Orqwhillbeg	166	13	4
Stewart of Orrard for Orqwhill	290	0	0
Robertson and his mother lyfrenter for scallie	445	0	0
Robertson for Auchleeks & Belligowan	66	13	4
Robertson for Balnacraig & Glentirachane	100	0	0
Robertson for Lettoch... ..	76	0	0
Fergusson for Pitfeurie	66	13	4
Fergusson for Balledmint	133	6	8
Stewart for her lyfe-rent of the half of maird	53	0	0
Robertson for Croftmichaoch	22	0	0
John Buttar for Pitlochrie, with the Mylne	133	6	8
James Murray of Balnacroiche for his wadsett of nby, Faudoch & Dalnagardine	66	13	4
Robertson fiar of Gilliehangie for Drumquhar	18	0	0
Buttar for Killiemulzean	46	13	4
James Murray for Croftinloane	63	6	8
Stewart for his wadsett of Lannoch	53	6	8
James Murray for his wadsett of Edradour	312	0	0
Stewart for Wester Clunie	26	13	4
James Gunnison for his wadsett of Ardgie... ..	45	0	0
Robertson for Easter Straloch	178	0	0
Small for Dirnean	89	0	0
Robertson for Wester Straloch	166	13	4
Robertson for her wadsett of Drumchorrie	53	6	8
The half thereof belongs to the Earl of Atholl & is possest by him.			
'Coull for Easter Kindrogan	53	6	8
Fergusson for Bellizulein	90	0	0
Stewart for Balnakell	374	0	0
James Robertson for her lyfe-rent of lands of maird	53	0	0
Atholl for his Few-dewties in this parish	37	4	4

Mungo Murray the Earl's Brother for lands of Pittarich	80	0	0
Laird of Ballechin for his Few-dewties in this parish	37	4	4
My Lord Dumferling for his Few-dewties of Balnakellie	8	0	0
John Moneriet for his wadsett of Ballindrone ...	86	6	8
John Rorie for his wadsett of Ballinlosane...	50	0	0
John Henderson for Tombarrie	24	0	0
Donald Low for Croft M'Kinshank...	45	0	0
Christian Robertson for her lfy-rent of Easter Clunie	58	13	4
	<hr/> £3917 11 0		

PARISH OF BENDOCHY.

Andrew Herring of Monkscallie	£101	16	4
David Herring for Monkscallie	101	16	4
Sylvester Ratray for Nether Persie	150	0	0
Lawience Blair for Wester Drimnie	476	13	4
Colin Campbell for Over Persie	150	0	0

PARISH OF BLAIRGOWRIE.

Robert Fergusson, Alex. Stewart, & John Robertson for Easter, Wester, & Middle Buttarstailles ...	£90	0	0
Robert Fergusson for his quarter of Blackeraigs...	18	0	0

1651.—At this time Francis Piersone was parish minister of Kirkmichael. He joined the Protesters in this year, and united with them in forming a separate Presbytery; so also did the Rev. Robert Campbell of Moulin.

1653.—Ecclesiastical affairs were in a very disturbed state now all over the country. The General Assembly met in July in Edinburgh, but Cromwell's soldiers surrounded the Assembly House, and Colonel Cotterel entering, told the assembled clergy that he had orders to dissolve them, and that unless they all followed him he would drag them out; so he marched them a mile out of town, and forbade them ever to meet again above three in number.

Strathardle, as usual, had a full share of the disturbance, as Cromwell stationed a large force of his English soldiers at Kirkmichael, who would not allow Mr Piersone to preach, and who had many bloody skirmishes with the natives. We are told in the *Fasti Eccl. Scot.*:—"There was no sermon in Kirk-

michael from 18th Dec. 1653 to 1st January 1654, in regard of the armies; and no sermon or collection on 8th January 1654, in regard that in the midst of the sermone, the haill people were raised, because that some countrymen and sojers had fallen in blood." The cause of this Sunday skirmish was that the officer in command of the English soldiers at Kirkmichael tried to carry off the bonniest young lassie in the strath, a daughter of the then tenant of the Davan farm. The Englishman had met her before, and tried to make love to her, but she would have nothing to do with him, so on this Sunday, happening to see her father and several grown-up brothers going to kirk, he thought it a good chance to carry her off, so calling several of his men, he mounted his horse and set off for the Davan. They found her milking the cows, and seizing her, they tried to lift her on the horse in front of their leader; but she struggled desperately, and her screams soon brought her youngest brother, who was only a mere stripling, and some other young lads, who had been herding cattle, to assistance. These lads, having no arms, were of course no match for Cromwell's grim Ironsides, but they were brave and fearless, and they at once took to the natural weapons of all boys, and began pelting the Englishmen with stones, and so true was their aim, and so nimble and active their movements, that the soldiers, who were only armed with swords, were forced to retreat. As the commander was struggling with the girl, her brother slipped up close in front, and striking the horse in the forehead with a stone, smashed its skull, and it fell dead. As the officer rolled over, his sword fell from his grasp, and before he could get disentangled, the boy seized the sword and slew him with one blow. The men at once fled, followed by the boys, who were soon joined by their neignooours as they went along by Kindrogan, and one by one the soldiers were overtaken and slain, so that only one of them reached the camp at Kirkmichael, where he at once gave the alarm, and his comrades turned out and slew several of the pursuers; but the boys soon alarmed the worshippers in Kirkmichael Kirk, who poured out, and as there was a large congregation, and every man went fully armed then, and could use his weapons well, the fighting became desperate, and many were slain on both sides around Kirkmichael Kirk, and, as we are so quaintly told in the "Fasti," There was no collection in the kirk that Sunday."

That night the Davan men buried the body of the English officer, in the very deep round hollow in the centre of the field

east from the Davan farm-house, which hollow is still called to this day, "Lag an t' Sassunnich"—the Englishman's hollow; and I well remember, when a very small boy, hearing the harvesters, when cutting the corn in that hollow, tell the story of the Englishman who slept his long last sleep there, and it was always believed the corn grew greener and ranker above his grave. Next day the whole English force came to the Davan to carry away their commander's body for interment in Kirkmichael kirkyard, but so retired was this hollow, then in the midst of a thick wood, that they did not find the grave, and the good folks of the Davan did not wait to enlighten them, as they took to the hills, with all their cattle, on their approach. So, after burning all the houses, they returned to camp, leaving their commander to his quiet rest in "Lag an t' Sassunnich."

1662.—Our reverend frieuds, Francis Piersone, minister of Kirkmichael, and Robert Campbell of Moulin, were again in trouble with the Government, and were deprived, by the Acts of Parliament of June 11th, and of the Privy Council of October 1st, 1662; and were accused in December of "still labouring to keep the hearts of the people from the present Government of Church and State." Piersone was summoned again next year before the Privy Council, for disregarding the Act of Glasgow, but conformed, and was allowed to preach again.

1663.—In July of this year the young Baron Ruadh, John VIII., married Magdalene Farquharson, youngest daughter of Robert Farquharson of Invercauld, at Wardhouse in the Garioch, where that chief then lived. There were great rejoicings at the wedding, both in Braemar and in Strathardle, on their return, and as the bridegroom's father was still alive, and living at Balvarran House, the young couple took up their abode in Glenfernate, at Dalcharnich. The bride, as was usual on such occasions, was accompanied by some of her own clansmen, who settled in Glenfernate and Straloch, and who were the ancestors of the well-known Farquharsons of that district, who came of the family of Inverey. We read in the "Legends of the Braes o' Mar" that when Finlay Farquharson, the last laird of Inverey, was travelling, about the middle of last century, from Braemar to Edinburgh, with his son Benjamin, for his education, they lodged the first night with their friends, the Farquharsons of Straloch.

Invercauld's daughter proved a most suitable and worthy wife for the Baron, as we are told in the history of the family:—"She was an excellent woman, endued with a great measure

of wisdom, piety, and prudence beyond many, which afterwards, under God, proved to be a great advantage to him and his family. She did within the compass of thirteen years bring forth five sons and as many daughters." And it was certainly a lady of wisdom and prudence that was required at the head of affairs then, as the fortunes of the family were at a very low ebb, owing to the very heavy fines imposed by Charles II. and his drunken Parliament upon all the families who had opposed his father, and of which the Baron got a full share, as we read in the family history:—"Hence it was that this drunken Parliament laid on exorbitant fines on all the families of any note in Scotland, except such as were members of that obsequious Parliament. When these fines came to be distributed amongst the favourites, the late Marquis of Atholl got the fines laid on his own vassals, and the Baron Reid of Straloch was forced to compound with him for a good sum of money. The Marquis also intended a process of improbation and reduction against him upon pretence of non-entries, deficiencies in payment of feu-duties, etc., and on these and other such like pretences, exacted another round sum of him."

The first of these fines imposed upon the Baron amounted to £1000, a very large sum in those days, as I find from the "*Acts of Scots Parliament*," Vol. viii., page 426:—"Alex. Robertson of Easter Straloch, and Alex. Robertson of Dounie, did what in them lay to betray the King and Kingdom in the hands of the enemy, and did assist the murderer in his usurpation of the Royal Throne; and have thereby become obnoxious to the law and rendered themselves lyable to the pains of Treason, and other hie pains. Yet his Majesty being desirous if it were possible to reclaim the worst of his subjects to their duty by Acts of mercy and grace hath therefore resolved to grant ane general Act of idemnity pardon and oblivion. But, considering that by these troubles and rebellious courses many of his good subjects have been under great suffering and lyable to great loss for their affection and loyaltie to His Majesty, for in order to their reparation His Majesty hath thought fit to burden his Pardon and Idemnity to some (whose guiltiness hath rendered them obnoxious to the law, and their lives and fortunes at His Majesties disposal) with the payment of some small sums; and in so far to except them from the benefit of His Majesties pardon. And therefore the King's Majesty with consent and advice of his Parliament hath thought fit, and accordingly doth hereby declare that, the persons after mentioned each of them are exempted from His Majesties Pardon

and Idemnity, in so far as may concern the payment of the sums underwritten:—Alexander Robertson of Easter Straloch, £1000; Alexander Robertson of Dounie, £600."

We have already seen that the Baron's estate of Easter Straloch (or Balvarran) was then only valued at £240 a year, so that a fine of £1000 was over four years' whole rental—rather a stiff fine for taking the opposition side in the politics of the day; so that it required all the business abilities and good management of his worthy wife to keep up the dignity of the family.

Besides being such an excellent housekeeper, this lady was also a person of eminent and exemplary piety, and, like Joseph of old, she was "a dreamer of dreams," so much so indeed that, as many of her well-known dreams had actually come to pass years after, she came to be regarded in Strathardle as a regular prophetess; and in my boyish days many quaint old stories still lingered in the district about the wonderful dreams of "A Bhantighearna Mharranach"—"The Mar Lady"—as she was always called.

Of these dreams, her son, the Rev. James Robertson, minister of Glengairn, has fortunately preserved a few in his history of the family, where he says:—"I confess that dreams are commonly little to be regarded, as being mostly the effects of roavings of the imagination or fancy while the other powers are asleep; yet it cannot be denied that the Lord did frequently of old—and sometimes of late—reveal his will to his people by dreams. I confess that things of this nature are not to be laid stress on till the event prove the truth of them; yet some things are extraordinary, and I had not mentioned the following passages if I had not been confident of the truth of them, as being one of those to whom she made them known immediately after they happened.

"In the summer 1681, she was visited with so much sore and dangerous sickness that Dr Kinloch, her physician, gave her up for lost, telling her husband that it was to no purpose any more trouble with men of his trade—but rather to provide for her funeral. She likewise had the same sentence of death within herself; but on that same night she was refreshed with some sleep, and dreamed that a reverend discreet man, who had often appeared to her before in her sleep, came to her and asked how she did. She answered—'As it was, she was very ill and brought very low.' To which he answered—'It is very true, and you and your friends think you are dying; but yet, I tell you, that you may yet live for fourteen years more; but

when your old disease returns prepare yourself.' She replied—'How shall I know?' He answered—'You'll know by this token, viz., that little Katie (meaning her sister-in-law) will die within six months after her brother Sandy.' Both of them were alive and in health at the time, and yet it is a matter of fact that Alexander within one-half year fell sick and died; and she observed to her friends that the first part of her dream had come to pass. 'Let us wait for the second part of it,' said she. She did not wish for Katie's death (a beautiful sweet lassie), but yet she could not help her thoughts of her approaching death, and so it fell out that soon after Alexander her brother-in-law's death, Katherine fell ill of a disease, of which she died within nine months after; and it is true—the lady lived full fourteen years after, to June 1695. In March that year, after my return from St Andrews, I found her tied to her bed, as she had been for many years before, and therefore I did not look for any sudden change, but she said to me—'Jemmie, I'll tell you news; my warfare, glory to my God, will be shortly at an end; before the middle of June next, I shall be with Christ.' 'That will be your advantage, dear mother,' said I, 'but our great loss. But how know you that?' continued I. She answered—'You remember the dream I often told you about,' wherein it was revealed to me that I might live fourteen years yet, but that when my old disease is returned again to prepare myself. The fourteen years are out in June next, and my old disease has returned, and God therefore warns me to prepare.' It fell out accordingly, for she died in June 1695.

"About the beginning of Nov. 1685, some more than half-a-year after King James VII. had mounted the throne, she was very much concerned about the state of religion, and the fear of a growth of Popery under a Popish King. But one night she dreamed that Mr Francis Pierson, minister of the parish, and she, were standing together behind Balvarran House. That looking south-westward, they observed in the air a glorious star, very beautiful to behold, and while the minister and she were delighted with the sight of it, to their surprize a cloud came and almost covered it from their sight; only the light and beams of it shone round the cloud. After the first cloud succeeded a second, and after that a third; and then, as she thought, the clouds blew all away, and the star approached nearer to them, and appeared a glorious lamp in a golden candlestick. This would have been a remarkable dream, and easily understood of itself, but all the more so that it carried

its interpretation along with it; for the dream yet went on; and she thought she spoke to the minister, and said to him—‘Mr Francis, this is a vision we have seen; that star you have seen is the light of the Gospel and the cloud you saw is Popery, which will darken the Gospel light for some time in Scotland. The three clouds are three years wherein Popery will prevail; but as you observed that after the three clouds were over, the star came nearer to us than before, and shined more brightly—that signifies that after the three years are over, the light of the Gospel is to shine more brightly in Scotland than it has done for many years backward; never more to be overshadowed by the cloud of Popery.’

“This remarkable dream she told us on the morrow after she had it; and after many steps had been taken to introduce Popery again, I said to her, ‘What is become of your dream now?’ She answered with some vehemency—‘Will you have some patience, and wait until the three years be past, and after that crop my ears if King James be not either dead or deposed!’

“I shall of many others but mention one passage more. In July, 1689, the country were mightily frightened with tidings that the Viscount of Dundee had raised a mighty army among the Highland clans to dethrone King William, and restore King James, and was on his march through Badenoch to invade Atholl, and was to burn and destroy all before him that would not join his army and take part with him. But the terror was increased when her husband had a letter from Dundee commanding him to be ready with all his fencible men in their best clothes and arms to join King James’ forces at Blair Castle on the 26th of July, under the pains of military execution. The Baron and his friends and neighbours were in consternation, not knowing how to behave. He resolved not to join Dundee, be the event what it may, but was in great perplexity, minding that his father’s whole bigging was burned by another Graham (Montrose) in 1644, and knew not but he might happen to undergo the same fate. While in this vexation, she that very night dreamed that she was standing on the green west of her dwelling-house at Balvarran, and observed a terrible fiery dragon flying towards her from the west; and that balls of fire flew from him round about; and that some of them fell at her feet. At which being extremely terrified, she thought that her old friend, the reverend, grave man, stood by her side and said to her—‘You seem to be frightened at the sight of the fiery dragon; but look yonder and see a chain at his foot.’ ’Tis true, this dream did not carry its interpretation

with it as the last did, yet she understood it to signify Dundee with his barbarous army, and was at little more fear about him, but told us on the morrow that he would be suffered to do but little more harm, and none to her; that there was a chain at his foot; and so it happened, for within a few days after, Dundee was slain in the Battle of Killiecrankie, and his army was soon after disbanded, and she and her family got no harm. There was a chain at the dragon's foot, and a kind and powerful Providence did hold the other end of it."

Dundee seems to have, by his bravery and ability, terrified all his opponents—whether as the "Iain Dubh nan Cath" (Black John of the Battles) of the Highlands, the "Bonnie Dundee" of the Lowlands, or the "Bloody Clavers" of Galloway—and several instances are on record of his death being foretold before Killiecrankie, one of which I may give here, as I often heard of it from old people in the district where it occurred, the bonnie parish of Anwoth, in Galloway, rendered classic by its connection with its saintly minister, the Rev. Samuel Rutherford, who many, many years after he had been driven out of it in the Covenanting times, and on his death bed, sang so sweetly of it:—

"Fair Anwoth on the Solway,
To me thou'rt ever dear,
Even on the verge of heaven,
For thee I drop a tear."

I may add that I have since come across versions of the story in "Woodrow's *Analecta*," vol. iii., p. 57; vol. v., p. 224.

"A kind of prescience in a Scotch clergyman, Mr Michael Bruce, minister of Anwoth, in Kirkcudbrightshire, in 1689, very nearly approaching the second sight, is described thus:—On the day of the Battle of Killiecrankie, he preached in Anwoth, and the preface before his prayer, according to his usual mode of expressing himself, he began to this purpose:—'Some of you will say, What news minister? What news about Clavers, who has done so much mischief in this country? That man set up to be a young Montrose, but as the Lord liveth he shall be cut short this day. Be not afraid,' added he; 'I see them scattered and flying, and as the Lord liveth, and sends this message by me, Claverhouse shall no longer be a terror to God's people—this day I see him killed—lying a corpse.' That very day, about the same time, he was actually killed."

Now as Claverhouse had persecuted the Anwoth people very much, and as several of the parishioners had lately

suffered martyrdom, being shot in cold blood on their hills, and lay buried at the end of the church, it may be imagined what hold this announcement took on their minds, especially after they heard that the prophecy was literally fulfilled, and that Dundee had fallen that day at Killiecrankie.

1665.—At this time, David Spalding, only brother to the Laird of Ashintully, married Margaret, daughter of Baron John VII. of Straloch, and bought the estates of Whitehouse and Morcloich, or Whitefield Castle, from Ashintully. On his death, he left the latter estate to his eldest son, Charles, and the former to his second son, David.

1668.—John Fergusson of Dounie was served heir to his father, Robert, as we read in the "Records of the Clan Fergusson," page 46:—"The portion of the barony of Downy in Strathardle consisted of the lands of Over Downie, Middle Downie, Borland, Edmarnothy, Cuttalonie, Stronna-muic, part of Pitbrane, and of Glengennett (now Glen Derby). The remainder of the barony was in Glenshee, and comprised Finnegand, Inveredrie, Bynan Mor, Bynan Beg, Redorach, Kerrow, Cuthill, Dalmonzie, and part of Glenbeg, all of which then belonged to the Clan Fergusson.

1669.—The lands of Dalnagairn, beside Kirkmichael, at this time belonged to the Earl of Atholl, and as that nobleman was very anxious to extend his influence in Strathardle, we find him applying for and obtaining a special Act of Parliament for holding a yearly free fair on Dalnagairn. This Act is preserved in the Scots Acts of Parliament, vol. vii., page 570:—

"Act in favour of John, Earl of Atholl, for a yeerlie fair
at Dalgarnes.

26. The Kings Maiestie and Estates of Parliament, Taking into their consideration that the toun and lands of Dalgarnes within the Barronie of Dounie, and Sherifffdome of Perth, per-teaning hehetable to Johne Earle of Atholl, is a place far distant from any burgh or mercat toun, and most conveinent and commodious for the ease and benefite of his Maiesties leidges for buying and selling of bestiall and other commodities if it had the liberty of a yeerlie fair to be keepit thereat. Thairfor the King's Maiestie with advice and consent of his Estates of Parl. Doe heirby Give and Grant to the said Earl of Atholl, his airs and succecsors, ane yeerlie frie fair to be holden and keepit at Dalgarnes upon the twenty-nynt day of September yeerly in all tyme coming for buying and selling of horse, nolt, sheip, meill, malt, oats and all sort of grain; cloath, linen, and woollen, and all sort of merchant comodities, with power to the said Earle and his forsaid, or such as they shall appoint, To collect intro-

met with and uptake the tolls, customs, and duties belonging to the said fair; And to enjoy all other freedoms, liberties, privileges, and immunities siclyk and als freely as any other has done or may doe in the lyk cace."

1672.—The Earl of Atholl acquired the Fergusson lands in the Barony of Dounie and Glenshee at this time, as we read in the "Clan Fergusson Records," page 46:—"From a charter, confirmed by Parliament in 1672, the lands of Downy appear among the Atholl estates, as having been acquired upon the resignation of John Fergusson of Downy."

This Act, which I find recorded in the "Scots Acts," vol. viii., page 103, also includes some other Strathardle lands then held by Atholl:—"In lyke manner the toun and lands of Wester Callies—the toun and lands of Blackecraige and croft thereof with the mylne and mylnelands—the lands of Blackghines and Drumfrog—All and hail the lands of Beaton Halyt, with tennants, tennandries, service of free tenants, pairts and pendicles thereof—And sicklyke all and hail the lands and barronie of Downy, viz.—Over Downie, Middle Downie, Borland, Ednarnachtie, Cuttalonie, Stronamuck, ffenzie (Finnegand) and Innerredie with the mylne, Bennanmore, Bennanbeg, Randanoyak, Kerrache, Cuthill, Ballinbeg, Dalmuge, with the pairts of Pitbrane, Glengaisnett, and Glenbeg with the pertinents of the same whatever."

It will be noticed that the spelling of Finnegand in this Act is contracted to "ffenzie," clearly a clerical error, as in all Fergusson charters, when it belonged to them, it is spelt "Fanzeand," in Gaelic "Feith-nan-ceann"—the ravine or bog of the heads—and Dr Marshall, in his "Historic Scenes in Perthshire," tells us how it got that name, as follows:—"A race of the name of Campbell were once lords superior of Glenshee, and did indeed lord it over their less powerful neighbours, as well as their own immediate retainers. It is said that they made the circuit of the glen once a year for the purpose of exacting tribute. Bells were attached to the heads of the horses, that when the tinkling was heard the oppressed people might bring out the exactions demanded of them, without any trouble to the receivers. By and by the spirit of the spoiled was roused to resistance and retaliation; and so the legend goes, that James Stewart of Drumforkit, with twelve gallant fellows, instead of bringing out their tribute, made a fierce onslaught on the Campbells, and, after getting the mastery of them, cut off their heads, and rolled them into a burn or boggy place, thenceforth named Feith-nan-Ceann."

This Campbell oppression of Glenshee was the work of that mischief-maker, Campbell of Persie, who got the lower part of Glenshee from his father, Donald Campbell, last Abbot of Cupar Abbey, and youngest son of Archibald, second Earl of Argyll, and of whom I have already had to tell so often of the many evils he brought on Strathardle, Glenshee, and Glenisla; and here, as usual, he was backed up by his cousin, Argyll, and his old allies, Breadalbane and Glenlyon, till this skirmish put an effectual stop to their gathering of tribute in Glenshee.

In connection with this tradition, I may add that I always heard that the Glenshee men removed the tinkling bells from the horses, and attached them to the heads of the Campbells before they rolled them down the hill into the bog, and they vied with each other who could send the rolling head and tinkling bell the furthest, and such sweet music did this prove to old Drumforkit, that he turned to his piper and said—"Cha 'n 'eil ceol cho binn 'ri sin na d' phìob"—"There is not such sweet music as that in your pipe." The old piper at once thought he would try and see, and blew up his pipe, and as he well knew the grand old Atholl piobroch, "Cluig Pheirt"—"The Bells of Perth"—which was composed long before by the Earl of Atholl's piper, on the occasion of his marching north with his Lordship from Perth to Atholl, and hearing the mellow tones of Perth bells, on a quiet summer evening, miles away up near Dunkeld; so the Glenshee piper composed a new version of this old tune, the words beginning:—

"Cluig Pheirt,
'S cluig Pharsaidh,
'S cluig Mhic Chailein Mhoir."

"The bells of Perth,
And the bells of Persie,
And the bells of Mac Cailein Mor."

Mac Cailein Mor, of course, is the Gaelic patronymic of the Argylls.

1678.—In this year the Earl of Atholl, and all the fighting men of Atholl and Strathardle, under their respective chiefs, both Royalist and Covenanting, formed part of the Highland Host, which was sent by the Government to overawe and to burn and plunder the Covenanters of the south-west of Scotland. In Browne's "History of the Highlands," page 335, we read:—"The Highlanders did not concern themselves with these theological disputes, and they did not hesitate when their

chiefs, at the call of the Government, required their services to march to the Lowlands to suppress the disturbances in the western counties. Accordingly, an army of about 8000 men, known in Scottish history as the 'Highland Host,' descended from the mountains, under the command of their respective chiefs, and encamped at Stirling on the 24th of June, 1678, whence they spread themselves over Clydesdale, Renfrew, Cunningham, Kyle and Carrick, and overawed the Whigs so effectually that they did not attempt to oppose the Government during the stay of these hardy mountaineers among them. According to Wodrow and Kirkton, the Highlanders were guilty of great oppression and cruelty, but they kept their hands free from blood, as it has been correctly stated that not one Whig lost his life during the invasion of these Highland crusaders. After remaining about eight months in the Lowlands, the Highlanders were sent home, the Government having no further occasion for their services, but before their departure they took care to carry along with them a large quantity of plunder they had collected during their stay."

Kirkton also tells us, page 390:—"But when this goodly army retreated homeward, you would have thought by their baggage they had been at the sack of a besieged city; and, therefore, when they passed Stirling bridge, every man drew his sword to show the world they had returned conquerors from their enemies' land; but they might as well have shown the pots, pans, gridles, shoes taken off countrymen's feet, and other bodily and household furniture with which they were burdened; and among all none purchased so well as the Earl of Strathmore, who sent home the money, not in purses, but in bags, and great quantities."

In reading the accounts of the Lowland historians of this period in regard to the Highland Host, it is difficult to say which of them write most bitterly against the Highlanders. Perhaps they have reason. Granted that some of them even did go to extremes, even then they only obeyed their Sovereign's commands, and acted up to the orders their chiefs gave them, and to the purpose for which they were sent there. But it is very gratifying to find that here, as usual, the Atholl and Strathardle men showed themselves superior to their neighbours, in not being common plunderers, lifting all before them from the country people, even though they were sent there for that purpose. My proof of this comes from a very unlikely, but most reliable, source, Woodrow's "History of the Kirk of Scotland," in which we read, as quoted in General Stewart of

Garth's "Highlanders," Vol. II., Appendix XXXIX:—"Even in the seventeenth century less atrocity was shown by the Highlanders than has been exhibited by enlightened nations of modern times, when living at free quarters in an enemy's country. Spain, Portugal, Germany, Russia, Italy, and Egypt have ample reason to remember the murders and conflagrations and spoliation of the armies of France. The following statements show the manner in which the Highlanders comported themselves when ordered from their mountains for the special purpose of keeping down the Republican spirit in the south-west of Scotland, and of living at free quarters on the Covenanters and others inimical to the measures of Government. This was in 1678, when the Highland Host, of 8000 men, were ordered south to 'eat up' the Covenanters. In what manner they obeyed these instructions we learn from an eyewitness, whose account is preserved in the Advocates' Library. This writer, who evinces no friendship for this 'Heathen and ungodly Host,' describes their parties sent out for provisions, and the sufferings of the inhabitants, who were beaten and driven out of their houses if they refused to give what they demanded. After a detail of outrages, which, indeed, were to be expected, as it was for this very purpose that they were sent on the duty, he concludes in a manner hardly to be expected:—'Yet I hear not of any having been killed, though many were hurt; but I would not have you think that all the Highlanders behave after the same manner. No, there is a difference both among the men and the leaders. The Marquis of Atholl's men are generally commended, both as the best appointed and the best behaved.'"

The Strathardle men who went with Atholl in the Highland Host were under the command of Baron John VII. of Straloch, as we read in the family history:—"In 1678 he was commanded to join the Marquis of Atholl in marching with the Highland Host, under pretence to reform, but really to exasperate, the honest people in the western shires of Scotland. There and then he had occasion to see and converse with a cadet of his family—Reid of Ballochmyle."

1681.—By a special Act of Parliament of this year, I find the Barony of Ashintully conformed to David Spalding, granting him many privileges, against which the Marquis of Atholl protested.

1685.—In this year, the great feud which for ages had raged between the men of Atholl and Argyll culminated in a great raid by the Atholl men, under Stewart of Ballechin, into

Argyll, where they committed terrible slaughter and havoc, and left the whole district a wilderness, and amply repaid all old scores against the Campbells.

When Archibald, ninth Earl of Argyll, arrived in his own country, on the death of King Charles II., and raised 2500 of his clansmen in revolt against King James, the Marquis of Atholl and Lord Charles Murray raised 1500 Atholl men and marched to Dunbarton, and intercepted Argyll on his march from Inveraray to the Lowlands. On finding himself opposed, Argyll deserted his men, and, disguising himself, tried to make his way back to Argyll, but was taken prisoner, carried to Edinburgh, and soon after beheaded. At the same time, Atholl sent Ballechin with a strong force to plunder Argyll. General Stewart of Garth tells us, Vol. I., page 42:—"The endless feuds between the Argyll and Atholl men assisted in preserving the military spirit and the use of arms. In the charter-chest of Stewart of Ballechin there is a commission to his ancestor, the Laird of Ballechin, from the Marquis of Atholl, dated in 1685, authorising him to march with a strong body of Atholl men into Argyllshire, and to take and keep possession of the property of their rivals. In what spirit these orders were carried into effect will appear from the circumstance that eighteen gentlemen of the name of Campbell were executed at Inverary. The commission granted to Ballechin is highly characteristic of the times. It prescribes all the intended operations and proposed conquests with an air of authority resembling the solemnity of a royal mandate."

The General adds, in a note:—"This melancholy instance of the fierceness of feudal animosities is said to have been occasioned by the accidental discovery of a counter plot or conspiracy to destroy the invaders, whose indignation on the disclosure was not to be controlled. The feelings consequent on the remembrance of former rivalry, thus rekindled and inflamed, were checked by the prudence and authority of Ballechin, Flemying of Moness, Stewart of Dalguise, and other commanders of the expedition, otherwise many more lives would have been lost."

In the "*Annals of Perth*," page 328, we are told:—"In the Western Highlands the Marquis of Atholl exerted himself as the minister of vengeance, and exercised great severity upon the inhabitants. The houses of the peasantry upon Argyll's estate were burnt; the wood, mills, and gardens destroyed; the fishing boats and nets of the starving inhabitants torn to pieces; and the jails filled with prisoners, who, if not hurried to instant execution, were left to linger out life in circumstances of want and misery."

Now, it is pleasant to know that though the men of Strathardle were present in great force along with the Atholl men on this expedition, yet they did not take part in the savage work of slaughter and pillage here described. The leader of the Strathardle men on this occasion was Baron John VIII. of Straloch, and the following is the account given in the family history of the part he took in this memorable raid:—"It is true, by reason of his lady's indisposition, he excused himself in 1678 from going (with his father) upon the wicked expedition of the Highland Host sent to destroy the western shires; nor did he think it good to go to Bothwell Bridge next year. Yet he could not shun going to Argyllshire in 1685, against the Earl of that name. But though he obeyed in going, and saw great havoc done by his countrymen, in robbing and destroying the country, yet he took special care of his men, and suffered none of them to do any harm or carry anything home with them but lawful purchase."

25th MARCH, 1897.

On this date a general meeting of the Society was held, and, after some discussion, it was resolved to contribute to the prize fund of the Mòd a special prize of £5 5s, for the best essay on "The Peculiarities of Gaelic as spoken in the Writer's District"—the papers to become the property of the Society. At this meeting, also, Mr Charles Mackinnon, of Messrs Howden & Co., and Mr John Mackintosh, solicitor, Inverness, were elected ordinary members of the Society.

1st APRIL, 1897.

At the meeting this evening the Assistant Secretary read a paper in Gaelic, contributed by Rev. John MacRury, Snizort, entitled "Seana Bheachdan agus Seana Chleachdaidhean." The paper was as follows:—

SEANA BHEACHDAN AGUS SEANA
CHLEACHDAIDHEAN.

No. I.

Anns an aimsir a dh' fhalbh, bha iomadh beachd agus cleachdadh aig an t-sluagh do nach toir sluagh an latha 'n diugh geill sam bith. Tha sluagh an latha 'n diugh 'g am meas fhein anabarrach glic, tùrail, tuigseach, ann an coimeas ris an t-sluagh a bh' ann 's an aimsir a dh' fhalbh. Gun teagamh sam bith, tha mòran eòlais agus fiosrachaidh aig daoine anns gach inbhe air an latha 'n diugh, nach robh aig daoine 's an t-seann aimsir. Tha eòlas is fiosrachadh a sior mheudachadh, mar a tha 'n saoghal a' fàs ni 's sine. Ach ged a tha so fìor gu leòr, gidheadh, cha'n 'eil e aon chuid glic no ceart do dhaoine a bhith 'labhairt le fanaid agus le tàir mu thimchioll nam beachdan agus nan cleachdaidhean a bh' aig sluagh na Gàidhealtachd anns na linntean a dh' fhalbh. Duine sam bith a bheir fa near le cùram na bheil air chuimhne de na beachdan, agus de na cleachdaidhean a bha cumanta am measg nan Gàidheal 's an àm a dh' fhalbh, aidichidh e gu saor, soilleir, gu'n robh iad, ann an iomadh dòigh, fad air thoiseach ann an tuigse, agus ann an tùr nàdair, air an àireamh a's mò de 'n t-sluagh a tha 'n diugh beò. Tha mi 'creidsinn gu'm bheil iomadh Gàidheal agus Gall anns an dùthaich a theireadh, nan cluinneadh iad mi ag ràdh so, nach 'eil mòran de thùr no de thuigse annam fhein, an uair a theirinn a leithid so. Ach is e 'theirinnsa riutha so, gu'm biodh iad a dh' atharrachadh beachd, na 'n tugadh iad fa 'near a' chùis le aire agus le cùram. C'àite am faighear fear air an latha 'n diugh am measg nan daoine a tha 'gam meas fhein ni 's glice 's ni 's gleusda 's ni 's foghlumte na na daoine a dh' fhalbh, a labhras briathran anns am bheil a leith uiread de ghliocas 's a th' anns na sean-fhacail? Cha 'n aithne dhomhsa, air a h-aon, c'àite am faighear iad. Neo-ar-thàinig nach 'eil daoine beulach, briathrach, abarta, ri am faotainn ann am pailteas; ach mar a's trice, is e fìor bheagan gliocais is fiosrachaidh a gheibhear 'n an cainnt.

Tha mòran de na beachdan agus de na cleachdaidhean a bha cumanta am measg an t-sluaigh 's an àm a dh' fhalbh, air am meas aig an àm so le mòran dhaoine mar shaobh-chreideamh. Tha iad ag amharc sìos le tàir air gach beachd agus cleachdadh ris an abrar "saobh-chreideamh." Ma bheirear droch ainm air cù, leanaidh e ris. Tha mi ag aideachadh gu'm faod gach uile sheana bheachd agus sheana chleachdadh a bhith air am

meas mar “shaobh-chreideamh” leis na h-uile nach d’ thug riamh fa ’near, gu’m bheil teagasgan cudthromach ann an co-cheangal dluth ris gach beachd agus cleachdadh a bha ’n sluagh ag àrach ’s an àm a dh’ fhalbh. Ach ma dh’ fheuchas sinn ri amharc air na beachdan ’s air na cleachdaidhean so anns an t-sealladh anns an robh na daoine glìce, tùrail a bh’ ann o shean ag amharc orra, cha bhi e an comas dhuinn a ràdh le firinn nach ’eil anna ach “saobh-chreideamh.” A réir mo bharail-sa, cha chòir dhuinn “saobh-chreideamh” a ràdh ri beachd no ri cleachdadh sam bith a bha air àrach ’s an àm a dh’ fhalbh le seann daoine glìce, a chum teagasg feumail a thoirt do ’n mhuinntir a bha òg, agus a bha gu nàdarra glé aineolach air iomadh nì a bhiodh feumail dhaibh fhoghlum, a chum gu’m fàsadh iad glìce, tuigseach, faicleach, cùramach dean-adach, agus gu’n seachnadh iad cleachdaidhean agus uile a dh’ fhaodadh cunnartan is trioblaidean lionmhor a chur ’n an rathad. Bheir mi ’nis oidhirp air a dhearbhadh dhuibh gur ann a chum teagasgan matha ’thoirt do dhaoine òga a bha na seana bheachdan ’s na seana chleachdaidhean air tùs air an sparradh air an t-sluagh, agus air an cumail suas o linn gu linn.

Anns an àm a dh’ fhalbh bha e air a’ mheas mar ghnothach nàrach, tàmailteach do dh’ fhear sam bith làmh a chur ann an obair sam bith a bha mnathan a’ cleachdadh a bhith ’deanamh. Bha ’h-obair fhein aig a’ mhnaoi, agus ’obair fhein aig an fhear. B’ e obair an fhir a bhith gu treun, duineil a’ saothreachadh, air muir ’s air tìr, a chum biadh is aodach is caiseart a chumail ris fhein ’s ri ’theaghlach. Agus b’ e obair na mna gach nì a bhuineadh do ’n taigh a chumail an òrdugh. Dh’ fheumadh i am biadh a dheasachadh; na leapannan a chàradh; an crodh a bhleodhan; an t-ìm ’s an càise a dheanamh; na laoigh a bhiathadh; a’ chlàimh a chireadh ’s a chàrdadh ’s a shniomh; an clò a luadh; na stocainnean fhigheadh ’s a chàradh; agus mar sin sìos. Cha chuireadh fear sam bith aig am biodh a bheag de mheas air fhein a làmh fo mhart gus a bleodhan, no idir ann an ìm no ’n gruth; agus mu dheidhinn suidh air beairt-fhighe, is i an obair mu dheireadh anns an cuireadh e làmh. Bha leithid de dhimeas air na breabadairean ’s gu’m bu ghnàth le daoine, an uair a bhiodh iad a’ bruidhinn air breab-adair, a ràdh, “Breabadair, le cead na cuideachd.” Am fear a bhiodh tric a’ deanamh obair nam ban, cha ’n fhaigheadh e ainm a b’ fhearr na “an ciorachan.” Is e, “an ciorachan,” an t-ainm a bh’ air a’ chliabh-bheag, no air a’ bhalg, anns am biodh a’ chlàimh aig na mnathan ri taobh an teine, an uair a bhiodh iad ’n an suidhe a’ càrdadh. Bu ghnothach tàmailteach

a dh' fhear tapaidh sam bith gu'm biodh e ri ràdh m' a dheidhinn gu'm bu ghnàth leis a bhith ann an oir na luathadh.

An uair a bhiodh na mnathan a' fuinne, bha e air a thoirmeasg dhaibh a bhith 'gabhail òran. Agus bha e air a radh, agus air a chreidsinn, gu'n tigeadh mì-fhortan mòr air choireigin an rathad a h-uile boirionneach a bhiodh a' gabhail òran an àm a bhith fuinne. Faodaidh gu 'n cuir so ioghnadh air iomadh neach aig am bheil fios gu'n robh guth binn gu gabhail òran 'na nì air an robh meas mòr aig daoine anns an àm ud. Tha iomadh dearbhadh againn o na bheil air chuimhne de na seann òrain, gu'n robh meas mòr air gach nighinn òig aig an robh deadh ghuth. An àm a bhith luadh nan clòidhnean, b' iad na nigheanan òga aig an robh deadh ghuth, agus a ghabhadh na h-òrain gu sunndach, binn, bu trice a gheibheadh cuireadh gus a dhol a luadh. Tha beagan de sheann òran luaidh a tha dearbhadh gu'n robh meas air an té a ghabhadh òran, air tighinn gu m' chuimhne. So agaibh e:—

“ Hoirionn ho gù, otho éileadh,
Ho ì u o, ho ì éileadh,
Hoirionn ho gù, otho éileadh,
'S àrd a chluinntear fuaim na cléithe,
Hoirionn ho gù, etc.
'S binn guth cinn mo leannain fhein ann,
Hoirionn ho gù, etc.,
'Dé ge binn gur fhearr a beusan.”

Tha 'cheart nì againn ann an ceathramh de na h-òrain a rinn Eobhain Mac Lachlain:—

“ Tha 'n uiseag 's an smeòrach
Feadh lòintean nan driùchd,
'Toirt fàilte le òran
Do 'n òg mhadainn chiùin;
'Tha 'n uiseag neo-sheòlta,
'S an smeòrach gun sunnd,
'Nuair thòisicheas m' fheudail
Ri gleusadh a ciùil.”

A nis, air do 'n chùis a bhith mar so, is i 'cheisd, c'ar son a sha e air a thoirmeasg do na mnathan a bhith 'gabhail òran an am dhaibh a bhith 'fuinne? Bha 'n taobhar ion-mholta, cha 's ann a mhàin 'n an sealladh-san a thoirmisg an toiseach e, ach mar an ceudna ann an sealladh nan uile a thug fa 'near e.

An uair a bheir sinn fhein fa 'near e, aontaichidh sinn uile gu'n robh aobhar glé shònraichte air a shon.

An uair a thòisicheas bean ri fuinne, is ann mar a's cabhag-aiche a thaosnas i an t-aran is fhearr e. Agus an uair a tha i glé thrang a' fuinne, ma thòisicheas i ri gabhail òran, faodar a bhith cinnteach, gu'n tuit boinne is boinne de 'n t-seile as a beul anns a' cnuar-fhuinne. Nam faiceadh a h-aon dinn deur de 'n t-seile a' tuiteam air an aran, cha bhiomaid deònach gréim dhe itheadh, eadhon ged a b' i a' bhean-fhuinne an aon bhoirionnach bu tlachdmhoire leinn beò. B' ann, ma ta, a chum gu'm biodh an t-aran air 'fhuinne gu cabhagach agus gu glan, a thoirmisgeadh do na mnathan a bhith 'gabhail òran an àm dhaibh a bhith fuinne.

Bha e mar an ceudna air a thoirmeasg do na mnathan an fhallaid a dh' fhàgadh iad air a' chlar-fhuinne a chur air ais do 'n chiste-mhine. Gus an cumail o so a dheanamh, bha e air a ràdh riutha, nach biodh a' mhin cho torach 's bu chòir dhi a bhith. Bha e eadhon air a ràdh, nach maireadh a' mhin leith na h-uine, nan cuirteadh an fhallaid air ais do 'n chiste-mhine a h-uile uair a dheanteadh fuinne. Direach mar a bha a' bhean-fhuinne air a cumail o ghabhail òran air eagal gu'n tugadh i mi-fhortan oirre fhein, bha i mar an ceudna air a cumail o chur na fallaid air ais do 'n chiste-mhine, air eagal gu'm biodh a' mhin ro dhiomain.

A chum gu'n tuig gach neach an t-aobhar air son gu'n robh e air a thoirmeasg an fhallaid a chur air ais do 'n chiste-mhine, feumaidh mi beagan a ràdh mu'n fhallaid. Is i an fhallaid, a' mhin a bhithear a' suathadh ris an uibe thaoise, an àm a bhith 'g a leanachadh, no 'g a thanachadh 'na bhreacaig. An uair a tha 'n taois air a taosnadh gu math, tha i air a deanamh 'na h-uibe. Tha 'n t-uibe coltach ri muilleann-siucair—cruinn mu'n bhonn, agus a sìor fhàs biorach gu 'bharr. An uair a tha 'bhean-fhuinne 'tòiseachadh ri' leanachadh an uibe thaoise, tha i 'cur làn no dhà a dùirn de 'n mhin fodha air a' chlàr. Mar a tha i 'ga leanachadh, tha i an dràsta 's a rithist a' cur na mine air 'uachdar, agus 'g a suathadh ris, gus am bi aig a' bhreacaig na ghabhas i air gach taobh dhe 'n mhin. A nis, an uair a tha 'n fhuinne ullamh, tha faisg air na dheanadh breacag de mhin air a' chlàr-fhuinne. Tha mhin so tais; oir bha i 'tarruinn beagan de 'n uisge as an taois an àm a bhith 'deanamh na fuinne. A bharrachd air sin, tha beagan de 'n taois air a feadh. Nan cuirteadh a' mhin so—an fhallaid—air ais do 'n chiste-mhine bheireadh i air cuid de 'n mhin eile blas goirt a ghabhail agus dh' fhàsadh na cnapan taoise cruaidh. An ath uair a

eannteadh ri fuinne, bhiodh na cnapan cruaidhe, taoise so anns aran, agus, mar a tha furasda gu leòr dhuinn a thuigsinn, a bhiodh blas mo buantas air an aran. An àite a' mhin a ur air ais do 'n chiste, dheanadh a' bhean-fhuinne "bonnach-ise" de na bhiodh a dh' fhallaid air a' chlàr. Theirteadh "bonnach-boise," ris a chionn gu'n robh e air a leanachadh dar a basan, an àite bhith air a leanachadh air a' chlàr. Na bhiodh fallaid idir air. Tha againn an so eachdraidh an ean-fhacail, "Bonnach deireadh-fuinne nam ban, b' e sid an inneanach tiugh."

Tha e air aithris gu'm bu tric leis na mnathan-fuinne cnapt de 'n im a chur anns a' "bhonnach deireadh-fuinne," agus eir mi dhuibh an sgeul beag a leanas mar dhearbhadh air inn na cuise so.

Bha leith-linn (idiot), ann an àite àraidh de 'n Ghàidhealt-
hd, a bhiodh gu tric a' falbh o thaigh gu taigh, agus o bhaile
baile, feuch ciod a gheibheadh e ri itheadh; oir, aig an àm
l cha robh LAGH NAM BOCHD air a dheanamh. Air latha
aidh chaidh e do thaigh anns a' bhaile. An uair a chaidh e
ach dh' fhairich e faileadh a chòrd ri chàileachd anabarrach
ath. Chunnaic e "bonnach-boise" ris an lic, agus dh'
thnich e gur ann as a' bhonnach a bha am faileadh. An uair
thug e nach robh duine staigh, sguab e leis am bonnach 'na
hlais, agus thug e an dorus air. An ùine ghoirid na dhéigh
rinn e òran do 'n bhonnach. So ceathramh dheth:—

"Am bonnach a bh' aig Mairereid,
Gu'm b' e sid an soireineach;
'N uair a thug mi leam e,
Bha punnd 'na mo sporran ann;
Is mise 'bha gu h-eutrom;
Gur h-eibhinn chaidh an t-earrach leam;
'N uair ghabh mi mo dheadh dhinneir,
Bha im agus aran agam."

An uair a tha an t-aran air a bhruich, tha taobh ceart agus
obh cearr air; no, ann am briathran eile, tha beulaobh is
laobh air. Is e beulaobh an arain, an taobh a bhruchear an
iseach dheth. Tha teas an teine a' toirt copan air a' cheud
aobh a bhruchear dheth. Agus an déis a thionndadh ris an
bhonnach gus a chùlaobh a bhruc, tha pàirt de 'n chopan
a' fuireach air. A nis, an àm a bhith 'cur an arain air a'
tòrd, bha e air a thoirmeasg gu mòr a chùl a chur as a chionn
r an trinnsear. Agus a chum nach deanteadh so bha e air

a ràdh le seann daoine glìce, gu'n tigeadh mi-fhortan a thaobh-eiginn air té sam bith a chuireadh, aon chuid le mi-shùim, no d' a deòin, cùl an arain os a chionn. Ach nam biodh fhios aig an té a bhiodh a' cur a' bhìdh air a' bhòrd gu'n robh iadsan a bha 'dol g'a itheadh ann an cunnart, bha e mar fhiachan oirre cùl an arain a chur os a chionn a chum an cur 'n am faireachadh. Mar dhearbhadh air so innsidh mi an sgeul a leanas:—

Annas na linntean a dh' fhalbh, mar a chuala sinn uile, bha robairean gu math lionmhor ann an iomadh àite air feadh na rìoghachd. Cha robh garbh-chrìochan na Gàidhealtachd falamh dhiubh. Bha aon àite glé uaigneach anns a' Ghàidhealtachd anns am biodh iad gu math tric a' spùinneadh gach duine a b' fhiach an t-saothair air am faigheadh iad greim. Bha taigh òsda faisg air an àite so, agus a réir choltais gu 'n robh fear an taigh-òsda ann an comunn riutha. B' e chuid-san de 'n obair fios fhaotainn, nam b' urrainn da, an robh sporran math, trom aig na daoine a bhiodh a' cur seachad oidhche anns an taigh-òsda, an àm dhaibh a bhith air an ais 's air an aghart eadar Galldachd is Gàidhealtachd. Air feasgar àraidh mu mheadhain an fhoghair ràinig duine òg air an robh coltas calma, tapaidh, an taigh-òsda. Thachair fear an taigh-òsda ris aig an dorus, agus bhruidhinn e ris gu faoilidh, sìobhail, modhail, mar bu ghnàth leis bruidhinn ris gach aon air am faiceadh e coltas math. Chuir iad seachad na bha rompa dhe 'n fheasgar agus dhe 'n oidhche gu àm cadail a' còmhradh ri cheile anns an t-seòmar a b' fhearr a bha 'staigh. Ged a bha 'n duine òg comhraiteach gu leòr, cha bu duine e a leigeadh 'inntinn ris do neach sam bith, gus am fàsadh e gu math eòlach air. Ach leis cho comhraiteach 's cho suilbhearra 's a fhuair e fear an taigh-òsda, thachair dha gu'n dubhairt e facal no dhà o 'n do thuig fear an taigh-òsda gu'n robh deannan math airgid anns an sporran aige. O 'n a bha e car sgith an dèis na rinn e de chois eachd fad an latha, chaidh e laidhe mu thràth suipearach.

Thachair gu'n robh nighean òg, dhreachar, air mhuinntireas anns an taigh-òsda aig an àm. Cha b' ann a ghnàth mhuinntir an àite a bha i idir. An àm dhi bhith 'frithealadh do 'n bhòrd, an uair a bha 'n duine òg agus fear an taighe aig am biadh comhladh anns an t-seòmar, chuala i cuid mhath de 'n chomhradh a bh' eatorra. Thuig i nach b' e mhàin gu'm buineadh e do 'n chuid sin de 'n dùthaich as an d' thàinig i fhein, ach gu'n robh e mar an ceudna dàimheil dhi a thaobh a màthar. Thug so oirre gu'n robh barrachd meas aice air na bhiodh aice air coigreach eile a bhiodh a' gabhail an rathaid. O 'n a bha e 'na dhuine òg, aoidheil, eireachdail, cha b' urrainn i gun tlachd a

ghabhail dheth. Cha robh e 'dol tiotadh bhar a smaointean, agus air an aobhar sin, rinn i dichuimhn' air nì no dhà a dheanamh a bha còir aice a dheanamh mu'n deachaidh i laidhe. Air eagal gu'm biodh a maighstir ag iomachain oirre anns a' mhadainn air son nach d' rinn i a gnothach mar a b' àbhaist dhi, dh' éirich i gu bog, balbh as an leabaidh, agus dh' fheuch i ris an obair a dheanamh gun an solus a lasadh. An uair a chuir i crìoch air aon obair a bh' aice ri dheanamh, shuidh i air furm a gharadh a cas aig an teine. Cha robh i fada 'na suidhe an uair a chuala i monobur bruidhne aig cùl an taighe. Chuir i a cluas ri claisneachd, agus dh' aithnich i guth a maighstir. Thug i éirigh aisde gus a dhol do 'n leabaidh; ach anns an àm, chuala i farum chas a' tighinn thun an doruis. O nach robh toil aice gu'n glacadh a maighstir air a cois i; an àite dhol do 'n t-seòmar anns am b' àbhaist di a bhith cadal, leum i steach do 'n chlàsaid a bha fo bhonn na staidhreach. Thàinig a maighstir agus fear eile steach, agus chaidh iad do 'n t-seòmar. O 'n a bha iad a' smaointean nach robh neach air a chois 's an taigh aig an àm, cha do dhruid iad dorus an t-seòmair idir. Ged a bha iad a' bruidhinn ri 'chéile glé iosal, chuala i a' chuid bu mhò dhe na thuirt iad ri 'chéile. Ghabh i uamhas an uair a thuig i, gu'n robh 'n am beachd an t-airgid a bh' aig an duine òg a thoirt uaithe, an uair a bhiodh e 'dol troimh bhad tiugh coille, a bha mu choig mìle o 'n taigh-òsda. An uair a bha iad greis mhath a' comhradh mu'n chùis chaidh iad le chéile am mach as an taigh. ' Cha bu luaithe a chaidh iad am mach na chaidh ise do 'n t-seòmar aice fhein. Ach chuir na chuala i a leithid a dh' uamhas 's de dhragh inntinn oirre 's nach d' rinn i norradh cadail ach a' smaointean air a' chunnart anns an robh an duine òg, agus gun fhios aige fhein air. Mar a b' fhaide a bha i a' smaoineachadh air a' chùis, is ann bu mhò a bha i 'faicinn gu'm b' e a dleasdanas a chur 'na fhaireachadh air aon doigh no doigh eile. O 'n a bha i gu nàdarra ciùin, diùid, banail, cha leigeadh an nàire leatha guth a ràdh ris. Agus ged a dh' innseadh i dha gu'n robh e ann an cunnart a chuid de 'n t-saoghal, agus, ma dh' fhaoidte, a bheatha, 'chall; bha eagal oirre nach creideadh e i, gu h-àraidh o nach robh aithne no eòlas aige oirre. An uair a bha i mar so a' dol fo 'smaointean feuch ciod bu chòir dhi 'dheanamh, chuimhnich i gu'n d' thug i boidean d'a maighstir, nach tugadh i guth no iomradh ri duine beò air aon nì a chitheadh no 'chluinneadh i anns an taigh fad 's a bhiodh i 'n a sheirbhis. Cha robh barail ro mhath aice roimhe sid air a maighstir, no idir air mòran de na nithean a bha i 'faicinn muinntir an taighe

a' deanamh; ach gus an oidhche ud, cha do thuig i gu ro mhath c'ar son a chuireadh fo bhòidean i nach innseadh i do neach sam bith aon nì a chitheadh no 'chluinneadh i. Mu dheireadh smaoinich i gu'n cuireadh i cùl an arain as a chionn an uair a bhiodh i 'cur a' bhìdh air a' bhòrd do 'n duine òg anns a' mhadainn. Cha robh fhios aice an tuigeadh e ciod a bhiodh i 'ciallachadh. Ach bha i suidhichte gu'n deanadh i e, o nach robh dòigh eile aice leis an cuireadh i 'na fhaireachadh e.

Anns a' mhadainn an àm a bhith 'cur a' bhìdh air a' bhòrd bha a maighstir anns an t-seòmar 's e cath-chomhradh ris an duine òg. Aoidheil 's mar a bha e ris an oidhche roimhe sid. bha e mòran na b' aoidheile anns a' mhadainn ud. Chuir so dragh mòr oirre. Thuig i ni b' fhearr na thuig i riamh roimhe, nach robh 'na maighstir ach duine cho eucorach 's cho cealgach 's a bha beò. An uair a chunnaic i nach robh choltas air gu'n rachadh e am mach as an t-seòmar gus am faiceadh e am biadh gu léir air a chur air a' bhòrd, ghabh i eagal nach b' urrainn i an t-aran a chur air beulaobh an duine òg anns an dòigh bu mhath leatha. Is e an rud a rinn i, dh' fhag i nì eigin de na bu chòir a bhith air a' bhòrd gun chur air, gus an d' fhalbh a maighstir am mach, an uair a chunnaic e an duine òg a' suidhe aig a' bhiadh. Cho luath 's a chaidh a maighstir am mach as an t-seòmar, thill i steach leis an nì a dh' fhàg i gun chur air a bheulaobh, agus thionndaidh i an t-aran a bh' air an trinnsear. Sheall an duine òg oirre gu dùr an clàr an aodainn. Sheall ise aisans. Agus an uair a thuig i gu'n robh e 'dol a chur ceisd oirre mu thimchioll an nì a rinn i, chrath i a ceann, agus chuir i a meòir air a beul, a' ciallachadh gu'm bu ghlice dhaibh le chéile gun aon fhacal a ràdh.

Gu fortanach thuig an duine òg gu'n robh e air a chuartachadh le cunnart mòr. An uair a ghabh e na thàinig ris de 'n bhiadh, agus a phàigh e na fhuair e anns an taigh-òsda, dh' fhalbh e. Gu sgeula goirid a dheanamh dheth, faodar a ràdh. gu'n d' ràinig e ceann a thuruis gu sàbhailte. Ach bha e soilleir dha mu'n deachaidh e troimh 'n choille, gu'n robh e air na bh' aige a dh' airgiod a chall, agus ma dh' fhaoidte, a bheatha, mur b' e gu'n do chuir an nighean òg 'na fhaireachadh e, an uair a chuir i cùl an arain os a chionn air an trinnsear.

Bha e air a làn-chreidsinn 's an am a dh' fhalbh—agus tha fhathast ann an iomadh àite—nan tuiteadh fear aig tiodhlacadh an àm dha 'bhith fo 'n ghiulan, gu'm b' e a' cheud fhear de na bhiodh aig an tiodhlacadh a gheibheadh bàs. Saoilidh daoine air an latha 'n diugh gur beachd anabarrach faoin am beachd so. Ach an uair a bheir sinn fa 'near cho feumail 's a bha e 's

an àm a dh' fhalbh, tuigidh sinn nach b' ann a chum saobh-chreideamh agus amaideas a chumail suas a chuireadh air tùs air a chois e, ach a chum bacadh a chur air nithean a bha olc agus mi-ìomchuidh.

Anns an àm a dh' fhalbh, b' ainneamh àite anns an robh rathaidean mòra. Agus am beagan rathaidean a bh' anns an dùthaich, cha robh iad ach glé neo-chomhnard. O nach robh feum mòr air rathaidean matha, cha 'n fhacas ìomchuidh mòran saothreach a ghabhail riutha. Gu math tric, an uair a bhiodh tiodhlacadh ann, bu ghnàth le daoine a bhith falbh leis a' ghiùlan àireamh mhiltean do 'n chladh anns an robh cuid de na càirdean a bha marbh, air an tiodhlacadh. Agus mar bu trice dh' fheumadh iad a bhith 'dol tarsuinn sleibhe is monaidh is garbhlaich. Ach ged a bhiodh deadh rathad mòr aca fad an t-siubhail a dh' ionnsuidh a' chlaidh, b' fhearr le daoine an rathad aithghearr a ghabhail na 'n rathad mòr a leantuinn.

A nis, nam buaileadh tuisleadh ann an cois fir an uair a bhiodh e fo 'n ghiùlan a' dol tarsuinn monaidh no garbhlaich, agus gu'n tuiteadh e, dh' fhaoidteadh bhith cinnteach gu'm bristeadh aon no dhà dhe na lunnan a bhiodh fo 'n chistelaide. Nan tachradh so bhiodh sgiobadh an tiodhlacaidh ann an crois, a thaobh nach biodh dòigh aca air lunnan fhaotainn a chuirteadh ann an àite nam feadhnach a rachadh a bhristeadh. Agus air eagal gu'n tigeadh am bàs air a h-aon aca ann an ùine ghòirid, bhiodh iad air an clisgeadh gu'm buaileadh tuisleadh 'n an cois, agus air an aobhar sin, dh' fhalbhadh iad le ceum cinnteach, socrach, leis a' ghiùlan.

Bha e 'na chleachdadh aig an àm ud, mar a tha e ann an tomhas beag no mòr gus an latha 'n diugh, a bhith 'g òl cuid mhath de dh' uisge-beatha, araon mu 'n togteadh an giulan, agus mar an ceudna an uair a bhiodh iad leitheach rathaid a' dol troimh 'n mhonadh, nam biodh an t-astar fada. Am fear a dh' òladh barrachd 's a' chòir mu 'm falbhadh e, no àm dhaibh a bhith leigeadh an analach air an t-slighe thun a' chlaidh, is e bu dòcha tuisleachadh agus tuiteam. Faodar a thuigsinn uaithe so gu'n robh iomadh fear a bha déidheil air an òl, mar a bha 's a tha iomadh fear, a' cur stamhnaidh air fhein, air eagal, le làn na slige a bharrachd a ghabhail, gu'n tuislicheadh a chas, agus gu'n tuiteadh e an àm dha bhith fo 'n ghiùlan.

Feumaidh sinn a chumail 'n ar cuimhne, an àm a bhith 'labhairt 's a' sgriobhadh 's a' leughadh mu na seana bheachdan 's na seana chleachdaidhean a bh' air an aithris 's air an creidsinn am measg an t-sluaigh 's an àm a dh' fhalbh, nach robh a' bhrìgh agus an teagasg a bh' air am filleadh a steach anna air

an tuigsinn leis a' mhuinntir òig idir; nan robh, faodar a bhith cinnteach nach gabhadh iad mòran sùim dhiubh. Mar bu trice, b' e òeagan de sheann daoine bu ghlice 's bu tùraile a bh' anns an dùthaich, a bhiodh a' teagasg agus a' comh-airleachadh an t-sluaigh. Bha fhios aig na daoine glice so gu'n robh feum aig an òigridh air iomadh teagasg fhaotainn a thaobh mar bu choir dhaibh an dleasdanas a dheanamh araon dhaibh fhein agus do mhuinntir eile. Agus air dhaibh tomhas mòr a dh' eòlas a bhith aca air gnè agus iarrtus dhaoine, bha fhios aca gu'n robh e nàdarra do na h-uile an nì a chuireadh ann an cunnart iad a sheachnadh, agus an nì a chumadh o gach cunnart agus mi-fhortan iad a leantuinn. Air an aobhar sin, chuir iad an geill mòran de nithean do na daoine òga a bha beò ri 'n latha 's ri 'n linn fhein, do nach toir sinne geill sam bith air an latha 'n diugh. Ach cha 'n fhaod sinne a ràdh gu'n robh na beachdan agus na cleachdaidhean a theagaisg iad cearr nan latha fhein; agus cha mhò na sin a their sinn e, mar bheir sinn fa 'near, le aire agus le curam, stad an t-sluaigh 's an àm ud, agus an nì a bh' anns an amharc aig na seann daoine glice a bha 'g an teagasg.

Anns na linntean a chaidh seachad bha e 'na chleachdadh cumanta am measg an t-sluaigh a bhith 'liubhairt òraid-mholaidh aig bruaich na h-uaghach, an uair a chuirteadh a' chiste-laidhe anns an uaigh, agus mu 'n cuirteadh an ùir oirre. Mar bu trice cha bhiodh e duilich daoine a mholadh; oir is ainneamh a gheibhear duine aig àm sam bith anns nach 'eil nì math air choireigin air son am faodar a mholadh. Na daoine nach fhaigh a' bheag de mholadh am feadh 's a tha iad beò, nithear moladh gu leòr orra an uair a gheibh iad bàs. Mar a tha 'n sean-fhacal ag ràdh, "Ma 's math leat do mholadh faigh bàs: ma 's math leat do chàineadh pòs."

Is fhad' o 'n a chaidh an cleachdadh so a fasan, agus tha sin cho math.

Cho fad 's is fhiosrach mi, is ann am Barraidh a rinneadh an òraid-mholaidh mu dheireadh aig bruaich na h-uaghach. So agaibh an sgeul mar a chuala mise e:—

Thachair gu'n do dh' eug duine àraidh air nach robh, a réir choltais, meas sam bith aig sluagh an eilean. Latha 'n tiodhlacaidh an uair a ràinig sgiobadh an tiodhlacaidh an cladh, agus a chàineadh a' chiste 's an uaigh, sheas na daoine mu-thimchioll na h-uaghach gus an cluinneadh iad an òraid-mholaidh. A nis, cha 'n fhaodadh aon seach aon de 'n luchd-dàimh facal a ràdh; oir cha robh e air a mheas aig an àm, gu'm bu mholadh air duine marbh am moladh a dheanadh a

dhlùth-chairdean 's a luchd-dàimh air. Air an aobhar sin, b' ann aig aon de na coimhearsnaich, no de 'n luchd-eòlais, a bharis an òraid a dheanamh. Bha na daoine gu leir 'nan seasamh aig an uaigh, agus iad a' feitheamh le mòr-ioghnadh feuch co aige bhiodh de mhisnich na mholadh fear an déigh a bhàis air nach d' rinneadh a' bheag de mholadh riamh ré a bheatha. Ach cha robh duine seach duine de na bha làthair a' gluasad as a' bhad an robh e 'na sheasamh. Ged nach robh duine a' fosgladh a bheoil, bha 'n sluagh a bha làthair gu léir a' faireachadh gu'n robh làn àm an gnothach a chur an dara taobh. Bha fhios aca gu'n cuireadh e dragh mòr air dlùth-chàirdean an duine na'n cuirteadh fo 'n talamh e gun a' bheag no mhòr de mholadh a dheanamh air. Mu dheireadh thall, an uair a bha na daoine air thuar am foighidinn a chall buileach glan, thug duine tapaidh de na bha 's a' chuideachd ceum no dhà air aghart, agus sheas e aig casan na h-uaghach, agus thuirt e:—"Fheara, sin agaibh a nis an aon smocair a b' fhearr a bha riamh 's an dùthaich."

22nd APRIL, 1897.

At the meeting this evening, Mr A. Macbain, M.A., read a paper, contributed by Mr J. L. Robertson, H.M.I.S., entitled "The Sources of Scottish Gaelic." The paper is a translation of Section C. of the article "Keltische Sprachen," by Windisch, in Ersch and Gröber's Encyclopædia (pp. 158 et seq.).

THE SOURCES OF SCOTTISH GAELIC.

According to Irish tradition—and the position is also accepted by Scottish scholars*—the permanent settlement of the Dalriad branch of the Scots took effect in Argyle at the beginning of the sixth century A.D. In the year 563 Saint Columba came to Scotland to evangelise the Picts, and the monastery of Iona, which was founded soon thereafter, became, both for Picts and Scots, the great centre of Christian enlightenment. So far as Scottish Gaelic is concerned, the oldest original is the Book of Deir (an abbey in Buchan). This document, which is now preserved in the Public Library at Cambridge, is a religious manuscript of the ninth century, and its prime value to Keltology lies in six entries (fol. 2-4) referring to matters of

* e.g. Skene, "Book of the Dean of Lismore" (pp. 23 et seq.).

local interest. This Gaelic section was first edited by Wh. Stokes, with a translation and analysis (*Goidilica*, pp. 47: 2nd ed., pp. 105 *et seq.*), and under the latter reference he makes mention of a complete edition of the whole manuscript, with facsimiles, by Stuart, Edinburgh, 1869. At the end of the document stands a sentence of the old scribe's, the language of which proves either that the manuscript is of real Irish origin or that the Gaelic written language of Scotland in the ninth century was as yet in no respect different from the Irish. Probably, indeed, the old document was written by an Irishman. It is otherwise, however, in the case of the later entries—those which are relegated to the 11th-12th century. Here, the mode of expression, the words, and the forms are as we find them in Irish, but the style of the writing reveals already a more marked phonetic deterioration, whether it be that the Scottish Gaelic actually suffered more from "wear and tear," or only that the style of writing became less antique, and adapted itself more closely to the pronunciation of the time.

In vain do we search in Scotland in the olden days for such a prolific literary activity as we found * in the case of Ireland. We merely note the fact here, without being able to discuss the causes. In ancient Scotland there is no evidence of a native ecclesiastical literature in the Gaelic language, nor is there any trace of the written preservation of old legal maxims or of popular tales. Indeed, it is noteworthy that a Gaelic Life of Columba, the apostle of the Scots, is found, not in a Scottish, but in an old Irish, manuscript. It is certainly the case that there is a collection of Gaelic manuscripts in the Advocates' Library in Edinburgh, but, with a solitary important exception, all the older of these documents appear to be of Irish origin.† All the same, I do not maintain that the people had not, in the form of oral transmission, their mythic tales and legends, and especially their folk-songs. This is the case in the present day, and many tales have, both in this and the preceding century, been committed to writing from the oral recitation of the people, though of earlier records of this kind there are only very few extant. The most celebrated is that known by the name of the "Book of the Dean of Lismore"—or, as it is styled in the manuscript itself, "*Liber Domini Jacobi Macgregor Decani Lismoren.*" It contains, within the compass of 311 pages, a collection of poems gathered in the Highlands by James Macgregor and his brother Duncan, about the year 1512. Lismore

Prof. Windisch here refers to his previous section on purely Irish Literature
 † V. articles by Gaidoz, *Rev. Celt.* VI., pp. 112 *et seq.*

is in Argyllshire. The greater part of this manuscript has been edited by Thomas M'Lauchlan and W. F. Skene, Edinburgh, 1862—the former giving the text and English translation, and the latter the introduction—and its linguistic value consists in the fact that, contrary to the Irish practice, but like the Manx and Welsh, the style of the writing is more phonetic.

On the other hand, in respect of the contents of the document, it is important inasmuch as it is the oldest Scottish source of the so-called Ossianic poems. My own opinion, already expressed in my "*Irische Texte*" (pp. 152), is to the effect that all these poems, along with the mythical tales which they incorporate, are of Irish genesis; and I decidedly do not believe that they were brought in this form from their earlier home by the Scots, but rather do I hold that many poems, to judge from their whole composition, must have come over from Ireland only in the latter centuries, either by oral or written transmission.

A poet Ossian (or better "Ossin," as the name is found in Irish and the "*Book of the Dean of Lismore*") there never was. How Ossian came to be regarded as a poet I have tried to explain in my essay on the "*Irish Saga and the Ossianic Question*." According to this myth, Ossin, the son of Finn, was one of the few who survived the fight at Gabra, 284 A.D. In this battle the King of Ireland annihilated the might of the overbearing Feinne, among whose leaders were Ossin, and, in earlier days, also Finn and his father, Cumall; and the battle, at the same time, brought to a close the ancient military splendour of Ireland. Now, in the legend, Ossin, as a gray, old sage, is made a contemporary of St Patrick, and from this there resulted in Ireland a special type of literary treatment, consisting of dialogues between Ossin and the Saint. The latter wishes to convert Ossin, but he constantly harps upon the glory of the days of yore. This it happens that Ossin became the reciter of the tales, and, by a further step, the author of the poems. And here again another point emerges. The oldest Ossianic poems, alike in Irish manuscripts and in the *Book of the Dean of Lismore*, are not of considerable length, and they have a definite subject, and resemble in general character the extant poems embodied in the early Irish mythical tales. These poems are either dialogues between the persons in the legend, or alleged rehearsals by one of these persons of the contents of the legend, if indeed it be not simply prefaced that the bard sang the following or composed the following song. In the "*Book of Leinster*" such poems are found quite isolated and free from the fuller details of the saga, and merely

with the superscription, "Ossin cecinit," "Finn mac Cumail cecinit," etc., this "cecinit" being here just the Latin version of the early Irish *cechuin* or *cachain* of the myth. These expressions were, however, in the course of time taken literally, especially in Scotland, and thus it is that in the "Book of the Dean of Lismore" the words "Auctor hujus Ossin" occur in the titles of the metrical passages. Originally, then, Ossin was merely a primeval hero, who in the legend is made to recite the poems of nameless bards. Similarly in the case of other heroes of the early days; but Ossian alone stands forth as a poet from this mode of treatment, because he, as the last representative of the ancient time, is specially brought in contact with St Patrick, the apostle of the new Christian era. St Patrick is not mentioned in all the poems, but when not, they are, it is often noticed, addressed to an ecclesiastic. In the older poems, and in those of the "Book of the Dean of Lismore," Ossin recounts only events of his own day, and of which he was a witness; and it was not until the appearance of Macpherson's Ossianic poems that that medley of different legend cycles was detected which has been urged by the Irish as a main argument against the authenticity of his poems.

A very meritorious compilation of Gaelic legendary tales in Scotland is *Leabhar na Feinne* (Vol. I., Gaelic Texts), "Heroic Ballads collected in Scotland chiefly from 1512-1871, arranged by J. F. Campbell, London, 1872," and published by the editor himself. Assuredly the most, if not all, of the collections of Gaelic texts in Scotland are here made available, and we note that the very earliest manuscripts, next to the "Book of the Dean of Lismore," date from the years 1603 and 1690, that they are written in Irish script character, and that the scribes, although Scots, were indebted to the Irish even for the matter of the documents, as well as for the style of handwriting. The Scottish Gaels sprang from Ireland, and so far at least as the early myths are concerned, remained Irish. Very indicative of this connexion with the ancestral land is the name "Erse," by which the English distinguish the Scottish Gaels and their language. "'Erse,' says Campbell,* "is a local pronunciation of the word 'Irish.'" English "Inglis" and Irish "Erise" are in mediæval times direct contraries in the language of Scotland. The Scots called themselves *Albanaich*, and Skene (v. "Book of the Dean of Lismore," p. xiii.) speaks of a battle in the twelfth century in which the rallying cry of

* l.c. p. xxiv., col. 2.

the Highlanders was "Albany, Albany," the English responding with "Yry, Yry"—"a term of great reproach at that time."

Campbell gives (on pp. xxxv. *et seq.*) a survey of the contents of the documents contained in the various collections, and made public mainly by himself. Our remarks thereon can only be quite cursory, for there does not yet exist any critically comparative investigation of the contents. But, here again, we meet some of the very oldest of the Irish mythical tales, e.g., various texts bearing on "Cuchulinn," the story of "Deirdre," of "Fraech," and, pre-eminently, the adventures of "Finn," "Ossin," and other Irish "worthies" of that day. We are struck, however, by the very marked intrusion of the Norse element into the old Gaelic legends, and this intermixture is not alone, and not first, special to Macpherson's poems, for we come upon it in the texts which claim to have been put in writing between 1750 and 1760. So far as my observation goes, Finn, Ossin, and, only rightly, also the heroes of the older mythic cycle, are constantly regarded as Irish, and the scene of the action is predominantly Ireland. The Scottish myth has, therefore, so far been faithful to the original, but never in the older Irish originals are incursions of the Norse or entanglements with them misplaced into the epoch of Finn, i.e., the third century A.D. But although this anachronistic conjunction of events is worse than the bardic invention that Ossin lived to see the beginning of the Christian era, and had personal communication with St Patrick, yet it is an invention of a cognate kind. Whether it can be ascribed to Scotland or to Ireland we may refrain from discussing, but at all events it is a reminiscence of the invasions under which the Irish had so terribly to suffer almost from the year 800 A.D. How remarkable it is that in the poetry gathered on Scottish soil the actual fortunes of Scotland itself find such a faint echo! Only Irish material, foreign to Scotland, if not also to its people, has exercised the Scottish imagination, and this material has been embellished with the whole furnishing of the legendary conceptions which find their way from one mythic cycle to another, and has steadily more and more become disconform to historic verity. In this direction Macpherson has strayed somewhat further, inasmuch as he has made—against the ancient chronology of the myths—Cuchulinn and Finn contemporaries; and, either from ignorance or by intention, he has changed and badly confounded the traditional situations and the names of the persons. How very dissimilar, for instance, Macpherson's poem, "Darthula"—the Gaelic text of which has not

come to light—is to the Irish and also to the earlier Scottish legend has very frequently been insisted on.*

That the Gaelic text of Macpherson's Ossian ever existed in its present form in an earlier manuscript is a literary impossibility. In a brilliant manner he executed the commission given to him in 1760, viz., to collect old Celtic poetry existing in the Scottish Highlands, and thereafter to publish it "in the most perfect shape possible." But he transformed with a free hand his material into new poems. Nothing is better fitted to let one divine how Macpherson set about his task than the description of his first appearance and of his reception by the public, which Professor Blackie has given in his "Language and Literature of the Scottish Highlands" (pp. 197 *et seq.*).

Not a single one of Macpherson's Gaelic poems has to the present hour revealed itself in any other original repository, either manuscript or in the shape of oral tradition; neither is there a trace in any original before the time of Macpherson, nor in any record or notes made thereafter. We willingly credit that for the space of a year the manuscripts he made use of were open to examination at the shop of a bookseller, but unfortunately no one did inspect them, and there is therefore no definite assurance as to the kind of manuscript they were, and how far they tallied with the Gaelic text of Macpherson's version. In the most charitable view of the case, it may be conjectured that there were manuscripts which now exist in one of the collections mentioned by Campbell, and that they certainly contained some part of the materials employed by Macpherson in the composition of his poems.

To do justice to Macpherson's personal character, the fact cannot be disregarded that he came before the world not as a Celtic scholar or archæologist, but as a poet. His reputation rests on his English "Ossian," and the influence these had on their time will always endure as a striking event in the history of literature. But it was long after their publication that the Gaelic original texts appeared. His cardinal fault is that exasperated, as he was, by the onslaught of his critics, he gave no public declaration as to the source of these texts. But on no consideration can his Ossian be accepted as a pure source of genuine Celtic antiquity; and, all the same, I do not believe

* Cf. O'Flanagan, "Deirdri, or The lamentable fate of the sons of Usnach," in Vol. I. Transactions of the Gaelic Society, Dublin, 1808; also, my "Irish Texts," p. 65, and H. d'Arbois de Jubainville "La Littérature Ancienne de l'Irlande et l'Ossian de Mac-Pherson," Paris, 1880 ("Bibl. de l'Ecole des chartes," T. xli.).

that his Gaelic text is merely a paraphrastic rendering of the English, unsupported by Gaelic originals. I should rather hazard the opinion that on the lines of the English text it has been elaborated from a free use of existing texts and fragments, and has probably also some dependence on his notes of verbal communications made to himself. Looking, however, to the fact that Macpherson published the English text first, and that it is very improbable that he had made ready for the press the Gaelic text before this, I consider the suspicion quite relevant that the Gaelic text was manufactured after the English, and in close correspondence therewith. But in this process the originals underwent a manifold transformation, and many a new Gaelic verse was fabricated in order to weld the fragments into a larger composition. Rumour has it that the poet (Macpherson) was not specially strong in Gaelic scholarship, and Blackie speaks of a helpful friend and collaborateur. Some light is shed on these mysterious circumstances by the "Sean Dana"* of John Smith. He followed the example of Macpherson, by publishing first the English text (in 1780) and then the Gaelic originals (in 1787); and further, while mentioning the persons from whom he received them, he expressly declares that he made his "originals" square with the printed version, and that he filled up the "lacunæ" by additions of his own invention.†

In connection with Campbell's collection, we discussed Macpherson's Ossian, and we now give some remarks thereon from the point of view of literary history. James Macpherson's first Ossianic publication was "Fragments of Ancient Poetry collected in the Highlands of Scotland and translated from the Gaelic (Edinburgh, 1760)": thereafter "Fingal, an Ancient Epic Poem in Six Books, together with several [15] other poems composed by Ossian, the son of Fingal, translated from the Gaelic Language (Edinburgh, 1762)." As up to this period he had experienced nothing but encouragement, the fact that he had in an "Advetisement" in his volume, intimated his intention to have his Gaelic originals published at the earliest possible date,‡ has an important bearing on the question of his bona fides. In 1763 his "Temora" appeared, along with five minor poems, and there followed then a series of complete editions of the English text, of which that of Hugh Campbell had the most vogue.§ Macpherson died in 1776, and the Gaelic text did not

* "Sean Dana le Oisian, Orrann, Ulann," &c. By John Smith, D.D. Edinburgh, Elliot, 1787.

† Cf. Clerk, "The Poems of Ossian," p. xxxiv.

‡ Blackie, p. 200.

§ 2 vols., London, 1822; also, Leipsic, published by Göschen, 1840.

come to light until after that event. The "Literary Journal" of 1774 publicly testified that he had deposited his manuscripts for a whole year in the book-shop of Beckett & De Hondt, Strand, London, but these originals disappeared, and that irretrievably. It is true that he left behind him a Gaelic manuscript original—partly in his own hand and partly in that of his transcribers—for the bulk of his English poems. This manuscript was put in type at the instance of the Highland Society of London in 1807, Thomas Ross taking charge of the Gaelic draft, while Robert Macfarlan appended a Latin translation, along with a commentary and other adjuncts.* The Highland Society were anxious that the orthography of the Gaelic translation of the Bible in the year 1801 should be followed, but it seems fortunate that Ross did not closely conform with this request. Other editions, but with arbitrary alterations, appeared in 1818 and 1861. Macpherson's manuscript, which claimed to be the basis of the "Editio princeps," had vanished, and to this edition the latest editor, Archibald Clerk, gave therefore special attention. He attempted emendations of it in certain points, but whether or not his recension more closely coincided with the manuscript original is hard to determine. This splendidly got up work—which was issued at the expense of John, Marquess of Bute—was published in two volumes, with the title, "The Poems of Ossian in the Original Gaelic, with a literal Translation into English, and a dissertation on the authenticity of the poems" (Edinburgh and London, 1870).

The controversy on the genuineness of the Ossianic poems is of value in so far as it has firmly established a series of facts and brought to light a mass of interesting material. But, unfortunately, the pure literary question has been made a national one, and many Scottish scholars have championed the existence of a poet Ossian and the antiquity of the Macpherson poems with a tenacity that is inexplicable apart from considerations of national sentiment and the animosity of the disputants. The best authority in all collateral matters is the "Report" (drawn up by H. Mackenzie) "of the Committee of the Highland Society of Scotland appointed to inquire into the Nature and Authenticity of the Poems of Ossian" (Edinburgh, 1805). John Stuart Blackie gives a noteworthy dissertation in his book—which I have repeatedly quoted here—"The Language and Literature of the Scottish Highlands" (Edinburgh, 1876), pp. 194 et seq.; and I may also refer to Clerk's introduction to his

* Clerk, "The Poems of Ossian," p. liv.

forementioned edition, where, however, he is at pains to defend too many untenable positions. Among the more recent Irish statements, Hennessey's article in the "Academy" (1 & 15/8/71), on Clerk's edition, merits conspicuous mention; and Gaidoz, in "Rev. Celt.", i. pp. 497 et seq., writes in the same strain. In Germany, the older criticism in this controversy includes Talvj's (Theresa Albertina Louisa Robinson née Von Jacob) *brochure* on the spuriousness of the Ossianic lays, and of Macpherson's "Ossian" in particular;* also a class lecture by C. Waag on Ossian and the Fingal Saga.† Of the German versions of "Ossian" an account is given in the writings cited: that by Ahlwardt adheres to the Gaelic text, others to the English, as in the case of the translation by Count Frederick Leopold von Stolberg.

As, at the very least, many of the Ossianic poems, and especially those of an earlier date, are of Irish extraction, this literary product cannot be regarded as the most undefiled source of the native Scottish Gaelic. In this linguistic aspect of the case, the versification of the popular bards deserves prime consideration. Blackie, from whose translations‡ alone I am acquainted with this class of poetry, specially mentions, as almost his only source of the more ancient specimens thereof, Mackenzie's "Beauties of Gaelic Poetry."|| In the forefront stands Mary Macleod, born 1569, "trophos or nurse to five lairds of the Macleods and two of the lairds of Applecross." She composed poems on the members of the Macleod family, but she got no acknowledgment from her patrons. The verses of "Iain Lom," or "Bare John," who flourished in the middle of the seventeenth century, have a political complexion, and the same may be said of the "Orain" (Glasgow, 1839) of the schoolmaster, Alexander M'Donald, whom Blackie designates the "Tyrtæus" of the Rebellion of 1745. A contemporary was the satirist, MacCodrum, against whom the tailors of the land banded themselves together, and declined for the future to make

* Die Unechtheit der Lieder Ossian's und des Macpherson's then Ossian's iusbesondere" (Leipzig, 1840).

† "Ossian und die Fingal-Sage" (Manheim, 1863).

‡ l.c. pp. 97 et seq.

|| "Sar-Obair nam Bard Gaelach, or the Beauties of Gaelic Poetry." By J. Mackenzie and James Logan (Glasgow, 1841). This title, and likewise those in the following notes, are taken from a catalogue for which I am indebted to Prof. Blackie—"A catalogue of Gaelic books and other Scottish Literature." Further information regarding the books was to be had in 1882 from Th. Halley, 36 Elgin Crescent, Nottinghill, London.

a stitch of clothing for him. Of a religious cast is the poetry of Dugald Buchanan, who was born in 1716. In his youth he had led a riotous life, but, racked by remorse, like Bunyan, he became a preacher of repentance. His characteristic piece is a long poem based on the contemplation of a human skull. But Duncan M'Intyre, or "Duncan Ban" ("Fair Duncan"), born 1724,* must be rated as the most perfect exponent of the poetry of the Highlands. He was a sportsman and gamekeeper, and his masterpiece is a metrical description of the life of the roe-deer and stags in the forest of Ben Dorain, his own special charge. This poem Blackie has turned into English (pp. 162 *et seq.*). There have been many editions of Buchanan and M'Intyre—of the former, twenty-one up to the year 1875, and of the latter, eight. The last poet whom Blackie places in the Macphersonian period is Robert Mackay, known under the name of "Rob Donn,"† *qui cecituit forma præstantes rure puellas* and who is celebrated also for his satirical vein.

From the foregoing remarks it is very apparent that the brilliancy of Gaelic poetry in Scotland in the eighteenth century cannot be attributed exclusively to Macpherson, and it must further be conceded that the descriptive treatment of nature, which has been urged, especially from the standpoint of the earlier Irish poetry, as an argument against the antiquity and popular currency of his poems, was certainly not, as Blackie (p. 160) very justly remarks, introduced into Gaelic poetry by Macpherson for the first time. Blackie (p. 98) speaks of one of the most ancient poems of that time ("Miann a' Bhaird Aosda"—"The Desire of the Aged Bard"), the date of which cannot be accurately fixed; and here we experience, from the emotional nature of the verses, quite a modern impression, and are, on the other hand, reminded of the old Ossianic days. Macpherson was therefore not the originator of the emotional or elegiac style in Gaelic poetry, and, in my opinion, the mournful mood of the Ossianic poems is, partly at least, due to the poetical conception of Ossin as the aged sage who describes to St Patrick the bygone magnificence of his youthful days.

Of poets or song-writers after Macpherson, Blackie mentions—Lauchlan Macpherson, born 1723; John Roy Stuart; Ken-

* "Orain agus Dana Gaidhealach." By Duncan Ban MacIntyre (Edinburgh, 1848).

† Orain—Songs and Poems in the Gaelic Language. By Robert Mackay. Inverness, Douglas, 1829. Orain—Le Rob Donn. Edinburgh, Collie, 1871.

neth Mackenzie, born 1758; William Ross, born 1762*; Allan Macdougall, born about 1750; James Shaw, born 1758; John Macgregor, born 1762†; Ewan MacLachlan, born 1775‡; Alexander Mackinnon, born 1770; Donald Macdonald, born 1780; Livingstone, or Mac-Dhunleibhe,|| born 1808; Ewan MacColl, born 1812. Of their works, only the "Clarsach nam Beann"§ of the last named lies before me. Blackie gives, besides, a number of current popular songs, in the form of an English translation. So far as prose writing is concerned, the sermons are, according to Blackie, not only too often wanting in idiomatic propriety, but are English in conception. Pure idiomatic Gaelic, however, still survives in the legends and tales that are in oral circulation, and in the proverbs. A Gaelic text of the former, obtained from a workman of the name of Donald Macpherson, was published by J. F. Campbell, with an English rendering, in the "Revue Celtique" (i. pp. 193-202, "Fionn's Enchantment"); and for the proverbs, the work of Alexander Nicolson—"A Collection of Gaelic Proverbs and Familiar Phrases. Based on Mackintosh's Collection" (Edinburgh, 1881) has at present the foremost place.

In the ecclesiastical literature of Gaelic Scotland, the Irish language was for a long time predominant. The first productions of this class belong to Argyllshire, where, to the present day, the spoken language is the most similar to the Irish. Of these, Skene, in the "Book of the Dean of Lismore" (pp. xxxviii. *et seq.*) gives some short notices. The earliest was Bishop Carswell's Prayer Book (Dunedin, 1567), and this was re-printed lately by Thomas M'Lauchlan, at the expense of the Marquess of Bute, under the title, "The Book of Common Order, commonly called John Knox's Liturgy, translated into Gaelic anno Domini 1567 by M. John Carswell, Bishop of the Isles. Edinburgh, 1873."¶ The introduction to this work is written in the actual Irish of Carswell's day, and has been copied by O'Donovan into his *Ir. Gramm.* (pp. 453 *et seq.*), to serve there as a linguistic exercise. Only gradually have efforts been made to eradicate from the Catechism and the translation of the Bible the forms and expressions that are peculiar to the Irish

* Orain Ghaelach. Le Uilleam Ros. Inverness, 1830, 1834, 1868.

† Orain Ghaelach. Le Iain MacGhrigair (Edinb., 1801).

‡ Metrical Effusions. By Ewen MacLachlan (Aberdeen, 1816).

|| Duain Ghaelich. Le Uilleam Mac Dhun Leibhe (Edinburgh, MacLachlan & Stewart, 1858).

§ Second edition, Duneidinn, 1838 (1st edition, Glasgow, 1836).

¶ (Cf. Rev. Celt II., p. 264).

dialect; and the translation of the Bible, of date 1826, passes as "the standard of the orthography and idiom of the Scotch Gaelic." Of special vogue is the last edition (1880), "published for the Edinburgh National Bible Society."* It is interesting that the edition of Bishop Bedel's Irish translation of the Bible, in 1690, was originally meant for circulation in Scotland, and that it had a brief Scottish-Gaelic glossary appended. On this point, and on the later expansions of this glossary, Skene writes in the "Book of the Dean of Lismore" (p. xiii.). The most important dictionary is that issued by the Highland Society of Scotland, "Dictionarium Scoto-Celticum" (Edinburgh, 1828). Before this, appeared R. A. Armstrong's Gaelic Dictionary, in two parts, Gaelic and English, and English and Gaelic (London, 1825). N. MacAlpine's "Pronouncing Gaelic Dictionary" (Edinburgh, 1847) has special reference to the dialect of Islay, where, according to Skene, the author was a schoolmaster. Of existing grammars, the best is Alexander Stewart's "Elements of Gaelic Grammar" (Edinburgh, 1801: 2nd edition, 1812).† A. Ebrard's handbook of the middle-Gaelic language ("Handbuch der Mittelhälischen Sprache" (Vienna, 1870) deals principally with Macpherson's Ossian. Forbes, in his "Principles of Gaelic Grammar" (Edinburgh, 1848), gives a description, in the introduction, of the "three" main dialects of the Scottish Gaelic (northern, central, and south-western),‡ though Donald MacKinnon in his "Inaugural Address," p. 30), distinguishes only "two," a northern and a southern, of which the latter is more akin to the Irish, and is more prominently represented in the literature. O'Donovan in his "Irish Grammar" (p. lxxviii.), and Skene in the "Book of the Dean of Lismore" (Additional Notes, p. 137 et seq.), both treat of the relatively insignificant grammatical differences between Scottish and Irish Gaelic. Under the heading "Present Limits of the Celtic Language in Scotland," the *Revue Celtique* (II. pp. 178 et seq.) has an article on the topographical demarcation of the languages in Scotland, which is extracted from James A. H. Murray's book, "The Dialect of the Southern Counties of Scotland, its pronunciation, grammar, and historical relations" (London, 1873). Since 1881, "The Scottish Celtic Review," a magazine devoted to Gaelic philology, has appeared in Glasgow, and is edited by Alexander Cameron. (Its third number is dated November, 1882). Statements in the "*Revue Celtique*" (IV. p. 277), based

* (Cf. A. Nicolson, *Gaelic Proverbs*, pp. x.).

† Cf. *Gramm. Celt.*, 2nd Ed., pp. ix.

‡ Cf. *Rev. Celt.* II., p. 187.

on the estimates by M. Ravenstein in the "Journal of the Statistical Society," and which probably relate to the Census of 1871, place the number of the Gaelic-speaking population in those parts of Scotland where the Gaelic population prevails at 242,207; in the rest of Scotland, 58,746; in Ireland (Antrim), 301; in England and Wales, 8000; the grand total being 309,254 souls, of which those who speak only Gaelic amount to 48,873. Donald Mackinnon also, in his "Inaugural Address" (1883), computes the number of the Gaelic-speaking population in Scotland at approximately 300,000.

29th APRIL, 1897.

The paper for this evening was a contribution from Provost Macpherson, Kingussie, entitled, "Gleanings from the Charter Chest at Cluny Castle," No. III. The paper was as follows:—

GLEANINGS FROM THE CLUNY CHARTER CHEST.

(Continued from Vol. XX., page 247.)

III.

X. LETTER FROM VISCOUNT FRENDRAUGHT TO CLUNY, DATED 22ND DECEMBER (1689?)

The writer of this letter (inadvertently omitted to be given in its chronological sequence) was the fourth and last Viscount Frendraught, the representative of a well-known family in Aberdeenshire, descended from the celebrated Sir William Crichton, Lord Chancellor of Scotland during the minority of James the Second. The Viscount joined King James the Seventh in France, for which he was attainted by Parliament in 1690. He attended James to Ireland, and died without issue on 26th November, 1698, when the title became extinct. The letter is addressed "The Laird of Clunie":—

Sir,—I hope ye wiell doe Glengarrie and me the favour to dispatch this inclosed packet directed for him how soon it comes to your hand wt. a sure bearer and I am sure he will give you thanks for the doeing it for there is newes in it will be pleasing to all honest men, for Shomberg, after the death of twelve thousand of his army by sicknes, and the loss of four thousand by the sword in his retreat from Dundalk to bellfast is come to England, and his son was lately att Edr.—the few that remaines of his army are shiped for England aboard of the fleet that was lying att Grenock for the transporting of the Danes if they had landed, and the King only waits for the french—he is to land in England himself and the Duke of Berwick is to land in scotland wt. twelve thousand men all which we expect to be here soone the next month. Ye may lay stress upon thes account for I saw the letter the person wrote that spoke wt. the express that came from Ireland. I hope this will encourage men to act something before they gett forreign assistance for if nothing be done before they come whats done after by us will be the less looked upon, thinking that men are more obliged to doe out of fear then love. I hope I need not use more arguments to one whom I know to be so weell indlyned for our master's service as you are by all the expressions of loyalty you gave me.

I most hope that ye will be one of the first that will appear for him. Pray let me hear from you. Present my respects to your Lady.—I am, Sir, your humble servant,

FRENDRAUGHT.

22nd Decr.

XI. RECEIPT BY M'DONELL OF GLENGARRY TO CLUNY, DATED
18TH JANUARY, 1712.

I Alexander McDonell of Glengarrie grant me to have received under trust from ye Laird of Clunie ane receipt of ane hundreth and fiftie pound sterling to be received from Sir Patrick C. Murray of Ochertyre for his use. I oblige me to restore the sd. recept. to ye Laird of Clunie, or ye effects yreof. As witness my hand written and subscribed the eighteen day of Januarie one thousand seven hundred and twelve.

(Sgd.) ALEX. McDONELL.

XII. LETTERS—THE EARL OF MAR TO CLUNY.

The next in order are two letters from John Erskine, the eleventh Earl of Mar, who figured so prominently in the Rising of the '15. These letters are addressed "To The Laid of Cluny Macpherson."

1. *The Earl of Mar to Cluny, dated 30th November, 1715.*

John Earl of Mar &c. Commander in Chief of his Majesty's forces in Scotland

These are ordering and Requiring you forthwth. to raise your hail fensible men and following wth. their best arms and accoutrements and with all possible speed to march them to joyn the forces under the command of Colonel John Gordon of Glenbucket In Badenoch or where they shall happen to be for the time ffor doing whereof this shall be your warrand.

Given att the Camp at Perth, this 30th of Novemr. 1715.

MAR.

2. *The Earl of Mar to Cluny, dated 5th December, 1715.*

Perth Decemr. 5th 1715.

Sir,—The appearance that Lord Sutherland and others in the North has made against the King's interest, has Obliged me for reducing of them to give orders to Glenbucket to call all the Nighbouring Countreys in the Kings interest to joyn him and others of the King's friends.

Let me therefore earnestly recommend to you to Lend your friends and followers to him forthwith.

The King having sail'd from ffrance the 7th of last moneth we are in hourly expectation of his landing, qth. God make safe and soon, and this makes it the more necessary to reduce those people & to have Inverness again in the Kings possession immediately. I know your zeal for the King's Service will make you give ready compliance & act forewardly when so much depends on this affair.—I am, Sir, your most humble
Servant

MAR.

My service to Nuid whose letter of the 1st I had last night.

XIII. LETTERS FROM THE MARQUIS OF HUNTLY. •

Alexander, the second Duke of Gordon (the writer of these letters), when Marquis of Huntly, was a zealous adherent of the Stewart dynasty, and on the breaking out of the Rising of 1715 he joined the forces of the Earl of Mar. After proclaiming the Chevalier at Castle Gordon, the Marquis, with a large body of horse and foot, flocked to the standard of the Stewarts at Perth, on 6th October, 1715, and was at the battle of Sheriffmuir on 13th November following. He afterwards capitulated, and was carried prisoner to Edinburgh Castle, but the proceedings against him appear to have been subsequently abandoned. The following anecdote is related of him after he had, on the death of his father, succeeded to the Dukedom of Gordon:—

A Protestant tenant, having fallen into arrears, had his stock seized by the steward, and advertised for sale. The farmer having waited on his Grace, and told his sorrowful tale, had the satisfaction of receiving an acquittance of the debt. As he was withdrawing, he expressed a wish to know what the pictures and statues were that adorned the ducal hall. "These," said the Duke, "are the saints that intercede with the Saviour for me." "My Lord Duke," replied the tenant, "I went to little Sawney Gordon and muckle Sawney Gordon, but had I not come to your Grace's self, I and my bairns would have been turned out o' house and ha'; would it not, then, be better for your Grace to go directly to the one Mediator Himself?" It has been asserted that this was the means of converting his Grace to the Protestant faith; but whilst it is probable that such a conversation may have had its effect, yet it is more likely that this important change was brought about by his Duchess, who was a daughter of the Earl of Peterborough, and who brought up her numerous family in the Protestant religion.

Four of the following letters are addressed to Lauchlan Macpherson of Nuide, who (in consequence of the advanced age at the time of his cousin, Duncan Macpherson of Cluny) then commanded "the Badenoch Battalion lying in Achindown." On the death of Duncan of Cluny, in 1722, without male issue, the same Lauchlan succeeded to the Chiefship. The remaining letter of the series is addressed "To The Laird of Noid and the other Badenoch gentlemen."

1. *The Marquis of Huntly to the Laird of Nuid, dated 20th December, 1715.*

By ye Right Honorable The Marquis of Huntly.

These are requireing you to march Backward the Badenoch men to Achindown and quarter them their till further order by the advyce of Leiut. Coll. Gordon of Barnes who I have ordered yr. for that effect. You are to take speciall care that no prejudice be done to any within my own interest, Bracco, Laird of Grant, or any oyr. wt.somever unless you be attacked, and in that cause you are heirby ordered to defend yourselves and acquant for doeing of sich this shall be your sufficient warrand and all concerned. Given at Gordon Castle the 20th Decr. 1715.

HUNTLY.

2. *The Marquis of Huntly to the Laird of Nuid, dated 26th December, 1715.*

The Laird of Noid, Commandant of the Badenoch Battalion lying in Achindown.

Sir,—I desire you send hither under gaird the man belonging to the Garrison of Balveny who is now prisoner with you, and that how soon ye receive this from your affectionat friend to serve you (Sgd.) HUNTLY.

Gordon Castle, Decr. 26th 1715.

3. *The Marquis of Huntly to the Laird of Nuid, dated 2nd January, 1716.*

Noode,—You are to March all the Badzenoch foot to morrow the 3d curent to Elgin, and ther you are to Ly and receive further orders from me or Barns from tym to tym as shall be occasions for. Given att Gordon Castle the 2d of Jany. 1716.

HUNTLY.

4. *The Marquis of Huntly to the Laird of Nuid, dated 8th January, 1716.*

Nood,—Befor I go forward to Invernes I designe to hav all my people together about mee therfor desire you may come over to my side of the water wher quarters shall bee aponted for you. Leeiv yr. shoomakers & one of the gentilmen to haisten the shoos being made and to bring them to the men when reddy. (HUNTLY).

Elgin 8 Janry. 1716

March to-morrow morning.

5. *The Marquis of Huntly to the Laird of Nuide and the other Badenoch Gentlemen, dated 8th February, 1716.*

Gentlemen,—Your further stay in this Country is unnecessary and therefore you may repair immediatly to your own homes and look after your private bussiness till you receive further orders from me. Gordon Castle febr. 8th 1716.

HUNTLY.

(On the same page).

For the Laird of Noid and the other Badenoch Gentlemen

Let no irregularities or abuses be committed by your men in their quarters or upon their march home upon any pretext whatsoever. I know its in the power of you Gentlemen to make your men regular so if anything is done amiss by them you'll answer for itt your perill date forsaide

HUNTLY.

XIV. LETTER FROM CLAN RANALD TO CLUNY.

The authorship of this interesting letter, which is addressed "To the Honour'd the Laird off Cluny," is somewhat puzzling. For the greater portion of the following notes regarding the letter, I am indebted to my good friend, Mr William Mackay, the honorary secretary of the Society. The letter was undoubtedly written in February, and it appears equally certain that the date is the 11th. The second figure is badly formed, but it is neither a 3 nor a 5, but a somewhat crooked 1.

The year was 1715 in England and 1716 in Scotland. In England the year did not then begin till the 25th March; in Scotland it began, as now, on 1st January. The period between 1st January and 25th March belonged in England to 1715, but in Scotland to 1716. This is, as was customary, indicated by the double date $\frac{1715}{1716}$, or, as it was more commonly written, $1715\frac{1}{16}$.

It is well known that the bulk of Mar's army adhered to him—at Perth principally—until the departure of the Chevalier and Mar for France, on 4th February, 1716. A portion of the army left Aberdeen on 7th February, and, after passing through the Province of Moray, "retired up the vale of Strathspey, towards the wilds of Badenoch and Lochaber, where at length they were left unannoyed by an enemy which could not follow them further" (Chambers' History of the Rising of 1715). This

evidently is the "army" to which the writer of the letter refers, and in whose van he and his men were—having followed Mar until the flight to France a few days before.

But who was the writer? It, of course, could not have been the Clan Ranald (Allan) who fell at Sheriffmuir. His successor *de jure* was his brother Ranald, who was at the time in France. Mackenzie (History of Macdonalds) says that when Ranald heard of Allan's death he thought of returning home, but delayed doing so until he received further particulars from home, and that he died in France in 1725 (1726?). Did he come to Scotland in time to lead his men home from Aberdeen, in February, 1716, and return to France before 1725?

Another conjecture is the more probable one. Ranald died childless, and was succeeded by Macdonald of Benbecula, the tutor and friend of Allan. The Reverend Charles Macdonald (Moidart, or among the Clan Ranalds) indicates that he *immediately* succeeded Allan—making no mention of Ranald. The fact probably is that in Ranald's absence abroad—his whereabouts being perhaps unknown—Benbecula assumed the Chiefship on Allan's death, and that he (Benbecula) was the writer of the letter. This is so far confirmed by the following paragraph in a short account of the Family, given in the appendix to Browne's "History of the Highlands," Vol. IV., pp. 92-3:—

"Allan Macdonald of Moidart, last undisputed representative of the Clan Ranald Family, and called by the Highlanders Allen Mac Ian, lived at his house of Castleterrim, in Moidart, about the end of the reign of James the 5th. He was great-grandfather to Allan Macdonald of Moidart, called Captain of Clanranald, who was killed in his Majesty's cause at the battle of Dunblane or Sheriffmuir in 1715, and also great-grandfather to Ranald Macdonald, brother to the above said Clanranald, and his Lieutenant-Colonel in same regiment in 1715, and who died at Paris 1726. Also great-grandfather to Ranald Macdonald of Kinloch-Moidart, major of the second regiment of Clanranald in 1715, and also great-grandfather to Macdonald of Benbecula, a captain in the same regiment in 1715, and since called Clanranald."

Clan Ranald and his men had apparently encamped for the night in the friendly quarters of the Macphersons of Nuide (within six miles from Cluny Castle) on their way to Lochaber.

Sir,—Our misfortunes obligeing us to come this way, and being necessitat to trouble our frinds, I presume to direct my men to you, being furthest advanced of the army, that you may have the goodness to order quarters for them among your tennants, as you'll find most convenient. They will give no trouble, and I dout not but you'll see them provided for this night, which will be a lasting obligation upon—Sr., your affectionatt and humble Servant

CLAN RANALD.

Noid fbr. 11 17¹⁵/₁₈.

If I can I'll do myself the favour to be with you this night.

XV. LETTERS FROM THE CHEVALIER DE ST GEORGE.

A transcript of the first letter from the Chevalier (an autograph one) is given in Browne's "History of the Highlands" (Vol. II., page 438) as having been sent to "Young Lochiel," under the name of "Mr Johnstone, Junior." I have been unable to ascertain how the original letter happens to be among the papers in the Cluny charter chest. Probably it may, for some purpose or other, have been handed to Cluny of the '45 by his kinsman, young Lochiel. The "Allen" mentioned in the letter was the well-known Allan Cameron, a younger son of Lochiel of the '45.

1. *The Chevalier to "Young Lochiel." dated April 11th, 1727.*

April 11th 1727.

I am glad of this occasion to lett you know how well pleased I am to hear of the care you take to follow your father's and uncle's example in their loyalty to me and I dout not of your endeavours to maintain the same spirit in the Clan. Allen is now with me and I am allwayes glad to have some of my brave highlanders about me, whom I value, as they deserve. You will deliver the enclosed to its adress, & doubt not of my particular regard for you which I am persuaded you will allwayes deserve.

JAMES R

You'll tell Mr Maclachlane that I am very sensible of his zeal for my service.

2. *The Chevalier to Cluny, dated 11th March, 1743.*

March 11th 1743.

I received a few days ago yours of the 18th Feby. and am far from disapproving your coming into france att this time, the

settling a correspondence betwixt us on this side of the sea and our friends in Scotland may be of consequence in this juncture. I hope you will have concerted some safe methode for that effect with Lord Semple before you leave him, and that once determined you will I think have done very well to return home where you may be of more use then abroad. I shall say nothing here of what is passing in france of which you will have been informed by Lord Semple, & you may be well assured that I shall neglect nothing that depends on me to induce the French to assist us, as it is reasonable to hope they will, if there be a general war; But if they ever undertake any thing in my favour I shall to be sure have little warning of it before, and by consequence I fear it will be impossible that G. K. (Keith) can come in time into Scotland how much sooner both I, and I am perswaded himself, also desires it, because you will easily see that one of his Rank and Distinction cannot well quite the service he is in either abruptly or upon an uncertainty. I remark all you say to me on that subject and when the times comes it shall be my care to dispose all such matters in as much as in me lyes for what I may then think for the real good of my service and for my friend's satisfaction also, for in such sort of particulars it is scarce possible to take proper resolutions before the time of execution.

I had some time agoe a proposal made to me in relation to the seizeing of Stirling Castle. What I then heard, and what you now say on that subject is so general that I think it is not impossible but that the two proposals may be found originally one and the same project. I wish therefore you would enter a little more into particulars, that I may be the better able to determine what directions to send. As to what is represented about the vassalls, I suppose what you mean is the same as what I have inserted in a draught of a Declaration for Scotland I have long had by me, vizt. that the vassals of those who should appear against my forces on a landing should be reed of their vassallage and hold their lands immediately of the Crown provided such vassalls should declare for me and joyn heartily in my cause as this is my intention I allow my friends to make such prudent use off it as they may think fitt.

Before you gett this you will probably have received what was write to you from hence about the Scotts Episcopall Clergy, so that I need say nothing on that subject here, more than that I hope the steps taken by me will give satisfaction and promote union in that Body. It is a great comfort to me to see the

Gentlemen of the Concert so zealous, so united and so frank in all that relates to my service and I desire you will say all that is kind to them in my name

I remark you have advanced 100 pound of your own money for Sr. J. C., which I take very well of you, but I must desire you will not give me any more proofs of that kind of your good-will towards me, and as for what is past I look upon it as a personal debt & shall take care that it be repayed.

I remark what you say about the difficulty there is of raising money. I forsay that would be no easy matter, & I think it should not be insisted upon. I think I have now taken notice of all that required any answer in what you wrote to me and Morgan, and shall add nothing further here, but to assure you of the continuance of my good opinion of you and that your prudent and zealous endeavours to forward my service shall never be forgott by me.

XVI. LETTERS—THE DUKE OF PERTH TO CLUNY.

The Duke of Perth—the writer of these letters—was a devoted follower of the Stewarts, and joined the forces of Prince Charlie at Perth, in September, 1745. As Lieutenant-General, he commanded the right wing at the battle of Preston, and “in spite,” we are told, “of a very delicate constitution, he underwent the greatest fatigues, and was the first on every occasion where his head or his hands could be of use: bold as a lion in the field, but ever merciful in the hour of victory.” He continued to take a very active and distinguished part in the ‘45 down to the battle of Culloden. After that “day of dool” he embarked for France, but he was so worn out with the hardships he had undergone that he died on the passage, on 11th May, 1746, at the early age of 33. The following letters are addressed, “The Laird of Cluny Macpherson att Cluny”:—

1. *The Duke of Perth to Cluny, dated 6th June, 1738.*

Dear Sir,—I received with a great deal of pleasure your kind message, and am very much obliged to you for the hawk, but much more for the favour of your kind remembrance. I do assure you that the regard which is due to you by everybody, I have for you in a very great degree, and that if ever it is in my power to shew it to you I shall never fail to do it, and I

shall always be fond of calling myself, Sir, your sincere friend
and obedient humble servt.,

PERTH.

Drummond the 6 June 1738.

2. *The Duke of Perth to Cluny, dated 14th June, 1739.*

Dear Sir,—I am very much obliged to you for the care
you have given yourself about the hawks. I am only sorry for
the trouble I put you to but since your friendship is so kind as
to excuse it I shall say no more about it.

I only wish for an occasion of showing you with what grati-
tude and sincere regard I am, Dear Sir, your obliged friend
and most humble servant

PERTH.

Drummond the 14 June 1739.

XVII. LETTER—THE EARL OF ROTHES TO CLUNY.

The writer of this letter was the eighth Earl of Rothes, and
was an active supporter of the Hanoverians. He acted as
Major-General at the battle of Dettingen, on 16th June, 1743,
and, after a distinguished military career, died on 10th Decem-
ber, 1767. The letter is addressed to "Hew" (Ewen) "Mac-
ferson Esq. Laird of Cluny yr. at Cluny."

Leslie July 29th 1739.

Sir,—I Received the favour of your Letter from my kins-
men Mr Leslies. They are good clever men, and I am very
glad I had this opportunity of knowing them, and thank you
for the Recommendation you have given them, and I shall be
very glad of an occasion of making my acquaintance with
yourself. They have informed me of the kind offices you have
done them and their family and are most Gratfull for it. I
Reckon myself obliged to you theirby, and beg the favour of
you to continue your goodness to them which I shall acknow-
ledge an obligation done myself.—I am Sir your most obedient
humble servant

ROTHES.

XVIII. LETTER—THE EARL OF MORAY TO CLUNY.

The following letter, which is addressed "The Honourable
Evan Macpherson of Cluny Esqr. at Cluny," is from James,
seventh Earl of Moray. He adhered to the Hanoverian cause,
was made a Knight of the Thistle in 1741, and was three times
elected as one of the sixteen Scots representative peers. He
died on 5th July, 1767, in the 59th year of his age.

Sir,—I had the favour of yours by your kinsmen who were not a little Indebted to you, for besides the natural Regard I have for all my vassals, Cluny's Recommendation will always have its weight with me. I have not only quit with the Right which the law gave me after the Decreet of Improbation was extracted but have De Novo granted the Lands to Aneas and Hugh, so that you see fr. your Request has not only been complied with, but that soon. Aberardour is at my mercy, he not only does me injustice, but I am affraid by his way of life would soon ruin his Family, and therefore I am determined to take his children under my protection, and I hope what I do in that affair shall be agreeable to you and the rest of their friends.

I hear you are soon to be allied to me by the Family of Lovat. I wish you all manner of joy and happiness in that state.—I am Sir your most obedient humble servant

MORAY.

Dombristle June 11 1742

XIX. LETTER—M'DONELL OF GLENGARRY TO CLUNY.

The next of the series is an autograph letter from John McDonell, twelfth of Glengarry (who died in 1754), and is addressed, "The much Honoured the Laird of Clunie."

Dear Sir,—I received yours per bearer, but as I am in a very bad state of health at present & much hurried with country business, as the bearer can Inform you, have not had time to inquire into his business at present. But be assured as I Incline to Doe all men justice be assured I'm much more Inclined to Doe soe by any belonged to you and recommended by you, and shall acquaint you in a fortnight hence to send the man over in order to doe him justice.

I beg youll make offer of my most humble Dutie to the Lady Clunie and believe me to be sincerely with esteem Dear Sir your most obedient Humble servt.

JOHN MC DONELL off Glengary.

Culachie 29 november 1743.

XX. LETTER FROM ROBERT CRAIGIE, LORD ADVOCATE, TO CLUNY.

This letter and relative warrant are from the Lord Advocate of the time to Cluny, within a very short time after the latter had been appointed to a captaincy in the Earl of Loudon's

Regiment. In a manuscript, preserved in the Cluny charter chest, written in France about the year 1760 (the author of which is unknown), a graphic description is given of Cluny's situation before the '45. He lived, it is stated, "in peace, in affluence and in esteem at his own house at the period the Prince landed in Scotland. The Prince sent him an invitation to join him with his followers; and as his principles, and those of his household at all times led them towards a faithfull attachment to the rightfull royall line of Stewarts, he did not hesitate in sending back his Captain's Commission to the Government in six weeks after he received it, rais'd his clan, left all, and followed the Prince, who received him with a hearty welcome, and with a due sense of his merit. He from that time accompanied the Prince through all his fatigues during the long course of a severe winter campagne, during which he had frequent opportunities to observe and be much pleased with many great qualities in so young a Prince. In deliberations he found him ready, and his oppinion generally best; in their execution firm; and in secrecy impenetrable; his humanity and consideration show'd itself in strong light even to his enemies, whom he cou'd not help still to consider subjects, and as he us'd to say, his countrymen. In application and fatigues non cou'd excel him."

The warrant transmitted to Cluny by the Lord Advocate is directed against "Alexander Mackdonnel younger of Glengairy," who represented an ancient, loyal, and honourable family. When the warrant was transmitted to Cluny, young Glengarry (who subsequently had a very chequered career) held a captain's commission in the French service, and was supposed at the time to be in the Highlands raising recruits for the French. Cluny, who was a strong partizan of the Stewart dynasty, apparently never attempted to put the warrant against young Glengarry in force, and, as already mentioned, Cluny himself soon afterwards joined the standard of Prince Charlie. The following letter is addressed "To Evan MacPherson younger of Cluny at Cluny near Ruthven in Badenoch," and the warrant "To Evan MacPherson younger of Cluny":—

1. *The Lord Advocate to Cluny.*

Edinburgh 24 June 1745.

Sir,—I have Certain Information That Alexander Mackdonnel younger of Glengairy is an Officer in the french service and that he is now in Scotland Raising Recruits for the french.

It is of Great Importance to the Peace and Safety of the Government That a Check should be put to this Practice by Securing the Persons concerned and I know that This was a Great Inducement with the Government in raising the new Highland Regiment.

As By Saturdays Post I have certain Information that upon the 8th of June last you was named one of the Captains in the Earl of Loudon's Regiment and you'll very soon have orders to Raise your Company, I have taken this opportunity to advise you by Express, and as I have, tho' Personally unknown to you Had your character from persons of all Ranks and Conditions your zeal for his Majestys service and for the preservation of the Peace of the Country, and your Knowledge of the Highlands and your ability which I know Hath Procured this Commission from the King with the approbation of all his servants, I thought it Proper to Put the Execution of the enclosed Warrant Into your Hands, and I Dare adventure to assure you That If you are so Happy as to be able to Execute it effectually It will prove the strongest Recommendation of you to His Majesty, and will be a sensible Pleasure to all your Real friends and Its with this view that I have sent you the Inclosed Warrant.

I need not tell you the Difficulty of Putting it In Execution. The secrecy thats absolutely necessary That the King's Troops that are at fort Augustus are in no capacity to Do this service tho' they have the strongest orders to Give all the assistance thats in their power, much less will I pretend to suggest to you the Proper method of Performing this service. Its the Difficulty and at the same time the Importance of the service that makes me Put you upon the Execution of it and I assure you It is out of Real friendship to you as well as from a zeal to His Majestys Service that I have sent you the Inclosed Warrant for I am with Great Truth and Esteem Sir Your most faithful Humble Servt.

ROB. CRAIGIE.

2. *The Lord Advocate to Cluny, dated 14th June, 1745.*

By Robert Craigie Esquire His Majestys Advocate of Scotland

Whereas I am Informed That Alexander Mackdonnell younger of Glengairry Is Guilty of Treasonable Practices and that he is Inlisting men and Raising Recruits for the french service in the Highlands of Scotland, These are authoriseing

you to Search for, seize, and Secure the Person of the said Alexander Mackdonnel, and the Persons Inlisted by him, and to Deliver him or them to a Constable or other officer of the Peace, and to send him or them Respectively to Edinburgh under a sure guard to be examined by me, and to be otherways proceeded against according to Law.

Given under my Hand and Seal at Edinburgh this 24th
Day of June 1745 years.

ROB. CRAIGIE.

XXI. THE DUKE OF GORDON TO CLUNY, DATED 29TH JUNE, 1745.

This letter is from Cosmo George, the third Duke of Gordon, who, in acknowledgment of his loyalty to the Hanoverians in the '45, was invested with the Order of the Thistle. He was elected one of the sixteen representative peers to the tenth Parliament of Great Britain, and died at Bretenil near Amiens, 5th August, 1762, in his 32nd year. He was married in 1741 to Lady Catherine Gordon, only daughter of his brother-in-law, the second Earl of Aberdeen, by whom he had three sons and four daughters. Lord George Gordon, celebrated for his share in the "No Popery" riots of 1780, was his youngest son. The letter is addressed, "Evan Mcpherson of Clunie Esq. at Clunie to the care of the Postmaster of Edinburgh at Ruthven, in Badenoch North Britain," and dated from York, June 29th, 1745:—

Sir,—I dare say it will be agreeable to you to hear that his Majesty has appointed you to have a Company in the Highland Regiment now to be raised, which I thought it my duty to inform you of as soon as the List of Officers came to my hand.

When at London my Lady Dutchess by my desire (when I was in Holland) named you for a proper person to be in that Regiment & I dare say you will from the acquaintance that I have the happiness to have with you use your utmost endeavours to raise yr. Company without loss of time & in every respect answer to the Character which I sincerely believe you ought to have as from all the dealings I have had with you, in every point you have behaved with the greatest Honour and Discretion possible. My Bror. Lord Charles has got a Company in the same Regiment & I expect him daily here from which place both Lord Charles, Lord Lewis, & I shall set out in a few days for Scotland & shall be glad to see you soon at Gordon

Castle. My wife joins with me in her Comts. to your Lady and am Sir your most obedt. & most humble Servant

GORDON.

York June 29 1745 Saturday

I send you this without a Cover to save useless postage.

P.S.—Since writting my Bror. Lord Charles is arrived here from London.

XXII. LORD GLENORCHY TO CLUNY.

The next letter is from Lord Glenorchy, who became third Earl of Breadalbane. The letter is addressed "Ewen Macpherson of Cluny Esq. at Cluny."

Taymouth 14th July 1745.

Sir,—I return you the letter from your Brother, who I'm glad to hear is alive, tho wounded. I shall write to enquire about the vacancy you mention, and shall be glad if I can have it in my power to serve him. By the last accounts it seems probable that Ghent may be before now in the hands of the French, or near it, so that tis uncertain where John is at present. I wish if you go to Flanders that you may have better success than our army there has yet had, and am, Sir, your most humble servant

GLENORCHY.

XXIII. LETEER—MACLEOD OF MACLEOD TO CLUNY.

Through the influence of President Forbes of Culloden, MacLeod did not join in the Rising of the '45, thereby saving his estates. Many of his clansmen, however, burning with zeal for the cause of the Stewarts, fought in the ranks of Prince Charlie's army. The letter is addressed "To Ewan Macpherson of Clunie Esq., Captain in Lord Loudons Regiment. To be left at Ruthven." The postscript to the letter was apparently intended for Cluny's "honest old father."

Dunvegan July 30th 1745.

My dear Sir,—Last post I had the Pleasure of yours of the 13th & the honour also of a line from Lady Clunie to whom I beg to offer my most hearty Compliments and to Miss Fraser and your honest Old Father. The Justice. Clark wrote me some time ago of your Commission. I assure you, you are much obliged to him the D of Argyle & Mr. Guest. As for me my dear Friend I heartily wish you joy, all I could do was to be ane assiduous remembrancer, but I assure you had I Power none

would be more willing to Serve you, as I have a very sincere Friendship and regard for you. I hope my son your Brother Captain waited of you & Lady Clunie in his way North, I desired him, no doubt you are busy recruiting. I wish you much success and much speed. I subjoin what the D. of Argyle wrote me on that head as a spurr to you & am wt. the most sincere Friendship & affection yours

NORMAND MACLEOD.

I wish you joy of your sons Preferment & I hope you will gett him his men raised as soon as Possible, it will be very much for the reputation of Highlanders that this regiment should be soon fitt for service & may be a means of further schemes for their good.

XXIV. THE DUKE OF ATHOLL TO CLUNY.

In connection with this letter, His Grace the present Duke of Atholl has kindly communicated to me several interesting historical notes regarding the doings of his ancestors in the Jacobite Risings of last century. The letter was written to Cluny by William, Marquis of Tullibardine, second son of John, first Duke of Atholl. The first Duke's sons who survived childhood, were:—John, Marquis of Tullibardine, born 1684, Colonel of a Scots Regiment in the Dutch service, killed at Malplaquet 1709; Lord William, born 1689, an officer R.N., succeeded as Marquis of Tullibardine; Lord James, born 1690, Captain and Lieutenant-Colonel 1st Foot Guards (now Grenadier Guards); Lord Charles, born 1691, Cornet 5th Dragoons (now 5th Lancers); Lord George, born 1694, Ensign Royal Regiment (now Royal Scots). William, Marquis of Tullibardine, and his brothers, Lords Charles and George, joined in the Rising of 1715. Lord Charles was taken prisoner at Preston, tried by Court Martial, and sentenced to death. He afterwards received a pardon, and died in London in 1720. Both the Marquis and Lord George escaped abroad, the former being attainted. As Lord James had remained firm to the Hanoverian Government, his father, the first Duke, obtained an Act of Parliament to settle Lord James as heir to the title and estates. In 1719, William, Marquis of Tullibardine, and Lord George returned to this country, and took part in the Rising of that year—the former being in command of the Jacobite forces. Both afterwards escaped again abroad. In 1724 the Duke applied to Government for a pardon for Lord George, who came

home. The Duke died that year, and Lord George received a pardon the following year. Lord James succeeded as Duke.

In 1745, William, Marquis of Tullibardine, was one of the seven gentlemen who landed with Prince Charlie. He then assumed the title of Duke of Atholl. In the family and in the Atholl district the two brothers are known as Duke William and Duke James. When Prince Charlie marched through Atholl, Duke William took possession of the estates, whilst Duke James made the best of his way to London. On reaching Perth, the Prince was joined by Lord George. When the Highland army marched to Edinburgh, Duke William was left in Atholl as commander of the Jacobite forces benorth Forth. He immediately occupied himself in raising the Atholl Brigade, the first battalion of which marched south the end of the second week of September. Duke William accompanied it as far as Dunblane, and then returned to Blair. It was on his return journey that the letter was written to Cluny. In October, Cluny and his clan joined the Duke in Atholl, where they were employed for a few days in persuading those who were unwilling to do so to join the forces of Prince Charlie. Towards the end of the month, the Duke marched south to Edinburgh with 1000 men (including the Macphersons), and joined the Highland army before it set out for England.

In 1746, when the Duke of Cumberland arrived at Perth on his way North, he was accompanied by Duke James, who then regained possession of the estates. After Culloden, Duke William was taken prisoner, and died in the Tower of London on July 9th following. Lord George, for a third time, escaped abroad, and never returned. He died in Holland in 1760. James, second Duke of Atholl, died in 1764. His daughter, Lady Charlotte, married Lord George's son, John, and the two brothers were thus the two great-great-great-grandfathers of the present Duke.

The "Engagement" referred to in the letter was the famous battle of Prestonpans, in which, as is well known, the Jacobites, under Prince Charlie, completely routed the Hanoverian army, under Sir John Cope, capturing their military chest, cannon, and baggage. The letter is addressed "To Evan Macpherson of Clunie Esqur."

Dunkeld Sepr. 21 1745.

Sir,—I am very glad to see the two Mr Mc phersons you were sending South. I was to have sent you an express after my arrival at Blair. I am & all honest men must be extremely well

pleas'd with the generous Dispositions you shew notwithstanding the artful Insinuations of those who pretend to be your friends, there is now no need of contradicting every particular, for to every ones Conviction you will find them false. I shall delay writing to the rest of the Clans till I hear further particulars of an Engagement there is reason to believe has happened this day not farr from Edinr. One of your friends will stay with me the better to inform you of the particulars which I hope we shall have soon & then I may be able to inform you of the day we can march forward to joyn his Royal Highness with the rest of our friends & worthy countrey men who have first had the honour to serve our King and Countrey.—I am, Sir, your most obedient Humble Servant
ATHOLL.

XXV. SKETCH OF THE SKIRMISH AT CLIFTON.

The following short but graphic description of this skirmish, which occurred on 18th December, 1745, is a holograph one by Cluny of the '45, who, at the head of his regiment, took such an active and prominent part in that Rising. The sketch was apparently written within a week after the skirmish took place:—

The Duke of Cumberland came up to us at Clifton very late Wednesday last the Eighteenth accompanied with 4000 horse or Rather Better yn. three, according to our Information, and 2000 foot about a Day or two's march Behind him. He Indeed surprizd us as we had no Right Intelligence about him, and when he appeared there happened to be no more of our army at hand then Glengarie's, Stuart of Apin, and my Regimt. The Rest of the armie being at such Distance that they could not assist us at the Time. Our three Regiments planted themselves to Receive the Enemy Being Commanded by our Generall Lord George Murray. Glengaries Regimt. were placed at the Back of a stone Dyke on our Right, the Apin Regimt. in the Centere, and mine on the Left Lineing a Hedge, wherefrom we Expected to attack the Enemie on there march towards us. But the Generall spying another hedge about a Gun shot nearer to the Grand Army of the Enemie which he thought to be more advantageous ordered my Regimt. and the Stuarts to possess themselves of that Hedge Directly, and at the same time planted himself at the Right of my Regimt. which put me to the Left. Immediatly we made towards the last mentioned Hedge without any cover, which Hedge was without our know-

ing of it Lined By the Enemie, and was so very Closs having a Deep Ditch, that it was much the same as if the[y] had been Intrench'd to the Teeth. Upon advancing towards them we Received a most warm fire, I mean my Regimt. Single, wch. we soon Returned and upon Discharging all our firelocks attack'd them sword in hand, Beat them out of their Intrenchmts. and put them all to the flight in a word the whole Ditch the Enemie had Lined was all fill'd up with their Dead Bodies so that we had no Difficulty in Crossing it this was only ane advanced Body of about six hundred Dragoons that had Dismounted in order as we think to try if we Durst face them But I suppose they were so well peppered that they will not Be heasty in attacking us again. Glengaries Regimt. fired very Briskly from the Back of the Stone Dyke on the Right on a part of the Enemy that march'd Directly to have flanked us which ro—* that party, for ought I think they Did not lose above a man or two. The Stuarts Did not attack in a Bodie, a few of them by accident came in in our Rier By which means they Did not lose on man I had twelve men and a Sergtt. killd on the spot and three privat men wounded But not one officer eyr. killed or wounded. We cannot be possitive How many were killed of the Enemie But that it is generally said by the Countrymen that they were a Hundred & fifty and a great many wounded. We have Great Reason to thank all mighty God, for our coming so safe off as the attack Being after night fall was one of the most Desperate ones has been heard of for a Long time, which is allowed by all the officers here as well Scots as french, who say that the part my Regiment acted was one of the most Gallant things happened in this Age, and say it was ane action worthy to be Recorded if Done by the oldest and Best Disciplind Regimts. in Europe. Upon Beating of all Back that had advanced to the Main Body of the Enemy we Retyred and Charged again to be Readie for a Second attack at which time we Received Express orders from the prince to Return to Penrith.

XXVI. LETTERS FROM PRINCE CHARLIE TO CLUNY, AND TWELVE
RELATIVE RECEIPTS.

The first letter is signed by the Prince, and is addressed in his handwriting "For Cluny Macpherson." The second is entirely holograph of the Prince, is well written, and is ad-

* Word partly worn off.

dressed "McPherson, of Clunie.* It was written to Cluny just as the Prince was about to embark for France, in September, 1746. A fac-simile of it is given in "Glimpses of Church and Social Life in the Highlands in Olden Times and other Papers," published by Messrs. William Blackwood & Sons in 1893. The third letter, which is also holograph of the Prince, bears no date, but was apparently written "after he was on board for France." It is written on a slip of paper in an unusually slovenly and hurried manner, as compared with the other letters, and looks as if it had been dried by scattering snuff or dust on the ink. It is addressed "For Cluny Mack Ferson." The fourth letter was written by the Prince from France, and is dated 4th September, 1754. It is addressed "For C. M. in Scotld.," is given in the appendix to "Browne's History of the Highlands," and is stated to be "from the draught in Charles' handwriting."

In the manuscript referred to on page 403, it is related that after Culloden, and before he left for France, Prince Charlie "laid his commands" on Cluny "to stay in Scotland, both by word and in writing, as the only person in whom he cou'd repose the greatest confidence; assuring him that he should pay him a visit soon in a way better supported than formerly, and that at no rate he shou'd leave the country to such time as he shou'd see himself, or at least have orders to that purpose under his own hand. Cluny, who knew the dangerous situation, wou'd willingly have excused himself, and have accompanied him along with the others to France. But the Prince being urgent he obeyed, trusting to Providence and a good cause, and was willing to risque everything rather than fail in his duty. The Prince took accordingly his departure and arrived safely in France, whereof Cluny had the agreeable notice by the voice of fame soon after. Long afterwards did he impatiently look for the promised visit, but to his great grief it never happened: at last he had messages from the Prince that he had been disappointed in his intended return to Brittain, and that, being entirely sensible of his faithfull attachment, it gave him real concern that it was not in his power to provide for him in the manner he wished, but that, in the meantime, having obtained a regiment from the King of France in favours of Lord Locheil and his family, he had named him Lieutenant-Collonel, which wou'd afford him about five thousand livres a year as small bread for him and his family to such time as it might be in his power to do more for him.

But still that he behooved to remain in Scotland, and that his appointments wou'd be paid him from the establishing of the regiment as faithfully and punctually as if he were in France. Cluny complied with no small reluctance, and in consequence of his obedience, underwent innumerable hardships for a course of nine tedious melancholly years: woods, mountains, and caves were generally his best lodgings, and the depth of night the only time of his movements. The Government were solicitous to find him out, and for that purpose troops were dayly employed in keen warm searches after him; garrisons continually lay in his country, using every means to obtain informations about him both by threats and promises; even large sums and high preferments were repeatedly offer'd to any person who wou'd make the least discovery; yet so remarkable was the attachment of his people, and the great good-will of his other countrymen, together with his own prudent conduct and directions, that it never was in the power of the Government for any premium to trace him so much as one single step, or to discover where he lodged one single night, which affords an instance of a private person standing out against the violent resentment of an enrag'd powerfull Government for so long a course of time as no historie or tradition can paralel. In this manner time passed lonly on from year to year; during the uncomfortable severity of every tedious winter he consol'd himself with hopes of relieff in the Spring or Summer, but to his grieff he even then found his hopes disappointed, and another melancholly winter overtake him. Here justly may be observed the effects of habite on the humane constitution, for during the course of nine years in a remarkable cold climate, Cluny never once put on a pair of breeches, or a pair of gloves on his hands, nor scarce ever found he had use for them, while at the same time he scarce cou'd ever have the conveniency of a fire."

The twelve receipts granted to Cluny, of which transcripts follow the letters, speak for themselves. As regards the receipt dated 2nd April, 1748, Ludovick Cameron of Tòrcastle, in a letter to Prince Charlie, dated Paris, November 21st, 1753, after detailing the expenses he had incurred subsequent to the battle of Prestonpans in recruiting for the Prince in the Highlands, writes as follows:—

"I also received from my nephew Cluny Macpherson £150 in order to support my wife and family while I was obliged to skulk in the Highlands, the ennemy having plundered them of all, and to bear my charges to France, so that your Royal

Highness may see there is more owing to me than I have received."

In the receipt (No. 8 of the series), Angus Cameron acknowledges having received £50 for "Lodovick Cameron," and in the receipt (No. 9) the latter himself acknowledges having received £100—the two sums amounting together to the £150 mentioned in his letter to the Prince. The sums paid by Cluny as specified in the twelve receipts amount to £2730. In addition to these sums, Cluny in 1749 paid 6000 Louis d'or to Dr Archibald Cameron (a brother of Lochiel of the time), for which Cluny obtained his receipt.* Taking the value of the Louis d'or as equivalent to 15s of sterling money, the total sums thus paid by Cluny to adherents of the Stewarts, so far as I have been able to trace, amounted in the aggregate to £7230, or 9640 Louis d'ors. Mr Lang, who has fully investigated the whole matter, says, in his latest volume, that the charges in connection with the Loch Arkaig Treasure, brought "against men so noted for their loyalty as Dr Cameron and Cluny, are false." "The information obtained"—he further says—"is accurate, and, so far, entirely exculpates Cluny from the various unpleasant accusations brought by his enemies. Major Kennedy really went from France to Newcastle, and received 6000*l.* for Charles, a sum conveyed to him, at what peril we may imagine, by Macpherson of Breakachy" (Cluny's brother-in-law). "As to Cluny's retention of money, the same difficulty occurs as in the case of Dr Cameron. He arrived in France a destitute exile, when, by Charles' command, he ceased to skulk in the caves of Ben Alder, and crossed to join the Prince in 1754. There is no trace of the value of an estate in his possession, though Charles, in ordinary gratitude, owed him much more than he is said to have claimed. Thus it is certain that Archibald Cameron did not help himself to the Prince's money; while the story about Cluny is inconsistent with his honourable poverty and with figures, for these accounts make no allowance for 6000 louis, certainly conveyed to Charles by Major Kennedy." In a letter, dated 22nd June, 1750, Macdonald of Lochgarry, whom Mr Lang justly characterises "as a truly loyal and honest man," informed Prince Charlie that, having gone to Scotland the preceding winter to visit his wife and family, he had seen Cluny, whom, to his real satisfaction, he found the same person he always believed him—"a true,

* Browne's History, Vol. III., page 401; and Vol. IV., page 117.

worthy, good man, and, in a word, a man of loyalty and honour. After long conversations concerning your Royal Highness's affairs, he, with great concern, told me in what manner the money your Royal Highness had trusted to his care, had been torn from him, and then gave me a state of it to be shewn to your Highness, with the tender of his respectful duty. Had it been proper that I should know the place of your Royal Highness's present residence, no distance should have prevented my having the honor of presenting them personally. But as that honor cannot be allowed me, I make use of this means to forward the present letter which covers a just copy of the state Clunie gave me. By it your Royal Highness will observe that no less a sum than 16000 Louis-d'ors may still be recovered of the money, so as to be applied in such a manner as your Royal Highness shall judge proper." *

In consequence of the letter from Prince Charlie, dated 4th September, 1754, Cluny contrived to escape to France, where he met the Prince, and duly accounted for all the money and effects which had been left in his hands.

1. *Prince Charlie to Cluny, dated Boradale, August ye 6th, 1745.*

Being fully perswaded of your Loyalty & zeal for the King's service, I think fit to inform you that I am come into this country to assert his right, at the head of such of his faithfull subjects as will engage in his quarrel. I intend therefore to set up the Royal Standard at Glenfinnen on Munday the 19th instant. Your appearance on that occasion would be very usefull, but if not practicable I expect you to joyn me as soon as possible, and you shall always find me ready to give you marks of my friendship.

CHARLES P.R.

2. *Prince Charlie to Cluny, dated Diralagich in Glencamyier of Locharkag, 18th Sept., 1746.*

McPherson of Clunie,—As we are sensible of your and Clan's fidelity and integrity to us dureing our adventures in Scotland and England in the year 1745 and 1746 in recovering our just rights from the Elector of Hanover by which you have sustained very great losses both in your interest and person I therefore promise when it shall please God to put it in my power to make a gretfull return sutable to your suferings.

CHARLES P.R.

* Browne's History, Vol. IV., page 72.

3. *Prince Charlie to Cluny.*

For ye Glengary men to be pede to Logari's Brother one
hundred and fifty Pounds £150
For ye Magrigers and Stuards a hundred pound a pise *100
For Lockels Clan three hundred Pounds..... 300
For Kepocks Lady a hundred Pounds..... 100
and for yourselfs disposal a hundred Pounds..... 100
All this to be given uppon their recets which you will keepe.

CHARLES P.R.

For Cluny Mack Ferson. (Total 750 Pounds)

4. *Prince Charlie to Cluny, dated Paris, 4th Sept., 1754.*

For C. M. in Scotld.

Sir,—This is to desire you to come as soon as you can conveniently to Paris, bringing over with you all the effects whatsoever that I left in your hands when I was in Scotland, as also whatever money you can come at, for I happen to be at present in great straits, which makes me wish that you should delay as little as possible to meet me for that effect. You are to address yourself when arrived at Paris to Mr John Waters, Banker, &c. He will direct you where to find your sincere friend

C. P.

1. *Receipt, Angus M'Donell of Greenfield to Cluny, dated Drummond, 6th August. 1746.*

Then Received by me Angus Mc Donell of Greenfield in Glengarie from Evan Mc pherson of Clunie the sum of Twoanty five pound Sterlling mony towards payment of my Cess and promises by these to pay the same if required. As witness my hand place and date above mentioned.

ANGUS MC DONELL.

2. *Receipt, Angus Cameron for Lochiel's Regiment to Cluny, dated 6th October, 1746.*

I Angus Cameron Brother German to Glennevis grant me to have received from Ewen Mc Pherson of Cluny three hundred pounds Sterling as the proportion of the money left by his Highness P. R. for the immediate subsistance of Lochiel's Regi-

* NOTE.—As "ye magrigers and Stuards" were to get "a hundred pounds a pise," this sum should be £200—making the total £850.

ment by vertue of his own order to Cluny write on Board the Ship for ffrance which sum I promise will hold count. In witness wherof I have written and subscribed these presents at Stronacardoch this sixth day of October 1746 by

ANGUS CAMERON.

3. *Receipt, Angus Cameron for "Glenguiles" Regiment to Cluny, dated 6th October, 1746.*

I Angus Cameron in Downan Brother German to Glenneves grant me to have received from Ewn McPherson of Cluny One hundred pounds Sterling as the proportion of the money left by his Highness P. R. for the immediate subsistence of Glenguiles Regiment * by vertue of his own order to Cluny writ on Board the ship for ffrance which sum I promise will hold Count. In witness wherof I have written and subscribed these presents at Stronacardoch this sixth day of October 1746 years by

ANGUS CAMERON.

* This was evidently the regiment of Macgregor of Glengyle. On the breaking out of the Rising of the '45, the Clan Gregor adhered to the cause of Prince Charlie. A Macgregor regiment, 300 strong, was raised by Robert Macgregor of Glencairnock, who was generally considered as chief of the clan, which joined the Prince's army. The branch of *Ciar Mhor*, however, regarded William Macgregor Drummond of Bohaldie, then in France, as their head, and a separate corps formed by them, commanded by Glengyle, and James Roy Macgregor, united themselves to the levies of the titular Duke of Perth, James assuming the name of Drummond, the Duke's family name, instead of that of Campbell. This corps was the relics of Rob Roy's band, and with only twelve men of it, James Roy, who seems to have held the rank of captain or major, succeeded in surprising and burning, for the second time, the fort at Inver-naid, constructed for the express purpose of keeping the country of the Macgregors in order.

At the battle of Prestonpans, the Duke of Perth's men and the Macgregors composed the centre. Armed only with scythes, this party cut off the legs of the horses, and severed, it is said, the bodies of the riders in twain. Captain James Roy, at the commencement of the battle, received five wounds. Two bullets went through his body, and laid him prostrate on the earth. That his men might not be discouraged by his fall, he raised himself on the ground, and resting his head upon his hand, called out to them, "My lads, I am not dead! By God, I shall see if any of you does not do his duty!" The Macgregors instantly fell on the flank of the English infantry, which immediately gave way. James Roy recovered from his wounds, and rejoined the Prince's army with six companies. He was present at the battle of Culloden, and after that defeat the Clan Gregor returned in a body to their own country, when they dispersed. James Roy was attainted for high treason, but from some letters of his published in *Blackwood's Magazine* for December, 1817, Vol. II., page 228, it appears that he had entered into some communication with the Government, as he mentions having obtained a pass from the Lord Justice Clerk in 1747, which was a sufficient protection to him from the military.—*Vide Anderson's "Scottish Nation,"* vol. II., pp. 742-3.

4. *Receipt, William Stewart for "Ardsheall's Regiment" to Cluny, dated 6th October, 1746.*

I William Stewart mercht. Ardsheall, and bearer of the withine and above written letter grant me to have received from Ewn Mc pherson Esqr. of Clunie one hundred pound Stg. as the proportion of the money left by his Royall Highness P. R. for the immediate subsistance of Ardsheall's Regiment by vertue of his own order to Clunie writt on board the ship for ffrance for which Sum I promise to hold myself acomptable both to Cluny and Ardsheall. In witness whereof I writt & subscribe theis presents at Stronakerdoch, this sixth October 1746 by

WILLIAM STEWART.

5. *Receipt, Angus M'Donell of Greenfield for the Glengarry Regiment to Cluny, dated 12th October, 1746.*

I Angus Mc Donell of Greenfield, Brother german to Loch-gary Grant me to have received from Ewen Mcpherson of Clunie the sum of One hundred and fifty pound sterling monny and that as the proportion of the money left by his royal highness the prince regent and appointed Clunie in writing after he was on board for France to deliver the said soum to me for the present and immediate subsistence of the Glengery regmt. In witness wherof I have written and subscribed this present att Greenfield the twelfth day of October one thousand seven hundred and fourty six years.

ANGUS MC DONELL.

6. *Receipt, Janet Stewart "Lady Keppoch" to Cluny, dated October, 1746.*

I Janet Stewart lady Keppoch grant me to have received from Evan Mcpherson of Clunee on hundred pound sterling monny as a gratuity laeft with you to be given me and that by vertue of his Royall hayness P. R. order to you write on board the ship for ffrance. In witness whereof I have write and subscribed this pressents att Kappoch the day of October 1746 by

JANET STEWART.

7. *Receipt, Donald Drummond for Lochiel to Cluny, dated 11th August, 1747.*

I Donald Drummond son to Alexander Drummond of Balhaldie grant me to have received at this date from Evan Mc pherson of Clunie the sum of one thousand pound Sterling—

which sum of money I promise to deliver to Donald Cameron of Locheil with all conveniency and speed, all accidents excepted, the same being designed for ye support of him and his Family. In witness whereof I have written and signed these presents at Alder this Eleventh Day of August One thousand seven hundred and fourty seven years.

DO. DRUMMOND.

8. *Receipt, Angus Cameron for Sundry Parties to Cluny, dated 11th August, 1747.*

I Angus Cameron in Downan grant me to have received at this date from Ewn. Mc pherson of Clunie the sum of three hundred pound ster. and that of the Prince Regent his money to be given out to the following persons who are in very great difficulties for their imediat subsistance viz: fifty pound ster to Charles Stewart of Ardsheal, fifty pound ster to Lodovick Cameron of Torcastle, fifty pound sterling to Doctor Cameron's Lady, fourty pound ster. to Allan Cameron of Callort his Lady, Twenty seven pound ten shillis. ster. to Donald Cameron of Blairmaackphuilitich, Twenty Seven pound ten shil. ster. to Alexr. Cameron of Drumnafallie his relict, Twenty seven pound ten shil. ster. to Duncan Mc Allan Viconil in Glenseadall, and Twenty seven pound ten sh. ster. for Angus Cameron meaning myself. In witness whereof I have written and subscribed these presents at Alder the elevnth day of august one thousand seven hundred and fourty seven years.

ANGUS CAMERON.

9. *Receipt, Ludovick Cameron to Cluny, dated 2nd April, 1748.*

I Ludovick Cameron of Torcastle grant me to have received from Evan Macpherson of Cluny ye sum of One hundred pound sterlin and yt. of the Prince Regent his money, the same being designed for my suport and careing me over seas. In wittness whereof I have written and subscribed thes presents at Dunan ye second day of Aprile on thousand seven hundred and forty eight years.

L. CAMERON.

10. *Receipt, John Cameron for Lochiel to Cluny, dated 1th May, 1748*

Received by me from Peter (Ewen?) Mcpherson in Clunie three hundred and fifty pound sterling money of which three hundred pound to pay the cess and teinds due upon Locheils

Estate and fifty pound to be given to some poor people of his name. - As witness my hand at Fassfern this fourth day of May 1748 years.

JOHN CAMERON.

11. *Receipt, "Mack Donell" to Cluny, dated 28th Nov., 1749.*

I acknoledge to have received from Clunie Macpherson by vertue of his Majestie's credentials the summe of three hundred Luidors, value received by me at Drumochlere 28th Novbre. 1749.

(Signed) MACK DONELL.

12. *Receipt, M'Donell of Greenfield to Cluny, dated 28th Nov., 1749.*

28th Nov. 1749 I have received by me Angus McDonell of Greenfield thirty pound ster. money to be delivered to Lady Lochgerie

ANGUS McDONELL.

XXVII. LETTERS—MURRAY OF BROUGHTON TO CLUNY.

This is the notorious "John Murray," who, down to "the day of dool on bleak Culloden's bloody moor," acted as the faithful and devoted Secretary of Prince Charlie. To save his own neck, after the hopes of the Stewarts had been extinguished, Murray turned "King's evidence," and his name was subsequently branded with infamy. "His evidence"—says Mr Fitz-Roy Bell, in the "Murray of Broughton Memorials"—"did little harm to anybody save Lovat, for of the others only Lord Traquair suffered imprisonment: he made his own arrangements with the Government, and was released without the annoyance of any judicial proceedings. At the least, therefore, Murray must be distinguished from the common informer, and the view that his infamy is his only claim on the memory of posterity must be modified by a knowledge of the man and his surroundings." On the other hand, Murray has been described as "the tool and paid informer of the Hanoverian Government, and as the betrayer to the gibbet and block of many gallant men, whom, but for his evidence, partial and prejudicial as were the judges and juries in that dreadful time, it would have been impossible to convict." The detestation in which Murray was afterwards held by men of all parties is strikingly exemplified by a curious incident related by Lockhart in his *Life of Scott*:—

"Mrs Scott (Sir Walter's mother) had her curiosity strongly excited one autumn by the regular appearance, at a certain hour every evening, of a sedan chair to deposit a person carefully muffled up in a mantle, who was immediately ushered into

her husband's private room, and commonly remained with him there until long after the usual bedtime of his orderly family. Mr Scott (Sir Walter's father) answered her repeated enquiries with a vagueness which irritated the lady's feelings more and more; until, at last, she could bear the thing no longer; but one evening, just as she heard the bell ring as for the stranger's chair to carry him off, she made her appearance within the forbidden parlour with a salver in her hand, observing that she thought the gentleman had sat so long they would be the better of a dish of tea, and had ventured accordingly to bring some for their acceptance. The stranger, a person of distinguished appearance, and richly dressed, bowed to the lady, and accepted a cup; but her husband knit his brows and refused very coldly to partake the refreshment. A moment afterwards the visitor withdrew, and Mr Scott, lifting up the window sash, took the cup, which he had left empty on the table, and tossed it out upon the pavement. The lady exclaimed for her china, but was put to silence by her husband's saying, 'I can forgive your little curiosity, madam, but you must pay the penalty. I may admit into my house, on a piece of business, persons wholly unworthy to be treated as guests by my wife. Neither lip of me nor of mine comes after Mr Murray of Broughton's.'

"This was the unhappy man"—Mr Lockhart adds—"who, after attending Prince Charles Stewart as his Secretary throughout the greater part of his expedition, condescended to redeem his own life and fortune by bearing evidence against the noblest of his late master's adherents, when

'Pitied by gentle hearts Kilmarnock died—
The brave, Balmerino were on thy side.'

When first confronted with the last-named peer—Lord Balmerino—before the Privy Council in St James', the prisoner was asked, 'Do you know this witness, my Lord?' 'Not I,' answered Balmerino. 'I once knew a person who bore the designation of Murray of Broughton; but that was a gentleman and a man of honour, and one that could hold up his head.' * *

The following extracts from lines addressed to Murray, on his turning Informer, by the Rev. Thomas Drummond of Edinburgh, in 1747, are certainly remarkable for their pungency and force of language:—

* Quoted by "Nether Lochaber" in *Inverness Courier* of 22nd January, 1897.

"Once honest, steady, brave,
How great the change—to coward, traitor, knave!
O! hateful love of life that prompts the mind,
The godlike, great and good, to leave behind:
From wisdom's laws, from honour's glorious plan,
From all on earth that dignifies the man,
With steps unhallow'd wickedly to stray,
And trust and friendship's holy bands betray."

Go, wretch! enjoy the purchase you have gain'd.
Scorn and reproach your ev'ry step attend.
By all mankind neglected and forgot,
Retire to solitude, retire and rot.
But whither? whither can the guilty fly
From the devouring worms that never die;
Those inward stings that rack the villain's breast,
Haunt his lone hours and break his tortur'd rest?
Midst caves, midst rocks and deserts you may find
A safe retreat for all the human kind,
But to what foreign region can you run
Your greatest enemy, yourself, to shun?
Where'er thou go'st wild anguish and despair
And black remorse attend with hideous stare;
Tear your distracted soul with torments fell,
Your passions' devils, and your bosom hell.

Thus may you drag your heavy chain along,
Some minutes more inglorious life prolong.
And when the fates shall cut a coward's breath,
Weary of being, yet afraid of death;
If crimes like thine hereafter are forgiv'n,
Judas and Murray both may go to Heav'n."

Murray's letters are addressed to "Evan McPherson of Cluney." In the postscript to his last letter, Murray intimates, it will be noticed, that "Lady McIntosh" (the famous "Colonel Ann") desired that Cluny should "raise all McIntoshe's men in Badenoch." In the "Memorials" referred to, so ably edited by Mr Fitzroy Bell, and recently published by the Scottish History Society, Murray, before he turned "King's evidence," gives the following interesting and instructive testimony regarding "Cluney's Charracter":—

"Ewen McPherson of Cluney is of a low Stature, very square, and a dark brown complexion, of extreme good sense, and inferior to none in the North of Scotland for Capacity, greatly beloved by his Clan, who are by all their neighbours allowed to be a Sober, regular, Sedate people. A man not only brave in the general acceptation of the word, but upon reflection and forethought, determined and resolute with uncommon calmness."

In a subsequent portion of the "Memorials," it is stated that "the Country of Badenoch belongs chiefly to the Duke of Gordon, but the inhabitants follow McPherson of Cluney. The father was not in the rebellion, but it is probable the son was put in possession of the estate upon his marriage with Lord Lovat's Daughter, by whom he has only one girl. This Clan is looked upon as one of the most civilised in the Highlands. Cluney, the son, is esteemed to have both sense and activity, and has as much, if not more, the command of his Clan than any Cheif amongst them. His strongest connection and intimacy is with the family of Lochiel, and his people all Protestants."

1. *Murray of Broughton to Cluny, dated Decr. ye 1st, 1741.*

Sir,—I had the honour of yours some time ago which gave me the greatest satisfaction to hear of your Brother's preferment. You may be sure I did not neglect to write to Holland as you desired tho I am far from thinking any thing I could do to serve him could contribute but that it is alone owing to his owne merit. I hope you will pardon me not answering yours sooner it being occasion'd by my being a good deal hurry'd of late. If any thing occurs wherein it is in my power to serve you I hope you will beleieve me both willing and ready and that I am most sincerly, Sir, your most obt. and most humble servant

JO. MURRAY.

2. *Murray of Broughton to Cluny, dated 24th Oct., 1745.*

Sir,—It's now, a long time since you have been expected to join the Army either with or without the Duke of Atholl but to our great Surprise we are informd you returned to the Country to bring up more men, the 300 we were told that are with you are now of more use then double their number can be some time hence for which reason the Prince has ordered me to write you by express to march up with all dilligence to

join him without waiting for the Duke should he make any further delay which att the same time there is no reason to believe as the Prince has sent him express orders to march immediately from Perth. I must again repeat to you that upon receipt of this you may not delay an half hour and make as long marches as possible. There are arms in plenty att Perth and Dunkele of which I suppose you have already had your share. I am with the utmost impatience to see you, Dr. Sir, your most obedt. and most humble Servt.

JO. MURRAY.

Edinr. Oct. ye 24th 1745.

3. *Murray of Broughton to Cluny, dated 23rd Feby., 1746.*

Dr. Sir,—I have had the pleasures of talking with Brakahie about your stay att home till further orders and I am fully satisfied that att this juncture there is nothing more necessary. I wish Shian and you could fall upon a methode of making them an unexpected visite; lett us have any intelligence you possibly can procure is in Shians to know what he has a mind.—My Dr. Sir your most obedt. & most humble Servant

JO. MURRAY.

Inverness, Feby. 23rd 1746.

NOTE.—A portion of one of the sides of the immediately preceding letter is worn off, which explains the blank in the transcript. The letter is docqueted on the back as follows:—"Letter Mr Murray to Clunie, about attacking the cantonments of the Campbles in Atholl. The within list contains the names of the officers taken prisoners upon that occasion." The list referred to must have been detached from the letter, and I have not been able to trace it.

4. *Murray of Broughton to Cluny, undated.*

Sir,—His Royal Highness has just now received intelligence that Lord Loudoun march'd last night att twelve a clock the Fort Augustus road. Expresses are sent of to advertise Glengary and Cappoch to intercept them but lest they attempt Curyarick his Highness desires you may immediately gett all your people together and give them a meeting on the Hill. Dont neglect the moment you receive this to send two three cleaver fellows to have certain intelligence of their motions.—I am Dr. Sir yours most Sincerely

JO. MURRAY.

Dalmagarry, Monday 9 in the morning.

P.S.—If Shian (Colonel Menzies) and the Rannoch folks be with you be sure to carry them with you or at any rate send and advertise them. D. Lady McIntosh desires you may raise all McIntoshes men in Badenoch; nothing but the hurry she was in hindered her from writing to you.

XXVIII. LETTER—LORD GEORGE MURRAY TO CLUNY.

This letter is from Lord George Murray, a younger brother of William, the second Duke of Atholl (the writer of the letter No. xxiv.). Lord George is well known in history as the celebrated generalissimo of the forces of Prince Charlie in the '45. Although attainted for his share in that Rising, his son was allowed to succeed his uncle and father-in-law as third Duke of Atholl. The letter is addressed "To the Honble. Collonell Macfearson of Clunie at or near Ruthven."

Inverness 11th March 1746.

9 in the morning.

Sir,—I am now to acquaint you that I will be at Aviemore, or at a publick house at the Kirk of Alvie to-morrow being Wednesday the 12th by three oclock in the afternoon. The Atholl men are to come up the country by the way of Nairn & Cadle (Cawdor) to-morrow night so I wish you could fix upon a proper quartermaster. The pretence for our goeing up that Country is to take a finall resolution with the Grants, & be at a point with them. I shall be very desirous to see you & Sheen (Colonel Menzies) to-morrow at Aviemore or near the Kirk of Alvie; at the same time I would wish my comming to that country were as little known as could be & when known only as come to treat with the Grants. I pray you have trusty men on all the passages towards Atholl that non of the Grants or others may pass to give intelligence.—I am Dr. Sr. your most obedient Humble Servant

GEORGE MURRAY.

XXIX. LETTERS—LOCHIEL TO CLUNY.

These letters are addressed to Cluny by his cousin, "the gentle Lochiel" of the '45, who has been justly characterised as "the most faithful and zealously devoted subject ever served any Prince." It is more than probable that were it not for Lochiel's adhesion at the outset to the cause of Prince Charlie, the Rising would have been nipped in the bud:—

"What praise, O Cameron! can the muse ascribe,
Thou free from censure as thou wast from bribe;
Unstained, unsullied in a corrupt age,
Reserved for fame in every poet's page:
The sun shall fade, the stars shall lose their light,
But Cameron's fame shall never suffer night:
Bright as thyself it ever shall appear,
To all good men, to God and angels dear;
Thou wast the first that lent thy friendly aid,
Of no usurper's bloody laws afraid:
Thou wast the first, and thy example drew
The honest, loyal, honourable few."

The allusions in Lochiel's letter of March 20th, 1746, are to a series of attacks made on several posts in the Atholl country, occupied at the time by a portion of the Hanoverian forces. So well were the plans of attack concerted that, although the operations lay in a rugged mountainous country, the different detachments punctually met at the place of rendezvous at the appointed time. The attacking parties were entirely composed of a body of the Atholl men, led by Lord George Murray, and a body of the Macphersons, under the command of young Cluny. Within two hours of the night no less than twenty detached, strong, and defensible posts, previously held by the enemy, were successfully surprised and captured. Of this exploit, General Stewart of Garth, in his "Sketches of the Highlanders," says:—"I know not if the whole of the Peninsular campaigns exhibited a more perfect execution of a complicated piece of military service." In giving the following account of the capture of these posts, Captain John Macpherson of Strathmashie, in a communication to Bishop Forbes, dated in 1748, explains, it will be seen, the special purpose for which Cluny's regiment had been left in Badenoch after the battle of Falkirk:—

"When the rest of the army marched to Inverness, we were left in Badenoch to intercept or prevent any incursions of the enemy the Highland way, which, if not taken care of, might be of bad consequence. Some time after the army lay at Inverness, Lord George Murray wrote from thence to Cluny showing that he intended to surprize the Athole garrisons, and in order thereto would march to Badenoch with the Athole men, from which, joined by Cluny's regiment, he was resolved to make his attacks. Upon receipt of this letter, Cluny found a very principal obstacle likely to obstruct the success of the enterprise,

which was the communication betwixt Athole and Badenoch, and which, if not secured so as to stop the least notice from going to Athole, the whole design must prove abortive; and, to secure that communication for noe less than a fortnight, that must have been taken before the design could be ripe for execution, seemed noe less than impracticable, considering the long, wide, and open tract of hill that lay interjected betwixt both countries; and as noe country sure enough wanted their Achans, the matter was still the more impracticable. However, to work, he (I mean Cluny) went in planting of his guards, and taking all possible precautions he could think of, and he verily had need of all his prudence and vigilance in managing his affairs, let him have what numbers he might. At length Lord George arrived in Badenoch where they must have been two nights (which rendered what I have said with respect to the security of the communication still the more difficult). Towards Athole on the second day after Lord George with the Athole men arrived in Badenoch, he with them and us marched: and that same night after travelling, most of us, thirty miles through hill and storm, being regularly divided and detached, the Athole men and we mixed in every party at one and the same time if I well remember betwixt 12 at night and 2 in the morning, made our attacks at five different places, namely, Bunrannoch, Kynachan, Blairphettie, Lood, and Mr. Mc Glashan in Blair, his house, betwixt which and Bunrannoch there is no less than 10 miles. Kynachan will be six from it, and Blairphettie 3. In all which attacks we had the good fortune to succeed to our minds, excepting Mr Mc Glashen's house, those therein having deserted it before our party ordered there had come up. We killed and wounded many. I doe not, indeed, now remember their number, and made about 300 prisoners, without loseing one man, tho' briskly fired upon, at the three first mentioned places. In short, they were all, to a man, taken dead or alive, tho' well covered and fortified. This was, indeed, a cheap, and not to be expected success, considering their advantageous situation besides ours, and was no doubt principally owing to the extraordinary care taken in securing the communications I have been speaking of before, by which means we took them, indeed, much at unawares. All the prisoners were of the Campbell Militia and Loudon's Regiment, excepting a few of the regulars that were taken at Lood." *

* *Lyon in Mourning*, Vol. II., pp. 91-92.

Lochiel died in exile on 26th October, 1748, and the following tribute to his memory appeared in the "*Scots Magazine*" in December of that year:—

"Dead is Lochiel, the terror of whose arms
So lately shook this island with alarms!
Be just, ye Whigs; and tho' the Tories mourn,
Lament a Scotsman in a foreign urn;
Who, born a chieftain, thought the right of birth
The source of all authority on earth.
Mistaken as he was, the man was just,
Firm to his word, and faithful to his trust:
He bade not others go, himself to stay,
As is the pretty, prudent, modern way;
But, like a warrior, bravely drew the sword,
And rear'd his target for his native lord.
Humane he was, protected countries tall;
So rude a host was never rul'd so well.
Fatal to him, and to the cause he lov'd,
Was the rash tumult which his folly mov'd;
Compell'd for that to seek a foreign shore,
And ne'er beheld his mother country more!
Compell'd, by hard necessity, to bear,
In Gallia's bands, a mercenary spear!
But heav'n, in pity to his honest heart,
Resolv'd to snatch him from so poor a part.
To cure at once his spirit and his mind,
With exile wretched, and with error blind,
The mighty mandate unto death was given,
And good Lochiel is now a Whig in Heaven."

The first three letters are addressed to "Eun McPherson Esqr. of Cluny." The last does not show to whom it was sent, but it was apparently addressed to the Clan generally.

1. *Lochiel to Cluny, dated June 30th, 1744.*

Dear Cousine,—I received the pleasure of yours by Sandie McConill, who explained fully to me the nature of the watch you have undertaken, my concern for your interest made me uneasy about itt, as I was a stranger to the concert, but I am now fully satisfied and wish you all manner of success in itt.

I go for the Isle of Sky the beginning of nixt week & proposes to return in a fortnight or twenty days att furthest, I

shall then be glade to see you as you propose, or if that is not convenient for you to hear from you and see the contracts you mention.

The bearer is a young fellow of this name of the Doch-nassy people who is very poor, he may be of use to you in your undertakeing so if you can conveniently imploy him in that way I shall be glad you do itt, but this as you think proper.

I offer my sincere compliments to your good Lady and I ever am, my Dear Sir, your most affectionate cousine & faithfull humble servant .

DONALD CAMERON.

Achnicarry June 30th 1744.

2. *Lochiel to Cluny, dated 20th March. 1746.*

My dear Cousine,—I received your most agreeable letter late last night. I cannot express the satisfaction Itt gave all here—the scheme contrived for surprisening these different commands of the enemy was very well concerted, and as well executed. I give Lord George and you joy on your success & I doubt not but itt will be attended with very good consequences for his Royal Highness's Service, as it will stricke a pannick in our enemy & encourage our friends—but what gives me joy in a particular manner is the fate of the Campbells the plunderers of our countries. I hope Lord George will order them to be strictly guarded. We have shewed too much lenity already to those villains who have been contriving our destruction. As a proof of their hellish design (authorized by their darling Cumberland which I have discovered by a letter from the Sherref of Argyle to the Governor of Fort-William, intercepted by one of my men) a party of the Campbells took the opportunity while the country of Morvine was destitute of men, to burn all the farms upon the coast of it that were enhabited by either Camerons or McLeans—first plundered the houses, strip't the poor women & children, killed all the horses that came in their way and even set fire to their byres without allowing them to turn out their cattle, such barbarity was never heard of. There are three hundred and fifty of the Campbells at Fort-William—two men of war—they are dayly attempting by their party to land at Corpach, and other farms in Lochiel, to burn and carry off Cattel, but prevented by our guards who have killed some of them, and we expect by tomorrow night to begin cannonading & bombarding of the Fort & hope soon to be masters of it—cost what it will; Pray make

my sincere compliments to Lord George. I flatter myself I shall soon date a letter to His Lordship from Fort-William.

All the gentlemen here make their compliments to His Lordship and you, and to all our other friends with you.—I am my dear Evn yours while

DONALD CAMERON.

Glenevese March 20 1746.

3. *Lochiel to Cluny, dated 13th May, 1746.*

Locharkack May 13th 1746.

Dear Sir,—I have nothing new to acquaint you of, we are preparing for a Summer campaign and hopes soon to join all our forces. Mr Murray desires if any of the Picketts or of Lord John Drummonds Regiment or any other pretty fellows are stragling in your Country that you convene them and keep them with yourself till we join you, and give them money If you have any to spare. If not send a trusty person here and what money will be necessary for them or other emergencys shall be remitted to you. I have scarcely of meal what will serve myself and the gentlemen who are with me for four days, and can gett none to purchase in this Countrey, so I beg you send of the bearer as much meal as the two horses I have sent will carry, and I shall pay at meeting whatever price you think proper for itt, besydes a thousand thanks for the favour. I have not heard yett of the man I sent from your house towards Inverness to gett Intelligence—you sent one of your men alongst with him—lett me know If you had any account of him or of the woman sent to Edr. with any news you have from the South or North. Mr Murray sent one express to Mr Seton and to Mr Lumsdale (?) desireing they should come to him without loss of time—he is surprised what detains them, and begs you desire them to heaste.—I am yours

DONALD CAMERON.

4. *Lochiel to the Gentlemen of Badenoch, dated 25th May, 1746.*

Gentlemen,—I send you this to acquaint you of the reasons of our not being in your country ere now as I last wrote you. Our assembling was not so general nor hearty as was expected for Clanronalds People would not leave their own Country and many of Glengarrie's have delivered up their arms, so that but a few came with Lochgarrie to Envermeally on tewsday last, where he stayed but one night and crossed Locharkick with his men, promising to return with a greater number in two days, and

that he would guard the passes on that side neither of which was done. Nor have we had any return from the Master of Lovat so that there was only a few men with Barasdale and what men I had on this side of Lochy who marched Wednesday night to Auchnykary, where trusting to Lochgarrie's information we had almost been surprised Friday morning had we not learned by other lookouts that the enemy was marching from fort Augustus towards us, upon wh. we advanced thinking to make them halt, but their numbers were so much superior that it had no effect, and we had almost been surrounded by a party that came by the mooire on the side of Locharkick, who actually took an officer and two men of mine which made us retire for twelve miles and there considering our situation it was thought both prudent & proper to disperss rather than carry the fire into your Country without a sufficient number as we expected. It is now the opinion of Mr Murray, Major Kennedy, Barasdale, and all then present, that your people should separate and keep themselves as safe as possible and keep their arms as we have great expectations of th French doing something for us, or till we have their final resolutions what they are to do. I think they have little encouragement from the Government as they get no assurances of safety but for so short a time as six weeks. I beg you would acquaint all your neighbours of this viz: the McIntoshes, McGrigors &c. &c. for at present it is very inconvenient for to acquaint them from this, and be so good as let us hear from you as oft as possible and when there is anything extraordinary you may expect to hear of it and the particulars of the enemie's motions. Let me hear from you by this bearer who will find me; or when any of you write to me please direct them as the bearer shall inform you, and let him know how I shall address for you. I shall add no more at present, but I am, Gentlemen, your most obedient humble servant

DONALD CAMERON.

May 25 1746

P.S.—As Clunny has an easier opportunity of sending to the Master of Lovate then I, its-beged of him to send the Master a double of this to let him know what is doing. The above is our present resolutions, and what I have advised all my people to do as for their best and safest course and the interest of the Publick, yet some of them have delivered up their arms without my knowledge and I cannot take it upon me to direct in this particular—but to give my opinion and let every one judge for themselves.

XXX. LETTERS FROM ROBERTSON OF STRUAN.

The first letter is from Duncan Robertson of Drumachine, who, on the death at a very advanced age of his kinsman, Alexander Robertson, the Poet Chief, succeeded as heir male to the Chiefship of the Clan. From the terms of that letter it would appear that the relations between them were somewhat strained. The second letter is from the Poet Chief himself—the last of the direct male line of Donnachadh Reamhair—of whom we are told that he was probably the only man in the kingdom who had been out in the risings of 1689, 1715, and 1745, and had never sworn allegiance to the Revolution Government. He latterly continued to reside on his estates in peace till his death, at his house at Carie, in Rannoch, on 18th April, 1749. He was buried in the family tomb at Struan—his funeral, it is stated, being attended by 2000 persons of all ranks. He was well known, not only as a faithful and gallant soldier, but also as an accomplished classical scholar and poet. As indicative of his devoted attachment to the Stewart dynasty, a few lines from one of his songs may be appropriately quoted:—

“Come, my boys, let us waive our misfortunes awhile,
Happy news now afford us relief,
Let a moment of joy all our sorrows beguile,
And blot out an age full of grief.
All the Princes whose right to their kingdom is true,
Are combined to put James on the Throne,
And by planting the Crown on his head where 'tis due,
With his are cementing their own.”

The third letter is from Duncan Robertson of Struan (the writer of the first letter) and is addressed, “A. Monsieur—Monsieur Macpherson, Baron de Cluny, Lieutenant Colonel d'Infanterie a' Dunkerque.” In a letter written by the same Chief from Montreuill, near Versailles, dated 28th Sept. 1753, to Mr Edgar, the private secretary of the Chevalier de St George, he gives a pitiful narrative of all that he and his family had suffered, and the cruelties to which they had been subjected after Culloden. In a postscript to the same letter he writes as follows:—

“My sheet did not admit of mentioning my father's wounds, imprisonment and banishment in 1715, and the loss of his beloved brother, who was cruelly butchered in calm blood at

Prestoun. I might likewise mention that my family, at the head of the Athole men, was perhaps one of the Chief supports of the Royal cause, under the great Marquis of Montrose in Scotland. It is plain from original Commissions in my possession, that my great-grand-uncle, then at the head of our family in the minority of his nephew, commanded all the Athole men, and how he behaved in that Station the King's letter of thanks to him, dated at Chantilly in 1653, will evince. The original letter does so much honour to the family that it is still preserved. In short, all our Charters are proofs of our duty and loyalty to the Royal family. As for me I was born in the dregs of time, but, thank God my heart is sound." *

1. *Duncan Robertson of Drumachine (afterwards of Struan) to Cluny, dated 11th June, 1743.*

Dear Sir,—I had the pleasure of your letter by this Bearer. I am glad that, tho he be poor, he is under no Disgrace nor your displeasure so that we are at freedom to receive him back into this Country. I return you hearty thanks for the favours you have shown him, and I hope you'll believe that I would have been ready to serve any of yours tho' this poor friend had never come in play.

Strowan continues in his ill natur'd way to the last degree of keenness. As it seems not in his power to do me any great harm in the way of Law he spares no pains to form a party ready to oppose my Interest upon all occasions right or wrong; and whoever declares himself my mortal enemy commences his favourite that Instant wt.out considering any further merit, and as there are many mercenary pick-thanks everywhere who endeavour to make their game of persons that can give & support them he has form'd a party that think themselves a considerable one, but being people of no weight or Reputation the faction must vanish like a bubble wt. his Breath, especially as I thank God I can boast of many friends both of Rank and Character over all the Island of which number I have found yourself for many years, and that brings you the trouble of this long Paragraph. Lady Lude & my wife return your complements & pray be so good as present mine to your Lady when occasion offers, not forgetting the honest old Laird.—I am ever, Dr. Sr., Your most affect. & obedt. Servt.

D. ROBERTSON.

Kendrochit June 11th 1743.

* Browne's History, Vol. IV., pp. 113-14.

2. *Robertson of Struan (Alexander the Poet Chief) to Cluny,*
dated 11th March, 1746.

Worthy Sir,—I have the honour of yours, ye 8 of March, but am sorry we in this Country are in no condition to part wth. the few arms they have considering their own situation, being surrounded on all hands, and threattend dayly with more visits from the enemy; Blair of Atholl, Castle Menzies, Keinechan and Glenlyon are powerfull & at our noses; we had the pleasure to see some of them from those parts twice But knowing we were inclind to preserve the Country they thought proper to promise to do us no harme, provided they had leave to pass round the Country unmolested; as our case is we allowd them the highway, and Indeed they were once as good as their word and did not enter one house on either side of Loch Ranach, but I suspect this was owing more to fear than Love. Yet we must not rely intirely upon them by disarming ourselves & to tell truth I fancy the men woud not take our advice in the point of leaving themselves defenceless. Now Sir I leave you to judge of our dangerous state, & how little able we are to help who want the assistance of others. Coll. Menzies of Shian can tell you if this appologie be reall or not. We have as little correspondence with the South as Badanoch so can tell you nothing new from the Southard.

Much depends on the prince's first meeting wth. Cum—d. I and my men had probably been there had not Locheal contrivd to turn the heads of my Camerons so as to do no service to me nor any body else.

I have read the poem you lent me. I think it exceeding good and can have no amendment in this Climat.

And as for me my singing's at a stand
Till usurpation yields to Charles's hand
Then will I tune my Reed, and sing aloud
To raise the humble and debase the proud.

Im affrayd these 4 lines will show how little I am fit to think of poetry; still I assure you there is no affection or Respect lost between you my honord Sir and your faithfull Servant

ALR. ROBERTSON of Strowan.

Carrie House 11 Mar. 1746.

3. *Robertson of Struan (Duncuin) to Cluny, dated 29th October, 1763.*

Dear Sir,—Two Days ago I receiv'd your Letter of the 22nd. I wou'd have writ to you long ago, but that I thought it wou'd not have been very agreeable to you in the present situation of your health. I was very much alarm'd when I had the first notice of your ailment, but when I heard it gave a Respite, I flatter'd myself with the hopes of a perfect Cure. I have often heard that in such a case as yours there's no Remedy comparable to a thin Dyet without touching flesh meats or fermented Drink, but then such a change must be brought on by slow degrees and temper'd by your physician's Judgment & your own Experience. Your age is but middling and your Constitution was certainly good, and I hope to have the great pleasure of seing you a robust old man.

As to some questions you ask, my dear old friend, I am not at Liberty to say a word; If you and I were tête a tête we cou'd talk of those things with our wonted freedom, and familiarity, but I can commit nothing to writing. Besides I assure you that I have nothing to say that can in the least regard your interest, if I had, I dont know but I might stretch a point, if it shou'd cost me a Journey to Dunkerque. All the persons here you are so good as to mention remember you with much regard & good wishes, and send you many Complements, as also to Lady Cluny & Miss Mcpherson. As for myself I wear downwards in health & constitution. Seven years skulking with the loss of my Estate did not affect my health or spirits, nay, I recover'd my health in that time; but I strongly feel the last ten years made up of pinching, Dissappointments and Rebutes. My affairs wou'd have been tolerable by this time if our payments had not been put back six or seven months after the year in which they are due; to remedy this I attempted to raise the matter of 50 pounds at Interest from year to year 'till I got affairs in order but I suspect my rich acquaintances judg'd of me by themselves, they were afraid I wou'd have broke my word to get out of a pinch.

My Brother is a slow Correspondent and I have no other in our Native Country; however I dayly expect to hear from him and then I'll be sure to tell him what you desire. If he is in Athole he can have the transactions of Badenoch from the good man of Dalnacardich. If he gets anything to bring over it will be best to put it into the hands of some person at

Leith to be deliver'd to a Shipmaster bound for Dunkirk wt. an address to Mr John Haliburton or any other person you think fit. If my Brother should bring them over himself it will be troublesome & difficult to send them safe to your hands from Holland, and his garrison is more than 200 miles from Dunkirk.

Pray be so good as to let me hear from you soon, it will be no great fatigue to Lady Cluny or Miss for I see you are not yet come the length of making much use of your own hand, tho' I hope that won't be long the case. We are extremely curious to know about our friends going to Portugal. I wish Mrs Morris a great deall of joy, and I hope we shall have the pleasure to see her if she comes this way. I wou'd advise Mr Ogilvy to consult his conscience, and give poor Jock such an addition as will just enable him and his wife to subsist, and then if they won't keep within reasonable bounds let them shift for themselves.

No word of Indemnities general or particular. There is not yet a single Instance of a Remission, much less of Dispensing with annexations; perhaps circumstances may turn more favourable for us in Process of time.

I ever am with the wonted friendship & regard my Dear Sir your most obedient and most humble servant

D. ROBERTSON of Strowan.

Charleville 29 Octr. 1763.

P.S.—If you see Mr Gregory pray be so good as tell him that we are very desirous to know if the luggage is yet arriv'd that was address'd to him from this place five or six weeks ago.

I'm very glad to hear that all our good friends at Dunkirk are in good health & I wish the continuance of it. Pray what is become of Mrs Maitland?

XXXI. LETTER—BISHOP FORBES TO LADY CLUNY.

This curious and amusing letter, of which a facsimile is given, was written to Lady Cluny of the '45 by Bishop Forbes, the author of "*The Lyon in Mourning*," under the assumed name of "*Donald Hatebreeks*." It is addressed on the cover "*To The Honble. Lady Worthy at her Hermitage*," and is dated "*Tartanhall, August 5th 1751*." A letter from the worthy Bishop, under the same signature, to Dr Burton of York, on 19th June, 1749, and bearing to be written from "*Tartanhall*," is given in the second

volume of "The Lyon in Mourning," page 327. A letter from Dr Burton to the Bishop, on 3rd August, 1749, given on page 347 of the same volume, is thus addressed—"For Donald Hatebrecks Esqr. at Tartanhall."

Madam,—Your doing me the honour of making such respectable mention of me in your letter to the young Gentleman, who will put this into your Hands, calls for a grateful acknowledgement, which I heartily wish it were in my power to make suitable to my Inclination. Then, indeed, should your Ladyship's present Hermitage be turned into a Palace.

The other day I had a letter from London, dated July 27, in which is the following paragraph:—

"Two days ago this great City was alarmed with the Accounts of the Death of its Glorious Deliverer the Great Duke of C——d. The Report proved premature; but they say his Heinous is far gone in a Lethargy and cannot live long."

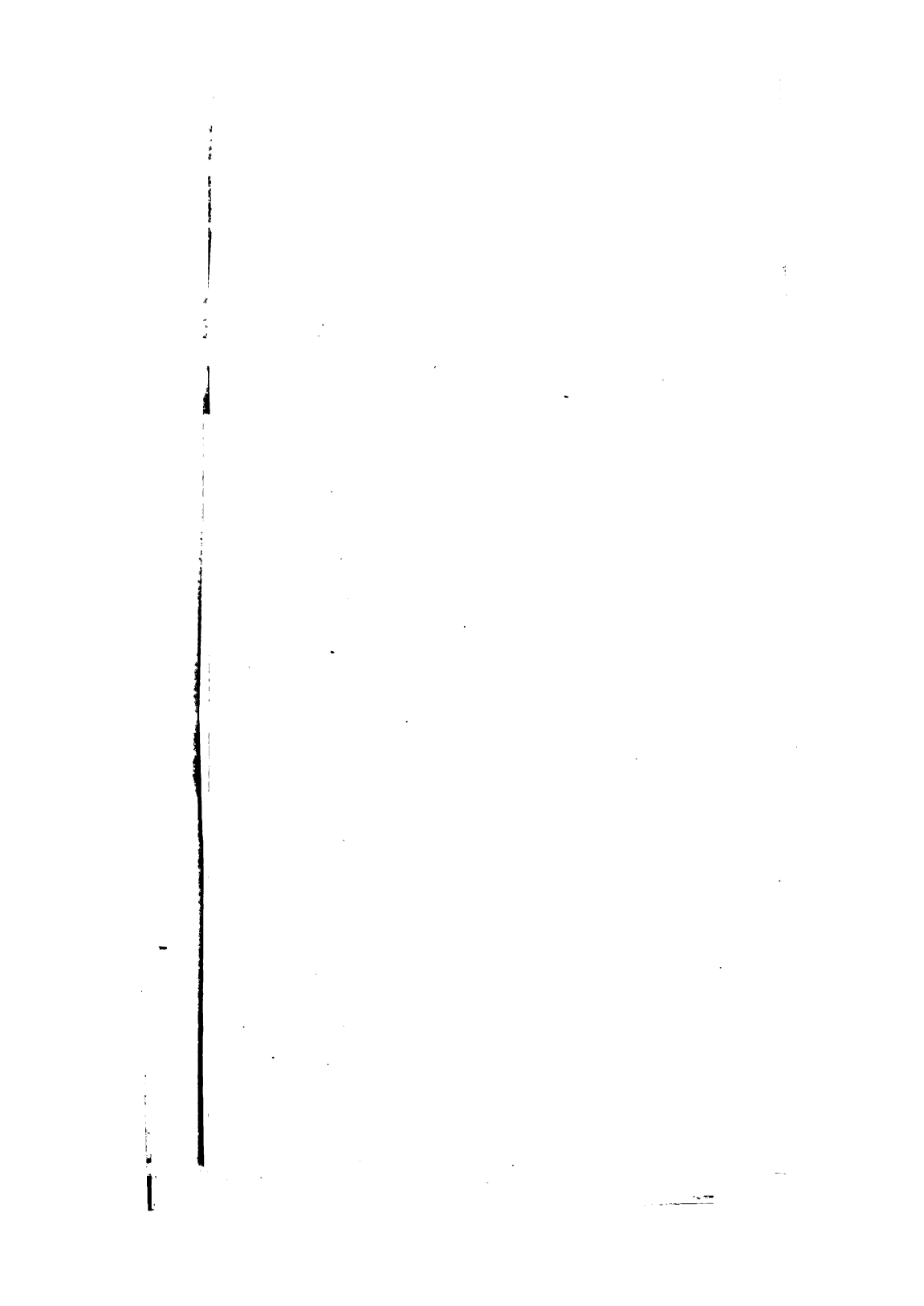
Let him tumble to the other World when he will, his funeral pomp will not be attended with many Tears, as it will be no hard matter to find a Successor to a Butcher, though it will be difficult enough to pitch upon one to equal him in Guts and yet to have no Bowels! Nothing can paint the Vanity and Fickleness of this world more to the Life than the Fate of William the Cruel. These very animals who lately exalted him to Adoration itself will be the persons to rejoice most at his Death, for upon the Death of his Brother they opened with full mouth upon their once Darling Willie, and made no Bones to declare their fears that he had given a Dose to poor Feckie.* In a Word, their Language and Clamour were such that One was apt to think Hell was let loose upon the Demigod himself! Their Venom they could not contain, such a panic were they seized with, lest he should step into more power and then make his own beloved Adorers feel what others had felt before them. From this we see there are some certain critical periods of Time that will force Truth out of the hidden Recesses of villainous Breasts even against Inclination.

I have my end, if this poor scribe happens to add in the least to your Ladyship's Entertainment.

My warmest wishes attend your nearest and dearest Friend.† May he live and be happy in enjoying all he wishes and all he wants; for to him and all his concerns I heartily

* His brother, Frederick, Prince of Wales, who died a short time previously.

† Her husband—Cluny of the '45.



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TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

pray for all Things good and happy.—I have the honour to subscribe myself, madam, your Ladyship's much obliged and very humble servant,

DONALD HATEBREEKS.

Tartanhall, August 5th, 1751.

XXXII. LETTERS—GENERAL BLAND TO LORD BARRINGTON.

The interesting letters, of which the following are transcripts, were written by General Bland, one of the most active and zealous commanders of the Hanoverian forces, to Lord Barrington. The originals are in the possession of General Forbes of Inverernan, in Aberdeenshire, who kindly forwarded them to the present Cluny to have transcripts made. Before the first of these letters was written, Cluny of the '45 had, in consequence of the special request of Prince Charlie, escaped to France, where he was at the time living in exile, but General Bland was apparently not then aware that Cluny had left Badenoch. The General's letters indicate the great importance attached by the Hanoverians to Cluny's activity and unceasing efforts on behalf of the Stewarts, and the firm attachment of his clansmen to their Chief. Of him, as well as of his cousin, "the gentle Lochiel," it might indeed be justly said that no more "faithful and zealously-devoted subject ever served any Prince."

Although the cold-blooded Sassenach General, with Hanoverian zeal, denounces Cluny as a "traitor" to the Government of the day, and speaks of his "wicked influence and example," we have very different testimony as to his character in the manuscript already referred to. In course of the narrative given in that manuscript of what he had done and suffered for Prince Charlie, it is said of Cluny that round his ancestral seat in Badenoch, "at different distances were the seats and habitations of his friends and followers, who respected and rever'd him as their common father; with pleasure they received his commands, which from the ties of affection and from a personal esteem they obeyed as a duty. In points of property his decisions were acquiesced in with cheerfulness; he was the Arbiter of their differences, the reconciler of their animosities, nor was there any one marriage or a death-bed settlement believed valid without his approbation."

"It is honourable to the memory of a respectable lady"—says General Stewart of Garth (*Sketches*, Vol. I. p. 60)—"to record the circumstances of Cluny's defection, which exag-

gained his friends in the eyes of Government, and furnished a motive for pursuing him with more determined hostility. He was in that year appointed to a company in Lord Loudon's Highlanders, and had taken the oaths to Government. His clan were however impatient to join the adventurous champions of their ancient sovereigns, when he came to claim, what they supposed his right. While he hesitated between duty and inclination his wife, a daughter of Lord Lovat, and a staunch Jacobite, earnestly dissuaded him from breaking his oath, assuring him that nothing could end well, that began with perjury. His friends reproached her for interfering, and hurrying on the husband to his ruin."

*Letter from Hum. Bland to Lord Barrington,
dated Edinburgh, 1755.*

There is one Lachlan McPherson a half pay Liout. in the Militia. He is brother to the attainted Rebel Cluny McPherson and resides now in the Highlands; as there is no suspicion to suspect that he has been aiding and assisting in arming his brother and has besides a good deal to say among the McPhersons I cannot help thinking it would be well to remove him out of that country.

However adding whether he might not be put into the Militia if any more Companies are to be raised, for it may be a little impossible to promote a man by way of removing him. As I see no other way to make that country safe of him. As there is no proof of his having done any thing wrong - Mr. Lovat etc.

HUM. BLAND.

*Letter from Hum. Bland to Lord Barrington, dated Edinburgh,
1756.*

My Lord - Your Lordship will no doubt have heard that we receive a Cluny name of a very considerable Tribe of the name etc. in the beginning of the rebellion of '45 desert to the Government and the late Government which was commanded by James Macdonald whereon he was a captain and that he carried with him the arms of his Company officers soldiers arms etc.

His engagement in the Pretender's cause and activity during the whole course of the rebellion your Lordship can be no longer at a loss the young pretender made his escape from

hence this Mcpherson was pitched upon as the most proper person among the rebels to remain there and transact his affairs in Scotland, which, the better to enable him to do, he was trusted with the care of 35000 Louis d'ors, a proportion of which he has frequently distributed to support and cherish the spirit of rebellion among the most considerable of the Disaffected in those places. He has also had many private interviews at different times with emissaries from France; but whether these were to carry on schemes of Treason, or that such emissaries came to draw a part of the above money from this attainted rebel to support his starving Countrymen in France I shall not take upon me to determine; but this I know which ever is the case, it had the same effect upon the minds of the poor deluded wretches in the Highlands, who naturally placed every such interview to the accompt of propogating a fresh Rebellion. You may, my lord, be sure that during all this time, the utmost endeavours of the troops have not been wanting to lay hold of this traitor, whose wicked influence and example, strengthened by the lucrative temptations in his power to offer, insensibly perverted and debauched the morals of the people and easily seduced them to afford him all their assistance in securing him from the pursuit of the Troops. This dangerous ascendancy was too, the greatest check to the pains that were taken to reform and establish good order in the Highlands. The country in which he usually sculked is a vale of about twenty miles in length, and the widest part four in breadth, surrounded with great chains of very high mountains, the whole vale inhabited, a few excepted, by Mcphersons, who are much united among themselves, and firmly attached to their chief. All these considerations and every attempt to apprehend him proving in vain—induced me at last to quarter a party of three officers and 100 men upon eighteen of the principal Mcphersons most devoted to Cluny's interests, in order, by this means, to drive him out of his stronghold, and oblige him to quit the country, or give a better chance for the seizing his person, as well as to convince his clan of their ill-judged attachment to a man who had so long insulted the government but before I proceeded to put this design in execution I asked the opinion of the Lords President Advocate and Justice Clerk, which so far corresponded with my intentions, that tho' they did not think it strictly agreeable to Law, they judged it to be a necessary measure and the party accordingly marched into Badenoch in July last where the same number have been continued ever since.

You have hereto annexed a copy of the order I gave to the officer, who commanded this party. They have, by all I can learn, been hitherto strictly complied with, nor have the Mcphersons openly made a complaint or representation of any kind, but as several of the principal of them have lately at different times, come to Edinburgh without any visible pretence of business, I am apt to believe their errand was to consult with lawyers the most effectual methods of getting themselves eased and gratifying their resentment so that I should not be surprised if this step tho' trifling in itself, should by the address of the disaffected in this country, serve some of those days, as a handle to the opposition and be canvassed in the House of Commons from a notion of which I thought it might not be improper to trouble your Lordship with these particulars.—I am &c.

HUM. BLAND.

XXXIII. LETTERS FROM EARL MARISCHALL AND HIS BROTHER,
GENERAL KEITH.

These letters, with the exception of the first, were written to Cluny while living in exile in France, and are exceedingly creditable to the writers. The first is from Earl Marischall to "The Laird of Nuide," and bears date simply May, 22nd, without any year being stated. The second is also from the Earl, and is addressed, "A Monsieur, Monsieur de Macpherson de Cluny, cher M. Waters, Banquier, me Vermicil, a' Paris." Having gone to reside in Prussia, the Earl gained the esteem and confidence of Frederick the Great, who in 1750 appointed him his Ambassador Extraordinary to France. He also invested him with the Prussian Order of the Eagle, and bestowed on him the government of Neufchatel. The Earl was a zealous adherent of the unfortunate Stewarts, and while yet very young he commanded a squadron of horse at the battle of Sheriffmuir, in 1715. Several letters addressed by him to the Chevalier de St George, Prince Charlie, and others are given in the appendix to Browne's "History of the Highlands." When occasion warranted, the Earl, who was well known as a nobleman of the highest honour and integrity, did not hesitate to animadvert in the most candid manner upon Prince Charlie's conduct. In one of these letters addressed to the Prince, dated from Paris, on 18th May, 1754, the Earl writes as follows:—

"My health and my heart are broke by age and crosses. I resolve to retire from the world and from all affairs. I never

could be of use to you, but in so far as I was directed by some few honourable persons, deservedly respected by all who know them: the manner in which you received lately a message from them, full of zeal for your interest and affection for your person, has, I fear, put an end to that correspondence, and after your threatening to publish their names,* from no other provocation than their representing to you what they judge for your true interest (and of which they are without doubt the best judges) can I expose any one who may trust me with their confidence to such hazard? I appeal to your own conscience (and I may to the world if I can). I here take leave of politicks praying God he may open your eyes to your true interest and give as honest advisers and better received than those you had lately, and who are the only (ones) with whom I could serve you."†

The "message" alluded to by the Earl was apparently that conveyed to Prince Charlie, when he was "no longer true to himself," by a deputation, headed by Cluny of the '45, adjuring Charles in the strongest terms to reform.

In 1764 the Earl purchased back part of the family estates, with the intention of taking up his residence in Scotland. So urgent, however, was the King of Prussia that the Earl should return to Berlin, that in one of his letters the King said—"If I had a fleet I would come and carry you off by force." The Earl accordingly went back to Prussia, where he spent the remainder of his days. He died, unmarried, at Potsdam, on 28th May, 1778, at the advanced age of 86.

Of General Keith (the Earl's brother), the writer of the letter to Cluny dated 11th April, 1756, it is related that the Empress Elizabeth of Russia (daughter of Peter the Great) fell in love with him, and offered to marry him. He prudently declined the dangerous honour, and accepted an invitation from the King of Prussia to enter his service. Frederick created him Field Marshall of the Prussian forces and Governor of Berlin. The Empress earnestly solicited his correspondence. "Your letters," she says, "are health and happiness to me."

The high estimation in which the General was held by the

* In the reply addressed by the Prince to Earl Marischall the former denies that he had threatened to publish the names of the friends who had sent him the message. *Vide* the Prince's letter, Browne's History, Vol. IV., p. 121.

† Browne's History, Vol. IV., p. 121.

King of Prussia is evidenced by a letter addressed by him to Prince Charlie, dated from Potsdam, on 12th January, 1747, as given by Bishop Forbes in his "*Lyon in Mourning*." In congratulating the Prince on his safe arrival in France and his brilliant exploits in Scotland, the King says:—

"You are frequently the subject of my conversation with General Keith whom I have had the good fortune to engage in my service; and besides his consummate knowledge in military affairs he is possessed of a thousand aimable qualities. Yet nothing endears him to me so entirely as his entertaining the same sentiments with regard to your Royal Highness that I do." *

In the "*Memoirs and Papers of Sir A. Mitchell, K.B.*," an amusing anecdote is related, illustrating the character of the ubiquitous Scot. On the termination of a war between the Russians and the Turks, General Keith acted as Commissioner for the Russian Crown, with the view of arranging the terms of a treaty of peace between the two countries. The other Commissioner was the Turkish Grand Vizier. These two personages, it is stated, met, with the interpreters of the Russian and Turkish between them. When all was concluded they arose to separate. The General made his bow, hat in hand, and the turbaned Vizier his salaam; but the latter, when the ceremonies were over, turned suddenly, and coming up to Keith took him warmly by the hand, and, with a broad Scottish accent, declared that "it made him unco happy, noo that they were sae far frae hame, to meet wi' a countryman in his exalted station." Keith stared with astonishment, and, in answer to his exclamation of surprise, the Grand Vizier gave this explanation:—"My faither was the bellman of Kirkcaldy in Fife, and I remember to have seen you and your brother, the Earl, occasionally in passing."

The career of Frederick the Great's famous general was finally closed by a cannon shot in the unfortunate and sanguinary conflict of Hock Kirchen, on 14th October, 1758, in the 63rd year of his age. His memory continued to be so warmly cherished in Prussia that, in 1868—more than 100 years after the General's death—William 1st of Prussia presented an equestrian statue of him to his native town of Peterhead, with the following inscription:—

* *Lyon in Mourning*, Vol. III., p. 254.

"FIELD MARSHALL KEITH
Born at Inverugie 1696
Killed at the battle of Hock Kirchen
14th Oct. 1758
The Gift
of
William 1st, King of Prussia
to
The Town of Peterhead
23rd August 1868
Probus, Vivit, Fortis Obiit."

1. *Earl Marischall to Laird of Nuide, dated 22nd May.*

Sr.—I have wrote by the same hand to Clunie that he wou'd send a dosen or more men untill we march when I persuade myself we shall be join'd by the rest of your name who have on all occasions shoven so much loyalty. You may be assured that I will neglect not occasions to show them my friendship and to yourself in particular. I offer my service to your Lady, and am Sr. your humble servant

May 22nd

MARISCHALL.

2. *Earl Marischall to Cluny, dated Neufchatel, 29th Jny., 1756.*

Sir,—I have the honor of yours, and am glad you are safe after escaping many hard pursuits in so long a time as you remained hiding.

I wish you all happyness where:ever you may be, taking a real concern in what regards you and your clan as being of the same origine, if old tradition does not fail; having ever a warm heart towards you and them; and having the honor to be with great regard,—Sir, your most humble and most obedient servant

MARISCHALL.

3. *General Keith to Cluny, dated Potsdam, 11th April, 1756.*

Sir,—I am not ignorant of the connection and friendship which has long subsisted between our two familly's and of which I had particular proofs myself in the year fifteen and tho. I have not the honour to be personally known to you, yet the carактер which my brother has often given me of your merite wou'd make me very ambitious of being better acquainted, and if your coming here cou'd be any ways advantageous to you I

shou'd think myself very happy in being assistant in it, if you have any views of establishing yourself here; I beg you will be so good as to inform me of them, I shall inform you sincerely how far I think they may succeed, and what assistance I can be able to give you in the pursuit of them, and shall be proud on all occasions to convince you of the friendship and esteem with which I have the honour to be,—Sir, your most obedient humble servant

JAMES KEITH.

Potsdam April the 11th 1756.

XXXIV. LETTER FROM LADY CLUNY OF THE '45.

This letter was written by Lady Cluny (the eldest daughter of the famous Simon, Lord Lovat) to her only son, Duncan, who was born in 1748 in a kiln on the Cluny estates, where the homeless mother was at the time obliged to take shelter. For a long time he was in consequence popularly known in Badenoch as "Dunnach na h-ath," or "Duncan of the kiln." When this touching and remarkable letter was written, the son was only in his thirteenth year. Cluny and Lady Cluny were at the time living in exile in France. The letter is dated "Campvire 27th Aprile 1761, and is addressed on the cover—"Mr Duncan Macpherson, Student att Mr Hector Fraser's Scool att Inverness, North Britain." Apparently by way of precaution, she signs the letter, it will be seen, in her maiden name of "Janet Fraser":—

My Dear Child,—I wou'd have made return to your letter of the 2nd Decr. last sooner, but did not incline to disturb your studies, at least not too often; when you have some more experience of what you are about, I shall make you more regular answers.

Your hand of write pleases me very well, as does your stile and orthographie, and tho' you have had Uxilium to the last two articles, it does not at all surprise me; your age and the short time you have been with Mr Hector makes a sufficient apologie for your not being yet perfect in these necessary and usefull qualifications.

Nothing in this world can be so agreeable to me as the accounts your master gives of you, particularly of your Application. Your making a figure in the world depends upon that single circumstance, and your early endeavours in your yet tender years affords me hopes of the consequences. I have great reason to be thankfull that you are under the tuition of

so able a director who has your Instruction so much at heart, and as an addition to my happiness, I find Mrs Fraser acts a most Motherly part towards you. God Almighty reward them both for chearfully and prudently supplying the places of those who Naturally ought to be your guides. A few years will make you more sensible of the benefits of your present Settlement than you can yet be. However, I hope you have some little reflections of this nature in your own mind. I found you a most tractable and obedient child the short time I had you at my disposal, which gave me even then good Impressions of you, but my then sentiments, being at this distance of time confirm'd by so worthy a Judge as Mr Hector, affords me Infinite pleasure. I return again to Application. Never lose sight of the meaning of that word. It is every thing. You cannot yet forsee the advantages that are Acquir'd from it; that will steal upon you by degrees. You cannot expect to be a scholar all at once. It is the work and studie of a few years that will bring you to some degree of perfection. Notwithstanding of all I have said upon this head, I don't desire you to apply so closs as to be a Slave to application. I always make allowances now and then for amusements and diversions, in order to relax and recruit your spirits.

It is natural to suppose that you incline and have a certain pleasure in going every vacancy to see your friends, and I have a reluctancy to thwart or contradict your innocent inclinations; at the same time I wou'd much incline to abridge that visit to once in the two years, and when you happen to go to the Country, be sure to return before the school convenes, so as to be upon equal terms with your Comrades, for I look upon it as a loss that you shou'd be absent at the very first lesson. I suppose you are now beginning to understand a little, the meaning of the word emulation, without a certain degree of which it is not easie to be a Scholar; if it happens that you do not go home in the vacancy, you can be very usefully employed in running over what you have formerly gone thorow, in learning Geographie, or in whatever your master prescribes, still amusing yourself with plenty of play. I don't give these counsels with a design, that they shou'd be absolutely obeyed. I refer every Circumstance of them to Mr Hector's wise conduct preferable to any other, he being best acquainted with your humour, Genious, and constitution, as I am certain he'll act suitably, and which will both please and satisfy me. For my satisfaction acquaint me what notions you have of the parts of

speech and of Syntax or construction, as also the way and manner you are generally employed every day. It is very agreeable for me to know that you have been taken notice of by these great people you mention; they have done you and me honour. I incline you continue to Acquaint me from time to time, who inquires about you and shows you Civilities, perhaps some time or other I may have it in my power to thank them. Let me know what you please about your Uncles, and our other friends, particularly about the Major whose safe arrival at home gives me great joy, as it must do to all his concerns, particularly to his Nephew little Dunkie, whose interest and prosperity, if he is a hopefull boy, which I have no reason to doubt, he will always have at heart, and don't forget Uncle Sandie, of whom I never hear anything. This letter has swell'd far beyond my design'd brevity; I allow 'tis too wearisome and too difficult for a young Gentleman of your experience to answer, but as I know you have a very good and kind assistant to consult with, who in his own way will direct and explain everything to you, that alone encourages me to say so much, which is the only appologie I have to make, and which, I hope, he and you will take as a satisfying one. Make my Compliments in the sincerest Manner to Mr and Mrs Fraser, and tell the former that it is neither Neglect nor disrespect that hinders me from writing him, but that I suppose he'll think there is enough said at this time for both, and show him besides, that by the Information I have of his way and manner of teaching youth, etc., he may be justly compared to Quintilian. Time as I said befor can only make you sensible of your present happiness. I pray God you continue to make the proper use of it. You are just now in the Critical season, wherein you ought to acquire, what if Neglected, will never hereafter be recovered. Therefore make the best you can of precious time while you are yet young and has so valuable an opportunity.

My dear child I kiss and embrace you, as your sister, who is very well, also does. Remember me in the kindest manner to Colector Colvin and his sisters, and tell them that I am very much oblidged to them for their Civilities to you. Tell them also that Mr Blair and his Lady are very well. Ask their commands for their sister when you write me. May God's blessing and mine perpetually attend you.—I ever am, my dear child, your most loving and affectionate mother,

JANET FRASER.

Campvire, 27th Aprile, 1761.

P.S.—I still Impeach myself for writing a child so long a letter, shall therefore only desire an answer to a part of it first, and that sometime in the month of June next, and to the remainder in August or September following. Let your return be sent by the regular post, and let the postage be pay'd to London, in which event I shall have it in less than fifteen days, whereas if it is sent by a ship I may want it fifteen weeks, and perhaps never come to hand. Address thus—To Mrs Fraser, to the care of Mr David Gregorie, Mert. at Campvire. I am sure you will never forget the tender care your nurse Janet Nickolson had of you for four or five years thousand blissings. Place all your postages to your Uncle's accompt. Compliments to all enquiring friends.

XXXV. LETTERS INTIMATING THE DEATH OF CLUNY OF THE '45
AT DUNKIRK.

The following letters, communicating particulars of the closing scene in the life of the brave and devoted Chief—worn out by his terrible sufferings in the cause of "the hapless Stewart line," and "sick unto death" of the long and weary exile from his native hills—are very touching, indicating, as they do, his dying solicitude for his wife and daughter, and his anxiety as to the payment of any debts he might be owing at Dunkirk. The first letter is from Mr David Gregorie, and is addressed to "Archibald Campbell Fraser, Esqre., Craven Street, London," of the family of Abertarff, and an intimate friend of the Cluny family. That letter was found among the Abertarff papers, and transmitted by the late Mr Fraser of Abertarff to "Old Cluny" (the father of the present Chief), on 12th June, 1869, "to remain, where it should be, at Cluny Castle." The second letter is from Lachlan Mackintosh, and is addressed to "Major John Mackpherson, to the care of the Postmaster of Ruthven in Badenoch, N. Brittain." Cluny was born on 11th February, 1706, and at the time of his death had attained only the comparatively early age of 57.

1. *Letter from Mr David Gregorie.*

Dunkerque, 31st Janry. 1764.

Dear Sir,—Ever since I wrote you last, your frind Cluny has been gradually declining, till, quite attenuated, he at lenth breathed his last yesterday morning between 8 and 9 o'clock. Some days before his death he sent for Mr Haliburton, Mr Blair, and me, and recommended his Lady and daughter to our care,

begging as his last request that we would send them over to London, as soon as could decently be done after his decease, and that we should, after their departure, dispose of the Household furniture in order to pay any debts he may be owing on this side. The lady seems resolved to follow this injunction, and will probably set out in about 14/d hence, but shall let you know more exactly whence once the time is settled. I need not describe to you how disconsolate both she and her daughter are upon this melancholy occasion. I regret 'tis not in my power to be of such use to them as I could wish, being still confined with my legg, but both Mr Haliburton and Mr Blair are acting the part of reall frinds towards them. The Corps is to be burried this evening in a private manner in the Garden of the Carmelites, which the Lady prefers to a Publick buriall attended with the honours of War. Be assured nothing in my power shall be wanting to assist your distressed frinds, and that I am with great sincerity, dear sir, your most obedt. and humb. servt.

DAVID GREGORIE.

2. Letter from Mr Lachlan Mackintosh.

Dear Sir,—It is with real grief and at your Sister Lady Cluny's desire that I write you this. She inform'd you lately of her husband having been for a long time past in a bad state of health, but of late his distemper increased. All the best help this place could affoord he had, and indeed his own natural Strength and resolution and the good effects of the medicines that were us'd give us great hopes that he wou'd weather thro his illness, but last Sunday his fever increas'd, attended with a starting of the nerves to that degree that we saw he cou'd not hold out long. Yesterday morning, 'twixt Eight and nine in the morning, it pleas'd God to call him to himself. Mr Maitland, formerly Chaplain of our Regiment, attended him in his sickness, and assisted him in his last moments; he is to be interr'd this night in the Carmes Garden. The Marquis de Baraile, Lieutenant Generall, and who commands here, and who had always a great regard for Cluny, offer'd to burry him with Military honours, that is three picquets and one colour, but it was thought best to prefer the Carmes Garden, tho without that ceremony, as there his ashes will remain undisturbed, which it cou'd not perhaps done in the other ground of which wee have already had instances. You may judge, my Dear Sir, of poor Lady Cluny and her

daughter's deep concern at this moment which hinders, or I shou'd say incapacitates one or either to write you, and you may believe I share in her grief as much as any relation he has can do, as I knew my Dear friend's worth and real merite as much as any man. I came here from St Omer Saturday se'-night to see him but it was to late, all he could do was to strech me his hand and embrace me. He had charg'd three gentlemen establish'd here, viz.:—Mr David Gregorie, Mr Blair, and Mr Haliburton to settle his affairs and to send his Lady and Peggy to London as soon as possible, where she will goe as soon as her health, which is really bad, will permit, and from that to Scotland. Youle no doubt write her on receipt of this, your letter addressed to the care of either of those gentlemen will come to her hand. It will give me pleasure if you drop me a line by the same channell. I beg you offer my best wishes to your Brother. I heartily wish you and him and all my relations in your country as much hapieness as you can desire for yourselves, and beg you be persuaded that no man has the honour to be with stronger affection and attachment to you and your ffamily than, my Dear, your most obed. Cussen and humble seirvant,

LACH. MACKINTOSH.

Dunkerque, Jany. 31st, 1764.

P.S.—I shou'd be wanting in my duty to my dear deceas'd friend if I did not recommend Mrs Nicolson to you and your Brother's protection for the extraordinary care and indeed surprising attachment she had to your Brother. I have wrote of this date to Mr Hector Ffraser, with whom your nephew is to acquaint him of this melancholy event. I wish from my heart the boy may inherit his father's good qualities."

In consequence of Cluny's close adherence to the Protestant faith, he was, as mentioned in the preceding letters, buried in the Garden of the Carmelites, attached to the house he occupied at the time of his death.

As the concluding verse of the beautiful Gaelic elegy—
"Cumha do Eobhan Mac-a'-Phearsain, Tighearna Chluainidh, Ceann-Cinnidh Chlann-Chatain, an uair a chualas sgeul a bha is anns an Fhraing"—by Lachlan Macpherson of Strathmashie, has it:—

"Àch dh' fhalbh e nis a's dh' fhàg e sinn,
'S cò chaisgeas lamh na h-eucorach?
Ged fhaicteadh 'chòir 'g a sàrachadh,
Gu'n chaill sinn làmh ar treubhanta is,

Mo bheannachd suas do Phàrras-leis
 Bho 'n dh' fhill am bàs 'n a éideadh e,
 'S a dh-aindeoin rìgh a's pàrlamaid,
 Rinn Rìgh nan Gràsan rèite ris."

Which may be feebly rendered:—

Now he hath gone, and we are reft,
 With none to shield from threatened harm,
 Though right be seen, most sore beset,
 That arm of might is lost for aye;
 Our blessings go with him on high,
 Since death hath wrapped him from our view,
 And maugre King and Parliament,
 The King of Kings accepted him.

Notwithstanding repeated efforts, Cluny's grave at Dunkirk—so far away from the hills of his native Highlands, which he knew and loved so well—cannot, alas! now be traced. In a letter, dated 18th September, 1895, received from the British Vice-Consul at Dunkirk, he writes as follows:—

"In reply to your letter of the 11th inst., I am desired by the Consul to state that the Carmelite Monastery in the garden of which Cluny Macpherson was buried no longer exists. The building was pulled down many years ago, and there is no record of any monuments which may have been erected in the burial ground adjoining the monastery. On the other hand, no trace can be found in the Church Registers of the death of Cluny Macpherson, as at the date mentioned by you Roman Catholics only were taken heed of for purposes of registration by the clergy."

And yet after all the terrible reality, as it proved to Cluny, of "life's fitful fever," he sleeps well in that lonely grave "on Flanders' shore," until "the day break and the shadows flee away." It is no exaggeration to say that the name of a more chivalrous and truly heroic Chief than Cluny of the '45 is not to be found in the annals of Highland history, nor one who—come weal or come woe—adhered with more unswerving fidelity and devotion to the cause of the unfortunate House of Stewart, even when that cause was irretrievably lost. The undaunted fortitude and courage with which he endured such terrible hardships, when burnt out of hearth and home, and hunted like a wild beast in the mountain fastnesses of Badenoch, for a period of nine years after the battle of Culloden, have been already referred to. He survived his escape to

France for the same number of years, and thus lived the life of an outlaw for eighteen long, weary years! His memory is, indeed, worthy of being fondly cherished and held in honoured remembrance by every true-hearted member of the Clan Chattan.

Holding, as Highlanders do, the right of sepulture in high veneration, it was a great additional grief to Cluny's clansmen and friends that his honoured remains could not be taken home to rest beside those of his father's in the hallowed church-yard of St Columba at Kingussie. Throughout the Highlands at the time there was a strong prejudice against disturbing, on any consideration, the mortal remains of any friend—however dear—which had been duly consigned to the dust. And yet so poignant was the grief of the clan that the last resting place of their beloved Chief should be the grave of an exile, far from home and kindred in a foreign land, that a devoted clanswoman of the time thus forcibly expresses her feelings in the old mother-tongue, so dear to all true Highlanders:—

“Na'm bu mhise do dhaoin'-uaisle,—
Ged bheirinn cluas e beartas—
Cha b' e giseagan an t-sluaigh,
Bhiodh eadar mi 's an cuan a shracadh,
Ghabhainn an t-side mu mo chluasan,
'S goiltinn an cuan air a tharsuinn,
'S chithinn cnaimhean Eoghainn Ruaidh
An carraigh Chluainidh an taisgaidh.”

Which may be thus translated:—

Were I the chief men of your clan—
Though I would curtail my riches—
Despite the people's notions,
I would cleave the waves asunder;
I'd expose my head to tempests,
I'd trace the broad expanse of ocean,
To see the bones of fair-haired Ewen
Laid in Cluny's tomb in safety.

Cluny's gentle-hearted and sorely afflicted widow, soon after his death, returned to Badenoch, and dying in April, 1765—little more than a year afterwards—her remains were laid to rest in the Cluny burial place. Mrs Grant of Laggan thus gives expression to the feelings of the grief-stricken and widowed mother on leaving Dunkirk after the death of Cluny, along with her young daughter and their faithful Highland

retainer, from whose aged and quivering lips, many years afterwards, the touching words were inspired:—

“Not long upon that alien shore
My banished master pined;
With silent grief we saw his corpse
To common earth consigned.

No *pibroch* led the loud lament,
No funeral train appeared;
No bards with songs of mighty deeds
The hopeless mourners cheered.

When midnight wore her sable robe
We dug his humble grave;
Where fair Narcissus droops its head
And darkest poppies wave.

We strewed the tomb with rosemary,
We watered it with tears;
And bade the Scottish thistle round
Erect his warlike spears.

And soon we left the fatal spot,
And sought our native shore;
And soon my lady blest her son,
And clasped him o'er and o'er.

‘On thee, my son’ (she fondly cried),
May happier planets shine;
And mayst thou never live to brook
A fate so hard as mine.

‘And mayst thou heir thy father’s worth,
But not his hapless doom;
To honour and thy country true,
Mayst thou his rights resume.

‘And when my weary eyes shall close,
By death’s long slumber blest,
Beside my dear-loved, long-lost home
For ever let me rest.’

She spoke and died—in yonder grave
Her dear remains are laid;
Let never impious murmur rise
To grieve her hovering shade.”

6th MAY, 1897.

On this date was held, in the Caledonian Hotel, the closing meeting of session 1896-97. The meeting took the form of an "At Home," or "Céilidh." There was a large and representative attendance of members and their friends. The event was the first of its kind in connection with the Society, and was marked by a series of presentations to old and valued members. Mr William Mackay, honorary secretary, occupied the chair. The proceedings were opened with bagpipe music by Pipe-Major Ferguson. Thereafter an interesting programme of vocal and instrumental music was successfully carried through. The Chairman said, among other things, that there were some ladies and gentlemen among them who contributed greatly to the success of the Society's annual assemblies. These were Miss Cosey Fraser, Miss Kate Fraser, Mr Roderick Macleod, and Mr Æneas Fraser; and as they had received no fee, the Council had resolved to make some recognition of their services. He had great pleasure in handing Miss Cosey Fraser a gold bracelet, Miss Kate Fraser a silver card case, Mr Macleod two volumes of "Songs of the North" and a volume of "Songs of Four Nations," and Mr Fraser a handsome pipe and cigarette case. Mr Macleod, on behalf of Mr Fraser and himself, thanked the Council for their handsome gifts, and Mr Roddie returned thanks for the Misses Fraser. Mr Mackay then presented one of the Society's pipers—Pipe-Major Ferguson—with a *sgean dubh*, and announced that Pipe-Major Mackenzie, who was unable to be present, would receive a patent fishing rod. The company was thereafter entertained to a service of tea and cake, and an enjoyable dance of about an hour's duration brought the entertainment to a close.

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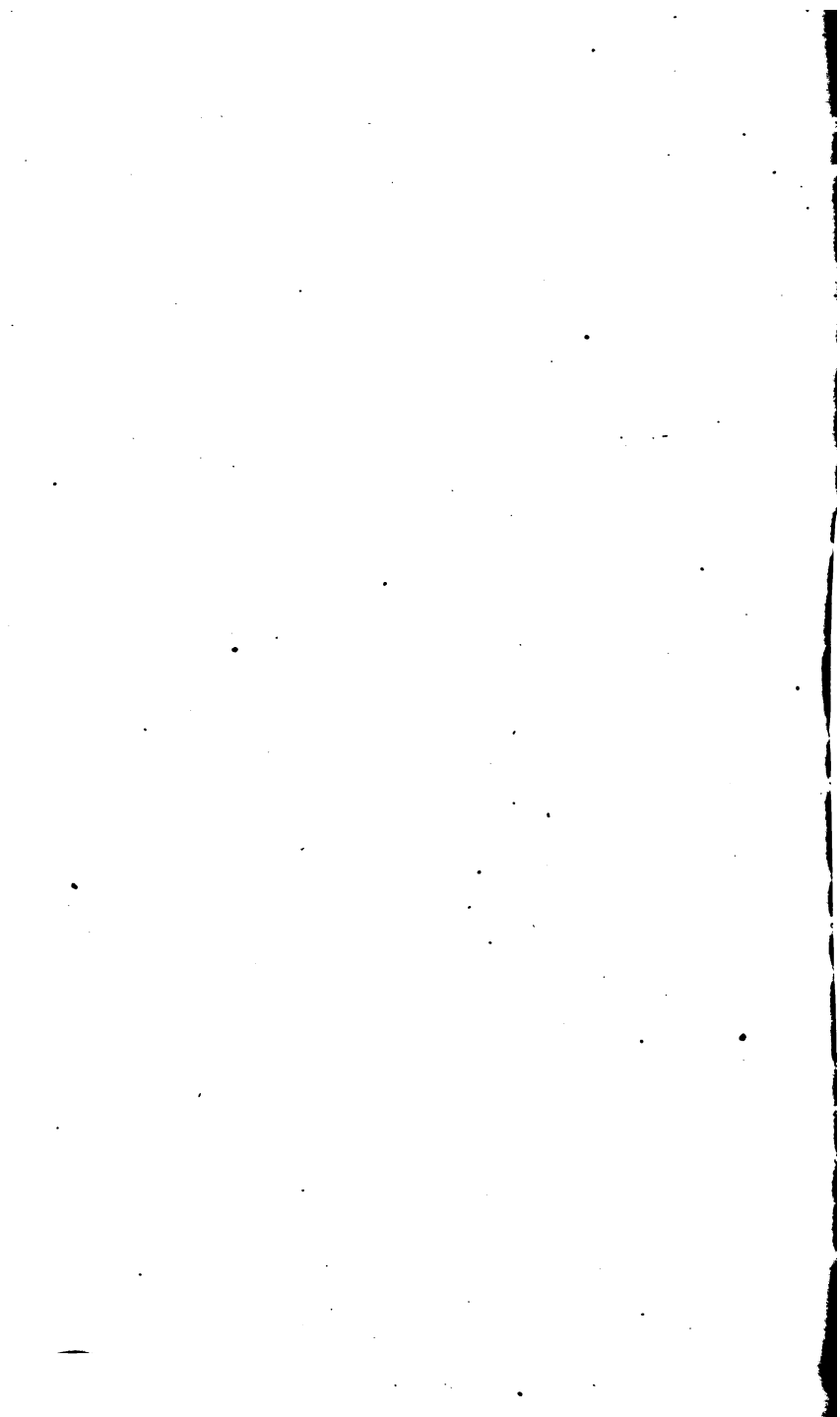
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