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TRANSACTIONS
OF
THE GAELIC SOCIETY OF INVERNESS.

VOLUME XIV.

1887-88.

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OF INVERNESS.

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1887-88.

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GAELIC SOCIETY OF INVERNESS.

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HON. SECRETARY.

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Mrs Mary Mackellar.

COMUNN GAILIG INBHIR-NIS.

CO-SHUIDHEACHADH.

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

2. 'S e tha an rùn a' Chomuinn:—Na buill a dhcanamh 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 leabhraichibh agus sgrìobhannaibh—ann an canain sam bith—a bhuineas do 'Chailleachd, 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 choinneimh, ma roghnaicheas a' mhor-chuid le crannchur, nithear ball dhith-se no dheth-san cho luath 's a phaidhear an comh-thoirt; cuirear crainn le ponair dhubh agus gheal, ach, gu so bhi dligheach, feumadh trì buill dheug an crann a chur. Feudaidh an Comunn Urram Cheannardan a thoirt do urrad 'us seachd daoine cliuiteach.

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

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

GAELIC SOCIETY OF INVERNESS.

CONSTITUTION.

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

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

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

4. The Annual Subscription shall be, for—

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

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

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

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

7. Cuiridh a' Cho-chomhairle la air leth anns an t-Seachdamh-mios air-son Coinneamh Bhliadhnail aig an cumar Co-dheuchainn agus air an toirear duaisean air-son Piobaireachd 'us ciuil Ghaidhealach eile ; anns an fheasgar bithidh co-dheuchainn air Leughadh agus aithris Bardachd agus Rosg nuadh agus taghta ; an deigh sin cumar Cuirm chuidheachdail aig am faigh nithe Gaidhealach roghainn 'san uirghioll, ach gun roinn a dhiultadh dhaibh-san nach tuig Gailig. Giulainear cosdas na co-dheuchainne le trusadh sonraichte a 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 choinneimh a dh'fheudas an t-atharrachadh a dheanamh Feudaidd ball nach bi a lathair roghnachadh le lamh-aithne.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

INTRODUCTION.

THE Publishing Committee of the Council have much pleasure in issuing the 14th Volume of Inverness Gaelic Society's Transactions to the Members, and they believe that, in point of interest and importance, it is quite equal to any that precedes it. The Volume records exactly one year's transactions ; it begins with the 2nd of November, 1887, the opening of the winter session of 1887-8, and ends with the last meeting of the session on the 16th May, 1888. The special feature of the present Volume consists in the fac-simile of two characteristic Highland bonds, of the dates 1655 and 1744, which illustrate Mr Macdonald's paper on "Gleanings from Lord Macdonald's charter chest." The Society is doubly indebted to Mr Macdonald : he has not only contributed the paper, but he has also paid the expenses connected with the fac-simile, a sum amounting to close on fifteen pounds. The size and consequent expense of these annual Volumes make a serious drain on the Society's resources, the cost of each copy coming nigh well up to the ordinary subscription ; and the Committee take this opportunity of thanking one or two thoughtful friends who sent donations to the publishing fund.

For the last few years, in each Volume, it has been our sad duty to record the death of some prominent Gaelic scholar, and this Volume, unfortunately, forms no exception. The Rev. Alex. Cameron, LL.D., the most prominent of our Scottish Celtic scholars, died on the 24th of October last, at the age of sixty-one, a comparatively early age for a scientist and scholar. Dr Cameron was the son of a small crofter on the Badenoch property of the Macpherson-Grants of Ballindalloch, his birthplace being Drumnagish, near Kingussie. His early years were passed in hard struggles to emerge from the obscurity in which he was born.

When more favoured youths spent the second decade of their life at higher schools, he had either to do manual work or to teach in little side schools away in the Glens. He had almost entirely to teach himself the classics and mathematics needed to enter the Universities. He entered Edinburgh University about the age of twenty, and after his Arts course passed through the Free Church Divinity College, becoming licensed in 1856. His first charge was Renton, where he laboured till 1874. Then he became minister of Brodick, where he died. His ecclesiastical career was somewhat stormy, and, much to the loss of Gaelic literature, the last two or three years of his life were almost altogether taken up with a barren struggle against the Courts of his Church. On the field of Gaelic literature, too, he ran tilt against the leading literary men of his time, whose accuracy in the matter of writing and spelling Gaelic he questioned with uncompromising severity. For Dr Cameron's feeling for accuracy almost amounted to a disease, and caused delays in his publications and the impression of dilatoriness which clings to his memory. But this is not all; genial and kindly as he was in reality, he presented, on account of this critical exactness, too often the unlovely side of a really noble character. His work in Gaelic philology began with his appointment to the Joint Commission of the General Assemblies for the Revision of the Gaelic Scriptures in 1862, and with the controversies on Gaelic spelling that arose therefrom. In 1872-3-4 he published a series of excellent articles on Gaelic philology in the *Gael*, where some five hundred and fifty root words were discussed, and where he showed himself fully abreast of the linguistic knowledge of that time. These articles are important as showing the strong Norse element there is in Gaelic. In 1881 he started the *Scottish Celtic Review*, and completed the first volume, four numbers, by the year 1885. Here, and also in the *Scottish Review*, he published some of the Dean of Lismore's Ossianic ballads, and he contributed as well valuable articles on Gaelic philology and grammar, besides translating Professor Windisch's paper on old Gaelic terminations. The Gaelic philologi-

cal dictionary which he had begun can only be a fragment, and almost all the other researches and discoveries in philology and literature that he had made have gone down with him to the grave ; an irreparable loss to Gaelic literature !

The past year has shown a fair amount of literary activity in connection with the Highlands. Rev. Mr Macneill, Cawdor, has translated Miss Rainy's "Gospel in India" into excellent and racy Gaelic ; Miss Dempster's papers on "Sutherlandshire folklore" are appearing in the Journal of the Folklore Society of London, and are both interesting and important ; and we gladly welcome the effusions, English though they be, of Mr George Mackenzie in his "Highland Day-Dreams." We are sorry, however, to record the demise of the *Celtic Magazine* at the end of its 13th volume, but we observe with pleasure that, undaunted by previous failures, another magazine is to appear soon under the title of the "Highland Monthly," conducted by two excellent members of our Society, Mr Campbell and Mr Macbain.

Casting a hurried glance over the work in general Celtic literature for the past year, we have to record a more than ordinary activity. Dr Whitley Stokes is ever to the front, and his "St Patrick," in two volumes, is a work that no Gaelic scholar should be without. Rev. T. Olden has published an interesting book on the "Holy Scriptures in Ireland One Thousand Years Ago," which gives the comments of the Irish or Gaelic monks and priests on the epistles of St Paul. Dr Atkinson has published the Homilies from the Leabhar Breac, with an excellent dictionary. Professor Rhys has published his masterpiece in the Hibbert Lectures—"Celtic Heathendom." Mr Alfred Nutt has written a volume on the "Legend of the Holy Grail," where he dissects the legend into its Celtic components, and he has also contributed an able, learned, and lively article on "Celtic Myth and Saga" to the *Archæological Review*. The columns of this last Review have been enriched by contributions from Dr Masson and Mr Kuno Meyer. Professor Zimmer is continuing his "Celtic Studies and Contributions," and they are both philological and

literary as usual, and considerably more voluminous. D'Arbois de Jubainville, editor of the *Revue Celtique*, has published the first volume of a new and recast edition of the "First Inhabitants of Europe."

Educational matters have not been going smoothly in the Highlands during the year. Some of the Lews School Boards could not meet their monetary obligations, and the Education Department has stepped in to help them. The extra money is to be furnished from the Treasury, but the Boards who consent to the arrangement must demit their powers to two of their members and the Inspector of Schools for the district. Mr Robertson has been appointed Inspector of Schools for the Isles, and he forms one of the trio that will conduct the schools. In the matter of Gaelic teaching, things are as before: no schedule of Gaelic instruction for the specific subject, only the placing of Gaelic on the list of specific subjects, the possibility of having intelligence tested in Gaelic, the possible employment of a Gaelic pupil teacher for the younger children to give instruction in that language, and a Gaelic examination paper at the Midsummer Normal Examinations for such pupil teachers.

Mackintosh of Mackintosh, the Chief for the past two years, has kindly offered, in connection with this Society, a prize of ten guineas for the best essay on "The Social Condition of the Highlands since 1800." Members wishing to send essays with a view to this prize must adopt a *nom de plume* which they will subscribe to their essay. They must also enclose their own name and their *nom de plume* in a separate envelope, which, with the essay, under one cover, must be sent to the Secretary before the 30th of April first.

INVERNESS, January, 1889.

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TRANSACTIONS.

2nd NOVEMBER, 1887.

THE session of 1887-8 was opened on the evening of 2nd November, 1887, when a large number of members attended. The Secretary intimated that Mr John Mackay, Hereford, had presented the Society with a copy of Dr Charles Mackay's "Glossary of Obscure Words in Shakespeare and his Contemporaries." The meeting instructed the Secretary to convey to Mr Mackay the thanks of the Society for his donation.

Thereafter, Mr William Mackay, the honorary secretary, read the following paper :—

UNPUBLISHED CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN LORD LOVAT, MACLEOD OF MACLEOD, LORD LOUDON, AND OTHERS, IN CONNECTION WITH THE REBELLION OF 1745.

I had the pleasure of reading to you last session a number of "Unpublished Letters of Simon Lord Lovat,"* which were kindly placed at my disposal by the Rev. Hector Fraser, Halkirk, great-grandson of the Rev. Donald Fraser, to whom the most of them were addressed. As I then mentioned, Mr Donald Fraser left interesting correspondence which passed between Lord Lovat, Lord Loudon, Macleod of Macleod, and others, in connection with the Rebellion of 1745, and, through the kindness of Mr Hector Fraser, I am able to read that correspondence to you this evening. How it came into Mr Donald's possession is not known ; but he was a warm and trusted friend of old Lord Lovat, and the probability is that the latter handed him the papers for safe keeping

* Printed in Volume XIII. of Transactions, p. 135.

when it became dangerous to himself to have them. They throw light on many points connected with the stirring times of the Forty-Five, and the part Lord Lovat took in them.

*Norman Macleod of Macleod to Lord Lovat, 23rd Sept., 1744.
Addressed to The Right Honourable The Lord Fraser of Lovat,
Inverness by Edinburgh. Free-Macleod.*

My Dear Lord,

I know your Friendship and anxiety about me, this will serve to show I'm in the land of the liveing in health and spirits, what signifies it that I was twice within ane an nay a hairs breed of drownding, I'm now as I alwise was since we gott acquaint years. I've mist the Duke of Argyle here, but will see him this week att the whim or Ednr., from whence you shall hear from me. This is a delightfull romantick Place. I onlie gott here about tenn a cloak today. I drink to your health tomorrow wt. Largue and Lamont. I am more then I can tell yours

NORMAND MACLEOD.

Inverary, Sepbr. 23d 1744.

N.B.—I left dunvegan the 5th Sr. Alexr. Macdonald was a wise man and against the Scheme.

General Guest to Lord Lovat, 27th June 1745.

My dear Lord,

I have the honour of your Commands of the 21st. I have nothing new to send you but the Inclosed List, wherein I am glad to see our Friend Mr McPherson of Cluny. I wish your Lordsp. would assist him in making his Company the first that will be compleat it will enable his Friends to press the harder to have him made Major of the Regiment. He is a very honest man and I know will deserve every thing that we can do for him. As to news I cannot send you any. I wish this unhappy affair between His majesty of Prushia and prince Charles don't do hurt in the Election of an Emporour. Sr. Hector McLean is set out for London under the care of two of his Majesty's Messengers, and his two Fellow Travellers went along with him. If they are plotters against his majesty's Goverment or not I am no judge, but if they are, they were very poor ones, for he had no money to pay for his Linnen washing the few days that he was here. They tell me, for I did not see him while he was here, that he is a well bred very polite man of a small stature and lame of both his feet but one much worse than the other. Blaws (Blairs?) of Castlehill is a Tall Black man, whose strength does not seem to lye

in his head. The French King must certainly have a Low opinion of us if he thinks these are fit to overturn a State with Ld. J——D——d and his Famely at their head. If he Employs no better I don't think but the Brave Frazers and the Best of their Friends will be able to give them Battle come when they will. Mrs Guest joyns with me in presenting your Lordsp. and the Ladies when you write to Clunys with our most humble duty. I have the honour to be, with great Truth and Respect, My dear Lord, your most obliged and ever obedient humble Servant Jos. GUEST.

Edinburgh, 27 June 1745.

Rt. Honbl. Lord Lovat.

Norman Macleod of Macleod to Lord Lovat, 19th July 1745.

My dear Lords

letter of the 27th June wt. that of the first and 2d of this month I gott last Post wh. was owing to the stupiditie and Ignorance of the Bearer. I am extreemly Concerned for your state of health and pray God you may or now be quite well and that I may have the acct. of it next post. It seems we are to be allways out of order in Companie, for just as I finished my letters this day Seven night I fell very ill wt. a feaverish disorder attended with a vast feebleness in all my joints and a great disorder in my stomach so that I slept very little for three nights. Sunday and yesterday I was a good deal better, but this day I am quite out of order again, wt. the same complaints and a giddiness in my head so that its no small trouble I had allmost said compulsion on me to write, but I am quite free of feaver today. Sr. Alexr. Macdonald and Lady Margrat arived yesterday about Tenn a clock and we drunk your health wt. Lady Macintosh wh. is our constant method here in a Bumper after the Grace drink. They are very well and Lady Margrat bid me make many Compliments I fancy Sr. Alexr. will make his own—he left a proper Commission wt. Boustill in case anie more Bear arived and I look for Pally by the 15th or 16th here wt. out anie acct. of more victual wh. as we are at present provided is lucky.

I aprove much of your letter to Lord Stair and I think it must and ought to satisfye him drummore and everybody concerned and I am glad to see the d of Argyles to you depend on it I shall wait of him when he comes to Scotland and in conjunction wt. Lord Stricken do as far as lyes in my power to establish and fix a proper and a lasting effectual friendship twixt the two Familys he gives a very natural reason why their was so feu of your name in this regiment want of timeous aplication and I am sure had not I by your own express order, declined a Companie for one of your

sons (the eldest was intended) he would have been named a Captain. Clunie and Killiehuntlie I believe owe their Commissions solely to you and me, for both before and after I left London I made as strong interest as I could for them in our name, and lett Clunies connection wt. you be known for which I likewise had your warrant and had I not done so I dare say the Great Men who procured the Commissions would never have thought of them.

I did apply for Foyers and I still hope the Commission is his, and that you Jocke about your Pimp Churgeon. I write this day to London about it. The man who should have sent me ane authentick list after telling me it was Inclosed forgott it, and I learn nothing by either yours or that in the newspaper but that they differ in some particulars. If you are to assist Jos Stewart or anie other in raising their Companies I hope if Foyers is ane Ensign you will desire he may be theirs. I never heard that anie Cameron aplyed for a Commission except the doctor when at your house and that was much too late. Donald Scotos is my sons Lieutenant. I fancy he (my son) is by this time in Edur. and will soon pop in upon you att Beaufort.

I have wrote as strongly as I could to Mr McLeod in Fairfields affair and inclosed the letter to Charles, but I can really hardly expect that Mr McLeod whos affairs are not a little Imbarressed att present will be his Cautioner, but I dare say he will when satisfied wt. the securitie do all he can to find a proper person and the money. Bad as I am I feel some spirits when I am conversing in this way wt. my dearest Friend. I desire you take it for granted that I am quite well if yours to me of yesterdays date bring me good accts. of you, lett me salute all Friends wt. you and assure yourself I am wt. the outmost of my pith yours while I breath,

NORMAND MACLEOD.

dun[vegan], july 19th 1745.

I expected the honour of a return from Lady Clunie to the letter I wrote wt. Miss Frasers allowance from you to stay wt. her some time.

Norman Macleod of Macleod to Lord Lovat, 11th August, 1745.

My dear Lord,

No doubt you are Informed or this can reach you that some of our unlucky neighbours are up in arms in order to suport The Pretended Prince of Wales. The consequence as to them must be fatal, and I cannot but regrate it, as for you your Loyaltie and Prudence is so well known that its easy to guess the part you will act. Sr. Alexr. Macdonald (who with Lady Margrat Coll Taliscar &c. join

me in their Compliments and good wishes to you) Coll and I resolve on the same prudent steps that I dare say you will follow, and as we are armless to sitt quiet att least till we have orders to the contrary and are enabled to exert our strenth if required in support of the Government. I shall long much to hear from you and have your sentiments and advice. The Bearer is ane Express of Sir Alexrs. who goes to the President, so that the return I will expect is either by the Post or ane Express as you judge proper. I ever am with the outmost Friendship and affection, your most Faithful Servant,

NORMAND MACLEOD.

Talisker, Augt. 11th 1745.

Norman Mackeod of Macleod to Lord Lovat, 18th Augt. 1745.

My dearest Lord,

Yours of the 13th I recieved att dunvegan late Friday night, and yesterday I sett out for this place to regulate some things that wanted it, and purpose to return to morrow. As its uncertain but I miss the post I chuse to write from this and write as fully, and I am quite sure as freely as I can, from any scrapes of information I have picked up, so that after all you will look on the whole only as Information and may or may not be True for ought I know. First then the Chevaliers Son touched at Uist wt. his small Privateer of 18 Gunns. Told he had some money (but very little) about 1600 Gunns and as many Swords (said to be bad): about Twenty five persons with him mostly Irish or French Irish; no Scotsman of anie Family but the Marquiss of Tullibardine and but one of these had ever been a Lieutenant Collonell; expected no succour from France or Spain and came to try his fate amongst his faithful subjects wt. a resolution to conquer or dye, but never to return. Its alledged some people who pretended to be his well wishers remonstrate against this mad attempt, wh. behoved to end in his own ruin, and the destruction of those that were so much his enemies as join him, and desired his immediate return, or att least to remain quiet, till it could be tryed if he had anie number of Friends that would appear for him, and where arms and a Generall was to be had. However, he sailed to the Mainland and their its alledged he had the same doctrine preached to him, but he continued positive, on wh. they resolved to join him att all hasards; Its very probable all the argumentative part of this story is Clatters and Fiction, but what is certain and is public is, that he did stop att Uist, that that is his real Force and that since he came to the Mainland he is joined by some people there, wh. I dare say is more exactly known wt. you then here as the reports

are various daily. The people named are Glengarry Lochiel Clanranald Keppoch Morors People (but not himself) and some from Apin, but I did not hear himself named. The Standard is its said to be sett up to morrow att Glenfinnon wh. is the outlett from Moydart and Arisaick to Lochhaber. The reports from thence are that they expect a ship wt. Generall Officers and arms and the Ferroll embarkation wt. 6000 Spaniards. Sure we are oblidged to them who have given by the attempt here such timeous advertisment to our rulers to take proper measures to defeat that descent, if anie such was ever intended. Now I've told you all the idle clatters ever I heard about this odd and strange adventure. I hope in return to have your sentiments and information of what is really a doing, and wheter the Government is to putt you in a capacity to exert your vigour and strenth in its support, wh. you once did before so successfully when it was in more danger, att least from Inward Broils. Their is a report here to day that the Highlanders on Friday attacked 2 Companies of Foot going to fort William, and after some pickeering killed a feu and took the rest Prisoners. If its true you've more certain information of it or this can reach you. W. Muir whom you mention I fancy is taken too or ran away wt. £200 of the Captains Recruiting money for I've heard nothing of him since he went on that errand, and he should have been back long ago. I approve much of your Scheme for the Master and I hope you will without delay putt it in Execution, being att home att anie rate in his present situation is not to be wished, but as things seem to look odd and dismal and gloomy lett him in Gods name gett hence and compleat his Education. You can not nor can Mr Craigy either say anie thing to his advantage that I am not agst. to believe, for he is the youth ever I saw that I have the greatest opinion off. As to Sandy* I can say nothing till I know more of him, but if his figure is the only objection to his being in the army, if ane Officers head and heart be good it avails little what his Person be. Marshall luxembourg was a hump backed dwarff of a body as ever was seen but a very Great Man and Officer for all that. Write by the Post as I'll be at dunvegan and the Bearer comes here. Your health I rejoyce to find mended and must commend your modesty in making me so usefull and you so useless. I wish for your sake as my first Friend I had it in my power to be more usefull then I am, but sure I am for one that would miss me a hundred would you. I pray God preserve and direct both to be usefull to one ane other as for our inclina-

* Sandy was Lovat's second son, often referred to in Lovat's letters as the "Brigadier."

tion.—If we have the power theirs little doubt of that. Wont it be proper to see what turn these Commotions take or I leave home, had it not been that, I would have sett out for Inverary by this time.

I cannot find out what neighbour of yours to the West agreed in conjunction wt. you in my neighbours Sentiments and mine. Lochiel I thought had, but I fear you was mistaken, as I am sure I was.

I offer my Compliments to all with you, wh. I suppose for ordinary is not a feu, as I hear all the Country is in a Moving disposition. I ever am with the most unalterable Leal Friendship and attachment my dearest Lord yours NORMAND MACLEOD.

Glenelg, Augt. 18th 1745.

The Captain is in harris Recruiting and will return wt. his men whenever the wind allows, to go for Inverness where he is ordered. I dare say you are tyred of me and my letter long or you gett this lenth.

Copy of Lord Lovat's letter to the Earl of Stair, dated 21st September, 1745.

My Dearest Earl,

I was much overjoyed to know by my Cousin the Laird of Macleod (who is your faithfull Servant), that he saw a letter of your Lops. with my Lord President, giving accounts that your Lop. was in perfect health. I pray God you may long continue so ; this will always be the sincere wish of my heart and soul. Macleod tells me that your Lop. was so good as to make kind mention of me in your letter to the President, for which I give your Lop. ten thousand thanks. It is not the first time that I had singular experience of your Lops. great goodness and generous friendship towards me, for which my heart is sincerely full of gratitude, and will be so while there is breath in me.

When I was so desirous the last year that my second son should have a Company in the Earl of Loudon's Regiment, he was then prosecuting his studys at the Colledge of St Andrews, and I had not seen him for several years. As he was then going 17 years, I had reason to believe that he would have a growth like other men. But to my great surprise, when he came here I found him to be an extraordinary undergrowth, the next degree to what they call a Dwarf. So that I would not wish for £5000 that my son would appear a Captain in any Regiment. And this is the real cause of my present misfortune that I cannot accept a good commission that your Lop. was so very good towards me as to

destine for this boy. This is certainly a vast mortification to me, and it is much more so, that this commission, so advantageous for my family, was both thought off and procured me by my dearest friend the great Earl of Stairs. I am really out of all countenance that your Lop. should have been at so much trouble about me. All the returns that I can make is to be most thankfully and gratefully attached to your Lop's. person, and to every man of your family upon your account. I am now sixty-eight years old, and have been very near fifty years in the Army and at Court, and the singular services that I have done this Government in assisting to suppress the great Rebellion in this country in the year 1715, more than any man of my rank in the Island of Great Britain, which my Lord President was eye-witness to, and has done me often justice on that subject, should have made me the happiest man in this country, and yet, after those extraordinary services, for which I had three letters of thanks from the King, which are still in my possession, Sir Robert Walpole and Mr Wade used me so much like a scoundrell or a banditti that I am ever since disgusted at the political world, and as I am old and infirm the only design I have now is to live quietly and peaceably, and to retire to some place where living is cheap or reasonable, where I may spare as much mony as will assist to pay my debts, or the portions of my children; for my extravagant housekeeping here, with the multitude that frequent it, oblidges me to spend the most of my estate every year, and so I must continue uneasie till I retire to some private place and live frugaly.

I beg your Lop. a thousand pardons for troubling you with this disagreeable account of my circumstances. But I flatter myself you will forgive it, since you always took a concern in me, and your Lop. may be assured that whatever situation of life I am in, I shall remain to the last gasp with unalterable gratitude, zeal, and respect, my dearest Earl, your Lop's most obedient, most oblidged, and most affectionate faithful humble Servant.

[LOVAT.]

Beaufort, Septmr 21st, 1745.

Anonymous Letter to Alex. Fraser, merchant, Inverness, respecting the Pretender's prospects, Edinburgh, 10th October, 1745.

Dear Sir,

I received yours of 5 curt., and observe you are curious to know of what occurs here last. The Castle was blockaded, and so was varie troublesome to the town; but this week we are all quiet, and vast numbers of Gentlemen and others from all

the corners of Scotland, are resorting dayly to the Prince. All the Gentlemen, and manie Comens, from the Shyres of Angus, Fyfe, Meerns, Aberdeen, and Perthshyres are come in this week, and two troops of Horse Gaurds, under the command of Lord Elcho, &c., are formed—all Gentlemen well mounted, and cloathed in blew faced with scarlet, and scarlet laced vests, and laced hatts. And there will be besides these, three full Regiments of Light Horse, and 12,000 fine Foot reddie to march to England how soon those expected from the North arrive. And this week there are a great manie foraigne officers of all ranks, with a great quantity of arms, amunition, and mony, come to Mutrosie from France; and newes of Lord Marshall's landing is every hour expected, with 3000 troops to Scotland, besides 10,000 to England, with P. Henrie, &c., &c.

The Prince here is not at all straitened for mony, tho he gott non from abroad, for he getts in the revenue of all kinds verie frankly besides £5000 ster. from the town of Glasgow, and vast sumes from privat hands, some of whom have posts in the Government; one Great Peer of this country ordered last week £8000 ster. to be payed privatly if I am not much misinformed. In short, mony flowes from all airts, and for all the great puffles you have from England of the mighty preparations there, the one half of what is said is not true, and the armie conveening there gives no pain to those in power here, as they are like soon to have work enouch on their hands at home. The great victory obtained lastly by the King of Prussia gives verie great pain to the Government folks here, and probably will have fatall consequences as to some bodie affaires abroad verie soon, which no doubt will make affaires at home goe more smooth by one. God make all well and send a happie peace. Give my best respects to my Dear friend My Lord,* and as I expect my eldest boy south here, if you please to help him with a little mony to bear his expenses here, it will soon be thankfully paid by your affectionat humble servant, &c., J. S.

Eibro., 10th 8ber (October), 1745.

Macleod of Macleod to Lord Lovat. Dunvegan, October 23rd, 1745.

My Dear Lord,

Yours by the post of the 17th, wt the other letters I had, giving account of the scandalous attempt on the President, has given me great pain, as I dare say it has to you, especially if Stratherick men were the actors; because however innocent you

* That is, Lord Lovat, for whose information the letter was probably written.

are, it has a very ugly aspect, and therefore I do not wonder you would give a year's rent of your estate it had not happened. For my own share, I would not, for the addition of such an estate as yours to what I have, wish that my men had made such an attempt on him or anie other man of known carecter or honour. It is impossible that anie thinking person, who has the smallest notion of your honour, of your humanity, of your sence and regard to common decency and neighbourhood, can think you accessary to so vile a thing, but you owe yourself and the world a more public vindication than my private sentiments, or those of others who have the happiness to know you, and that is to bring the offenders to public and condign punishment if they prove to be your people, for I dare say it will be certainly found out what they were, att least the most of them. So much for a most disagreeable subject.

You may be sure, were you in condition to come, you would be as wellcome here as you are att home, and you should find it ane asylum as long as I was able to make it so for you or myself. But I hope in God you are quite safe where you are, and that your conduct will not only procure safety, but that honour and regard which I shall ever wish you possessed of. My son is in great agony about six of his men that have deserted, and I own it gives me much pain to see ingratitude so strong even in common fellows. But can I believe the rest of it, that they were entertained in ane outhouse of yours, and then sent to make part of the Master's rendezvous. I cannot, and so their I leave it till I hear more. I shall long mightily till I hear again from you. The weather is still dismal.—I ever am, my dear Lord, most intyrlie yours,

NORMAND MACLEOD.

Dun., Octbr 23rd, 1745.

Lord Loudon to Lord Lovat, 11th November, 1745.

Inverness, Novr. 11th, 1745.

My Lord,

This comes in consequence of a paragraf I have seen in one of your Lop.'s letters to the President in relation to the security of your person, now that your son, contrary to the advice and entretys of all his best friends, has resolved to do all in his power to subvert our happy Constitution and to ruin your Lop.'s family.

As to your Lop.'s person and family, for which I have the greatest regard, I assure your Lop. I shall in no wayes molest them except orders are sent to me to the contrary by the Government.

But the very extraordinary methods that have been taken to force people out do not leave it in my power to make the same promise as to other people belonging to and depending on your Lop. But at the same time that I find it necessary for me to use all methods to recalc those who have taken up arms against the Government, I shall take all the care I can to protect those who have not aided the present Rebellion either in person or by there Sons. And my Lord, to carry this still furdur, I shall give no disturbance to those who shall within eight days return to there houses, and there continue to behave peaceably.

Your Lop. will by this see that I am willing to show all the lenity that is consistent with the service of My King and Country in the present situation of the affairs of this Country.—I am, with great respect and real friendship, My Lord, your Lordship's most obedient humble servant,

LOUDOUN.

P.S.—I have certain information that a considerable number of the King's troopes who have gon from hance have been for some time entertained about your Lop.'s house. I must insist that they be directly sent back to me with there arms.

Lord Loudon to Lord Lovat, 22nd Novr. 1745.

Addressed to the Right Hon. The Lord Lovat, Castle Dounie.

Inverness, Novr. 22d 1745.

My Lord,

I had the honour of your Lops. of the 19th with an account of your Sons proseedings in Urchart according to the information you had received; That account gave me no small surprise and I must confess to your Lop. it would have given me no smal satisfaction, if I could have depended on its being true, Because it would have been evedence of the Masters giving up the Desperat Course into which he had been unhappily Sedused, and so early a Change, before any considerable mischef was done, would I should hope, in a Reigne so Clement as what we have at presant the Happiness to live under, Obliterat the past errors of a young man, whose want of years and experience might make him an easy Pray to Designing Men.

But then my Lord before I can permit myself to receive any real pleasure from this prospect or to depart from the Resolutions, with which I aquainted your Lop. in my last, I must be thorouly satisfied that the Information your Lop. has received is true; that the Master has returned to his Duty, and that the men who had been brought together are Returned to there Habitations. Of the certainty of those things your Lop. must sufficiently be informed

before this time, and I have hitherto Deferred writting to your Lop. on that subject, that you might be able to sattisfie me ; I now give your Lop. the trouble of this message, beging that without loss of time, I may know what I am to believe and Relie on, in respect to that matter, to the end I may proceed in my resolutions ; or vary them according to circumstances ; And on Supposition that the men have been dismissed, and are returned to their homes, what security I am to expect, that they shall not again be assembled, to give further Disturbance to his Majestyes Government ; that this may be Effectuated, with as little inconvenience to them or Disturbance to your Lop. as possible is what I earnestly wish, because I am, my Lord, your Lordships real friend and obedient humble Servant,

LOUDOUN.

Scroll letter, Lord Lovat to Lord Loudon, 23rd Novr. 1745.

My Good Earl,

According to my promise to your Lop. to let you know any thing worth your while that happens in this Little Country I can now tell your Lop. with pleasure that there is not a man belonging to me or who are called my people, but are at home and peaceable in their own houses. The last of them came home Wednesday night from Urquhart, where they were with my son, who went to Urquhart of purpose to preserve the Grants in Urquhart from being opressed by the McDonells, and I am glad to hear he has behaved so well that he has the blessings of all that Country people and the Laird of Grants doers have promised to represent to their master, who is my sons Cousin germain, how kindly and oblidgeing The Master of Lovat behaved to all the Country. It was but his duty, but in the days that we are in it is very rare to find a man that does what he ought to do to a friend and Relation : happy is the man that lives with ane upright heart and ane affectionate inclination to serve his friend and relation. But it is true that ane easie temper and a mans too great readiness to serve his friends and relations Leads him often into many heavy misfortunes. But the comfort that he has in his own mind of doing what was right and what he ought to do, ballances all those misfortunes. This is plainly my case, my good Earl ; I might have been the happyest Lord Lovat as to my circumstances that has been these 200 years past, if I had not meddled with Elections. The Estentiall Services that I had the good fortune to do for ye K the time of the Great Rebellion made me by chance and my assiduous attendance at Court I became the greatest favourite that my dear Mr. the Late K. G. had of a Scots

man. By that means I did improve my Estate very much and I was every year adding some little land to it and I did essential Service to severall of my freinds who now intirely forget it. But as my fate from my Infancy was to have a Sun Shine and a Cloud by turns a heavy cloud began to Eclipse my good fortune after the late Kings Death by my own fault and foolishly and madly meddling with Elections that I had nothing to do with. My first most unhappy appearance which I did repent off and will repent off while I have breath in me and which is the action of my Life I regret most, was against my worthy friend John Forbes of Culloden, to whom I owed more freindship than to any relation or man of my name who ventured his life for me when I was in distress. Its true I was threatned by great men to appear against him, or that I woud lose my Independent Company and any other Benefite I had from the Government, and I richly deserved what happend to me, which was, that I lost my Company and severall valuable things that I had from the Government only for my appearing against Culloden. For Mr Wade told myself plainly that he would break my Company for my appearing against Culloden which he at Last Effectuate when I was so unlucky as to assist with a high hand to sett up my Broyr. in Law Sir Jas. Grant to be member of Parliament. I lost a great many of my good freinds, particularly the Late Duke of Argyle, who woud not speak to me for a long time after tho he was before my Patron and most ready to serve me and I did his grace Considerable Services with the late King and the Dutches of Kindale who both had a very great freindship for me in the time that his graces malicious Enemyys were attacking him. After the D. of Argyle was reconciled to me he told me plainly that my broyr. in Law Sir James Grant assisted my Enemyys and sollicit spoke with them to the Minr. to Break my Company &c. When the Duke afterwards solicit me to give my Interest to this Laird of McLeod who is my nearest relation and head of my mothers family, I Easely granted his Graces request, I then put all Irons in the fire and Labourd as much as if it was to save my Life to make this Laird of McLeod member of Parliament. In this I succeeded, but gained to myself a great many Enemyys, and by assisting to make those two gentlemen members of Parliament Brought my Estate that was then flourishing into some disorder for I owe to the Bank and to other persons Severall Thousand pounds. Now my good Lord since I have presumed to give your Lop. a small sketch of my good and bad fortune since I came from France I beg leave to tell your Lop. a little of my opinion of these Gentlemen whom I have served well and of my Ld. President whom I acted against in the unlucky Circumstances

of his brothers Election, for which I have been sufficiently chastized. I dont at all blame my Lord President to be my enemy since I richly deserved it at his hands, and if he is not my enemy and is my freind, as I have great reason to believe, its a proof of his vast generosity and goodness which I shall always have a gratefull sense off. But as to the Returns I have mett with from the Lards of Grant and Mr McLeod I reffer ither acott. to the Judgement of anoyr. day. Since I thank God my people are all now at home your Lop. may be convinced that I will use all the Endeavours in my power to keep them at home. But as my son has 20 times more to say with the most of them than I have, if he should debauch them to do any mad foolish thing I hope your Lop. wont by no means blame me for it or harrass my poor Country. It would be the hardest Case, nay I may say the most unjust that I should be punished for my sons faults or the honest tenants that live peaceably at home for the mad foolishness of their neighbours, for every mans blood should be upon his own head and answer for himself, and as I am Innocent and designs to live a peaceable subject to be made a prisoner which is equall nay rather worse then to be shot through the head in the present melancholy situation if I am attackd in this little house I am in, full of pains, weakness, and sickness [manuscript worn] . . . day Confinement would mak a dismall end of me, I do assure your Lop. that I will Defend myself, tho I am 68 year old, while I have a drop blod in my body with as much vigour and Resolution as if I was but 28 year old. So I hope my Good Earl that you will not Begin the Cruel part of the war in this Country with me for who knows for as old as I am but I may have a Sun Shine yet. But in all Situations of Life your Lop. will always find me with the outmost Esteem gratitude and Respect, my Good Earl, your Lops. most obedt. most oblided and most faithfull humble Servt. and most affectionate Cousin. [LOVAT].

I have all the reason of the world to expect your Lops. protection in this little house, ffor shoud my son still persist in his mad project, which I hope in God he will not, your Lop. may depend upon it that I shall make his numbers much thinner than he expects.

Earl of Loudon to Lord Lovat, November 24th, 1745.

Inverness, Novr. 24th, 1745.

My Lord,

The first part of the letter which you did me the honour to write to me of the 22nd, aquanting me that all your people had returned to their houses from Urchart, where they had

been along with your Son, protecting the Tenants of his Cousin the Laird of Grant from the Mcdonels, who are in arms against the Governmnt, gave me much pleasure, because I expected before I had done to have read that, to so good a step, the Master had added one more, the abandoning that Ruinous Enterprise, into which his youth had suffered him to be draged, and the giving all reasonable satisfaction that the Governmnt should meet with no furdur Disturbance from your Clan. But I must Confess, My Lord, I was somewhat surprised that a letter which began so hopefully, should conclude with apprehensions that your Son may still persist and draw numbers of your Kinsmen with whom he has twenty times more to say than your Lops. alongest with him; And notwithstanding all this hoping that I will not blame your Lop. nor Harrass your poor Country, or begine what your Lop. calls the Cruel part in it.

That even to your Lop. there appears to be danger that this unhappy Young Man (for whom I have all the Compassionat Con-searn possible) may draw the greatest part of your Clan after him into the Rebellion; Layes me under an absolut nessesity of trieing to Prevent it *coute que coute*. For I can not answere the suffering a Body of men who have been in arms attending a young Gentleman Whose Avowed Purpose it is to Lead them against his Majesty; To assemble again in the like manner. My Duty and the Oaths I am under forbid it, and I am confident of your Lop.'s inward approbation, as you are under the same Oaths. As to what your Lop. writes of begining a Cruel war in your Country, it is the thing in the world the furdest from my thoughts. The People have no more to do to be absolutly safe, But to be Quiet, and to give me reasonable satisfaction that they will continue to be so. But if they put, or continue themselves in a warlike posture, it is they that begine the War against his Majesty, and it is just they should expect the Consequances. For to tell your Lop. the Truth, when a Kindered is Illegaly assembled as your Lop. has been frequently of late, to Draught men, some for marching directly to make War upon the King, and others to stay at home to protect there country, the distinction between this classes of men in point of guilt or Innocence is too fine for me to persave. And were it the case of any other Clan other than your own, for whom your Lop. has so warm an affection, I am persuaded you would no more relish it than I do. And tho it be your own, when your Lop. Recollects how Barbarously they use you, in siding with your Son against you, to the imminent Ruin of your Family, and even to the Danger of your person, should the Goverment

entertain Suspicion and give Orders according to their Conduct, I should hope your Lop. will not feel for there sufferings, should that because of there obstinace be the Case, so much as you do at present. But that I flatter myself, because I earnestly wish it, but all this may be prevented by there remaining Quiet, and giving me reasonable Satisfaction that they shall continue so, the nature of which I hope to have your Lop.'s ultimat thoughts of in answer to my last of the 22nd, at least in answer to this, for which I shall wait till to-morrow evening, unless what I am informed of, that the Strath Errick people continue assembled in two different places, notwithstanding of what your Lop. has assured me of, shall be confirmed, or that there shall be fresh gatherings of men in the Aird; in eather of which cases your Lop. will, I know, excuse me for doing what my duty requires of me, because where that does not absolutly interpose it will be a great satisfaction to me to show how much I am, My Lord, your Lordship's most obedient and most humble Servant,

LOUDOUN.

Scroll letter Lord Lovat to Lord Loudon, 26th Nov., 1745.

My good Earl,

Your Lop.'s letter of Sunday's date was delivered to me yesterday morning. The bearer of it came here Sunday night after I was abed, for I had been extremely distressed all day with my cough and stich, which with the external misfortunes I groan under renders me incapable of thinking or writing upon any subject without great pain, and obliged me to keep the bearer so long, for which I beg your Lop.'s pardon.

I understand the letter I had the honr. to write in answer to yr. Lop.'s of the 22nd was not come to hand when you writt that now before me, ffor if it had I flatter myself your Lop. would have thought it all the ansr. that I or any man in my situation could give. The men of this Country are still at home, and as I have writt to your Lop. once and again, I do assure you upon my honour that I shall use my outmost Endeavours to keep them so. This is the only satisfaction occurs to me that is in my power to give, For I own I do not comprehend what your Lop. means by proper satisfaction, unless this be it. If I did, as far as it was in my power, your Lop. should have had it ere now. But if your Lop. still persists that this is not Enough, Pray let me know articulaty what satisfaction you would have, or what you would call proper satisfaction, and if it is in my power or depends on me, I shall frankly give it. But if your Lop. shall think, as I hope you will, that this is all I can say or do in the matter, your Lop.

will have me excusd when I add that the threats and menaces made by your Lop. agt. my poor Country is not a little surprizing and especially that part of them that is levelld agt. the people that have given no disturbance, and remain peaceably in their houses. It would be extremely odd, My Lord, to Involve those in the Guilt of their Neighbours for that very reason which ought to intitle them to your Lop.'s protection—I mean their staying at home; for, according to your Lop.'s way of reasoning, any particular Clan or Country may be Convict of Rebellion and exposed to the dismall consequences of it if any number of Rascalls less or more that live among them shall be so audacious to attempt that Crime, let the rest be ever so quiet and peaceable, and according to that doctrine one universall attainder may be direct in the present unhappy Conjuncture agt. all Scotland. God forbid, My Lord, that any man in power, and much less the Earl of Loudoun, should reason or act upon such principles, and especially when the Lord Lovat and his Country are to be made the first Instance in Scotland of such proceedings. No, my Lord, I am sure yr. Lops. have too much goodness for that, nor can all that I have heard said, either directly or indirectly, upon the subject ever Convince me that my dear and intimate friend, the late worthy Earl of Loudoun's Son, will act so unprecedented a part agt. the Lord Lovat or his Country, and, therefore, I shall rest satisfied that neither I nor they will meet with any distress from your Lops. for the misconduct of some rascalls that live in this country. As to my unhappy Son, I wish from my heart that my paternall advices or authority coud influence his conduct.

As to the Stratherrick men, I do assure your Lop. that I had no Intelligence from them nor kept any Correspondence with them since the time they made that base and wicked attempt upon the house of Culloden, for which I was so much incensd, however, I have sent to know the truth of the Informations your Lops. have with respect to that Country, and as far as I know them I shall communicate you.

Lord Loudon to Lord Lovat, November 27th, 1745.

Inverness, Novr. 27th, 1745.

My Lord,

Last night I had the honour of your Lop.'s of that dayes date in answer to mine of the 24th, in which I desired that to Prevent my marching into your Lop.'s Country you might propose what you thought might give reasonable Satisfaction that

your people would not join in the Rebellion, and I am sorry to see, that all your Lop. Offers is an assurance that they are all at presant at home, and an assurance you will use all your endeavours to keep them so, and more sorry to observe that your Lop. thinks this is sufficient. Had your people remained hitherto Quiet, and could your Lop. now say, what you sade about three months ago to the Government, that you had the absolut direction of them, What is offered would have been a proper Satisfaction ; But when your Lop. well knows that they have been of late frequently assembled in Arms, without legal authority, and when you recollect what you acquainted me with, in yours of the 22nd, that your son, who seemed determined to join the Rebels, has twenty times more to say with most of them than your Lop. hase, you will, I am confident, admit that there being at home to-day is no evidence that they are to be so to-morow, and that your Lops. endeavours to keep them Peacable are not to be relied on. Nay I am persuaded upon due attention your Lop. will be thankful to me for not depending on the assurance you give ; Because should I do so, and should it fail me, one can see with half an eye what your Lop. would have to answer for, and when you view the matter in this light, I should hope that in place of expostulating with me, and using very earnest arguments against my march, your Lop. will rather press me to march immediatly to support your authority over your Clan Seduced by your Son from the Respect Due to your Lop. and to prevent their Eminent Ruin, and the Suspition that may reach your Lop. from their Conduct, should they be so mad as to join the Rebels.

Now my Lord, since you must see that what has been offered can not possibly Give me Satisfaction, and since you desire that I may lett you know articulatly what Satisfaction I would have, I will tell you in two words :

These Men have already been Assembled in Arms, and since your Lop. will not take upon you absolutly to answe're for them, Those arms must be given up, that the means of offending may be taken out of there hands. Less than this can give no reasonable Security that the Government shall remain undisturbed, and if your Lop. concur in it it may be effected without any harshness or hardship. If you do not, should any hardships ensue they can not lie at my door. For tho what your Lop. observes that it sounds hard for the falts of a few to bear hard on a whole Kindered is true in the Common Case, Yet in this, where the whole Clan have avowedly been frequently together in Arms without any Colour of Law, and apparently with a Disposition to offend, they can not

justly complain of any hardship Provided it Is no furdur than the security of the Government against there violence nesesity requiers it. This Satisfaction, your Lop. observes, I propose because you do not take upon you absolutly to answer for the Peaceable behaviour of your Clan. But if your Lop. thinks you can so far Depend on their regard and affection for your person that you can undertake that twenty of them shall not appear in arms, or leave the Country for two months, under the Condition of Vacating the Protection you at presant have for yourself and Family, and your Lop. very well knowes Protections only reach to Acts prior, not to what may be done subsequant to them. I shall be sattisfied with that security, as I know how much they owe to your Lop.

You judge right, my Lord, when you think I have the greatest unwillingness to proseed to extramity with your Lop., for whom I inherrit from my father a very great respect, and am, My Lord, your Lordship's hitherto most obsterat friend, and obedient humble servant,
LOUDOUN.

*Scroll letter Lord Lovat to Earl of Loudon, dated 30th
November, 1745.*

My Good Earl,

The letter which your Lop. did me the honour to write to me of the 27 of this month was only delivered to me yesterday. I am extreamply sensible of the great civilitys and friendship that your Lop. has hitherto evidenced for me by the moderation of your Conduct towards my Country, and the trouble you have taken on my accot. at this unlucky Conjuncture. I see, my Lord, how happy I am in finding in your Lop.'s person the sincere friend I lost by the death of your worthy ffather, and I pray God it may be in my power to make your Lop. the turns your friendship deserve at my hands, and to give you a reall proof of that Sincere gratitude I shall ever entertain towards you ; and in the meantime I beg leave to assure your Lop. of my most affectionate humble duty and best respects.

It gives me the greatest concern that your Lop. lays so little stress on my endeavours to keep my people at home. I apprehend your Lop. knows too much of the Highlands to imagine that any Chief in Scotland can absolutely undertake for the good behaviour of every man that belongs to his Clan or lives among them. No, my Lord, that is impossible, but when a Chief uses all his Endeavours, as I hope to Convince your Lop. and the world I do, he must have very little to say with his people if his power and Influence

do not keep at home the greater and better part of them. And if that is the Case with mine, I persuade myself your Lop. will never allow yerself to harrass or distress my Country for the misconduct of such wretches, neither their duty to God nor men can keep from wicked practices. But to show your Lop. that my people have not yet renounced all sort of regard and duty to me, I can assure you, as a certain truth, that I dispersd yesterday two or three Compys that had assembled themselves in a body. I prevailed on the Gentlemen that headed them to give me a promise never to attempt any illegal step agt. the Govert. This I hope your Lop. will think a piece of Service that ought to intitle me and my Country to your protection, especially as I am determined to persevere in my duty, and I hope in God, old and infirm as I am, that the Govert. shall reap advantage by my doing so. When this is the Case, my Lord, what more can be asked of me, and if no more can be expected or demanded of me have I not all the reason in the world to assure myself that my person and Estate will continue undisturbed, and to expect the proper Assurances for that purpose?

As to what your Lop. proposes of taking up the Arms of this Country, If your Lop. had not been grosly misinformed in that matter, you would not, I presume, have demanded it. Ffor in the first place, my Lord, there are no Arms in the Country, because my Clan have been twice disarmed upon the Act of Parliament, so that they are now the Clan in Scotland that have fewest arms, and I declare for my own part I did not see a Gun these twelve months past. In the next place, my Lord, tho' they were possessed of Arms, which they are not, the getting them surrenderd is a work of time, as its in the power of every little Rascal to conceal them in a Corner where its even impossible for his wife or bairns to know anything about them, and much less woud any party of men that coud go in search of them. But there is a third reason agt. that Scheme, and which weighs still more with me, and I hope will do so with your Lop., and its this.—That an attempt to take up any few arms that may be among a people would contribute greatly to Exasperate the whole, and put them upon desperate Schemes, whereas, the method I find goes the greatest length to retain them in their duty is smoothing and good usage. And when to these reasons your Lop. adds this one, That the Rebels have arms in plenty ready to be delivered to any that will be so mad as to join them, and that it is these arms and not their own such people have their Eyes on as the means of offending, I persuade myself your Lop. will think as I do that its much more

hazd. of rendring a Clan desperate when the Consequences might prove so dangerous and hurtfull.

I intend to write by next post to my very great and good friend your worthy uncle the Marshall Earl of Stairs, to whom I owe Infinite obligations to which I can make no Returns, but ye sincere Love and Respect I have for him beyond all the generalls in the world.

I have written to my most ffaithfull and Intimate friend your Lop.'s Cousin, My Lord Drumore, to give me his advice in this troublesome time, all his Children are my near relations by the family of Arbuthnot. My Dr. Lord Drumore has always served me personally whenever he had occasion to support my Interest, for he can never forget how much I was beloved and Carressed by my Dr. worthy Lord President his father, from the time I had the honour of his acquaintance to his Dying hour. So I hope my Dr. Earl of Loudoun that your Lop. will, after the Example of your Liveing and Dead relations, be a friend to old Infirm and Distressed Lord Lovat, since I solemnly, upon honour and Conscience, protest to your Lop. that I resolve to live as peaceable a subject as the King and government has, and will do all that's within my power to make all my kinsmen that will obey me to do the same. I therefore humbly intreat that your Lop. may receive as a mark of my resolutions to live a good subject in all respects what I did yesterday in sending my men home to their habitions, and taking the Gentlemens word to keep them at home and peaceable. For God sake my Dr. Earl Do not give faith to the malicious storrys and Informatione they give you agt. me, I have friends Its true, But I have always had the missfortune to have good many Enemys, tho' I defye them and all the Creation to say that ever I wronged any man or Betrayd any man. But I must be so vain to tell your Lop. one reason why I am hated by many : Its for what the great Chancellor Cowper, who was a father to me, told me when I complained to him that the Duke of Roxburgh used all his Endeavours to ruin me with the King, that I could not stand it. He told me not be affraid, and that I should thank God for it ; That if I had not merit, and that the Duke of Roxburgh was not afraid of me, he would not say a word agt. me. Now, My Dr. Earl, take me in what shape you will, you'l find that I have been some time worth takeing nottice off, But now I am little better then nothing, and can only call my self, as Dr. Will Kenedy (who was late Deputy-Governour of Inverness and my Delightfull friend and Comerade), prudent to continue mild and smooth measures (the good effects of which I have already seen), than by a contrary conduct to run the

Fuimis. Tho' my Ambition doesn't incite me to be as my predecessors have been, yet, if your Lop. will be so kind as to favour and protect me, we will still make as good a figure as any family in this Country, and whatever Events may produce your Lop. will find me most sincerely, and with the outmost gratitude, attachment, and Respect, My Dr. Earl. your Lop.'s most obedient, most obliged, and most faithfull, affectionate, humble. Servt. and Cousin.

[LOVAT.]

*Scroll letter Lord Lovat to the Lord President, 1st Decemr. 1745.**

I have had many proofs of yr. Lops. sincere friendship for my person and family But there never was a period of my life that made me so much the object of compassion as I am at writing this letter. My very enemies, if they knew the unsupportable grief of my soul this morning, must sympathize with a man so disconsolate and void of Comfort. I dare not descend to particulars, my son has left me under silence of last night contrary to my advice contrary to my expectations and to my most earnest requests, and the Consequences of his doing so are to me terrible beyond expression, tho I declare I could not have done more to save my own life and the lives of my Clan as well as the Estate of Lovat than I have done by smooth and rough usage to detain him at home.

This is a subject so melancholy that I can neither write nor talk upon it. I have therefore sent the bearer who has the honour to be known to yr. Lop. to make a faithful report of the uprightness of my Conduct in this matter, and I hope your Lop. will give Credite to what he shall say. I pray God yr. Lop. meet with no Event in life so disastrous and afflicting as this is to me, and that you may live long in perfect health as the honour of your Country the Support of your friends and the Comforter of the afflicted, and whatever happens me in life I shall always continue with unalterable zeal, gratitude, and respect.

Lord Loudon to Lord Lovat, 2nd Decr. 1745.

Inverness, Decr. 2d 1745.

My Lord,

Yesterday I had the honour of your Lops. of the 30th of Novr. and observe, that you have had weight enough with your people to disperse some Companies of them, that had got

* This scroll is with the Rev. Hector Fraser. The letter is printed in "Culloden Papers," p. 258.

together in a body, and to engage their Leaders to Desist from there enterprise, and that your Lop. is now Confident you will prevail with the greatest and best part of your Clan to be quiet, what ever a few Rascalls may do. This begining, my Lord, gives me hopes, that with the assistance I shall give you, if all apprehensions of Disturbance from your kindered will cease. That your Lop. may have the merit of it as much as pcssible, I am resolved to suspend my march into the Aird, and to Direct it to Fort-Augustus, where I have some things to settel, and as I march throw Stratherick in my way (where I hope I shall find your People Quiet, and at home) your Lop. will have an instance of my moderation, in that I shall not put the least hardship on any man, whose behaviour shall not absolutely require it from me.

I met yesterday soon after I had your Lop.'s letter, with a Circumstantial Report as if the Master in the night between the 30th Novr. and the 1st of this month had left your House in Pursuence of his former Design, and that the People who had been dispersed had been flocking to him; but as it would have been unworthy of your Lop. to have written such a letter a few hours before an event of that nature, and if you will pardon me for saying so, using me, for whom you profess so much good will, very much like a Child, to endeavour by so thin a mask to blind me, I have given no Ear to, nor altered my measures upon it, knowing that your Lop. is too well acquainted with the world to expect that any further Correspondance can be caryed on, or any measures kepted, should this Improbable Report prove true. I am, my Lord, your Lordships obedient humble Servant, LOUDOUN.

*Lord Lovat to Lord Loudon, 4th December, 1745.**

My good Earl,

Yesterday I had the honor of your Lop.'s letter of the 2nd of this month; wherein you are so good to acquaint me of the march you then intended, and have since made to Fort-Augustus; and that your Lop. has suspended your march to the Aird, and was resolved to put my people of Stratherick under no hardship in your way through the Country. This instance of your Lop.'s moderation lays me under fresh obligations to you, which I would as gladly repay had I ane opportunity, as at all times I shall gratefully acknowledge them; and till that opportunity fall in my

* This is not among Mr Fraser's papers, but is given here from "Culloden Papers," p. 260. Lord Loudon did not reply to it, and the correspondence between the two lords ended. On 11th Dec., Loudon marched to Castle Dounie, and next day brought Lovat to Inverness. Before the end of the month Lovat was again at liberty.

way, I hope you will be so just, to look upon me as a man attached to your Lop. by all the ties of gratitude and respect. I hope your Lop. met with nothing in Stratherick to provoke you to depart from your friendly purpose with respect to that country ; and, without provocation, I know your Lop. has too much goodness to do it. It's true, there are some Rascalls belonging to that place, who deserve the worst of treatment for their misconduct ; and there is some of that stamp even in this Country ; but, as I have often said to your Lop., I hope you will never think that misfortune a sufficient reason for distressing the rest, and much less to fix any load of blame on me, who had no more accession to their faults than the Child unborn ; but, on the contrary, have used, and shall continue to use, my utmost endeavours to keep them and all the other people upon my estate within the bounds of their duty. I must acknowledge, indeed, that I have not had that influence with them that I expected ; but still, my Lord, the greatest and better part of them have listened to me, and I hope will always do.—The information of my Son's having left this house came, it seems, to your Lop.'s ears sooner than it did to mine ; for, I declare to you, with unfeigned sincerity, that I neither suspected such a thing, nor had the least whisper of it, till the afternoon of the day next after that in which I had the honour to write last to your Lordship ; and when it was told me, I declare, before God, I was thunderstruck with the dismall report. I have not yet been able to learn what influenced him to take that step, nor the views he may have form'd to himself from it ; but this I dare affirm with truth, that not a man of the Companies I dispersed have either gone to him, or expressed [an intention] of doing it ; so that in this last particular your Lop.'s informers are injurious to me and to these people.—What he or they may do, my Lord, I cannot take upon me to answer for ; as I will never report to your Lop. any more than the bare truth, nor undertake for any thing but what I am sure to accomplish ; but this I still affirm as a truth, that I dispersed two or three companies, and took the promises of their leaders in the manner I inform'd you in my last. Thus your Lordship sees, that you have no reason to accuse me of any mask or design in this matter ; and I am extremely sorry that you should listen to any calumnious stories that my enemies have hatch'd, to make you think so ill of me.—I know your Lop. has too much penetration and knowledge to be blinded by any man : I hope you believe that I am neither fool nor knave enough to attempt it. No, my Lord, my intentions are honest and upright towards all mankind ; and it is my mis-

fortune, and not my fault, if theirs are not so with regard to me ; so that I beg your Lop. may not give ear to those wicked insinuations against me. The report brought me by the Gentleman of my name that waited of your Lordship Sunday last, of a conversation 'twixt your Lop. and him, gave me great concern, because I observe, that the malicious accounts brought your Lop. by my enemies gain too much ground with you. It has been my misfortune to be traduced and calumniated thro' all the stages of my life ; but my dear Earl of Loudon I thought was among the last men on earth would listen to these calumnies ; and I still hope your Lop. will not. My instructions to this Gentleman were, to communicate to your Lop. the situation of this country, and the conduct of my son and myself ; and as he knew every particular of that matter, I am sure he would have given you an honest account of it, had your Lop. listened to him ; but I am sorry that the informations of others seem to gain more credit with your Lop. than mine do. However, I have ordered another Gentleman, who is equally well known in the situation of the country, and the integrity of my conduct, to wait of your Lop., and give you a faithful account of both ; and I beg your Lop. may rely upon what he shall tell you : his name is Mr Fraser, of Gortulegg, who has the honor to be very well known to my Lord President. Whether in Adversity or Prosperity, I shall always subscribe myself, with a most sincere zeal and respect, Dr. Earl of Loudon, your Lordship's most obedient, most obliged, and most affectionate faithfull humble Servt. and Cousin,

LOVAT.

Beaufort, 4th Decr. 1745.

*Scroll letter of Lord Lovat to the Lord President Forbes, 6th
Novr., 1745.**

My dear Lord,

My old Chaplain Mr Donald Fraser is with me, who tells me that he had the honor to see your Lops. 2 days ago, and that you was so good as to express your kind and real friendship for my person and family. I have great experience of your generous friendship to me and to my family since ever I had the honor to be known to you, and I do sincerely assure your Lop. That while I have a minute to live I will have a most gratefull Rememberance of your Lop. goodness and your family's friendship Towards me, and I'm still in great hopes That in the Present most Cruell situation That I am in your Lop. friendship will appear

* The principal of this letter, which Lovat altered considerably in writing it out, is printed in "Culloden Papers," p. 240.

more Esentialy for me then ever it did, Since I have now more need of it then ever I had. The Sincere Matter of Fact is, That whenever it was known in the Highlands that the son of the Pretender Landed, a sort of madness seized all the west highlanders with ane Eager desire of joining him. The Contagion soon spread, it came at length to my Country and many of my people on both sides of Lochness were infected with it, and fully resolved to go off then if my precise authority had not stopt them, which cost me a vast Deal of Trouble and pains and to my Chief doer Gortuleg which I did Comunicate to your Lop. at that time. Foyers and Kilbokie whose familes always used to be the Leading familys of the Clan on both sides were the maddest and keenest to go off, and when they saw that I absolutely forbid them to move or go out of the Country they drew up with my son, and they easily got him to condescend to go at their head. The whole Gentlemen of the Country followed their example, and the Commonr run the same way that the Gentlemen did, So that I was left a Contemptible old Infirm fellow in my house, and no more nottice taken of me then if I was a Child. So that if I had been able to travell I had not stayed a night in my house after the beginig of my son's operation with his Clan, and this I told your Lop. in one of my letters. If that does not exoner me I know not what can. Anoyr. strong Esentiall Argument your Lop. may make use of for me, That I spoke and sent Emissaries to those that I thought that loved me most of my clan, and Inspite of my sons Endeavour and his Capts. I have got a Regt. of good men at home and Most of them pretty fellows Tho some of is Betwixt 60 and 70 years of age. So that tho I had ten thousand lives to save I woud do no more in this affair to save myself than I have done. And if the Government did punish me for the Insolent Behaviour of my son to myself and his mad Behaviour towards the Government, It will be a greater severity than ever was used to any subject. Since I have not strength to mount a horse Back and leave the Country, I am resolved to live Quietly and peaceably in my house and live faithfully subject to the King and observe and obey the Laws of my Country and to let your Lop. see farther my sincere Resolution of Encourage no Disturbance, But on the contrary to keep the Country peaceable and Legall I ordered to list two hundred of my men that stays at home, and put pretty gentlemen at their head, that they may watch and Guard the Country from all Robbers and Theives and Loose men that comes from the Highland Army, and to seize them and to send them to Inverness. By this project I hope to contribute to the preservation and peace of the Country

as much as any two Independent Companys that are at Inverness. I hope this will not be disagreeable to your Lop. that wishes me and my Country well.

I know your Lop. has, and will have, more power than what would save me and ten families like mine, otherwise the King and Government will be most ungratefull to you, for your Lop. has done more Service to King George and to his family and Government then if he had ane army of 3000 men woud do in the North, for if it was not for your Lop. great zeal extraordinary and unheard of activity and fatigue, The adventurur Prince woud have 10,000 Before he went South instead of Two, and with that number would have marchd straight to London without ceing opposition, So that the King owes more to your Lop. on this occasion than to any subject in Brittain, and I do asure your Lop. that the King's Enemys are very sensible of it, and that you are more now exposed to their hatred and Reveng then any man on Earth. I wish with all my soul that you may always Escape the furry of yr. Resentment till you are happyly and Gloriously out of their reach, for my good wishes will attend your Lop. wherever you are, and I have firm hopes that your Lop. who has saved the Government In the North By Bringing in so many Great ffamilys to Serve the King, that you woud be so good as to save one ffamily and ane old Infirm man whom your Lop. saw Behave well enough In the Kings Servic agt. the Rebells. I will truely expect this great mark of your Lop. friendship, and I am in all Conditions of Life with unalterable gratitude, attachment, and Respect, My Dr. Lord, your Lop.'s most affecte. Cousin, and most obdt. and most faithful humble Servt. [LOVAT.]

Your Lop. must be Informed That my house and Green has been like a market place for some time past, and my son was such a fool That he Entertained and does Entertain every man that he thinks favours his part, for he is ten times more Mr. of this house Then I am. But I have Resolved from the Begining, and still Continue firm in my Resolutions, Let them do or say what they will, I will never Black paper with them, and as soon as ever I am able to travell out of this house I'll stay no longer in it, For I am down right killed with vexation of heart and spirit to see my health much hurt, my family in Danger, and any money and rent I have, foolishly spent and squandred away. There is no help for it, I submitt to divine providence.

My Cousin Bailly lets me know In a letter that he has goten a young Jas. I give your Lop. and my Cus., Dr Fraser, Auchna-

gairn, joy of him. I love my Cus. B. James very much, and I have a vast regard for his Lady, who, I think, has a great deal of merit.

Anonymous letter to Lord Lovat.

My Lord,

I have the honour of your Lordships, and I have in obedience thereto given your letter to the post, and sent per Bearer the bottle mustard calld for.

Mr James Robertson of Portsoy, your meall Merchant, is Imedeatly come from Edr., where he hade been waiting the Prince gettingt payment for a meall ship taken on the Prince's landing on the West coast, he declares that the Earles of Murray and Lauderdale hade Joind the Prince before he came away, this I am assured of by his Clerk, who came to Town this day. Mr Shaw and Evan Baillie are gone this morning to Moey to see the Lady M'Intosh. Mr Robertson's Clerk also tells that Lord Lwis Gordon is comeing good speed in Raising men, and that Some of his people hade come the length of Forres recruiting, where they hade tolerable success.

There is one Mr Maitland, ane Advocate, come to the Castle. I am told he was some days at Culloden. My news are very often tryffling because better does not cast up. So I hope youll Excuse me.—I have the honour to be, My Lord, your Lordship's most obliged and Devout Servant.

Anonymous letter to Lord Lovat by the writer of the foregoing letter.

My Lord,

I hope this will find your Lordship in perfect health, to which I sincerely wish long continuance.

These are chiefly to acquaint you that I was yesterday with ane old acquaintance and School Comerade of mine, a Master of a Ship come directly from Holland, who declared he breakfast one morning in a Jacobites house with Mr Kelly in Rotterdam, who that day went to the Hague, and waited of the Abe de la Vile, with whom he was gone for France Some days before this ship Saild ; This Skiper likewise says the Dutch have all Scottsmen in the greatest abhorance and Insult them publickly as the Pretendaunts friends, and that no dutch Ship would lend them ane end of a Rope if they were perishing, I particulary asked him if he coud learn anything of ane Embarkation in Dunkirk or any oyr. part of France. He says its what the Dutch have not been as yet able to find out and that thre were no such thing as transports

at Dunkirk, So that the landing expected in the Murray firth is no more than a faint. This lad Saild from Rottdm. this very day eight days and hade a passage to Nairn of 5 days, he is a great Jacobite himself, a son of one Percey Falconors of Auldearn. He says its not doubted but thre will be a Landing this winter, but it will not be in this corner, and that the Frensh have fish Boats that coud run aground sufficient to transport 20,000 in 3 hours time in tolerable weather. I asked him likewise what number of our Troups hade come over. He says much about 6000, and that none of our horse hade been Shiped. He says, taking all the Regments we hade in Flanders on ane avorage, they will not be 300 men a Regiment. I saw a Gentleman from Sutherland tells the Earl of Sutherland is makeing up another Company, and that Lord Reay is asking another for his Son Bighouse, So that wee will have 4 Companys from that corner by all probability.—I have the honour to be.

Anonymous letter to Lord Lovat by the same writer.

My Lord,

I have the honour of your Lordship's accompanying the useual Supply, also a Double of Mr Fraser's letter to you, which I show'd Mr Baillie and John Shaw, and asked their opinion of it, at which they seemed surprised as it contained no more than what has been the currt. report to antmedate for this month and ane half past. Mr Baillie also added that Mr Fraser has certainly wrote that letter at the desire of some of these Government people, which put me in mind of what Mr Fraser told me yesternight, that the Lord President wrote him in a very kind manner, setting forth his attachment to your Lordship's family. I sent this day for Mr Colquhoon, but he being on guard could not come out. However qn. first your Lordship shall know whither the Earle of Loudon is to make your Lordship a return or not. In the meantime its E. Baillie's opinion that the news by this post is not so fair for the Government that they will begiu quite so soon to Committ hostilitys in the Country. I forgott to acquaint you yesternight that a young man who came alongs with the post in order to serve Lord Seaforth, tells that he hade occasion to come from London about 20 days agoe, and saw in his way G. W. forces* at Newcastle, who were the pityfullest Creatures ever he saw, and they were all dying with a flux. . . . sioned as some say

* General Wade's forces. The MS. of the remainder of the letter is much destroyed.

occasioned by the horse breath . . . le aboard the transports.
 The Post told me Lochiels . . . had come up to Perth wt.
 about 500 M'Donalds of . . . &c., that the Farquharsons
 were 500 good by . . . h its belived the armie at Perth wt.
 what Glengisle . . . t Doun, will make 4000 good men
 besides your . . . and L. Lewis Gordon's. I think I
 advised you that . . . 'Intoshs &c., had gone down to
 Dundee in pursuite . . . men of warr. Black's. . .
 something outrageous. . . .

Anonymous letter to Lord Lovat by the same writer.

My Lord,

I have the honour of your Lordship's, and I delivered the letters to the post as you desired.

The Earle of Loudon this day gave out a Bloody proclamation which was read at the Cross by Culcairn, Setting furth that whereas he was informed that the men of Stratherick and the Aird were forced out and dragged to rise in Rebellion agt. His Majestie, to prevent which he thought it necessary to proclaime publicly that without loss of time he was to goe with a body of His Majestie's forces to save such as were well Inclined and Stays at home with their familys, and apprehend, &c., such others as were rising in Rebellion. No doubt this will concern your Lordship, and perhaps Stop their march. If so I wish to God you had been so prudent to have gone into the Government by the King's Aduocats applying you at the desire of the Ministry than be hectorred in by people will raise themselves if this Government stand on your cost. A low pass Lord Lovat is brought to.

I can now with certainty informe you that there is a landing at Montrose, Stonhive, Aberdeen, and Petterhead of 18 frensh transports. There is a Gentleman come from Banf imedeetly to Town, brings Accts. and produces letters from these parts, besides declares he spock to a man Saw ten ships at Aberdeen landed, amongst which were some of Lord John Murray's men that had deserted to the Irish Brigade. I have returned Inclosed a double of Mr Fraser's letter. John Shaw speaks bitter things agst. Gortleg, and desires me peremptorily tell him that he knows every step of his Correspondance wt. the Laird of M'Leod, and says he knows no imployment he should take but to be Serjant or some such post as that in M'Leod's Company. This is all the news I have at the time. However I begg and Intreate let nothing Bouie you, lest that you may repent afterwards. Consider wisly

what you should do for the welfare of your honourable family, and may you be directed by God Almighty in all your Councils. Our Aberdeen post is hourly expected, and as he no doubt will bring particulars, I shall write you per express how soon as he arrives.

Anonymous letter to Lord Lovat.

My dear Lord,

Suffer a heart full of gloomy and dismal apprehensions and freighted with grief and sorrow to vent itself. The Son that was dumb from the womb found his tongue when he saw his father's life in danger. Can I be silent when I see our Common parent, his hopful family, his numerous Clan, and flourishing estate all on the brink of ruin and ready to tumble down a precipice. I was so for some time past because I persuaded myself, as many others did, that you meant no more but to keep some idle people in play that were ready to break off from you ; but now that matters are like to be carried to a greater height, your Lop. will forgive me to speak out my mind, which I did but once before by hints and under a borrowed name that it might have the greater weight. I own my Lord that if any man living has right to dispose of his Estate and Clan you have it, as you have recovered the one from almost nothing and rescued the other from bondage and slavery, but will you throw away that Estate and Clan for the Solisitation of a young man who has mendicated the assistance of all around, high and low, as well as yours ? Shall a man of my Lord Lovat's consummat wisdom be carried over by the Instigations of a John Roy Stuart, a Baristel, a Ceanloichmodart, to measures destructive to his honour and Interest ? What will the world say but that your Lop. is not the man you once was. It is well known my Lord that no Clan is more devoted to a Chief than yours are, and it is commly said that they will rise with your Lop. either for or agt. the Government, and as that is the Case your Lop. alone will bear the blame if they go wrong. It is still in your power to prevent their ruin, if you lay your Commands on your Son, he will show himself, I hope, a dutiful child, if you call for the Gentlemen of your name they will not fail to obey your orders. And for those who have gone off already let them answer for it ; their Conduct cannot affect others. Pray my Lord consider how few of any note have embarked in the present Disturbance. I am sure not one of my Lord Lovat's Interest and following has done it. Have not the Mackdonalds of

the Isles, the Mackleods, the Mackenzies to a few, the Monro, Rosses, Sutherlands, and McKeys kept clear, and shall the frasers be the only sacrifice—the only sufferers in the North of Scotland ?

If they are once outlaws their Case will vastly differ from those in Moidart, Knoidart, Glengary, and Locharkark. The Prince's situation at present gives no incouragment to any to Join him—he is between two fires, he has Wade in his reer and the Duke of Cumberland in his front, and as to the people in perth, I make no doubt but they shall be soon surrounded by a considerable body of regular forces and a numerous Malitia. My dear Lord exert in time the goud sense and fortitude wherewith God has blessed you.

If you slip the present opportunity you will have cause to repent it when it shall be to no purpose. For God Sake put it not out of the power of your good freinds to justify your conduct to the Governmt and place the motions of your Son and people hithrto in a favourable light.

Anonymous letter to the Master of Lovat, by the same writer.

My dear Master,

It gives me and a great many besides vast pain that you should be led by any persuasion whatever to favour measures subversive of the sound prinlls. of Religion and Government in which you have been instructed, and attempt to risque yourself and your prospect in a world at all adventures. But for any step you have hithrto taken you are still safe if you will but hearken to good advice, to the advice of a parent to whom you owe so much, and of friends who have it at heart to do you all the good offices that lies in yr. power.

Let not a point of mistaken honour take place of the duty you owe to yourself, to your flather, to your ffriends and to Country. It is more honourable and manly to break threw a rash ill digested engagment than to fall in wt. a project the visible tendency of wh. is to introduce popery and arbitrary power amongst us. And as the fond attachment of your friends and followers is the Chief if not the only motive that induces them to risk their lives and fortunes in a desperat cause, that should lead you to be the more tender of them and the more averse to throw yourself and them away to no purpose. My dear Master, be not amused with false reports, the situation of the young Adventurer gives no encouragement to any wise man join him—he is by this time between two fires, he has Wade with a considerable army in his rear and the D. of Cumberl. wt. anoyr in his front—and as to the people in perth

they shall be soon surrounded with a body of the regular forces and a numerous militia from the West. May God direct you in the most critical and important step of your life qch. you are now to take.

This is the sincere request of one who wishes that you may answer the expectations qch. your friends and acquaintances have conceived of you and who is ———.

My Dear Master,

It is better to turn half water than drown, for all your rambles hitherto you are still safe; if you will but hearken to good advice, to the advice of a parent to whom you ow so much, and of good friends who will not fail to palliat any wrong step you have yet taken. My dear Master, let not a point of mistaken honour take place of the duty you ow to yourself, to your ffather, to your ffamily, to your ffriends and Country, and which is more than all, to your God. If you have come under rash ingagements it is more honourable to break thro' these than to purpose measures subversive of the sound prinlls. of Religion and Governmt in qch. you have been instructed. As the fond attachment of your friends and followers to you is the chief if not the only motive that induces them to risk yr. lives and fortunes in a desperat cause, that should lead you to be the more tender of them and the more averse to throw yourself and them away to no purpose.

*Examination of Revd. Donald Fraser, Minister of Killearan,
16th Jany. 1747.*

Att Essich, the 16th of Janry. 1747 years.

In presence of Evan Baillie of Aberiachan, Esqr., late Sherriff Depute and now one of his Ma'ties Justices of peace for the County of Inverness.

Compeared Mr Donald Fraser, Minr. of the Gospell at Killienan in the County of Ross, who having been Solemnly Sworn Maketh oath That he was lately Call'd upon by some persons usually Employed in the Management of the Lord Lovat's affairs and business who call'd upon the Deponents' assistance and communicate to him as one who wished well to the Family of that Lord Certain Instructions and Directions that they had from the Councill and Sollicitors or Agents Employed for the sd. Lord Lovat at the South in the Tryal by Impeachment for high Treason, Commenced and Depending agt. him before the House of Peers, Touching Sundry facts and Circumstances said to have been Condensed on by the sd. Lord, and found adviseable by his Councill, to be offerd in

Defence and Exculpation of the Articles wherewith he stands chargd, and proposd That he, the Deponent, should Concurr with those who calld upon him in Executing the Directions given anent certain steps thought proper to be taken in the Country, That the Deponent Agreed to do so, But on the outsett in doing what was recommended, found That the Different Countries which compose the said Ld. Lovat's Estate, and wherein the persons pointed at as proper to be calld upon and conferrd with Reside, were alarmd and Disturbed by Different Commands, and partys of the highland Regiment Commanded by the Right Honble. the Earl of Loudon, which came upon Searches among them in the night time betwixt the Tenth and Eleventh instant ; And upon three or four nights yrafter, which Partys, as the Deponent was informd by the Inhabitants of those Countries, made first a Specious pretence of being in Quest of Deserters, but afterwards avowed and ownd their business was to find Evidence to affect the Ld. Lovat in his Tryal, and threatned burning and harrying in the Countries if such Evidence as they wanted were not found, or did not tamely surrender themselves ; That Several of the Inhabitants in those Countries, frighted with such measures, absconded and fled, and many of them were apprehended, Carryed forcibly to Inverness, and Committed to prison there, where the Deponent did see them, and where Sundry of them remain at this date ; That such others of the Country as Remaind at their homes, and the Inhabitants of it in General, were struck with such terrour and confusion by those measures, That they seem'd Quite unfit for being talkd with on any business, Especially on what Concerned Lord Lovat, as they boggled and were affrighted at the mention of his name ; And Further Maketh oath That upon the 12th and 13th days of Janry. instant, the Deponent was informed That there was a Court Erected and Established at Inverness for taking Evidence and proof agt. the Lord Lovat, and that he, the Deponent, was calld upon to attend that Tryal on Wednesday the 14th, by a letter from the Earl of Loudon ; That the Deponent Did accordingly attend, and found upon Enquiry that a great number of Gentlemen in the Lord Lovat's Countries had been called upon by Summonses to attend the Court and give Evidence, and that the several persons apprehended and confin'd as said is, were also to be brought to the Court to give evidence ; That upon the said 14th of Janry. the Deponent did see the Court Constitute and proceeding in a Suburb of Inverness Calld the Green of Muirtown, and that Hugh Rose of Kilravock acted as Judge, and Alexr. Ore, nottar publick, as Clerk, who are both men of the Shire of Nairn ;

That the Deponent upon Enquiry about the Constitution of the Court, or what the Character of it was, he was told it was a Substitute Sheriff Court of the County of Inverness by Commissions from the Judge ordinary and the Clk., and that the Deponent did see with the Clerk of the County, Scrolls or copies of the Commissions, Granted to the saids persons by the Judge ordinary and him, which proceeded upon a Narrative That it was judged Necessary for his Majesty's Service, and that the said Lord Loudon Commanding his Ma'ties Forces at ffort Augustus, thought it necessary for his Majesty's Service To have such Commissions granted ; That the Deponent observed and Discover'd by the Conduct of the said Court that they proceeded and Examin'd such as were Call'd upon to Give Evidence upon Oath ; That he saw sundry persons Called upon and brought to Court before he himself was call'd upon, and that when he, the Deponent, was call'd upon, he saw none in the Court but the sd. Judge and Clerks, and one Robert Schevize, of Muirtown, whom he knew, and appear'd to him to act as the Informer, and pointed out the facts which were the subject of Enquiry, and the said Earl of Loudoun, who also spoke and assisted in Conducting the procedure of the Court, and one Peter Campbell, ane officer of Lord Loudon's Regimt., who stood at the Door and call'd upon the people wanted as they proceeded with closs Doors ; That the Deponent was solemnly Sworn at that Court, but previous to that told them he was sure he had nothing to say that could affect Ld. Lovat, and if he had that he would not obtemper that Court in giving it upon oath, as he thought such demand not Supported by law, and had a guess what its Consequences might be even wt. respect to himself ; That the Judge and Lord Loudon Interrogat him about some facts and Circumstances intended to affect Ld. Lovat, to which he gave answers which they seemed to think not to their purpose, and that the Deponent signed what they thought proper to insert of what he said ; That after his oath was Concluded the Deponent took the liberty to Expostulate a little wt. them, and Complained of the manner of Enquiry as unfair in his apprehension, and told them That if proper Questions had been ask'd him in behalf of the Lord Lovat he could, wt. great truble and from proper knowledge say many strong things in his Exculpation and favourable for him, But to this the Court, or those who Conducted in it, made no direct answer ; That after the Deponent was dismissed he attended near the Court the rest of that day, and the whole of the time that they proceeded the next day in the Town of Invernes, when

he saw sundry persons brought to the Court as evidences and return from it, and some of them under Guards, and whither reall or affected to Intimidate the people more, if possible, to the Lord Lovat's prejudice ; That he heard and saw numbers of those who attended give out and say to the spectators who were in great throng from Country and Town, that the Lord Lovat was undone by the scrutiny made ; That the Deponent found such saying and report so Impress and affect Sundry of the people [*Remainder of paper awanting.*]

J. Fraser, Inshoch, to Rev. D. Fraser, anent Lord Lovat's history*
21st January, 1751-2.

Reverend Sir,

I received your letter, 18th ulto., wherein you tell me that you are in a Strait about several surcumstances relating to my Lord Lovat's actings in the Country here and Elsewhere. I'll be so selfish, tho I be not a head piece, that no true history can be wrote of him without me with Reguard to his Conduct at home and abroad, since I was the first man that took arms with him when he took on to be Chief, and in Case that my days may be cut off before I see you, I make you my ffather Confessore, may that God who is Judge of us all and of our actings, that he may be as willing to Receive my soul, as I was to support your Chief's ffamily since the first day to the last, only my passion when I was ill used might occation me to speak rashly only from the Teeth outwards. As to write you the heads of particulars that you want, it is not in my power without I begin from the very foundation, which was his taking his Arms in the '97, and what I have fresh in memory since that time, and what I have been eye-wittness to would take a quair of paper if a part of it was abridged. However, in Case the Lord may spare us both till the season come in, I shall see you at your own house, when we shall consert matters. I make offer of my love and Service to honest Ffather Daughters, your bed fellow, wishing you both a happy new year, and believe me to be yours at Comand,

J. FRASER.

Inshoch, 21st Janry, 1751-2.

* Major James Fraser of Castle Leather, who went to seek Lord Lovat in France, and wrote an account of his life there. (See Arbuthnot's "Life of Lovat," 203 ; "Burton's Life," 103, 109, 114 ; "Antiquarian Notes," 47, 60).

Testimony in favour of Simon Fraser, Lord Lovat's eldest son, by the northern ministers (no date), in handwriting of Mr Donald Fraser, who signs it.

We, subscribing Ministers of the Gospel in the Countys of Inverness, Ross, and Nairn, Do hereby testify and Declare that Simon Fraser, eldest son to the Lord Lovat, commonly called Master of Lovat, was educated in Protestant and Revolution Principles under the Direction of Tutors of great abilitys and unsuspected Loyalty and good affection to Church and State ; And to our Particular Knowledge and best Information, These were his Settled and Professed Principles before and for some time after the Commencement of the late unnatural and infamous Rebellion, till, unhappily for him, he suffered himself at last to be seduced by the Arts and unwearied Practices of the Agents of the Pretender, which, together with the too General Frenzy of the Time, wrought upon his raw and unexperienced youth, and hurried him down the stream of Rebellion against his real Principles. As we who make this Declaration have given proof of our unshaken Loyalty even in the midst of the flames of that Rebellion, and are ready to venture our Lives and everything that is dear to us in the world for His Majesty King George and our happy Constitution, So we would be the last to offer anything in Extenuation of the Guilt of this youth, were we not firmly persuaded on the best evidence that the nature of the thing is capable of, that if the Royal Clemency was extended to him his good Principles would operate so vigourously upon him, that his Future conduct in the Service of His Majesty, and in support of our Constitution, would efface the Infamy of his horrid Crime. However His Majesty in His Royal Wisdom may think proper to dispose of him, this we reckoned ourselves bound in Justice to testify concerning him under our hands.

ALEX. MACBEAN, Minr. at Inverness.
THOS. CHISOLM, Minr. of Kilmorack.
PAT. NICOLSON, Minr. of Kiltarlatie.
DON. FRASER, Minr. of Kilearnan.
MURDOCH MACKENZIE, Minr. at Inverness.
ALEX. FRASER, Minr. at Inverness.
ÆNEAS SHAW, Minr. of Petty.
JOHN CLARK, Minr. at Strathglass.
ROBERT THOMSON, Minr. of Kirkhill.

Lettre de Monseigneur de Lovate au Roi de France.

Sire,

Que Je me trouve heureux de pouvoir assurer V.M. de vive voix, de mon zele, et de mon respect, et un attachement, pour la personne sacree de V.M. et pour ses Interètes. Je count pour rien, Sire, le cachot, la prisone étroite, et la persecution inouïe que J'ai soufferte en France, pendant dix ans, de la part de la cour de St. Germain, comme le partisan de votre auguste maison. Ce souffrances ont un peu alteré ma santé, mais, Sire, ce qui me reste de la vie, sera employé avec joye dans le service de V.M. et J'espere que Je ne serai pas un serviteur inutile, dans mon pais : et que V.M. verra qu'elle n'a pas donnée la vie a un ingrat. Mais, Sire, la vie ne me servira de rien sans la protection royale de V.M. Je vous la demande, Sire, tres humblement, et Je ne la demande pas contre vos bons sujets, car J'ai le bonheur que les ennemies que J'ai partout, sont les ennemies declare de V.M. et que mes amis, le Duc d'Argyle, et le Comte d'Ila son frere, et le Comte de Sutherland, et tous ceux qui sont les cautions de ma fidelité envers V.M. sont connus pour les zeles serviteurs de V.M. Ainsi, Sire, la protection que V.M. m'accordera, contre mes ennemies, fortifiera vos interetes dans le nord, et humiliera beaucoup l'insolence de ceux qui sont malintentiones pour V.M. dans ce pais la. Et si l'occasion le demande, V.M. verra que Je risquerai ma vie, a la tête de mes tribus avec autant d'ardeur que qui ce soit, pour soutenir les interetes de V.M. quand Je ne recevrois jamais d'auttre bien d'elle que la vie, qu'elle a cue la bonté de m'accorder : et Je ferai les vœux sinceres que le Ciel conserve pour longues annees la personne sacree de V.M. que votre regne, Sire, soit glorieux et heureux, et que votre posterité royale puisse posseder avec gloire le trone de ce Royaume qu'il y a un Couronne sur la terre.

Lettre de Lovate au Prince.

Monsieur,

Si la clemence du Roi m'accordee la vie, Je scais combien Je la doit aux bontez de votre Altesse royale. Je tacherai Mon: de repondre par mon zele pour tout ce qui regarde a Alt: Roy: a ce qui je dois a un prince si glorieux, et genereux, et si auguste, et le Duc d'Argyle qui a l'honneur d'aprocher de pres de V.A. (dont le Ancetres ont regardee ma maison comme une branche de la leur) pourra repondre de ma constante fidelité, et de ma ferme resolution de repandre mong sang pour les Interetes de V.A.R. quand l'occasion le demandera. Je demande tres humble-

ment toujours la protection de V.A.R. Je tacherai de m'en rendre digne par mes actions, et par les vœux sincères, que Je ferai toute ma vie pour V.A.R. afin que le ciel la conserve long temps pour être la gloire de ces royaumes et la terreur de tout vos ennemis.

[*Note.*—Two interesting letters by Simon Lord Lovat, in possession of Mr Hay Newton of Newton Hall, were read before the Society on 4th April, 1888, and will be found in this volume under that date.—W. M.]

9th NOVEMBER, 1887.

At the meeting this evening the following gentlemen were elected members of the Society :—Mr John Grant, jr., Oakbank, Glen-Urquhart ; Mr Alexander Macpherson, merchant, 1 Laurieston Terrace, Edinburgh ; Mr D. Whyte, live stock agent, 326 Duke Street, Glasgow ; Mr Alexander MacDougall, bookseller, Fort-William ; and the Rev. Mr MacRury, Snizort, Skye.

The Secretary intimated the following donation towards the Society's Library :—"Pococke's Tours in Scotland," issued by the Historical Society of Scotland, from the editor, Mr D. William Kemp, Ivy Lodge, Edinburgh, per Mr James Fraser, C.E. The meeting instructed the Secretary to convey to Mr Kemp the thanks of the Society for his donation.

The meeting then assumed the form of a *Highland Ceilidh*, which was opened by the Chairman (Bailie Stuart) who narrated humorous stories and sang songs. Songs were also sung and tales told by Mr Colin Chisholm, Ex-Bailie Chas. Mackay, Mr Henry V. MacCallum, and others.

16th NOVEMBER, 1887.

At this meeting the Rev. A. McLean Sinclair, Springville, Nova Scotia ; Mr Henry V. MacCallum, 42 Union Street, Inverness ; and Mr J. K. Brodie, Lorn Hotel, Inverness, were elected ordinary members of the Society.

Thereafter Mr Alex. Macdonald, Audit Office, Highland Railway Company, Inverness, read a paper on "Highland Ghosts." Mr Macdonald's paper was as follows :—

HIGHLAND GHOSTS.

The belief in ghosts is so characteristic of the Highlanders, as a race, that one is sometimes curious to ascertain how it came to possess such a strong hold on their minds. As a part of the mythological conceptions of nations, ghosts could, perhaps, be put into a sort of classification, which would more or less enable us to set apart some ghost stories as peculiar to certain times and certain races; and the comparative study of ghosts in this manner would undoubtedly lead to the important conclusion, that the belief in ghosts, like all the other characteristics of man, has undergone an evolution, a process of differentiation and modification, according to the circumstances regulating his movements along the paths of time.

This is very well illustrated in the dwindling into a mere matter of form of many customs, relative to ghost-seeing, known at one time to have largely entered into the religion of certain peoples. For instance, the long-practised custom of leaping over a fire when returning from a funeral in order to place a barrier of that element between the leapers and the ghost of the departed dead became modified among the South Slavonians into the mere form of being met by a woman carrying a vessel of live coals, which the people took and threw over their heads, while the Brahmans contented themselves with merely touching fire. With regard to the water barrier it can be shown that similar variabilities took place. The customs of pouring water behind a corpse when being carried to the grave, and of plunging into a running stream, in the belief that the ghost could not cross or get over the water, dwindled, among the Romans, Chinese, and other peoples, into the mere form of simply sprinkling water upon those about the dead body, or washing their hands and faces; and, indeed, into a formality still more insignificant, as among some Indians, by whom it was considered sufficient to touch the water, and thereby free themselves from the possibility of coming in contact with the ghosts of their dead relatives.*

Though it would be difficult to locate the origin of man's belief in ghosts, we think it could be clearly proved that some races have been inclined to put more faith in the supernatural than others, whose standing in the economy of nature seemed

* Frazer, "Contemporary Review," 1885.

more realistic than a merely modified state of "spirit to spirit, ghost to ghost"; and further researches in this direction would undoubtedly disclose many interesting points bearing upon the subject of ghosts in general. One thing is clear, namely—that a stream of ghost-philosophy can be traced from age to age, and from race to race, throughout the whole mythological history of man, receiving from each people their own contribution to its volume, and finally resulting in a universality of beliefs, an ocean of awe and mystery, terrors and fears, hopes and longings, on the shores of which man has never been weary of worshipping—though perhaps unconsciously—the incomprehensible Unknown that seems to underlie the things of earth and heaven which he sees and feels around him.

At the present time we find the ghostology of the Highlands rather mixed. It seems to be pretty generally understood that the word "ghost" should be applied to the spirits of the departed only, while on the other hand, it is understood that when the spirit of one appears to another before the death of the person whom that spirit is supposed to represent, the word "wraith" is used to describe the apparition. In the Highlands, however, there seems to be no hard and fast distinction drawn between the two. The Gaelic word "samhla" (likeness) in most places covers both, though in some districts we believe the word "tannasg" to be employed as the equivalent of our "wraith;" and we think it would be correct to say that there are far more ghost stories based upon the wraith idea than upon that of the ghost, taking both words in their English sense. This is not without its interest. We know the ghost idea to have by ages and ages preceded the wraith. In fact, the latter is more or less of yesterday comparatively speaking; and not only so, but they appear to have different missions to perform. It would perhaps repay trouble to trace the probable origin of the wraith. At this time it almost calls for separate treatment. In ancient times all precautions were taken against the possible return of the dead person's ghost, even, as among the Circassians, measures—and very pronounced measures—were taken towards keeping the ghost in a sick person, but no trace of anything having reference to the wraith has at any time appeared among the many strange and characterful beliefs and religions which clustered round ghosts. We think this somewhat suggestive of a revolution in the world of ghosts, as pointing to a transition in people's minds with regard to them which is all but effected. Every Highlander will remember the ghost and goblin stories to which in his youth he listened during the long

winter nights, while one of a circle of awe-inspired superstitionists, whose pastime often was to relate to each other all such weird, supernatural, and unearthly tales as could be raked together. There is something in winter gloom and winter wildness which, when considered in connection with the supernatural, is of peculiar interest. The innate fears of the young in the dark are well known, and we know not how much of our ghostology may have been the result of night, wind, and weather, what Burns refers to when he says—

“Then a child might understand
The de’il had business on his hand.”

This more than anything, perhaps, is calculated to reproduce in us the arch-types of things “uncanny,” which we seem so much to inherit; and it, indeed, takes “an effort of philosophy to shake off those idle terrors in after years.” The awe with which Highlanders generally view the question prevents them from making such observations with regard to ghost-seeing as would help to render the matter easy for consideration from a scientific standpoint. When a ghost is seen, no attempt is made at a natural explanation of the phenomenon, and too often the description of the apparition is not satisfactory. The expression, “Ghabh mi feagal” (I had a fright), with a vague description of peculiar feelings, and something like some one, is about the most that can be got out of some; while others, though, perhaps, more communicative, are to be watched against exaggeration. One most important matter is almost always over-looked—the *personale* of the seer; and we think it is on this the whole question of ghost-seeing turns. But there is such a healthy dread of ghosts present with those who believe in them, that this is, perhaps, too much to expect. We heard many stories afloat of one of two bosom friends promising the other to come back from the regions of the dead, and reveal to him the grand secret behind the veil. But it appears that no sooner did the one breathe his last than the other got fearfully terrorised, lest the spirit of the dead friend should return to renew the acquaintance. In all such cases that we heard of, the minister was religiously consulted, and his circle-drawing art resorted to, in order to relieve the fearful of an awful possibility. Such feelings would have militated considerably against the proper conception of ghosts even, and would have also interfered with the people’s capacity in the direction of understanding the circumstances attaching to the different cases. This is very much to be regretted, and should receive, we say,

special attention, as there can be nothing about ghost-seeing more interesting than the manner in which the ghosts appear to the seer. Some ghosts are at once understood to resemble certain persons from the striking likeness of the one to the other ; and it is not an uncommon thing for the seer to speak to the ghost, under the impression that the party recognised in the apparition is addressed. We remember hearing that a certain woman, who was one day moving about a certain Highland village, when turning round the corner of a small hillock, saw a neighbouring woman coming directly towards her. She was just about to address her, when, behold, the other had disappeared. This same woman, at another time, was making her way home from the woods, where she had been looking after the cattle ; and, when approaching the house of one of the villagers, she saw him there before her, apparently dressed, she having especially noticed that he was at the time wearing a red vest, which he was never known to put on but on Sundays. When just about to greet him, the man disappeared. These instances of ghost-seeing occurred in broad daylight, and both parties died soon after their ghosts or wraiths were seen.

But it would be very interesting to know what part the imagination played in the production of these apparitions, as we must view the question of ghosts altogether in its relation to the imagination, for on no other basis can it have meaning as an element in man's history. But let us give another case as bearing further upon this point :—

While a woman, who had arrived at a considerable age, was on a beautiful summer evening milking the cow at the door of her home, she felt her attention drawn to an object—as it appeared to her—actually flying in the air. It seemed to have issued forth from a house near by, where there was a dying person at the time, and it moved along steadily through the air until it disappeared into a rock standing not far away. The object, more or less, resembled a man in his ordinary apparel, but the representation was not very distinct. The seer in this case was not a very healthy person, and was of a rather nervous disposition. But healthy persons see ghosts. In youth, as a rule, good health is enjoyed ; and we remember hearing about a boy, perhaps about six or seven years of age, while running about his father's doors, hurrying to his mother to tell her that his grandfather, whose remains had been buried some days before then, was coming along to the house. Of course the mother got somewhat alarmed, and

set about questioning the boy very particularly. She was fully satisfied that he saw the ghost of his grandfather, and did not altogether like the circumstance, as she and the old man were not always on the happiest terms. And, had the ghost appeared to her, we think it could be more easily explained than from having been seen by the boy, who had but the faintest conception, if any, of the circumstances.

The following is a peculiar instance of ghost-seeing:—A man and his mother were living together. The mother died, and it transpired afterwards that something was left unsettled between them. Of course he went to the minister to seek a blessing and counsel; and was advised to pray fervently, and never to sleep without the Bible under his pillow. Some evening, however, long after the death of his mother, he went to bed rather hurriedly, forgetting all about the minister's injunctions. He slept, but was very soon disturbed by some one who was violently dragging him out of bed. He recognised his dead mother's face and form in this nocturnal visitant, and became at once conscious of the mistake that he made when going to bed. He nearly became demented; but, on promising something or another to the ghost, he was told that he would never afterwards be interfered with. This case is a very suggestive one. We don't advocate any place for ghosts except one of, as yet, ill-understood natural phenomena. But there are some very curious things to be considered in connection with them as a whole. It is not a little so with regard to this case, that, though possibly the result of a somewhat disturbed imagination, there would be such immediate advantage taken of the occasion by the imagination itself. It altogether bespeaks a punctuality which, even on the part of the imagination, is at least very remarkable.

Here is an interesting case:—A man who was engaged with some smuggling operations had been amissing for some time, and his people became anxious as to his whereabouts. They went in search of him, but got no trace of him till he had been a day and a night lost to them, when they found him drowned in a pool of water, with his horse beside him. But the most peculiar part of the mishap remains yet to be told. When the man here referred to left home, he told his sister to go to a certain place with his dinner if he did not return by such and such a time. She prepared the dinner against the hour mentioned, and, seeing that the brother had not returned, began to pack up. Just at that moment she saw him pass the window as if coming into the house. "Oh," she said to her mother, "I need not go further

with this ; E—— has come." But E—— did not come, and their anxiety for him increased accordingly. This is a case which illustrates well what we should take the liberty of terming the subjectivity of ghost-seeing. The woman who saw this ghost was extremely healthy, but rather imaginative.

We shall now mention a few cases bearing still further upon this aspect of the subject of ghosts.

The writer remembers having once been in the company of a young man, who, when passing a certain place, whispered that he saw quite beside him the ghost of E—— R——, who was then very ill. The writer saw nothing, and was wondered at by the other, who felt confident of the material existence of the ghost. It was afterwards ascertained that E—— R—— died about those minutes. The apparition was seen at night, when, indeed, very dark. There is another story told of a man who had to pass through a dark wood in order to get home one evening. He was not nervous, but, on the other hand, eminently healthy. Just when about half way through this wood he noticed the figure of a young man looking up rather inquisitively at him. He thought he knew the face. Strange to say, seventeen years afterwards the body of the young man whom this other thought he had recognised in the ghost, was taken that way home, having met his death by drowning not less than twenty miles away from that place.

A third case may be here given. A young lady was sitting up one night attending to her sick uncle ; and, while he was asleep in the room, she passed the time reading a book. Quite unconsciously, she looked behind towards the door, and behold ! there stood the figure of an old woman looking in the direction of the dying man. The young lady, need we say, got dreadfully frightened, and felt that she would like to move away from the ghost-visited place. Her uncle, however, awoke ; and, reader, judge what her feelings were when he asked her whether she saw his mother in the room ? In this case it was reasonable to suppose that the young lady's mind was in a suitable condition for ghost-seeing, as she would likely have thought it quite possible that some spiritual messenger would have paid a visit to the dying uncle, whose last sigh was from moment to moment expected. But how are we to reconcile this with the question which the uncle put to her when he awoke ? We think the explanation is that her mind was in such a ghost-ridden state that she really misunderstood some other words spoken by her uncle for those given, and accordingly committed a mistake. The woman in this case possessed a sound, healthy system, and was of a Saxon type.

We have some sort of a clue that disturbed imagination might have produced the ghosts in such cases as follows:—We know a place remarkable for its fertility in calling up ghosts and goblins, and, indeed, all sorts of terrible, unearthly creatures. There one man, long ago, met with a mysterious calf, of which he could not get rid for a long time on any account. There another man was nearly pelted to death with stones at dead of night, while some invisible power was catching him by the neck, and raising him bodily off the ground. There the same man on another occasion got his blood up to fever heat getting through an extraordinary multitude of people, which literally blocked the way; and there a young girl, on a beautiful summer evening, just as the shades were falling, had some reason to add to the already unpleasant history and strange character of the place. She was on her way to drive home her master's cattle, and, when nearing the haunted spot, she saw a man bending over the parapet of the road, seemingly concerned in something particular. She made a motion to put her hair in order, and improve her general appearance, as she thought this might have been an acquaintance going the same way as herself. But on looking for him he was not there. She wondered, and kept on. However, after she had gone a little further, she saw him again, and in the same position, but a distance away from her. Thus, time after time, until she had seen the figure several times, there it was, appearing and disappearing like a mirage of the desert, until, finally, it resolved itself or was absorbed into a nothing.

The next is the case of a man who was passing by another place that did not enjoy a good name, and just at the exact spot where people were frequently said to have been frightened, he saw a fearfully disfigured face looking up to him imploringly over a dyke, and to his terror a ragged, half-mutilated arm extended towards him, while his ears were listening to the most pitiful appeals for help. The spectre—or whatever it was—represented himself as a man whom his own brothers had been maltreating in a neighbouring public-house the previous night, and asked the man's assistance for some end or other.

In these cases would place have contributed largely to the production of the ghosts? In regard to the former of these instances it is not quite clear that place would have been very effective, as it was not dark when the ghost was seen, and the fact that the figure disappeared each time it was looked for is particularly suggestive. We all know how often we seem to see what we really cannot see when we try to do so. This is illustrated daily in the

individual lives of many. The woman here referred to was subject to epileptic fits. We must be excused for giving some more cases of the probable effect of place upon certain imaginations :—

Somewhere in the vicinity of a certain country church-yard a young man was one winter evening roaming about when his attention was arrested by the figure of a well-dressed man, wearing a gold chain, moving rapidly along, the young man was not sure whether quite on the earth or on the air. He saw the figure glide over the church-yard from one corner until it came to a grave near the south-west end, where, to his utter amazement, he saw another figure, dressed in a white habiliment, rise out of that grave and shake hands with the one just come, after which they separated, the dressed ghost returning as it came and the shrouded one to its clayey home below.

This was considered a most remarkable case of ghost-seeing, and numerous and ingenious were the attempts made at solving it. It was finally disposed of on the supposition that the dressed gentleman was dying in some far-off land when his image appeared in the church-yard, and that his last wish probably was to have been laid beside the person whose bones tenanted the grave. This is really like the solution that the Psychical Research Society would have put upon this instance of ghost-seeing ; although the explanation may be that a strange admixture of ideas and associations on being so near the grave-yard—the place of dread to many country people—acted upon the young man's mind so as to result in the creation of the apparition. But, however, not long after this time a funeral took place there, and this young man was convinced that he knew a certain gentleman attending it, from his resemblance to that dressed ghost which he saw in the church-yard. The young man here referred to was strong, healthy, and intelligent. But it may be mentioned that, soon after this time, he underwent an opthalmic operation in Glasgow, having been suffering much from a pain behind his right eye.

Here is another case in the production of which place may have had something to do. It introduces us to no less important a personage than His Satanic Majesty's real self. A man was passing a small cluster of trees late one night, when he beheld something awful to behold. Quite beside him stood a figure that struck terror into his innermost soul. It seemed to have horns sticking out of its head, and its hair appeared like flames of fire ; while its face looked like a small map of Hades. Its body appeared as if covered with shells, and altogether it was such a figure as

would not only "scaud puir wratches," but, for the time being, shake the strongest and most composed. Of course there was no doubt that the devil had been seen, and this was more or less confirmed by the remembrance of a relative of this man having, fifty years before then, seen the same figure in this identical spot.

But we should like to make a few remarks on this case. We find nothing in the whole world of demonology more interesting than the different descriptions given us of the devil. He has appeared to man in almost all conceivable shapes and forms—at times, indeed, in shapes that would not carry out the idea of his personification of the Evil Principle in nature. We should particularly draw attention here to the above description of his body, as covered with shells. At first sight, this coincides more or less with the theological devil of Milton and Bunyan. But the idea goes much further back, and links this apparently trifling ghost or goblin instance with the water-demons of ancient times, the Polyphemes of Grecian mythology; and, perhaps, nearer ourselves, with the *Muirealtach* of the Ossianic ballads. The idea of the devil having horns is also important as of mythological significance, it being maintained that this peculiarity can be traced to the devil's supposed relation, mythologically, with the old German forest sprite, in much the same sense that his red beard and fiery face are stated to institute a resemblance between him and the god Thor.* We may here also mention a very curious custom which prevails among ourselves, and which seems to be a survival of this ancient belief. It is, that when children wish to frighten each other, they very commonly raise their hands or part of their clothes above their heads, as much as possible to represent themselves as having horns, and thus unconsciously betraying a belief in that particular representation as characteristically effective in striking terror into the human breast.†

We believe it to be a common belief, in some places at anyrate, that a person cannot see his or her own ghost. But we have a case to give that brings that belief to the ground. We heard of a man who, when performing some ceremonies around a stack on Hallowe'en, according to an old custom observed by the people, was met at the point where he expected to see his sweetheart's image by that of himself. He died soon after. Ghosts are found to be gregarious like their prototype man. Battles have been seen in several places fought at dusk of evening by

* "Knowledge," June 29th, 1833.

† Vide "Knowledge," February 29th, 1834.

intangible armies ; crowds of people have been frequently met and seen where really nothing of the kind existed. Some time ago the case of a blacksmith came under our notice, who had to go aside, when passing on a spring evening through a certain village, in order to let a funeral procession pass. Strange to say, a short time afterwards a funeral did pass that way, and the blacksmith thought he knew some of those there from their resemblance to the ghosts. This man was strong and healthy.

Let us now summarise a little by way of concluding this paper. We have already, in the most of cases, referred to the individualities of the ghost-seers. We should like to add some further remarks. It is not a little curious that of the number of ghost stories here given, fully more than one-third were seen by members of one family, or, at any rate, of the same blood. This paper deals with about two generations, and during that time this family almost carried ghost-seeing to an art. This peculiarity should be considered as very suggestive. We find, undoubtedly, that persons of a certain type of character are more subject to ghost-seeing than others ; such as have the longing for immortality, whether from hereditary or surrounding circumstances—we suspect from both—very prominent in them, and are of a dreamy, idealistic disposition, are clearly more disposed to the belief in ghosts, and more apt to see them, than others who are more practical and realistic. Thus the Celt is pretty much by nature a ghost-seer. But, upon the whole, so far as we can see, Highland ghosts are becoming less numerous, and admit of plausible explanations in the light of physico-psychical science. The intensity with which people believe now in ghosts is very different from what it was ; but it would be a pity that the ghost would depart from among us until we should know all about it.

23rd NOVEMBER, 1887.

At the meeting on this date Mr William Mackay, Hon. Secretary, read a paper contributed by Sir Kenneth S. Mackenzie of Gairloch. Sir Kenneth's paper was as follows :—

NOTICE OF MARRIAGE CONTRACT OF 1657, WITH NOTES.

The Mackenzies of Sand were a well-known Ross-shire family in the last century, though they have left so little trace behind them that it is now impossible to form any satisfactory conclusion

even as to their ancestral origin. The historian of the clan mentions a Duncan Mackenzie of Sand (fifth son of John Roy Mackenzie, fourth laird of Gairloch), who died of a cat's bite in 1635, and whose successors are described as having merged in the family of Kernsary. He also mentions a Murdo Mackenzie (second son of Alexander, fifth laird of Gairloch), "predecessor to Sand and Mungastle, who married a daughter of John Mackenzie III. of Fairburn, with issue a daughter Margaret, who married Colin Mackenzie I. of Sanachan, brother to John Mackenzie II. of Applecross," but in a foot-note he adds "there is great confusion about the families of the various Sands which we have not been able to clear up."

Of the fact that there was a Murdo Mackenzie of Sand in the middle of the seventeenth century, whose daughter married Colin Mackenzie, the documents quoted below leave no doubt; but whether this Murdo was a son of Alexander fifth of Gairloch, who died in 1638, and a brother therefore of Kenneth sixth of Gairloch, who died in 1669, is perhaps questionable. The marriage of Colin with Murdo's daughter Margaret was contracted in 1657. The contract is a very lengthy document, closely written on three sheets pasted end to end, in the manner in which petitions for extensive signature are now got up. It commences thus:—

"Att Dingwall the twentie day of Novemr the yeer of God jaj. vi c. fyftie seven yeers, it is appointed contracted finally endit and matrimonially agreed betwixt the parties following thes are to say Coline Mackenzie broyer german to John Mackenzie of Applecross on the anc pairt, and Murdo Mackenzie off Sand fr himselffe and takand the full burden in and upon him off Margaret Mackenzie his eldest lawll daughter and the said Margaret Mackenzie for herselffe with adwyse and consent off her said father on the uyer pairt, in maner forme and effect as efter follows, that is to say Forasmeikle as the said Coline and Margaret Mackenzie be the consent foresaid are God-willing to celebrate and accomplish the band of marriage with uyer in face off Godes Kirk and congregation as the order yairoff requyreth betwixt the dait hereoff and the day of : And sicklyke ffor sa meikle as the said Murdo Mackenzie off Sand hes contented and payed att the least sufficientlie secured to the said Coline Mackenzie all and hail the soume of twa thousand marks usuall money off this nation in penny and pennyworth to the said Coline as contentment, and that in name of dote and tocher good with the said Margaret Mackenzie his daughter: Thairfor and for ane sure and

competent provision to be maid for the said Margaret Mackenzie and to the aires mail to be procreat betwixt the said Coline Mackenzie and her, the said Coline Mackenzie binds and obleisses him his aires mail and successores dewlie weel and sufficientlie be Charter and Saiseines containeing title onerous and clause of warrandice, in her pure virginitie to infet and saise the said Margaret Mackenzie his future spous for her lyferent use dureing all the dayes off her lyfetye and the saides aires mail to be procreat betwix them in ffie In all and hail the quarter landes off Sandachan and the quarter landes off Achievanie appertaineing to him in wadsett as at mair lenth is heereafter mentioned, with houses, biggings, grassings, shealings, woodes, fischings, milnes, killea, multers, sequelles, pairtes, pendicles, and universall pertinents off the saides landes as the same is presentlie possest, boundit, meithit and marched be the said Coline Mackenzie and his tennants in his name by and within the parochin off Lochcarron and Sreffedome off Inverness, And that be double maner off enfeftment," &c.

Here follows some conveyancing technicalities without interest till we come to the clause of warrandice, when the said lands in all the particulars above mentioned are warranted

"To the said Margaret Mackenzie dureing all the dayes off her lyfetye and to the saides aires to be procreat betwixt them in ffie, to be frie saiffe and sure fra all wairdes, releiffes, nonentresses ladies terces, conjunctfies, fermes, private or publick infeftments, charters, saisseines, alienations, dispositiones, resignationes, renunciationes, inhibitiones, interdictiones, evictiones, escheates, forefaulteres, purprestoures, recognitiones, bastardreis, nullities, and fra all uyer maner off perrell, danger, or inconvenience qt somever whereby the said Margaret Mackenzie and her foresaides may be stopped, debarred, or hindered in the peaceable bruiking, joying, setting, raiseing, and using off the saide landes alsweel not named as named bygane present and to come at all handes and against all mortall as law will."

Reservation is then made of the right of the successors of the deceased George, Earl of Seaforth, to redeem for 3000 marks the wadset of Sandachan and Achievanie, and there is further transmitted to Margaret Colin's right to the teinds of these lands, with a guarantee that Margaret shall not be molested in the peaceable possession of them by John Mackenzie of Applecross or any other, and Murdo Mackenzie of Sand and Margaret Mackenzie his daughter thereupon accept of this infeftment so long as the lands remain unredeemed in lieu of 3000 marks of provision.

Next comes the agreement that the whole provision is to be 4000 marks, and to make this up Colin, in addition to infesting his future spouse in his wadset lands, binds himself with John Mackenzie of Applecross, his brother german, as his cautioner :—

“Be the adwyse off Kenneth Mackenzie of Garloch, Kenneth Mackenzie of Cowle, and Murdo Mackenzie off Sand, or any twa of them preceissely at the feast and terme of Whitsunday jaj. vic. fyftie nyne yeers to wair and give out upon sufficient securitie off land or annuell rent grever the samme can be maist commodiously haid within the Shyres off Inverness or Ross the said soume off ane thousand merks Scots money and to take the securitie thairoff to the said Coline and Margaret Mackenzie future spouses and to the langest leuver off them twa and to the aires mail to be procreat betwixt them quhilk failzieing to the said Coline Mackenzie his nearest and lawfull aires mail and assignees qtsomever,” &c.

The deed goes on to provide for changing the security as occasion may require, and for reinvesting the 3000 marks if the wadset should be redeemed, all which is to be done by the advice of Gairloch, Coul, and Sand, who correspond in a manner to the marriage trustees of the present day. There is a general clause securing the widow in her terce of all property of which Colin may die possessed, and in case there should be only heirs female of the marriage, the provision for them is limited to 3000 marks should there be more than one, or 2000 if there be only one, the eldest in the case of a plurality always taking 2000 marks. The signatures to the contract are witnessed by Hector Mackenzie of Assint, Alexander Mackenzie of Pitglassie, Alexander Mackenzie, brother german to the laird of Gairloch ; John Mackenzie in the Mill of Aijne, and Mr Donald Bayne, writer of the deed.

Alexander Mackenzie, brother-german of Gairloch, must also have been brother of Murdo Mackenzie of Sand, if Murdo's genealogical position is that assigned to him in the clan history, but if this relationship existed it is ignored in the marriage contract, and as there is nothing to indicate that Murdo of Sand and the laird of Gairloch were brothers in the bond recited below, to which they are both parties, I think it doubtful whether Murdo may not after all have been of the stock of the original Duncan of Sand, who died of the cat's bite.

It may have been noticed, from the terms of the marriage contract, that Colin seems to have had no ready money, for though he was to receive 2000 marks tocher with his spouse, the provision for her, in so far as his wadset lands were insufficient to

meet it, was an undertaking to find a thousand marks at a date eighteen months distant. But in point of fact he did not receive in cash the 2000 marks of tocher, for his father-in-law was as bare of money as he himself was. The expression that the 2000 marks had been "att the least sufficientlie secured to the saide Coline Mackenzie," receives its explanation in the terms of the following bond (executed on the same date with the marriage contract), which secures to Colin his pennyworth rather than his penny, for even the thousand marks which Murdo of Sand is to pay down to Colin eighteen months later, may, by the advice of the marriage trustees, remain as a mortgage on the lands of Sand.

"I, Murdo Mackenzie off Sand, granntes me be the tenor heroff to be justlie addebtit and restand owand to Coline Mackenzie broyer germane to John Mackenzie off Applecross all and hail the sowme off twa thousand merkes good and usuall money off Scotland. And thairfoir I as prinll. and the Right honorable Keneth Mackenzie off Garloch as caur. souertie and full debtour with and for mee heerby bindes and obleisses us conjunctlie and severally and our aires alsweel of lyne maille tailzie provisioun as off conqueis successoures to us in our landes and heretages Exec'rs. and Interores. with our goodes and gear qt. somever thankfully and pleasantly to content pay and delyver to the said Coline Mackenzie, his aires, Execs., or assignees, all and hail the number off fiftie good and sufficient kowes with calffe to be milk kowes that year att the feast off Beltane in the yeer of God jaj. vic. fiftie eight yeers, but langer delay fraude or guyle; Quhairin giue wee failzie wee bind and obleis us and our foresaides conjunctlie and severally as said is to content and pay to him and his forsaides the sowme off Sextene pundes money forsaid fr. ilk ane of the said kowes that shall be undelyvered be us to him in maner and att the tyme foresaid preceisly, without defalcaoun. off the said failzie, and this towardes the payment off ane thousand merks: And farder wee the said prinll. and Caur. bindes and obleisses us and our foresaids to refund, content, and pay to the said Coline Mackenzie and his foresaides the sowme off ane thousand merkes hail and togidder in sufficient gold and money to compleat the said sowme off twa thousand merkes, and that betwixt the dait hereoff and the feast and terme of Whitsunday jaj. vic. flytie nyne yeers, but langer delay fraude or guyle, togidder with the sowme of thrie hundreth merkes money foresaid off liquidat expensses in caise off failzie, togidder also with ane ordnar anuellrent for the said prinll. sowme conforme to the Act off Parliat. yeerly, termely, and continually

during the not payment of the said prinll. sowme efter the terme off payment resive [respective] above mentionat ; And that alsweel not Infest as Infest and Saissed thairint, but any premonitun. or requistun. to be maid thairin, and I the said Murdo Mackenzie off Sand prinll. bindes and obleisses mee and my foresaids to warrand Freith releive and keep skaithless my said Caur. and his foresaids off the Caurie. above mentionat, and off all coast, skaith, dammage, expensses, and Interest that hee or they can sustaine or incurre thairthrow in any sort : And for the mair securitie wee baith prinll. and Caur. are content and consent thir prests. [presents] be insertit and Regrat. in the high court bookes off Justice or any uyer bookes competent within this natun. to have the strenth off ane decreit off either off the Judges thairroff interponit Heerto that lres [letters] and exelles off horneing and uyers requisit may pass hereupon in forme as effeires, and for regrating hereof constitute

Our Procurators and promisseing to hald firme and stable, etc. In Witnes groff (written be Mr Donald Bayne nor. publick), we have subt. the same with our hands att the day off November and yeer off God jaj. vic. fyftie seven yeers befor thir witnesses Rorie Mackenzie off Dawachmiluak, Hector M'Kenzie off Assint, Alexr. M'Kenzie off Putglassie, Alexr. Mackenzie, broyer germane to the laird of Garloch, witnesses to the subtnn. off the said Murdo Mackenzie off Sand at Dingwall ye twentie day off November jaj. vic. fyftie seven yeers, the said Mr Donald Bayne writer hereof.

"MURDO M'KENZIE.

"K. M'KENZIE, Cautioner.

"R. M'KENZIE, Witness.

"A. M'KENZIE, Witness.

"A. M'KENZIE, Witness.

"H. M'KENZIE, Witness.

"MR DONALD BAYNE, Witness."

30th NOVEMBER, 1887.

At the meeting held on this date, Mr Alex. Macbain, M.A., read two short papers by the Rev. Mr Maclean Sinclair, Springfield, Nova Scotia, on the "Highlander Philologically Dissected"

and the "Clan Maclean," which is cast in Gaelic poetic form. The following are Mr Maclean Sinclair's two papers:—

A HIGHLANDER PHILOLOGICALLY DISSECTED.

To find out to what branch of the human family a Highlander belongs, it is necessary to dissect him philologically. He is not likely to have changed the names given him by his mother for the various parts of his body. If, then, his names for these parts are substantially the same as those used by the Latins, Greeks, Germans, Russians, Persians, and Hindus, we may conclude that he belongs to the same original stock with these peoples.

The Indo-Keltic family of languages includes the Keltic, the Latin, the Greek, the Teutonic, the Letto-Slavonic, the Zend, and the Sanskrit. These languages are merely dialects of a language once spoken in some part of Western Asia. They are thus sister languages, children of the same mother.

The peoples who formed the various dialects of the Indo-Keltic, introduced a great many changes into the words of the parent-speech. They did not make these changes, however, in a haphazard manner. They acted according to fixed laws, laws which scarcely ever permitted a deviation. The Goths changed *k* or *c* into *h*, and the Lithuanians into *sz*. The Welsh occasionally turned it into a *p*. Both the Gael and the Welsh as a general rule cast the letter *p* away. The Goths and all other Teutonic peoples changed it to *f*. The Kelts changed *bh* to *b*, the Latins to *f*, and the Greeks to *ph*. The letters *r* and *l* were frequently treated as if they were the same. Where the Hindus use *r*, the western peoples frequently use *l*. The old Persians, or those who spoke the Zend, looked upon the letter *l* with horror. They would have nothing to do with it. The Greeks occasionally prefixed an *o* to a word. The Highlanders generally dropped the letter *n* before *t*, and made up for its loss by lengthening the vowel before it. Hence, whilst the Welshman says *cant*, a hundred, the Highlander says *cēt*. The Latins changed vowel-flanked *s* into *r*, and *d* into *l*, in some instances.

It is perhaps only fair to our good brother, the Welshman, to say that he denies having even in one instance changed the letter *k* into *p*. What he turned into *p* he tells us was *qv*. Well, he may be right. He ought certainly to be better acquainted with his own history than anyone else.

I do not know where a doctor would begin the work of dissecting. We may, however, begin with some part of the head, and follow on down to the feet.

In old Irish *au* or *o* means ear. We find this word in Latin as *ausis* or *auris*, in Greek as *ous*, and in Gothic as *auso*. Our word *cluas*, the Welsh *clust*, exists in the Icelandic in the form of *hlust*. It is from the root *kru* or *klu*, I hear, and the Greek *kluō*. The Gaelic *cluinn*, hear, is from the same root. Whenever, then, a Highlander says, "*An cluinn thu?*" he uses only such words as Homer might have understood.

Bra is a Gaelic word, though it is not now in use. It means eye-brow. It is clearly of the same origin with the Greek *o-phrus*, the English *brow*, the Russian *brove*, and the Sanskrit *bhru*. It is from the Indo-Keltic root *bhur*, to be active. The Gaelic *suil*, eye, and the Latin *sol*, sun, are really the same word. They are from the root *sval*, to glow, to shine.

The word for tooth in Old Irish is *dēt*, and in Welsh *dant*. In Latin we find *dens*, genitive *dentis*; in Greek *o-dous*, genitive *odontos*; in Gothic *tunthus*, in Lithuanic *dantis*, in Zend *danta*, and in Sanskrit *dantas*. The Indo-Keltic people stuck well to this word. They were evidently too much occupied with thoughts about something to eat to waste time in inventing a new name for the chief instrument they used in cutting their food. Deud in modern Gaelic signifies not one tooth, but the teeth as a whole.

The Highlanders' name for tongue is *teanga*. The original form of this word was probably *denge*. It corresponds with the old Latin word *dingua*, and the Anglo-Saxon *tunge*. The Latins changed *dingua* to *lingua*, and we have changed *lingua* to *lingo*.

The Gaelic *uchd*, breast, is probably of the same origin as the Latic *p-ect-us*. *Cioch*, a woman's breast, agrees with the Sanskrit *kucha*. *Iomlag*, navel, is the Latin *umbilicus*, and the Greek *omphalos*.

The heart, or that which quivers with life within us, we call *crídhe*. The Welshman calls it *craidh*. This word we find in Latin as *cor*, in Greek as *kardia*, in Gothic as *hairto*, in English as *heart*, in Lithuanic as *szirdis*, in Russian as *szerdtse*, and in Sanskrit as *hrid*. It seems that the Indo-Kelt always valued his heart too highly to think of changing its name. The Sanskrit *hrid* is not just as Grimm would have made it. He would have had it *krid*; and probably it was *krid* at first. If it was, it shows that even the highly conservative Brahmins change things occasionally.

Cnaimh, genitive *cnámha*, is in old Irish *cnám*. It is related to the Greek *knēmē*, the shin, and to the English *ham*, which means literally the bend of the leg.

The Gaelic *cùl*, back, the Welsh *cil*, which also means back, and the Latin *cūlus*, the posteriors, are clearly of the same origin. Again, the Gaelic *druim*, back, and the Latin *dorsum* are the same word.

It appears that among those Scottish lords who voted in favour of the union with England in 1707 there were some who believed that it is sweet to sell one's country. Iain Lom charges Morair Duplin with being one of these, and describes his joy, upon seeing the gold he was to receive for his vote, in the following terms:—

“Mhorair Duplin, gun fhuireach,
Dh' fhosgail uinneag do sgornain,
Dh' eirich rosgal a' d' chridhe,
'Nuair chual thu 'tighinn an t-or ud;
Shluig thu 'n aileag de 'n gheanach,
Dh' at do sgamhan is bhoc e,
Dh' fhosgail teannsgal do ghoile,
'S lasaich greallag do thona.”

The last word of this terrific verse may perhaps be of the same origin as the Latin word *ānus*. But whence came the *t*? Whence came the *t* of *torc*, a boar? May it not in both cases be merely the *t* that we prefix to the nominative singular masculine of words beginning with a vowel? We never say an *athair*, an *each*; we say an *t-athair*, an *t-each*.

The Gaelic *lāmh*, hand, and the Greek *pa-lamē*, are no doubt the same word. The Welsh is *llaw*. It may perhaps be contended that *lamh* is a loan-word from the Latin. The Latin *palma* means palm of the hand, but this is not the meaning of *lamh*. The Gaelic word for palm is *dearn*, which is probably of the same origin with the Armenian word *dsiern*, hand. The Greek word *palamē* signifies generally the hand, as used in striking and grasping. It thus agrees in meaning with *lamh*. The English word *palm* is borrowed from the Latin, or rather from the Latin through the French. The Anglo-Saxon word for palm is *folme*. The original form of *lamh* was probably *pālāma*. *Palama* was changed into *plāma*, and *plāma*, by dropping *p*, into *lamh*.

The Gaelic for elbow is *uileann*, and the Welsh *elin*. To this word correspond the Latin *ulna*, and the Sanskrit *aratni*. The Icelandic *alin*, the arm from the elbow to the tip of the middle finger, is also the same word.

Longa, a finger-nail, is in Welsh *ewin*. We meet with it in Latin as *unguis*, and in Greek as *onux*.

The Gaelic *cas*, leg, and the Latin *coxa*, hip, are from the same source. *Traigh*, or *troidh*, is, in the old Irish, *traig*, and in

Welsh troed. It is evidently from the same root as the Greek word *trechō*, I run.

Bonn, sole of the foot, was originally bond. It is really the same word as the Latin *fundus*, bottom.

We are now through with the work of dissection. What, then, judging by the Highlander's names for the various parts of his body, is the language that he speaks? It is quite evident that, fundamentally, it is the same as the Latin, Greek, Gothic, Slavonic, Zend, and Sanskrit. This being the case, we may safely conclude that the Highlander belongs to the same original stock as those who speak these languages. He is thus really a full brother of the Italian, the Greek, the Englishman, the German, the Russian, the Persian, and the Aryan Hindu.

CLANN-GHILLEAIN.

Fonn—" *Mios deireannach an Fhoghair.*"

Cia as a bha Clann-Ghilleain ?
Na sar cheatharnaich 's na blaraibh,
'N d' thainig iad bho righrean Eirinn ?
No bho threin 'bha 'n tir nan ard-bheann ?

A.D. Thainig iad, a reir luchd-sgeula,
1100. Bho 'n fhear ghleusd' sin, Dughall na Sgainne ;
Seann triath eircachdail ro shealbhach,
'Bu mhor ainm am measg nan Gaidheal.

1200. GILLEAIN caln' a bha de shiol-san
Bha 'na thriath an Earraghaidheal,
'S ard an urram mar fhear sgathaidh,
Le 'thuaigh-chatha 'n teas nam blaraibh.
Lean an sliochd a thainig bhuaithe
Ri ainm uasal mor gu laidir ;
'S Clann-Ghilleain iad le durachd,
Fine cliumhor nan glonn arda.

Mac Ghilleain, deadh MHAOL-IOA,
Sheas gu dian le righ a dhuthcha ;
1263. Am Blar Lairge nan cruaidh bhuillean,
Nochd e 'urrantachd mar bhiuthaidh.
GILLE-MOIRE, mac an triath sin,
Chaidh 'na leum le 'threin nach cubadh,
1314. Do bhlar fuileach Allt-a-Bhàn-Chnoic,
'S bu mhor ar air luchd an spuinnidh.

Dh' fhag IAIN DUBH, mac Ghille-Moire,
Da laoch loinneil 'bha ro threubhach,
Lachainn Lùbanach an eagnaigh
'S *Eachann Reaganach* nan geur lann.
Ghlac iad Domhnallach nan Eilean,
'S thug iad air an I na cleire,
Fearann a thoirt daibh am Muile,
'S gun ghuth tuilleadh 'bhi mu dheibhinn.

Thug e do Lachainn a nighean,
An oigh chridheil ghasda bhoidheach ;
Ogha Rob Stiubhairt, Rìgh Alba,
'S iar-ogh' 'Bhrusaich chalma, mhorail.
Thug e 'n t-ath-aite dha fhein da
'Na chuirte fheillidh an Aird-Thoirnis,
'S mar cheann-feachda 'n am bhi 'gluasad,
Le 'fhir fhuasgailteach do 'n chomhrag.

Fhuair Eachann, an sar cheann-uidhe,
Loch-a-Buidhe nan cluan boidheach ;
'S tha 'shliochd fhathast ann an seilbh air,
Measail, ainmeil, mar bu choir dhaibh.
'S ann bhuaithe bha na fir chuirmeil
Bha 'n Gleann-Urchadain a chomhnaidh,
'S Mac-Mhic-Eachainn, an laoch gaisgeil,
'Chumadh smachd air luchd an fhoirneirt.

Bha mac Lachainn 'na thriath buadhail,
EACHANN RUADH nan cruaidh chath gailbheach ;
Sgaoil a chliu air sgiathaibh laidir,
Do gach ait' an rioghachd Alba.
Thogadh creachan leis an Eirinn,
'S rinneadh euchdan leis air fairge ;
Thuit e, 's gu'm b' e 'n t-aobhair broin e
1411. Latha doruinneach Cath Ghairbhich.

LACHAINN BRONNACH coir, a mhac-san,
1431. Bha le fheachd an ciad chath Lochaidh,
Fo Dhomhnall Ballach a bhuaireis
D'am bu dual a bhi 's a chomh-stri.
Dh' fhag e ceathrar mac ro chalma,
A bha sealbhach fhad 's bu bheo iad,
LACHAINN OG, an trath 'bha ciallach,
Domhnall, Niall, 's Iain Garbh nan comhrag.

Thug Domhnall cuairt do dh' Aird Ghoobar,
 Le 'fhir fhoghainteach ro dheonach ;
 Chuir e as do Chlann-a-Mhaighstir,
 Ged nach d' rinn iad riamh air foirneart ;
 'S ghabh e seilbh air an cuid fearainn,
 'S chum e gu daingeann an coir e—
 Ged 's ann bhuaithe 'bha mo mhathair,
 Cha mhol mi gu h-ard a dhoighean.

Bho Niall 's an Ros a bha fuireach,
 Bha na curaidhnean gun fhotus,
 Sliochd ainmeil a chlaidheimh iarainn,
 'Dheanadh riasladh anns a' chomhdhail.
 Fhuair Iain Garbh, an connspunn corrach,
 Coir air Cola 's Cuimhnis comhl' ris ;
 Smachdaich e Clann-Neill am Barra,
 'S chum e 'm fearann fhad 's bu deoin leis.

Mac Lachainn Oig, EACHANN ODHAR,
 Bu laoch foghainteach gu chùl e ;
 1513. Thuit e 'm Flodan dubh na truaighe,
 'S bu tiambaidh a shluagh 'ga iondrainn.
 LACHAINN CATANACH, a mhac-san,
 Bu chuis mhaslaidh e d'a dhuthaich ;
 Chuir e 'bhean aig' air sgeir shaile,
 Gus am bait' i leis na dluth thuinn.

EACHAINN MOR, mac Lachainn bheisteil,
 Bha 'na threun 's 'na dhuine fiughail ;
 Ach Ailean nan Sop, a bhrathair,
 B' aobhar sgatha le 'chuid spuinnidh.
 Bha da mhac aig Eachann loghmhor,
 EACHANN OG a sgap a chuinneadh,
 Is *Iain Dubh* a bha 's a' Mhorairn',
 Gaisgeach colgarra ro thurail.

Mac Eachainn oig bha fìor ainmeil ;
 Cha robh 'n Albainn fear r'a fhaotuinn
 A sheasadh roimh' an am tarruing
 Nan lann tana 'bu gheur faobhar.
 'S iomadh blar anns an robh buaidh leis,
 'S iomadh ruaig a lean a dhaoine ;
 Mar bheithir guineach an adhair
 Bhiodh a chlaidheamh anns a' chaonnaig.

1598. Thuit SIR LACHAINN MOR, an sar ud
 Ann am blar le saighid mhilltich ;
 Ach thug EACHANN OG gu gaisgeil
 A mach aichmheil mar mhac dileas.
 Chuir e 'n ruaig air feachd Chlann-Domhnail,
 'S lean e 'n toir le uile dhicheall ;
 'S loisg e, mar chinneach gun trocair,
 Gach aite-comhnaidh 'bha 'n Ile.

Aig Sir Lachainn bha mac eile,
 Nach biodh deireannach 's an torachd,
Lachainn Og a bha 'n Torloisgte,
 Nam fear oscarrach neo-strothail.
 Ged a b' og e latha 'chruadail,
 An la 'bhuaileadh athair morail,
 Chuireadh iomadh laoch le 'ghairdean
 'Thalla bhais a ghabhail comhnaidh.

- Bha aig Eachann Og na gaisge
 Ceathrar mhac 'bu taitneach doighean,
 EACHANN MOR a chleachd an uaisle,
 'S nach robh bruaileineach 'na chomhradh,
 1645. SIR LACHAINN 'bu triath na dheigh-san
 Fear an fheum' an Inbhir-Lochaidh,
Domhnall Bhroluis, cridh' an t-suairceis,
 'S Iain 'bha 's an t-Suain a chomhnaidh.

- An SIR EACHANN RUADH, mac Lachainn,
 Bha sar ghaisgeach smachdail gleusda ;
 Ach bha nadur tuilleadh 's bras ann,
 1651. 'S chuir sin as da 'n Inbhir-Cheitein.
 Sheas e 'n uair bu choir dha teicheadh
 Le 'fhir dheas a mach bho 'n teughbail ;
 Dh' fhag sin lag a chinneadh laidir,
 Fhuair iad sathadh a bha deistneach.

- An deigh Eachainn bha SIR AILEAN
 Fiuran allail 'bu mhath gluasad,
 Dara mac Shir Lachainn greadhnach,
 'Na cheann-feadhn' air laoich a' chruadail.
 Bha SIR IAIN, mac Shir Ailean,
 'Na thriath barraichte fìor uasal,
 'S na laoch foghainteach fo armaibh
 1689. Mar a dhearbh e la Raor Ruaraidh.

- Chaill e 'fhearann le 'chuid goraich,
 Is le seoltachd a luchd-fuatha,
 Is b' fheudar dha dol air fogradh
 Ann an dochas ri la fuasglaidh.
1715. Sheas e ann an Sliabh an t-Siorra
 Le ard chinneadh mar bu dual da,
 Is sgrios e na gaisgich choimheach
 A bha roimhe 'sios mar luachair.

Leam is duilich mar a lean e
 An righ amaideach ud, Seumas,
 Nach robh dileas a thoirt ceartais
 Do na gaisgich 'bhiodh 'na fheum leis ;
 'S mar a lean e 'mhac a rithist
 Le run cridhe gu luath eibhinn,
 Prionnsa nach do choisinn urram
 Mar dheadh dhuine no mar threun fhear.

Cha lean mi na 's fhaide 'n eachdraidh
 Aig na gaisgich sgairteil chalma ;
 Bha iad math le 'n claidhean gionach,
 Anns an iomairt cha bhiodh cearb orr' ;
 Bha iad fughantach fìor aoibheil ;
 Bha iad caoimhneil ri 'n luchd-leanmhainn ;
 Bha iad seasmhach, dileas, duineil,
 'S ard an urram feadh nan Garbh-chrioch.

October 10, 1887.

The names of chiefs are in small capitals, and of the heads of families in italics.

For the origin of the Clan Maclean, see Skene's "*Celtic Scotland*," vol. 3, page 343, and also page 480. I prefer this account of their origin to that given in Skene's earlier work, "*The Highlanders of Scotland*."

7th DECEMBER, 1887.

At the Society's meeting on this date, Mr Farquhar Macrae, M.A., 4 Brougham Street, Edinburgh, was elected an ordinary member of the Society. Thereafter the Secretary read a paper contributed by Mr Lachlan Macdonald of Skaebost, entitled,

"Gleanings from the Charter Chest of Lord Macdonald." The following is Mr Macdonald's paper :—

GLEANINGS FROM LORD MACDONALD'S CHARTER CHEST.

The following gleanings from some old papers in the possession of Lord Macdonald, which he kindly gave me a reading of, refer to matters connected with the Isle of Skye in the 17th and 18th centuries. Considering the situation of this island, and the monetary resources of Scotland before the union with England, it appears Skye in old days held a more satisfactory position financially, that is to say, in comparison with the rest of Scotland, than it does now, a fact amply testified to by the various marriage settlements, wadsetts, and other monetary transactions entered into by Skyemen in the 17th century; indeed, it is surprising to read over the numerous old wadsetts. One can scarcely understand how so much money could have accumulated in the hands of the Skye capitalists of those days, for it must be remembered there was little or no export trade, certainly not sufficient to account for a tenth of the money, nor need it be supposed that even a large proportion of it was cash *lifted* from the Lowlands. Probably it was; in fact, it must have been the accumulated savings of Skyemen who had served in the armies of France and Germany during the 16th and 17th centuries, and who returned to their native island to spend the remainder of their days. The possession of land being looked upon then as more of a symbol of importance than it is now, and, without a doubt, the possession of land was more of a real source of power in the days of old than it is now. So it may be supposed those who possessed capital would be glad to apply it to those purposes from which they would derive most benefit and influence, which is the only way to account for the numerous transactions in wadsetts or mortgages. The system followed was exactly similar to what is the custom in some parts of India at the present day. When a proprietor wished to raise funds, he would borrow on the security of a portion of his lands; but not as he does now by going into the money market, and borrowing on the security of his rental. He would most probably borrow from one of his own dependents, and the sum borrowed would be secured to the lender by a wadsett, or mortgage, of certain lands, the yearly rental of which would cover the amount of interest due on the loan; for instance, a farm, the yearly rental of which was, say, 250 merks, would command a loan

of 5000 merks, as 5 per cent. was the rate of interest generally paid, and this arrangement suited the borrower and lender very well, especially the lender, as he had not only the rental of the farm as security for his loan, but he had, besides, all other advantages and profits the possession of the farm might give him, in addition to the bare interest for his money. If the rental of the farm happened to be more than would cover the interest due on the loan, the balance was refunded to the proprietor under the heading of "feu duty," and when no such stipulation was made, the law seems to have been sufficiently strong, or the common sense of honour was so prevalent, apparently, that matters could be adjusted without reference to the courts. In an old fragment of the 17th century, there is part of the history given of a transaction entered into between Angus Macqueen, tacksman, of Orasay, in North Uist, and Sir Donald Macdonald of Sleat, in which it is narrated that, "The grandfather of the said Sir Donald Macdonald granted to Kenneth Macqueen, the grandfather of the said Angus Macqueen, on the 6th of February, 1619, set on tack and assidation, 6 penny lands of Orasay, and 2 penny lands of the threepenny lands of Raeback in the Island of Uist, also 2 penny lands of Gallifaddie, and the farthing land of Knockmowine in Trotorness, in the Isle of Skye, paying a yearly rental of 80 merks, and 2 shillings Scots for the office of Bailiarie." This tack was for two life periods, and three nineteen years following, which meant that the lease was to continue during the life time of the said Kenneth Macqueen, and during the life time of his son, and on the death of his son, the lease was to continue to the said son's heirs for a period of 57 years—a good long lease surely! But the good folk of the 17th century were two hundred years before us of to-day, and probably they thought the proprietors were always to be in power. When the accounts were adjusted afterwards, it was found that Angus Macqueen, the grandson of Kenneth Macqueen, owed all and whole the sum of four thousand seven hundred merks, usual Scots money, and of all law and reason the said Sir Donald Macdonald ought to be paid the same, so Angus Macqueen resigned to Sir Donald Macdonald the sixpenny lands of Orasay, and the twopenny lands of Raeback, for a period of twenty years, to enable Sir Donald to recoup himself, and this was done without the interference of any court.

The Macdonald estates were considerably involved in the 17th century, which no doubt arose from the obligations imposed on the chiefs of this powerful clan in wars undertaken in support of the Crown, and perhaps from the strain put on their resources by

entertaining the members of their clan and others, and which may account for the many wadsetts on various portions of their estates ; but be this as it may, and though the cause of the existence of the wadsetts may not concern us in the present day, yet the wadsetts themselves are interesting, as showing who were the occupants of the lands two hundred years ago. They reveal the fact that there were no crofters in those days, and that outsiders and capitalists took tracts of land then as they do now, that there were new men and old acres, though not new names, in the 17th as in the 19th century. The Government seems to have been a sort of oligarchy, consisting of the chiefs and their tacksmen, the latter being intensely loyal to their chiefs. The following document, docketed as "The Oath of the Friends," shows the spirit that animated the leading members of the clan. It is dated from Duntulm. The orthography of this document, as of all those I quote, is modernised, but the phraseology is strictly adhered to:—

"Whereas the inevitable ruin of the family of the Macdonalds of Sleat is evident, through the irrecilable dissensions betwixt Sir James Macdonald and Sir Donald Macdonald, his son, with the vast debts upon the estate, we the subscribers, for eviting the confusions, as having the nearest interest next after the aforesaid persons, does hereby faithfully promise before God Almighty, with all singleness of heart, and without any mental reservation or equivocation whatsoever, for the preservation of the said family to the behoof of the said Sir James and Sir Donald Macdonald's, and their lawful successors, to observe and keep inviolated these heads following.

"First. All of us subscribers shall convene to consider of the way to free this family of debt as often as Sir Donald Macdonald or the greatest part of the subscribers pleases to call, and concur personally, for the weal of the family, and ourselves, except such as are sick only.

"Secondly. Since such of subscribers to whom this family is owing sums of money, are not sufficiently secured, each of us shall own one another's quarrels against all persons (His Majesty and his laws excepted) who wrongs us to that effect till all of us be sufficiently to our apprehensions secured in law.

"Thirdly. When any of us shall have our recourse to Edinburgh to secure these sums, or is cited there, or elsewhere, upon any account, during this oath by the said Sir James or Sir Donald Macdonalds, all of us shall contribute of money, to that person, what the major votes of the subscribers shall think fit, and that *totis quotis*, that any of us shall be cited.

"Fourth. When we shall convene, or the major part of us, what shall be concluded by the greatest number for the good of the family, and our own preservation, that to be unanimously gone about, as well by the dissenters as assentors.

"Fifthly. To keep secret what shall be concluded by the major votes to be kept so.

"Sixthly. This oath and these heads to continue until by the consent of the subscribers or major number of them they shall be void and made null. These written and subscribed the first of February at Duntuilme, the year one thousand six hundredth and seventy-eight.

"Donald McDonald. "Sr. Ja. Mackdonald Mackdonald.

"H. McDonald. "Rod. Mackdonald.

"Donald MckDonald. "Alexander McDonald.

"J. McDonald. "A. McDonald.

"James McDonald. "J. McDonald.

"J. M. D. "J. McLean.

"John McDonald in Grimines his mark following x

"Angus McDonald in Kirkibost his mark following x"

Each tacksman had of course a certain number of cottars, some of them perhaps foster relations, who might have claims on them. Society being thus marshalled, the word of the chief would be law, but as for individual independence, there could have been none. All the tacks and wadsetts gave the power to remove and out put, and to put in, tenants at their pleasure.

The following extract from a tack dated 7th October, 1728, from Sir Alexander Macdonald of that Ilk, with consent of William Macdonald of Boronaskitaig, Donald Macleod of Talisker, Donald Macdonald of Glentolton, and Norman Macleod of Greshornish, his curators, to Donald Macdonald of Kingsburgh, for a tack of Kingsburgh, gives a fair idea of the relationship between chief and tacksman, and how the cottar was considered in those days:—

"The said Donald Macdonald has advanced and paid for the granting of this present tack the sum of five hundred marks Scots money, whereof the said Sir Alexander Macdonald grants the receipt thereof, and for the yearly tack duty under the said Sir Alexander Macdonald . . . sets to the said Donald Macdonald, his heirs, or assigns (being of no higher degree than himself), the

5 penny lands of Romisdall,
5 penny lands of Kingsburgh Mor,
And penny Cladich,
Penny lands of Corfine,

as the same as presently possessed by the said Donald Macdonald and Donald McQueen in Kingsburgh Beg. . . . which the said Donald Macdonald binds himself to make due and *thankful* payment to Sir Alexander Macdonald . . . of the yearly tack duty underwritten, viz., the sum of five hundred and seventy-seven marks six shillings and eight pennies Scots money in full, not only of the money rent and King's Mails, but also of the Farm Bolls, butter, cheese, sheep, and wedders . . . and to free and relieve the said Sir Alexander Macdonald of all cess, mins. readers, and schoolmasters' stipends and salaries, and of all other public burdens . . . imposed or to be imposed on the said lands. And to answer the said Sir Alex. McDonald, his Courts, and to underlye and fulfill the acts, statutes, and amercements thereof, and to arrearage and carriage, and other usual service, which the rest of the said Sir Alex. Macdonald's tacksmen and tenants of the lands of Troternes . . . and in like manner the said Donald Macdonald binds and obliges him and his foresaids, at the expiring of this tack, to flit and remove himself, his family, cottars, and servants, goods and gear, furth and from the lands, and others anent, that the said Sir Alexander Macdonald may enter thereto without any warning or process at law, &c."

A wadsett, dated 1673, from Sir Alex. Macdonald to Roderick Macdonald, Castletown, for the

5 penny lands of Ord,
3 penny lands of Crossovaig,
2 penny lands of Tarskabaig,
6½ penny lands of Tarskabaig Mor,

as an advance of 10,000 marks, with a feu-duty of 280 marks yearly, contains the following curious clause:—

"With this provision always, like as it is hereby specially provided and declared, that the not payment of the foresaid yearly feu duty for the space of two, three, four, or more years, and terms, shall be no cause of nullity or reduction of this present contract; but that it shall be leisome and lawful to the said Sir Donald Macdonald and his foresaids, factors, and chamberlains, in their names, having their warrant, to poynd and distrain the readiest movable goods and gears be and upon it, &c."

From the above, it is apparent poynding was no uncommon process in Skye, even in days when there were no marines or soldiers!

In another wadsett, dated 1681, from Sir Donald Macdonald to his brother James Macdonald, for the 9 penny lands of the Aird

in Sleat, in lieu of 5000 marks patrimony left to the said James, by his father, Sir James Macdonald, with a feu-duty of £40 Scots annually, the following precautions were taken :—

“Should the feu duty not be paid regularly for one or two years, yet the same shall be no ground to the said Sir Donald or foresaids to quarrel or impugn or evict the foresaid right of wadsett from me or my foresaids, but only shall be liable in payment of the said sums *allenerlie*.”

This wadsett contains the usual clauses, and if redeemed, “to be paid in the usual Scots money, all copper, brass, and base money being excepted,” and a warning of forty days necessary ; and, in the event of not being accepted, the money to be consigned in the hands of the most responsible gentleman in the parish of Kilmore.

There being no banks, there was a regular system of borrowing among the gentlemen of the North, which seemed to answer, for all practical purposes, as well as our present banking system does. And such transactions were carried on in quite a modern business-like way. If A borrowed from B, and afterwards happened to be in want of money, he could, apparently, at once command it by assigning the bond or wadsett to a third party as security for the loan required. There are several such transferred bonds among the papers I refer to, but I need only quote one case in exemplification, viz., the assignation of five different bonds on the 13th April, 1671, by Sir James Macdonald, in favour of Archibald Macdonald of Boronaskitaig ; of which

3 by Sir George Mackenzie, amounting to 13,000 merks.	
1 by Lauchlan Mackinnon for.....	1300 do.
1 by Mackenzie of Gairloch for	1400 do.
1 by John Macleod, Drynoch, for.....	2000 do.
5	17,700

A great deal of money also passed hands in marriage contracts, such as settlements and tochers, which were very common. The settlements seemed to vary according to the positions of the ladies, and the tochers according to the positions of the men. No doubt, beauty commanded a price then as now. Sir James Macdonald married Dame Marie Macleod of Dunvegan, and settled 40,000 merks on her, a large sum then, considering the entire rental of the Macdonald estate in Skye at the time did not exceed £1400 per annum. Some of the settlements were rather funny in their

provisions ; of course, it was common to specify what the widow was to have on the death of her lord and master. Donald Macdonald of Sartil married Janet, daughter of John Macdonald of Byronaskitaig, in 1710, and settled 4000 merks on her, and if she survived him, she was to get all his goats and sheep, and a third of his moveable gear, with the *second best horse he possessed* ! Friends also often contributed something, though not exactly in the shape of the wedding presents of the 19th century, nor would the display of jewellery of an ancient bride be anything like what we are accustomed to read of now-a-days, as given by friends and acquaintances. In this case, Sir James Macdonald gave the bride a tither of £1000 Scots, and Roderick Macneill of Barra gave her 500 merks. The settlements ranged from £2000 to £20 sterling, according to the circumstances of the individuals, but no further instances need be quoted, as the above are sufficient to exemplify the system ; but though the Skye people were marrying and giving in marriage, and entering into many other monetary transactions at the time, it must not be supposed matters always ran in such peaceful grooves ; stirring events occurred now and again to vary the commercial-like monotony of every-day life.

In 1658 John Macdonald, the Captain of Clan Ranald, suddenly visited Maister Martin Macpherson, the minister of Kilmauir, and spulzied and carried away the following creach :—

20 Cows, with stirks, valued at 20 merks	400	0
20 Yield cows, do. 15 do.	300	0
14 Three-year-old cows, do. 12 do.	168	0
60 Sheep, do. 2 do.	120	0
28 Lambs, do. 10 do.	21	7
13 Horses, do. 12 merks.....	156	0
Utensils, valued at.....	155	0
3 Bolls corn, valued at 8 merks.....	24	0
Corn and barley crop at	300	0
The whole teinds at	800	0
Burnt a kiln at.....	12	0
Add for expenses.....	176	0
Total merks.....	2632	7

The minister obtained a decree from the Sheriff Principal of the Isles for the above sum, but it would appear the Captain of Clan Ranald took little or no notice of the feeble efforts of the Inverness-shire courts. So the power of the Court of Session was put in motion against him, and in an order dated the 28th of August,

1662 (four years after the creach), he is designated by that Court as the said John Macdonald, rebel, who was at large, "and taking no fear or regard, for he daily haunted, and frequented, and repaired to kirk and market, and other public places, as if he were ane free person, in high authority, and in proud contempt of the laws;" consequently, sheriffs and messengers-at-arms were instructed to seize and imprison him, and to retain him in jail, at his own charge and expense; but how the matter was ultimately settled, and whether the Rev. Maister Martin Macpherson ever recovered any of the spulzied property or the sum claimed is not mentioned, but probably the Courts were unable to protect private individuals from being creached, so the inhabitants adopted practical measures for their own protection. The feudal system may be blamed, but it could not have existed had the Courts been sufficiently powerful to vindicate the laws in all instances. Here is a copy of a feudal arrangement between the Clan Donald Reich and Sir Donald Macdonald, which probably was a fair engagement at the time. This document, though written two hundred and fifty years ago, is in as good a state of preservation as if it had only been written yesterday. It is as follows:—

"At Castle Cammis the 13th day of August, 1632, it is appointed and agreed betwixt the Right Worshipful Sir Donald Macdonald of Sleat, Knight, on the one part, and Mul* Callum McConill Reiche, Donald McMulcallum, Neil McMulcallum his son, John Mor McConill Reich, John Roy McMulcallum, John Oig McConill Reiche, brother to the said Mulcallum on the other part. That is to say, for as meikle as the said Sir Donald obliges him and his heirs to help and maintain the said persons in all their lawful affairs and business, having the King's laws with them for putting the same to execution, for the which the said Mulcallum, Donald McMulcallum, Neil McMulcallum, and John Roy McMulcallum, sons to the said Mulcallum, John Mor McConill Reich, and John Oig McConill Reich, brothers to the said Mulcallum, obliges them to acknowledge and accept the said Sir Donald as their superior and chief, and by the tenor hereof, acknowledges and accepts the said Sir Donald as our superior and chief, obliging us, our heirs, and successors, to serve and obey the said Sir Donald when we are charged thereto in any

* Mul Callum was in old Gaelic synonymous with the present name, Callum, or Malcolm, the prefix, *Mul*, meant shaved or tonsured; see "The Place Names of Iona," by Alexander Carmichael, in the *Scottish Geographical Magazine* for May, 1887.

kind of service that is lawful. And for the more security we are content, and consent that these presents be inserted and registered in the books of Council and Session, or Sheriff Court books of Inverness, to have the strength of either of the said judges decreed with executionals of horning upon a simple charge of six days' poynding, and warding to pass hereupon in form as effeirs, and to that effect constitute. . . . In witness whereof, subscribed with our hands as follows, and written by Roderick Bayne, notary public, day, year, and place foresaid, before the witnesses Kenneth Macqueen, notary public ; Neil McIandowie vic clearriche ; and Robert Moir of — sic subscribitur.

“Sir Donald Macdonald of Sleatt.

“Kenneth McQueen, witness.

“Neil M. Fingon, magr., witness.”

Public opinion in Scotland, at least as reflected by the upper classes, realised the benefits of union with England as early as the middle of the 17th century, consequently some of the Scottish gentry had no objections to making matrimonial alliances with the daughters of that land, and Skyemen soon followed the example given by their neighbours in the Lowlands. Mr John Baine was Sir James Macdonald's Edinburgh agent at that time, and the letter from which I shall give an extract (but which bears no date), was probably written about the end of 1657 or beginning of 1658, as further correspondence in 1658 refers to incidents mentioned in the undated letter. It seems Sir James was anxious that his son Donald (afterwards Sir Donald, who ultimately married Lady Mary Douglas), should marry some English heiress, but Mr Baine had his doubts as to the prudence of such a step, and when it was discovered that in this instance, as in so many others, the course of true love never did run smooth, the faithful agent congratulated Sir James on the escape of young Donald, adding at the same time consoling suggestions in the following strain :—

“And now I come at last to speak of your son's particular. I cannot say that your honour was to blame to send him sac bluntly upon such ane expedition. It would have been expected that you would have gone alongst with him yourself, however, this I daresay, that he has not wanted for good council how to carry in that business, and that himself can witness, for he has met with all in every passage as if it had been prophetically foretold, and I daresay more, he has, according to his breeding and years, acted his part both prudently, calmly, and honestly, and done nothing unbeseeming ane gentleman of his quality, though he has met with ane

repulse, and now it is quite off. The young lady would have inclined to the motion, but the old lady is extreme high minded, but I fear their subtlety ; your son and ye has both reason to bless God for it. It is happiness for any to have adoe with them, for they are infinite subtle out of measure. He now resolves to follow your directions to go to England. . . . Indeed, our noblemen and young gentlemen's late miscarriages at London, does so work on my thoughts, that I cannot (wishing him well) have any freedom to advise him to go there. It was my judgment that he should settle at home. He may als well and als nobly matched presently, if you please to permit him, and if his own inclinations do lead him, he may have, in his choice, either the Earl of Athole's sister, or the Earl of Murray's, both very pretty women, and well-bred ; but, indeed, I would incline to the Earl of Murray's sister, for the other is poor. He will get twenty thousand merks portion or thereby, is very sure, and ane very noble and good lady besides, all that your honour intends will be thereby effectuate, for the Marquis of Argyll, if my Lord Lorne's son live, will be, he and your son's bairns, will be cousins germans."

Though the Scotch were supposed to be very straight-laced about this time, and though music was looked upon by some as one of the great vices, still, all music and other social accomplishments were not entirely banished, or perhaps the reaction had set in. Mr Baine mentions how certain sums were expended in 1658 on *dancing*, and the accounts furnished later on in 1710, by Sir Donald Macdonald's Edinburgh agent, give the various items in detail of the expenditure incurred by Sir Donald Macdonald's daughters, which show they were instructed in music and all the other social accomplishments by the best masters of the day. It seems to have been the custom, by way of finishing off an education, to take a tour through the country to see the sights. A detailed account of the expenditure of Sir Alex. Macdonald in a tour taken through the south and east of Scotland, and extended afterwards through the Highlands, is interesting, as it shows how a young Highland chief travelled. "Tips" to servants, porters, and others, were as common then even as in these days of railway travelling. It is generally supposed that the pipers in great houses held a particular position, which placed them above taking "tips," but the account referred to shows a "tip" of five shillings to M'Crimmon, the piper at Dunvegan. There are no fewer than 545 entries in this account, and 144 of those items were "tips," mostly under the heading of drink money. So commonly were

"tips" given, that even the nurses in some houses came in for their share, and they were really liberal "tips," ranging from half-a-crown to £1 on occasions. Aqua vitæ was supplied to boatmen on all occasions when they were employed, but though most of the "tips" were entered as drink money, it need not be concluded the money would actually be spent on drink; probably drink money was the way of expressing a "tip," a literal translation perhaps from the French *pour boire*, and meaning no more or less than that term does.

The following resolutions, taken by the Skye lairds at a meeting held at Portree in 1744, show the state of matters at that time, and the extent to which the luxuries had advanced even in those days, and how the proprietors viewed the same, and the steps they took in order to draw the inhabitants back to the old economical ways of living. The paper is dated,

"Portree, 15th Augt., 1744.

"At a meeting held here by Sir Alexander Macdonald of Macdonald, Norman Macleod of Macleod, John Mackinnon of Mackinnon, and Malcolm Macleod of Raasay, with the principal tacksmen living upon their estates, the following resolutions are unanimously entered into:—

"1st. That we shall not in our own houses henceforth use any brandy, nor in public-houses, except what at present is upon hand, and that we will inform and assist the proper officers in order to prevent its being run upon any part of our coasts, and that we shall likewise assist the proper officers to seize any *aqua vitæ* without regular permits.

"2nd. That we shall henceforth use no tobaccos, but such as come in a regular and legal way, and that we shall inform and assist the proper officer against tobaccos that are entered for exportation, and intended to be re-landed. That none of us shall purchase above one roll of tobacco at a time for his own proper use, and that we shall use our utmost endeavours to prevent the immoderate use of it for the future amongst the vulgar.

"3rd. That we ourselves shall henceforth drink no tea, and that we will contribute what we can to lessen the use of it in our families.

"4th. That we shall purchase no meal from any vessel coming upon our coasts, except from such as are commissioned by the heritors, they having undertaken to provide us in what is necessary, except upon extraordinary emergency, after application made to the heritor, or his factor.

"5th. That henceforth we shall not give the **smalle** encouragement, either in money or effects, to any **thigsters** or beggars, but such as are inhabitants upon our respective **pr**operties.

"6th. That fox money shall be continued in the method **no** laid on in the Island of Skye, until a general meeting of **th** heritors and tacksmen think proper to take it off.

"That who kills a deer without permission from the **herito** shall be fined in twenty pound Scots money.

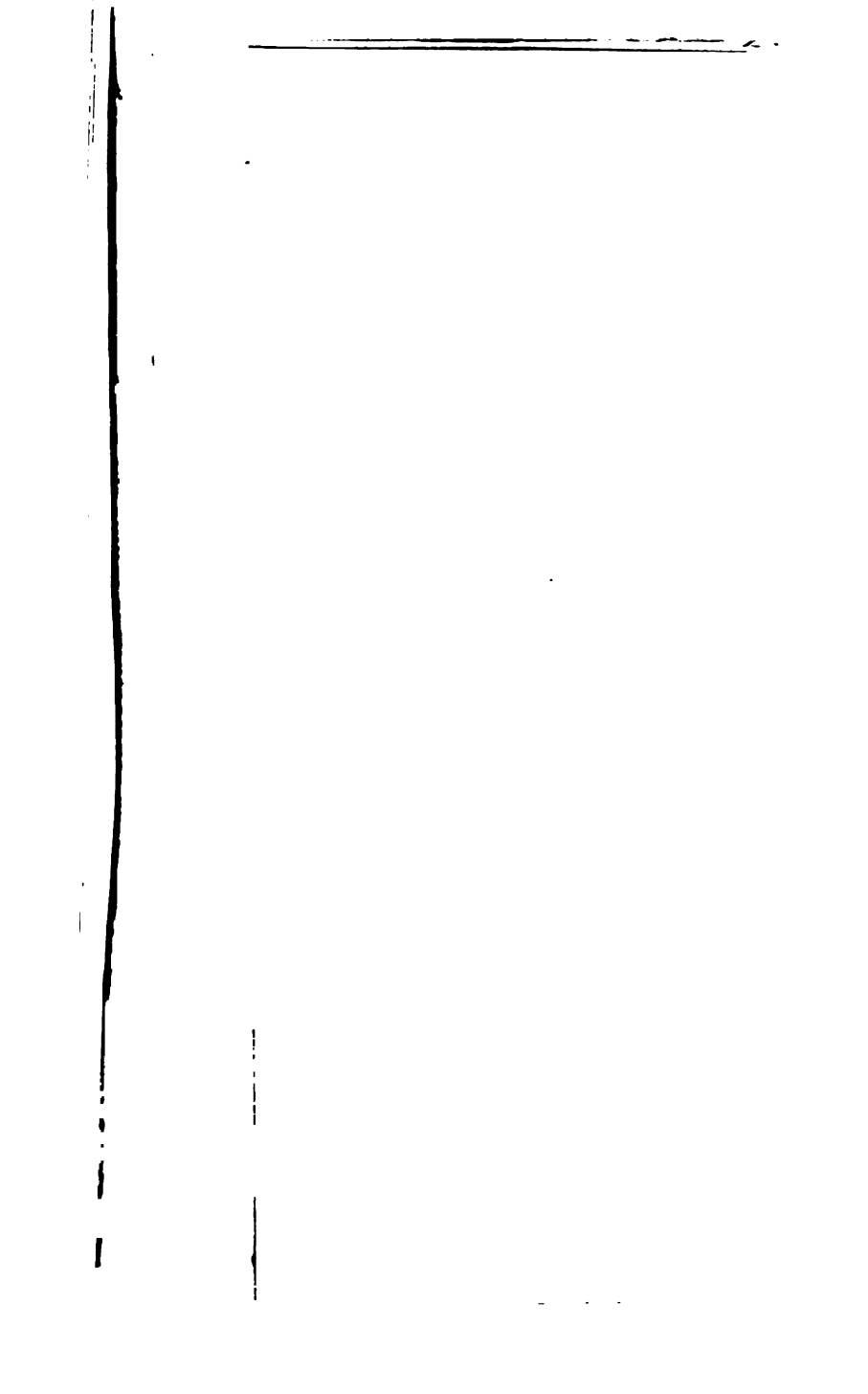
"Dunvegan, 1st Octr., 1744.

"The above is a just copy of the resolutions taken at Portree and, by order of the heritors, extracted from the principal by
WILLIAM TOLMIE."

The two following papers point to questions interesting to all Macdonalds, viz., the crest and chieftainship of the clan. The first—of which a *fac-simile* is herewith submitted—is a bond from Glengarry to Oliver Cromwell for £2000, for which The Macleod of Macleod of that day, and Sir James Macdonald and others were security. It runs thus:—

"Know all men by these presents, that we, Angus McDonnold, Lard of Glengarry, as principal, Sir James McDonnold of Sleatt, and Rorie McCloud of Dunvegin, Donnold McDonnold of Mundort, Aller McDonnold of Morer, Ranold McDonold, Benbequila, John McDonnold of Stronewacke, do acknowledge ourselves to be tyed and firmly bound unto his Highness, Oliver, Lord Protector of the Commonwealth of England, Scotland, and Ireland, and the dominions thereof, in the sum of two thousand pounce sterling, to be paid unto his Highness, his successors, or assignes, upon demand; for the true and perfect payment of which sum we bind ourselves, joyntly and severally, our heires, executors, administrators, and assignes, and everie of them, firmly by these presents. Sealed with our seales, and subscribed by us, at the Sconce, near Inverness, the 12th day of March, 1655.

"The condition of this obligation is such that whearas, by articles bearing date the 5th and 10th of June ('55), made, concluded, and agree upon (by order from the Right Honourable General Monke, Commander-in-Chiefe of all the forces in Scotland), between the late Lieut.-Collonel Blunt, then Deputy-Governor of Inverness, in behalfe of his Highness, Oliver, Lord Protector of the Commonwealth of England, Scotland, and Ireland on the one part, and Angus McDonnold, lard of Glengarry, on the other part, it was agreed that the said lard of Glengarry shall give good security, bound in the sum of two thousand pounce sterling, to



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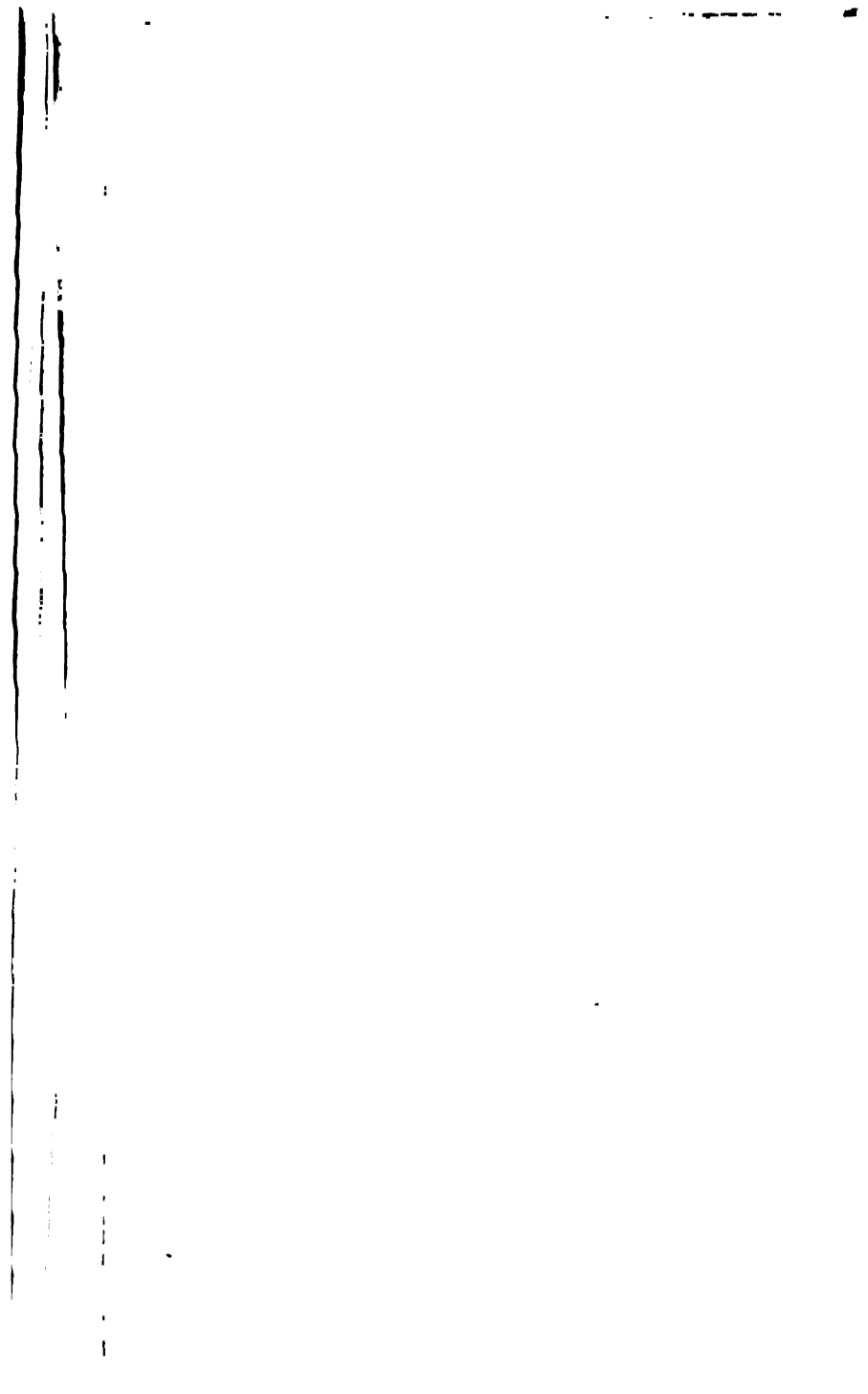
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the said late Lt.-Collonel Blunt (the said late Lt.-Collonel Blunt being deceased); it is heareby further agreed that the said lard of Glengarry shall give the above said security to Major Miles Man, Depouty-Governor of Inverness, for performance of several particulars hereafter expressed and mentioned in the said articles; if, therefore, the lard of Glengarry, his clan, vassals, tenants, servants, now dwelling, or that shall hereafter dwell, upon his lands, shall, from time to time, and at all times hereafter, deport themselves peaceably and quietly under the present Government, and give all due obedience to his Highness Oliver, Lord Protector of the Commonwealth aforesaid, or his successors, and to all others duly requiring anything for the service or interest of the Commonwealth of England, &c., and neither directly nor indirectly act any thing that may be, or prove prejudicial to the peace or interest thereof, and that the lard of Glengarry shall not build any house of strenth within his bounds without leave from his Highness Oliver, Lord Protector of the Commonwealth aforesaid; and, further, that he shall not suffer any of the enemies of the said Commonwealth to reside or remain within his bounds, unless they come with greater strenth than his clan is able to apose, and likewise the said lard of Glengarry is to perform any other article (not here mentioned) included within his capitulation; that then, upon performance of the premises, the bond is void, otherwise to stand in full force, virtue, and power.

“Signed, sealed, and delivered by
 Angus McDonnold, lard of Glen- “A. McDonald, Glengerie.
 garry, Sir James McDonnold of “J. McDonald of Sleatt.
 Sleat, and Rorie M’Cloud* of “R. McLeod.”
 Dunvegine, in the presence of

“Geo. Bateman.

“Antho. Langrish.

“Will. Wilkes.

The next paper—of which a *fac-simile* is also herewith given—is a minute of agreement between Lochiel, Glengarry, and Keppoch, showing the state of matters in Lochaber in 1744 :—

“We, Donald Cameron of Lochiel, John McDonnell of Glengarry, and Alexander McDonnell of Keapoch, taking to consideration that severals of our Dependents and followers are too

* The question has often been asked what is the proper way of spelling *Mac*. Should it be written with three letters or with two, as *Mc*? It is spelt in both ways in many of the old documents referred to, and sometimes with four letters, as *Mack*, but more generally contracted into *Mc*. I have given the names as spelt in the originals in the above.

guilty of theft, and depredations, and being sensible of the bad effects and consequences of such pernicious practices, and in order to put an entire stop to such villany, as far as ly in our power, Have jointly agreed and resolved upon the following articles, which we faithfully promise upon honour to observe and fulfil.

“1mo. That any of our Dependents, Tenants, or followers, guilty of such thefts as by law may be capitally punished, we hereby oblige ourselves jointly to contribute a sum of money necessary to prosecute such person, or persons, and to convey him, or them, to the next and most convenient county goall within whose jurisdiction he resides, and there adduce such evidence against him as may legally convict him, or be assolzied in course of process.

“2do. That any of our Dependents, Tenants, or followers, guilty of theft, receipting, or outhounding, so far as we judge the same may infer a corporall punishment, are to be confined, and incarcerate by us respectively within a lockfast and secure ward, where we think most convenient to appoint, and such a criminall be publickly scourged at sight of a number of the neighbouring tenants, so often as is thought sufficient to punish him for his crime.

“3tio. That we appoint sufficient and sponsall persons, or men of authority within proper districts of our estates (or where our authority among our followers and Dependents will extend and reach), to apprehend and incarcerate any person or persons guilty of the above crimes, and empowering our respective Deputes, to use such criminalls by scourging, jugging, stocks, and other punishments in as rigorous a manner as any of us their constituents might have done ourselves, and this power to continue no longer with any of those our Deputes than he duly puts to execution this our authority committed to him.

“4to. That any notorious and infamous villain guilty of the above crimes, flying from, and deserting any of us, to the protection of any of the other two of us, or privately lurking within any part of our estates, any one of us in whose estate such a fugitive resides, is hereby obliged, upon proper application, to deliver him up to the one of us who has a right and title to punish him.

5to. and lastly. We hereby consent and agree that these, our articles and resolution, are to be lodged in the custody of Sir Alexander McDonald of McDonald, Baronet, with power to him severely to reprimand upon the most publick occasion, one and all of us failling in the strict observance of all and every the above

articles ; in witness whereof, we subscribe these presents at Keappoch, the thirteenth day of October, one thousand seven hundred and forty-four years.

“ Donald Cameron

“ John McDonnell off Glengary.

“ Alexr. McDonell.

“ Follows a list of deputies appointed in the following districts :—

“ By Lochiel :—John Cameron of Fasfern, for the lands of Lochiel ; Dr. Archibald Cameron, for Locharkaig, Glenluy, and Stralochy ; Glenevis and Callart, for Mamore, Glenevis, and Garghaick ; Dungallon, for Suinart and Ardnamurchan ; John McEvanic-Allan, and John Ban McIan ic Ian, for Morven ; John Cameron, younger of Kinlochleven, and Donald Cameron of Clunis, for Dochinassie ; Torcastle, for Ardgour.

“ Donald Cameron.

“ By Glengary :—Donald McDonnell of Scothouse, and Coll McDonnell of Barrisdale, for Knoydart, equally betwixt them ; Allan and John McDonnells, sons to Scothouse, for Morror ; Donald McDonnell of Lochgary, John McDonnell of Arnabeé, Angus McDonell of Leeak, and Angus McDonell of Greenfield, for Glengary and Abertarph.

“ John McDonell off Glengary.

“ By Keappoch :—Donald McDonnell, brother to Keappoch, Donald McDonnell of Tirnadrish, Donald McDonnell of Crainichan, and Alexander McDonnell of Tulloch, for the Braes of Lochaber ; Ronald McDonell of Aberardor, for the Braes of Badenoch.

“ Alexr. McDonell.”

Though the two foregoing papers explain themselves, it must be mentioned that *seals* are appended to the signatures of the three chiefly responsible parties to the deed to his Highness Oliver. Glengarry's seal is merely a large deer covering the whole of a circular shield. Sir James Macdonald used what was evidently an ancient seal ; it has a ground, or, quartered per cross. In the dexter chief, an open hand (the *lamh dearg*), in the sinister chief a lion rampant, and a fish and a ship in the bases dexter and sinister. Initials J. M'D. on the scroll above the shield, but neither motto nor crest. This seal does not correspond with any I have seen in Heraldry Books. Perhaps, for all we know, it may have once belonged to one of the ancient Lords of the Isles. It is particularly to be noticed it does not show the crosslet so conspicuous

on the present arms of mostly all the Highland Macdonalds. The seal used by Macleod of Macleod was a classical-looking head of a Roman type.

About the beginning of this century, Glengarry and Clan Ranald both laid claim to the chieftainship of the Macdonalds. In the minute of agreement entered into by Glengarry, Keppoch, and Lochiel, it will be seen by the 5th clause that the said articles and resolutions were to be lodged in the hands of Sir Alexander Macdonald of Macdonald, Baronet. If Sir Alexander was not the chief of the clan at that time, it is difficult to understand why he should have been styled Macdonald of Macdonald in this document, to which two of the leading members of the clan, viz., the Glengarry of the day and Keppoch, were contracting parties.

14th DECEMBER, 1887.

At the meeting held on this date Mr Alex. Macbain, M.A., read a tale contributed by the Rev. John Gregorson Campbell, Tíree, entitled "Sgeulachd Casa Cein"—"The Healing of Keyn's Foot." Mr Campbell's paper was as follows:—

SGEULACHD CASA CEIN—THE HEALING OF KEYN'S FOOT.

[This tale was at one time among the most celebrated of West Highland tales, and seems to have had its origin in the time of the Brian Family, Kings of Ireland, apparently an age of great literary activity. The portion of the tale here given was written from the dictation of Malcolm Sinclair, fisherman, Balephuill, Tíree. Its being given in the words of the reciter makes it open to be more fairly judged of. It is said that the late J. F. Campbell of Islay got the whole of the divisions which constituted the tale from an Islay man, resident in Paisley.

The *runs* between the different tales varied. Some said it should be—"Stretch out your foot, Keyn, until I put a salve of herbs and healing to it. The poultice is melting and rotting in my belt. Pressure and haste hard bind me, for I must hear mass in the great Church at Rome, and be in Norway before I sleep.

"May it be no foot to Keyn, or a foot to any one after him, or I be Keyn the son of Molloy, if I stretch out my foot for you to put a salve of herbs or healing to it, &c., &c.

"The shadow of evils and mischances upon you. You were ever an unfortunate man to fall in with, and you are still more unfortunate to me.

"Mischief is upon you, and you are no son of Luck or Good Fortune. That tale is long to tell, but I will tell you a short romantic tale:—

"Sin do chas a Chéin, gus an cuir mise biola lus agus leighis ri. Ceirein a meathadh 's a breothadh am chrios, 'teinnein 's gnothach orm, 's e mar fhiachaibh orm fhìn dol a dh' eisdeachd aibhirinn do 'n Eaglais Mhòir 'san Ròimh màireach 's a bhi 'n Lochlainn mu'n cadail mi. Na na cas do Chéin i, 's na na cas do neach na dheigh i, 's na na 's mo mac Maol-Uamha mise ma shineas mise mo chas gu thusa chur biol lus no leighis rithe, &c., &c.

"Sgleò uile 's urfhaidh ort; b' olc an còmhalaich riamh thu, 's bu mhiosa 'n còmhalaiche dhomhsa thu.

"Tha'n rosad ort, 's cha mac fortain na rath thu, tha naigheachd sin fada ra h-innse, aeh innse mi ursgeul beag dhuìt."

Another version says that it should be, "Salve and binding-herb, and the poultice cooling, the worm is (*channering*), and I am in haste to hear mass in the Great Church at Rome." "Ceirein agus tà-lus am plàsda a fuarachadh, a chnuimh a borbradh, agus deifir orm a dhol a dh' eisdeachd aifrinn san Eaglais Mhòir san Ròimh"].

CIAN MAC AN LUAIMH.

Fear bh' ann an Eirinn ris an abradh iad O'Cròniceart, us b' e aite còmhnuidh a chòiruisg, 's chosd e chuid uile ri mor mhaithibh na h-Eirinn, gan toirt air chuid latha 's air chuid oidhche gus nach robh aig ach sean tigh crom dubh 's seana bhean 's sean each bacach bàn. 'Se smaoint thainig na cheann gun rachadh e gu Rìgh Eirinn air chuideachadh fiach de a bheireadh e dha, bhuan e bata glas-daraich ann an iomall na coille, 's shuidh e air muin an eich bhacaich bhain, 's ghabh e gu siubhal roi' choille 's roi mhointich 's roi' gharbhach gus an d' rainig e tigh an Rìgh. 'Se bhith bh' ann (mar bhith' 's an gnathachadh) gum biodh duine la 's bliadhna an tigh an Rìgh mun fairte dheth de ceann a thuruis. An deigh dha bhith la 's bliadhna ann, thuirt an Rìgh ris, "O'Cròniceart, cha 'n ann gun cheann turuis thaine tusa ann an so." "Cha 'n ann," thuirt O'Cròniceart, "is ann arson cuideachadh thainig mise ann an so, tha fios agaibh gur ann ri-pe 's ri mòr mhaithibh chosg mi mo chuid gu h-uile." "Fanaidh tu," ars' an Rìgh, "gus an d' thoir mi stigh a chlann;" 's bha iad ann mar a theireadh iad Murcha Mac Brian, 's Donncha Mac Brian, 's

Torragheal Mac Brian, 's Brian Borr Mac Cìmie,¹ 's an sia co-dhalta deug leis a h-uile fear dhiu sin.

"Bheir mise," ars' Murcha Mac Brian, "ceud bo laoigh dha."

"Bheir mise," ars' Donncha Mac Brian, "ceud bo sheasg dha, cagal iad a bhi laoigh uile dh'aon bhliadhna air fad."

"Bheir mise," ars' Torragheal Mac Brian, "ceud capull searraich dha."

"Bheir mise," ars' Brian Borr Mac Cìmi, "ceud caora dha."

An deigh do O'Cròniceart so fhaotainn cha robh e falbh. Thuirt an Rìgh ris a bhith falbh, gun robh e duilich a threud chumail air leth air a chuid-san 's e gan toirt leis. Thuirt esan ris an Rìgh gum robh aon ni 's t-sealladh aige 's na 'm faigheadh e e o'n Rìgh gum b' fhearr leis e na na fhuair e gu h-uile.

"S cinnteach," ars' an Rìgh, gur h-e ni dona a thaobh-eiginn tha sin 's fhearr dhuit innse, 's gum bithear gad leigeil air falbh."

"Sè," ars' esan, "am measan a tha mach 's a stigh as deigh na Ban-rìghinn, tha mi a miannachadh;" 's fhuair e cead o'n Rìgh a thoirt leis.

Thug e leis am measan, leum e air muin an t-sean eich bhacaich bhain, 's ghabh e gu siubhal gun suil thoirt air an treud, roi choille 's roi mhointich 's roi gharbhach. Air dha dhol air aghaibh treis 'sa choille, leum boc-earba a mach as a choille, 's dh'fhalbh am measan as a dheigh, 's ann an tiota bha iad as an t-sealladh.

Goirid do 'n fheasgar, chunnaic e measan a tighinn 's lan damh feidh roimhe, 's leum am fiadh na bhoirionnach air cùl O'Cròniceart, a b'aillidh a chunnaic an t-suil o thus an domhan gu deireadh na dìlinn.² Rug O'Cròniceart orra, 's dh'iarr i air a leigeadh as, 's thuirt e nach bu bheò dhealachadh eatorra.

"Voill," ars' ise, "mun falbh mise leat feumaidh tu dol o thri cumhnantan dhomh;" agus gheall e dol o na cumhnantan dhi.

"S e cheud chumhnant, nach teid thu dh'iarraidh Rìgh Eirinn no mhor mhaithibh air chuid latha na air chuid oidhche gun innse dhomh. An ath-chumhnant, nach teid thu thigh sainnse gun a chur am cheadsa. Agus an treasa ni, nach tilg thu orm am feasd gun d'fhuair thu ann am chreutair mi-chiallach³ ann 'sa choille mi."

Rainig iad 'n so an sean tigh crom dubh, 's a bhean a dh-fhag e ann bha i na cuail chnamh ann an lòn snighe air meadhon an urlair. Bhuain iad fiar ann an uraidhean 's ann an sglipheachan, 's rinn iad leaba 's chaidh iad a laidhe.

'S e bu dusgadh cadail do O'Cròniceart geumraich cruidh, 's meilich chaorach, 's sitrich chapul, e fhein ann an leaba òir air

chuirean airgid, a falbh o cheann gu ceann do'n tur Bhaile-Chasteil, a b' aillidh a chunnaic an t-suil o thus an domhan gu deireadh na dilinn.²

"Cha b' iongantach," ars' esan, "a leithid so, a dh'eiridh dhomhsa dar fhuair mi ad chreutair mi-chiallach 'sa choille thu."

"Co math 's a bhris thu 'n cumhnanta sin, bristidh tu cach; eirich is saodaich an sreud air falbh."

'Nuair chaidh e mach, cha robh aireamh aig lionmhoireachd a threud, agus air latha do na laithean as a dheigh sin, 's e sealltuinn air an treud, smaointich e gun rachadh e dh'iarraidh Rìgh Eirinn 's a mhor mhaithibh air chuid latha 's oidhche. Shuidh e air muin an t-sean eich bhacaich bhain, 's shuibhail e roimh choille 's roimh mhointich 's roimh gharbhlaich, gus an d'rainig e tigh an Rìgh.

Thuir an Rìgh ris, "Am bheil thu idir, O'Cròniceart, brath do chuid sreud thoirt leat? tha iad an diugh cho lionmhor 's nach aithnich na buachaillean iad seach mo chuid-sa."

"Chan 'eil, chan 'eil feum agam orra; tha barrachd sreud agamsa 's th'agad fhein; 's ann tha mis gar n-iarraidh fhein 's air mor mhaithibh air chuid latha 's oidhche."

Thuir an Rìgh ris, "Tha sinne, laochain, deonach falbh leat;" 's bha iad mar a bheireadh iad Murcha Mac Brian, 's Donnacha Mac Brian, 's Torragheal Mac Brian, 's Brian Bòrr Mac Cimi, 's a shia deug co-dhàltan leis h-uile fear dhiu sin. 'Nuair a bha iad goirid do'n tigh 's ann a chuimhnich O'Cròniceart gun d'fhalbh e gun innse dh'ise. Thuir e riu-san, a bhi tighinn gu h-athaiseach 's gun rachadh e thein air thoiseach dh'innse gun robh iad a tighinn.

"Cha ruigeadh tu leas, bha fios agamsa gu ma gun d'fhalbh thu; thigidh iad air an aghaidh, tha na h-uile ni deas"

'Nuair a shaoil leis an Rìgh gun robh e seachd lathan 's seachd oidhchean ag ithe 's ag òl ann, thuir e ri Murcha, a mhac, gun robh an t-am aca bhi falbh. Agus thuir ise ris an Rìgh gun robh an t-am aige, "Tha thu seachd lathan 's seachd bliadhna ann an so."

"Ma tha," ars' esan, "cha ruig mise leas tille air m'ais; chan 'eil duine no beò chreutair air mo chionn."

Bha co-dhàlta aig Murcha Mac Brian ris an abradh iad Cian Mac an Luaidh,⁴ 's ghabh e gaol air bean O'Cròniceart; leig e air gun robh e tinn, 's dh'fhan e as deigh chaich. Rinn ise deoch dha, 's chaidh i leis an deoch gu ionnsuidh, 's an aite breth air an deoch, 's ann a thoiseach e air breth oirre fhein gu toirt leis do 'n leabaidh. Leum i na loithe⁵ chapuil 's bhuail i breab air; 's bhris i chas, thug i leatha an tùr Bhaile Chaisteil air ultach a

guaile 's air uallach a droma, 's dh'fhag i esan anns' an t-sean tigh chrom dubh ann an lòn snidhe air meadhon an urlair.

Chaidh O'Cròniceart anns' an dealachadh a stigh do 'n tigh sheinnse leis na mor mhaithean a dh'fhagail beannachd aca, 's ann an sin a chuimhnich Murcha Mac Brian gun d'fhag e dhearbha cho-dhalta, Cian Mac an Luaidh, as a dheighe, 's thuirt e nach bu bheo-dhealachadh eatorra, 's gun tilleadh e ga iarraidh. D'fhuair e 'n sin e 'san t-sean tigh crom dubh ann am meadhon an urlair ann an lòn snidhe 's a chas brist, 's thuirt e gun deanadh an talamh nead na bhonn no 'n t-athar nead na cheann mur a faigheadh e fear a leighiseadh cas Chian.

Thuirt iad ris gun robh an Ridire beag ann an Innis-da-thorc⁶ ann an Eirinn; gun leighiseadh e chas Chian, na'm faigheadh e 'n ridireachd bh'aig athar, leis an luibh bha 'n eilein iomallach an domhain dàmhair.⁷ Chuir iad a mach a bhirlinn bha seachd bliadhna ga calcadh 's ga tearradh am braigh chladich. Thug iad gu siùbhal a chuain uaibhrich, le soirbheas boidheach bheireadh duilich a craoibh, seilich a beinn, 's fraoch og as a bhun 's as a fhreumhaichan, 's ghearra e sìlein du coirce le du thoisich le ro fheabhas 'sa stiuradh e i. Rainig iad an t-eilein iomallach, 's dar chaidh iad air tìr, cha b'aithne do 'n Ridire bheag an luibh, ach gun robh fios aige gun robh i ann. Cheangal e ball mu mheadhon Chian, 's bha e ga tharruing roimh na h-uile tom luibhean a chitheadh e, 's na 'm beanadh i du chois gum bidh a chas leighiste. Cha robh a chridhe aige tille dhachaigh mur a leighiste a chas, bho na ghabh e os làimh e; 's is e smaoint a thainig na chean gum fàgadh e Cian air a thaobh anns' an eilein, far nach robh duine no beo-chreutair; 's gun abradh e gun do leighis e a chas, ach gun d'thug onfhadh na fairge far buird e tighinn air an rathad.

Bha Cian air a thaobh anns' an eilein gun duine gun bheo chreutair. Ann an deigh a mheadhon latha, th'ar leis gum cual e iomram, ach bha e 'g radhain ris fhein nach iomrain a bh'ann 's nach tigeadh gu brath. Treis as a dheigh sin bha e deanamh dheth gur h-e iomram a bh'ann. Chunnaic e sin fear a tighinn ag iomram curachan⁸ le da ràmh airgid. Leig e air tìr i, 's leum e mach aisde, 's tharruing e i seachd fada fhein suas am fear glas i far nach dean macan fir a baile mòr spùrt no magadh orra. Ghabh e nuas 's thuirt e ris, "Sin thusa mach do chas, 's curimim 'sa ceirein furtachd agus fòil rithe." "Na na cas domhsa i 's na na cas a Chian i, 's na na 's motha 's mise Cian Mac an Luaidh, n'a shìneas mise mach mo chas a chur biol, luis no leigheas no ceirein furtachd agus fòil rithe, gus an innis thusa dhomhsa co

thu fhein a dh'islean no dh'uaislean an t-saoghail a chuir an dragh 's an t-saothair sin ad cheann tighinn a leigheas mo chois-sa."

"Misg is miapadh ort, aghaidh t-uile 's t-urfhaidh ort, a bhi cumail tuille furrich orm, innse mise sin dhuit.

I. "Is mise Manus Mòr,⁹ mac Rìgh Lochlin, 's tha agam ri bhi o eibhneas¹⁰ sagart anns' an Roimh 's cadal ann am baile mòr m' athar fhein a nochd. Sin thus a nis mach do chas 's curimim 'sa ceirein furtachd agus fòil rithe."

"Na na cas dhomhsa i 's na na cas a Chian i, 's na na 's motha 's mise Cian Mac an Luaidh, m' a shineas mise mach mo chas a chur biol luis no leigheas rithe, gus an innis thusa dhomhsa cia de chuir baile mòr t-athar fhein gun eibhneas sagart."

"Misg is miapadh, &c.

"Bha sean eaglais ann am baile mòr m' athar, 's cha bhiodh macan fir a baile mòr a thigeadh nach biodh a spùrt 's a magadh orra. Smaointich mise gur h-i clach a b' àirde clach a b' ìle dhi. Chuir mi mach a bhirliinn a bha na seachd lathan 's na seachd bliadhna gu tearradh 's ga calcadh am braigh a chladaich, a dhol a dh'iarraidh saoir, clachair, 's sgliatair, thogadh eaglais am baile mor m' athar. Thog mi gu siubhal a chuain uaibhraich. Chaidh mi air tir an an dùthaich fhad, fhiadhaich, lan coille, garbhlaich, 's mointich. Cha robh duine no beo-chreutair a tachairt ruim. Dar a chaidh mi pios math air m' aghaidh anns' an tìr thachair triùir dhaoine rium. Chuir iad fault orm 's iad ga 'm aithneachadh. Thuirt mise riu, 'Tha aithne agaibh orm, nach 'eil agam oirbh.' 'Tha sin againn ort,' ars' iadsan, 's tha fios againn de ceann do sheud 's do shiubhal; tha thu 'g iarraidh saoir, clachair, 's sgliatair thogas eaglais ann an baile mor t-athar; 's ma tha iad agad fo cheithir rannaibh ruadh an t-saoghail, tha iad agad ann an so.' Thill mis 's na triuir dhaoine sin leam, 's thug iad latha 's bliadhna ann an tigh m' athar mun deachaidh iad a steidheadh na h-eaglais. An ceann la 's bliadhna chaidh mi mach leo dhol a thoiseachadh air an eaglais; thug an clachair a mach pronnachlach as a phoca 's chaith e air an làr e, 's bha balla na h-eaglais ullamh. Thug an saor a mach sliscagan as a phoca 's rinn e 'n tomhas ceudna, 's bha 'n ceann air an eaglais. Rinn an sgliatair an tomhas ciadna, 's bha 'n eaglais ullamh.

"'Nis, ars' iadsan, 'thoir a mach do phiuthar 's do mhathair; cuir te stigh air gach dorus dhiu, ma gheibh iad coire do dh'obair na h-eaglais, cha bhi i pàidheadh; mar faigh iad coire, bitheadh i pàidheadh.'

"Thug mise mach mo phiuthar 's mo mhathair. Chaidh iad a stigh te air gach dorus; dhùin na dorsan as an deigh.

“Thog iadsan leo an eaglais air ultach an guailin 's air uallach an droma, 's mo phiuthar 's mo mhathair innte.”

“Sin thusa mach do chas, &c., gus an innse thu dhomhsa an deachaidh tu air toir do phiuthair no do mhathair tuille.”

“Misg, &c. Innsidh mise sin duitsa.

II. “Thuir m'athair rium, ‘S nàrach dhuit fhein 's gur tu treasa¹¹ gaisgeach an domhain air fad nach rachadh tu air toir do phiuthair 's do mhathair.’

“Chuir mi mach a bhirlinn a bha seachd bliadhna gu tearradh 's ga calcadh am braigh a chladaich, 's bha mi dol seachad air duthaich fad fhiadhaich bha sin, 's chunna mi cath 's comhrag gun chéill air tìr, fear ann 's e comhrag ceud¹² leis fhein. Smaointich mi dol air tìr agus comhnadh leis bho no bha e na onrachd. Tharruing mi suas a bhirlinn a seachd fada fhein suas am feur glas i far nach dean macan fir a baile mòr spùrt no magadh orra. Thoisich mise anns' an darna ceann 's e fhein anns' a cheann eile, 's mun d'thainig am feasgar bha mo leth-cheud fhein marbh agamsa, 's thainig am feasgar mun robh a leth-cheud fhein marbh aige-san. Cha d'thug e dhomh cuireadh dol leis a dh'ionnsuidh an tighe, 's bho nach do bhac e mi lean mi e. Shuidh e aig a bhiadh, 's cha d'thug e cuireadh dhomh na bu mho agus 'o nach do bhac e mi shuidh mi aige combhla ris. 'S e b'iongantaich leam na daoine mharbh sin an dé bhi maireach glaothaich ris tighinn a mach a dh'iarraidh cath 's comhrag. Chaidh e mach 's thoisich e 'san darna ceann diu 's thoisich mise 's a cheann eile. Dar a thainig am meadhon la bha mo leth-cheud fhein marbh agamsa, 's thainig am feasgar mun robh a leth-cheud fhein marbh aige-san, agus smaointich mise gum fanainn air mo chois an oidhche sin fiach de bha toirt air na cuirp bha sinn a marbhadh bhi 'g éiridh a ris 'g iarraidh dol a chath 's a chomhrag. Leig mi mi fhàin am shìneadh an iomall na h-àraich, 's chunna mi boirionnach a tighinn 's a miad thar chàich, sleagh ghearr agus trosgan na làimh dheis, stòpan t-ath-bheothaich air a coraig chll. Rinn i ormsa 'n toiseach agus chuir i miar am bhial, agus na rug mise air dhe 'n mbiar bha e agam. ‘Tha thu beò fhathast,’ ars' ise; ‘cìrich agus cum an t-sleagh ghearr 's an trosgan, no ath-bheothaich na daoine.’ ‘Cumaidh mise,’ ars' esan, ‘an t-sleagh ghearr 's an trosgan fhein.’ Mar a chrom ise a h-ath-bheothachadh a cheud fhir dhiu, thilg mi dhi an ceann. Rinn mi mo shìneadh far an robh mi roimhe fiach an robh an corr toireachd a tighinn, agus goirid o bhial an latha chunna mi fear a tighinn agus chithinn an saoghal a mach eadar a dha chois le mheadachd, 's sleagh ghearr 's trosgan na làimh dheis 's stòpan t-ath-bheothaich na làimh chll. 'S ann ormsa rinn e 'n

toiseach 's chuir e mhiar na 'm bhial, 's na rug mi air do'n mhiar bha e agam. Thuirt e ruim, 'Tha thu beo fhathast; eirich agus cum an t-sleagh ghearr 's an trosdan, no ath-bheothaich na daoine.' 'Cumaidh mise an t-sleagh ghearr 's an trosdan.' Mar a chrom esan a h-ath-bheothachadh a cheud fhlir dhiu, thilg mi an ceann dheth. Thainig an latha 's cha d' thainig an corr toireachd, cha do ghluais na cuirp, luidh iad mar a bha iad. Am fear a b'abhaist a bhi comhrag riu thainig a mach. 'Failt ort, a Mhanuis, 's fhàda o'n na bha e 'san tairgneachd [mancaidreachd] gur tu bheireadh a chiad chlos domhsa—theid thu leam 's suidhidh tu aig do bhraiceas comhla ruim an diugh.' 'Is maith leam fios bhi agam co thu an toiseach.' 'Is mise Macan Nic a Glùn-duibh a Cathair na Camruisg.' Chaidh mi leis dh' ionnsuidh mo bhraiceis. Thuirt e ruim, 'tha ni agam ann an so nach do leig mi fhaicinn do dhuine riamb, leigidh mi fhaicinn sealladh dhuit dheth; m'athair 's mo mhathair agam ann an so anns' a chruth anns' an d'fhag iad an saoghal gan gleidheadh suas.' Leig e fhaicinn iad dhomh 's dh'ath-bheothaich mi dha iad, 's shuidh iad aig am braiceas maille ruinn. Thuirt e ruim, 'A Mhanuis, tha thu dol air toir do phiuthar 's do mhathair, ach tha thu lag, bog, leanabail, a dhol air aghaidh. Nan do dh' fhan thu gu ceann da bhliadhna bu tu darna gaisgeach an domhain. 'S ann aig darna gaisgeach an domhain tha do phiuthar 's do mhathair 's aig Mac Rìgh na Sgeith Deirge; bheir mise brògan duit ann an so 's bheir iad astar sheachd bliadhn' thu ann an aon latha, 's bi tu an tigh peathar dhomh fhin a nochd, 's cuiridh i sin na's fhearr air ceann an rathaid thu.' Rainig mi 'n tigh aice chuir i faillt orm 's i g'am aithneachadh. 'S fhad o'n bha e 'san tairgneachd gur tu bheireadh chiad chlos do'm bhrathair-sa. 'S math 's aithne dhomhsa ceann do theud 's do shiubhail—tha thu dol air toir do mhathair 's do phiuthair, ach tha thu lag, bog, leanabail, a dhol chumail cath ri Mac Rìgh na Sgeith Deirge. Tha da chreutair comhad aig geata a bhaile nach sgath arm sam bi crra, le iad a bhi làn slighich, ach da spot tha fuidh 'n amhaich 's ann ann tha 'm bas nan amaiste ann an sin iad. 'S e 'n ainm Borg agus Binneag.' Ràine mise, 's bha 'n da chreutair romham. 'Shleagh ghearr 's a throsdain, cha 'n fhiach dhomh bhi gar giulan ma's dean sibh comhnadh leam, 's cha luaithe bha 'm facal air a ràdhainn na mharbh iad an da chreutair bha romham. Ghabh mi air m' aghaidh. Bhuail mi beum-sgeithe gaisgich air faiche bhaile mhoir. Cha robh seann obair ann nach do thuit no obair ùr nach do chrac¹³; chuir sean duine cheann mach air uinneig, dh'fhiosraich e dhiom ciod bha air m' aire. Thuirt mi ris, mo

phiuthar 's mo mhathair chuir amach am ionnsuidh no ceile comhraig. 'Cha cheile comhraig dhuit mise; that mo mhac anns' a bheinn t-seilg. Thig a stigh, tha do phiuthar 's do mhathair an so.' Chaidh mi stigh, cha b' fhada gus an d' thainig a mhac as a bheinn t-seilg 's dh' fheoraich e co 'm beadagan balaich bha co mhi-mhodhail, 's gun do mharbh e 'n da chreutair bha dion a bhaile. Thuirt athair ris, gun do mharbh Manus mac Rìgh Lochlin, 's mur a gluaiseadh tusa cearr air roimhe so, cha do shaothraich e air an turus so an diugh. 'Bheir thu leat do mhathair, a Mhanuis,' ars' Mac Rìgh na Sgeith Deirge, 'ach fàgaidh tu agam fhin do phiuthar.' 'Cha'n ann mar sin a bhitheas, ach bheir mise leam i, 's theid thusa leam, 's ma bheir Rìgh Lochlin, a h-athair dhuit i, cha chum mise bh' uait i.'

"Chuir sinn mach a bhirlinn bha seachd bliadhna ga tearradh 's ga calcadh am braigh chladaich, 's dh' fhalbh mi fhìn, 's mo phiuthar, 's mo mhathair, 's Mac Rìgh na Sgeith Deirge innte. Bha sin dol seachd air dùthaich fhad fhiadhaich an sin, 's chunna' sinn cath is còmhrag air tìr. Dh' fhiosraich mi de 'n cath 's an còmhrag bha sid. Thuirt Mac Rìgh na Sgeith Deirge, 'S fhurasd aithneachadh nach d' fhag thu tigh riamh gus a so; thug mise seachd lathan 's seachd bliadhna toirt a mach Nighean Rìgh an Domhain, a cath 's a còmhrag, 's cha d'rinn mi dad dbeth. 'S fhearr dhuinn,' ars' Manus, 'dol air tìr ann.' "Is ioma gaisgeach th' ann na 's fhearr na thu,' thuirt Mac Rìgh na Sgeith Deirge. 'Theid sinn air tìr co dhiu,' ars' Manus. Ghabh e suas, rainig e n caisteal, chunnaic e ise sealltain mach air uinneig; leum e 's bhuail e le cùl a bhoise i, 's ma'n d'rainig e 'n làr bha i aige, 's thug e sìos do'n bhirlinn i. 'Nuair a dh' fhalbh mi leatha, thuirt mi rithe, 'Nach mi gaisgeach b' fhearr thainig as do dheigh riamh.' 'Leumadh tu gu math,' ars' ise, 'ach cha 'n fhaca mi dad do d' ghaisge.' Dh' iarr e bhirlinn chur mun cuairt, 's thill e air tìr air ais. Thoisich e fhéin 's an darna ceann, 's an t-sleagh ghearr 's an trosgan 'sa cheann cile. Bha fear air leth-chois, 's fear air leth-laimh, 's fear air leth-shuil, 's ged bhiodh deich teanganna fichead an ceann an fhir a bhiodh beò 's an ag innse uile fhéin 's uile chaich uile a bhiodh e. Thuirt Mac Rìgh na Sgeith Deirge ris— 'Mhanuis, bheir thu dhomhsa Nighean Rìgh an Domhan, 's bithidh do phiuthar 's do mhathair agad fhéin.' 'Shleagh ghearr 's a throsdain, cuiribh bloigh air gach taobh de 'n bhirlinn deth.' Cha luaithe bha sid air a ràdh na bha e air a dheanamh. Rainig mise an sin baile mor m' athar, 's mo phiuthar 's mo mhathair 's Nighinn Rìgh an Domhain agam."

"Sin thusa nis do chas 's cuirimim 'sa ceirein furtachd agus foil rithe."

“Na na càs dhòmhsa i 's na na càs a Chian i, 's na na 's motha 's mise Cian Mac an Luaidh, ma shìneas mise mach mo chas a chuir biol luis mo leighis no ceirein furtachd agus foil rithe, gus an innis thusa dhomhsa 'n d' thainig toireachd air Nighinn Rìgh an Domhain tuille.”

III. “Latha de na lathan chunnacas cabhlach a ti 'n mu'n cuairt baile mor m' athar-sa. Thuirt m' athair ruim, ‘Bi mise air mo sgrios air do sgàth 'n diugh, 's ann air toir Nighinn Rìgh an Domhain tha iad so.’

“Dar a chuala mise so, chuir mi mach a bhirlinn, &c. Chuir mi Nighinn Rìgh an Domhan aig a stiuir, bha mi fhin a fearas-urlair air a feadh; nuair fhuair mi taobh mach a chabhlach ghlaodh mi gun robh mise an sid, Manus, Mac Rìgh Lochlin, 's Nighinn Rìgh an Domhain agam air bord 's aon sam bith bha air son mo leantuinn, iad a bhi tighinn. An fheadhainn bha lag de *chrew* dhiu cha robh iad ach a cur nan tuagh air na cabuill a leanailt as mo dheigh. Thainig an oidhche oirn, 's cha bu léir do 'n darna aon againn an t-aon eile, 's dar thainig a mhaduinn an la 'r na mhaireach cha robh gin againn is t-shealladh. Chaidh sinn air tir ann an duthaich nach fhaca sinn duine beò fhads' a shiubhail sinn air a feadh. Chuir sinn suas ann an uamh. 'S e bu lòn domh bhi 'g iasgach 's aig ianach. Fhuair mi dithis mhac anns' an uamh o Nighean Rìgh an Domhain. Bha mi la tighinn dachaigh 's na balaich air fàs meadhonach mòr, chunna mi fear a falbh, 's i aig air a bhois 's na balaich caoineadh as deigh a mathair. Lean mi dh'ionnsuidh chladaich iad dh'fharaid e dhìom c'ait an robh mi dol. Thuirt mi ris gun robh mi airson Nighinn Rìgh an Domhain thoirt bhuaithe. Rug e orm agus chuir e gum dha ghualain mi ann am mul chlach. Thug mi ùine mhòr de 'n latha an sin gus an do chuir na balaich na clachan air falbh uam 's an d' fhuair mi as. Goidid as déigh sin, dar dheanadh na balaich beagan air an son fhein, chuir mi mach a bhirlinn bha seachd bliadhna ga tearradh 's ga calcadh am bràigh chladaich, 's thug sinn gu siubhal a chuain uaib'rich, &c. Rainig mi 'n ath duthaich 's bha 'n cabhlach bha aig baile mor m' athar an sin romhaim air stad ann a muir tiachd.¹⁴ Chaidh mi air tir; chuir mi suas *tent*, mi fhin 's na balaich; a chath 's a chomrag ann. A h-uile latha bhiodh fear a tighinn a seinn ciuil a bhi gar cuir a chadal. Latha do na lathan thainig an cadal orm, thainig Marcaich an Eich Bhain. Thuirt e, ‘Eirich, a Mhanuis, ‘tha thu air do robadh, tha do shleagh 's do throsdan air an toirt bhuaith. Fhalbh thusa a chath 's a chomrag comhla riumsa, 's theid mise chath 's a chomrag comhla ruitsa rithis. Cha b' fhada bha mi cath 'sa chomrag

maille ris, 'nuair a mharbhadh mo chompanach Marcaich an Eich Bhàn. 'Nuair a chunna mise gun do mharbhadh mo chompanach leig mi mi-fhin am shleadh measg nan corp san àraich. Cha b' fada gus am faca mi fear as a dheigh sin a tighinn 's long airm, a'n tri aitheamh thaoid air a mhuin 's an t-aite bu doimh'n e bha 'sa chuain cha ruige e ach ploc na cruachan dha, thoisich e air taghadh nan ciurp a chuid bu reamradh dhiu ga'n cuir 's an luing. Thilg e mi-fhin innt' an toiseach, 's mo chompanach Marcaich an Eich Bhàn a ris. Leig e as aig bial uamh iad; chuir e nighean mhor ruadh mach airson a chuid bu reamh dhiu los gum biodh iad aig aig a dhinneir. 'S ann orm fhin rug i toiseach, 'Tha thu beò fhathasd,' 's thilg i gu taobh mi. An ath fhear air an d'rug i Marcaich an Eich Bhàn. Thug i glaoth caoineadh aisde 'g innse gur h-e brathair a bha ann. Thuirt mise ri, 'Fuirich samhach, o'n 's e do bhrathair tha ann, ath-bheothaichaidh mise e.' Rinn mi so, 's cha bi duais a b' fhearr thug e dhuibhne. Nach no leig leis clos an taobh a chaidh e. Dar a chunnaic sinn sid thug sinn as na bh' ann. Thug i stigh mi gun fhios da-san, 's chuir i folach mi an ceann shios na h-uamh. Dar thainig an oidheche thainig esan dhachai 's gad do bhradain 's an darna laimh 's cailleacha marbha 's an laimh eile. Thoisich e air an rostadh airson a shuipearach, 'nuair ghabh e sin chadail e. Bha sgonnan chraobh aig air an teine, 'nuair tharngeadh e ris anail, bhiodh iad an ceann bhos na h-uamh 's nuair chuireadh e mach i bhiodh iad 's a cheann eile. Dh' eirich mise rug mi air a rois iarrun bh'aige, loisg mi mo lamhan cumail nan sgonnan maide air a mhuin gus an d' rinn mi dearg e. Cha robh aige ach an aon sùil an clar an aoduinn; stob mi a rois iarruin na shùil. Bha e ga shadadh fhein feadh na h-uamh an sin gus na thuit e marbh. Thug mise 's an te ruadh seachd lathan 's seachd bliadhna mun do chuir sinn amach as an uaimh na phiosan e. Fhuair mi mac bho'n te ruaidh as an uaimh 's dh' fhan mi comhla ri gus an deanadh e rudeigin do chuideachd dhi. Chuir mi mach a bhirinn bha seachd bliadhna ga tearradh 's ga calcadh am braigh chladaich. Thug sinn gu siubhal a chuain uaibhrich le soirbheas beag, boidheach bheircadh duilleach a craoibh, seileach a beinn 's fraoch og as a bhun 's as a fhreumaichan, 's ghearra e silein cruaidh du coirce le du thoisich le ro fheabhas 'sa stiuradh e i.

"Raine mi Eirinn, 's co bha romham sin ach mo dha mhac fhein bha agam o Nighinn Rìgh na Sgeith Deirge, a cath 's a comhrag a toirt a mach a mathair. Thoisich mise comhla riu. Thug sinn seachd lathan 's seachd bliadhna an sin, 's cha robh sinn deanadh dad. Latha dona laithean chunnaic sinn fear a

tighinn 's bhuail e beum sgeith, 'g iarraidh Nighinn Rìgh an Domhain chuir amach ga ionnsuidh na ceile comhraig. Cha robh sean obair nach do thuit na obair ùr nach do *chrack*, anns' an spot bha i air a cur amach da ionnsuidh. Bha so mac na te ruaidhe air tigh'nn as an uaimh."

"Sin do chàs a Chein gus an cuir mise biole lus agus leigheas ri."

"Na na càs domhsa i 's na na càs a Chian i, 's na na 's motha 's mise Cian Mac an Luaidh, m' a shineas mise mach mo chàs a chuir biol luis no leigheas rithe,

IV. "Mar a h-innse thu dhamhsa co dhiu dh' fhalbh thu le Nighean Rìgh an Domhan no chaidh thu leis an te ruaidhe do'n uamha."

KEYN THE SON OF LOY.

There was a man in Ireland whose name was O'Cronicert, and his dwelling place was Corr-water, and he spent all he had on the great nobles of Ireland, bringing them for day's entertainment and for night's entertainment, till he had nothing left but an old tumble-down black house, and an old wife, and an old lame white horse. The thought that came into his head was, to go to the King of Ireland for assistance, to see what he would give. He cut a cudgel of grey oak in the outskirt of the wood, and sat on the back of the old lame white horse, and set off at speed through wood, and through moss, and through rugged ground, till he reached the King's house. The custom was, that a man should be a year and a day in the King's house before being asked the object of his journey. After being there a year and a day, the King said, "O'Cronicert, it is not, without a cause for your journey you have come here." "It is not," said O'Cronicert, "it is for assistance I have come here. You know it was for yourself and your great nobles I spent my property entirely." "You will wait," said the King, "till I bring in the children;" and they were there, as men called them, Murdoch MacBrian, and Duncan MacBrian, and Torgill MacBrian, and Brian Borr MacCimi,¹ and his sixteen foster brothers with every one of them.

"I will give," said Murdoch MacBrian, "a hundred milch cows to him."

"I will give," said Duncan MacBrian, "a hundred farrow cows to him, in case they should be in calf all in one year."

"I will give him," said Torgill MacBrian, "a hundred brood mares."

"I will give him," said Brian Borr MacCimi, "a hundred sheep."

After O'Cronicert got this, he was not going away. The King told him to go away ; that it was difficult to keep his herd separate from the King's own, and to take it away. He said to the King that he had one thing in view, and if he got it from the King, he would prefer it to all he had already got.

"It is certain," said the King, "it must be some bad thing or other ; you had better tell it, that I may let you away."

"It is," he said, "the lap-dog (*measàn*) that is out and in after the Queen, that I wish for ;" and the King gave him permission to take it with him.

He took the lap-dog, leapt on the back of the old lame white horse, and went off at speed, without one look at the herd, through wood, and through moss, and through rugged ground. After he had gone some distance through the wood, a roe-buck (*boc-earba*) leapt out of the wood, and the lap-dog went after it, and in an instant they were out of sight.

Close upon the evening, he saw the lap-dog coming, and a royal stag (*làn damh feidh*) before it, and the deer started up as a woman behind O'Cronicert, the handsomest that eye had ever seen from the beginning of the universe till the end of eternity² (*o thus an domhan gu deireadh na di linn*). O'Cronicert caught her, and she asked him to let her go, and he said there would be no separation in life between them.

"Well," said she, "before I go with you, you must come under three conditions to me," and he promised to come under the conditions.

"The first condition is, that you will not go to ask the King of Ireland or his great nobles for a day's or a night's entertainment without telling me. The next condition is, that you will not go to a change-house without putting it in my option ; and the third thing, that you will never cast up to me that you found me an unwise animal³ (*beothach mi-chéillidh*) in the wood."

They reached the old tumble-down black house, and the wife he had left there was a faggot-bundle of bones in a pool of rain-drip in the middle of the floor. They cut grass in clefts and ledges of the rocks, and made a bed, and laid down.

O'Cronicert's wakening from sleep was the lowing of cattle and the bleating of sheep, and the neighing of mares, while he himself was in a bed of gold on wheels of silver, going from end to end of the Tower of Castle Town, the finest eye had seen from the beginning of the universe till the end of eternity.

"It is no wonder," he said, "the like of this should happen to me, when I found you an unwise animal in the wood."

"As well as you broke that condition you will break the rest ; rise, and drive the cattle away to pasture."

When he went out, there was no number to the multitude of his flock ; and on a day of the days after that, while looking at the flock, he thought he would go to ask the King of Ireland for a day and night's entertainment. He sat on the back of the old lame white horse, and went through wood and moss and rugged ground, till he reached the King's house.

The King said to him, "Do you at all intend, O'Cronicert, to take your flock with you ? They are to-day so numerous that the herdsmen do not know them from my own."

"No ; I have no need of them. I have a larger stock than yourself ; and what has brought me is to ask yourself and nobles for a day and night's entertainment."

The King said to him—"We are ready, my good fellow, to go ;" and there were there, as men called them, Murdoch MacBrian and Duncan MacBrian and Torgill MacBrian and Brian Borr MacCimi ; and his sixteen foster-brothers with every one of them. It was when they were near the house, O'Cronicert remembered he had left without telling her. He told them to make their way slowly, and he himself would go before, to tell they were coming.

"You did not need ; I knew very well that you went. Let them come ; everything is ready."

When the King thought he had been seven days and seven nights drinking there, he said to Murdoch, his son, that it was time for them to be going. She then said to the King that it was high time for him. "You have been seven days and seven years in this place."

"If I am," said he, "I need not go back ; there is not a man or living creature awaiting me."

Murdoch had a foster-brother, whose name was Keyn the son of Loy⁴ (*Cian Mac an Luaimh*), and he fell in love with O'Cronicert's wife. He pretended to be ill, and he remained behind the rest. She made a drink for him, and went with it to him ; but, instead of taking the drink, he laid hold of herself to take her to the bed. She suddenly became a filly,⁵ and gave him a kick, and broke his leg. She took with her the Tower of Castle Town as an armful on her shoulders and a light burden on her back, and left him in the old tumble-down black house in a pool of rain-drip in the middle of the floor.

In the parting, O'Cronicert went to the change house to bid the party good-bye, and it was then Murdoch MacBrian

remembered he had left his own foster-brother, Keyn the son of Loy, behind, and said there would be no separation in life between them, and he would go back for him. He found Keyn in the old tumble-down black house, in the middle of the floor in a pool of rain water, with his leg broken; and he said the earth would make a nest in his sole, and the sky a nest in his head, if he did not find a man who would cure Keyn's leg. "

They said to him that the little Knight of Innisturk⁶ in Ireland would heal Keyn's leg, if he got the hereditary rights which his father had, with an herb to be found in the most remote isle of the wide universe.⁷ They launched the galley that was seven years being tarred and caulked above the beach. They took to traversing the proud ocean with a gentle breeze that could shake the leaves off the trees, take the willow from the hill, and uproot the young heather from its base. It could split a black grain of oats with its black prow from the excellence with which he steered it. They arrived at the remote isle, and when they went ashore the little Knight did not know the herb, but only knew it must be there. He tied a rope round Keyn's waist, and was dragging him through every clump of herbs that he saw; so that if the herb touched the leg it would be healed. He durst not return home if he did not heal the leg, as he had undertaken to do; and the thought that occurred to him was that he would leave Keyn on his side in the island, without man or living creature, and that he would say that he had healed the leg, but that the heaving of a billow had taken him overboard on the way.

Keyn lay on his side in the isle without a man or living creature. In the afternoon he thought he heard the rowing of a boat, but he said to himself that it was not the sound of rowing, and that that would never come. A while after that he was convinced it was the sound of rowing he heard. He then saw coming a man rowing a coracle⁸ with a pair of silver oars. He brought it to land, and leapt from it, and drew it up seven times its own length on the green grass, where no man's son from any large town would make it an object of sport or ridicule. He came forward, and said to him—"Stretch out your leg that I may put a poultice to relieve and soothe to it." "May it be no leg of mine, or leg to Keyn, nor may I be Keyn the son of Loy, if I stretch out my leg to put a salve of herbs or healing or poultice to relieve or soothe to it until you tell me who you are of all the world's people or nobles who put the trouble and the labour in your own head to come to heal my leg."

"Confusion and stupor overtake you. The foreshadowing of evil and hard fortune hang over you for placing more hindrance in my way. I will tell you that."

I. "I am Manus⁹ Mor, son of the King of Lochlinn, and I have to hear mass¹⁰ in Rome, and sleep in the capital of my father's kingdom this night.

"Stretch out your leg that I may put a poultice to soothe and relieve to it."

"May it be no leg of mine, or leg to Keyn, nor may I be Keyn the son of Loy, if I stretch out my leg to put a salve of herbs or healing to it until you tell me why your father's great city had not a priest's mass of its own." "Confusion and stupor," &c.

"There was an old church in my father's city, and there was no man's son from any large town that did not make sport and ridicule of it. I thought that the highest stone of it should be the lowest. I launched the galley that was seven days and seven years being tarred and caulked above the beach, to go in search of a joiner, a mason, and slater to build a church in my father's capital. I betook me to traversing the proud ocean. I landed in a long, wild country, full of wood, rugged ground, and bogs. Neither man nor living creature met me. When I had gone a good piece into the country, three men met me. They saluted me, recognising me. I said to them, 'You have of me a recognition, which I have not of you.' 'We have,' they said, 'and we know the purport of your journey and travel. You are in search of a joiner, a mason, and slater to build a church in your father's great town, and if they are to be found in the four red quarters of the earth, you have them here.' I returned, and those three men with me, and they were a year and a day in my father's house before they went to lay the foundation of the church. In a year and a day I went out with them to begin the church. The mason took a handful of small stone fragments out of his pocket, cast them on the ground, and the walls of the church were ready. The joiner took shavings out of his pocket in the same manner, and the church was roofed. The slater did likewise, and the church was finished. 'Now,' said they, 'bring out your sister and mother, put one in at each door; if they find fault with the building, the church will require no payment, but if they do not find fault, the church will require payment.' I brought out my sister and my mother. They entered one at each door. The doors closed after them. They lifted the church as an armful on their shoulders, and alight burden on their back, with my sister and mother inside."

"Stretch out your leg, &c., until you tell me whether you ever went in search of your sister and mother."

"Confusion, &c. I will tell you that."

II. "My father said to me, 'It is to you a disgrace to be the third¹¹ best hero in the whole universe, and not to go in search of your sister and mother.'

"I launched the galley that was seven years being tarred and caulked above the beach, and as I was passing a long, wild country that was there, I saw a fierce fighting and combat on land. One man alone fighting a hundred.¹² I thought I should land and help him, since he was alone. I drew up the galley seven times her own length on the green grass, where no son of man from any large town could make it an object of sport or ridicule. I began at one end and he himself at the other, and before the evening came I had killed my own half-hundred, and evening came before he had slain his own half-hundred. He did not invite me to go with him to the house, but since he did not forbid me, I followed him. He sat at his food to which he did not invite me either, but as he did not forbid me, I sat down along with him. What surprised me was that the men whom we had slain yesterday should come next day asking fighting and combat. He went out and began at one end, and I began at the other. When mid-day came I had my own half-hundred slain, but it was evening before he had slain his half-hundred. Then I thought that I would watch all that night to see what caused those men whom we had slain to rise again demanding combat and conflict. I lay down in the furthest off part of the battlefield where I saw a woman coming, of more than ordinary height, a short spear and crutch in her right hand, and a small stoup of revivification on her left finger. She first made for me, and put her finger in my mouth, and what I caught of the finger I kept. 'You are still alive,' she said, 'rise and hold the short spear and crutch, or revive the men.' 'I prefer,' said I, 'to hold the short spear and crutch.' When she bent to revive the first man of them, I threw off her head, I then laid down where I was before to see whether any further search would come, and shortly before daybreak I saw a man coming, between whose legs I could see the whole world from his great size, and a short spear and crutch in his right hand, and the small life-restoring stoup in his left hand. He made first for me, and put his finger in my mouth, and what I caught of his finger I held. He said to me, 'You are still alive; rise and hold the short spear and crutch, or revive the men.' 'I will hold the short spear and crutch,' I replied. When he bent down to

restore the first man, I flung off his head. The day dawned without further disturbance. The corpses did not move, they lay as they were. The man who used to combat with them came out. 'Hail to you, Manus, it has been long foretold that you would be the first to bring peace to me. You will come and sit with me at breakfast to-day.' 'I would like first to know who you are.' 'I am the son of the daughter of Black-knee from the seat of Winding Streams' [*Camruisg*]. I went with him to breakfast. He said to me, 'I have a thing here that no one ever saw before, I will give you a sight of it; I have my father and mother here preserved in the self-same form they had when they left this world.' He showed them to me, and I restored them to life for him, and they sat at breakfast with us. He then said to me, 'Manus, I know well the purport of your journey and travel. You are going in search of your sister and mother, but you are weak, soft, and childish for the undertaking. If you had delayed for two years longer, you would be the second best hero of the universe. Your sister and mother are with the second best hero in the universe—the son of the King of Red Shield. I will give you shoes that I have here, and they will carry you seven years journey in one day, and you will be to-night in the house of a sister of mine, and she will put you better on the road.' I arrived at her house, and she recognising, me welcomed me. 'It has long been predicted that you would be the first to give rest to my brother. Well do I know the purport of your journey and travel. You are going in search of your sister and mother, but you are weak, soft, and childish to go to combat with the son of the King of Red Shield. There are two creatures before you at the gate of the city that no weapon can pierce, as they are covered all over with scales, except two spots below the neck, in which their death wounds lie, if one could only light on them. Their names are Roar (Borg), and Rustle (Binneag).' I arrived, and the two creatures were there before me. 'Short spear and crutch, you are not worth carrying if you will not assist me.' The word was no sooner uttered than the two creatures that were before me were killed. I went on, and struck a gage of battle on the green of the great town. There was no old work there that did not fall, nor new building that did not crack.¹³ An old man put his head out of a window and asked me what I meant. I said to him 'to send my sister and mother out, or to send equal combat.' 'I am no subject for combat with you; my son is in the hunting hill, come in, your mother and sister are here.' I went in, and before long his son returned from the hunting hill, and asked who the impertinent

boy was that had the audacity to slay the two creatures that guarded the city. His father said to him that Manus, the son of the King of Lochlinn, slew them, 'and if you had not before now acted wrongly by him he would not have made such a toilsome journey now.' 'You will take away your mother, Manus,' said the son of the King of Red Shield, 'but you will leave your sister with me.' 'It will not be so, but I will take her also with me, and you will go with us, and if her father, the King of Lochlinn, gives her to you I will not keep her from you.'

"We launched the galley that was seven years being tarred and caulked above the beach, and we went on board, I and my sister, my mother, and the son of the King of Red Shield. We were passing a wide, wild country, and we saw on land combat and conflict. I enquired what combat and conflict that was. The son of the King of Red Shield said, 'It is easily seen that you never left home before until now. I was for seven years and seven days striving to win the daughter of the King of the Universe in combat and conflict, and I made nothing of it.' 'We better,' said Manus, 'go ashore.' 'There are many better warriors there than you,' said the son of the King of Red Shield. 'We will, at all events, go ashore,' said Manus. He went forward, and on arriving at the Castle he saw her looking out of a window. He jumped up and struck her with the back of his hand, and before she reached the ground he caught her. He then carried her to the galley. When I went away with her I said to her, 'Am I not the best warrior that ever sought you?' 'You can jump well,' said she, 'but I have not seen any of your prowess.' He ordered the galley to be put about, and he returned to land again. He began at the one end and the Short Spear and Crutch at the other; there was a man on one leg, another with one arm, and another with one eye, and although the man left living had thirty tongues in his head, it would be telling his own ills and the ills of all the rest he would be. The son of the King of Red Shield said to him, 'Manus, you will give me the daughter of the King of the Universe, and you can have your mother and sister to yourself.' 'Short Spear and Crutch, split him, and put a half on each side of the galley.' That was no sooner said than done. I then arrived at the capital of my father's kingdom, and my sister, mother, and the daughter of the King of the Universe along with me.

"Stretch now your leg that I may put a poultice to relieve and soothe to it." "May it be no leg of mine, nor a leg to Keyn, neither may I be Keyn the son of Loy if I stretch my foot to put

a salve of herbs or healing or poultice to relieve or soothe to it, until you tell me whether any search was ever made for the daughter of the King of the Universe."

III. "After some time a fleet of ships was seen approaching my father's capital city. My father said to me, 'I will be entirely destroyed this day on your account. It is after the daughter of the King of the Universe that those have come.'

"When I heard this, I launched the galley, &c., &c. I put the daughter of the King of the Universe at the helm, while I was a full complement of hands in its middle. When I got outside of the fleet of ships, I called that I, Manus the son of the King of Lochlinn, was there, and that I had on board with me the daughter of the King of the Universe, and any one who wished to follow me was to come. Those of them who were short of a crew were only putting the hatchet on the cables to follow me. The night overtook us, and the one could not see the other, and when morning came none of them were in sight. We landed in a country where no living man was seen, so far as we travelled through it. We put up in a cave. My livelihood was fishing and hunting. Two sons were born to me in the cave by the Daughter of the King of the Universe. I was coming home one day, when the boys had grown somewhat big, and I saw a man going away with her on the palm of his hand, and the boys weeping after their mother. I followed them to the shore. He asked me where I was going. I said to him that I wanted to take the Daughter of the King of the Universe from him. He caught me, and thrust me up to my shoulders in a heap of stones. I was kept there a great part of the day, till the boys removed the stones and freed me. A little after that, when the boys were able to do somewhat for themselves, I launched the galley that was seven years being tarred and caulked above the beach, and we took to sailing the proud ocean, &c., &c. I arrived at the next country, and the fleet of ships that was at my father's capital was there before me, at a stop in the thickness of ocean.¹⁴ I landed and put up a tent along with the boys for combat and conflict there. Every day a man came making music that sent us to sleep. On a certain day I fell asleep, and the Rider of the White Horse came. He said—'Rise, Manus, you have been robbed; your spear and crutch have been taken from you. Come with me to combat and conflict, and I will go with you to combat and conflict again.' I was not very long fighting and combating along with him, when my companion, the Rider of the White Horse, was slain. When I saw that my companion was killed, I laid myself down among the slain on the

battlefield, and before long I saw a man coming, with a ship in three fathoms of rope on his back, and the deepest place in the sea only reached to his hip-joint. He began to choose among the slain, putting the fattest on board his ship. He threw myself in first, and my companion, the Rider of the White Horse, next. He left them at the mouth of a cave. He sent out a big red-headed girl for the fattest of them, that he might have them for his dinner. She first caught me—'You are still alive,' and she threw me aside. The next that she caught was the Rider of the White Horse. She gave a loud cry of sorrow to tell that he was her brother. I said to her, 'Be quiet ; as he is your brother, I will restore him to life.' I did so, and it was not the best thanks he gave us for not letting him lie in peace the way he had gone. When we saw that we took out of him all that was in him, she brought me in without his knowledge, and hid me in the innermost end of the cave. At nightfall he returned with a withy of salmon in the one hand and foxglove in the other. He began to roast them for his supper, and when he had eaten them, he slept. He had pieces of wood on the fire ; when he drew in his breath they would be at this end of the cave, and when he let it out they would be at the other. I arose and caught the iron roaster that he had, and burnt my hands keeping the pieces of wood above it until I made it red-hot. He had only one eye in his forehead. I stuck the iron roaster in his eye. He was then hurling himself against the cave until he was dead. The red-headed girl and I were seven days and seven years before we put him out of the cave in pieces. A son was born to me by the red-haired maid in the cave, and I remained with her until he could do something to help her. I then launched the galley that was seven years being tarred and caulked above the beach. We took to traversing the proud ocean with a soft gentle breeze that would take foliage off trees, willow from the hill, and young heather from its roots and base. It could split a black ear of oats with its black prow from the excellence with which he steered it.

"I reached Ireland, and who should be there before me but my own two sons, who were born to me by the daughter of the King of Red Shield, fighting and combating to recover their mother. I began with them. We were seven years and seven days there, and we were making nothing of it. On a certain day we saw a man coming, and he struck a gage of battle on his shield, demanding the daughter of the King of the Universe to be sent out to him, or equal conflict. There was not an old building that did

not fall nor new building that did not crack. She was sent out to him on the spot. This was the son of the red maiden, who had come from the cave.

"Stretch out your leg, Keyn, that I may put a salve of herbs and healing to it." "May it be no leg of mine, or leg to Keyn, nor may I be Keyn the son of Loy if I stretch out my leg to put a salve of herbs or healing to it,

IV. "Until you tell me whether you went away with the daughter of the King of the Universe or with the red-headed maid to the cave."

NOTES.

¹ *Brian Borr MacCimi*. — In Gaelic tales, Brian Bòrr is represented as the father of Murdoch MacBrian and Duncan MacBrian, and is probably the same as *Brian Boroime* and *Brian Borraidh*. Under the latter designation, or Brian "in his *swell* attire," he forms the subject of a recitation of great interest to the antiquarian. This recitation was preserved among the papers of the late Reverend Mr MacNicol of Lismore, Argyleshire, and a copy of it was sent to the writer by the late well-known J. F. Campbell of Islay. MacCimi is a designation of the Lovat family. The writer can give no explanation of it beyond the probability of its being the same as Jamieson. During the existence of this Brian family Gaelic poetry and lore seem to have attained their most Augustan age.

² *Dilinn* may mean the cessation of the progress of the ages, or "when time shall be no more." *Di* is the want or total absence of anything.

³ *Mi-chiallach*, an insensate creature. *Cial* is the highest faculty of mankind, even higher than *tur* (sense). *Se tur a fhadaidheas tein ach se cial a chuireas as e* (common sense can kindle fire, but it is reason that can put it out).

⁴ *Mac-an-Luaimh* is the same as Molloy, and means the recluse of the cave. In the Highlands of Scotland, *Cian* is used as a substantive to denote a tiresome, wearisome person, *Nach tu an Cian* (what a plague you are), and the length to which these tales, about the healing of Keyn's leg, extended make the unhappy man who broke it amply deserving of the name. When the tales were fully told, they were said to bring the white light of day into the middle of the floor, and to have extended to twenty-four or more in number. This, to a sleepy audience on a long winter night in the Highlands of Scotland, would try the patience of even the

most wakeful. MacNicol, in his remarks on Johnson's tour, says of it that "it is long enough to furnish subject of amusement for several nights running."

⁶ *Loth*.—The metamorphoses of fairy women into deer and also into fillies is referred to in the tale of Macphie's Black Dog (*Celtic Review*).

⁶ *Innis da thorc*.—Innisturk, an island in Mayo, off the west coast of Ireland.

⁷ *Damhair* is here probably the same as extreme or thorough, and seems to mean that the island was in some fabulously-remote corner of the universe, "close upon old ocean's utmost bounds."

⁸ *Curachan*, Coracle, is a boat made of wicker work covered with hides. It is still in use in Bantry Bay and other parts of Ireland, and also is known in Wales. It was in such a boat that Cæsar crossed the Rubicon. The principle of it is also to be found in the canoes of the Esquimaux, and its security even in the stormiest waters can readily be conceived.

⁹ Manus or Magnus, King of Norway, is a well known historical character. Christianity was established in Norway by Olaf I. about 998, while in Ireland its introduction seems to date from the earliest age, even from the persecution which arose on the death of Stephen, when "they that were scattered abroad went everywhere preaching the word."

¹⁰ *Eibhnis*, perhaps also the same as Aifrin, given in Lhuyd's *Archæologia* as meaning mass.

¹¹ *Treasa*.—A third party is frequently referred to in Gaelic lore, thus, Diarmid was the third best hero of the Fian host. The wonders of Scotland are said to be three in number.

¹² *Ceud*.—Murdoch MacBrian, in his conversation with the daughter of the Heir of Baileclíath [*Inghean Oighre Bhaileclíath*] whom he met and asked for a drink as he returned sorely wounded from battle, said—

*"Gus an diugh gu'n dìondain ceud
Le m' chlàidheamh geur a's le m' ghath."* *
(Till to-day I could overcome a hundred
With my sharp sword and javelin.)

¹³ *Chrack*.—This word is so akin in pronunciation to Gaelic words, as, *e.g.*, *cnag*, a wooden pin, that it has readily become assimilated, and is a word in common use.

¹⁴ *Muir Tiach* is the common name for jelly fish, which are sometimes numerous thick in the Western Islands.

21st DECEMBER, 1887.

At the meeting of the Society held this evening, Fitzroy C. Fletcher, Esq. of Letham Grange, Arbroath, was elected a life member of the Society. Thereafter the Secretary read an interesting Gaelic tale, contributed by the Rev. Mr M'Rury, Snizort, entitled "Teann Sios a Dhomhuill Oig." The paper was as follows :—

TEANN SIOS A DHOMHUILL OIG.

This tale is of value as a specimen of the Gaelic spoken at present in the island of Benbecula. I took it down, word for word, from the dictation of a Benbecula man (my brother, John E. M'Rury, commercial traveller), last September, and I now give it exactly as I got it. When writing it out for the Society, I took special care not to use any vowel or consonant which the reciter's method of pronounciation did not warrant me to use. For example, the Gaelic for Donald and Ranald in Benbecula is *Domhull agus Raoghull* (*mh* and *gh* being silent), not *Domhnull agus Raoghnull*, the common way of spelling these names. I am not going to say here which is right and which is wrong. But as the "n" sound is never used in these proper names in Benbecula, I, of course, could not use them. I often heard of *Clann Domhuill Ghruamaich*, the children of Donald Gruamach, or Gloomy Donald, but never of *Clann Domhnull Ghruamaich*. This last form would mean, The Gloomy Macdonalds; but I do not think the Macdonalds, as a clan, were gloomy. Again, I never heard the words *maith* and *focal* used in common conversation in any part of the counties of Ross, Inverness, and Argyll. The words used were *math* and *facal*. I need not multiply examples in illustrating what I mean. It will be sufficient only to say that every one who reads the tale is expected to look upon it as a specimen of the Gaelic spoken in a certain district, showing the idiom and the spelling peculiar to the said district. Might not the Gaelic Society try to get similar specimens from various other districts, and in this way be able to compare the merits of the Gaelic spoken in Ross, Inverness, and Argyll, before finally deciding on the best method of spelling the Gaelic (if such a method is still unknown), as proposed by the Gaelic Society of London. I have no doubt many members of the Society will, like Domhull

Og, excuse themselves by saying that they have no tale to give ; but, as Domhull Og's host said, if they have not got a tale ready to tell, let them make one.

An uair a bha seana Mhac 'ic Ailein a' comhnuidh ann an seann Taigh a' Bhail' Aird, am Baile-nan-Cailleach, m' an do thogadh na taighean a th' ann an diugh, thachair gu robh gocairneach beag buachaille aige do 'm b' ainm Domhull òg. B' e dhreuchd mar bhuachaille an aire 'thoirt do 'n chrodh sheasg o latha Fheill Padruig gu latha Samhna. Bha 'n crodh seasg 'g an toirt gu clar-aghaidh a' bhaile aig an Fheill Padruig—agus aig an t-Samhuinn chuirte a mach iad gu ruige Roisinnis—cul-cinn Bhaile-nan-Cailleach, far am biodh iad gu Feill Padruig. B' e tuarasdal Dhomhuill òig air son na buachailleachd, feurach mairt, agus obair eich air clar-aghaidh a' bhaile. B' e bhiadh fad an t-Samhraidh 's an Fhoghair bonnach math eòrna, agus bainne mairt a h-uile latha ; agus fad a' Gheamhraidh 's an Earraich, b' e bhiadh gach latha bonnach math eòrna, agus pinnt bhrochain. A bharrachd air so bha 'roinn aige ri 'fhaotainn a dh' iasgach 's a dh' fheòlach a' bhaile ; 's e sin ri radh, an uair a thigeadh mòran de na cudaigean no de na suidheanan do 'n Chuilidh, 's a' ghlacadh sgalan a' bhaile mòran diubh leis na tàibh, gheibheadh Domhull òg a roinn diubh. Mar an ceudna na 'm faigheadh crodh no caoraich bàs le dosgaidh bha roinn aige ri 'fhaotainn diubh.

Bha Domhull òg pòsda, ach cha robh duine cloinne aige, agus bha 'n taigh aige 's an Aird-fhada. Bliadhna de na bliadhnachan a bha Domhull òg 'na bhuachaille thàinig an t-Samhuinn mar a b' àbhaist, agus b' eiginn da falbh leis a' chrodh sheasg gu ruige Roisinnis. Dh' fhalbh e gu h-eutrom, aigeannach, uallach, le 'chuaille math, daraich 'na dhòrn, a dh' iomainn na spréidhe a dh' ionnsuidh an ionaltraidh Gheamhraidh. An uair a ràinig e Roisinnis chunnt e 'n scalbhan do 'n bhuachaille. 'Nam measg bha 'n aon bhò aige fhein ; oir, o 'n a bha i seasg air a' bhliadhna ud, b' fhearr leis a cur do 'n bheinn na bhith 'ga beathachadh aig a' bhaile. An uair a fhuair e gréim bidh an taigh a' bhuachaille, 's a dh' innis e naigheachdan a' bhaile dhaibh, rinn e air son tilleadh dhachaidh do Bhaile-nan-Cailleach air chois-cheum cheudna. Ràinig e dhachaidh am beul an anamoich. Bha bhean agus cuagairneach math de bhonnach eòrna deiseil aice air a choinneamh, agus lan a' chumain chàrt de bhrochan. An uair a ghabh e de 'n bhiadh so na thàinig ris, rinn e air son dol a chadal mar a b' àbhaist. Rud nach b' ioghnadh, bha Domhull bochd sgith an deigh a thuruis ; agus o 'n a bha uallach na spréidhe an deis a thogail

dheth re a' Gheamhraidh 's an Earraich, chaidail e cho trom ri cloich gus an robh a' ghrian an àirde nan speur an là-r-namhàireach. Ach an uair a bh 'ghrian a' teannadh ri cromadh thainig teachdaireachd d' a ionnsuidh gu 'n do theich a h-uile gin de 'n spréidh a Roisinnis thun a' bhaile, agus gu feumadh e bhith grad fhalbh leò. Cha robh null no nall ann ach a bhith 'truisealadh na briogais, a' cur uime nan cuaran, 's a bhith grad fhalbh leis an spréidh air ais gu ruige Roisinnis. Cho tapaidh 's ga robh Domhull bha 'dhiol aige ri 'dheanamh an crodh a thilleadh air ais do 'n bheinn 'na ònar. B' i bhò aige fhein an aon bu duilghe dha de 'n t-sreud, do bhrìgh gu 'n do chleachd i bhith 'n ceangal aige ré a' Gheamhraidh air a' bhuabull an taobh shios de 'n teine. Ach a dh' olc no dh' éiginn gu 'n d' fhuair e ràinig e Roisinnis leò greis an déis do 'n oidhche dòrchnachadh. An uair a chunnt e'n spréidh air ais do 'n bhuachaille eile, 's ann a rinn e air son 'aghaidh a chur air 'iuil 's a chùl ri 'an-iuil. Ach sid rud nach leigeadh an buachaille eile leis. 'S ann a dh' fheumadh e fuireach còmhladh ris fhein an oidhche sin. An uair a chaidh iad a steach do 'n taigh bha teine briagha aig bean a' bhuachaille air a chagailt mar a b' àbhaist. Dh' iarradh air Domhull òg suidhe air fìor cheann shuas na beinge; agus shuidh fear-an-taighe an taobh shuas de 'n teine. Rud nach b' ioghnadh bha Domhull òg sgìth, agus dh' iarr bean-an-taighe air a' chuarain a chur dheth 's a chasan a gharadh. Rinn e sin, 's leig e 'uileann air balg de mhin ghradanaidh a bh' air ceann shuas na beinge, 's thoisich noradaich chadail ri tighinn air. Dh' fhaighneachd fear-an-taighe dheth an robh naigheachd ùr sam bhith aige o 'n bhaile. Thuirt Domhull nach robh dad a dh' annas naigheachd aige-san ach na chuala iad an de. Bha 'g ulluchadh na suipearach—brochan-cail is feòil is aran, agus dh' iarr i air o nach robh naigheachd ùr 'sam bith aige, e gabhail sgeulachd gus am biodh am bruthaiste bruich, 's am faigheadh e rud a bhlàiticheadh e. Thuirt e nach robh e-fhein riamh math air na sgeulachdan, agus nach b' urrainn da sgeulachd a ghabhail. "Mur 'eil sgeulachd agad a nochd," arsa fear-an-taighe, "bidh sgeulachd agad mu'n teid thu thun a' bhaile màireach. Cha robh air sin ach sin fhein. Thàinig an cadal ni bu truime air Domhull òg. Bha teine mòr, briagha air a bheul-thaobh g' a gharadh, agus balg sleamhuinn, mìn loma-lan de mhin ghradanaidh fo 'leth-cheann, 's a shùilean a' glómadaich an uair a chuala e, ar leis, farum chas a' tighinn thun an doruis. Thug e sùil air an doruis, agus ciod a b' iongantais leis na spalpaire mòr, briagha de dhuine òg a thighinn a steach, agus e ann an eideadh ro shuaicheanta. Sheas e cho dìreach ri crann sia-ramhaich air

bathais an urlair, 's chuir e fàilte cridheil, chaoimhneil air fear-an-taighe 's air bean-an-taighe, mar gu'm biodh e cho eòlach orra o 'n a rugadh e 's a bha 'n cat air oir na luathadh. Gun abadh gun aobhar ghabh e ceum suas thun na beinge far an robh Domhull òg 'na leith-shineadh, agus rug e gu dalma air ghualainn air, 's thuirt e, "Teann slos a Dhomhuill òig," agus shuidh e 'n taobh shuas dheth air a bheingidh. Cha robh e sìon saoghalta ach air a mhàs a bhualadh fodha air a' bheingidh an uair a nochd an ath spalpaire òg a steach, agus gàire air 'fhiacail. Chuir e fàilte chridheil, chaoimhneil air fear-an-taighe 's air bean-an-taighe mar gu 'm b' aithne dha riamh iad. Gun tuilleadh a ràdh ghabh e suas, agus rug e air ghualainn air Domhull òg, agus thuirt e ris gu dalma, "Teann sios a Dhomhuill òig," agus shuidh e 'n taobh shuas dheth air a' bheingidh. Theann Domhull òg slos mar a dh' iarradh air. Anns an t-suidhe dha chuala e turp mu'n dorus, 's thug e sùil thar a ghuaile, agus ciod a b' iongantaishe leis na 'n treas ceatharnach a nochdadh a steach, air éideadh anns an aon seòrsa earraidh ri càch, agus mur b' e bu chridheile 's bu chaoimhneile 'chuir fàilte 's furainn air fear-an-taighe 's air bean-an-taighe cha b' e dad bu ghruamaiche. Gun abadh gun aobhar ghabh e suas, agus rug e air ghualainn air Domhull òg, 's thuirt e, "Teann sios a Dhomhuill òig," agus shuidhe e 'n taobh shuas dheth. Bha Domhull òg an uair sin 'na shuidhe air fìor cheann shìos na beinge, agus bha 'n gnothach a bh' ann a' cur anabarr ioghnadh air. Thug e sùil thall 's a' bhos feuch am faiceadh e 'dhà chuaran 's a chuaille math darnaich 's gu 'n togadh e air thun a' bhaile. An uair a chuir e 'dhà chuaran mu cheannaibh a chas, 's a rug e air a' chuaille 'na dhòrn thug e 'aghaidh air an dorus gu falbh. Ach ciod a b' iongantaishe leis na 'n ceathramh spalpaire a phlacadh a steach mu 'n aodann air. Chuir e fàilte air fear-an-taighe 's air bean-an-teighe mar a rinn càch, agus shuidh e air a bheingidh. Sheall Domhull òg a mach as an taigh, ach bha 'n oidheche car dorcha agus fuar leis air son a dhol thun a' bhaile. Bha h-uile rud a bh' ann a' cur anabarr ioghnaidh air; ach ged a bha, rinn e suas' inntinn gur ann a dh'fhuiricheadh e fad dùgan na h-oidheche far an robh e. Thill e steach, agus leig e e-fhein 'na shìneadh air torr feoir a bha 'n iochdar an taighe. Ach a chur an sgeoil an aith-ghearrachd thàinig fear an deigh fir a steach gus mu dheireadh an robh da fhear dheug dhiubh a staigh. Agus bha h-uile fear riamh dhiubh a' cur na h-aon fhailte chridheil, chaoimhneil air fear-an-taighe 's air bean-an-taighe. Bha h-uile mac mathar dhiubh air an éideadh ann an earradh na h-aon dùth-chadh, agus sin a' comharrachadh a mach, ge b' e dùthaich do 'm

buineadh iad gu robh a luchd-aiteachaidh a cheart cho fada air aghaidh ann am fiosrachadh 's a bha 'n duthaich do buineadh Domhull òg e-fhein. Bha gach aon de 'n da fhear dheug a' cur cheisdean air fear-an-taighe 's air bean-an-tighe, agus bha gach fear dhiubh ag aithris a sgeoil fhein. Cha robh dad de choltas gu falbhadh iad an oidhche sin. Bha Domhull òg air a leth-thaobh anns an fheur ag eisdeachd ris na chluinneadh e, agus ag amharc air na chitheadh e, gu bog, balbh, sàmhach, mar gu 'm biodh balgum fala 'na bhial. Dh'fhaighneachd a' cheud fhear a thàinig steach de bhean-an-tighe ciod a bh' aice anns a' phoit a bh' air an teine, agus thuirt ise ris gu robh na bha 'dh' fheoil an taobh a staigh de 'n dorus ann gu suipeir a dheanamh do Dhomhuill òg, a dh' fhear-an-taighe, agus dhi fhein. "Thut a's droch uair," ars' an darna fear a thàinig a steach, "cha mhor a's fheairrde cuideachd e 's bu rudeiginn a dh' aon duine e." "Is mithich a bhi bogadh nan gad," ars' an treas fear, "is beag éis a riugeas sinne leas a bhith oirnn, is iomadh feoil a thug Domhull òg o 'n bhaile a nochd. Cha bheag an t-sreud spréidhe a dh'fhag e air a' chnoc ud thall." "A chladhairean," ars' an ceathramh fear, "bithibh a gabhail a mach, agus thugaibh a steach an so an ceithir-chasach a's fhearr 's is raimhre 's a' bhuaillidh." Leum ceathrar air am buinn cho ealamh 's ged a thuiteadh sgeith-runnaig lhar aghaidh nan speur, agus cha robh aig Domhull òg ach sealladh a chul nan sàiltean aca a mach an dorus. Cha robh iad fad a muigh an uair a chualas gnòsadaich, is stàphaich is ùpraid a teachd a steach. Cò bha 'n so ach an ceathrar spalpairean a chaidh a mach, agus an t agh bu bhriagha 'bha 'm buaile Mhic-ic-Ailein aca, dithis 'g a dhraghadh, agus dithis 'g a phutadh. Thug am fear a bh' air ceann shuas na beinge sùil thar a ghuaille, agus thuirt e riutha nach b' e sid am beathach ceart. Thuirt fear eile gu'm b' é. Thuirt an ath fhear b' fhaighe dha air ceann shuas na beinge nach b' e, each gur ann a bha 'm beathach ceart ann mart culach, tapaidh le Domhull òg; saill air a druim 's geir air a broinn, 's i 'na laidhe 'na h-ònar shìos an iòchdar na buaile. Ma 'm briogadh tu cuò chaidh an ceithir-chasach a bh' air an ùrlar a sheoladh ris an dorus. Cheart cho luath ris na seabhaig bha ceathrar eile air am buinn agus a mach a ghabh iad 'nan deannaibh dearg air thòir bò Dhomhuill òig. Bha Domhull òg bochd 's an fheur 's gun diog a' tighinn as a cheann, agus an anail an àird a' chléibh aigel eis an eagal. Mu 'n gann a shaoil e gu 'n d' ràinig iad bha iad air an ais, agus a' bhò eatorra. Dh' fhaighneachd am fear a bh' air ceann shuas na beinge a dh' fhear-an-taighe c'aite an robh a' chore 's gun deanadh iad an grad-lubadh air a' bhoìn. Fhuaradh a' chore, ach bha i cho maol 's

nach tugadh i strioch air a seicidh. Thuairt am fear a bha ri 'thaobh gu'm bu neo-choireach dhaibh a bhith 'g a faonadh air an doigh ud, gu robh deagh sgian gheur ann am pòcaid Dhomhuill òig air an torr fheoir an lochdar an taighe, agus gu 'm bu ghoirid bu chòir dhaibh a bhith 'g a toirt uaith. Thug fear dhiubh dudar leum as sìos thun an torr fheoir, 's chuir e 'lamb am pòcaid Dhomhuill òig, agus mu 'n gann a dh' fhairich e as aonais i bha i air a sàthadh ann an sgòrnan na bà aige fhein. Leis an ùpraid a bh' ann chaidh Dhomhuill òg gu crith 's gu gairisinn, agus rinn e air son an dorus a thoirt air. Shliagair e mach mar a b' fhearr a dh' fhaodadh e; ach an uair a thug e 'shàilean seachad air an fhad-bhuinn bhuail an t-eagal e ni bu mhò na rinn e riamh. Thug e sùil ann am bun na gaoithe, agus chunnaic e gu robh 'n iarmailt a' teannadh ri glanadh suas ri bunacha-bac. Ar leis gu robh e 'n uair sin a' dlùthachadh air a' mheadhain-oidheche. Bha na fir a bha 'staigh an uair sin ann am mullach cluich air teis-meadhain an ùrlair. Dh' fhalbh e ceum air cheum 's e 'n dòchas gu 'm biodh e aig a' bhaile mu 'n tigeadh camhanaich an latha. Bha e dol air aghaidh mar a b' fhearr a dh' fhaodadh e, 's e 'gearradh shùrdagan thar gach féithe, a cheart cho aigeannach ri fiadh air a reubadh gus an robh e smaointean gu robh leth na slighe 'na dhéigh.

Ged a bha 'n oidheche car dorecha, bha beachd math aige air gach cnoc agus slochd, air gach lag, is loch, is allt, is féithe, gus an d' thainig e gu bonn Ruaidhmhail. An uair a chaidh e null air Amhuinn-a'-Chròg dh'fhaic e suas air gualainn cnocain bhòidhich fhraoich, agus leig e e-fhein air uilinn 's an fhraoch a leigeil analach. Ged a bha e gun fhoghlum bha e 'na mhàirnealaiche anabarrach math, 's thug e sùil mu 'n cuairt air ceithir àirdibh an athair, a dhearcadh air na reultaibh, agus air na fir-chlis, a bha teannadh ri damnsadh gu h-aigeannach ann an eridhe na h-àirde-tuath. Bha 'n oidheche, le dearsadh nam fear-clis, ni bu shoilleire na bha i an uair a dh' fhalbh e a Roisinnis, agus bha 'n Seachdaran a' gabhail a chuairt gu scimh a dh' ionnsuidh na h-àird an eara-dheas. Chuala e gloe aig coileach na circe fraoiche a' leum a tom fraoich air bruaich na h-aimhne, agus a' chailleach oidheche a' brunndail dhi fhein air an taobh eile de 'n amhuinn. Ar leis gu 'n cuala e monabhar bruidhne, agus diasganaich anns an aird-an-ear-thuath air. Agus mar a b' fhearr a dh' éisdeadh e ar leis gu robh a' bhruidhinn 's an diosgan a' teannadh ni bu dluithe air. Ged nach robh 'bhruidhinn ro thaisbeanach dheanadh e mach beag air bheag gu robh 'n còmhlan ni bu mhò na bha e 'n toiseach an dùil. Coma co dhiu, bha 'chuideachd a sìor theannadh air, air chor 's mu dheireadh gu 'n d' rinn e mach gur e torradh a bh' ann. 'S e

bhuail san inntinn aige gur e torradh a thainig bhar cuain a bh'ann, agus gur ann leis a bha na fir chalma, sgairteil a chaidh do thaigh a' bhuachaille ann an Roisinnis mu 'n d' fhalbh e. B' i cheisd bu dluithe air 'inntinn, ged a bha e 'g eisdeachd ri 'n còmh-radh, cia mar a chuir iad eolas air buachaille Roisinnis 's air a mhnaoi. An uair a bha iad a' cromadh a nuas a dh' ionnsuidh na h-aimhne thuirt fear de na bh'anns a' chuideachd, a' cheathrar a b'aotruime dhiubh a leum a null air an amhuinn a chum gu 'n gabhadh iad an giulann. Anns an fhacal's iad a' gearradh sìnteig thar na feithe chuala e brag aig te dhe na spéicean a' briseadh. "Thut a's droch uair," arsa fear dhiubh, "is olc a dh' éirich e dhuinn; cha ruig sinn Cladh-Chaluim-Chille a nochd." "A chladhaire bhochd," arsa fear eile de 'n chuideachd, "is olc a' mhiseach a th' agad. Is math an spéic a ni 'n cuaille math daraich a th' aig Dommhull òg air taobh thall na h-aimhne, a thug Mac-'ic-Ailein thuige an uiridh a Arasaig." Ghrad leum fear de 'n cheathrar a bh' air taobh a bhos na h-aimhne far an robh Dommhull òg, agus spìon e 'n cuaille as a laimhe, agus chuireadh fo chasan na ciste e. Cha robh aig Dommhull òg ach a bhith 'g eisdeachd ris na bha e cluinntinn. Cha bu luaithe 'thainig iad a nall air an amhuinn na chualas an ath bhrag, aig an spéic a bha fo na guaillean a' bristeadh. "Thut a's droch uair," arsa fear dhiubh, "is bochd mar a dh' éirich dhuinn. Tha sin a nis ni 's miosa dheth na bha sinn riamh. Ciod air an t saoghal a ghabhas deanamh?" "Ni sinn a' bheairt a's fhearr de na bheairt a's miosa," arsa fear eile. "Is math an spéic a ni Dommhull òg fhein dhuinn—enagairneach gasda de bhodach làidir mar a tha e. Gabhadh cathrar dhibh far am bheil e, 's thugaibh a nuas an so e, 's càiribh guaillean na cisteadh air a chaol-druim aige." Cha bu luaithe a labhradh na rinneadh mara dh' iarradh. Chaidh Dommhull òg a sparradh fo 'n chistidh, agus rug dithis air chasan air agus dithis eile air lamhan air, 's dh' fhalbh iad leis a' chistidh gu h-eutrom, aigeannach uallach. Bha Dommhull 's an cridhe gu tighinn a mach air a bheul leis a chudthrom a bh' air a dhruim, agus leis an eagal a bha 'na chom. Cha b' e 'n cudthrom bu duilghe leis ach mar a bha na deilg a bha 'n cul-thaobh na briogais an impis a dhol troimh uilt an droma aige.

Thuirt am fear a bh' air deireadh ris an fhear-iuil nach robh iad a' gabhail an rathaid cheairt, gur ann a dh' fheumadh iad tilleadh air a' chois-cheum cheudna timchioll Ruaidhmhail, agus gabhail a h-uile ceum ri cois cladaich, feuch am faigheadh iad a mach ciod an neart a bh' ann an Dommhull òg mu 'n ruigeadh iad Cladh-Chaluim-Chille.

Ge b'fhada bha Cladh-Chaluim-Chille uapa cha b'fhada bha iad 'g a ruidhinn. An uair a rainig iad an Cladh chaidh an dithis bu shinne feuch an deanadh iad a mach c' àite am bu choir dhaibh an uaigh fhosgladh. Sheas an combhan leis a' ghiulann agus greim aca air lamhan is casan Dhomhuill òig a cheart cho teann 's ged a bhiodh iad ann an teanachair a' ghobha. Theireadh fear gur ann an sid bu choir an uaigh fhosgladh, agus theireadh fear eile gur ann an so bu choir an fhosgladh. Lean iad air an fhéicheantas so cho fada 's nach robh fhios aig Domhull òg, ach gann co dhiu a bha e beò no marbh. Mu dheireadh thall shònraich iad air aon àite. Ach gu tur dona an deigh dhaibh sònrachadh air an aite so cha robh spaid no sluasaid aca a threachaidheadh an uaigh. Thuirt fear gu'm bu bhochd an rud a bh' ann nach robh dòigh aca air an uaigh a threachaid. Thuirt fear eile gu robh deagh shluasaid 'na seasamh ri ceann taigh Fir-Bhaile-Mhanaich, agus gu'm bu ghoirid bu choir a dh'fhear dhiubh a bhith 'ga h-iarraidh. Dh'fhalbh fear cho luath 's a leigeadh a chasan leis, agus cha robh e fada gun tilleadh. Thoisich fear ma seach ri cladhach na h-uaghach. An uair a bha iad seachd sgith 'ga cladhach thuirt fear gu robh i domhain gu leòr, agus thuirt fear eile nach robh. Arsa 'n treas fear, 's e 'freagairt, "Cha'n eil an uaigh domhain gu leòr fhathast ; oir feumaidh seachd àirde na cisteadh a bhith innte agus àirde Dhomhuill òig." Mu dheireadh thall dh'aidich a h-uile fear rianh gu robh i domhain gu leòr. Fad na h-ùine a bha iad ag iarraidh na sluasaid, agus a' cladhach na h-uaghach bha 'ciste air druim Dhomhuill òig mar a bha i roimhe ; oir cha 'n fhaoitde a leagail air an talamh gus an leagtdh anns an uaigh i.

An uair a bha Domhull òg a' saòilsinn gu robh e gu bhith saor 's an cudthrom a bh' air a dhruim, 's ann a thòisich dian-chonnsachadh eadar am fear a bh' aig casan na cisteadh agus am fear a bh' aig a ceann, fear ag ràdh nach ann an so bu choir an tiodhlacadh a dheanamh idir, agus am fear eile ag ràdh gur h-ann. Mu dheireadh thall an uair a thug a h-uile fear rianh seachad a bharrail mu 'n chùis, dh'aontaich an àireamh bu mhò dhuibh gur ann an Cladh-Mhuire, ann am Baile-nan-Cailleach bu choir an tiodhlacadh a dheanamh. Thog iad orra, agus ghabh iad timchioll Heidhidh agus mu 'n cuairt Rudha-lachdunn-na h-Airde gus an d'rainig iad Cladh-Mhuire. An uair a bha iad seachd-sgith a' connsachadh mu 'n àite auns am bu choir dhaibh an uaigh 'fhosgladh 's ann a chuimhnich iad nach robh spaid no sluasaid aca gus a treachaid. Thuirt fear dhiubh nach ruigeadh iad a leas a bhith fada gun sluasaid agus deagh shluasaid 'na

seasamh ri taobh an t-sabhail aig Mac-ic-Ailein. Cha robh fear de na bha làthair fada ga h-iarraidh agus thòisich fear ma seach dhiubh ri cur na smùidean os an cionn a' cladhach na h-uaghach. An uair a dh'aidich iad uile gu robh i domhain gu leòr, 's e sin gu robh seachd àird na cisteadh, agus àirde Dhomhuill òig air doimhneachd innte, thoisich dian-chonnsachadh eadar am fear a bh'aig ceann na cisteadh, agus am fear a bh'aig na casan. Bha fear ag radh gur ann an Cill-Amhlaidh, anns an Iochdar, bu chòir an tiodhlacadh a dheanamh, agus bha fear eile ag radh nach ann ach ann an Cladh-Mhuire. An uair a thug iad uile greis mhath air an obair so dh'aontaich an aireamh bu mhò dhuibh gur ann an Cill-Amhlaidh bu choir dhaibh an corp a chur fo 'n talamh. "Ma ghabhas sibh mo chomhairle-sa," arsa fear de'n chuideachd, "bheir sibh leibh an -t-sluasaid, agus bhidh i deiseil dhuibh air son an uaigh a threachaid an uair a ruigeas sibh Cill-Amhlaidh." "Cha b' e mo chomhairle dhuibh," arsa fear eile, "ach fear no dithis dhibh a dhol a dh'iarraidh sluasaid Dhomhuill òig. Tha i 'na seasamh ri taobh an doruis, agus cha 'n eile arm eile cho acarra rithe eadar Cille-Bhrìghde agus Leac-bhan-a'-Chaolais." Dh'aontaich a mhòr-chuideachd gu robh so glé cheart, agus dh'fhalbh an dithis bu luaithe a bh'anns a' chuideachd a dh'iarraidh na sluasaid. An uine gle ghoirid bha iad air an ais 's i aca. Chàireadh air muin na ciste-laidhe i. Le leum dà bhuinn thog iad orra, agus dh'fhalbh iad leis a' ghiulann. Ma bha 'n truaighe roimhe air a' chudthrom a bh'air druim Dhomhuill òig, bha na seachd truaighean a nis air. An dheigh dhaibh Cladh-Mhuire fhagail ghabh iad sios lag-na-marbh ri cois a' chladaich, seachad a' Chuile, Gearraidh-Ghrìminis, Poll-nan-crann, an Lagan, Beallach-nan-each, Sìthein-Bhuirgh, Còrdal, agus an Lub-Bhan, gus an deachaidh iad a null air an fhaoghail-ìochdraich aig ceann Theastamail. Agus uaith sin gabh iad tarsuinn air amhach na Guaille, sios an Garbh-bhagh gus an d'rainig iad Cill-Amhlaidh. Cha bu luaithe chaidh iad a steach do 'n chladh na thòisich iad air an dian-chonnsachadh mar a bha iad ann an Cladh-Chaluim-Chille, agus ann an Cladh-Mhuire. An uair a bha 'n connsachadh so a' dol air aghaidh bha Domhull òg a' smaointean gu'n d'fhairich e 'n uine o 'n a chaidh a' chiste-laidhe a chur air a druim cho fada ri seachd bliadhna de 'bheatha. A chum sgeul aithghearr a dheanamh dheth, thachair a cheart ni ann an Cill-Amhlaidh 's a thachair an Cladh-Mhuire. Ghabh iad, rompa á Cill-Amhlaidh gu ruige Hogh-mòr, á Hogh-mor, gu ruige Aird-Mhicheil, á Aird-Mhicheil gu ruige Tallunn, agus á Tallunn gu ruige Orosaidh-Bhaoghstail, agus anns gach aon de na h-aitibh adhlaic so thachair a cheart ni 's a thachair ann an Cladh-Chaluim-

Chille, agns ann an Cladh-Mhuire. An déis dhaibh Orosaidh Bhaoghstail a ruidhinn 's an uaigh a threachaid dh'aontaich a h-uile mac màthar dhiubh gu'n d'rinn iad mearachd anabarrach mòr an uair nach do chuir iad an corp fo 'n talamh ann an Cladh-Chaluim-Chille, agus 's e bh'ann gu 'n do thill iad ball-gachadireach air ais gu ruige Cladh-Chaluim-Chille, ann an Baile-Mhanaich, agus cha b'e sin an t-astar beag. An uair a rainig iad an Cladh ghrad thug iad a' chiste 'dh'ionnsuidh na h-uadhach, agus dh'fhaighneachd fear dhuibh cò dhiu chuireadh iad Domhull òg anns an uaigh fo 'n chistidh, no air uachdar na cisteadh. Dh'aontaich iad uile gu'm bu chòir a chur fo 'n chistidh o'n a bha e foidhpe o dh'fhalbh iad o ghualla Ruaidhmhail. Thugadh o'n chistidh e 's theannadh ri shineadh anns an uaigh. Sgith agus claidhte 's mar a bha e, cha robh e deònach a thiodhlacadh beò, agus an uair a chaidh triuir no ceathrar de na fir 'na dhàil a chum a shineadh anns an uaigh mu 'n leigeadh iad slos a' chiste innte, thòisich e ri spreathartaich cho math 's a b'urrainn da. Ach mo thruaighe, bha na ceatharnaich a bha 'n sàs ann tuilleadh is làidir air a shon. Rug iad air 's thilg iad air a bhial 's air a shròin anns an uaigh e. Ghiulainn e gu foighidneach leis a h-uile ànradh troimh 'n deachaidh e gun fhacal a thighinn as a bheul; ach a nis cha b'urrainn e cumail air fhein ni b'fhaide. Leig e amh-ràn as, agus c'àite an d'fhuair e e-fhein ach 'na shineadh ach eadar a' bheinge agus an teine ann an taigh a' bhuachaille ann ann Roisinnis! "Cha chreid mi, Dhomhuill òig, mur a robh sgeulachd agad roimhe nach 'eil sgeulachd agad a nis," ars' am buachaille. "Ma ta, 's ann agamsa tha sin," arsa Domhull òg, "cha'n iarainn do m' dhearg-namhaid ach a dhol troimh 'n fhicheadamh earrann de na chaidh mi troimh o 'n a thàinig an oidhche." "Ma ta," ars' am buachaille ris, "bheir mise comhairle ort, ma bhios tu gu bràth tuilleadh air chuid oidhche ann an taigh, agus gu 'n iarr fear-an-taighe no bean-an-taighe ort sgeulachd a ghabhail, gabh i ma bhios i agad; agus mur bi te agad feuch ri te dheanamh." Dh'innis e facal air an fhacal mar a thachair dha o thus gu déis, fhad 's a' bha e 'n a chadal. Agus an uair a chrìochnaich e an naigheachd thuirt e, "Cha mhor nach 'eil mi cinnteach gu robh mi aca fo 'n chistidh, oir tha mo chaol-druim gu bristeadh." Thug fear-an-taighe suil thar a ghuaille 's thuirt e ri Domhull òg, "Cha'n ioghnadh leam-sa do dhruim a bhith goirt, oir bha ceann a' mhuilte ghlais a mharbh misefeasgar an taice ri d'chaol-druim fhad 's e hha thu na d' shineadh, agus 's e 'n adhairc aige a bha 'g ad ghoirteachadh."

NOTES ON TEANN SIOS A DHOMHUILL OIG.

1. "Gocairneach" means a short, stout, straight, bold, determined-looking man.

2. "Sgeith-runnaig" (Lit., the vomit of a star), is the name commonly given to meteors, or shooting-stars in general.

3. "Sealbhan" means stock. The word is not often used now-a-days, but it is well known.

4. "Cul-cinn" (Lit., back of head), means hill pasture. "Cul-cinn" and "clar-aghaidh" here mean very much the same thing as "beinn" and "baile."

5. "Bruthaiste" means here hodge podge, though its original meaning seems to be brose.

6. "Faocnadh" means trying to skin an animal with a blunt knife.

7. "Bunacha-bac" means the horizon. The first part of the word shows that it is plural, and therefore means the horizon all round. The singular of it is "hun-bac," and means only a portion of the horizon. "Bun-bac" is the name given to that portion of the roof of a house which is next the wall. As the Highlanders, in common with the great majority of people, believed that the world was flat, and that the sky was a roof, or dome, they called where the earth and sky appeared to meet "bunacha-bac." They called the zenith "mullach an athair," or "druim an t-saoghail."

8. "Mairnealaiche" means a weather-prophet, a prognosticator.

9. "Speiceain" means the pieces of wood on which the coffins were carried to the grave. In Argyleshire "speicean" are called "lunnan;" but in the greater part of Long Island, "lunn" means that part of the oar which rests on the gunwale of the boat. The blade of the oar is called "liadh."

10. "Treachaid na h-uadhach" means opening the grave. The word "treachaid" is to this very day oftener used than "cladhach" when speaking of opening a grave. It carries with it the idea of care in work, and neatness in finish. Every Highlander knows how very carefully and neatly a grave is opened in the Highlands. (If would be a good thing if they were equally careful about the keeping of churchyards in order). When a man sees a piece of ground well tilled and neatly finished, his remark generally is, "Nach math a tha 'n talamh sin air a threachaid!"

17th JANUARY, 1888.

SIXTEENTH ANNUAL DINNER.

The sixteenth annual dinner of the Society was held in the large dining hall of the Imperial Hotel, which was beautifully decorated with clan tartans and stags' heads in honour of the event. A series of shields, bearing appropriate mottoes in Gaelic, were tastefully arranged round the room, which was further adorned with festoons of heather and deer's grass. Sir Henry Cockburn Macandrew, Provost of Inverness, occupied the chair, and there was a large and representative gathering, about eighty gentlemen being present. Sir Henry was supported by Colonel Stockwell, C.B. ; Mr Macdonald Cameron, M.P. ; Major Chalmers, of the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders ; Rev. Gavin Lang, of the West Parish Church ; Dr Aitken ; Mr A. Mackenzie, Silverwells ; Lieut. Forbes, of the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders ; Mr Alex. Macbain, M.A., Raining's School ; and Mr Mackintosh, the secretary of the Society. The croupiers were Mr E. H. Macmillan, manager of the Caledonian Bank, and Mr Duncan Campbell, editor of the *Northern Chronicle*. Among the general company present were :—Ex-Bailie Mackintosh, Bailie W. G. Stuart, Bailie Duncan Macdonald, ex-Bailie Thomson, Treasurer Jonathan Ross, Mr Alex. Machardy, chief-constable ; Mr A. F. Steele, agent, Bank of Scotland ; Mr Roderick Maclean, factor for Ardrross ; Dr Moir, president of the Aberdeen Gaelic Society ; Councillor Lyon, Aberdeen ; Mr Mortimer, Aberdeen ; Mr Ross, postmaster, Invergordon ; Mr John Macdonald, superintendent of police ; Rev. Mr Sinton, Invergarry ; Rev. Mr Mackay, assistant, High Church ; Mr James Cook, commission agent ; Mr G. J. Campbell, solicitor ; Mr A. S. Fraser, solicitor ; Mr D. Mactavish, corn merchant ; Mr Mitchell, solicitor ; Mr James Macbean ; Mr Macfarlane, Caledonian Hotel ; Dr Macfadyen ; Mr J. A. Gossip, Muirtown Nurseries ; Mr John Macdonald, Exchange ; Mr Wm. Gunn, draper ; Mr T. S. Macalister ; Mr Miller, auctioneer ; Mr Paterson, of the Oriental Bank, Calcutta ; Mr Burgess, banker, Gairloch ; Mr Alex. Allan, chemist ; Mr Thos. Macdonald, builder, Hilton ; Mr William Mackenzie, Caberfeidh House ; Mr Duncan, commercial traveller ; Mr Cockburn, Royal Academy ; Mr Henry V. Macallum, Union Street ; Mr Cameron, bookseller, Bridge Street ; Mr Paul Fraser, Huntly Street ; Mr William Macdonald, contractor, Innes Street ; Mr Wm. Macdonald, sheriff-clerk depute ; Mr Paterson, town-clerk's office ; Mr Medlock, jeweller ; Mr Alex. Mactavish, ironmonger ; Mr John Whyte,

librarian ; Mr Maclean, schoolmaster, Culloden ; Mr M'Walter, music-seller ; Mr Brodie, Glenalbyn Hotel ; Mr Mackenzie, manager, Moy Hall ; Mr Ramsay, Poor Law Office, and others.

After an excellent dinner, during which the piper of the Society—Pipe-Major Alex. MacIennan—played selections of Highland music,

The Chairman proposed, in a few neat sentences, the toasts of the Queen and the Prince and Princess of Wales, and the other members of the Royal Family, which were pledged with enthusiasm. In proposing the Army, Navy, and Reserve Forces, Sir Henry said he was very glad to associate with it a soldier who was able, from the position which he held, to reply for all branches of the service, commanding as he did the whole forces in the northern district, and who possessed the great qualification of having been himself the commander of a Highland regiment which bore as glorious a record as any in the army—Colonel Stockwell—(applause).

Colonel Stockwell, speaking humorously, said when he was requested and had agreed to attend this dinner, he ransacked his library with the view of qualifying himself to reply to the toast associated with his name in the Gaelic language—(laughter)—but it was no use, and he had to bethink himself of the experience he had gained while soldiering for 31 years in a Highland regiment. He recalled with much pleasure the many fine qualities which adorned the Highland character, for he had never appealed to a body of Highlanders in a case of emergency without meeting at once with a cordial response, and willing support—(applause).

Mr Duncan Mackintosh, the secretary, then read the annual report, which stated that the past session had been a successful one, as would be seen from the large volume which in a few days would be issued to the members, and the first copy of which had been handed to the Chairman. The accounts of the Society for the past year, which had been audited by two of the chieftains, showed the following results:—Total income during the year, including £23 9s 8d carried forward from the previous year, £150 6s 2d ; expenditure, £83 4s 8d, leaving a balance at the credit of the Society's account with the Bank of Scotland, at 31st December last, of £67 1s 6d—(applause). Out of this balance, however, had to be paid the expense of the volume of Transactions now about to be issued. During the year 63 new members joined the Society, and 15 volumes were received as donations to the library. There were 343 members on the roll, and the library consists of 262 volumes—(applause). The large size of the last three volumes of Transactions had been a heavy drain on the funds of the Society,

and it was very desirable that ladies and gentlemen interested in its objects should contribute to the funds as liberally as possible.

Mr Mackintosh also intimated that apologies for non-attendance had been received from the following members:—Sir Kenneth S. Mackenzie, Bart. of Gairloch; Mr Duncan Forbes of Culloden; General Sir P. Grant, Royal Hospital, Chelsea; Mr Allan R. Mackenzie, yr. of Kintail; Mr R. B. Finlay, Q.C., M.P.; Mr Charles Fraser-Mackintosh, M.P.; Mr R. Munro-Ferguson of Novar, M.P.; Major Rose, Kilravock Castle; Captain Chisholm, Glassburn; Captain J. F. Macpherson, Edinburgh; Mr A. H. Cameron, Liverpool; Mr C. S. Jerram, Petworth, Surrey; Mr John Mackay, C.E., Hereford; Sheriff Nicolson, Greenock; Lieut. Mackintosh, Fort-George; Mr D. Davidson of Drummond; Mr Duncan Maclauchlan, of Messrs Maclauchlan & Stewart, Edinburgh; Mr James Barron, editor, *Inverness Courier*; Mr A. C. Mackenzie, Maryburgh; Mr Geo. F. Black, Edinburgh; Mr A. Macpherson, solicitor, Kingussie; Mr J. B. Grant, Erchless; Mr P. Burgess, Glen-Urquhart; Mr D. Cameron, Woodville, Nairn; Mr John Horne, H.M. Geological Survey; Mr J. M. Gow, Union Bank, Edinburgh; Rev. D. F. Maclellan, Manse of Laggan, Kingussie; Mr A. Mackay Robson, Trinity, Edinburgh; Mr P. Cameron, Blair-Athole; Mr D. R. Macdonald, distiller, Fort-William; Mr A. Mackintosh, Chapel House, Fort-William; Mr A. Morgan, Crofter Commission, Edinburgh; Mr J. Macrae, M.D., Laggan, Kingussie; Rev. A. Bisset, Stratherrick; Dr Miller, Fort-William; Mr Archibald Chisholm, Lochmaddy; Mr Alex. Ross, Milton Cottage, Alness; Mr Duncan Robertson, Arisaig; Mr Finlay Macdonald, Drudaig; Mr Neil Macleod, Edinburgh; Mr Simon Chisholm, Flowerburn; Mr R. Strickland, Clutha Cottage; Mr D. Cameron, Blarour; Rev. Mr Cowan, Fort-William; Mr John Macrae, solicitor, Dingwall; Rev. Mr Thomson, Fodderty; Mr James Ross, solicitor; Mr D. Davidson, Waverley Hotel; Mr Kenneth Macdonald, town-clerk; Bailie Gibson; Dr Ogilvie Grant, Inverness, &c.

The Chairman, after moving the adoption of the report, and congratulating the Society on the state of affairs which it disclosed, said—In proposing success to the Society, I am asking you to drink to something like an accomplished fact. The Society has now been in existence for sixteen years, and it has, during all that time, faithfully done the work that it set before itself. The volume of Transactions which the secretary has just handed to me, and which will be in the hands of all the members immediately, in a great measure will show that in no year during its early career has the Society done better work than in the one now

ended—(applause). You will find papers in this volume about to be issued which will give assistance and instruction to anybody who reads them, and which must long be of use to anybody who undertakes to write the future history of their country—(applause). In all the departments which fall within the scope of such a Society there are papers of great value and great ability. In the department of history, the social habits and customs of the people, their language and lore, and in poetry, you will find that a great deal of useful information has been admirably put before you. You will find also that one great Celtic subject is conspicuous by its absence from this volume, viz., that of Celtic art. Unfortunately, Mr Smart was not able to complete for the Transactions now published the papers he read on Celtic art, but although we now suffer a loss, I hope these papers will appear in the next volume, and I am sure everybody who reads them will be charmed with the amount of information they embrace regarding the contributions of the ancient Celts to the art of their country. With reference to this subject, I may mention a little incident, which shows that the work of the Society branches out in very many ways. In the course of his preparation of the papers, Mr Smart obtained from the Kensington Museum fac-similes of beautiful illuminations of the old Celtic missals. While drawing up an address for the Queen on the occasion of Her Jubilee, it occurred to some of us that we could not possibly illustrate it better than by ornamenting it in the style of these old missals. Mr Smart kindly undertook to do the work, and he executed it in a very excellent manner; and I have it on very high authority that Her Majesty was especially pleased with the illumination of this address, and has it constantly with her—(laughter and applause). In all these departments the Society has done excellent work; and another result that has been brought about by that is, that the Chief of this Society has been incited to try to induce the members to undertake a little more study in that direction, by offering a prize of £10 for an essay on the subject of the social history of the Highlands for the period from 1800 to 1887—(applause). This is a very handsome offer, and I hope we shall get a great many essays on the subject. There can be nothing in which the Society can more usefully employ itself, or members can more usefully devote themselves, than a record of the social history of the country. We have histories recording the names of kings, battles, plagues, and great events of that kind; but anybody studying this subject will find it very remarkable the little that is known about the social habits and customs, and every-day life of the people of fifty or

sixty years ago—(applause). It is often painful to think, after all we know of the great and striking events in the external life of the country, we know so little of the internal life, the life of the household, which existed in the country in days past. It is a singular fact that we know more of what went on a hundred years ago than our ancestors did fifty years ago, for attention has been directed to the subject as never was the case before. Every year and every day the records which might give us information upon the subject are becoming fewer and fewer, and, consequently, the more valuable for history. I say we could not devote ourselves to a better subject than to record the social life of the country in times which are within memory and within reach. Nothing can be more valuable than a record of the mode of life of our ancestors, and nothing can be more valuable for those who come after us than a history of what is passing before us. We are apt to regard the common everyday things of life as uninteresting, and to think nothing of them; but we must remember that a record of these common things would possess a value for our successors a hundred years hence, and it should be found in the Transactions of the Society—(applause). As I have said, this Society is an acknowledged and accomplished success. It has been doing a great work. We have now a great many volumes of Transactions, which, I am glad to say, are not confined to the mere province in which we live. They are beginning to be known by scholars as making a real mark in the subjects to which they are devoted. Many of the contributors are scholars who are making for themselves a name in the country in the special departments to which they devote themselves. I may mention our friend, Mr Macbain—(applause)—whose contributions will always be valuable to students of folk-lore and philology. I can only wish that the Society will go on as it has been doing. Interesting itself more in the past than in the present, it has been labouring to bring before us, and preserve to our successors, the life and condition of the people, and labouring also, as I think, in the Highlands the tendency ought to be, to preserve all that was best in the life of the past—(applause). In the Highlands we live in a small country—we are the remnants of a people confined to a narrow and not very fertile space, and the things which are bright and honourable in our history should be preserved. The Highlanders, if anything, are an imaginable people; they always bore an ideal in their minds; but now-a-days everything is very much materialised. Material comfort is looked upon as the one sole end; but I think a Society like this should try and keep before us the ideal that our fathers had before them

—(applause)—and spread and teach and preach the fact that life is not merely material ; that a high ideal is the highest thing we can place before us ; to look to something higher and better than our own comfort—to that which was the chief glory of Highlanders in the past, and which only can preserve them as a people worth noting in the future—(applause). I ask you to drink continued success to the Society in the excellent work to which it devotes itself—(applause).

Mr Alex. Mackenzie, Silverwells, proposed the toast of “The Members of Parliament for Highland Counties and Burghs.” The toast I have the honour to propose, he said, is the health of the Members of Parliament for the Northern Counties and Burghs—(applause). I venture to say that at no time in the annals of our British Parliament could we wish that our northern representatives should have better health, both mentally and physically, than in the present session, so as to enable them to endure the heavy and arduous duties devolving upon them, as they shall have night after night to attend, and take part, in the interest, not only of their constituencies, but of this great nation—(applause). It would be out of place on this occasion to refer to any of our members in particular. They are all the representatives of large and important constituencies, and were sent to Parliament by the decisive voice of the people. They are the elected members of an institution having the greatest power in Europe. We look to them for just laws, protection of property, and wise administration. We believe they are all actuated with an earnest desire to do everything in their power for the welfare and well-being of Her Majesty’s subjects and the unity of the British Empire—(applause). Whatever political views or opinions we may hold as individuals, as a Society we have none. We are all true patriots and loyal subjects of our beloved Queen—(applause)—our aims being the preservation and cultivation of the language, poetry, music, and songs of the Highlands, the advancement of Celtic literature and education, and whatever may promote the social condition of our countrymen—(applause). Our Parliamentary representatives can do much to further our interests. The hon. member for Inverness-shire, and the hon. member for the Inverness group of burghs, are both life members of our Society, and have in this way rendered material assistance—(applause). We are delighted to have present with us this evening the hon. member for the Wick burghs, Mr Macdonald Cameron—(applause)—and I have much pleasure in associating his name with this toast.

Mr Macdonald Cameron, who was cordially received, said he had many pleasant recollections of the Gaelic Society and of the town of Inverness. Many of the founders of the Society were his best friends, and it was in Inverness he received whatever commercial education he possessed—(applause). It was this instruction which gave him his first impulses in business, and it was here that he received the training to which he owed whatever progress he had made in life—(applause). And it was in Inverness he courted his wife—(laughter)—and it was in Inverness he won her—(cheers)—and there was not a walk or lane in the neighbourhood that was not full of pleasant memories to him—(cheers). Councillor Mackenzie had paid a high compliment to the members of Parliament for the Northern Counties and Burghs, and he would say this, that as a result of close observation during one Parliament, and of the one which was now going on, and which he might say he hoped would continue for some time—(cheers)—for members did not like elections to come often; and when a great question arises upon which the constituencies differ, he thought it was right that the country should have time to weigh these questions, and give the best verdict they can upon them—(cheers). He could assure them that after close observation he did not believe they could be better represented. He had the acquaintance of their burgh member; and the member for the county was an old and valued friend of his—a gentleman who had never been lacking in giving his opinion on Highland questions when they arose—(applause). Unfortunately he did not quite agree at present with their burgh member, but he would speak of him as a gentleman who would be a credit to any constituency—(applause). He (the speaker) had had the advantage of a scientific education himself; but Mr Finlay made his mark in a profession and arrived at a position in it before he entered upon his present career, which many a man would have envied—(cheers). But he threw it up and went to the bar, and he had no doubt of his success, and was confident that in the near future he would have at his command the best prizes of that profession—(cheers). He appreciated Mr Mackenzie's prayer for health and strength to the northern members, for all they could possibly possess would be necessary if the hours of Parliamentary business were continued as they were at present. But he hoped in the coming session the first thing the Government would do would be to introduce a rule, which has already been recommended, whereby the shutters should be put up at half-past twelve—(applause). He did not think the country got any great benefit from these long and weary hours, for there

were those who, if they knew there was any amount of time, took advantage of it to an extent which should not be permissible—(applause).

The Chairman stated that Mr Wm. Morrison, Dingwall, who was to have proposed the toast of "Gaelic Language and Literature," had at the last moment been prevented by illness from attending, but he had thoughtfully sent in his speech, which Mr Whyte would read.

Mr Morrison said :—Among the obstacles to social improvement detailed in an elaborate report on this northern part of the Highlands, by a Highland laird, about the beginning of the century, I find, somewhat to my surprise, the following. This gentleman, a man of high character and attainments, as a man of the world and as a scholar, remarks :—"I rejoice, however, that those who, from very mistaken notions on the subject, are desirous to support the Gaelic language, have announced their anxiety to have professors to teach it in some of the universities and academies. There cannot be a stronger proof of the decline of the language, and every true lover of his country will hail the appointment of a professor as the signal of the language being either dead or dying." You will not be surprised, after hearing these frank words, that I have withheld the gentleman's name. I am not concerned with the question as to the motives which led to the uttering of such words. It does, however, look as if it were the prophecy of a cynic. Was it the consciousness that the Gaelic language was dying that moved us in these latter days to get up a Celtic Chair in Edinburgh? Well, we have, I make bold to say, some 250,000 of our Scottish people who habitually use Gaelic. How many more have a knowledge of it and of English both, at home and in the Colonies, I cannot very well say. One professor of the Gaelic Language and Literature is, in that case, not to be "hailed as a signal that the language is either dead or dying." The appointment of my learned friend, Professor Mackinnon, to the Celtic Chair of Edinburgh need not be deemed, therefore, a death-bed repentance of dying Gaelic-speaking Highlanders throughout the world. A note truer than the above was struck about the same time by the Rev. Alexander Stewart, "minister of the gospel" at Dingwall—the author of the best, because the most philosophical, Gaelic grammar we have. This gentleman says :—"They who reckon the extirpation of the Gaelic a necessary step toward that general extension of the English, which they deem essential to the political interest of the Highlands, will condemn every project which seems likely to retard its extinction." The question discussed

in Mr Stewart's time, nearly a century ago, has been left just as it was then. He argues, just as all do now who wish to see their fellow countrymen in possession of an English education, that the shortest and surest way to that goal is by the medium of the Gaelic language. Let me give Mr Stewart's own words:—"To those who wish for uniformity of speech over the whole kingdom, it may not be impertinent to suggest one remark. The more the human mind is enlightened the more desirous it becomes of further acquisitions in knowledge. The only channel through which the rudiments of knowledge can be conveyed to the mind of a remote Highlander is the Gaelic language. By learning to read, and to understand what he reads, in his native tongue, an appetite is generated for those stores of science which are accessible to him only through the medium of the English language. Hence an acquaintance with the English is found to be necessary for enabling him to gratify his desire after further attainments." Professor Mackinnon remarked not long ago, that no event since the battle of Culloden has stimulated "remote" Highlanders to acquire English more than the social upheaval in the North-West, and too well known to us as the crofter agitation. Whether or not much that is objectionable in that movement could not have been averted, or at least controlled, were the wise suggestions of Mr Stewart and other friends of "remote" Highlanders in their day carried into effect, is a question which may well be considered, seeing we have not, on the whole, altered our attitude in this respect to our people one whit since. But this is a matter which properly falls under the toast of Highland Education. So much, then, for the present state of the Gaelic language. Time would fail me—as doubtless would your patience also—were I to go back into the past, even had I the skill to do so, which I have not, to trace the history of Gaelic up the stream which philologists have explored to its head-waters in the "Roof of the World." The analogy of a stream is scarcely true to fact. It would be more strictly true to speak of Gaelic as one of the branches springing from one of the main boughs—of which Sanscrit is one—of that trunk of speech known as the Indo-European or Aryan; the cognate branches being those tongues spoken by such nations as the Slavonic nations of the East of Europe, the Latin races of the South, and the Teutonic nations of Central and North-Western Europe, and their descendants elsewhere all over the world. It is an interesting fact that the people speaking Sanscrit in India and those of the Gaelic division of the Celtic people were the pioneers respectively of the great

Aryan host in clearing the way among the prehistoric races of Asia and of Europe. That fact is doubly interesting when we think of the part our Highland fellow-countrymen took in the building of our Indian Empire. The Celtic serpent symbol of the head seizing the tail seems to have had here its meaning in one respect fulfilled. At any rate Celts and Saxons may, on philological as well as on political grounds, join hands with their remote and dusky kinsmen on the banks of the Ganges, and find in them their long lost brothers. It is rather a gratifying tribute to philologists that this most unexpected practical outcome of their researches has already been expressly recognised by several of the ablest journals of India as a bond of union. Another interesting historical fact of no less importance, though mentioned after that, is this—that the Gaelic language is the vehicle which, after Roman times, bore the Gospel not only to Britain—from Ireland, the true home of the Gaelic race—but to the Continent of Europe. The Culdees from Iona bore the message of the Cross not only to this country, but to the Continent, and right across the Alps into Northern Italy. The Celtic glosses found at St Gallen, in Switzerland, are an interesting memorial of early missionary enterprises. It is with a feeling of pain, I think, that, owing to the criminal neglect of Gaelic in schools, not only will the lyrics of Rob Donn, Alexander Macdonald, Donnacha Ban, William Ross, and others, become meaningless, but that even the Scriptures may become a sealed book—at least the affections touched through Gaelic may become closed to the influence of the highest truths, and to objects of beauty and goodness. If happiness be the multiplication of agreeable consciousness, as Dr Johnson put it, then it is incumbent on us not to lessen that happiness to our people if we would multiply to ourselves our own happiness. English literature, it has been well remarked, owes possibly all that is of permanent value in it—the poetical—to the Celtic spirit which has informed it in the process of the upbuilding of that composite race—the English—a race as composite as their speech. They may have taken their thews and sinews, their ruddy cheeks, and their stolid moral character, from their Anglo-Saxon forefathers, but what of poetic feeling there may be in them they certainly owe to whatever strain of Celtic blood they may have in them. I do not say a strain of Gaelic blood—for the burly Saxon, it seems, never came to dwell with the Gaelic race as a friend. I suppose the Dane did, but we absorbed him, language and all. Let us, at least, give a practical proof of our regard for the Gaelic language and literature, by seeing that the knowledge of both is upheld for the sake of the

secret springs in the inmost recesses of our being, which this knowledge alone can touch and unlock. One word of Gaelic from one stranger to another in a foreign land certainly makes the Gael know the Gael. We know that such meetings at once suggest a reference to their native hills. Whether Gaelic be destined to live many generations beyond ours or not, one thing is certain, which is, that it has lived, or rather outlived—unless Greek be excepted—all the European languages which started in life with it. The following lines by the late Rev. D. Macrae, of Ness, Lews, which I got from the Rev. D. Murray, of Tarbat, refer touchingly to this longevity of Gaelic, notwithstanding all its maltreatment:—

“’S e rinneadh dh’ ise lagh na daltachd
Muime fhuar a bhi ga h-altrum,
’S mur bu treise i na ’n darach,
’S fhada o’n a chaidh a call.”

I have much pleasure in coupling the toast with the name of a gentleman well able to give a good account of himself as well as of the Language and Literature of the Gael—Mr Duncan Campbell, of the *Northern Chronicle*—(cheers).

Mr D. Campbell, in replying to the toast, said—Many people believe that Gaelic is dying out. With some who say that it is doomed quickly to disappear, the wish is father to the thought; but I don’t think that Gaelic is in any immediate danger of dying out. I did believe, when the Highland Railway was made, that by this time the old language would be in a weak, exhausted state, if not quite killed. But on coming back to my native land, after twenty years’ absence, I found the signs of recovery stronger than the marks of decay, and for the last seven years it has been my happy experience to find myself a sort of centre for a rising school of Gaelic writers—some of whom, I firmly believe, are equal, if not superior, as prose writers, to the very best the Highlanders have had for forty years at least. Gaelic is difficult to kill. It was dying out eight hundred years ago in the reign of Malcolm Ceanmor, when Saxon became the language of the court, and the native church and nobility began to be superseded by foreign ecclesiastics, and an Anglo-Norman nobility. The process of killing it out was continued for two hundred and fifty years, but Bannockburn—the victory of the Gaelic race, chiefly—gave things a new turn, and it was not till after Harlaw that the killing process was once more renewed. In the time of Buchanan it was going on vigorously, and that renegade Highlander wished it success. Although the Gaelic of Galloway, still a living language

in 1583, finally died out during the Covenant War, the Highland boundaries within which Gaelic is still spoken remain just what they were in the time of Buchanan. Upon the whole, therefore, it is just as likely as not that a language which has taken so much killing in the past, and is still in very good health, may be alive and kicking eight hundred years hence. As for Gaelic literature, if we include Irish Gaelic literature, the subject is a wide one, but if we restrict ourselves to the literature of the Scottish Gael it becomes a small one. The Picts must have got some knowledge of letters from Columba and his monks and their successors, but if they had any written literature afterwards, it all perished, except the "*Pictish Chronicle*," written by the monks of Brechin in Latin long after the Pictish Kingdom had merged into the Scottish Kingdom of Kenneth M'Alpin's dynasty. The Scots were comparatively a cultured race, but if they wrote much in Gaelic all has been lost, except the Gaelic bits found in the *Book of Deer*, and a few other fragments. The Dean of Lismore's book, in which there is nothing that by internal evidence can be proved to be of later date than 1510, is the first written collection of Gaelic poetry of which the Highlanders can boast. This collection is in some respects very valuable, but at the same time very disappointing. It contains upwards of four thousand lines, double lines most of them, but in all that wealth of verse there is only one obscure reference to a King of Scotland, the King referred to being James the First. Wonderful indeed is the divorce between history and the mass of Gaelic poetry gathered by Sir James Macgregor and his brother. The so-called Ossianic poetry is evidently the work of Irish bards of the thirteenth, fourteenth, and sixteenth centuries, and of Highland bards, who accepted the heroes of Eirinn, and forgot those of their own land—Bruce and Wallace among the rest. Poetically the Dean's collection indicates a poor, artificial, and conventional mode of dealing with heroic traditions, and of praising or satirising contemporary persons. Perhaps the two most spirited and natural pieces in it are a song in praise of the Macdonalds—"Ni h-eibhneas gun Chloinn Domhnuill"—and a clever satire on a pilgrim stroller by Sir Duncan Campbell of Glenorchy—"An Ridire Math"—who fell at Flodden. We may be sure that the music counted for quite as much as the verse in those old centuries, when Irish bards strolled separately, or in "*cleith-sheanchain*" bands, over the Highlands. Their reign terminated with the Reformation, and then, all at once, native poetic genius burst its bonds, and broke out in the noble strains of his widow's lament for Grigor Macgregor, beheaded in 1570, of

the "Duanag Uallamh," and of the "Comhachag"—three lays of very different kinds, which, in their respective ways, will compare with the best lyric poetry of any age or country. I think native Highland literature may almost be said to begin with the Reformation, which terminated the long era of the strolling bards. An Irish brand was on mostly all the earlier literature which has reached us. Bishop Carswell, who published his Gaelic translation of Knox's Prayer Book in 1567, had sufficient reason for denouncing the strolling bards, who imposed their Irish metrical tales upon the people of Alba, to the loss or confusion of their native ballads and stories, and who mendaciously praised the men who treated them with prodigal liberality, and exhausted the power of satire to denounce those who had the courage to despise their hireling muse, and to treat the dissolute sturdy beggars as they deserved. At anyrate, it was after the Irish bards were got rid of that the Gaelic muse of Scotland broke out into her highest strains of war and love songs, of merry words to dancing music, and of psalms and hymns. We get then at last to reality and high-class poetry, and the volume of song, in many metres, swells higher and higher until the beginning of the present century, when a falling off began. Nature-feeling peeps out pretty frequently in the Dean of Lismore's collection. Several of the songs of that collection are thickly strewn with phrases or short interjectional sentences descriptive of scenery. Still, although ever present, nature-feeling remained always a subordinate accessory, until Duncan Macintyre sang the praises of "Ben-doran" and "Coire-cheathaich," some twenty years before Sir Walter Scott was born. As a describer and passionate adorer of mountain scenery Donnachadh Ban excelled his future rival. Fluent and graphic as Scott's scenery descriptions are, the minute touches and daintily tripping metres of the forest bard surpass anything possible in English, although English was never more plastic than in the hands of Scott. Perhaps Highlanders are too much disposed to forget the contracted scope of Gaelic poetry, and to exaggerate its merits, but there is no doubt at all about the capabilities of their language for gliding smoothly into all sorts of poetic measures. Our love songs are by far the purest love songs in Europe. They have scarcely a trace of the grossness which characterised Lowland songs until the time of Burns, and from which Burns himself is by no means free. The suggestive libertinism of "Moladh Moraig" is a thing by itself. It is far more like a French piece of artistic mockery of staid morality than a British production, but the creaking lyre of France could never

have yielded such sparkling and mellifluous strains. The fiery force and singing rhythm of our war songs are magnificent, but up till near the beginning of the present century they were deficient enough as expressions of national patriotism, for they were mostly all dedicated to clannishness and sectionalism. Little is heard of the Covenanters, and not much of Montrose, in the fierce songs of Iain Lom, but much of the clan hostilities of the Macdonalds, the Campbells, Gordons, and other clans. It is even under the wretched sectional or clannish guise that the Jacobite muse presents to us the struggle of the '45. Still, the glorious part taken by the Freiceadan Dubh in the battle of Fontenoy had even then done something to lift Highlanders out of the clannish rut and to inspire them with the broadening idea of national patriotism. My friend, Mr Duncan Macgregor, late schoolmaster of Petty, whom we buried last week, was one of the sons of the poet-schoolmaster of Dull, in Perthshire, who, at the beginning of this century, furnished his Gaelic countrymen with an "Oran nam finneachan," which possessed the true "Rule Britannia" roll without any mistake, as the following two verses amply testify :—

"Suas eiribh anns an am so,
Gach ceannard tha fo'n chrun ;
Cumaibh thall na Frangaich,
Na leigibh 'm feasd a nall iad ;
Ged robh sibh ann an teanndachd,
Na tionndaibh 'ur cul,
Gus an coisinn sibh lan bhuaidh,
'S am faigh sibh duais is cliu.

"Gleidhibh taobh na fairge
Is earbaibh ris na siuil ;
Bi'bh tric gu clis ga'r dearbhadh fein,
Nach tig iad ann an anmoch oirbh,
Gus an ruig na sealgairean
O gharbh-bheantan uan stuc ;
'S iad na Cinnich as gach ionad
A philleas iad gu dlu."

Rev. G. W. Mackay, assistant, High Church, on rising to propose the toast of "Highland Education," was heartily received. Highland education, he said, was a subject which should lie very near the hearts of every true and genuine Highlander—(applause). He spoke of the importance of teaching Highland children English through the medium of their native Gaelic, and deplored the

ignoring of Highland history in the schools. Every child should, he thought, be taught the history of the Highlands, and particularly the history of his own county—(applause). Gaelic singing had also been too much neglected; nothing was better or more pleasing than the ability to render a Gaelic song. He advocated the establishment of a training college at Inverness for Gaelic teachers, and the granting of pecuniary encouragements, with the view of retaining their best men in the Highlands; at present they went to the Lowlands, where they obtained better salaries. He alluded to the disposition of Highland proprietors, such as Lochiel, The Mackintosh, and the Marquis of Stafford, to give their children a knowledge of Gaelic, and said it would have been a grand thing for the Highlands if these classes had paid more attention to the language in times past—(applause).

Mr Alexander Macbain, M.A., Raining's School, said—It must at once be confessed that educational matters in the Highlands are not in an altogether satisfactory state, but the condition of matters is not at all a gloomy one notwithstanding, for education in the north is in a state of transition and expectancy, and we are likely in a few years to have matters fairly solved and successfully settled. The expectations held of the Highland Minute of 1885 have not been fulfilled in any great degree, and this, with the advent of the New Code, has struck a heavy blow at the hopes and the interests of many Highland School Boards and their teachers. The relief to the rates has not been appreciable, and the latest returns, under the rigours of a code which is difficult for country schools to work, though easy enough to town schools, are not reassuring. The Island of Lewis has made itself especially prominent in this matter of education, as in others of a more material kind, and I must say that I admired the skill and completeness with which the Stornoway School Board a fortnight ago addressed Lord Lothian on their general grievances. They pointed out the grievous burden of debt under which they labour for school buildings; the extreme difficulty of raising and maintaining the attendance, so as to get any higher grants under this score; the rigours of the new Code; and the absurdity of making no use of the Gaelic tongue in the learning of English. I was also glad that the absurd charge of favouritism on the part of the Inspectors was not hinted at, though it was suggested that they did not try to mitigate the harshness of the Code and its conditions. But it must be remembered that these Inspectors are mere appraisers of work, and they cannot but go by their rules and their Code. It is the Code itself that is to blame. I should not like the idea of

lowering the standard of pass in the Highlands; that means inferior education. A Standard VI. boy in Lews ought to know about as much as the Standard VI. boy in Inverness or Edinburgh. But their ages need not agree. More time should be given for children in the Highlands to pass their standards. They should not be asked to begin standard work so early as in the south or in towns. The Highland Minute has failed to do good where good was wanted—that is, on the West Coast and in the Isles. The schools of Easter Ross are reaping a great harvest of it; while in Lews, of the 35 schools there, only one-half got any extra grant under the attendance head, and of the rest eight made the bare 65 per cent. needed for the first rise of a shilling. Then this extra grant on attendance is hedged in by some galling conditions. Every child of school age must be kept on the register, whether in school or not; this keeps up the number on the roll, while the average attendance is the same, and it is on the rates of the one to the other that the grant is calculated. These annoying conditions should be done away with. Then, the question of the teaching of Gaelic has been at a stand-still for the last two years. The famous Gaelic schedule, on the basis of which the higher standards were to be taught Gaelic as an extra subject, has not yet been issued. As a consequence, only four schools, as far as I know, have taken the subject. How far boards are employing Gaelic-speaking pupil teachers to instruct the young children and explain the English by the Gaelic, I cannot tell, but it must not be supposed that this will add much to the supply of Gaelic-speaking teachers, so sadly lacking at present. For it will be mostly girls that will be employed to teach the younger children; and so in practice the clause may shut out the employment of male Gaelic-speaking pupil-teachers. But the whole subject of Gaelic teaching must be dealt with in a more generous spirit. The Gaelic should be employed from the very first in teaching the children English; and in the senior standards the children should be able to read both languages with ease and fluency. Bilingual books should be used at all stages, according to my idea. An immediate difficulty will be found in the lack of Gaelic-speaking teachers, and this can never be set right until we have in Inverness a Normal School for the training of Highland teachers. At such an institution, the peculiar difficulties of northern education could be met and obviated. At present, few, almost no, Gaelic-speaking pupil-teachers get into our training colleges. In regard to secondary education, which is not in a very flourishing condition, much is expected of the central secondary schools which are to be mainly

supported by the funds of the S.P.C.K. It is to be hoped that the scheme will do the good anticipated ; there is need for it—(applause).

Mr Alex. Mactavish, ironmonger, Inverness, proposed "The Agricultural and Commercial Interests of the Highlands," and in doing so alluded to the letter published in the *Inverness Courier* of that day on the position of sheep farmers in the North. He (Mr Mactavish) had checked the statistics with regard to wool, and he could speak to their correctness ; and he had no doubt the figures with regard to sheep were also correctly stated. The writer of the letter in question showed that an average reduction of at least 30 per cent., but varying according to individual cases, was necessary to enable tenants who entered on leases prior to 1884 to carry on their farms, while to place them on the same footing as regards profit as they were prior to 1884, a reduction of 60 per cent. would be necessary. That showed how great was the depression through which sheep farmers and agriculturists were now passing, and ought to gain for them the sympathy and assistance of all classes—(applause). There was another class of gentlemen who did not get sufficient consideration, and that was the landlords. A glance at the valuation rolls would show how the rent-roll of many a great and noble estate had been reduced within the last few years, and he thought they ought to entertain a deal of sympathy for them. The majority of the landlords had come forward and faced the difficulty, and assisted their tenants in no small degree, and it would be well if they followed the example set by the writer of the letter he had referred to, and shared the burden as far as they could with the landlords—(hear, hear). Commerce was the twin sister of agriculture, and when agriculture was depressed commerce might be said to weep. If, however, they were not making rich just now they were making beautiful, and in this Northern Capital they had a city which in that respect would vie with any in the three kingdoms—(cheers). He asked them to drink to the toast of "The Agricultural and Commercial Interests of the Highlands," coupled with the name of Mr William Miller, auctioneer.

Mr Miller, of Hamilton & Co., in reply, said—It is with no little diffidence I rise to respond to the toast just proposed. The agricultural interests are, in this country, and especially in the Highlands, of paramount importance. For years we have seen the farmer struggling with high rents, low prices, and bad seasons, his capital gradually dwindling away, each year being more disastrous than its predecessor, until, at the present moment, it seems to be

with many a question of bare existence as tillers of the soil. It is not necessary to trouble you with statistics of the comparative value of farm produce now and, say, ten years ago. I have, however, taken the trouble to compare prices, with the result shown in tabulated form; and I may state that two years ago, at the request of one of the officials of the Privy Council, I sent similar statistics, tabulated for a succession of years, relating to beef and mutton, to the Government. Beginning with the year 1877—ten years ago—we arrive at the following averages for cereals, beef, and mutton:—

	1877.	1878.	1879.	1880.	1881.	1882.	1883.	1884.	1885.	1886.	1887.
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
Wheat.....	52 0	41 0	45 0	44 6	44 0	—	—	33 0	31 0	31 0	29 0
Barley.....	32 6	32 0	32 6	32 0	32 6	23 9	30 0	29 6	23 3	22 3	20 0
Oats.....	27 0	27 0	22 6	24 6	22 0	23 9	22 9	23 6	22 3	20 0	15 0
Beef, 7 cwt.	80 6	82 0	70 0	80 0	70 0	80 0	82 0	75 0	63 6	64 0	—
Mutton, 7 lb.	0 9	0 10	0 9	0 9½	0 9	0 10	0 9½	0 9	0 7½	0 8	—
Store	£15 0	£16 0	£14 0	£14 10	£15 0	£16 0	£16 0	£14 10	£15 0	£11 10	—

The sheep farmer has suffered in no less a degree than the arable farmer. Wool and store sheep have gone down, without the feeder or wool buyer getting any proportionate advantage. With produce steadily declining in value we find labour as steadily rising, at least within the last year or two, and to add to the disadvantages under which agriculturists have laboured, almost nothing has been done to recoup them for capital expended in improvements. During the last few years no doubt many judicious landlords have done much to relieve the pressure, but much, if not the greater part, remains still to be done. The question is how? Well, many think that legislation in the interests of the farmer would go far to remedy the present state of matters. But legislation cannot be expected to do everything. We have had already legislation in the interests of the crofter and in the interests of the large farmer, and no sane man, no true friend of the crofter, will deny that the Crofters Commission has been of immense benefit to hundreds of struggling Highlanders, and all sober-minded men will accord full credit to the Commissioners for the thorough conscientious manner in which their hitherto arduous labours have been performed; but, gentlemen, no legislation and no Commission can alter conditions which are naturally unfavourable, such as conditions of soil and climate—(hear, hear). We have had, as I said, legislation for the large farmer as well as for the crofter, in the passing of the “Agricultural Holdings Act.” This legislative step was no doubt well meant—in fact, many considered it a sop thrown out to the disaffected farmer—but I think,

after a fair trial, most practical men will admit that its machinery is cumbrous, expensive to work, and, when set in motion, very unsatisfactory. To be of general use and accessible under all conditions it must be recast in many of its chief features. It would be very much out of place here to assume the position of an exponent of the relations which should subsist between landlord and tenant, but I do not think many of us are in love with the now famous resolutions of the Morayshire Farmers' Club. It is generally admitted that no uniform line can be drawn in every case. Some farms may be considered cheap already, and, no doubt, many are proportionally dearer than others; so that the hard and fast all-round reduction is out of the question. The proposal of some of the Aberdeenshire and the Ross-shire Farmers' Clubs of a re-valuation of each individual farm seems by far the most practical, as it is certainly the most equitable way of dealing with the matter. It is a proposal which, to the honour of some of our Highland proprietors, has already, as leases expire, been given effect to. I know a case in point where a young Ross-shire proprietor, following in the footsteps of his worthy sire—a prince among proprietors—agreed to a mutual re-valuation of three or four of his best farms, the leases of which terminate at Whitsunday, 1889. The valuers, themselves tenant-farmers, could not do otherwise than report as necessary a very substantial reduction. The proprietor not only gave effect to the recommendations of the valuers, but offered the farms to the sitting tenants at a very considerable per centage under the valuation. If we had more such proprietors, farming, in spite of depression, might yet attract capital, and farmers as a class would hold their own against all competition—(applause). My remarks have, however, exceeded very much the limits desirable in a meeting such as this, and I shall not presume to suggest in this assembly of Highlanders any remedy for the serious state of matters which we see all around us. I cannot help saying that in my view the only feasible cure, as far as the Highlands is concerned, is emigration—(hear, hear, and "No")—and I do think that sooner or later the Government must take the matter up and organise some judicious scheme whereby aid may be given to young and able men from our Highland shores, to plant themselves and their families on more hospitable soil, in some of the almost boundless colonies of the British Empire, where, in the future as heretofore, their industry, patriotism, and indomitable perseverance will do honour to themselves and their native land—(cheers). At no gathering of Highlanders could more sympathy be felt with our struggling crofters,

fishermen, and cottars than in that I am now addressing in the Highland capital ; and I am sure, gentlemen, not one of us here present can fail to see the necessity for the immediate, tender, and judicious treatment of the many ills which agricultural depression and other kindred causes have inflicted upon men whose forefathers, on innumerable battlefields, attested their patriotism and bravery with their blood, and made the British flag to this day wherever it waves a terror to the tyrant and the oppressor—(cheers). I beg to thank you for associating my name with the toast of the Agricultural and Commercial Interests of the Highlands.

Mr John Macdonald, The Stores, Castle Street, proposed the toast of "Kindred Societies," and Dr Moir, Aberdeen, president of the Celtic Society of that city, and Mr James A. Gossip, president of the Field Club, Inverness, replied.

Bailie W. G. Stuart proposed the "Non-resident Members," to whom, he said, was due the credit of upholding the Society from its very birth with heart, head, and pocket. They must consider that nearly three-fourths of the members are living outside Inverness, and are spread over Scotland, England, Wales, Ireland, America, and the far-off isles of the sea ; in fact,

"Where'er you go through the world below
You'll find our Highland men."

They enriched the Society with their subscriptions ; and he need only refer to the volumes of the "Transactions" to see that they also enriched it with their intellects as well—(applause). Of the 136 papers contributed and spread over the 13 volumes of "Transactions" now published, no fewer than 78 articles, all of them valuable and interesting, were contributed by non-resident members—(applause). Their generosity had extended to the Society's library as well, and more than half the 300 volumes that comprise the library were presented by our non-resident members—(applause). Their "absent friends" represent all ranks and conditions of men—warriors like Field-Marshal Sir Patrick Grant—(applause)—statesmen like Lochiel, Mr Fraser-Mackintosh, and Mr R. B. Finlay—(applause)—men of law and letters like Professor Mackinnon and Sheriff Nicolson—(applause)—divines like Bourke, Cameron, Mackenzie, and Sinclair ; educationalists like Jolly and O'Hara ; poets like Dr Charles Mackay and Mrs Mackellar—(applause)—distinguished proprietors like their present Chief, The Mackintosh, Sir Kenneth Mackenzie and

Novar ; and last, but not least, the greatest Highlander of all, he who, by establishing the Celtic Chair, has

“Awoke to new life, in our storm-riven island,
The strains that shall live while the wave beats the shore”

—(applause). While many of them, as he had pointed out, were illustrious, all of them were enthusiastic Highlanders ; perhaps not by birth, but what of that ?—

“One touch of Nature makes the whole world kin”

—(applause). They were Highland in sentiment, in attachment to the traditions and associations of the past, feeling more deeply than ever that their own countrymen could feel the truth of the German poet's observation that

“Time doth consecrate,
And what is gray with age becomes religion.”

Hence that “clannishness” among Highlanders, that strong affection that unites them to their native hills, “stern and wild,”

“With a love that scorns the lapse of time,
And ties that stretch beyond the deep.”

He asked them to fill their glasses to the beaded brim and drink a hearty bumper to their non-resident members, coupled with the name of Rev. Mr Sinton, of Invergarry, a good clergyman and a good Highlander, whose “Songs of Badenoch,” now appearing in the *Celtic Magazine*, entitled him to take a high place as a Gaelic scholar—(applause).

Rev. Thomas Sinton, Invergarry, replied, expressing his delight at being present for the first time at a dinner of the Society of which he had been a member for twelve years—(applause). He alluded to the great obligation that the non-resident members felt they were under to the resident members who had successfully carried on the work of the Society through sunshine and rain—(applause).

Mr G. J. Campbell, solicitor, proposed the toast of the “Provost, Magistrates, and Town Council of Inverness,” and, in doing so, alluded to the result of the vote at a recent meeting by which the Council declined to give a donation to the Society for Preserving the Rights of Way in Scotland. He thought the opposition to that proposal came very ill indeed, particularly from those who pretended and no doubt thought they were great advocates of the rights of the people—(laughter and applause).

The Provost, in course of his reply, said in these days they had a great many people who seemed to hold the belief that laws were only to be obeyed in so far as they were consonant with the ideas of the people—(applause). He pointed out that this was a mistaken idea, and that it was the duty of those in authority to enforce the law, the people to obey it, and the Legislature to alter it if it was thought to be a bad law—(applause).

Treasurer Jonathan Ross proposed "The Clergy," coupling the toast with the name of the Rev. Gavin Lang of the West Parish Church.

Mr Lang, in reply, said he attended to elicit sympathy on behalf of the profession to which he belonged. They had heard a great deal about depression in commercial and agricultural circles, but he had waited patiently to hear something about depression in connection with his own office—(laughter). He was not prepared to speak about the position of the clergy of all denominations, for he did not pry into the affairs of his neighbours—(hear, hear)—but he knew the state of his friends in the Church with which he was connected, and he knew what the outlook was. If it was dark for landlords and tenants, he might say it was very dark for the clergy. If there was depression all round he was quite prepared to share in it; but if there was any grand scheme by which all classes were to benefit and to be made better, he prayed of them to remember the poor parson—(laughter and cheers). In conclusion he expressed the pleasure it gave him to be present at such a gathering as that, and to have an opportunity of joining in the recreation and amusement of those among whom he lived—(applause).

Mr Wm. Gunn proposed "The Press," and Mr Duncan Campbell, of the *Chronicle*, replied.

Mr E. H. Macmillan proposed the toast of "The Chairman," and Councillor James Macbean "The Croupiers," after which the proceedings terminated. During the evening songs were given by Mr Maccallum, Union Street; Bailie Stuart, Mr John S. Fraser, solicitor; Mr Paul Fraser, and others, and Pipe-Major MacIennan, the Society's piper, added greatly to the pleasure of the meeting by discoursing some excellent bagpipe music.

18th JANUARY, 1888.

A meeting was held on this date for the purpose of nominating office-bearers for 1888. The secretary formally reported that the

annual dinner of the Society was held in the Imperial Hotel on the previous evening, with Sir Henry C. Macandrew, Provost of Inverness, in the chair. The attendance was unusually large, and the meeting was, from every point of view, a success. All the business having been transacted, the meeting assumed the form of a Highland "ceilidh," at which the Rev. Mr Sinton, Invergarry, and others took part, and which was highly enjoyed by all present.

25th JANUARY, 1888.

At the meeting on this date office-bearers for 1888 were elected. The following gentlemen were elected members of the Society, viz. :—Dr Macfadyen, Inverness ; Mr Daniel Dewar, Beaufort ; Mr Frederick Baxter, seedsman, Inverness ; Mr J. B. Grant, factor, Erchless ; and Councillor Lyon, Aberdeen. The secretary intimated that he received from Mr Alexander Burgess, agent of the Caledonian Bank, Gairloch, the following books, as a donation towards the Society's library, viz. :—Wallcott's "Ancient Scottish Church," "Stuart Papers," Dick Lauder's "Highland Legends," and "Book of Scottish Story." On the motion of Mr Alex. Mackenzie, who presided, it was unanimously resolved to tender the thanks of the Society to Mr Burgess for his donation. The secretary, Mr Mackintosh, laid on the table a statement of his intromissions as treasurer for year ending 31st December, 1887, certified by two of the chieftains. The financial position of the Society was found to be very satisfactory, and the treasurer's statement was ordered to be engrossed in the minutes.

1st FEBRUARY, 1888.

At this meeting the following new members were elected, viz. : Dr Murray, Ardrross Street ; Mr R. J. Macgregor, ironmonger, Bridge Street ; Mr Alexander Fraser, draper, 15 Church Street, Inverness.

Mrs Mackellar's paper on "The Sheiling : its Traditions and Milking Songs," was to have been read this evening ; but, having taken up so much time with preliminary business, the meeting unanimously agreed to postpone the reading of the paper until next week.

8th FEBRUARY, 1888.

At this meeting Lord Tweedmouth, Guisachan, was elected an honorary member of the Society, and Mr John Macintyre, Balnacoll, Brora ; Mr Peter Macgregor, 4 Brougham Street, Edinburgh ; Mr John Hood, English and Scottish Law Life Assurance Association, Edinburgh ; and Mr E. Dwelly, piper, Argyle Highlanders, Ballachulish, were elected ordinary members. Thereafter Mr John Whyte read a paper by Mrs Mary Mackellar, on "The Sheiling : its Traditions and Milking Songs," which was very favourably reviewed by the members present. Mrs Mackellar's paper was as follows :—

THE SHEILING : ITS TRADITIONS AND SONGS.

[PART I.]

The rearing of their cows, and caring for their welfare, was a matter of great importance to the Highlanders of the past. Milk, in its different forms, was the food on which they chiefly depended for their existence. Tea had not yet unstrung the nerves of our great-grandmothers, nor given dyspepsia to our healthy and long-lived forefathers. Their only beverages to refresh or strengthen—besides the "eanaich" of beef and venison—were from the cow ; and their store of butter and cheese largely represented their winter provision. It was therefore of great consequence to them to have their cattle so fed that their yield of milk would not only be increased but enriched. Deer forests or large sheep farms did not then shut them out from the glens of their native hills. The people formed the wealth of the chief, and the stronger and more numerous they were, the greater was his importance as one of the decisive forces of his native land. There was therefore no restriction, only that they arranged among themselves concerning the different places of summer grazing that would belong to each township. This place of pasture was known as the "àiridh," and the cots built thereon for their summer sheilings were known as "bothain àiridh." The houses in which they spent the winter were poor enough, but it mattered much less for these summer sheilings : if they kept the wind and the rain out, that was enough. They spent the most of their time among their herds on the hillside. They had the fresh mountain breezes, and the pure rills of stream and fountain, and beauty and grandeur around them to gladden the eye ; and what if they had no couches of down,

they were no Sybarites. The "cuaran," or old Highland shoe, was only required to keep out a stone or a stick laid crossways. "Tha i gu math ma chumas i 'mach clach, no maide air a tharsuing." And they were as regardless in other things that concerned their personal comfort. Sometimes the summer grazings were within a couple of miles of the homes, and although they shifted the cows there, they did not require to leave their own homes, and they went morning and evening to milk them and feed the calves. This place of pasture was known as "buaile," and the milking-hour that, morning and evening, divided the day was known as "An t-Eadar-adh."* The maidens went there in bands, and carried the milk home in the "milk-nut," or "cnò-bhainne," which was a wooden dish, made in the shape of a nut, and having a hole in the side large enough to let the hand in to wash it. Afterwards the milking-cog, or "cuach-bhleoghain," took the place of the nut, but now the tin pail is oftenest carried, even where the "buaile" is to be seen. It was customary for the milking-maids to offer a drink from their foaming cogs to the passers by, and it was considered mean and inhospitable not to offer a stranger this "deoch-rathaid," or "deoch-ròid."

Flora Macdugald, a daughter of "Ailean Dall," the poet, told me that she spoke often to an old woman who had given a drink of milk from her cog to the beloved but unfortunate Prince Charles Stuart—the "Bonnie Prince Charlie" of song and story. She was a young girl at the time, and in her return from the "buaile" she had to walk over a plank that bridged a foaming burn. The plank was unsteady, and a gallant-looking gentleman, who stood on the opposite bank, jumped into the water and held it firmly until she passed over. He had wet his feet, and she felt ashamed and sorry, and when she got near him, after he came out of the burn, she offered him her cog that he might have a drink. He took it freely, and, having unbonnetted, he shook hands with her, and they parted. She saw him again when he was in hiding, and knew that it was Bonnie Prince Charlie who had stepped into the foaming brook to steady the plank for her. She spoke of it always until her death in old age. She could never forget his kind face and smiling eyes when, regardless of his wet hose, he took off his bonnet and shook hands with her.

It was customary with the gentlemen-farmers, and proprietors of estates even, to go in the morning at milking time to see the cattle, to gladden their hearts by seeing their calves "thrive

*Eadar-thràth.

bonnie," and to get a draught of rich warm milk from the foaming cog. One of the chieftains of the Camerons of Glen-Nevis met his death in a dreadful manner in his "buaile." Some foe, of small dimensions—it is said to have been Iain Beag Mac Aindrea—got himself secreted by his wife in a large burden ("eallach") of heather, and rolled down a hill. The "eallach" rested in a heathy hollow, within arrow-shot of the "buaile," and when the chieftain came and went his rounds among the cattle, and afterwards went to get his drink of milk as usual, he lifted the cog to his lips, and Iain Beag let his arrow fly. The chieftain fell dead, with the cog pinned to his forehead by the too well aimed arrow. The dairymaid screamed when her master fell at her feet, with the milk spilt over him, and the cog so unaccountably pinned to his forehead. Her cries brought the herdsman, and in the commotion Iain Beag escaped, having with his dirk cut the heather rope that bound the burden in which he had lain hidden with his fatal messengers. He fled up the mountain side, and was out of reach ere he was noticed, and the chief was carried home to his family in sorrow, amidst the lamentations and wailings of those who sang the "coronach," or, as it was known in Gaelic, "a' chaoidheanaich."

A dairymaid was the mother of an illegitimate son, who was known as "Donull du Diolain." His patronymic was "Donull du Mac Alasdair," but he continued to be known to posterity as "An gambahain maol donn"—"the polled brown stirk"—and his descendants are spoken of still as "Sliochd a Ghamhna," a name which was given to him when, in his early boyhood, he used to go with his mother to his father's "buaile." This branch of the Glen-Nevis family live chiefly in Onich, and the following lullaby and milking song was composed on one of them :—

" Pru dhé Mhic a' Ghamhna,
Pru dhe Mhic a' Ghamhna chean-fhionn,
Pru dhe Mhic a' Ghamhna,
Bhríst' thu 'm braidein, 's dh'òl thu 'm bainne,
Pru dhe Mhic a' Ghamhna,
'S dh' fhalbh thu 'n oidhche ris a' ghealaich,
Pru dhe Mhic a' Ghamhna,
Ach ma dh' fhalbh 's ann duit nach b' aithreach,
Pru dhe Mhic a' Ghamhna,
'S boidheach air lianaig ar n-aighean,
Pru dhe Mhic a' Ghamhna,
'S boidheach balg-fhionn ar crodh-bainne,

Pru dhe Mhic a Ghamhna.
 Chuala tu an damh donn ri langan,
 Pru dhe Mhic a' Ghamhna,
 Ach ma chuala fhuair e 'n t-saighead,
 Pru dhe Mhic a' Ghamhna,
 Pru dhe Mhic a' Ghamhna chean-fhionn."

Where the summer grazings were too far away to go to them at milking time, the people flitted to them, with all their herds, flocks, and store of necessaries. This exodus took place generally in June, after the peats were stacked, and the potato fields left in good order, and it was a time of much bustle and excitement and much expectancy, especially for the young people. When Lord Dunmore was a young man, he was out one day deer-stalking in Harris, and when he and his men approached the ruins of a sheil-ing, his excellent but eccentric henchman, Donald John Mackenzie, exclaimed, pointing to it, "There's where my father courted my mother." Many a Highlander could say the same thing of the "bothan àiridh," and many a young man could sing heartily,

"Thug mi 'n oidhche 'n raoir 's an àiridh,
 Thug mi 'n oidhche 'n raoir 's an àiridh,
 'S bidh mi nochd gu cridheil caoimhneil,
 Mar ri maighdeannan na h-airidh."

It was a matter of great concern to them to get away without any evil omen, and without meeting an unlucky foot, as they set out. "Codhail mhath dhiubh" was always a welcome salutation, and "droch codhail ort" was dreaded as much as the wildest malediction. They hated a lean, hungry-looking person to meet them, or a covetous man, or any one known to be even distantly related to a witch, or suspected of having any communication with witches or evil-disposed fairies. Those witches could not only kill their cows, but they could make them cast their calves. They could take their milk from them, or take the virtue out of it, so that no butter could be made, and people with the evil eye could injure them in the same way. It is also said that fairies can shoot cows with those flint arrows so frequently found on the hills. They did not like any one to praise a cow without their wetting their eyes with their own saliva, taken up on the point of the finger. Nor did they like any one to count their cattle without invoking a blessing upon them. There were also some animals that they considered a bad omen if they came across them as they set out. A cat was an unlucky creature, as the demon was said to take its shape, and a

hare was sure to be a witch in disguise. The snipe was the most blessed creature that could come across them, because it was believed to have met the Virgin Mary when on her way to her Son's grave on the morning that He had risen from the dead. It was considered very unlucky to lend any one the churn, and a neighbour who would be rude or daring enough to seek the loan of a churn on the first day of any quarter of the year would be regarded with grave suspicion ; and there was a special repugnance to lending it on Beltane Day, for if the borrower had any evil power, she might take the "toradh," or substance, out of the butter for the next quarter, and, of course, it would be more disastrous if that should be done at the beginning of the milk season. I have heard the following rhyme repeated by some of the old people whilst churning :—

"Thig a bhuidheag, thig,
Thig a bhuidheag, thig,
Blathach gu dorn, im gu h-uilinn,
Thig a bhuidheag, thig,
Thigeadh na maoir, thigeadh na saoir ;
Thigeadh fear a' bhata bhuidhe,
Ach thig a bhuidheag, thig,
Thigeadh cach no deanadh iad fuireach,
Thig a bhuidheag, thig a bhathag,
Thig a bhuidheag, thig."

And as this was repeated if splashes of the cream came out through the hole in the lid of the churn as the "lonaid" was worked, it was a sure sign that the evil influences were leaving the cream, and that good butter would come. The more ancient vessel used for making butter in the Highlands was called "imideal." In ordinary cases two women sat on a bed shaking the vessel until butter was produced. It was a long, narrow, wooden keg, made of staves and covered with dressed skins, fastened on it by twelve strings of horse hair. Another keg of the same kind, and shaped narrower at the bottom than at the mouth, was made for the salting of the cheese, and was named "an sailleir caise." The new-made cheeses were laid in it with a sprinkling of salt between them, and they were, after a few days, laid out to dry.

When going to the hill grazing the women took the "imideal" on their backs with their store of cream in it, which, by the warmth of their bodies, was kept at due temperature, and by the time they got to the "airidh," it was turned into butter, and thus

the beginning of a store for housekeeping was provided in butter and buttermilk. The "imideal" was also made to serve another purpose on the journey. The young calves were enticed to follow them by getting the outside of the vessel occasionally to lick, which made them eager to follow in hopes of getting the contents. This was known as "buille imlich, latha imrich, air imideal maol dubh."

They all carried heavy burdens on their way to the sheiling. The men carried the heaviest things, but even the children had their loads, which they carried tightly, veritably wearing the yoke in their youth; and the women went on their way, spinning their distaffs or knitting their stockings, happy in being surrounded by their beloved ones. And what bard would not sing of the Highland maiden voicing her Gaelic lilts, light-hearted and free from care—barefooted, perhaps, treading the heather as if it were a carpet of velvet—

"A bhanarach dhonn a' chruidh,
Chaoin a' chruidh, dhonn a' chruidh,
'ailinn deas donn a' chruidh,
Cuachag na-hairidh."

After getting to the summer grazing ground, the cattle were turned to the pasture and the calves housed in a "cro," or pen known as "cro-nan-laogh." This "cro" is often spoken of in the old songs of the country. The following is a fragment of one which has a most pathetic and beautiful melody:—

"Tha sior chaoineadh am beinn, am beinn,
Tha sior chaoineadh am beinn a' cheo,
Tha sior chaoineadh am beinn, am beinn,
Gal 'us caoineadh am beinn a' cheo.

"Tha sior chaoineadh am beinn Lurrain,
Tha sior chaoineadh am beinn a' cheo;
Tha sior chaoineadh am beinn Lurainn,
Gal 'us caoineadh am beinn a' cheo.

"Tha sior chaoineadh am bun am bun,
Tha sior chaoineadh am bun a' chruidh-laoigh
Tha sior chaoineadh am bun am bun,
Is eigin cruban an cro nan laogh."

It is also mentioned in another very plaintive song, of which this is a part:—

“Chi mi mo thriuir bhraithrean seachad,
Air an eachabh loma luath,
Sgianan beag aca ri 'n taobh,
'Us fuil mo ghaoil-sa sileadh uap'.

“Cha teid mi do chro nan caorach,
'S cha teid mi do chro nan uan,
'S cha teid mi do chro nan laoighean,
Bho nach 'eil mo ghaoilean buan.”

The cows were not every year put to pass the nights in the same place, for the thrifty owners of the cattle frequently went in the spring to the hills to make small rigs and furrows, and sow corn or barley in them where, the cows had passed the nights of the previous year, as the soil would have been enriched with their droppings, and they had that to take home with them at the end of the season, as well as their stores of dairy produce. With permission, I quote the following from Mr A. A. Carmichael's paper on the grazing and agrestic customs of the Hebrides, written at Lord Napier's request for the report of the Crofter Royal Commission :—

“Having seen to their cattle and sorted their sheilings, the people repair to their removing feast—“Feisd na h-imrich,” or “Feisd na h-airidh.” The feast is simple enough, the chief thing being a cheese, which every housewife is careful to provide for the occasion from last year's produce. The cheese is shared among neighbours and friends, as they wish themselves and cattle luck and prosperity—

“‘Laoigh bhailgfhionn bhoireann air gach fireach
Piseach crodh na h-airidh.’

Every head is uncovered, every knee is bowed, as they dedicate themselves and their flocks to the care of Israel's Shepherd.

“In Barra, South Uist, and Benbecula, the Roman Catholic faith predominates. Here, in their touching dedicatory old hymn, the people invoke, with the aid of the Trinity, that of the angel with the cornered shield and flaming sword, St Michael, the patron saint of their horses ; of St Columba the holy, the guardian over their cattle ; and of the Virgin Shepherdess and mother of the Lamb without spot or blemish.

“‘A Mhicheil mhin ! nan steuda geala,
A choisinn cis air dragon fala ;
Air ghaol Dia 'us Mhic Moire,
Sgaoil do sgiath oirnn, dian sinn uile,
Sgaoil do sgiath oirnn, dian sinn uile.

“ ‘A Mhoire ghradhach ! mhathair uain ghil,
 Cobhair oirnne, oigh na h-uaisle ;
 A rioghainn uai’reach ! a bhuachaille nan treud !
 Cum ar cuallach, cuartaich sinn le cheil’,
 Cum ar cuallach, cuartaich sinn le cheil’.

“ ‘A Chaluim Chille ! chairdeil chaoimh,
 An ainm Athair Mic ’us Spioraid Naoimh,
 Trid na Triathinn ! trid na Triath !
 Comraig sinne, gleidh ar Triall,
 Comraig sinne, gleidh ar Triall.

“ ‘Athair ! a Mhic ! a Spioraid Naoimh !
 Bitheadh an Tri-aon leinn a la ’s a dh’ oidhche,
 ’S air machair lom no air rinn nam beann,
 Biodh an Tri-aon leinn ’s biodh a lamh mu’r ceann,
 Biodh an Tri-aon leinn ’s biodh a lamh mu’r ceann.’

In North Uist, Harris, and Lews, the Protestant faith entirely prevails, and the people confine their invocation to ‘the Shepherd of Israel, who slumbereth not nor sleepeth.’

“ ‘Feuch air fear coimhead Israeil,
 Cadal cha ’n aom no suain.’

As the people sing their dedication, their voices resound from their sheilings here literally in the wilderness ; and as the music floats on the air and echoes among the rocks, hills, and glens, and is wafted over fresh-water lakes and sea lochs, the effect is very striking.”

There was a great deal of importance given to invoking blessings on the herd and singing dedicatory songs, not only when on their removal journey, but at all times, and we give the following “sgeulachd” as illustrative of this, translated closely :—

“There was a king once upon a time, and his wife died, leaving him with one daughter, who was a beautiful little maiden, and, being anxious that she would be well trained, he married again. The second wife had a daughter also, but she was very plain and unattractive, and, as she grew up, was more than jealous of her fair sister. She was also jealous of her being her father’s heiress, and the favourite of all who came near their house. The stepmother was neither loving nor tender to the maiden, although she dared not be harsh to her for fear of her husband, and also for fear of what people would say. One day, however, as she was

pondering over the difference between her own daughter and her stepdaughter, for they had then grown up to be young women, who came in but the 'Eachrais Ulair.'* And she said to her, 'What a pity it is for you to see another woman's daughter heiress of the land when, if you but acted courageously and wisely, your own daughter might have it all.' 'I cannot help things being as they are,' replied the king's wife, 'I am not going to risk my own life and my daughter's by any rash act that they would be sure to find out.'

"'Oh!' cried the 'Eachrais Ulair,' 'if you make it worth my while I will put you on a plan, and you will be sure to get rid of her, and you will never be found out.'

"'What plan will that be?' asked the king's wife, for she was more willing to get rid of her stepdaughter than she wished the other to know.

"'I know a glen,' said the 'Eachrais Ulair,' 'out of which no human being ever returned to tell their tale; a black, dark, desolate glen, and the way leading to it full of holes, and precipices, and quagmires—"Gleann dubh, dorch, fasail lan tholl 'us chreag 'us shuilean-critchich." Send her there with the cows to the summer grazing, and send a dairyman and herdsmen with her. Send them away when the king is out hunting, and tell him it was her own desire to go for a short time to the sheiling, and you may rest assured, if she goes there, that you will never see herself or any of her companions again.'

"The king's wife promised the 'Eachrais Ulair' a rich reward when her daughter would be heiress to her father; and she got the cows set apart, and the servants appointed that were to go with her to the sheiling that was so far away and so difficult to reach. She gave them directions for the road, and they started when the king was in the hill hunting.

"They travelled on, and at last they came to the glen that was so black, dark, and desolate, full of holes, precipices, and quagmires, and they felt frightened and full of awe as they gazed upon the journey that lay before they would get to the floor of the glen, 'ular a' ghlinne.'

"The king's daughter invoked a blessing on herself and on her companions and on the cattle, and she made the others do the same. They invoked blessings, and sang on every step of the weary way, and with every step they took new courage—'ghlac iad misneach ur'—and, in spite of holes, rocks, and quagmires, they got to the floor of the glen without losing a single creature of

* A very wicked sort of witch.

their herd, and without damage or injury to themselves. Full of thankfulness for their preservation, they got the flocks arranged for the night, and as there was no sheiling bothy ('bothan airidh') to be seen, they looked about them for a house in which they could stay. They saw in the distance one solitary house—a big, long, grey house—and as they saw smoke arising from it, they knew it was occupied; and, taking their milk cogs full with them, they entered the house. There was no person to be seen in the house but one very, very big old man, who was in a bed opposite the fire. They blessed themselves, and then ventured to ask the old man if they could stay there during the time they were to remain in the glen. The 'bodach mòr mòr' was very sulky, and said 'No;' but they told him they would be very good to him, and, instead of injuring him, he would be the better of them. They gave him a large basin of the warm milk to drink, and gave him to eat a large bannock, and then the greater part of a small bannock, and he gave them permission to make beds for themselves on the floor. In the morning again, when they milked the cows, they gave him the same, and, seeing that he was not very tidy, they washed his hands for him before giving him his bread and milk. He was very grateful, and on the second night he proposed that the women would sleep in his bed, and that he would make a shakedown for himself on the floor, near the men. This was done, and before they were long in bed they heard a great noise without, and a heavy foot coming to the door. Then they heard a voice saying, 'Am bheil m' urraball stidein mòr, mòr, a stigh?' 'S tamh leam, 's tamh leam, m' urraball statain,' was the reply from the bodach within. Then the voice from the one without cried, 'M' urraball stidein mòr, mòr, an tig mise a dh'itheadh ri d' thaobh a' nochd?' 'Cha tig, cha tig,' was the reply, 'a nochda no gu brath, a nigheadh mo lamh 's mo bhainne blà mo bhonnach mor mor 's mo leth mhor de 'n bhonnach bheag,' which may be translated as follows:—'My big, big pussy's tail, are you in?' 'I am at rest, my statain's tail.' 'Can I come to eat by your side to-night?' 'No, no, not to-night, nor at any other time. They wash my hands, give me warm milk, a large, large bannock, and the biggest half of the little bannock.'

"They were not molested again during the time they remained, and the old giant was on the best of terms with them, and that protected them from others who might seek their hurt. At the time for returning home they had more butter and cheese than they could carry home, and they had to get assistance to carry it, and, blessing themselves as at the outset, they returned home

safe and well, and the king's daughter was more beautiful than ever, and her fame as a maker of butter and cheese spread far and near, and all admired how she managed the herd so well, and made a friend of the giant, who would otherwise have eaten them, with his brother giants.

"On the following year the king's wife resolved that her own daughter would go to the same glen, and earn the same fame as her sister. So she got her ready, and got the best cows for her, and the 'Eachrais Ulaire' had to go with her as dairymaid. They set out for the glen grumbling and miserable ; they sang no hymn, nor did they invoke a blessing either on themselves or their herds ; and they lost some of them in the holes and quagmires, and others fell over the rocks. When they got to the floor of the glen with the few cows that were left to them, they saw the same long, large, grey house that the others had stayed in when there. They went in and took everything without asking leave of the 'bodach mòr mòr,' who was in his bed opposite the fire. They offered him no milk, nor did they show him any kindness, and after they went to bed at night the same giant came knocking to the door that came when the others were there. When he cried to his brother giant 'Am bheil m' earrball stidein mor, mor a stigh ?' The ready reply was an invitation to enter, and they slew and devoured them all ; and neither the king's youngest daughter, the 'Eachrais Ulaire,' nor the herdsmen, ever returned again from the black, dark, desolate glen full of holes, precipices, and quagmires."

A Gael's wealth was always, in those old times, represented by the number of cows he could turn to his summer pasture—

"Tha m' fhearann saoi bhir, ho i ho,
I hìu ro bho nam b' aillibh e,
Tha m' fhearann saoi bhir, ho i ho,
Tha m' fhearann saoi bhir air gach taobh dhìom,
'S mo chro dh-laoigh air airidh ann.
Tha m' fhearann, &c."

A proverb also sayeth thus—"Fear an ime mhoir's e's binne gloir." "The rich owner of cows, or he who has the most butter, has the sweetest voice." Marriageable maidens were also valued according to the tocher they were to have—not in money, but in cows. Twenty milk cows was considered a good tocher for a tacksman's daughter, and twenty cows, with their calves at their feet, was very good ; and for a crofter's daughter, a cow and her

calf or stirk was a fair tocher, along with her blankets and other paraphernalia, and a girl who had such a tocher in prospect was apt to give herself airs, unless she had very good sense. There is an old story, of the Alnaschar type, that illustrates the importance the possession of a cow gave a woman. It is known as “Cailleach Cath na Cuinneige.” A certain old woman, who still felt young, got a stoup full of milk, which she was going to sell in a town that was some distance from her. She sat down to rest on the way, and began to count the amount she would gain out of the selling of the milk, for which she had paid her only pennies. After that she meant to buy two stoups full, and make a larger profit, and she would go on trading thus until she would buy a calf, and she would feed the calf well, and it would soon be a cow, and it would then have a calf, which would in a year or two be a fine young heifer, and then a man would come the way, and say, “You have a cow, old wife;” and she would reply, “I have a cow and a heifer.” “Tha bō agad air a nasg, a chailleach.” “Tha bo ’us agh agam, their mise.” “He will marry me then, and we will soon get rich, and I’ll have a servant, and I’ll make her do my bidding, and if she would dare refuse I would give her a kick !” The kick was directed by the dreaming woman to her milk stoup, and all her aerial castles came tumbling about her ears. There was no cow, nor heifer, nor husband, nor servant.

The habit of giving cows as a tocher to the daughters of the house made them in the olden time very anxious that they would marry among their own kinsmen, or at least in their own clans, as it would be an enriching of the enemy to give their cows to them, and hence the frequency of elopements in those days. A young man sorely exercised about which was the better thing for him to marry, an old woman who had a tocher, or a young one who had none, went to his father and spoke thus—

“Comhairle iarram oirbh an ceò,
Co i feoil is fhearr a dhuine,
Sean bhò ’s i lan saill,
No atharl’ og am feoil thana ?”

And the reply was the sensible one—

“Cha chuir sean bhò laogh mu chro ;
’S i ’n atharl’ og feoil is fhearr.”

Query—

“ Advice I seek from thee in mist,
Which is the better flesh, oh, father,
An old cow that is full of fat,
Or a young quey that is thin and lean ?”

Answer—

“ An old cow will give no calves to thy fold ;
The young quey is the better flesh.”

Cattle were of so much importance to the Highlanders because they represented, in a special manner, their food supply. Milk, in its different forms, was their chief sustenance. Instead of the morning cups of tea, now indulged in by all classes of the community, they began the day by taking drinks of milk. Among the better classes, the morning drink (“deoch-maidne”) was what is known as “old man’s milk,” which was an egg switched into a glass of milk, with a little whisky added ; and even the herd-boy got, if nothing better, a cup of whey to his piece of barley bread before turning out to tend the cows. When milk was scarce, the morning drink of the poorer people was “sughan,” which is the juice of oatmeal or bran steeped so long as to become sour, and in very hard times they took it to their porridge. “Sughan” was spoken of in song and story as a sign of poverty, as it indicated a scarcity of cows, and certainly it is not very palatable. The bard who spoke of the Fencibles of Oban in a disparaging manner, could not find any thing more contemptuous to say of them than, “Tha neul an t-sughain air gnuis n’an Latharnuich.” And some nurse, who seems to have had a grudge at the Stewarts of Appin, said to her nursling—

“ Cha toir mi thu mhac Iain Stiubhart,
'G am bi 'n sughan na dheoch maidne,
'S ann a bheir mi do Lochiall thu,
Aig am bi am fion 'na leabaidh.”

Milk was taken to the potatoes, porridge, or brose that was their breakfast ; and for a good substantial dinner, milk porridge, or milk brose was frequently given, not only as a luxurious, but as a good, strong, sustaining meal, that kept hunger long at a distance, and for that reason such meals were given to men going on long journeys. Milk, in some instances, was often taken with the potatoes for dinner, and at times butter, cheese, and milk were all on the table, and when taken with good, dry, well-boiled, mealy potatoes, it was a luxurious, as well as a delicious, meal, and con-

sidered by themselves food fit for a king's table. The "Ceapaire Saileach," or "Kintail piece," was butter thickly laid on cheese of equal thickness, and was not only taken with potatoes, but, when meal was scarce, it was taken with milk instead of bread and butter, and sometimes a sprinkling of oatmeal was laid on the butter to make it stronger eating. A careful housewife was much more lavish with her butter and cheese to her household than she would be with either her warm milk or cream, as she took great pride in the quantities of dairy produce in her "cellar" at the end of the season. Yet there were times when even the richest cream would be freely produced, and this was especially at the demands of hospitality. Water was never offered as a drink to the meanest wayfarer. "Deoch fhionna-ghlas" was the most effectual drink for quenching thirst. This "whitey-grey" mixture was milk and water in equal proportions, and the sour thick milk that was under the cream that was kept for butter was churned into a froth, and it made a cooling drink. It was called "sgathach." When strangers had to be entertained, "fuarag" was made plentifully, and curds and cream were laid out with oatcake, butter, cheese, and whisky. They made the yearning, or yeast, that turned the milk into curds, by putting milk and salt into the stomach of a calf. The he-calves were generally killed, and their stomachs supplied them for this purpose. "Fuarag" was made of the sour thick cream, churned into a froth, with a "lonaid" made for the purpose, and some oatmeal stirred in it. The meal made on the quern was considered by far the best for making it. This is a most delicious luxury, and a favourite with all classes. It was the dish that was expected to be given in every house on Hallowe'en, and great was the excitement when all, old and young, sat around the cog, after the goodwife had dropped her ring in it, for whoever found the ring would be the first of the company to marry. The curds given with cream were very different from the ordinary curds that in the present day go to table as a substitute for pudding. The Highland hostess squeezed the curds for her guest, and thus partly freed them from the whey, making them much pleasanter, as well as more substantial. The women were wont to twit the men about their desire for these luxuries, and yet that, though they would get all the cream, they would still expect the usual quantity of butter. The following proverb is a fine piece of sarcasm on this :—

"Na 'm faigheamaid an t-im anns an Earrach,
 Agus uachdar a' bhainne 's an t-Samhradh,
 'S ann an sin a bhiodhmaid fallain,
 'S cha bhiodhmaid falamh a dh' annlan."

"If we could get the butter in Spring,
And the cream in Summer,
We would then be very healthy,
And never be scarce of kitchen."

There was another luxury better loved on bread than all the jams and jellies ever made, and that was curd-butter, or "gruth-im"—half butter, half curd, finely mixed. This was very different from the ordinary crowdy, which also is dignified by the same Gaelic name as the other, although there is very little butter in it to make it palatable or nutritious. When the Highlanders dined late, the supper often was a thick gruel, known as "liath-bhrochan." It was made of milk and oatmeal well boiled, with a piece of butter in it, and of a consistency that they spoke of as, "bu tiugh am balgam e, 's bu thana an spàin e." When butter was scarce, a thrifty housewife made a very good substitute with milk and eggs and a little salt stirred together over the fire for a few minutes. This was very pleasant when spread hot on the bread, and it was very useful in the latter end of spring, when the store of butter was exhausted. It was known as "im-eigin." There was a proverb that said that one teat of a cow was better than a boll of white meal—"Is fearr aon sine bò no bolla dhe 'n mhin bhain." And the milk was not only their food, but also to a great extent their medicine, and it had a valuable place in their art of healing as butter. For chest complaints, a cog full of butter was melted down, and after the juices of certain herbs were mixed with it, they placed it to cool, and it was administered in small quantities, as cod liver oil is now. This was called "cuach ghorm." For colds in throat or chest, salt butter, mixed with oatmeal, was laid on wool and applied, and salt butter was considered the most effectual cure for a bruise. It was also applied to a cut, if they feared there was any rust about the weapon that caused the injury. For any eruption on the skin, sulphur mixed with fresh butter was applied, and a little melted butter in its liquid state was taken instead of the castor oil now so common. Fresh butter was melted with bees-wax and the roots of dockens to heal a burn, and this was used freely for chopped hands or lips. In fact, butter was the principal article in a Highland woman's pharmacopia. If even one of her fowls were ill, it was caught and a piece of fresh butter forced into its bill, which was sure to cure it.

Goat's milk was considered the best for restoring lost strength to the sick, owing to the herbage they lived on, and it was considered the most nourishing for even the strong, according to the proverb—

"Bainne ghobhar fo chobhar 's e blath,
'S e chuir an spionnadh 's na daoine a bha."

"It is the milk of the goat, foaming and warm,
That gave the strength to the men that were."

All the goats' milk was turned into cheese, which was considered a luxury, and particularly good for invalids. Goat's milk must also have been considered a good cosmetic, for a proverb sayeth—

"Sailchuaich 'us bainne ghobhar,
Suath ri d' aghaidh,
'S cha 'n eil mac rìgh air an domhan,
Nach bi na d' dheigheadh."

"Rub thy face with violets and goat's milk, and there is not a king's son in the world but will be after thee." The panacea recommended in another proverb is—

"Is leigheas air gach tinn,
"Cneamh 'us im a' Mhaigh,
'Us ol am fochair sid,
Bainne ghobhar ban."

"Garlick and May butter
Will cure all disease,
And drink along with that
A white goat's milk."

The milk of the white goat was considered the richest for an invalid, as also the milk of a red cow. Goat milk whey was considered very wholesome, and the milk of a white goat preferable to that of a black or brown one. The tallow of the goat, next to that of the deer, was considered the most efficacious for rubbing to stiff joints, but even for that the best remedy came from the cow, in the neat foot oil. The proverb that said if the oil of the cow, without and within, would not cure the Highlander, there was no cure for him, was one on which they placed perfect faith—"Uilleadh na ba am mach 's a steach mar leighis sin an Gaidheal, cha 'n eil a leigheas ann." It was a singular habit of the Highlanders to class the cows according to the part of their bodies that happened to be white. The black, red, dun, or grey cow was spoken of as such, but a white-footed cow was "cas-fhionn;" a whitefaced one, "ceann-fhionn;" a white-shouldered one, "gual-fhionn;" white-

backed was "druim-fhionn;" and the white-bellied, "bailg-fhionn," and as such they are frequently spoken of in the old songs, thus—

"Crodh druim-fhionn, crodh gual-fhionn,
Air do bhuaile mar chomhla,
Te eile ga 'n cuallach,
'S do bhean a' fuaigheal na seomar."

And in the bribes that the "great grey hag" offered to Kennedy of Sianachan—"An gille dubh mor Mac Uaraic"—for letting her go free, when he had her bound before him on horseback, threatening to show her to human eyes—she offered him a herd of cattle, giving the different kinds their distinctive names—"buaile de chrodh bailg-fhionn, druim-fhionn, ceann-fhionn, cas-fhionn, agus dubh." And he replied that he had all these already. The term "cas-fhionn" came to be applied latterly to cows that had only the tip of the tail white. I have not found out why the term "cas-fhionn" was applied to the Macintyres, though I often heard them called "Cloinn an t-Saoir chais-fhionn."

The dishes they carried to the hill grazings were—wooden basins, "measraichean;" milking cogs, "cuachan bleoghain," or "cummain;" the churn, "muigh," or "imideal;" the cheese press, "fiodhan;" the sieve, "siolachan;" the cheese salter, "sailleir caise;" and the butter tubs. It was customary when salting the butter to put a cross of rushes here and there, to keep evil influences from spoiling it. The skimmers they had were generally the deeper shell of the scallop, which was also the ancient drinking cup—

"Fair a nall an t-slige chreachainn,
O 'n 's ann aisd is blasd' an dram,
'S math an t-ainm dhi 'n t-slige chreachainn,
'S i 'n t-slige 'chreach sinn a bh' ann."

The shallow shell of the scallop, which was the badge of the pilgrim of old, was the one used to slice the butter, and its lamelli-branchiate formation gave the butter a pretty ribbed appearance on the plate, or on the large scallop shell that served as a plate.

The life at the hill grazing, or shieling, was a free and a jolly one. The change of air was good for man and beast, and although they carried human passions in their breasts, there was very little in the circumstances of their surroundings to develop them. All things tended to calm and gladden; their strongest emotions were called forth by the voices of love, devotion, and sympathy. They were a pious people. They were devoted to their chief, who was

both their father and friend, and they loved their wives and children, and came as near to the loving of their neighbour as themselves, as is possible for frail humanity. The township might almost be said to have a family life at the shieling, for each bore the other's burdens; they rejoiced in each other's joy, and when tears had to be shed, they mingled them in brotherly fashion. As far as the children were concerned, although the schoolmaster was abroad, their winter education at the "ceilidh" was carried on in a most effectual manner. They romped among the calves, the kids, and the lambs, laying in large stores of the health and strength to be required in the future. And as they lay on the hillside, at the feet of their sires, they learned the songs of their country, and listened to the tales of the chase and of love and war. The boys learned to make and repair the milking and dairy utensils, to tend the flocks, shear the sheep, make and mend their own shoes; and to thatch, and make the heather and hair ropes so largely used by them; and perhaps the most desired part of their education was the shooting of a blackcock, the stalking of a deer, and the spearing of a salmon.

The girls learned to emulate their mothers in skill of the dairy work, as well as in spinning wool for future webs on the distaff, and knitting stockings and hose of brilliant hues and rare patterns. They learned to know the herbs that were medicinal for man and beast, and the different plants used in dyeing the colours of their tartans. They learned to become useful wives, following in the footprints of their mothers, as helpmates in the struggle for existence, neither fearing the snows and storms of winter, nor ashamed of the tawning of the summer sun. They danced and flirted and sang their sweet lyrics, and forgot amidst their labour that sorrow had an existence, or that pain was awaiting them.

The old manner of going to the sheilings belongs to the history of the past. Where such summer grazings are had still, as in some parts of the Hebrides, only some of the daughters of the families go with their cows, and in Lewis I have seen them carry the milk home twice a-week, all sour, of course. And I have seen the girls, on their return to the hill, carrying with them creels of seaware for their cows to eat. I have seen in Mr Carmichael's house in Edinburgh a small stool used in one of these sheilings, probably a milking stool, and Prince Charles Stuart sat on it. When wandering about, after Culloden, he entered a sheiling in which three girls were, and sat down, and got a drink of milk. They did not know who he was, and after he left they knew, and then they playfully fought for possession of what they called the throne, "An

rich-chaithir." In the course of the struggle, one of them lost a tooth, and the others generously let her have the stool, as she had suffered most in the cause of their beloved Prince. A descendant of hers gave it to its present appreciative owner, in whose hospitable house it has a place of honour in the drawing-room.

I have given here but little of what I meant to write on this subject, but if it will embalm any of the ancient usages of our noble-hearted and pure-natured forefathers, it will fulfil a good purpose, and make my heart glad.

15th FEBRUARY, 1888.

At this meeting the following gentlemen were elected members of the Society, viz. :—Mr D. H. Macfarlane, 46 Portman Square, London, life member, and Mr A. J. Stewart, grocer, Union Street, Inverness, ordinary member. Thereafter Mr Alex. Macbain, M.A., read a paper contributed by Mr W. J. N. Liddall, advocate, Edinburgh, entitled, "Kinross-shire Place Names." Mr Liddall's paper was as follows :—

KINROSS-SHIRE PLACE NAMES.

The elucidation of the topography of a district where the language which produced the names has ceased for centuries to be spoken, is possible only by an exact comparative study of the earliest forms as ascertained from historical documents. Personal associations led me to attempt such a task for the little county of Kinross, and the following notes—for this paper claims no higher description—will, I would hope, show results not altogether disappointing.

The topography of Kinross-shire is practically entirely Celtic, and purely Goidelic. In view of Skene's remarks in his analysis of the names in the list of Pictish kings,* one might have hoped to find a Brythonic trace, but there is but slight ground for even being suspicious of one or two names belonging to that division of the Celtic dialects. True it is, a tribe termed the *Danmonii* dwelt between the Forth and Tay, as well as in Cornwall, to which a parallel is suggested by the river Devon in the one region, and the county of Devon in the other, but not much more can be said.

* "Celtic Scotland," Vol. I., p. 211.

Lochleven, central in the historical associations of the county, and sending forth a prehistoric ray of light upon us, from the discovery, within the last few months, of a lake-dwelling on its western shore, is also a fit starting point for the present subject. It owes its name to *leamhan*, "the elm," a word which enters into several names in a less obvious form. Ledlanet, a farm on the grassy slopes of the Kinross-shire Ochils, is difficult of analysis till we meet with the early name, Ladlevenach; then it appears "the elmy slope" (*leathad*). Forthwith is suggested Lennox, and the Leven of Dumbartonshire, while in turn again its parent, Loch-Lomond, and the lofty Ben, send thought back to the less eminent but still familiar landmarks of the Fifeshire Lomonds. Ledlewnule, a name no longer surviving in Kinross-shire, reflects in its spelling very clearly *leamhan*. Cullenachy is doubtless *cul* (or *coille*) *leamhanach*, "the elmy corner," or "wood." With all these forms should be compared the Irish river-name Laune, of the same origin. Equally interesting is the form Achlevane, occurring in a last-century locality of the stipend of Ardochattan, but now written Achleven, "the elmfield." In Ireland, again, occur such forms as Lislevane, showing that the accentuation is on the final syllable. Argyllshire "Achlevane" would show that it is not so long since there also the accent was on the final syllable, a county in which the language always is nearest in Scotland to Irish forms.†

Woodless, comparatively, as the county of Kinross is at present, it was not so even in earlier historic times, if we can judge from such an entry as, "Inquisitio terrarum forreste de Kinross facta apud Kinross, 23 Septembris, 1323." In the still earlier times of Celtic speech, it was lacking neither in variety nor in colour of tree. Kilduff is *coille dubh*, "dark wood," or as the words occur in another part of the county in the inverse order, Dowhill (earlier, Doichill). Cultbuy is *coillte buidhe*, "yellow woods," and Money-readywell is the "red grove" (*muine ruadh*). The birch's existence is proved by Crambeth and Balbeadie, and the parish of Beath (in Fife). Auchterderran is oak-summit (*uachdar + doirean*), while Chillerney appears to be identical with Killarney, explained as "the church of the sloes," but *coille*, "wood," will be the first part of the Scottish name. Kelty is but *coillte*. "The Feus," as in the Feus of Drunzie and of Cash, is *fidh*, or *fiodh*, "wood," identical with the baronies of the Fewes in Armagh. Ury, a little stream in the parish of Orwell, is probably *uragh*, from *iùbhar*, "the yew," while Orwell, in an early form *vüerquhell*, may show

† Compare, however, the name Cruivelevan, as in the Lovat titles.

the same word. So, Craigo would be "yew craig" (*eo*). Duncrieve is "tree fort" (*dun + craobh*). *Fraoch*, "heather," appears in Fruix, Annafrech, and Pittendriech. Kilgad, or Kilmagad, or, as now, Kilmagadwood, once more gives us *coille*.*

Baile, the equivalent of the Saxon "town," is well represented in such a list as Balado, Balleave, Ballingry, Balgedie, and it may be Shanwell (*sean + baile*).† And Ballingall points to the settlement of a stranger, whether as a welcomed *hospes*, or a tolerated *hostis*, we cannot tell.

On three commanding points is found a name indicating the means of protection in war. On the Cleish hills is Dumglow, "the fort of strife," or, "of mist," reminding us of Donegall, where the same name occurs. On the eastern slope of Benarty is Dunmore, "the great fort," while on the Ochil side is Duncrieve, "the fort of trees," near which was a name, now extinct, Duncreesk, "the fort of the pass."

The name Techyntulchy, "hill-house," surviving probably in Touchie, gives us the word that serves‡ to describe the Indo-European roof-tree. The form here is noteworthy, because it gives the proper nominative form, "tech," the genitive "tigh" taking its place in the modern language. Tichindod is probably from the same word.

Arngask is the name of the parish through which the Perth road passes across the Ochils by Glenfarg. In the Chartulary of Cambuskenneth it is Arringrosk, and elsewhere Arengorsk. It is identical with the Ardingrask of the Beaulieu district, and means "the height of the pass." Near it was the name Duncreesk, already referred to. Carsegour is a name somewhat hopeless till the old form, Caskygour, steps out, and then the explanation is given of "goat's pass."

Achadh, "field," gives Auchmuir, Auchintelketye (hunting-field?), Haknakel, Achinker, and Auchincreoch, that is, "march-field."

"Ballingry," from such forms as Ballingoric, attaches itself to Irish Ballingarry, "the town of the garden," and the warm town-land nestling in the south-east corner of Benarty well deserves the name. Fossoway is *fusach + mach*, "the wilderness of the plain," side by side with Muckart, *muc + ard*.

Ballielisk, like Irish Ballylusk, may be *baile + loisgthe*, "the burnt land."

*Coldrain, older Cullendrane, is probably from *draighean*, "thorn."

†The Channel of Pittendriech (name of a farm) may well be *sean + baile* also.

‡Compare the name Teantulchan, appearing in the Lovat titles.

Mawcarse yields *mach*, "a plain;" near it is Arlary, that is, *ard* + *larach*, just as Finderlie (old form, Finlaúrie) is *fiann* + *larach*. The two names are combined in the extinct name Macherderrly. It is here the Standing Stones of Orwell are still to be seen, and the extinct name Mawcloych points to them, doubtless.

Knockintinny, "the fire hill," carries us back to a distant age. Solitary it stands still like a very fire. The name Achtenny is suggested, but this from an old form, Auchinteveny, appears to be *achadh* + *taobh* + *eanagh*.

Gouderannet is a name not found in any earlier form, and it is one not easy to explain. The first part is fairly enough made out as *cul*. Two guesses I venture for the rest. *Doire*, "oak," and *annat*, a word frequent in Highland names, but of obscure origin; or *da* + *roinne* (two divisions).

The birds and beasts of Celtic Kinross-shire are represented by Thomanean, an odd, false analogy in spelling, it being *tom* + *eun*, "bird-hill." A true old form is handed down in the spelling Tomenagne, in which the proper nasal sound is shown by the combination "gn." Muckart and Auchtermuchty represent *muc*. Glentarkie is probably from *torc*, "the boar." Balharvie may yield *tarbh*, and so also Turfhill and Turflundie. Craigncatt is obvious. Brockly is *bror*, "badger." Maddy Moss seems to be the only possible trace of the dog, *madadh*. Clashlochie, on the edge of Loch-Leven, looks like *clais* + *lacha*, "hollow of ducks," and Capildrae is apparently "horses' stand." Carnbo is "cow's cairn."

The parish of Cleish derives its name from *clais*, "a hollow," and so does the old name Cleseduglie, represented now by Glen-deùglie; "deuglie" being *dubh* + *gleann*. In the same neighbourhood, the name Glendy presents the same word in the reverse order.

Allt, "burn," is shown in Altnacroich, an old map form of Annacroich. The estate of Aldie is probably the diminutive *altan*.

Blar, "an open space," or "battlefield," is found in The Blair of Krammey (Crombeith), Blairfordel, Blairathort, and Blairstruie. The components of the last name are found in the Ossianic lines—

"Far an aom ceo maidne ri sliabh,
O ghorm-shiubhal sruthain nam blar,"

—(*Tighmora*, vii., 125).

The Ochil Hills are supposed to owe their name to the Brythonic form *uchel*, "high." Mellock Hill is *mullach*, "summit."

Third Hill is difficult to explain; it may be identical with the latter part of Milnathort, Blairathort. The first part of Milnathort is *maol*. These two names are ordinarily pronounced Mills-y-forth and Blair-y-forth. Carnmodle, another Ochil-side name, is found also in the Isle of Man. The Iugan, a summit of the Cleish Hills, is *iongan*, a "talon," or "hoof." Benarty Hill appears in the Chartulary of St Andrews as Cabennartye, and the question is suggested of connection with the Mons Gebenna of Gaul. *Tulach*, "a mound," appears frequently—Tulliebole, Tillyochie, Tillywhally, Touchie.

The old name, Sunecrech, apparently the modern Sunnyside, is explained by *sonnagh* + *crioch*, "rampart-march." Clayside probably contains *cladh*, "a raised fence."

Dochrie shows *davoch*, "a piece of land." So Findatie, anciently Findaütie, Fyndawchty, is *fionn* + *davoch*. Davochfin, in a more northern county, is the same name, the components being in reverse order. The Latin form of early charters is "davata," and in charters in English "davaucht." There is still a Findochty near Fochabers. Navitie, anciently Nevathy, Nevody, is difficult; the name occurs in Cromarty also.

The component "Pit" occurs only once or twice actually in the county, as in Pittendriech; but on the Fifeshire border it is frequent—Pittilock (anc. Petecliche), Pitkinny, Pitkerry, Pitgorns, Pitcairn, Pitcailrie, Pitgober, Pitwhanatie, Pitmeadow, Pitmedden, Pitlour, Pitfirrane, Pitliver.

There are but few names in the county with initial *p*. The list consists probably only of Parenwell, Paris, Plains, and The Paphle, or what is probably an older form of the same name, Popilhall.

Parenwell resembles the Cornish name Perranwell, named, I presume, from St Piran, who has given his name to the Church of Piran in the Sands.

The Paphle may be compared with the Border name of Maxpoffle, or—popple. Alongside it may be placed the Irish *pubble*, meaning people, or parish. Compare also the Paible of the Western Highlands.

Scandinavian in origin appear to be the names of Brunthill, the Butter Road (an old drove road across the Ochils), and Butterwell. The two last contain probably the personal name Buthar, as found in the Lake district, in Buttermere, Buttergill, &c.

Leathad, "side," occurs as *let*, or corrupted into *land*. Ledlation is a difficult name till we find the old form, Ledeglaschun, which is parallel to such an Irish name as Ardlushin.

Morland has an old map form, Morlet. So Freeland may be *fraoch + leathad*. So Drumgarland appears to be the old name Darrgarlet.

This much must suffice for illustration of what may be made of topography where the sources of information are slender. Were the work systematically carried out for the whole of Scotland, most important results would doubtless be obtained. But such a work is possible only by the union of workers in every district. Specially important would be, as aiding in the general result, the collection of all names in districts where they are still significant in the language of the inhabitants. Is it too much to hope for that a topographical society should be formed, whose object would be the compilation of a Celtic topographical dictionary of Scotland?

In conclusion, I must express my estimation of the honour which the Gaelic Society of Inverness have done me in asking me a second time to present a paper on a Celtic subject for their consideration and criticism.



22nd FEBRUARY, 1888.

At the meeting of the Society held on this date, the following gentlemen were appointed a Committee to organise, under the auspices of the Society, classes for the study and practice of Highland song and music, viz. :—Bailie Chas. Mackay, Councillor Jas. Macbean, Mr Wm. Gunn, Mr D. H. Chisholm, Mr Jno. Whyte, and Mr Alex. Macdonald, the latter to be convener. Thereafter the Secretary read a paper, contributed by Mr Charles Fraser-Mackintosh, M.P., on the “Milton and Kingsburgh Families.” Mr Fraser-Mackintosh’s paper was as follows :—

THE KINGSBURGH AND MILTON FAMILIES.

When it was suggested to Flora Macdonald that she would narrate to Dr Johnson and Boswell (her guests at Kingsburgh in 1773), some particulars as to Prince Charles, the Doctor, we are told, listened with placid attention, and said, “all this should be written down.” This was admirable advice, and when I have heard anything not recorded, specially interesting in regard to the Highlands, my first desire has been “let it be written down.” Every detail, though apparently insignificant, when it relates to historic personages or to those closely connected with them, is valuable. Especially to Highlanders is everything deeply interest-

ing in regard to Prince Charlie ; and of his numerous and devoted adherents, no name is dearer or held in more affectionate remembrance than that of Flora Macdonald. With the view of preservation, I have put together the present paper, chiefly compiled from documents which at different periods have come into my possession.

The written references I am possessed of relating to Alexander Macdonald of Kingsburgh are brief. For the one night's accommodation he gave to the Prince he received one year's quarters in prison, and from the effects of his imprisonment, in body and estate, he never fairly recovered. In the year 1768, in course of a lengthened litigation between Mr Donald Nicolson and James Macdonald, tacksman of Sconsar, it was stated "that as Mr Macdonald of Kingsburgh was not only valetudinary, but far advanced in years and not able to come from home, a commission should be granted to Dr John Maclean, factor for Sir Alexander Macdonald, on the estates of Trotternish and Strath ; James Macdonald of Breakish ; and Donald Martin of Bellach, or either of them, to take Kingsburgh's oath at his own home." Kingsburgh lingered on till the year 1772. The description of Allan Macdonald of Kingsburgh and his wife Flora, by Boswell, may be quoted with effect—"Kingsburgh was completely the figure of a gallant Highlander, exhibiting the graceful mien and manly looks which our popular Scottish song has justly attributed to that character. He had his tartan plaid thrown about him, a large blue bonnet, with a knot of black ribband, like a cockade ; a brown short coat of a kind of diffil ; a tartan waistcoat, with gold buttons and gold button holes ; a bluish philabeg, and tartan hose. He had jet black hair tied behind, and was a large, stately man, with a steady, sensible countenance." As regards the lady of the house, whom Boswell calls "the celebrated Flora Macdonald," he says, "she is a little woman, of a genteel appearance, and uncommonly mild and well bred." I purpose, with reference to the Kingsburgh family, to begin with a copy of the contract of marriage of Fanny Macdonald, the second daughter, in the year 1790. This document was prepared in Skye, and I have been struck with the legal skill and business capacity shown by gentlemen of Skye in the preparation and execution of legal documents. I have just been carefully filing for preservation, the following Skye marriage contracts prepared by non-professionals :—

I. Marriage contract twixt Murdo Macqueen of Skerrinish and Margaret Maclean, daughter of Dr John Maclean of Cuidrash, at Pendouine, 1786.

II. James Macdonald of Skeabost, late merchant in Portree (his second marriage), and Isabella Macqueen, daughter of the late Rev. Dr Macqueen of Kilmuir, at Penifilar, 1789.

III. Kenneth Morrison, late land surveyor in Jamaica, and Mrs Betty Macqueen, daughter of the late Rev. Donald Macqueen of Kilmuir, 1795.

IV. Donald Nicolson, only lawful son of Malcolm Nicolson of Scorrybreck, and Margaret Macdonald of Scalpay, at Scalpay, 1797.

The following is a copy of Miss Fanny Macdonald's contract, to which, it will be observed, her father Allan was a party :—

“At Aird, the twenty-third day of September, one thousand seven hundred and ninety years, It is appointed, contracted, agreed, and matrimonially concluded, between the parties following, viz., Lieut. Donald Macdonald, lawful son to Captain Alex. Macdonald, of the late Regiment North Carolina Highlanders, and Fanny Macdonald, lawful daughter of Captain Allan Macdonald, of the late 84th Regt. of foot, and he, the said Capt. Macdonald, taking burden upon him for his said daughter—that is to say, the said Capt. Allan Macdonald binds and obliges himself to pay to the said Lieut. Donald Macdonald, by way of Dote or Tocher with his forsaid Fanny Macdonald, the sum of two hundred pounds sterg. money, the one half to be paid after the marriage, and the other half at the Martinmas following ; In consideration of which, and for the regard and affection the forsaid Lieut. Donald Macdonald bears for the forsaid Fanny Macdonald, his intended wife, he, the said Lieut. Donald Macdonald, binds himself, his heirs and successors, to provide and secure for the forsaid Fanny Macdonald, in case she should be the longest liver, the sum of Thirty Pounds sterg., by way of jointure, to be paid to her annually during her life, the payment to begin at the next term after his death, with a tierce of moveables of whatever kind that may appertain to him at the time of his death, after the payment of all lawful debts, with the Interest of half Conquest. It is also provided that the said Fanny Macdonald shall be provided to all the sheep and goats without division, unless they shall constitute the principal stock on the farm ; also to the second best horse on the stock of the farm. It is also agreed and concluded that the forsaid Fanny Macdonald, in case there are no children, shall have a complement of Eight pounds sterg. money, with the Five pounds to buy mournings ; and the forsaid Capt. Alex. Macdonald binds and obliges himself conjunctly and severally with the forsaid Lieut.

Donald Macdonald in the due and full performance of the above provisions ; and both parties bind and oblige themselves to extend this Minute of Contract on stamped paper within three months from the date hereof, and all the Parties have signed the same, place and date above mentioned, in presence of these witnesses, Mr Donald Macqueen at Peinduline, and Capt. Charles Macdonald at Aird, the writer hereof.

	(Signed)	" ALLAN MACDONALD.
	{ " }	" DONALD MACDONALD.
	{ " }	" FANNY MACDONALD.
(Signed)	" D. Macqueen, witness.	
{ " }	" Chas. Macdonald, witness."	

I next refer to Captain Charles Macdonald, commonly styled of Aird, the eldest son, of whom Lord Macdonald stated—"There lies the most finished gentleman of my family and name." As much obloquy attaches to the memory of this lord, I think, in fairness, the following admirable letter to the clever Mrs Macdonald of Tormore should be published :—

" London, 21st April, 1781.

" Madam,—Yesterday I received a letter from the Secretary at War, informing me that he had put four of your daughters upon the compassionate list for five pounds a year each, agreeably to my recommendation of you. It gives me great pleasure to be able to congratulate you upon your success, and I hope you are sensible that I have been sufficiently attentive to your interest. I wrote you before, that I had put this business in such a train as to ensure you a favourable issue. Your order upon the proper agent when the affair is settled, will be as regularly attended to as your pension ; and Mr Stables will be able to inform you, or myself upon enquiry, what it will produce. I hope there are no deductions. I shall always be happy in being employed in any such transactions for the benefit of your family when they are more advanced. In the meantime, believe me to be always your very humble servant,

(Signed) MACDONALD."

I may also give an extraordinary instance of his liberality—indeed, prodigality—taken from the diary of Lord Robert Seymour, under date 17th February, 1788 :—" Lady Sinclair very much admired ; her wedding clothes became her wonderfully, and added a thousand charms to those she ever possessed. A very handsome couple ! Lord Macdonald gave her £4000." Lord Macdonald was most desirous to represent Inverness-shire, and

perhaps he took this means of ingratiating himself with the all-powerful Gordons. Captain Charles Macdonald married Isabella, daughter of Captain James Macdonald of Aird, son of William Macdonald, Tutor of Sleat. The following letter gives some particulars of his military career :—

“ Aird, June 30th, 1788.

“ Sir,—I am highly sensible of your kind attention to the affair with Davidson. The explanation you give on the point of law is very satisfactory. I would not wish to withhold from Davidson or any other what I thought myself bound in honor to pay him, but his demand of £16 is quite extravagant.

“ Rather than have my name introduced in a Court I would rather pay a moderate sum at any time, especially if there's any ambiguity in the case. Had I the smallest doubt of Davidson's having such a recourse on me, I would have got an ample discharge from him when I granted bills to the amount of his demands, tho' I think the bill in which the sum included is styled *Balance of Cash Account*, is a sufficient indication of his receiving all that he was entitled to. He has made a demand on me of 30 gold Mohurs, and I can prove *beyond any doubt* that I never received but 28.

“ I was an officer in North America from 1776 till the reduction in 1784, and there was no letter ever sent me on the subject, or a demand made, consequently I made no inquiry about him, as I imagined my friend Lt.-Col. Murray had paid the money to Davidson or his brother, as I wrote him from London on the subject.

“ In Lieut.-Col. Murray's letters to me (which I still have preserved) he desires me to get the gold Mohurs coined at the Mint, consequently Davidson is only entitled to the Bullion value, which I ascertained to be £35. Had he wrote me or drawn on me whilst in N. America, and that I had not paid attention to his letter or order, I would then think myself bound by every tie to pay him principal and interest, even though he had no legal obligation of mine. But as the case stands it is too hard in him to demand so much.

“ I will submit to paying as much as defending myself against his charge will amount to, which I imagine may be from £6 to £10 sterling. This you will only promise in case there can be no other accomodation entered into with him. The payment to be after the July market at Portree—or later if you can obtain it. I lost two posts by your sending my letter under cover to Skirrinish. Please address me in future at this place, by Sconser. If

you should see Glengarry please to signify to him that I am surprised he did not answer my letter to him at Edinburgh, as the business therein related *concerned* him only, and it was from pure disinterested motives of friendship I wrote him. I shall have occasion to write you in a couple of posts on business, when I will explain the above to you fully.—I remain, sir, your very much obliged servant,
(Signed) “CHAS. MACDONALD.”

I also give the relative discharge by Davidson :—

“I, John Davidson of Drumchree, considering that Ranald Davidson, my Brother, did, in the year 1775, pay to Ensign, now Lieutenant-Colonel, Alex. Murray of the East India Company's Service, Twenty-eight Gold Mohurs to be remitted to me, the said John Davidson, which Twenty-eight Gold Mohurs was by the said Ensign, now Lieutenant-Colonel, Alex. Murray remitted to Captain Charles Macdonald, then on his way to Britain, accompanied with a letter containing instructions to pay the same to Jno. Russell in London, or Rod. Maclean, Writer in Edinburgh, for the purpose, as he said, of being by them paid to me, the said Jno. Davidson. And now seeing that the said Captain Chas. Macdonald has formerly advanced and paid to me a certain sum of money in payment of the foresaid twenty-eight gold Mohurs, and upon the fifth day of August current, granted me his promissory note for the sum of eleven pounds sterling, being the balance of the foresaid twenty-eight Mohurs and interest thereof, of all which I hereby grant the receipt, and hold myself satisfied and paid. Therefore witt. ye me to have exonerated and discharged, as I do by these Presents not only exoner and discharge the said Capt. Chas. Macdonald of all sums of money or other demands I have or can make upon him preceding this date, relative to the above transaction ; and particularly I for myself, the said Ranald Davidson, my Brother, Lieutenant-Colonel Alex. Murray, Jno. Russell of London, or the heirs and representatives of the said Rod. Macleod, Exoner, quit claim and simpliciter, discharge the said Capt. Chas. Macdonald and his heirs or successors of the foresaid principal sum of Twenty-eight Gold Mohurs remitted to him in manner as mentioned, and interest due thereon, and all action, diligence, and execution competent, or that may be competent, to follow hereon for now ever ; and I, the said Jno. Davidson, for myself, the said Rand. Davidson, my Brother, Lieut.-Colonel Alex. Murray, Jno. Russell, and the representatives of the said Rod. Macleod bind and oblige myself and my heirs and successors to warrand the above discharge at all hands, and against all deadly as law will, &c.”

Flora Macdonald died on 5th March, 1790, and Allan Macdonald died in 1792. Capt. Charles Macdonald, on 30th October, 1792, wrote to a friend in Inverness :—I would wish also to know what the expense of getting me served heir to my late father, Capt. Allen Macdonald, might be." On the 20th May, 1793, Donald Macdonald of Tanera, son of Skeabost, writes :—

"You will in course send the Kingsburgh submission extended for signing before a meeting of the friends, to be held at Kingsburgh the first days of June. Unless sent per first post it may not answer afterwards, so I beg you attend to it."

Captain Charles died on 2nd March, 1795; survived by his widow, without issue. The following persons appear to have been mixed up with his affairs, and owed him moneys at his death, viz., Angus Macdonald, jun., tenant at Solitot; Neil Maclean, in Braebost; Capt. Jas. Macdonald, at Tothague; Donald Nicolson, yr. of Scorribreck; and Capt. Kenneth Macdonald, at Aird.

I now come to the Milton family. Flora's descent is thus mentioned by the late lamented Rev. Alex. Macgregor :—

"Flora Macdonald was the daughter of Ranald Macdonald, younger of Milton, and was born in 1722. She was patronymically designed 'Fionnghal Nighean Raonùill vic Aonghas Oig an Airidh Mhuilinn.' Her father Ranald was a cadet of Clanranald, and her mother Marion a daughter of the Rev. Angus Macdonald, firstly minister of Gigha, and secondly of South Uist. Angus, the clergyman, was son of Hugh Macdonald of Griminish, in North Uist, and noted for his great strength and hospitality, and married an accomplished and talented lady, daughter of Macdonald of Largie, in Kintyre."

"Flora's mother Marion married as her second husband Captain Hugh Macdonald of Armadale, whose conduct in very trying circumstances will ever be held in honourable remembrance amongst Highlanders."

Flora was much attached to her only surviving brother Angus, and to her native South Uist. I have not been able to ascertain who Angus' wife was, merely that she was not an Uist lady. Angus, whom I shall call the first—there being three in succession—left five sons, Angus Oig, Archibald, Alexander, Gilbert, Donald; and three daughters, Flora, Marian, and Mary. Angus died in autumn 1792, as appears from the following extract from a letter dated Edinburgh, 21st May, 1793, written by Hector Macdonald,

afterwards Hector Macdonald Buchanan, W.S., and son to Boisdale :—

“On the death of the late Mr Macdonald of Milton in August or September, 1792, his second son, conceiving himself to have a right to the leases which belonged to his Father, as well as to his other subjects, as I am informed, seized upon the farms, and also carried off the whole grounds of debt found in his father's repositories, and, amongst others, this bill of £42, which was blank in the drawer's name, in which he has inserted his own. Things came such a length amongst them, that I was obliged, at the request of the eldest son, to obtain a suspension and interdict against his brother, and also raise a summons of exhibition as to the abstracted papers. In consequence of these steps being taken, an accommodation and understanding took place between the brothers.”

The extent of the possessions of the Milton family are ascertained from the following extract from a judicial rental of the Clanranald estate, taken in the year 1798. Capt. Angus, the second of Milton, Angus Oig, depones at Nunton, 5th October, 1788 :—

“That he is possessed of the farms of Milton, Kildonan, and Gerravaltas, which lands consist of fivepenny lands each, making in whole fifteen pennies of land, conform to lease dated the twenty-second day of February, seventeen hundred and seventy-four years, granted by Randal Macdonald of Clanranald, to Angus Macdonald, the deponent's father, for twenty-four years, from and after the term of Whitsunday, one thousand seven hundred and seventy-four. Depones that the declarant and his father have been in use to manufacture on the east shores of said farm, at an average, about twenty-two tons of kelp, for which they paid the proprietor a duty of ten shillings per ton, the kelp being for the tenants' own behoof in terms of said lease, and on the west shore, at an average, about five tons of kelp, for which he pays a kelp duty of six shillings per ton. Depones that the rent payable by said lease is, including converted casualties, fifty-nine pounds six shillings and sevenpence two-thirds, all which is truth as he shall answer to God.
(Signed) “ANGUS MACDONALD.”

Capt. Angus married a sister of Boisdale. He had served in America, and was for five years in Charlestown, and his character is well indicated in the following letter to a gentleman in Inverness, on behalf of an ill-used Uist man in the year 1803 :—

“Milton, 20th Sept., 1803.

“Sir,—Altho’ I have not the pleasure of being acquainted with you, I beg leave to take the liberty of writing you regarding a man of the name of Alexander M’Donald from this country, the purport of which I shall make known to you in as few words as possible.

“This man was balloted for the militia, liable to serve from this district (say 15th), and on being cited to appear, attended accordingly, but some objections being made by the meeting as to his fitness, he was ordered to go to the Surgeon of this country (distant 40 miles), and being thoroughly inspected, a certificate accompanied him, describing his situation, and found to be unfit for His Majesty’s service. Notwithstanding of this certificate, and the trouble and expense attending the procuring it, he was ordered to join the Regiment at headquarters (Inverness), which he did ; and on being a second time inspected by the head surgeon of the Regiment, he was dismissed as unfit for His Majesty’s service. Thus, then, was the poor man left to bewail his fate without either money or friends to support him, but, through Providence, came home at last at his own expense, although ill able to bear it.

“This is not all. The poor man remained at home but for a few months, when to his surprise was ordered to attend a meeting at Benbecula upon a certain day, which he did, and was ordered to set off a second time for to join the *Army of Reserve*. The circumstance that led to this conduct of the Deputy Lieutenants and Justices of the Peace is briefly thus :—A man of the same name and on the same farm was enrolled as liable to serve in the *Army of Reserve* ; and the day for drawing the ballot having come, this man was drawn for, and ordered to attend at the second meeting, but on being inspected, was found to be below size, and was of course thrown off the list. In order to supply this man’s place, one of the members of the meeting insisted that Alex. Macdonald would march off in his room, and, having been agreed to by the meeting, the poor man is now upon his way to join the *Army of Reserve*, without being either balloted for or, even so far as he knows, enrolled as liable to serve after the ample certificates be procured. These are facts which cannot be denied by the members composing the meeting ; but one individual having some antipathy to this poor man, seems to have gained his point by procuring the approbation of the rest of the members. I will not enlarge more upon the subject, but as the poor man lies under a disadvantage, I beg you represent his case to Sir Jas. Grant, or

even before any competent court. Both of the certificates procured by him lie with Mr James Grant, C.G.M., Inverness, and whatever your trouble or expense may be regarding this business, will be thankfully paid by, Sir, your very obedient servant,
(Signed) "ANGUS MACDONALD of Milton.

"*N.B.*—If necessary, a certificate can be procured from the Clerk of this district that Macdonald was not balloted for, and, if upon the roll, his ticket is still in the ballot-box, which can be easily ascertained."

The poor man was finally discharged, but I regret I have not the name of his oppressor to hand down to posterity.

Captain Angus died in or prior to the month of January, 1809, as appears from the following extract from a letter, written by his brother-in-law, Col. Alex. Macdonald of Boisdale, dated 22nd January, 1809 :—"As I was under the necessity of remaining at home until I saw the remains of my friend Captain M'Donald, Milton, under ground, and on my way North to a meeting of the Local Militia I met with your letters, &c."

The circumstances of Capt. Angus' death, with particulars as to his descendants, have been sent me by my kind friend, Father John Mackintosh of Bornish, on the authority of Neil M'Eachen, in Howbeg, over 90 years of age, whose information is most reliable :—Capt. Angus was drowned in Loch Eynort when comparatively young, along with three men. They were going to a kelp ship, anchored near the mouth of the loch, heavily laden. A storm coming on, he asked them to throw some of the kelp overboard, which they declined. In the end, the boat sank, and Capt. Angus, seeing their great danger, provided each with an oar, and, an expert swimmer himself, struck out for shore. He had been going to hunt, as there were several dogs in the boat, and he was encumbered by his gun and ammunition. The dogs pursued him, and, fearing he was drowning, unfortunately, in their love, seized him to drag him ashore, so that he became powerless, and sank. The boat is said to be still visible at low water, nearly covered with sea-weed.

I can testify to the stormy character of Loch Eynort, for one of the severest struggles I have ever been engaged in was to steer a four-oared boat up this narrow tortuous Loch, in the face of heavy rain, and of winds rushing along the mountain sides in voices of thunder, and sweeping with irresistible force over the surface of the waters. Had the tide not been flowing progress was impossible. Father John tells me that I must have passed

over where the boat lies submerged these eighty years. A pathetic song was composed on the occasion. Having been particularly requested by me, Father John was fortunate enough to pick up here and there, from different sources, in South Uist and Benbecula, the following verses of it :—

ORAN CUIMHNEACHAIN AIR CAIPTIN AONGHAS AIRIDH-A'-
MHUILINN.

Leis a' " Bhard Sgallach," am Beinn-a-mhaola.

Aonghais òig, rìomhaich,
Gun seinneadh plob leat a's bratach,
Air each aigeannach, cruidheach,
A ghearradh dìreach an t-astar.
'S e mo chràdh do chorp cùbhraidh
Na laighe dlùth ris an aigeal !
Gun deach' d' anam do Phàrras
Na h-ostail chàirich do leaba.

Dia ghleidheadh an céill
Do na dilleachdain uasal
A dh' fhag thu ad dhéigh ;
'S e so am foghar a ghual iad.
Cha robh leithid an athar
Ann an cliù no mathas mu'n cuairt daibh ;
An treas pears' 's an Roinn Eòrpa
Na shuidhe 'n còmhlan dhaoin-uaisle.

Thuit a' chraobh leis an duilleach,
Chrìon am bun, 's gun do chrìon e ;
An latha riuneadh do bhàthadh
Gun robh an t-Ard-rìgh 's an fhianuis ;
Gun robh an uair air a cumadh,
Gaoth as sruth mar an ciadna ;
Chuir sud thairis an t-eathar
Mo chreach, mu leitheach an lionaidh.

Thug thu ràimh do na gillean ;
Cha robh tuilleadh a dhìth ort ;
Bha thu 'n dùil mar a b' àbhaist
Gun robh do shnàmh mar an fhaoileig ;
Gun robh do shnàmh mar an eala,
A dh' fhalbhadh aigeannach, aotrom ;
Pearsa dhìreach, dheas, dhealbhach—
'S bochd a dh' fhalbh thu gun aois uainn.

Bu tu sealgair a' mhonaidh
Leis a' ghunna nach diùltadh,
Air damh cròcach nan cabar
A leumadh aigeannach sunndach ;
Na 'n leumadh gum marbhadh ;
Bha thu 'd shealgair bho dhùthchas ;
Ron, eala, a's earbag
Nan gearra-chasa lùthmhor.

'N uair a chruinn'cheadh an camp
Bu tusa ceannard nan daoine ;
An rud a theireadh tu dhiant' e,
No dh' fhiachadh tu faobhar.
C'ait an robh ann an Alba,
Tràth sheasadh tu calma fo d' aodach,
A h-aon a labhradh riut dàna ?—
B' e 'n t-ian a b' àirde 's a' chraoibh thu !

[*Prose Translation by Mr John Whyte, Public Librarian of
Inverness.*]

Handsome young Angus, of the sounding pipes and the waving banners, and the high-mettled, well-shod steed that would swiftly cover the distance ! Woe's me that thy precious body should be lying at the bottom of the deep ! Thy soul has gone to Paradise ; the Apostles have prepared thy resting-place.

May God preserve their reason to the gentle orphans whom thou hast left behind. Verily this was the autumn that scorched them. One to equal their father in fame or goodness was not to be found—the third person in Europe ; well fitted to sit in the company of the great.

The tree has fallen in full foliage ; its root has decayed—it has decayed indeed. The day thou wast drowned the High King was witness ; the hour was ordained ; wind and tide likewise. Alas ! these upset the boat at the time of mid-flow.

Thou gavest the oars to thy lads—not thinking to require anything thyself. Thou thoughtst that, as was wont, thou couldst float like the seagull—couldst float like the swan that lightly glides over the wave. Thou of firmest, finest, fairest form, alas that thou hast gone in thy youth !

Famous hunter of the hill, with thy unerring aim. The antlered stag might bound, but, if it bounded, it was to its death. Thou wert a hunter born—hunter of the seal, the swan, and the nimble-footed roe.

When the camp assembled, there thou wert chief. What thou didst command was done on peril of thy steel. Where in wide Alba, when thou didst stand forth in thine array, was the man who would dare offer thee an insult? Thou wert the highest bird in the tree.

It was from Loch Eynort that the famous "Birlinn" of Clan-ranald sailed, as vividly described by the family bard, Alasdair Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair :—

" A ghrian a' faoisgneadh gu h-òrbhuidh
 As a mogul ;
 Chìnn an spéur gu dubhaidh, dòite,
 Làn de ogl'achd ;
 Dh' fhas i tonn-ghorm, tiugh, tàrr-lachdunn,
 Odhar, iargalt ;
 Chìnn gach dath bhiodh ann am breacan,
 Air an iarmailt ;
 Fadadh-cruaidh 's an àirde-n-iar oirr'—
 Stoirm na coltas.
 Neòil shiùbhlach aig gaoith ga 'n riasladh—
 Fuaradh-frois oirr'—
 Thog iad na siùil bhreaca,
 Bhaidealacha, dhìonach ;
 Shìn iad na calpannan raga,
 Teanna rìghne,
 Rì fiodhannan àrda, fada,
 Nan colg bìdhearg ;
 Cheangladh iad gu gramail, snaompach,
 Gu neo-chearbach,
 Troimh shùilean nan cromag iarainn,
 'S nan cruinn fhailbheag.
 Cheartaich iad gach ball d' an acfhuinn,
 Ealamh, doigheil,
 'S shuidh gach fear gu freasdal tapaidh
 Bhuill bu chòir dha." etc.

[*Translation by Sheriff Nicolson.*]

" The sun bursting golden yellow
 From his cloud-husk ;
 Then the sky grew tawny, smoky,
 Full of gloom ;
 It waxed wave-blue, thick, buff-speckled,
 Dun and troubled ;

Every colour of the tartan
 Marked the heavens.
A rainbow 'dog' is seen to westward—
 Stormy presage ;
Flying clouds by strong winds riven
 Squally showers.
They lifted up the speckled sails,
 Towering, tight,
And they stretched the rigid shrouds up
 Tense and stiff,
To the tall and stately masts,
 Red and resing :
They were tied so taut and knotty,
 Without blunder,
Through the iron eyelet holes,
 And the round blocks.
They fixed every rope of rigging
 Quick in order,
And each man at his place sat down
 To watch smartly," etc.

Capt. Angus left two sons, Angus and Colin, also four daughters, Margaret, Penelope, Isabella, and Jane. The extinction of the family in Uist was now approaching. A decree of removing at the instance of Clanranald was obtained early in 1810, against Lieut. Angus Macdonald of the 91st regiment of foot, Colin Macdonald at Gerrievaltos, sons of the deceased Capt. Angus Macdonald of Milton, and Margaret, Jane, Penelope, and Isabella, his daughters, to remove from Milton. Father John mentions that Lieut. Angus, the third, married an Irish lady, and although he was left a considerable sum by his uncle Gilbert, ran through it all. He left no issue. Colin, the second son, had Milton, but, being a dissipated youth, he lost the place and died unmarried. Margaret, the eldest daughter, married, first, Mr M'Marquis, said to be the ugliest man in Uist. He was lost at sea, and Margaret married a second time, Angus, son of the Rev. George Munro of South Uist, by whom she had no family. M'Marquis left three children, of whom one, Isabella, is now living in Iochdar, and is the only one of the Milton family now in South Uist, and, I regret to say, in reduced circumstances. Penelope died unmarried. Isabella married Mr M'Cormick, and emigrated to America. Jane married Capt. Hutchison, a seafaring man, and removed to England.

29th FEBRUARY, 1888.

At the Society's meeting this evening Mr Alex. Ross, architect, read a paper on "Old Highland Roads." Mr Ross's paper was as follows :—

OLD HIGHLAND ROADS.

In the paper I propose reading to you on this occasion it is my intention to try to trace out the progress of road-making as an index to the state of the Highlands, and to show, as far as I can, the bearing they have had on the progress and civilisation of the country, more particularly on this Northern region. The making of roads must have been the first efficient step to the development of the country, for until these and other convenient modes of transport are developed, no country can progress either in wealth or comfort. No doubt it was owing to the want of these that the Highlands of Scotland remained as a whole so far behind the other parts of Britain, and that portion still remains in the rear.

England and the Southern portions of Scotland were until the middle of last century far ahead of the Highlands, and possessed many advantages over our mountainous and rugged country. We find in early history glimpses of culture and comfort in the North, but these were for the upper and ruling classes, not for the great mass of the people. The noble and the chief, being able to visit foreign lands, would naturally gather ideas of culture, and returning to their native land would spread a certain amount of cultivation and improvement around their immediate surroundings ; but without roads or means of communication there can be no advance for the peasant and dependant.

The Romans thoroughly understood and acted on this principle, and as soon as they conquered and over-ran a country, they set about road-making in an extensive and effective manner. We now even find, after a lapse of fifteen centuries, traces of their work, and in some cases their roads are still in use. In the beginning of the third century, Severus opened up the country for his troops by clearing the jungles, forming roads in every direction, and throwing bridges over rivers, so as to penetrate slowly with his troops, and enable them to continue in possession of the districts as they occupied them in their advance. He advanced to the Northern Wall by the road called Watling Street, repairing the fortification of the stations as he passed from the Wall. Near "Falkirk a road proceeds in a direct line to Stirling, where the

great pass over the Forth into the north has its locality." From Stirling he went westward, along the banks of the Forth. Where now are to be seen the Flanders and Kincardine mosses, there must have extended one dense forest, the remains of which are embedded in these mosses. There, at some depth below the present surface, are to be found remains of Roman roads. From Stirling, the Roman road proceeds through Stratherne, to the junction of the Almond with the Tay. Crossing the Tay, it leaves the camp at Grassy Walls, which had been occupied by Agricola, and proceeds in the direction of a large camp near Forfar, termed Battledykes, in the parish of Othlaw. From this the road continues through Forfar, Kincardine, and Aberdeen, and terminates at the shores of the Moray Firth. Their camps were at Wardykes, near Keithock, Raedykes, near Stonehaven, Normandykes on the Dee, and Raedykes on the Ythan. According to Chalmers, the Roman road passed on to Cullen Bay, and then westward to Burghead and Forres or Varis, thence south across the Spey through the Grampians in an almost direct line to the camp at the crossing of the Tay. In this great advance north they were assisted and supported by their fleet, which sailed along the coast.

Traces of the Roman roads remain in various places, and their camps and stations are undoubted. In the South of Scotland the mode of formation is "yet to be seen, especially at Kilcadzow; the Romans appear to have placed broad stones in the bottom of the road where the ground was soft, and broke others very small with which they covered the surface." The popular name of some of these roads was the "Devil's Causeway." In the Statistical Account of Trinity Gask, the writer says that the Roman road or causeway passes along the highest ground in the parish. It is twenty feet broad, and is composed of rough stones closely laid together. It is in entire preservation, as the proprietor of the adjacent grounds, though he enclosed the fields on each side with stone dykes, did not suffer a stone to be taken from the road. Along the causeway are stations capable of containing ten or twelve men, and they are enclosed by ditches, which are yet very distinct, and seem to have been designed for the accommodation of the men engaged at the work. These roads can be traced distinctly north so far as Stonehaven. It was called the "Long Causeway," and there are traces of similar roads even as far north as Bennachie, and traces of what are supposed to have been Roman roads are still to be seen by Forres, at Lynbreak, at a height of 1240 feet; Congash, two and a-half miles from Grantown; and at Cromdale; and some authorities say that even at Bona, at the

north end of Lochness, a Roman camp existed. Still more surprising, at Fort-Augustus (Scot. Mag. 1767, p. 326), in digging a trench in 1767 some workmen found an earthen urn of blue colour, with 300 pieces of coin of mixed metal, apparently of the reign of Diocletian. The evidence of any advance west of Forres is very scant, and it requires a stretch of imagination to connect the extreme outpost through Braemar. The camps, however, do not seem to have been constructed of the same massive materials as they were further south.

The roads above mentioned have always been attributed by the country people to the Romans. In Chalmers's "*Caledonia*" they are traced with great minuteness, and the line is given on the map. Skene also concludes that there are indications of Roman works at Pitmain, near Kingussie. These I have not been able to identify.

By means of these roads Severus was able to pass through and possess the country without difficulty, but although, by means of his roads and camps, and the great Wall from the Forth to the Clyde, he was able to maintain the southern portion in security and peace, yet on the departure of the Romans, in 410, the good effects of these roads seem to have ceased, and we do not find any subsequent attempts to form roads or means of communication on a great scale till the beginning of the last century.

The effects of the Roman improvements were, however, very distinct during their occupation, and Britain was described by Cumenius thus—"So productive is it in fruit, and so fertile in pastures, so rich in metals, and valuable for its contributions to the Treasury, surrounded on all sides with abundance of harbours and immense line of coast, that during the reign of Julian it had become of importance as an exporting country, and formed his great resource from whence he drew a large supply of corn during the great scarcity on the Continent." I have prepared a rough plan showing the extent of the Roman roads according to Camden. It is amazing the extent of works, roads, and fortifications they executed in this country.

After the departure of the Romans, Britain was in a manner given over to conflicting parties, viz., the Britons, the Picts, the Scots, and the Saxons or Angles, and a long period of darkness succeeds. One writer (Procopius) described it in the sixth century as two islands, the region to the west of the Wall (by which he indicates Caledonia, or the district north of the Forth and Clyde), "as a region infested by wild beasts, and with an atmosphere so tainted that human life could not exist," and he repeats a fable

derived, he says, from the inhabitants, that this region was the place of departed spirits.

After the Romans, the country as a whole seems to have sunk into a hopeless state of anarchy; and though no doubt in the great towns and their immediate vicinity roads may have been formed, there is no evidence to show that any general scheme of communication was carried out. The native Britons seem to have done something, however. They made many hill forts to defend themselves against the Norsemen and Scandinavians, and in the Mearns there are tracks which are called traditionally Picts' roads by the country people; and the famous "catrail" or Picts-work ditch, a line of defence by a ditch or rampart running through Selkirk, Roxburgh, and Galashiels, a distance of forty-five miles, is supposed to have been a line of defence between the Britons and the Saxons. Chalmers says—"It is as different from a Roman road as a crooked from a straight line, or a concave from a convex," and he refers it to the Pictish or second period. There is a similar work near the Eildon Hills which tradition has associated with King Arthur; but the whole is involved in obscure mist of tradition, and is still a puzzle to antiquarians.

Chalmers in his "Caledonia" divides the history of Scotland into various periods. 1st, the Roman, from A.D. 80 till 446; 2nd, Pictish, 446 till 843, comprehending the affairs of the Picts, state of the Romanized Britons, the arrival of the Anglo-Saxons on the Tweed, adventures of the Scandinavians in the Orkney and Western Isles; 3rd, the Scottish period, from 843 till 1097; and 4th, the Scottish Saxon, 1097 till 1306. With this period, he says, began a dynasty of kings, who introduced new people, new manners, new usages, and new establishments. "In this period the Saxon colonisation of Scotland proper was begun. In this period originated her agriculture, commerce, shipping, and fishing, her manufactures and her coins."

We have no very distinct account of the roads or means of communications, yet from incidental reference to them we know they existed in one shape or other, but they could have been little better than drove roads or tracks in most places. An old custom, which gave the right to travellers passing through the country to quarter for one night on any estate and there pasture their beasts, saving only growing corn and hay, was confirmed, and received the Royal sanction of Alexander III. in the 13th century. In contemporary charters reference is often made to "*Via Virides*," "*Alta Via*," "*Via Regia*," "*Via Regalis*," showing that, whatever their quality, such roads existed.

This ancient right of way and pasture was common, and is often referred to in the times of Alexander II. The Monks of Newbattle going between there and their Abbey lands in Clydesdale, had the privilege of going and returning through the lands of Retrevver by the road they had used in times past with their cattle and carriages, and also of unyoking their beasts from their waggon and pasturing in the pasturage of that land as often as they required, avoiding corn and meadow, and passing the night there once in going and once in returning. For this the monks agreed to pay "a new waggon such as they manufactured for their own use in Clydesdale laden with timber or building material of any kind." This would indicate roads in this district at any rate, and rather a good model of a waggon.

Yet the roads seem to have been few and far between. Bridges seem to have received early attention, and to have been recognised as important factors in the trade of the country. The ferry and the bridge were of the utmost importance. The road could be varied according to its condition and the state of the weather, but the ford and ferry were fixed. Accordingly, we find at very early dates good bridges were erected over many of the principal rivers, and as early as 1220 we find the bridge over the South Esk at Brechin was of such importance that Stephen, of Kinnairdesley, disposes of the land of Drumslied to Gregory, Bishop of Brechin, for the sustentation of the Bridge of Brechin, and for the chaplain praying for the dead. There is record of the repairs of this bridge from this date down to the present day, and Andrew Jervise, in his account of Angus and Mearns, says the south existing arch is the original one of 1220, and hence this is one of the oldest bridges in Scotland. I examined this bridge lately, and a portion of it does seem very ancient, though much altered to make it match with the newer portions, the old rib being cut away on the underface, and the edge splayed so as to destroy its original mould and beauty. About the same period there existed similar bridges over the Tay at Perth, the Esk at Logie-Pert, the Dee at Kincardine O'Neill, and another near Aberdeen, and one over the Spey at Orkell. Cosmo Innes says that, during the reign of William and the two Alexanders, Scotland was more advanced and prosperous than she was at any time afterwards down till the Union in 1707.

The bridge across the Ness was one of some importance, but it was not till 1680 that we had a great stone one. At that date the matter was considered of such importance that on 3rd March, 1680, printed papers remitted by the Lords of his Majesty's Privy Council, appointing a voluntary contribution to be collected in

this kingdom for building a stone bridge upon the great River Ness, near the famous city of Inverness, were dispersed this day through the Presbytery, and through ministers, appointed to make intimation thereof in their respective bounds. "29th March, 1682.—The Moderator recommended the upgathering of the voluntary contributions for the bridge at Inverness to the ministers of the Presbytery according to counsel." The bridges at Inverness up to this time seem always to have been of timber; the earliest of which we have any notice was burned by Donald of the Isles in 1410, and the last of these stood a little below the site of the present bridge. This is characterised by one of the officers of Cromwell's army as "the weakest that ever straddled over so strong a stream." It fell September 28, 1664, with 200 people upon it, none of whom were killed. The scene is thus described—"The great old wooden bridge of Inverness was repairing, and by the inadvertency of a carpenter cutting a beam that lay betwixt two couples, the bridge tending that way, ten of the old couples fell flat on the river with about 200 persons—men, women, and children—on it. Four of the townsmen broke legs and thighs; some sixteen had their heads, arms, and thighs bruised; all the children safe without a scart. A signal providence and a dreadful sight at ten forenoon." The next bridge was of stone, consisting of seven arches. The stones for building it were got mainly from Cromwell's Fort. It was very graceful. The arches were semi-circular, and carried on fine moulded arch ribs, which gave the intrados of the arches a most pleasing appearance.

In England the old Roman roads were allowed to fall into decay, and the earliest legislation we have on the subject is in 1285, when it was ordered that all bushes and trees along the road leading from one market to another should be cut down for 200 feet on either side to prevent robbers lurking therein, but nothing was proposed for mending the ways themselves.

Referring back to the 12th century, from this period onward till the 16th century there is little to record but occasional glimpses showing how little the country progressed. Churches were built and mills established. There seems to have been no combined action for furthering trade and commerce, though shipping no doubt increased and various industries flourished. Woollen and flax were manufactured in the times of David I., and saltworks flourished and were profitable to the king, nobles, and monks. Yares and stells were abundant in the 13th century, but means of communication seem to have been neglected. The Flemish merchants were settling in the country in the time of

David I. and Malcolm at St Andrews, and there was trade with the Continent in wine and corn. The burghs were granted special privileges for trade in William the Lion's time, and coal began to be dug in 1291 as an article of trade; but even in 1563 the only mode of transporting it was in creels on horseback. No mechanical contrivance had been invented for excavating it.

During the Scots-Saxon period horses began to be extensively reared, and were employed as well as oxen in carts, from which the inference is that there must have been roads, and they are mentioned incidentally in the chartularies. The monks cultivated the wastes and subdued the woodlands, "they rendered what was already arable more productive, and those improvements which are called in the chartularies *incrementum* and *wainagia*." They enclosed by lining hedges and often by wooden fences. "They know and practice the modern art of making roads, they cut ditches on either side to carry off water, and covered the roadway with hard material. They made the roads on the Roman models, and built bridges for passing torrents." (See Chart. of Melrose).

I will now quote a few incidental references to roads and means of communications. When Malcolm in 1164 gave the privilege of sanctuary to his hospital at Solais Hill between the Lothians and Lauderdale, a path was made to Melrose through the moors called "Girth Gate," meaning the Sanctuary Roads. Cosmo Innes, in his "*Scotch Legal Antiquities*," says of the monks of Kelso—"They had waggons for their harvest and wains of some sort for bringing peats from the moss, and over sea commodities from Berwick, which implies there then were roads passable for such carriages; but, indeed, we have evidence of the existence of such roads in that country a good deal earlier, as early as William the Lion; and it is worth noting the mention of Kings' high roads in the time of Alexander all through Scotland from Berwick to Inverness, although it may be doubtful whether these were in all cases roads for wheel carriages, or were rather in many cases only for horses, whether for saddle or pack horses."

We have in the foregoing reference to waggons. As yet coaches had not been introduced, and it was only in 1594 that Guillan Broomn, a Dutchman, brought a coach for Queen Elizabeth. It was an affair without springs, the body resting on solid axles, and it must have been thoroughly uncomfortable, "and after a while divers great ladies, with as great jealousy of the Queen's displeasure, made them coaches, and rid in them up and down the countries to the great admiration of the beholders, and then by little and little they grew usual among the nobility and

others of sort, and within twenty years became a great trade in coachbuilding." The post, which was only established in London and Edinburgh in 1635, was carried on horseback. Travelling day and night, the post went and returned in six days.

In 1635 the Marquis of Huntly, when summoned to Edinburgh to answer for having "receipted and supplied broken men," travelled in the dead of the year, cold, tempestuous, and stormy. He and his lady, however, travelled by chariot, on his return being weaker and weaker. He set out for his northern castle "in a wand bed within his chariot, his lady still with him. He died on the journey in an inn at Dundee, whence his body was brought in a horse litter to Strathbogie for burial."

During the latter part of the seventeenth century a large trade in cattle begun to be carried on between Scotland and England, and the transporting of these became a matter of importance. In 1697 the matter came before the Privy Council, and "it was represented that between New Galloway and Dumfries there was no defined or made road. It was the line of passage taken by immense herds of cattle which were continually passing from the green pastures of the Galloway hills into England, a branch of economy held to be the main support of the inhabitants of the district, and the grand source of its rents." Drovers of cattle are, however, apt to be troublesome to the owners and tenants of ground through which they pass, and such was the case here. "Several debates have happened of late in the passage of droves from New Galloway to Dumfries. The country people endeavoured by violence to stop the droves and impose illegal exaction of money upon the cattle, to the great damage of the trade, whereby also riots and bloodshed have been occasioned, which had gone greater length if those who were employed to carry up the cattle had not managed with great moderation and prudence. The result of the petition was that a Commission was appointed by the Privy Council to make and mark a highway for drovers frae New Galloway to Dumfries, holding the high and accustomed travelling way betwix the said two burghs."

These cattle raikes, as they are now called in the South, became common, and were so broad that cattle could feed by the way; considerable portions still exist, and are held as right of way. I lately examined some in Forfarshire, notably at Trinity Muir, near Brechin, and at Little Brechin. They are from 50 to 100 feet broad, with turf dykes on each side, and the track meanders along it, occupying only a very narrow breadth, the margins being overgrown with whins and grass, but affording in

summer a very substantial bite for the cattle. These "rakes" are rapidly being curtailed and absorbed in the adjoining lands, and of the road, which, in the memory of my informant, extended from Perth to the "Mearns," only a small fragment remains here and there to indicate its existence.

These cattle tracks, which became common, and were in use from all parts of the North, literally gave the guiding lines to General Wade for his great system of military roads. We have a very good specimen in our own neighbourhood going over the Leachkin. The space between the bounding dykes, however, is so considerable that squatters settle on the margin and build houses. This formed a few years ago the subject of a very interesting law plea, in which the squatters were successful, as against Mr Baillie, the proprietor of the adjoining lands, who sought to have them removed, but it was proved that he at any rate had no claim on the ground. This cattle track, or common, is shown on the Ordnance Survey as extending up to the Caiplach, or near where the townspeople at one time cut their peats and fed their cattle. It appears, however, to have extended to Beaully, and parts of it are to be seen at Inchberry and Lentrane. Many of these drove roads are yet in use, a main one running from the West Highlands, from Skye, *via* Kyle Rhea, through Glenshiel, by Tomindoun, Glengarry, Loch Arkaig, and Lochaber, branching through behind Ben Nevis to Loch Rannoch and on to Crieff. Another main line led from Fort-Augustus, Corryirrick, to Dalwhinnie, through Drumochter to Aberfeldy and Crieff, passing on its way, near Taymouth, the door of the famous old lady, "Roy's Wife," who became, it is said, really the landlady of the inn, and finally reaching the famous Falkirk market stance. Similar lines of traffic led through Grantown by Speyside and Tomintoul into Forfar, and yet remain as great rights-of-way. From Strathspey there were several roads into Forfarshire by Tomintoul, over the Cairn-na-Month, the Firmouth, and Mount Kean. These roads were frequented by the natives passing with their cattle, and also going to and returning from Dundee and the other Lowland towns. The Highlanders brought for sale their "hame art," cloth, stockings, and other home-made stuffs, also wooden implements, which they disposed of to the people; in return, buying such articles as they required for use in their homes. They generally marched with their ponies tied head and tail in long lines. On these lines of march, many of them to be yet traced across the country, there were change-houses at every three Scotch miles, in which bawbee ale was brewed. In the more unfrequented paths there were

rough shelter-houses, where the drovers took shelter, and enjoyed such entertainment as they may have carried along with them; and some of the old drovers could tell wonderful stories of the carousals they held in them when two or three kindred spirits met, with a sufficient supply of drink and other good things. One remarkable fact in connection with these lines of roads was that they always led past good springs. They were in stages from spring to spring. The following account I received from a valued correspondent I give in full :—

“MEMORANDUM—ROADS, ETC., FORFARSHIRE.

“Roads were in a very miserable state up to the end of last century, and even into the present. They were little more than cattle and horse tracks, improved a little from time to time by rough stones gathered from adjoining fields. These cattle tracks or raikes ran through the country in different directions, being fed by connection with the great passes into Aberdeen, Banff, and Moray. They were five in number—1st, the Drove Road, from lower Deeside, getting into the low country at Stonehaven; 2nd, the Cairn o’ Mount Road, joining at Fettercairn; 3rd, the Mount Kean Road, joining at Edzell; 4th, the Capel Mount, joining at Kirriemuir; 5th, the Glenshee Road, from Castletown of Braemar. The raikes seem to have been formed with reference to good watering and common grazing for stock resting. They had a division into stages, where refreshment could be got for man and beast at the ‘Change Houses,’ as they were called. Bawbee ale was brewed, that is, ale sold at $\frac{1}{2}$ d a bottle, but they brewed also penny ale, and at most of them a glass of smuggled gin could be got. The great goods traffic from the North was carried on by horses and panniers. The load was equal to 2 bolls of meal or 256 lbs. These Change Houses were about three Scots miles apart, and the remains of them are still to be seen. There are two of them on this farm. My grandfather minded of as many as 40 horses passing in front of this house, loaded with north country home-wrought woollen goods for the Dundee market. They travelled in numbers for safety, robbing being often attempted on the return journey. In the reign of Charles II. an Act was passed empowering lairds, of a certain valuation, to call out the people for six days’ work on the roads in summer. Persons who had carts and horses were also bound to furnish their labour. The roads so formed were called ‘Statute Labour Roads.’ An Act was passed in 1790 converting the statute labour into money in Forfarshire. It was directed by trustees, being proprietors of land. This gave a great impetus to road improvement. Then another Act was

passed in 1811, being an improvement on the former. In 1878 the county adopted the Roads and Bridges Act for Scotland. The tolls were abolished, and now, under an assessment of $1\frac{1}{2}$ d per £, our roads have been brought into a good state of repair. The burghs keep their own roads.

W. S.

“February, 1888.”

Similar tracks or drove roads existed in the North, and I remember well old W. Macleod of Kingsburgh pointing out the stages on the Lochcarron road, where he used to breakfast by a well near Auchmasheen after an early march of eight or ten miles; for the drover in the Highlands always made out a good stage before breakfast.

In the beginning of the present century the mode of travelling and traffic similar to that referred to in Forfarshire obtained in the Highlands, and the laird of Applecross had an understanding with his crofters when they came to Inverness to take home his winter supply of groceries. The ponies went in line, head and tail, each with two small wooden boxes, painted red, slung over their backs. The pay was 6s for the journey to and from Inverness, and included all expenses and charges.

It is interesting to watch how the old and new roads run together at various points, and particularly along the course of the Highland Railway, where, at a point near Blair-Athole, the old cattle track may be seen by the line. General Wade's road and round-arched bridges are well up the hill, rising and falling with its undulations, while a little below the road made by the Commissioners of Highland Roads and Bridges, with its low crowned and flattened arches, winds along its comparatively level course, while we run along the fourth line of communication in a comfortable railway carriage; and we can well imagine some of the discomforts and perils of our ancestors.

A traveller, Morer, who came to Scotland in 1702, says:—“Stage coaches did not exist, but there were a few hackneys at Edinburgh which might be hired into the country upon urgent occasions. The truth is, the roads will hardly allow them those conveniences, which is the reason that the gentry, men and women, chose rather to use their horses. However, the great men often travel with coach and six, but with so great caution that, besides their other attendants, they have a lusty running footman on each side of the coach to manage and keep it up in rough places.”

The state of the roads are discussed in a poem in 1737. It describes the roads to Kintail in connection with the famous Donald Murchison, 1737:—

“Keppoch, Rob Roy, and Daniel Murchison,
Cadets or servants to some Chief of clan ;
From thefts or robbings scarce did ever cease,
Yet 'scaped the halter each and died in peace.
This last his exiled master's rents collected,
Nor into king or law would be subjected ;
Tho' veteran troops upon the confines lay,
Sufficient to make lord and tribe a prey.
Yet passes strong through which no roads were cut,
Safe guarded Seaforth's clan each in his hut ;
Thus in stronghold the rogue securely lay,
Neither could they by force be driven away ;
Till his attained Lord and Chief of late
By ways and means repurchased his estate.”

I may quote a bit of description from Smiles' "Lives of the Engineers," taken from Ogilvy's "Britannia Depicta" :—

“In the latter part of the 17th century the roads at a distance from the metropolis were in many cases but rude tracks across heaths and commons, as furrowed with deep ruts as ploughed fields, and in winter to pass along them was like travelling in a ditch. The attempts made by the adjoining occupiers to mend them were, for the most part, confined to throwing large stones into the bigger holes to fill them up.”

It was easier to allow new tracks to be made than to mend the old ones. The lands of the country were still mostly unenclosed, and it was thus possible, in fine weather, to get from place to place, in one way or another, with the help of a guide. In the absence of bridges guides were necessary to point out the safest fords as well as to pick out the least mirey tracks. The most frequented lines of "roads were struck out from time to time by the drivers of pack horses, who, to avoid the bogs and sloughs, were usually careful to keep along the high grounds ; but to prevent those horsemen who departed from the beaten tracks being swallowed up in quagmires, beacons were erected to warn them against the most dangerous places.”

In some of the older settled districts of England the old roads are still to be traced in the hollow ways or lanes which are to be met with in some places eight or ten feet deep. Horse tracks in summer and rivulets in winter, the earth became gradually worn into these deep furrows, many of which, in Wilts and Somerset and Devon, represent the tracks of roads as old as, if not older than, the Conquest.

Many instances might be quoted of the difficulties of travel in the Highlands during the last century or two. The following letter from John Dickson to the laird of Glenorquhay shows how personal luggage was conveyed :—

“ I have been telling your man that I have a mind to send a little tronk with some of my wives, and my own best clothes to the Highlands. And, therefore, as I desire rather to be beholden to you than others, so I must in this calamitous tyme crave pardon to be so far troublesome to you as to desire that you would at any time within this fortnight send one of your tenants with a naig and creiles on him with the bearer hereof, also to carry the said little tronk to your house of Finlarg, &c.”

The following remarks occur in Dr Chaphane's journal of a journey to Kilravock in 1750 :—“ From Strathbogy to Keith, six very long miles, and two bad stonny hills, from Keith six miles to Fochabers are not so long, pretty good road.” To Elgin, six miles good road. Short miles. [N.B.—Miles very long in this country, cannot go above three miles' journey riding. Why miles so long ?] A certain Lord having asked “ a gentleman what great advantages Murrayshire had over other counties, was told it had three—that they had 40 miles of better road than in most counties ; almost always better weather ; and the third was they had but one Lord among them (Lord Murray), and he had no interest or following.”

Burt says of the roads about Inverness (1725)—“ There is little need for carts for the business of the town, and when a hogsh-head of wine has to be carried to any part not far distant, it has been placed on a kind of frame between four horses, two on a side following each other. For not far off, except along the sea coast and some new roads, the ways are so rough and rocky that no wheel has ever turned upon them since the formation of the globe ; and, therefore, if the townsmen were furnished with sufficient wheeled carriages for goods of great weight, they would seldom be useful.”

For hill travelling the sleigh was more useful, and this contrivance is still in use for peat carriage and agricultural purposes. You are all familiar with the luipen or conical basket placed in a frame between two trams, and drawn by the garron along the hill-side. Though now disused, I have often seen them in use for peats in the suburbs of this town, and when on wheels in the streets. Burt further describes the wheels in his day as made of a broad board, which wore down irregularly, and made a most uncomfortable and jolting contrivance.

It was not, however, till the rebellion of 1715 that the full effect of the want of means of communication with the Highlands was felt, when the Royal troops could not penetrate further than Blair-Athole ; and so active were the Government in this matter that, before the rebellion of 1745, roads had been carried through from Stirling to Inverness, and from Inverness to Fort-William, and these were found so useful that the work was carried on till 1770, when the annual sum required for their repair was replaced by annual grants, and the roads ceased, in a large measure, to be of a military character. At this time there had been about 800 miles of roads made, and 1000 bridges.

Although these good military roads were made, the people were not disposed to avail themselves of them, for Burt says, "the people say the bridges in particular will render the ordinary people effeminate and less fit to pass the waters in other places where there are none."

The middling orders say that to them the roads are an inconvenience instead of being useful, as they have turned them out of their old ways, for their horses being never shod, the gravel would soon whet away their hoofs, so as to render them unsuitable, "whereas the rocks and moor stones, though together they make a rough way, yet, considered separately, they are generally pretty smooth on the surface where they tread, and the heath is always easy to the feet. To this I have been inconsiderately asked, Why, then, do they not shoe their horses ?

"The question is easily put, and costs nothing but a few various sounds ; but where is the iron, the forge, the farrier, the people, within a reasonable distance to maintain them ? and, lastly, where is the principal requisite—money ?

"The lowest class, who, many of them at some times cannot compass a pair of shoes for themselves, allege that the gravel is intolerable to their naked feet, and the complaint has extended to their thin brogues.

"It is true they do sometimes, for these reasons, go without the road, and ride or walk in very incommodious ways. This has induced some of our countrymen, especially such as have been in Minorca (where roads of this kind have likewise been made), to accuse the Highlanders of Spanish obstinacy in refusing to make use of so great a convenience, purely because it is a novelty introduced by the English. But why do the black cattle do the same thing ? Certainly for the ease of their feet."

The Parliamentary grants from 1770 to 1783 amounted to £7000, and for the next twenty years to £4700. The roads being

made at first partly for military purposes and by military engineers, the question of gradient was not so fully taken into account, and they were often exposed to mountain torrents, and carried up ascents so steep as to render them useless for traffic. Accordingly, when they began to be used for commercial purposes, it was found necessary to alter the lines, and cheaper to do so than to continue the repairs year after year.

In 1798 the Lords of the Treasury caused a letter to be written to the Commander-in-Chief in Scotland enquiring whether the grant might be immediately discontinued, and asking him what suggestions he might have to make. Sir Ralph Abercromby, the then Commander in Chief, says that the roads in question are no longer necessary in a military point of view, and is inclined to believe that the counties through which the roads pass are now in a situation to maintain them. The bridges were erected without any Parliamentary aid, but he believes it impossible that they can be supported unless Government will allow a certain sum annually to the counties through which the military roads run. The result was that the Government did not at once abandon the roads, but gradually diminished the mileage till it was reduced to about 530 miles. Amongst those so abandoned was the road from Fort-Augustus to Glenshiel, which was, however, only a partially made road at best.

In 1802 a Select Commission was appointed to investigate the whole question of Naval Stations of the Caledonian Canal, the Fisheries, and Emigration (which was then prevalent), and Thomas Telford was appointed their engineer. The result of this was the Highland Roads and Bridges Act in 1803. The military roads kept in repair by the Government in the various counties were as follows:—Perth, 118 miles; Elgin, 41; Nairn, 16; Argyll, 77; Aberdeen, 37; Banff, 10; Inverness, 181; Dumbarton, 20—Total, 530. The annual average cost was £5 per mile. The returns in 1811 show about 833 miles of new roads made and maintained in the Highlands, or in all (including the military roads which were finally taken over by the Commission in 1814) 1363 miles. The maintenance of these roads continued in the hands of the Commissioners till August, 1862, when the grants were finally withdrawn, and the burden of maintaining the roads and bridges transferred to the counties.

The character of the old military roads differ much from those afterwards constructed by the Commissioners. They were essentially military, and their use is well put in a report by the Highland Society of Scotland in 1814, in arguing for keeping in repair the old roads at the public expense:—

"Though these roads are not necessary for the purpose of military communication, yet if they be not kept in repair the intercourse betwixt the Highlands of Scotland and the Southern part of the kingdom will in a great degree be at an end, to the great disadvantage of both, as the South receives annually by the conveyance of these roads a great supply of sheep, cattle, wool, and other articles from the Northern and Highland districts, &c.

"Besides, if these roads were allowed to fall into disrepair, it would be in some places impracticable, and in others tedious and difficult, to march troops from the South to the important Northern and Western stations on the coast of Scotland, or for the judge to perform the circuits, &c.

"In populous and cultivated districts, roads not only serve as the means of communication from other parts of the country, but are highly valuable for agricultural, commercial, and other local purposes. In the Highlands the case is widely different. Roads are there signally valuable to the country at large by affording means of communication between distant parts of the kingdom, and opening up tracts capable of improvement and increased population; but to the barren districts through which they pass, capable of no agricultural improvement, inhabited only by the shepherd and his dog, they are of comparatively little value, in some instances actually none, and therefore incapable of being maintained by the locality through which they pass."

The making of these military roads, or General Wade's roads, as they are called, occupied the soldiers from about the year 1722 and 1723, till near the end of the century, and I may here give a sketch of the mode in which they were carried out. General Wade having taken careful surveys in the Highlands, was prepared to set to work in 1725. His plan was founded on the old Roman method of doing the work by the soldiers, and allowing them extra pay. Five hundred men were selected for the purpose, and engineers and surveyors sent from England, one of these being the well-known Captain Burt, whose account of the Highlands has ever since formed a valuable source for modern investigators. In the summer season (during eleven years) 500 men were employed. The privates were allowed 6d a-day over and above their pay, a corporal 8d, and a serjeant 1s: this extra pay being only for working days.

By 1735 the greater part of the roads were finished. One of the first roads made was from Fort-William to Inverness, and Lord Townshend, Secretary of State, on 16th August, 1726, writ-

ing from Killiwhimmen (Fort-Augustus), says—"I have inspected the new road between this place and Fort-William, and ordered it to be enlarged and carried on for wheeled carriages over the mountains on the south side of Loch-Ness, so that before mid-summer next there will be a good coach road from that place, which before was not passable on horseback in many places."

In 1726 Lord Townshend drove in his coach and six from Inverness to Fort-William, to the great wonder and delight of the people. This was the same machine, as Burt tells us, that was brought by the coast road to Inverness from the South, and of which, he said, the people saluted the driver, and little regarded the great folk inside. In 1728 the great road from Inverness to Dunkeld was made, a distance of 90 miles; about 300 men were employed on it. Speaking of provisions, Wade says—"There is so great a scarcity of them in this barren country I am obliged to bring my biscuits, cheese, &c., for the support of the workmen from Edinburgh by land carriage, which, though expensive, is of absolute necessity." One of the most difficult bits of road making was the pass of Corryarrick, which leads from Dalwhinnie to Fort-Augustus. General Wade was keenly alive to the importance of getting the roads opened up for traffic, and was in correspondence with Culloden (President Forbes), and stationed himself, in 1729, at Dalnacardoch, in order to get the main road pushed on. Both President Forbes and General Wade had their eyes open to the plotting going on amongst the Jacobites. In this year the great wheeled carriage was for the first time seen in Badenoch. The General and Culloden met at Ruthven in Badenoch, and held a consultation. The former returned to Dalnacardoch and the latter to Inverness.

The climate and isolation seem to have told on the men, and the General had to give them an entertainment from time to time. One of these is described as taking place at a spot near Dalnaspidal, opposite the opening of Loch Garry. The working parties met under their officers, and formed a square surrounding a tent. Four oxen were roasted whole, "in great order and solemnity, and four ankers of brandy were broached." The men dined *al fresco*, the General and officers in their tents. The beef was excellent, and loyal toasts were drunk. The guests were Sir Robert Clifton, Sir Duncan Campbell, Colonel Guest, and Major Duroure. A similar entertainment was given at Corryarrick in October, 1731. It is thus described by a Mr Macleod, probably the laird of Dunvegan. "Upon entering," he says, "a little glade among the hills, lately called Laggan-a'-Bhainne, but now by the soldiers

Sungburgh, I heard the noise of many people, and saw six great fires, about which a number of soldiers were very busy. During my wonder at the cause of this, an officer invited me to drink their Majesties' healths. I attended him to each fire, and found that there were six working parties of Tatton's, Montague's, Mark Ker's, Harrison's, and Hampside's regiments, and the party from the Highland companies, making in all about 500 men, who had this summer, with indefatigable pains, completed the great road for wheeled carriages between Fort-Augustus and Ruthven. Being the King's birthday, General Wade had given the detachment a feast; six oxen were roasted, one for each party."

Perhaps the most graphic, as well as amusing, account of travelling and the roads in the beginning of the last century is that given by Lord Lovat on his way south in 1740. He says, writing from Edinburgh, "I took a journey from my own house to come up here the 30th of July with both my daughters, but if I was as much of an observer of freits as I used to be I would not have taken journey. For two days before I came away one of my coach maids, as she was stepping into the park, dropt down dead, as if she had been shot with a cannon ball. The next day, when I went to bid farewell, one of the hind wheels of my chariot broke in pieces, that kept me two days to get new wheels." He then says, "I came off on Wednesday, the 30th of July, from my own house; dined at your sister's, and did not halt at Inverness, but came all night to Corribrough with Evan Baillie and Duncan Fraser, and my chariot did very well. I brought my wheelwright with me the length of Aviemore in case of accidents, and there I parted with him, because he declared my chariot would go safe enough to London; but I was not eight miles from the place when, on the plain road, the axletree of the hind wheels broke in two, so that my girls were forced to go on bare horses behind footmen, and I was obliged to ride myself, tho' I was very tender, and the day very cold. I came with that equipage to Ruthven late at night, and my chariot was pulled there by force of men, where I got an English wheelwright and a smith, who wrought two days mending my chariot; and after paying very dear for their work, and for my quarters two nights, I was not gone four miles from Ruthven when it broke again, so that I was in a miserable condition till I came to Dalnakeardach, where my honest landlord, Charles M'Glassian, told me that the Duke of Athole had two as good workmen at Blaire as were in the kingdom, and that I would get my chariot as well mended there as at London; accordingly I went there, and stayed a night, and got my chariot

very well mended by a good wright and good smith. I thought then I was pretty secure till I came to this place. I was storm-stayed two days at Castle Drummond by the most tempestuous weather of wind and rain that I ever remember to see. The Dutches of Perth and Lady Mary Drummond were excessively kind and civil to my daughters and to me, and sent their chamberlaine to conduct me to Dunblane, who happened to be very useful to us that day, for I was not three miles gone from Castle Drummond when the axletre of my fore wheels broke in two, in the midst of the Hill betwixt Drummond and the bridge of Erdoch, and we were forced to sit in the Hill with a Boisterous day till Chamberlain Drummond was so kind as to go down to the Strath and bring wrights, and carts, and smiths, to our assistance, who dragged us to the plain, where we were forced to stay five or six hours till there was a new axletre made, so that it was dark night before we came to Dunblaine, which is but eight miles from Castle Drummond, and we were all much fatigued. The next day we came to Lithgow, and the day after that we arrived here, so that we were twelve days on our journey by our misfortunes, which was seven days more than ordinary; and I bless God we were all in pretty good health, and I found my son in good health and much improvén."

In 1720 Sir Archibald Grant of Monymusk says:—"In my early days, soon after the Union, husbandry and manufactures were in low esteem. Turnips in field for cattle by Erle of Rothes and very few others, were wondered at. Wheat almost confined to East Lothian, inclosures few, and planting very little, no repair of roads, all bad, and very few wheeled carriages. No coach, chariote, or chaise, and few carts north the Tay. In 1720 I could not in chariote get my wife from Aberdeen to Monymusk. Collonel Middleton, the first who used carts or waggons there."

It is extremely interesting to trace out the roads now, and I had the pleasure of going over many miles of them during the past season. They seem to have been well made and bottomed, and the bridges well built, generally with a semi-circular arch of the roughly blocked whin and gneiss stone of the locality, and they stand well even to this day. When a broad burn liable to a spate crossed the road, it was carried over the road by a carefully pitched causeway, and it is extraordinary how well these pitchings have stood. I crossed many of them between Fort-William and the Devil's Staircase, at the head of Glencoe, and they are as good now as when laid. The ordinary portion of the road has been much damaged through neglect, and the soil has been in a large

measure washed out between the stones, so that, though looking satisfactory at a distance and well marked over the landscape, yet when one comes to examine them carefully and closely one finds the roads are much weathered, and the soil washed out from between the stones, making the walking fully as rough as the ordinary hill-side, and more like the bed of a mountain torrent. So much for the up-keep of these roads. In fact, it would seem that one or two seasons of neglect are sufficient to render them almost useless for anything but a cattle track. Along the line of these old tracks one can trace the signs of the encampments, and often the more melancholy remains of the grave-yards, where many of the soldiers died. This is very evident at Kinlochmore, where in a little park near the bridge the lines of graves are yet to be seen, and some remains of bones may be seen about. The road through by King's House and Glencoe must have been one of great labour and difficulty, and the portion called the Devil's Staircase a series of traverses even more difficult than the far-famed Corryarrick. Some of the bridges were of remarkable size, and required great skill in construction, and are wonderful monuments of perseverance and skill, notably that at High Bridge, Lochaber.

One of the most remarkable old bridges is at Carr-Bridge, of which only the arch ring now remains. "The span of this bridge," says a correspondent, "is 34 feet; width over soffit, 9 feet 3 inches; and within parapet walls, 7 feet. The bridge is founded on rock, and from the pieces of timber yet seen a little above the springing of the arch, the centres used in throwing the arch were supported on the north side by beams built into the masonry, and on the south side were supported by uprights resting on a ledge of rock. As to its history, I doubt you will not get any authentic record anywhere, unless, perhaps, among the old papers in Castle Grant. Old Peter Grant of Sluggan, who died last year, aged 96, stated some years ago that the grandfather of Mr Cumming, the present tenant of Lethendry (who is a man between fifty and sixty years of age), told him that he crossed this old bridge with a wedding party, but that the bridge was then in a very dilapidated condition. We may, therefore, safely take for granted that the bridge was in ruins for the last century. This being the case, the building must date far back from General Wade's time." It is possible that the bridge may have been erected by Churchmen before the Reformation.

It is unnecessary for me to go into any lengthened account of the work of the Highland Roads and Bridges Committee. They are well known to you all, and are splendid monuments of the skill

of Telford and the late Mr Joseph Mitchell. They have lasted the greater part of a century, and look as if they might well stand many centuries more.

I proposed to myself at the outset of this paper to discuss the effect of these roads on the Highlands; but really I think it is almost unnecessary, as the evidences of material prosperity and advancement are round us in every direction, and although placed at some disadvantage at present from the keen competition which transport has brought with it, yet, on the whole, the state of the working man and crofter is infinitely better now than ever it was in olden times. It is mainly in those districts where roads are few and far between that the population is congested and non-progressive. Whether in some case it would be worth while to make roads may be doubted, yet the benefit of such communication is undeniable so far as the immediate district is concerned. The expenditure on Military and Commissioners' Roads has been of infinite service to this country. I refer you to a map giving the roads made and under consideration in 1805, which shows better than I can explain the distribution of the roads and the extent of road-making.

Although the roads were available and stage coaches were running in the beginning of this century, yet the great county families did not always avail themselves of the public coaches, but continued the old practice of posting with the same horses all the way to London. While looking over a wonderful collection of old carriages in the coach-house of the late Sir George Dunbar, with great C springs and rumble behind, I remember remarking to the old coachman that these carriages were worthy of being put in a museum. He replied, "Many's the time I have driven them to London all the way." On expressing my astonishment that they should have been so recently in use, he said, "Ah, sir, these were the fine old times. We used to leave here about the end of October and reach London in about two months, travelling each day about 30 miles, and staying ten days or a fortnight in Edinburgh to dine with the lawyers and settle our law pleas. When we got near London we would meet other families also going in, and the young folks would have rare times. We left London about the beginning of April, and took a similar time to reach home. Of course," he said, "we often had to rest the horses and get them shod, and such events lost us a day now and then." Travelling, though more comfortable now, has, I fear, lost much of its picturesqueness; and though the tourist sees more of the country, he knows less of it and the people than in the good old

slow-going days, when men took time to look at the country and to know the people.

7th MARCH, 1888.

At this meeting Brigade-Surgeon Alexander Grant, Gameron Barracks, and Mr Henry W. Fraser, Commercial Bank, Inverness, were elected members of the Society. Thereafter the Secretary read the first part of a valuable paper by Mr E. Dwelly, London, on "Gaelic Proper Names." We expect to be able to give Mr Dwelly's paper in full in our next Volume of Transactions.

21st MARCH, 1888.

At the Society's meeting on this date Ian Macpherson-Grant, yr. of Ballindalloch; Dr Kerr, Inverness; and Frederick, C. Keeble, of Morel Bros., Church Street, Inverness, were elected ordinary members of the Society. Thereafter the Secretary read a paper, contributed by Mr Alexander Macpherson, banker, Kingussie, entitled "Sketches of the Old Ministers of Badenoch." Mr Macpherson's paper was as follows:—

SKETCHES OF THE OLD MINISTERS OF BADENOCH.

PART I.

In giving the Sketches which follow—meagre and imperfect as many of them are—let me say, by way of preface, that in addition to a summary of the succession of the Protestant Ministers of Badenoch since the Reformation, I have attempted merely to give such bits of odds and ends, gleaned from various sources, regarding them as might be deemed of general interest.

While no great pre-eminence can, perhaps, be claimed for any of their number, no District north of the Grampians can, upon the whole, boast, I believe, of a more creditable succession of able and faithful Ministers, in whose comparatively humble history the general life of the Church in the Highlands, during the last 300 years, could be better exemplified. The Reformation in Scotland, as is well known, was completed by the action of the Estates of the Kingdom in 1560. "On the 17th of August of that year the Confession of Faith drawn up by John Knox was adopted. On

the 24th of the same month, Acts were passed annulling all previous Acts relating to the Church. The Pope's jurisdiction within the Realm was abolished, and an Act was passed making it criminal to say or hear mass. Confiscation of goods was the punishment of the first offence, banishment of the second, and death of the third, toleration being not understood, and still a long way off. A commission was also given to Knox and others to draw up a book of regulations for the new Church. The result of their labours was the production of the first Book of Discipline. Four orders of office-bearers in the Church were appointed, the Superintendent, the Minister, the Elder, and the Deacon. It was proposed that the possessions of the ancient church should be appropriated for the three great purposes of the maintenance of the ministry, the education of the youth, and the sustenance of the poor. Unfortunately, through the cupidity of the Barons, into whose hands much of the Church's endowments had fallen, this excellent arrangement was never fully realised, these rapacious gentry sneeringly calling it 'a devout imagination.' At the first meeting of the General Assembly of the Reformed Church, held in December following, a resolution was passed "to ask at the Estates of Parliament and Lords of the Secret Council for eschewing of the wrath and indignatione of the Eternall God that sharpe punishment be made upon the persons underwritten whilk sayes and causes masse to be said, and are present thereat."

For a considerable time after the Reformation many Parishes in the Highlands had to content themselves with the services simply of a Reader or Exhorter, "who on Sundays read to the congregation passages of Scripture and public prayers from a printed Liturgy, but neither preached nor administered Sacraments." It gives us an idea of the spiritual destitution prevailing in the Highlands, and the intermittent character of religious ordinances in these early post Reformation times—as compared with the superabundance of the present day—when we find that two such large and important Parishes, and so far apart, as Abernethy and Kingussie were under the sole care of "John Glas, Reader and Exhorter in the *Irische tounge*"—the district of Rothiemurchus being also, for a time, under his care.

In the extremely interesting work, "The Parish of Strathblane and its inhabitants from early times," recently published by Mr Guthrie Smith of Mugdock Castle, Strathblane, a very instructive picture is given of the Church services as performed over a great part of Scotland for the first seventy or eighty years after the Reformation:—

“At seven o'clock A.M. the church bell begins to toll to warn the inhabitants to prepare for service. At eight o'clock it again repeats the summons, and all betake themselves to the sacred building. On entering the Church the congregation reverently uncover their heads, and, kneeling, put up a silent prayer to God for His blessing on the service. Mr Cuik, the Reader, who is ‘decently clad in grave apparel,’ having called over the roll or catalogue of the congregation, and marked all absentees to be dealt with, proceeds to the lectern, and reads from the ‘Book of Common Order,’ the first prayer of the service, the people all kneeling. This was called the ‘Confession of our sins,’ and is a beautiful spiritual composition. Other prayers from the Liturgy follow, and the congregation rising from their knees, Mr Cuik, in an audible voice, reads over a suitable psalm, when the people all standing sing it to the regular tune which was printed along with it in the psalter. The singing ends with the *Gloria Patri* in these words—

‘Gloir to the Father and the Sone
And to the holic Gaist,
As it was in the beginning
Is now, and aye shall last.’

The reading of the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments is then proceeded with, and this bringing the first part of the service to a close, the bell again rings, and Mr Cuik leaving the lectern, Mr Stoddert, the minister, who has just come from Campsie, enters the pulpit and kneels for some minutes in silent devotion. This done, in a ‘conceived’ or extempore prayer, he prays for illumination and assistance in preaching the Word, and for a teachable spirit in the hearers. He then puts his hat upon his head, as do all his audience, and gives out his text. It is nowhere recorded whether this ancient minister of Strathblane was a man of gifts or not, but taking it for granted he was, he would be frequently interrupted during the delivery of his discourse, as was the custom at the time, by the applause and approbation of the people. The sermon being concluded, a prayer for the whole Estate of Christ’s Church follows, the service ending with the Lord’s Prayer and the Creed; another Psalm is then sung, the blessing is pronounced, and the people separate. In the afternoon they again assemble; the children of the congregation are publicly examined in a portion of the Catechism, which being concluded, the minister gives a short discourse on the doctrines they have just been handling, and the blessing being pronounced, the service ends. . . . After the

morning and afternoon services, the people gave themselves up to recreation and games, for while attendance at all the services of the Church was rigidly enforced, at this early time lawful sports and amusements, after service was over, were tolerated, though not altogether approved of, by the Church. In fact, it did not seem to be thought an improper thing for a minister to keep a public house, provided it was a well-conducted one, as the following from the proceedings of the General Assembly of 1576 proves :—

‘ Ane Minister or Reader that tapis ale beir or wyne and keeps an open taverne sould be exorted be the Commissioners to keep decorum.’”

But, without further introduction, let me proceed to give the succession of the Ministers of Badenoch from the Reformation down to the present time. In the case of the Parish of Kingussie, there have been, I find, during that period eighteen Parochial Ministers ; in Alvie fifteen ; and in Laggan twenty—the average duration of the incumbency of the several Ministers in each Parish being eighteen, twenty-two, and sixteen years respectively. From the existing Records of the Presbytery of Abernethy, which date back to 1722, I have gleaned several particulars as to the acts and history of the ministers of Kingussie and Alvie subsequent to that year. Unfortunately, however, as regards some of the earlier ministers, I have succeeded in obtaining but little information beyond the bare record of their names, with the addition, in some cases, of the duration of their ministry.

I. PARISH OF KINGUSSIE.

1. JOHN GLAS, READER AND EXHORTER. 1567-1574.

Is stated to have been “Reader and Exhorter in the Irische tounge at Abernethy and Kyngussie in 1567. Presented by James VI. 14th March, 1572. In 1574 Rothiemurchus and Kingussy were also under his care, with iijxx l.i. (£1 6s 8d) of Stipend. He studied in 1578.”

2. ARCHIBALD HENDERSON. 1574-15—.

3. ANDREW MAKFAILL OR M'PHAIL. 1584-1589.

Presented by James VI. and translated from Farnua (Kirkhill) in 1584

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4. ANGUS MACKINTOSH, A.M.
1614-1643.

Mr Mackintosh had been a student at the University of Edinburgh, where he took his degree in 1606.

5. LACHLAN GRANT, A.M.
1649-1670.

Presented by James Lord Gordon, and translated from Moy and Dalarossie in 1649. Accompanying Mr Grant from Moy to Badenoch as part of his belongings came a bevy of not less than five fair young daughters. To the ever-susceptible Macphersons, in whose country they had now settled, the attractions of the fair strangers proved irresistible, and they were all speedily absorbed in that great clan—three of Mr Lachlan's daughters marrying Lairds and the others men of substance and family. The dutiful daughters perpetuated their father's name in their offspring, and "Lachlan," in consequence, subsequently became a Christian name of very common occurrence among the Macphersons. Mr "Lachlan" died 6th April, 1670.

6. HECTOR MACKENZIE, A.M.
1670-1688.

Native of Sutherland. Translated to Inverness in 1688.

7. DONALD TAYLOR.
16—-1701.

Entered Session Clerk at Foveran, 17th February, 1678. Officiated as Preacher or Minister at Kingussie till 1701, but was not "legally settled."

8. JOHN MACKENZIE.
1701-1709.

Formerly of Inverchaolain. "Intruded at Tarbert." Came to the Highlands "being skilled in the Irische tongue." Translated to Laggan in 1709.

9. DANIEL MACKENZIE, A.M.
1709-1715.

From Knockando. Translated from Kingussie to Aberlour in 1715.

10. LACHLAN SHAW, A.M.
1716-1719.

Native of Rothiemurchus. Educated at Ruthven in Badenoch. Was for sometime Parochial Teacher at Abernethy. Subsequently distinguished himself, and became well known as the Historian of the Province of Moray. "I well remember," he says in his History, "when from Speymouth (through Strathspey, Badenoch,

and Lochaber) to Lorn there was but one School, viz., at Ruthven, in Badenoch, and it was much to find in a Parish three persons that could read or write." Translated to Cawdor in 1719. Died Minister of the first charge at Elgin, on 23rd February, 1777, in his 85th year, and was buried in the Cathedral there.

11. WILLIAM BLAIR.
1724-1780.

For a period of five years after Mr Shaw's translation to Cawdor, Kingussie was left without any Minister. Mr Blair, who had been previously Assistant at Glenlivet, was inducted as Minister of the Parish in 1724. The following extract from the minutes of meeting of the Presbytery of Abernethy on 16th September of that year, when his induction took place, gives a sad picture of the state of the Parish at the time :—

"The Presbytery finds that there is no Eldership in the Paroch, appoints him" (Mr Blair) "to get a legall one *quum primum* and to take care that the Parochial Library be according to the original List which is given him by the Presbytery. The Presbytery find there is neither Manse nor Church in repaire, no utensils but a bason. Mr Blair is appointed to have all these got in good order and to report."

During the earlier years of Mr Blair's ministry, considerable obstacles appear to have existed in the way of regular communication between different parts of the parish. In addition to other good services rendered by him for the benefit of his Parishioners, he succeeded in persuading the Presbytery of Abernethy to enter into a contract for building a bridge across the River Tromie between the old village of Ruthven and the District of Insh and Invereshie, on the south side of the Spey, *the cost being defrayed out of the "vacant stipends" of Kingussie*. Here is the record of the procedure as narrated in a Minute of Meeting of the Presbytery held at the "Dell of Kyllihuntly" on 25th April, 1728 :—

"Mr Blair reported that he made intimation of the Presbitry meeting this day to the Duke of Gordon's Doors and the other gentlemen in the Parish of Kingussie, and that they were now present as were the Masons, viz., Adam Brown, &c. Then the Parish of Kingussie and said Masons being called compeared Peter Gordon, Door to the Duke of Gordon, James Macpherson of Kyllihuntly, Malcolm Macpherson, Ardbylach, John Macpherson of Benchar, and several others with the said Masons. Then the Moderator represented the design of this day's meeting and that it

was proper to inspect the bounds to see which is the most convenient place for building the said Bridge. Upon which the Presbytery with the gentlemen aforesaid and workmen did inspect the bounds and found and determined that the fittest place for building the said stone Bridge on Tromy was twixt the said Dell and Kyllihuntly, where there are rocks on each side of the water fitt for a foundation. Then having consorted anent the cost of building the said Bridge, Adam Brown, Mason from Dunkell, did undertake to build a sufficient stone Bridge upon the said water eight feet broad within Lodges and thirty foot wide twixt Land and Stools, as also make a sufficient causey on the said bridge, and afford all materials and finish the same before the 1st of September next, for the sum of four hundred and forty pound Scots" (about £36 13s 4d sterling money), "as also to give sufficient Baill, viz., Peter Macglashan in Kirktown of Blair of Atholl for performance. Then the Presbitry condescended to the whole, providing the Duke of Gordon, who is now at Edinburgh, be satisfied therewith. And appoints Mr Chapman Commissioner from the Presbitry to the General Assembly to caus draw up a Scroll of the said condescendence and show the same to the Duke of Gordon, enquire his mind thereanent and report."

Here is the Report made by Mr Chapman at a Meeting of the Presbytery held at Kingussie on 7th June following :—

"Mr Chapman reported that he waited upon the Duke of Gordon at Edinburgh and informed of the Presbitry's agreement with Masons for building a stone Bridge on the Water of Tromie near to Ruthven, and did show him the contract thereanent, with which the Duke was satisfied and returned his thanks to the Presbitry for their care in the said affair. . . . Then the Masons being called and having signed the said contract as did their Cautioner Peter Macglashan in Kirktown of Blair of Atholl as also did the Moderator in name of and appointment of Presbitrie. It was appointed that a precept for three hundred merks Scots should be given to the Masons upon Dougall Macpherson, Collector of the vacant Stipends of Kingussie."

The Bridge thus erected appears to have met the requirements of the District for a period of nearly 100 years, until in 1832 it was widened and repaired by Sir George Macpherson Grant of Ballindalloch and Invereshie (the grandfather of the present Sir George), who had become the Proprietor of the extensive property on both sides of the Tromie from its source in the Forest of Gaick to its fall into the Spey.

From the long distance and the want 150 years ago—long before the days of stage-coaches or railways—of any regular means of transit, the benefits of the Royal Infirmary of Edinburgh can have been availed of only to a small extent, if at all, by the people of Badenoch. And yet, little as they could afford to spare at the time out of their very scanty sporrans, collections in aid of that noble Institution appear to have been periodically made in the Church of Kingussie. In a Minute of the Presbytery of date 26th January, 1731, it is recorded that “Mr Wm. Blair did this day give in ten shillings sterling to the Moderator as the collection of Kingussie Parish for the Infirmary at Edinburgh to be transmitted.” That similar collections were made in all the congregations within the bounds of the Presbytery appears from the following entry in the Presbytery Records, of date 27th April, 1731 :—

“This day the collections for the Infirmary at Edr. were delivered to Mr Lewis Chapman to carry south, viz.—From Abernethy, £7 4s 0d ; from Kingussie, £6 0s 0d ; from Kirkmichael, £7 4s 0d ; from Alvey, £6 0s 0d ; from Cromdale, £13 16s 0d ; and from Duthil, £18 0s 0d ; and the said Mr Lewis Chapman was appd. by the Presbytery to deliver the said money to David Spence, Secretary to the Bank of Scotland, and get his receipt therefor.”

In view of the prominent part the Macphersons had taken in the Rising of 1715, the Government of the day, two or three years later, deemed it expedient, for the purpose of overawing the numerous Jacobites in Badenoch at the time, to erect, on the site of the old Castle of the Comyns, the Barracks at Ruthven—the ruins of which still exist. In 1733 (and probably for some years previously) it would appear Mr Blair held, from the Committee for managing the *Royal Bounty*, the appointment of preaching monthly to the Company of the Royal forces by whom the Barracks might for the time be garrisoned, for which an annual salary of £10 was allowed to him. The fund known as the “Royal Bounty,” it may be well to explain, is a donation of £2000 which, for a very long period, has been annually given by our successive British Monarchs for extending the benefits of the Reformation in the Highlands and Islands. From the first the Committee have been charged to appoint their agents to such places as they shall find, after due information, to be the most proper according to the design expressed in the Royal Warrant. In so doing, it is stipulated that they should have “particular

regard to such parishes in South Uist, Small Isles, Glencoe, Harris, the Counties of Moidart, Glengarry, Lochaber, and the other Parishes of the Synods of Glenelg and Argyll which the Committee shall find, by reason of their vast extent, by prevalence of Popery and ignorance, and other unhappy circumstances, to be in the greatest distress."

Before Mr Blair could "get up his salary" from the Committee, he required to obtain the attestation of his Presbytery to the effect that he had duly preached at the Barracks, in terms of his appointment. Evidently a bit of a *tiff* had arisen between himself and his Presbyterial brethren in connection with this appointment. At the time the "legall stipend" of Kingussie amounted only to "about 800 merks"—barely exceeding in sterling money that of Goldsmith's immortal parson. In the present day the Minister of such a large and important Parish as Kingussie would hardly be regarded—as the Presbytery of Abernethy a century and a-half ago apparently regarded Mr Blair—to be "passing rich with £40 a-year." The following Extract from the Presbytery Minutes of date 28th November, 1733, shows how jealously the Presbytery guarded—even to the extent of doing injustice to one of their own body—against what, to their collective wisdom, appeared "needless" expenditure of any portion, however small, of the Second King George's Royal Bounty :—

"Mr Wm. Blair having applied for an attestation of his preaching monthly in the Barracks of Ruthven in order to get up his salary for this last half year from the Committee for managing the Royal Bounty, the Presbytery refused to grant the same—1 Because they know not if he did preach there or not ; and, 2d because they were of opinion that the application of the Royal Bounty that way did not answer the Royal design and recommendation. Upon which Mr Blair protested and took Instrument for this reason, viz., because he had laid before the Presbytery the Barrack Officers attestation signed by three Ruling Elders showing that he had preached monthly there. To which Protest and Reason the Presbytery returned this answer, 1, yt the Barrack Officer who signs said attestation was not in North Brittan till August last and therefore could not attest for what did proceed said time, and the rest who sign said attestation are not Elders ; and 2d, they told Mr Blair that preaching at said Barrack was needless in regard that the Kirk and Manse of Kingussie are within less than an half mile to it, and that for ordinary there are not above forty or fifty soldiers in it, and that that fund had been better bestowed on a Catechist than on a Minister who has a legall stipend already."

Notwithstanding the precautionary measures adopted in Badenoch by the Government of the time, the Macphersons continued to cherish towards the House of Stuart—albeit the many grievous failings of that unfortunate dynasty—an unswerving fidelity and devotion that “no gold could buy nor time could wither.” The *skirmish* between Mr Blair and the Abernethy Presbytery as to preaching in the Barracks at Ruthven took place, it will be seen, in 1733. Twelve years later the Macphersons, with their Chief—the devoted Ewen of Cluny—at their head, flocked to the Standard of the “King of the Highlanders,” regarding as they did—like the “wee bird” in its touching and sadly-burdened song—“Wae’s me for Prince Charlie”—the Badenoch hills, in which, wandering as a fugitive after Culloden, he for a time found refuge, as “*by right his ain*.” Had he perished at Culloden, we would have never heard of the heroic Flora Macdonald, and have altogether lost a chapter of Highland loyalty and devotion than which there is nothing more touching, or of deeper interest in the annals of our country. But in view of his later history and the closing scenes of his life, a greater lustre would undoubtedly have attached to his memory had he fallen at Culloden, fighting as he so gallantly did against such overwhelming odds. But this by the way.

Previous to the sad disaster on “bleak Culloden Moor,” Prince Charlie’s adherents succeeded in obtaining possession of the Royal Barracks at Ruthven. Overthrown by that disaster, and realising, in some measure, how little they could trust to the mercy of that “bloody butcher” the Duke of Cumberland—whose inhuman cruelty is, I believe, unexampled (except in the case of “the Massacre of Glencoe”) in the annals of British History—the remnant of the ill-fated followers of Prince Charlie fled to their native fastnesses. On the way so far south they met at Ruthven, where, after holding a brief council of war, and setting fire to the building to prevent the Barracks being used again by the forces of King George, they dispersed, nevermore to reassemble. The following extract from *The Scots Magazine* for May, 1746, indicates to some extent the success subsequently attending the efforts of Mr Blair as a peace-maker on behalf of some of his unfortunate parishioners :—

“Brigadier Mordaunt, with the Royal Pultneys and Sempels Battalions and six pieces of canon, arrived at Perth from Inverness by the Hill Road and met with no disturbance in their march. They burnt some Rebels (?) Houses and nonjurants meeting houses in the way. Several people in the Parish of Kingussie in Badenoch who had been seduced and compelled (?) by the Rebels

to join them went to Blair in Atholl conducted by Mr William Blair their Minister, John Macpherson of Benchar, and Donald Macpherson of Cullinlin, and delivered up their arms to Brig. Mordaunt, submitting themselves to the King's mercy. They were all permitted to return home peaceably."

The Abernethy Presbytery of the time appear to have been fully alive to their duties as a Court of the Church, and to have been in the habit of making periodical visitations of all the congregations within their bounds. Most systematically and thoroughly indeed were these visitations gone about, and apparently with the best results. When the Presbytery visited Kingussie, there were first the most minute enquiries made as to the personal behaviour of Mr Blair, his care of his family, the soundness of his doctrine, its suitableness to the capacity of the congregation, and his ministerial diligence. The conduct of his Elders and Deacons was then enquired into, and the extent to which the people attended and profited by the administration of ordinances. The diligence and faithfulness of the schoolmaster, the state of the "Fabrick" of the Church, the amount of the "legall stipend" and the "Communion element money" were in their turn considered by the Presbytery—even the condition and number of the "*Church Utenciles*" being regarded as within the scope of their enquiries. On the occasion to be immediately adverted to we are told that they did not hesitate to "call" for the appearance of the *Beadle* of Kingussie, although that officer had "dy'd" and passed away from their judgment "a fourth night" previous to the date of the visitation.

In the present day, when we hear so much of careless and inefficient Ministers, and the necessity of our Highland Presbyteries exercising a more effectual supervision over the Ministers and Kirk-Sessions within their respective bounds is so apparent, the following Extract, giving an elaborate account of a visitation of the congregation of Kingussie fully 150 years ago, is certainly very instructive :—

"At Kingussie, June 24, 1735.

"After prayer met in Presbytery Mr Francis Grant, Moderator, Masters James Chapman, William Grant, William Blair, George Grant, Lewis Chapman, Alexander McBain, James Lesly, Archibald Bannatin, Alexander Fraser, Hugh Grant, Alexander Irvine, Alexander Ross, John Grant, Ruling Elder, and William Barron, Clerk.

"Mr Blair preached on his Ordinary, viz., 2 Tim. 2 19—'And let every one that nameth the name of Christ depart from Iniquity.' and he being removed the Presbytery entered on the Consideration

of the Sermon, and the several Brethren's minds having been asked thereanent, it was approven off and he being called in this was intimated to him.

"Then the Minute appointing this Diet of Visitation was read and the edict appointing Mr Blair to sunmond the Parishoners to this diet was called for and Mr Blair informing that it was served, it was sustained.

"Then the Presbytery called for the Report of the Committee appointed to visit the Session Records and they not being as yet in readiness to give in their Report, Mr Irvine was added to their number and they appointed to be in readiness to give it in against to-morrow at Alvie.

"A List of Elders and Deacons was called for and given in, viz. :—Donald McPherson in Culnlion, Robert McPherson in Druminaoinich, John McPherson in Ruthven, James McPherson in Invertromie, Andrew McPherson in Knappach, William Golanach in Farletter, Thomas Oig-McPherson in Foeness, John McPherson in Ardbrylach, Elders ; James Bain in Inveruglass, William Davidson in Ardbrylach, John McRae in Banchor, Deacons, who being called were present except James McPherson, William Golanach, and John McRae, for whose absences excuses were given and sustained.

"The Presbytery considering that a Visitation has not been held in this place for a considerable time past thought proper to appoint a Member to explain the nature of a visitation in the Irish Language for the sake of the Commonality. Then Mr Blair was removed and particular questions put to the Elders anent his personal behaviour and care of his Family, the soundness of his Doctrine, the suitableness of it to the capacity of the Congregation as far as they were able to judge, and anent his Ministerial diligence, to all which they gave satisfying answers, whereupon Mr Blair was called in and encouraged to go on in the Lord's work. Then the Elders and Deacons were removed and Mr Blair was asked the ordinary questions about the Constitution of his Session, the conduct of the Elders and Deacons in their respective families and their care and diligence in their Offices, to which Mr Blair answered that some of them had officiate as Elders for a considerable time before his admission without legal ordination, but that he has not as yet been able to prevail either with them or with others, he has found it necessary to add to their number since, to submit to legal ordination, yet he hopes in some little time to be in case to give the Presbytery more satisfying accounts anent the orderly constitution of his Session, and as to the other questions relative to them he gave satisfying answers.

“Then the Minister, Elders, and Deacons were removed and the ordinary questions were put to the heads of Families anent their conduct and if they had any reason to complain of any of them either as to their personal behaviour or their discharge of their respective Offices, to which satisfying answers being given they were called in and encouraged.

“Then the Minister and Elders were asked as to the people, whether they duly attended Ordinances, were profiting by them, and if they were subject to discipline, to which very agreeable and satisfying answers were made.

“Then the School Master, who is also Precentor and Session-Clerk, was removed, and the Session and people asked with respect to his diligence and faithfulness in his Offices, and they having nothing to object he was called in and encouraged.

“The Beadle being called for, Mr Blair reported that their Beadle dyed about a fourth night agoe and that they had not fix’d on another as yet.

“The Presbytery enquired about the Church utenciles, and it was answered there was only a Bason and a Communion Table Cloath which were in Mr Blair’s custody. And as to the poor’s money Mr Blair referred to the Register for the account of it.

“As to the Fabrick of the Church, it being visible to the Presbytery that it yet wants part of the Roof and other reparations, the reason was asked why that work went so slowly on, to which it was answered by Mr Blair and the Heritors present that application was lately made to the Dutchess of Gordon’s Chamberlain, the proper person to uplift the Fund appointed for the Reparation of the Kirk, and it was hoped the work would very soon goe on. The Presbytery appointed their Moderator to write the said Chamberlain intreating he may not loose time in making the Fund effectual, lest the winter come on before the work be finished.

“Mr Blair being asked anent the stipend how much it was, answered it was about eight hundred merks, and being further enquired if there was a Decreet of Plot for it, answered in the negative, but that it was pay’d according to use and wont; and being asked about Communion Element Money answered that by paction betwixt the Heritors and him the Heritors oblig’d themselves to pay fifty merks yearly for Communion Elements. Being ask’d if there was a Legal Manse, Glieb, and Grass he answered that the Manse had been declared Legal, and that he was satisfied with the Glieb and grass.

“It being asked if there was a Parochial School it was answered there was not one in terms of the Act of Parliament, but

that there was a fund of Two Thousand Merks lying in the Laird of Clunie's hand the Interest of which was yearly laid out for maintaining a Grammar School in the parish.

"Appointed Mrs William Grant, Archibald Bannatyne, and Alexander Irvine to inspect the Parochial Library and Mr Blair to give in a List of the Books thereof that they may report to-morrow at Alvie.

"Then the Moderator gave suitable Exhortations and encouragement to the Congregation, and the Presbytery adjourned to Alvey to-morrow at ten o'clock and closed with prayer."

When everything was found satisfactory, it will be seen that a word of encouragement from the Presbytery to Minister, Elders, Deacons, and Schoolmaster, to persevere in every "good work," was not wanting.

The Records of the Presbytery show that in the course of his prolonged ministry Mr Blair got more than one pressing call to leave Kingussie. So attached, however, does he appear to have been to the place that he continued Minister of the Parish for the long period of fifty-six years, baptising and marrying no less than three generations of the Parishioners. According to the old Badenoch rhyme any of the numerous Kingussie "Calums" of the time in search of a wife had simply to apply to Mr Blair to have their wants in that respect supplied, although, sooth to say, eligible maidens were not apparently—even in those "good old days"—without some imperfections. The rhyme represents two Kingussie worthies—the one a weaver and the other a tailor—engaged in a contest of wit, and is given entire in the delightful "Snatches of Badenoch song" collected by Mr Sinton, the Minister of Invergarry, appearing in the *Celtic Magazine*. Let me, in connection with these sketches, give the two concluding verses:—

"Gheibh mi bean bho Mr Blair
Thubhairt Calum Figheadair.
'N i chaileag air am beil an spàg
Thubhairt Calum Tailcar?

"S'ioma Calum tha sinn ann
Thubhairt Calum Figheadair.
Calum dubh is Calum càrn
Thubhairt Calum Tailcar."

Mr Blair had been fourteen years Minister of Kingussie when the famous James Macpherson was born in 1738 at Ruthven in the immediate neighbourhood. The Minister would doubtless be on

terms of intimacy with the family, and nearly 20 years of his long incumbency of Kingussie had yet to run when his young Parishioner (whom he had in all probability baptised) created such a *furor* in the literary world by the publication of the Poems of Ossian. Here is an illustration of the interest excited by that publication in the Translator's native parish, as taken from a quaint diary of Mr Blair's in my possession, bearing to belong to "Æneas Macpherson, which was left him by his grandfather, who was Minister of the Gosple at Kingusy, Ruthven of Badenoch, in the year one thousand seven hundred and eighty-one":—

"It is proposed to open an Exhibition of paintings, taken solely from the Poems of Ossian, and executed by the greatest Masters in London. This Exhibition to be called by the name of Ossian's Hall—Ossian's Gallery—or by some similar appellation. Such an exhibition would not only be highly beneficial to the promoters, if conducted with judgment and liberality, but would add a new lustre to the justly celebrated Poems of Ossian, and be an honour to the country, and a valuable present to the public. To be conducted upon a plan similar to that of the Shakesperean Poet's Gallery, and to be under the direction of a certain number of persons, one of whom to be appointed Acting Manager. In case appartments cannot be found in an eligible situation, which may be judged fit for the purpose of this Exhibition, a new building will be necessary to be constructed upon the most approved plan, and in the most central situation in London. It is not doubted that the Poems of Ossian will afford ample scope for the pencil in all that is grand, sublime, and striking in painting. But in order to relieve the eye as well as to thro these into a more striking point of view, one appartment may, without inconsistency, be furnished with paintings from . . . (Here unfortunately part of the Diary has been torn away). . . . It is not to be disputed that were it once set on foot it would, in this age of refinement, meet with such high encouragement as not only in the course of a very few years indemnify the Proprietors in their expenses, but be a source of gain far beyond conception. An Exhibition of this kind possesses advantages to the Proprietors far beyond the generality of adventures of this nature, for in the first place the paintings which a long course of time does not in the smallest impair, together with the Building, are a certane fund—the former indeed, instead of being impaired by the hand of time, become infinitely more valuable. In the next place the expenses

of upholding the Exhibition is comparatively very small. One or two persons to attend at Exhibition hours will be sufficient."

Here is the "Sketch" of the estimated expenditure, as given in Mr Blair's Diary, "which would be required to carry on the proposed Exhibition, and of the profits which are likely to arise from it":—

"Expenditure.

"Suppose 100 Paintings, at £50 each.....	£5000	0	0
"Two Paintings, at £200 each	400	0	0
"The Building	1000	0	0
	£6400	0	0

"Besides expense of two men at £40 per ann. Int. on this sum at £5 p. ct. is £320 p. ann., which, with the men's allowance, will be £400 p. ann.

"Returns.

"Supposing 100 persons at an average to come to the Exhibition each day at 1s each—which, from the success exhibitions of a like nature have, is a moderate calculation—£5 p. day is p. ann.....	£1825	0	0
"Catalogues at 1s each, on which the profit will be 6d p. ct., supposing one-half of the compy. to purchase catalogues.....	426	10	0
	£2251	10	0
"Deduct Expenditure.....	400	0	0
"Balance p. ann.	£1851	10	0"

This ambitious proposal, notwithstanding the sanguine expectations as to its success, appears never to have taken practical shape, and to have been ultimately abandoned.

Many further interesting odds and ends having reference to Mr Blair's long and eventful incumbency of Kingussie—extending, as it did, from 1724 to 1780—might be given. The sketch, however, in connection with his Ministry has already extended to such a length that I must desist. Mr Blair died at Kingussie on 25th December, 1780, in the 87th year of his age and 60th of his ministry—his remains being interred in the "Middle Churchyard" there.

12. JOHN ANDERSON.

1782-1809.

Is described by the famous Mrs Grant of Laggan, in one of her "Letters from the Mountains" in 1791, as "a person of fine taste, superior abilities, and extensive information." Got a new Church built at Kingussie in 1792. Was one of the executors of "Ossian" Macpherson, who died at Belleville on 17th February, 1796. Translated to Bellie (Fochabers) in 1809. Acted as Factor and Commissioner for the Duke of Gordon, and was appointed a Justice of the Peace. Objections having been made to his holding these offices, the case was carried through the subordinate Courts to the General Assembly. The Assembly declared "that it is impossible they should not highly disapprove of the Parish Ministers of this Church engaging in such secular employment as may be inconsistent with the full and faithful discharge of their spiritual functions." Mr Anderson, in consequence, demitted his spiritual charge for the more lucrative secular offices. It was in reference to the plurality of offices thus enjoyed by him that the following doggerel rhyme got into general circulation during his lifetime:—

"The Reverend John Anderson,
Factor to His Grace,
Minister of Fochabers,
And Justice of the Peace."

Mr Anderson died 22nd April, 1839, in the 80th year of his age.

13. JOHN ROBERTSON.

1810-1825.

Was for some time Missionary at Achreny, in Caithness-shire. Subsequently Minister of the Chapel of Ease at Rothsay. Presented to Kingussie by Alexander, Duke of Gordon, in 1810. Appointed a Justice of the Peace for the County of Inverness in 1818. An able and faithful Minister, a "clear and unctuous Preacher," revered and greatly beloved by the people of Badenoch. Was the favourite Minister of the well-known "Apostle of the North"—the late Dr Macdonald of Ferintosh.

Died at Kingussie on 4th March, 1825, in the 68th year of his age and 38th of his ministry—his remains being among the first laid to rest in the "New Churchyard of Kingussie."

Here is an estimate of his character given in the *Inverness Courier* of 7th March, 1825:—

"In Mr Robertson the Church of Scotland has lost a distinguished ornament, and his family and Parish have sustained an

incalculable loss. In his character there was a happy union of great intellect, fervent and rational piety, unswerving fidelity in his Master's cause, and zeal tempered by wisdom and controlled by discriminating prudence. As a Preacher his talents were of no common order. Possessed of a clear and comprehensive understanding, he made the most intricate subjects intelligible to the meanest capacity. His reasoning was always close, cogent, and convincing; his illustrations rich and varied; his similies in the highest degree chaste, striking, and appropriate; his appeals to the heart powerful and persuasive, and these important requisites of the ministerial character were rendered doubly interesting by the sincerity and unction with which they were inculcated. None who had the happiness of hearing him could fail to perceive that his whole soul was occupied with his subject, and that he felt the deepest concern for the immortal interest of those whom he addressed. The sincerity which he displayed in the pulpit he daily cherished and eminently exemplified in his intercourse with the world. He was an 'Israelite indeed in whom there was no guile.' He detested that temporising policy which, contrary to deliberate conviction, accommodates itself to the feelings and sentiments of others. In short, in all the relations of life, but especially in the domestic circle, he practised the duties which in his public ministrations he so earnestly and piously enforced. These excellencies were well appreciated by his affectionate flock, for it may with truth be affirmed that no pastor was ever more revered and beloved by his people or went down to the grave more deeply and generally lamented. 'The righteous shall be held in everlasting remembrance.'"

In a fervent and beautiful elegy by the "Apostle" of Ferintosh—considered to be the best of all his Gaelic Poems—the "Apostle," as if standing beside the newly opened grave, and apostrophising his departed friend, plaintively exclaims that if there were "aught that could make Heaven to me more desirable besides Eternal Communion with my God, it is that thou art there before me." This lament will be found in the Poems and Hymns of Dr Macdonald, issued by the well-known Gaelic publishers, Messrs MacLachlan & Stewart of Edinburgh. It is much too long to be given here entire, but the tender prelude to the "Apostle's" song of sorrow will give some idea of the strains that succeed:—

Tha Bàideanach an diugh fo ghruaim;
 A teachdair' àillidh thugadh uaip';
 'S e bhi g' a chàradh anns an uaigh,
 Thug sgeula cruaidh r'a aithris dhuinn

Ar leam gu 'n cluinn mi sean is òg,
Air feadh na tìr', ri gull is bròn :
Is dhoibhs' d' am b' àbhaist bhi ri ceòl,
Cha 'n eòl an diugh bhi aighearach.

'S bu mhòr a' mhais e air do sgeul,
Gu 'n robh do ghlusad riamh d'a réir ;
'S bu ghrinn a chòrd iad sud r' a chéil'
Mar cheum is làmh a' chuireadair'.

So soothing his sorrow with his own sad song, the bard recounts the labours of his beloved friend, and so vividly are these present to the "Apostle" that he actually seems to be addressing his living counsellor and benefactor.

The following translation of some of the concluding stanzas, by the late Dr Kennedy of Dingwall, in his "Life and Labours" of the "Apostle," published in 1866—meritorious as that translation is—gives but a faint conception of the touching pathos of the original :—

"Some have felt the tidings of thy death pierce them as a sharp arrow that hath reached the marrow of their bones, and there stuck fast. Theirs is a sorrow that shall not soon dry up, unlike the grief of others, which is but for a little and then passes away. As the dew of night on the mountain on a calm morning quickly passes away, as if it never was, so soon as the sun has cast his rays upon it, thus some are for a short season sad ; but joy and singing reach them, and, lo ! their sorrow is away, and it is found no more. But the showering rain abides not on the surface, but goes down into the soil, and the deeper it sinks it is the more abiding. Thus the sorrow of some is but increasing when that of others has quite passed away. . . . Near to the spot where thou hast often stood to preach have they laid thy dust ; and as before thy life, so now thy death, is each Sabbath giving instruction to thy people. Some, doubtless, will look with a heavy heart often on that spot of earth, fragrant to them since thou was laid there. Methinks I hear one of them thus speaking over thy grave, 'Alas, all complexion and beauty have now departed from that noble manly countenance. Nor hand nor foot can this day move. They are now at rest under the spell of the grave. Tongue shall not speak, nor shall ear listen to the wail of the mourner. The eye once so bright, lively, and loving, that often beamed so kindly on the children of grace, and through which the tender heart could be so easily discovered, is now under the seal of death, and shall not

be opened. The tongue once so skilled to preach to us the gospel is now under the strong lock of the grave, and shall speak to us no more. Oh, ye inhabitants of the grave, what stillness has lain upon you since your form and beauty have departed ! Oh, when again shall ye move ! The worm shall sleep in the ground ; in a quiet corner rests the insect during the storms of winter, but with spring they shall awake again. But when shall a spring arrive that shall arouse the still, silent dwellers in the grave ? When shall *they* awaken out of *their* sleep ? A long, long sleep is theirs ! Leaves shall spring out again from the branch, bare and uncomely though it be to-day ; and in his celestial journey the sun shall return again after he has gone out of sight. But when shall these again appear in beauty who now lie withered in the grave ; when shall those sun-rays reach them that shall give them resurrection from that bed ? Yes, warmth shall come after the cold, and day after the longest night ; but when shall day dawn on the grave, and its long night be past ? But, soul, restrain thy mourning : day shall yet dawn on the grave, and before it the grave's long night shall flee away, with all that made it dark and frowning. The dust of him for whom thou hast often wept shall then arise with comeliness, beauty, and strength greater than though in the grave it had never lain. O grave, employ thy power to-day, for the King of Hosts permits thee. Yea, extend thy sway, and swallow up the nations. But boast not of thy might ; for though it is enduring, it is not eternal. Already the Almighty One hath won an everlasting victory over thee. And in Him shall His dead arise—a glorious band, His own purchased possession. Their tongues shall then no more be silent, for all that made them dumb is gone.”

14. GEORGE SHEPHERD, A.M.

1825-1843.

A son-in-law of his predecessor, Mr Robertson. For some time schoolmaster at Kingussie. Was Minister of Laggan from 1818 to 1825. Presented by Alexander, Duke of Gordon, and translated from Laggan to Kingussie in May, 1825. Joined the Secession of 1843, carrying with him all but a very small number of a large and attached congregation. At the beginning of his ministry was very imperfectly acquainted with the old mother tongue, so dear to Highlanders. In course of time, however, he acquired a wonderful command of Gaelic, although his quaint and broken phrases in that language, down to the termination of his ministry in Kingussie, are still remembered and frequently repeated in the district. Became Minister of the South Free Church in Elgin in

October, 1852, and died suddenly, while on a visit to Aberdeen, on 20th July, 1853, in the 59th year of his age. Succeeded in the Free Church of Kingussie by the present scholarly and much-respected incumbent, the Rev. Neil Dewar—who has, during the long period which has since intervened, ministered with great acceptance to that congregation. Under the auspices of the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge, Mr Dewar was associated with the late Dr Clerk, of Kilmallie, and the late Dr Mac-
lauchlan, of Edinburgh, in the revision of the Gaelic Scriptures, and is well known as one of the most able and accomplished Gaelic scholars of the present day.

15. CHARLES GRANT.
1843-1856.

For some time Minister of Rothiemurchus. Presented by Charles, 5th Duke of Richmond, and translated from Rothiemurchus, 26th September, 1843. Appointed, as he was, to Kingussie within three or four months after the Secession of 1843, was shunned for many years by the great bulk of the parishioners, for no other reason than that he adhered to the Establishment. The following incident serves to illustrate the extent to which the persecuting spirit of the people was at the time aroused, and the painful test to which Mr Grant's fidelity to the old Church of his fathers subjected him :—The wife of a parishioner of Kingussie, to whom Mr Grant had shown some kindness, had given birth to a son, and was visited by the wife of one of the leading Secessionists. After some remarks appropriate to such occasions, the worthy visitor referred to the intended baptism of the child, and, in alluding to Mr Grant, thus forcibly gave expression, in her native vernacular, to her feelings—“*Tha mi an duil nach leig sibh le spogan à chon boin uisge chuir am feasd air aghaidh an leinibh*”—i.e., “I hope you will not allow *the paws of the Dog* ever to sprinkle a drop of water on the face of the child.” That incident is only one out of many that might be related in the way of showing that the martyrdoms of '43 were not by any means exclusively on the side of those who were borne along, with such enthusiastic plaudits, on the popular Secession-wave of the time. To dwell upon such incidents would be uncharitable. I allude to them simply for the purpose of doing justice to the memory of Mr Grant, who, under the most painful and discouraging circumstances during the whole course of his ministry in Kingussie, faithfully endeavoured to do his duty to the best of his ability. Happily, for the credit of our common religion, and of our common humanity

the intensely bitter sectarian feeling prevailing between the two Churches for so many years after the Secession has in a great measure—especially among the people themselves—passed away. Pity it is that there are still so many Presbyterian Ministers throughout the country saturated to such a degree with hair-splitting propensities. To all fair-minded right-thinking men the acts and utterances of many of these Ministers are sad in the extreme, and would almost make us despair of our miserable divisions ever being healed. Would that we all fully realised the shame and discredit attaching to our National Presbyterianism by the continuance of these divisions, and that by mutual forbearance and concessions a comprehensive union might be brought about on the old stable foundations! Given the *will*, the *way* to such a happy consummation could surely be found.

But to return to the ministry of Mr Grant. Unendowed, perhaps, with the gifts (often very superficial) which go to make a popular Preacher, no more clear-headed, warm-hearted Minister, or one more sincerely interested in the religious and temporal welfare of the Parishioners ever, I believe, filled the pulpit of Kingussie. His Minutes in the Kirk-Session Records are models of composition and penmanship. Possessing influential friends in the South, and disregarding denominational distinctions, not a few of the Badenoch lads of the time were indebted to him for a successful start in life. He died at Kingussie, 29th March, 1856, in the fifty-second year of his age, and twenty-sixth of his ministry—his remains resting in the "New Churchyard," close beside those of his revered predecessor, Mr Robertson. As one of the boys to whom, in the course of his Ministry, he showed many acts of kindness and encouragement, let me gratefully pay this humble tribute of respect to his memory.

16. ALEXANDER CAMERON.

1856-1857.

Native of Tomintoul. Sometime assistant to Dr Macpherson, Professor of Greek in the University of Aberdeen. Presented by Charles, 5th Duke of Richmond, and admitted as Minister of Kingussie 26th August, 1856. Died at Kingussie 9th April, 1857, in his thirty-first year, after a brief but greatly appreciated Ministry of nine months.

17. GRIGOR STUART.

1857-1866.

Native of Cromdale. Was for some time Minister at Kinlochluichart, and subsequently at Rogart. Presented by Charles, 5th

Duke of Richmond, and inducted as Minister of Kingussie, 29th September, 1857. Acted for some years as Clerk to the Presbytery of Abernethy. Possessed of great natural ability and shrewdness, was a pithy and practical preacher, and a genial and popular minister. Died at Kingussie 4th September, 1866, at the early age of 41, greatly regretted by the parishioners and by numerous friends throughout the Highlands. His remains are interred in the new churchyard, but unfortunately no tombstone has been erected to mark his resting-place. Let me express the hope that this omission will yet be supplied. I may, perhaps, be allowed to state that Mr Mackenzie, the postmaster of Kingussie, will be glad to receive contributions from any old friends of Mr Stuart's who may be inclined to join in paying such a fitting and well-merited mark of respect to his memory.

18. KENNETH ALEXANDER MACKENZIE, M.A., LL.D.
1867.

The present Minister. Is one of the three sons, devoted to the Ministry, of the late John Mackenzie, M.A., Minister of Lochcarron, of whom only two now survive. Of these three sons, one of their number (the much-respected Minister of Ferintosh) two or three years ago filled the highest position in the Church—that of Moderator of the General Assembly—with great credit to the Highlands and the universal satisfaction of the whole Church. His brother (the present Minister of Kingussie) succeeded their father as Minister of Lochcarron in 1856. Presented by Charles, 6th Duke of Richmond, and admitted as Minister of Kingussie 7th March, 1867. Has thus been now Minister of the Parish for 21 years. Is well known far beyond the bounds of Badenoch as a faithful and excellent clergyman, and as one of the warmest, most active, and intelligent friends of education in the Highlands. Degree of LL.D. bestowed upon him by his *Alma Mater*, the University of Aberdeen, in 1887. Has been Chairman of the Kingussie School Board (with the exception of a short period) since the passing of the Education Act in 1872. Is also the energetic Secretary of the Ladies' Gaelic School and Highland Bursary Association, which, for many years, has done such good work in the way of giving a higher education to Gaelic-speaking lads connected with the Church of Scotland, and encouraging such of them as may be found suitable to study for the ministry.

Dr Mackenzie is unwearied in his exertions in the way of promoting the good of the parishioners of Kingussie generally. I am sure I simply echo the cordial wishes of the people of Badenoch

when I express the hope that he may be long spared in health and strength to go out and in amongst us.

The Sketches of the Ministers of Alvie and Laggan must be reserved for a future paper. In concluding these imperfect sketches of the Ministers of Kingussie since the Reformation, let me, in connection with the present ecclesiastical state of the parish—with its two Presbyterian Churches, not many yards apart, and its Catholic Chapel, or Meeting-House—quote the following lines from our old friend, Professor Blackie's, "Lays of the Highlands and Islands":—

"Three Churches in the village stand ;
This serves the State and that is Free,
The third doth own the Pope's command,
And God in Heaven claims all the three.

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"All units from one centre flow,
And all the strangely-woven strife
Of high and low, and swift and slow,
Makes music in a larger life.

"As the huge branches of a tree
Clash, when the stormy buffets blow ;
Hostile they seem, but one they be,
And by the strife that shakes them grow.

"So the vast world of adverse things,
That with a reeling fury nod,
Battles of Churches and of Kings,
Have one unshaken root in God.

"Who this believes will fear no harm
From counted articles or beads ;
There's room in God's wide-circling arm
For all that swear by all the creeds.

"Creeds are but school books kindly given
To teach our stammering tongues to spell
His name ; all help the good to Heaven,
And none can save the bad from Hell."

28th MARCH, 1888.

At the meeting held on this date the following were elected ordinary members of the Society, viz., Mr D. Cargill, accountant, Royal Bank, Inverness ; Mr John Campbell, jr., Inspector of Poor, Kingussie ; Miss Helen Mackenzie, 7 Palace Road, Surbiton, Surrey ; Mr George Macpherson Grant, Ballindalloch ; and Mr Ronald Macdonald, teacher, Central School, Inverness. Thereafter Mr Roderick Maclean, Ardross, read a paper entitled "Notes on the Parish of Alness." Mr Maclean's paper was as follows :—

NOTES ON THE PARISH OF ALNESS.

Two years ago I had the honour of reading before this Society a paper on the topography of the Parish of Rosskeen, in which some friends in the Parish of Alness were so much interested that they wished me to prepare a similar paper on their Parish, which I have done, and now take the liberty of reading. I hope those friends and others will find a few things in it which will interest them.

The Parish of Alness lies to the north of the Cromarty Firth, extends in a north-westerly direction a distance of 16 miles—its greatest length ; and its greatest breadth is 7 miles. It comprises an area of 72 square miles. Except comparatively small portions south and east of Fyrish, at Boath and at Glenglass, the whole is pastoral and mountainous. Several of the hills reach elevations of from 2000 to 2700 feet. By the Ordnance Survey of 1881, the extent of arable land is 3050 acres, and of moor, wood, &c., 43,297 acres.

The Rev. Mr Angus Bethune, Minister of Alness, in his statistical account of the Parish published in 1797, gives the origin of the name thus :—"Alness signifies the Promontory, a headland of the river or brook, being composed of the words Auilt, brook, or Ambain, river ; and Ness, a headland, which is the termination of many places where there is a headland or promontory." I cannot agree with Mr Bethune in this derivation. There is a headland where the river enters the sea, but the Norse have not left their mark at all in place names in that district. The promontory immediately West of the mouth of Alness river is called a "rudha," and the promontory immediately East thereof, at Invergordon, is also called a "rudha" (Celtic) ; and all the old place names, both along the shore and inland, from Dingwall to Nigg, are Celtic, so that I conclude we must take Alness to be

derived from Celtic words. When I was a boy, old people pronounced the word "Anes"—the "e" being silent, so that I feel I must adhere to the same derivation as I gave in my former paper on Rosskeen, "Ath an Innis," the ford at the island or flat land at the river side. The river Alness is a rapid one, and its banks, along the greater part of its course, are precipitous till it reaches to within half-a-mile of the sea, where it leaves the conspicuous terrace (from 70 to 80 feet high) along the northern shore of the firth. At the foot of this terrace there is a pool called "*Poll-a-charachaidh*,"—"the turning pool,"—where, before the present through channel was cut in 1846-7, the river frequently changed its course to the west, to the east, and in different directions between. Several traces of the channel are to be seen below Teaninich House on the west side, and towards Dalmore on the east side. A small stream flowing by the church of Alness, half-a-mile west of the river, is, at its lower end, called "west ford," indicating that it entered a branch of the river there, that there existed an east ford, and that there was an island or islands between. Here, then, was the easiest place to ford the river, and the old road that passed that way can still be traced. From recent archaeological discoveries, this place was centuries ago more populous than the surrounding places. The first Christian place of worship was built near the ford, and, before the County was divided into parishes, it is quite natural to suppose the name given to the church would have been *Eaglais Ath-an-Innis*—"the church at the island ford;" latterly the parish named after the church, shortened to "Anes," and corrupted to "Alness."

Commencing with the names of the places next the seashore, I take them successively inland.

Teaninich—Tigh-an-Aonaich. The house of the market-place, or of the assembly of people. The flat at the ford here was a very suitable place for a market-stance. The markets are now held at the east side of the river in the Parish of Rosskeen. The present bridge crossing the Alness from Teaninich to Obsdale was erected in the beginning of the present century.

In 1799 the former bridge* was swept away during a great flood in the river. It stood immediately north of the present bridge, and its foundations can still be traced. In the eastern abutment there

*The bridge was built at the expense of Lady Lovat, who was of the Balnagown family, some time after 1635, for convenience to herself when visiting Balnagown from Beaufort. Lord Lovat got a Charter for the chapel land and fishings of Obstaill (now called the fishings of the River Alness) in 1635.

was a cell for criminals. About 1750, the last prisoner who occupied it managed, with the assistance of a friend, to make his escape by wrenching off the iron grated door during night, a few hours after he was incarcerated. On the terrace immediately west of the bridge can still be traced the remains of the entrenchment occupied by Sir Robert Munro of Fowlis and a strong body of men to guard the passage of the bridge during the rebellion of 1745-46. Sir Robert Munro, and his brother Duncan, who was the surgeon accompanying Sir Robert's regiment, were both killed at the battle of Falkirk, on 16th January, 1746, and are buried there.

Baile chreagain—The town of the little rock. The last of this little rock was removed by the present tenant three years ago. It was situated to the west of the Parish Church.

The original village of Alness, composed of a number of scattered houses, stood on this farm, south and east of the Parish Church. The Alehouse was at the east side of the Church-yard, its back wall forming part of the enclosure of the Church-yard. In it parties watching newly-buried bodies lest they should be lifted by doctors spent more of their time over the ale stoup than watching their charge.

The present village was laid off about the beginning of this century, on leases of 999 years. It is told of one man who, on receiving his lease from Captain Munro, the proprietor, about 70 years ago, asked would he get a renewal of his lease on the expiry of the present one. The Captain said to him, "When your present term expires come you to me and I will renew it." The man, quite satisfied, said, "Well, Captain, you were always a gentleman of your word, and I will take you at your word." In the middle of the 17th century the farm of Balachraggan was part of the estate which belonged to the famous Rev. Mr Mackilligan, Minister of the Parish of Fodderty, who was ousted for nonconformity to Prelacy. The estate came into his possession by his wife, who was a lady of the Fowlis family. I am indebted to the Rev. Dr Aird, Creich, for several interesting reminiscences relating to this eminent man which are worthy of being recorded, and I here give them.

"Mr Mackilligan was admitted to Fodderty 26th February, 1656; deprived by Act of Parliament and Privy Council, June and October, 1662; deposed May, 1663. He removed to his wife's property, below the church of Alness. I heard my father say that the wood to the south-east of the old toll-bar used to be called 'Coille Mhic Caolagan.'

"Mr Mackilligan was the leader at the conventicle which was held at Obsdale, near the sea-shore, and about a mile east of the river Alness, in the month of September, 1675. Bishop Paterson* was then Bishop of Ross. His feelings towards Mackilligan were bitter, and he was constantly on the watch to find cause for Mr Mackilligan's apprehension. At last he was informed of the proposal to hold this meeting, and to dispense the sacrament—the only Communion said to have been held in the Presbyterian Church north of Nairn from 1662 to 1689. Wodrow (Vol. II., page 285, edition 1829) says—"The design of this solemnity (Communion at Obsdale) having taken air, the Sheriff-depute, Sir Roderick Mackenzie of Findon,† a moderate gentleman if left to himself, by the instigation of the Bishop sent a party to apprehend Mr Mackilligan. Expecting the solemnity would have been dispensed at Alness, the soldiers came there, and, not finding him, they fell a-pillaging his orchard, which kept them so long that the forenoon's work at Obsdale was over before they reached."

Records do not apparently agree as to the very spot on which the Communion was held. Wodrow says—"The holy ordinance was administered in the house of the Dowager of Fowlis."‡ Another author, whose name has escaped my memory, says that it was held in a sheltered place among bushes, and it is traditional among the people of Rosskeen and Alness that it was held at an old fir tree, now in the last stages of decay, in a garden immediately above the farm-house of Dalmore.

I believe that the three accounts are parts of a true whole, for I have a map of Obsdale, dated 1791, which shews the dowager's house, waste land covered with bushes, and the tree, all on a small area of ground. My impression is that during the service the

* Bishop Paterson died 18th January, 1679, aged 75 years. He had five sons, and a daughter, who married Major Kenneth Mackenzie of Suddie.—(Dr H. Scot's "Fasti of Church of Scotland.")

† This Sir Roderick Mackenzie of Findon was fourth son of Alexander Mackenzie, first of Kileoy. His eldest daughter Lillias married Sir Kenneth Mackenzie, Baronet of Scatwell. She was served heiress on the death of her father, mother, and only brother, in the lands of Findon in 1693, and built the present mansion-house of Findon in 1696. (See "History of Mackenzies," page 425). Hugh Munro was proprietor of Findon in 1673.

‡ Dr Aird says of this lady that "she was daughter of Sir Hector Munro, first Baronet of Fowlis, and widow of her excellent cousin Colonel Sir Robert Munro, second son of Colonel John Munro of Obsdale." In cutting a drain, about ten years ago, near the site of the dowager lady's house, one of the workmen found a silver shoe-buckle, with the inscription, "Capt. John Munro of Obsdale," engraved upon it, probably the same man as this Colonel John Munro. The buckle is unfortunately lost.

minister stood at the tree, the congregation sat, sheltered by the bushes, close to the tree, and that when they were warned of the approach of the soldiers they dispersed. Mr Mackilligan, being the only one wanted, took refuge in the dowager lady's house, and there dispensed the sacrament to the lady and friends who were in the house with her. In his search for Mr Mackilligan, the officer in command of the party of soldiers entered the dowager lady's house while Mr Mackilligan was there, and I here give, in Dr Aird's words, how he escaped:—"There was in the house when the officer entered the famous Sir John Munro of Fowlis, son of Sir Robert. Sir John was a famous soldier, and an eminently godly man. He married Ann, daughter of Sir Kenneth Mackenzie, first Baronet of Coul. He was very portly; if he lay flat on the ground it would take four men to help him up. When the officer appeared near the house, Sir John covered himself with his military cloak, and having taken Mackilligan under the cloak, hid him behind his immense legs."

Wodrow states that "after the soldiers left the ministers and people met again in the afternoon and had no more disturbance," but he does not state where they met. The tradition is that they met in a hollow north of Fyrish hill, not on the same afternoon, but on the following day. "After 1687," says Dr Aird, "Mr Mackilligan was allowed to preach on his own estate. He summoned Sir Roderick Mackenzie of Findon to law for the damage his orchard sustained from the raid his soldiers perpetrated, and got large damages. With these damages he built a meeting-house on his estate, where the people assembled peaceably under his preaching until the Revolution. Owing to an ailment under which he laboured he required to be near a surgeon, and could not return to Fodderty, his old Parish, which he was entitled to do, but went to Inverness, preached there to such as would come to hear him, but not in the High Church, as the Magistrates and many of the people were so prelatie that they would suffer none to enter the pulpit but an Episcopalian, for about ten years after the Revolution. He died in Inverness 8th June, 1689, and his dust lies buried there."

The present Parish Church was built in 1782, and the Manse in 1795. The Church was repaired in 1875, and the Manse having been accidentally destroyed by fire, except the walls, in 1869, was renewed the following year.

Culcraggie (Cul-a-chreagain)—Behind the little rock. The farm lying immediately north of Balachraggan, and probably formed part of Mr Mackilligan's estate.

Coulhill (Cnoc-na-Cuil)—The hill of the nook, from one of the nooks at the base of the hill near the river Alness.

Clais-nambuidheag—The hollow of the yellow flowers. In the time of the Rev. James Fraser, who died in 1770, this place was noted for pious women, and it has been said that the minister, though a man of great learning and ability, often feared to preside at meetings held by the old women for discussion, lest they should bring forward points too weighty for him to grapple with. Dr Aird has in his possession an ivory snuff-box which belonged to this eminent divine.

Contullich (Ceann-nan-tulaich)—The end of the hillocks. A small castle stood here, which was replaced by the present farmhouse about the end of the last century. In the beginning of the last century the castle was occupied by a wild character known by the name of *Euchiann Odhar na mort*—Dun Hector of the murders. His proper name was Hector Munro. He had a brother at New Tarbat, in Easter Ross, who was almost as ferocious as himself. Hector was appropriately named "the murderer," for any man from the heights of the parish passing along the road, a little to the east of his castle, who would not take off his bonnet, and place it under his arm, would be shot. He killed many. One man from Kildermorrie, who, in passing by, unfortunately omitted to take off his bonnet, immediately met his fate; and on the report reaching Kildermorrie, a cousin of the murdered man, Ross by name, but better known as "An Liosach" (Gille-Iosa), vowed he would put an end to Hector's career. The following day he carefully loaded a sure Spanish musket, and proceeded to Contullich. As he approached the castle he concealed his musket, by keeping it perpendicular at his off side. He observed Hector standing at an open window, and took off his bonnet, but soon replaced it, which roused the ire of Hector, who rushed for his gun, came to the window, and aimed, but, before he could fire, the Kildermorrie man shot him dead, thus ending his murderous career. He had a vault into which he placed the bodies of his victims, and only opened for each fresh victim. It is but natural to suppose that after Hector's death the ghosts of the murdered would be disturbing the peace and quietness of Hector's successors in the castle. Almost every night footsteps were heard ascending to, and descending from, one of the rooms, known as "Macleod's room," in which was placed the window from which he shot most of his victims. On one occasion a ghost was so daring as to thrust its hand through the jamb of the kitchen fire-place and take away a bannock of barley bread from a girdle on the fire.

The ghost disturbances came to an end by Thomas Macdonald,* the tenant of the farm, about the end of the last century, opening the vault and removing the bones—six carn loban loads, some say sixteen loads—to Alness churchyard. I knew a man who, when a boy, saw the bones removed.

Other wild stories are told of Hector, among them that when he went out to dine he had a naked footman with a fox's tail bound behind him, running before his horse. On a cold wintry night, with snow and severe drift, his cattleman, who, while feeding the cattle, and Hector present, said, "It is cold to-night on Druim-nagaoithe" (the windy hill). "You will experience that," said Hector, and immediately ordered him to make up a burden of straw, and carry it on his back, over the "windy" and other hills, to Easter Fearn, on the southern shore of the Dornoch Firth, a distance of thirteen miles; and he did it.

At the time of the Rebellion of 1745-46, there lived at Contullich a very strong man. On the retreat of the rebels from the skirmish at the Little Ferry in Sutherlandshire, a few of them passed through this district. One was so severely wounded that when they came to the Dalneich ford of the river Alness he could proceed no further. His comrades took possession of a horse belonging to a crofter there to carry him. The remonstrances of the owner of the horse were repelled, and his life threatened if he persisted in trying to retain his property. Consequently, unknown to the rebels, whose way led by Contullich, he crossed the river by another ford, and reached Contullich before them. He found the strong man turning over his dung heap with a *croman*, who, on having heard of his friend's loss, coolly went to meet the rebels, *croman* in hand, and demanded the horse. On being firmly refused, he belaboured them with his uncouth weapon, put them to flight, and restored the horse to its owner.

Novar (*Tigh-an-Fhamhair*)—The giant's house. Tradition has failed to record who this giant was.

Cnoc Fyrish (*Cnoc Faire*)—The watching hill. One of the chain of beacon hills from Fairburn (*Faire braigh amhuinn*)—the watching place above the river—to Cnoc-na-h-aire, the watching

* This Thomas Macdonald (Taylor) was contractor for the carpenter work of Alness church in 1782. He was a powerful man, and, with the assistance of a labourer, made the whole of the work within the specified time. He cleared as much money by the contract as enabled him to take Contullich farm. On account of the constant annoyance he and his family received from the ghosts, he pulled down the castle, and built the present farm house on the same site, but clear of the vault.

hill in the parish of Tarbet, Easter Ross. There is a curious monument on the top of Fyrish, which attracts the attention of strangers. It consists of three arches, and two obelisks on each side of the arches, gradually increasing in height towards the centre. It, as well as two other monuments on the neighbouring hills, was built by General Sir Hector Munro of Novar in the end of the last century. I saw in Boath one of the buckets used in carrying on horseback prepared mortar to the top of the hill for the building.

Gleann Glais—The glen of the stream. “Glais” is obsolete Irish for a stream. Hence, anything of the colour of water is called “glas” by Gaelic-speaking people.

Moultavie (Maol-dubh)—The black, bare place. The heather here is black and stunted.

Ducharie (Dubh-char)—The black turn, or bend, in the valley between Cnoc Fyrish and Cnoc Ducharie.

Ardoch (Ard-achadh)—The high field.

Caishlan—The name given to a hill once famous for its cheese-producing herbage.

Druim-nan-damh—The ridge of the stags.

Meall-an-tuirc—The hill of the wild boar.

Beinn-na-diollaide—The saddle-backed hill.

Cnoc-liath-fad—The long grey hill.

Lealty (Leth Allt dubh)—One side of the black burn. This small estate was bought by the late Sir Alexander Matheson of the Munros of Lealty in 1846. The extent of arable was small at the time of purchase, but it is now all improved as far as practicable. There is to be seen at Lealty House the lifting-stone of the old Munros of Lealty. It is of granite, globular, 2 feet in diameter, and weighs 7 cwt. It is said, on an occasion of the sons of one of the lairds of Lealty and the heir of the laird of Tollie, on the opposite side of the river, trying feats of strength, that the heir of Tollie injured his spine in trying to lift the stone. His father complained to the laird of Lealty, who, during the following night, got the stone removed to Lealty burn and sunk it into a deep pool. His sons, having missed the stone the following morning, made a quiet search for it, restored it to its former place, and there it now rests, bidding all observers defiance to lift it. There is a vein of iron ore on this estate. A sample of it, which, in the end of the last century, was sent to the Carron Company at their own request, produced 75 per cent. of iron. In 1849, a Birmingham Company sampled it with the same result.

Cnoc Alasdair—Alexander's Hill. This hill is situated West of Lealty. On its south-west slope the remains of seven ancient British houses are to be seen. They are circular, about thirteen yards diameter, and the entrance facing the south-east. I cut a section through one of them, and found in the centre what I took to be decomposed charcoal. The fire-place was evidently there.

Boath (Both)—A hut. The name is said to be derived from the hut built by the first occupant of the place. This must have been very long ago. On the farm of *Ach-a-cairn*—the field of the cairns—are the remains of several tumuli. These were entire a century ago, but, within the last 70 years, were removed for building houses and enclosures. Two of the cairns were large and vaulted. One had a rude stair descending to the floor, and it had been the temporary abode of a noted cateran from Lochaber. In 1745 a scene took place near these Cairns which I believe to be true. It is, that big Donald Cameron from *Laggan-na-Droma*, Lochaber—the leader of a band of caterans who were pillaging the country—seized a horse which belonged to Donald Fraser, one of the Boath Crofters. Fraser having observed this, ran to his house for his musket, which was loaded, met Cameron, who was armed with a loaded musket and pistol, and demanded the restoration of his horse. Cameron, qualifying his language with a volley of oaths, declared he would shoot Fraser if he persisted in his claim, and, raising his musket, fired, but the powder flashed in the pan. He thereupon drew his pistol, but before he could discharge it Fraser shot him in the breast and he fell. The great-grandmother (then a little girl) of one of my informants was present herding cattle, and she saw Cameron rise and fall several times during the few minutes he lived after having received the mortal wound. When dead he was stripped of his clothing, and his shirt, which was of fine linen, was divided among a few who were attracted to the spot by the reports of the muskets—the girl getting her share. His shoes were of home-tanned leather, and so large that he had a bannock of barley bread wrapped around his foot in each shoe. Some of his upper clothing was again wrapped around his body, and he was buried in a hole dug at the east side of one of the big Cairns. The rest of the gang having heard of the murder, mustered to the spot, and burnt Fraser's house. They further threatened to burn every house in Boath, but Murdo Mackenzie, laird of Ardross, who was in favour of the rebellion, interceded, and saved the dwellings of the Boath people. Shortly thereafter Fraser left the place and never returned. I knew an old woman who was said to have been his grand-daughter.

This same girl who was present at the shooting of the Lochaber man, about the same time observed a stranger for several days roaming through the district immediately surrounding Boath, collecting peculiar looking stones, and having collected a quantity of them, bought several loads of peats, which he built into a compact stack, with the stones in the centre. He set the peats on fire, and when they were consumed his trouble was rewarded by the ashes producing a lump of gold the size of a small hen's egg. If this be true, there are more gold-producing stones in Boath, and the inhabitants should search for them.

The *Lairg*—Sloping ground, south of the arable lands of Boath in the pass to Glenglass, is the place to which the raiders brought the sheep in August, 1792, when they were dispersed by soldiers, as reported in the paper on the "year of the sheep," in the Transactions of this Society, 1876-77.

Kildermorrie (*Cille-Mhuire*)—St Mary's Chapel, a ruin at the west end of *Loch Moire*. This place of worship gave the name to the loch and to the glen—Kildermorrie. There is a holy well near the Chapel, which has now lost its former virtue for curing diseases. Tradition gives another origin to the name of the glen—*Glenn Moire*. Long ago a young man and his newly-married wife, natives of the West Coast of Ross-shire, migrated to a place where success would most attend them, and, according to the superstition of the time, submitted their fate to the falling of a load from the back of a horse. They therefore put the creels, loaded with household necessities, in the ordinary way on the back of their pony, which they drove before them. The pony retained his load till they came to this glen, when it fell off, and there the young couple settled, prospered, and were blessed with five stalwart sons. It happened that on a snowy day the mother went in search of the cattle, and she not having appeared at the expected time, her husband and sons got alarmed about her safety, and went in search. The youngest of them becoming fatigued, sat down upon a slight elevation to rest. On rising some of the snow was removed from his seat, whereby he noticed that the seat he occupied was the dead body of his mother. Her name was Mary, and in consequence of this incident the glen has been called *Glenn Moire*, or Mary's glen. They were said to be the first occupants of the glen.

Glen Morie could not have been at any time populous, as the extent of old arable land is small and the elevation high, the loch being 622 feet above the sea. In the end of the last century there were only about half-a-dozen crofters. The astonishment is

that a place of worship should have been erected there. It could not have been for the inhabitants of the glen only, as they could not support a priest. The only conclusion that can be come to is that this was a central station for all the glens in the neighbourhood. The priests introduced char into the loch, and they are still numerous.

In the month of May, 1792, Capt. Alexander Cameron and his brother Allan Cameron, natives of Lochaber, became tenants of the grazings of Kildermorrie, which they stocked with sheep. The crofters who occupied the glen were dispossessed, and they removed; but two men, who had part of the hill grazings from year to year, marching with the lands of Mackenzie of Ardrross and Munro of Teaninich, and took in cattle at a price per head for summering, were by mistake omitted to be legally warned out, in consequence of which they retained possession, and, as on former occasions, took in cattle to graze. These same lands having been let to the Messrs Cameron, they quite naturally ordered the cattle to be removed, which the graziers declined. The result was that the Camerons pointed the cattle in a fank. The graziers went to the owners of the cattle and told what the Camerons had done. The owners and their friends mustered in strong force, and went to relieve the cattle. The Camerons having seen them approach, mustered their shepherds to assist them in defending the fank. Both the Camerons were armed, Alexander with a single-barrelled gun, and Allan with a double-barrelled gun and dirk. One of his shepherds was armed with a clip, made for taking foxes out of their holes, and the rest with bludgeons. The people demanded their cattle, but were refused, whereupon the most powerful man of the owners of the cattle, Alexander Wallace by name, *alias* "Big Wallace," an Ardrross man, rushed upon Allan Cameron, seized his gun, and having overpowered him, took it, as well as the dirk, from him. James Munro, commonly called "Craggan," disarmed Alexander Cameron, and Finlay Munro took the clip from the shepherd. The Camerons and their party were now overpowered and submissive. An old woman, mother of one of the shepherds, then attacked the party with stones, whereupon one of them pushed her over a cairn, and broke her arm. The Camerons now got their choice of two evils, either to quit the place at the following Whitsunday, or to suffer themselves to be bound, laid on their backs in the fank door, and the cattle to be forced out over them. They chose the first—to remove—which Allan did, but Alexander was allowed to finish his lease in peace. Several of the party were tried, but only two, Alexander Wallace and Finlay Bain, were con-

sidered sufficiently guilty to be tried at the assize, eight weeks thereafter, during which time they were lodged in jail. The evidence brought out that both the Camerons had their guns loaded with buckshot and ball, and as the parties at the bar did them no harm, but only disarmed them, they were not found guilty. Not having been found guilty, they got 4½d a day each as compensation for the time they were in jail. In the following August took place the famous sheep raid, already taken notice of before this Society. The glen is now a deer forest, and has been so for the last 50 years.

There is not much of traditional interest connected with the other place names in the parish, but I may name a few of them, so as to give their meaning.

Loneroid—The wild myrtle bush.

Knocklea—The grey hill.

Bal-a-mhuilinn—Milltown.

Ballone—The marshy town.

Cnoc-na-Sroine—The hill of the nose; above the junction of the Alness and Rusdale rivers.

Leathad Riabhach—The greyish slope.

An Claiqionn—The skull.

Meall-toll-a-choin—The hill of the dog's hole.

Meall-mor—The large hill.

Creachru-nan-sgadun—The bare mountain summit of the herrings.

Meall-nan-bo—The hill of the cows.

Carn Sonraichte—The notable cairn.

Coire-nan-Sgulan—The corry of wicker baskets.

Loch-a-chaoruinn—The loch of the rowan trees.

Feur-lochan—The grassy loch.

Loch Magharach—The loch having much fishing bait or spawn (trout are numerous).

Bad-a-sgailich—The shading clump of trees.

Coire na gaoithe—The windy corry.

As may be expected, many more superstitious tales than those I have already mentioned are still told by old people, though, thanks to an enlightened age, they are not believed in. I here give three, and a few others of local interest.

Corp-crè—A form of human body made of clay. About the close of the last century the powers of the wizard were not extinct in the Parish, for they were exercised on the heir-apparent to an estate in the upper reaches of the Parish. The young gentleman showed symptoms of decline, and no medical aid could avail him

A man whose surname was Mason lived in the neighbourhood, and it being whispered among the natives that he had communion with the nether world, suspicion fell upon him that he was exercising his cantrips on the young gentleman. No counter-wizard of sufficient power could be found nearer than the famous Willox of Strathspey. He was sent for, and, on examination, perceived that the decline was owing to a Corp-crè. It was necessary to find out the author, of whom Willox gave a description so like Mason that there was no doubt of him being the mischief-maker. A member of the family went to Mason's house and bribed one of his children, a girl, to give information about some things she saw her father do. Among others, she told of the Corp-crè, which she saw her father place in a neighbouring burn. She pointed out the spot, the discoverer went home, informed Willox, who went to have it removed, but to the grief of the family Willox said the clay body was too far gone to remove the charm, and the young gentleman must die; but Willox said that for a suitable reward, if the family wished, he could transfer the decline from the young man to his father, who would die instead of his son. This was agreed to; the old man in a few days became insane, and shortly thereafter his earthly career came to an end. The young man was quickly restored to health, and he lived to a good old age.

At *Clais-nam-buidheag* a man coming home late from a smuggling bothy observed a woman standing at one of the windows of his house in the act of receiving something that was being pushed out through the window. The woman having seen the man, ran away, whereupon he rushed forward and caught hold of the object, which, to his astonishment, was his own child about being carried away by the fairies. He entered his house quietly and found his wife sound asleep in bed with a babe beside her. The man lay down in another bed close to where his wife lay, and took the rescued child in with him. In a short time his wife awoke, and found the child she had lying on her arm dead. "My child is dead," she called to her husband, in a state of alarm. "But mine is living," said the man, and then told her what happened. The report soon spread, and the following day many came to see the dead child, but none could tell whose it was. They feared to bury it, but, on the recommendation of the *Solomon* of the place, it was laid on a gravestone in Alness Church-yard, where it was exposed for six weeks, to give the fairies an opportunity of claiming it, and they having not done so, the remains of the body were committed to the earth.

The girl mentioned above, who saw the Lochaber cateran shot at Boath, was taken late on a Saturday night by her master to assist him in spearing salmon on the river Alness. He was very successful that night, more so than ever he was. The fish came rushing towards the light of his torch, and none missed his spear; each fish as flung ashore was added by the girl to the heap. Midnight passed, when, to his astonishment, a tremendous fish came slowly on, its enormous eyes flashing brightly in the rays of the torch. "The mermaid!" he called out, and moved backward, keeping the spear advanced, till he reached the bank of the river, when he sprang ashore and ran home, accompanied by the terrified girl. He, however, returned to the fishing scene when daylight appeared, and took home the fish; but he never thereafter went a-fishing late on a Saturday night.

Past generations were not far advanced in religious knowledge in the upper parts of the Parish. I will give two examples. During the incumbency of the Rev. James Fraser, about 150 years ago, a Kildermorrie crofter called upon him for baptism. The minister found the man very ignorant. He asked him where he was brought up. "I was born," said he "at *Bad-a-sgailich*, and I was brought up at *Thig-a-staè* (both in the glen). My education consisted not in a knowledge of God and religion, but in the milking of cows, the curdling of milk, the grazing of stots, and, ho! ho! on with them." "Man, do you know there is a God!" said the minister. "Do you know yourself there is a God?" was the man's reply; "if there were not a God how could a foal come from a mare, a calf from a cow, or a child from a woman."

My next story shews a degree of cleverness that is worthy of being recorded. Rev. Alexander Flyter was translated to the parish of Alness in, I think, 1821. He was a very gentle and earnest man in religious matters, and did all that lay in his power to instruct the people under his care. In one of his earliest visits to the upper part of the parish, he held a diet of catechising at Kinloch (*Ceann-an-loch*), the east end of Loch Morie, at the house of Donald Ross (Mac Eachuinn). Donald was a famous smuggler, and a prince of flatterers. He had no great desire for the minister's visit, which was announced from the pulpit on the previous Sabbath, on account of the break it would make in his smuggling operations that day, but he resolved to be courteous and affable towards his minister. There were no roads suitable for springed conveyances in Boath in those days, so that the minister made the journey on horseback. When he came, accompanied by the catechist of the district, in sight of the house, Donald went forth

in haste to meet him, with his bonnet under his arm, and uttered as a salutation, "Lord bless you, what a pretty man you are!" They shook hands, the minister dismounted, and Donald put the horse in charge of one of his sons, with the instruction to put him into the barn that he might get his bellyful of corn from the heap. "Do not that," said the minister; "the horse would injure himself. Just give him water and a feed of corn." Donald now conducted the minister and catechist into his house, but immediately turned back to order his son to give the horse a wisp of straw only. On his return the catechising commenced. "Donald," said the minister, "I always begin with the head of the family; what is effectual calling?" "And what is effectual calling?" said Donald. "I want you to answer the question," said the minister. "Indeed, Mr Flyter," said he, "it would be a great shame for me to open my mouth on such a subject in your presence. There was never a blessing on this parish till you came to it. You are so pretty and so peaceable; you are not like wild Mr Carment, who is this day catechising on the other side of the river, frightening all his people; you draw the people, and they love you. I'll not open my mouth; you are the man to put a question and to answer a question; repeat the answer yourself." Mr Flyter acquired his knowledge of Gaelic after he was licensed to preach, and was not at the time referred to so fluent in the language as afterwards, so that he took up the Gaelic catechism and read the answer. "Indeed," said Donald, "you *read* it well." The minister was not satisfied with the knowledge of Donald's children, and gently reproved him. Donald's excuse was the great distance from a school and his inability to pay for a tutor, which resulted in the minister, at his own expense, sending a tutor for a year to instruct Donald's children. Highland hospitality in those days would not be hospitality without the whisky bottle. A bottle was produced, but the quality of the whisky did not please Donald. Another and another was sampled till the right stuff was got. When the minister tasted the whisky he suspected it was of Donald's own distilling, and seriously counselled him, showing him the great evils resulting from the practice of smuggling. "Do you advise me," said Donald, "to stop it?" "Oh, yes I do," said the minister, who was delighted to get the reply—"Well, I'll never put a black pot over a fire again since you say I should not;" but no sooner was the minister out of sight on his return journey than Donald sent one of his sons to turn the malt and another to kindle the fire under the black pot.

There are many stories told of Donald how he cheated the "gaugers," but I must dispense with them at present, as I would occupy too much time.

One story more and I am done. Mr Flyter was on another occasion catechising at Lealty, when John Holme, who resided there, had put to him the question, "What benefits do believers receive from Christ at death?" He answered correctly. In questioning him on the answer, the minister said, "Now, John, do believers rest in their graves?" John replied naively, "There was a day when they would rest, but now the doctors will not allow them."

4th APRIL, 1888.

On this date Mr Hugh E. Fraser, Commercial Bank House ; Mr Hector M'Lean, 28 Old Edinburgh Road ; and Mr Hugh Fraser, 42 Union Street, Inverness, were elected ordinary members of the Society. The Secretary laid on the table a copy of "The Constitution and Bye-laws of the Scots Charitable Society of Boston," with a list of officers from the original records of the Society, as a donation towards the library, from Mr John M'Kay, Ben Reay, Canada. Thereafter, Mr Alexander Macbain, M.A., read his paper on "Highland Superstition." The paper was as follows :—

HIGHLAND SUPERSTITION.

The aim of this short paper on a great subject is twofold. First, it aims at directing attention to the interest and importance of the many superstitious customs and beliefs which yet live in the practice or in the memory of the older people of this generation, and which are fast dying out ; and it is hoped that members of the Gaelic Society, and any others who read this paper, may be stimulated to collect or record what they can discover or what they know, and transmit the same to the present writer or any responsible official of the Society. The second aim of the paper is, in order to further the collection and recording of these fast-dying superstitions, to supply a body of method—a classification and order—which will facilitate this object, and, by entering into details, recall superstitions that would otherwise be overlooked. A few typical examples are given under each heading, and, as far as possible, these are superstitions that have not yet been recorded in any book that deals with the subject.

DEFINITION AND DIVISIONS.

Superstition, as a subject of study, is a branch of Folk-lore, and it will be well to know clearly what is and what is not superstition in relation to other subjects of folk-lore. The custom, for instance, whereby a band of young people visit the neighbouring houses on New Year's night—"Oidhche Challainn—calends of January"—and, midst the noise of beating sticks on dry sheepskins, demand in rude rhyme for food and drink, is not a superstition; but when the same young people are refused entertainment by some churlish householder, and they promptly go round his house contrary to the sun's course, or anti-sunwise, an action which is expected to bring ill-luck, the custom is then on the borderland of superstition; this particular action of going sunwise or anti-sunwise is superstition. Folk-lore has been variously defined as "the survivals of archaic beliefs and customs in modern ages," and as "all that the folk believe or practise, on the authority of inherited tradition, and not on the authority of written records;" but, as often happens, and it is especially true in regard to Folk-lore and Superstition, it will be better to define the subject by giving its contents. Miss Burne, founding on Mr Gomme's previous work, has produced a classification of Folk-lore which has been practically adopted by the Folk-lore Society, and we may therefore consider it as scientifically the best. It is somewhat as follows:—

I. TRADITIONAL NARRATIVE, or folk-tradition, which comprises (a) *Folk-tales*, which include the folk and fairy tales of the country from Cupid and Psyche or the Bodach Glas to the Wife and the Kidie or the merest nursery story; (b) *Hero Tales*, where Fionn and Arthur may figure; (c) *Ballads and Songs*, as we find them in the Ossianic poetry and in lays and lyrics of all times; and (d) *Place Legends and Traditions*, which record the stories of battles, and romances about places, especially about caves and castles. II. SUPERSTITIOUS BELIEF AND PRACTICE, or simply SUPERSTITION: (a) *Goblin-dom*—ghosts, fairies, brownies, and local demons—tales of ghosts seen and noises heard, and practices to ward off the fairies; (b) *Witchcraft*—witches and counter-magicians, spell and charm; (c) *Astrology*; and (d) *Superstitions connected with material things*, such as water, fire, metals, weather, animals, plants, diseases, and sun and moon; divination and folk-medicine being half-way between witchcraft and animal and plant lore. III. TRADITIONAL CUSTOMS: (a) *Local Customs*; (b) *Festival Customs*; (c) *Ceremonial Customs*; and (d)

Games. IV. FOLK SAYINGS: (a) *Jingles, Nursery Rhymes, Riddles, &c.*; (b) *Proverbs*; (c) *Old Saws*, rhymed and unrhymed; (d) *Nicknames, Place Rhymes, and Sayings*; and (e) *Folk-etymology*.

In this classification, Superstition takes its place as a leading branch of Folk-lore beside Traditional Stories and Ballads, Traditional Customs, and Folk-sayings and Folk-etymology. It comprises beliefs and practices in regard to supernatural beings, to witchcraft, to astrology, and to the objects of the natural world viewed as possessing some supernatural influence. As a branch of folk-lore, Superstition belongs to the beliefs and practices of the non-cultured classes; it is to the men of education and culture in a nation that these beliefs and practices appear as superstitious. Superstition is, therefore, a relative matter, and depends on the degree of culture to which a class, or an individual, has attained. The religion of a lower race is a superstition in the eyes of a higher race. Tacitus calls the religion of the Gauls and Britons *superstitio*, and it was a general custom with the Romans so to dub the religion of any race outside themselves and the Greeks. Christians regard all other religious systems as superstitions; and among Christians themselves some regard the beliefs, and especially the practices, of their neighbour Christians as neither more nor less than superstition. Many baptismal practices, for example, of one sect are, in the eyes of another sect, superstition, not to speak of postures and vestments which one church may deem essential, and which another regards with horror. In a similar way the religion of the same race at a former stage may become to their posterity a superstition. When Christianity superseded the old Celtic Paganism in these Isles, it did not, and probably could not, crush out the old religion. The method adopted in case of nations outside the pale of the old Roman Empire was one of compromise, for heroic insult to the prevalent paganism achieved nothing but martyrdom to the missionary. Pope Gregory the Great, in his letter to Abbot Mellitus, who was on his way to Britain (A.D. 601), shows the method adopted—"The temples of the idols in that nation ought not to be destroyed; but let the idols that are in them be destroyed; let holy water be made and sprinkled in the said temples; let altars be erected and relics placed. For if those temples are well built, it is requisite that they be converted from the worship of devils to the service of the true God; that the nation, seeing their temples are not destroyed, may remove error from their hearts, and, knowing and adoring

the true God, may the more familiarly resort to the places to which they have been accustomed. And because they have been used to sacrifice to devils, some solemnity must be exchanged for them on this account, as that, on the day of dedication or the natiivities of the holy martyrs, whose relics are there deposited, they may build themselves huts of the boughs of trees about those churches which have been turned to that use from temples, and celebrate the solemnity with religious feasting, and no more offer beasts to the devil, but kill cattle to the praise of God in their eating. . . . For there is no doubt that it is impossible to efface everything at once from their obdurate minds, because he who endeavours to ascend to the highest place rises by degrees or steps, and not by leaps." Hence we understand that local rites were consecrated to God; and the old gods, who were considered demons, were superseded by the Saints, who now took the place of the pagan deities as patrons of wells and consecrated spots, and were even adopted into the literature of the people as the heroes who cleared the land of the dragons and lake monsters which required to be appeased by human sacrifice, in this case also superseding the Herculean demi-gods of the former paganism. Our present superstition is, to a great extent, a survival from paganism; sometimes, as in the case of Charms, there is a considerable remodelling of the old materials to suit Christian names and ideas. Superstition has, indeed, been defined as "the survival, in another phase of culture, of earlier religion and science."

Among the Romans *superstitio* could mean only two things—either the religion of other races than Romans or Greeks, as we already saw, or an excess of religious zeal and practice. Theophrastus, a Greek writer of the fourth century B.C., exactly expresses the classical view when he says that "Superstition would seem to be simply cowardice in regard to the supernatural." Following the lines laid down in the foregoing discussion, we propose the following definition of Superstition, as fairly complete and capable of producing a good classification:—*Superstition consists in beliefs and practices founded upon erroneous or non-cultured ideas in regard to the supernatural and its interference in the phenomena of nature.* By "erroneous or non-cultured ideas" are meant beliefs and ideas that are rejected by the culture and education of a people, though held by the non-cultured classes. Following the lines indicated by this definition, we consider the subject of superstition in two main aspects—first, the Supernatural *per se*, or by itself; and, secondly, the Supernatural in its Interference in the phenomena of nature.

A.—THE SUPERNATURAL.

The supernatural which belongs to the religion of the cultured and educated classes appears also in folk-lore. This happens mostly in the case of invocation to the Holy Trinity, as against ghosts and evil beings, and in charms. In charms also the example of Christ and the Apostles is often appealed to in rustic and runic rhyme. The only theological being who is dealt with in a thoroughly popular fashion is the Devil. In fact, the devil of folk-lore is no longer the theological Satan. He is a thorough Pagan; the Mephistopheles of Faust reflects the popular idea of the Evil Power in its best form.

The supernatural of folk-lore includes beings and powers not recognised by the theology of culture. Besides the folk-lore devil and demons of a like character, there are ghosts of the dead and ghosts of the living, as well as ghostly manifestations in the form of noises, lights, and corpse candles. There are goblins of all kinds—fairies, brownies, uruigs, and gruagachs. These are land powers, but there are also sea goblins—water kelpies and mermaids. This sums generally the supernatural beings of superstition. But the supernatural is not confined to beings; it may be impersonal—a power diffused through nature and invoked by certain actions, or attached to certain persons as gifts—a power of leechcraft, divination, fascination (evil eye), and luck or ill luck. It may be invoked by spell and charm, or it may act on the principle of symbolism or analogy. The Zulu who has to buy cattle may be seen chewing a bit of wood in order to soften the heart of the seller he is dealing with, for as the wood gets softer in his mouth, the other's heart is softening in like degree. This is the principle of the famous Clay Body or *corpan creadha* of Highland witchcraft. The power known as witchcraft, however, depends on a combination of supernatural elements—spells, symbolism, and evil eye, with a distinct leaning on the power of the devil, who is lord and master of witches. The supernatural may be therefore considered to fall into two distinct divisions, First, *Supernatural Beings*; and secondly, *Supernatural Influences, Powers, and Gifts*. The latter, or second heading, is intimately connected with the Supernatural in its Interference in nature, and is in fact that subject in the abstract.

I.—SUPERNATURAL BEINGS.

The supernatural beings of folk-lore fall under the three general headings of (1) the folk-lore devil and demons generally,

(2) ghosts and wraiths, and other such manifestations, and (3) the whole field of goblin-dom—fairies, brownies, water-kelpies, and the like.

1.—*The Folk-lore Devil.*

The devil may appear in manifold shapes, human and animal. If he appears as a human being, he generally takes the form of a handsome dark stranger, but he is easily recognised, for he has hoofs instead of feet—either the cloven hoof of the cow or the horse's solid hoof. The animal shapes he most affects are those of the dog and the horse, or rather the mare. He appears, as a rule, only when men are doing wrong, either swearing or card-playing, or quarrelling somehow. There are, however, occasions when he seems to appear without any of these limitations of person or occasion. Two travellers were crossing the Monadh-lia range, when they met the figure of a woman running with exceeding velocity towards Strathdearn. They proceeded a little, and two black dogs met them coursing along, as if on the scent of the track of the woman. A little further on they met a dark man upon a black horse riding after the dogs. He asked the men if they thought the dogs would overtake the woman before she reached the churchyard of Dalarossie, and they said the dogs might do so. The men had not emerged from the moors of Monadh-lia when the black rider overtook them, having the woman across the pad of his saddle, with the dogs fixed in her body. "Where did you overtake the woman?" said one of the men. "Just as she was about to enter the churchyard of Dalarossie," was the reply. When the travellers reached home, they heard that the Good-wife of Laggan—a famous witch—was dead, and then they knew that it was her spirit they saw making for the holy ground of her burial, and pursued by Satan himself, and, alas! overtaken by him.*

On a Saturday night, a company of rough men were playing cards in the village inn of Snizort, Skye. Quarrelling and swearing over trifles were going on, when a distinguished stranger entered without knocking or bidding. He challenged any of those present to a game with him, and he defeated them singly and collectively. They then began to get curious as to his name and business. A card happened to slip off the table, and one of the players bent down to pick it up, when, horror! he noticed that the stranger had horses' feet on him. Concealing his know-

* "Lectures on the Mountains" (W. G. Stewart), p. 199, and popular tradition.

ledge from the rest of the company for fear the visitor might also know and get "unpleasant," he went to the hostess. She recognised the gravity of the case, seized a Bible, entered the room, and shook it in the stranger's face, when lo! he disappeared as a blaze of fire up the chimney. Needless to say, the company soon broke up without more card-playing.

A young man was courting a girl once, and every night visited her bringing with him presents of all kinds—combs, brooches, &c. She did not know who he was, and could give her mistress no information about him. The mistress told her to look at his feet, and, when she did so, she saw that they were cloven hoofs. When she called for help, he disappeared in smoke. She died soon after, and, in trying to bury her, they could not lift her coffin. On opening the coffin, they found all the combs and other articles with which she had been presented stuck all over her flesh, facts which conclusively proved that her wooer was none other than the devil.

The devil may appear in animal forms, especially as a dog or a mare. A godly man in Sutherlandshire saw the devil passing him in great haste (godly men and kirk elders have many privileges in such matters). He asked him where he was going. He was going, he said, to kindle into a fire a small spark that fell in a certain house. The godly man followed him, and saw him enter a house near. He went to the window, and there he saw the goodman and goodwife scolding one another, and the devil sitting between them in the form of a doggie. When one of them was done scolding, the doggie placed his paw on the other, and kept them at it. The godly man went in and stopped them. On a Sunday morning, the same godly man saw the devil passing in great haste. In answer to inquiries, he said that as it was Communion Sunday he would require to go and dress the girls of Golspie, and off he set. We see that there is a moral under all these appearances. In regard to godly men and elders, any person is safe from the attacks of the devil if he flies to land tenanted by such. Their land is "holy ground." A man chased by the devil made for an elder's land, and when he got over the boundary line of it, he cried to the devil, "Dare to come into the godly man's ground," and history has to record that he dared not.

A Glenelg widow had a shepherd, who, one evening after returning home, was told that a sheep of the widow's was lying dead far away in the hills. He was told he must go for it, for fear the dogs would destroy or eat it. But the shepherd only blasphemed and uttered imprecations on himself if he should go.

Latterly he went, and on nearing the place he saw what he took to be a fine black mare moving restlessly about. He tried to drive the mare off, but in vain ; he swore, and this only made matters worse. The mare set furiously on him, and left him with bare life, and with the promise extorted that he would meet her again at a fixed time and place. And he did meet the mare again and again, but, finally, on the advice of a good man, he went to Stratherrick, where he was no longer troubled by his unearthly tormentor. The man, however, died a violent death. Similarly, men have been attacked by dogs, and had to keep fighting appointments with them. It is also the same with a certain class of ghosts, as we shall see.

A defence against the evil power was found in various ways : one might take refuge on holy ground, as already seen, or one might breathe a fervent invocation to the Holy Trinity. But an infallible method in dealing with the devil, as well as with ghosts and powers of evil generally, was to draw a circle round oneself. Against the barrier of this circle, the evil spirit would rush, and change into frightsome flames, but the flames could not enter the charmed ring. Or, by bland speeches, he would try to entice the man outside the circle. In neither case must the man leave the circle.

The devil is also apt to be cheated by clever mortals. He had in former times a "black school," or *sgol dubh*, in Italy, where some adventurous Highlanders went and received training in the "art that none may name." At the end of the session or period of training, the pupils were all set free at once from out a dark room, and the devil stood at the door to seize the last man as they rushed out, for the last man was his due. The clever Gael cheated the devil easily. As he came up leisurely, his majesty made a grab at him, but the scholar objected, declaring there was one behind him, and pointing to his shadow. The devil then seized the shadow, and the substantial man escaped, but was ever after shadowless. In Sutherlandshire, the hero of this tale is one of the Reay chiefs, called Donald Duival Mackay, said to be first Baron Reay (1628). In the southern Highlands, as in the Lowlands, Michael Scott is the hero of these stories.

Donald Duival had a hand-to-hand fight with the devil, and overcame him. He would not allow him go until he gave him whatsoever he asked. This was myriads of elves shut up in a box, or a book with clasps, as some say. The box or book was somehow opened, and every one of the elves rushed out, invisible, one version says, and kept crying, "Obair, obair—work, work." He

set them to thrash his corn, but that was done in a minute. He then asked them to build him a "square" or farm out-house, and it was put up in no time. Then he asked them to strip the hill above his house of its heather. Before he could look about him, they had all the heather at his side. He then asked them to build sand mounds in the sea, and they were spoiling the harbours when he stopped them and asked them to make ropes of the sand. This they are still working at, it is said, for they have not been able to hit on a method of making ropes of sand purely.* Could they be allowed to use straw along with sand, they would succeed. Michael Scott nearly dammed up the Inverness Firth at Fort-George by the sand mound which the little men ran into the sea, and which is still to be seen there.

Sometimes a man bargains with the devil to the effect that, if he gets all he desires for a series of years, he will render himself up to the devil, body and soul, at the end of that time. A man bargained with the devil once that, if he got the power of turning stones into money, he would give himself up to him at the end of seven years. He was to deliver himself up to the devil at the end of his stable. The man got very rich. He took down the old stable, and built a new one in circular form, so that there was no end or corner on it. At the close of the seven years, he did not go out that night at all; so next day the devil met him, and accused him of breach of contract. "But," said the farmer, "there is no end on the stable to meet you at." "Oh, you are right," said the devil, "for I was kept running round it all night, and could not find the end." So the devil did not get that man *that time*. Another man got immense power by telling the devil he would be his when a candle lit at both ends would be burnt through. As soon as the devil granted the power, the man extinguished the candle, and safely locked it away, and thus saved his life, and made himself rich.

2.—Ghosts and Wraiths; Ghost Noises and Lights.

There are ghosts of the dead and ghosts of the living: the ghosts of living persons are known as wraiths. Highland ghosts have nothing very characteristic about them in the present day. But the old Gaelic ghost seems to have been a very substantial fellow from what we know of him in the folk-tales. In the old Irish literature, when heroes like Cuchulinn are summoned

*For various versions of these stories, see Miss Dempster in *Folk-lore Journal*, Vol. VI., pp. 152-4.

back to life, they appear as glorious and golden as when they were alive. Some Highland tales present the facts the same way. In the tale of the "Barra Widow's Son,"* the good genius of the piece is a man who turns out to be really a ghost, but the people he comes in contact with see him in no respect different from mortals like themselves. In the same way the secondary hero of the tale of the "Giant and the Fair Man-Servant,"† the fair man-servant himself, is the ghost of a body ransomed by the kindness of the hero. One or two similar tales have been brought together by the present writer in the 12th volume of the "Celtic Magazine," under the title of "Substantial Ghosts." These material ghosts remind us of the very physical heaven that the classical writers make us understand the Celts of old believed in.

But the modern ghost is a poor unsubstantial thing. True, there are tales of ghosts that give a good pommelling to those whom they meet, but the story goes that the man's return blow falls, as it were, on a windbag. These fighting ghosts make appointments with their victims, and the latter durst on no account refuse to meet them. When they return from the encounter, they look for all the world like men who have had a stiff boxing match or wrestle with opponents. There are many stories of this "bruiser" ghost. ‡

Why do ghosts walk? They are ghosts of the unhappy or of the avenging dead. When a person dies suddenly and has left something unsaid or undone which is of the utmost importance, his ghost may return. A murdered person's ghost may walk, seeking to tell its wrongs. The person may have committed a sin—a murder, theft, or act of injustice. His ghost walks till the matter is righted. A hidden treasure may bring the ghost back from its rest. The ghost of a person who is grieved for too much by his nearest relative may return, for it is an act of insubordination against Providence to grieve too much for the dead.

How is the ghost to be laid? It must be spoken to. But there is nothing upon which superstition is more sure than that the person who speaks to a ghost never "does a good turn after." Hence one form of the superstition says that only a good man should speak to a ghost, as the person who does so must soon die. If one meets a ghost, he should invoke the Holy Trinity, and no harm can come to him. Some recommend the repeating of the 23rd Psalm.

* Campbell's "Popular Tales," II. pp. 110-29.

† Mrs Wallace, "Celtic Magazine," XIII. pp. 20-8.

‡ See Mrs Grant's "Superstitions of the Highlanders," I., pp. 239, 244-5.

The wraith, or ghost of a living person, appears as a rule only when that person is going to die, or, at anyrate, is going through some great crisis, or is to go through some such crisis. Yet the belief in the Highlands also is that wraiths of persons in good health and in no danger may be seen. Sometimes sweethearts are seen; a man may see the wraith of his fair one, and they marry and are happy ever after. Those who are gifted with the second sight can see or feel funerals as they pass along the road; and hence arises the caution given to travellers by night: "Never walk in the middle of the road; you may get entangled in a phantom funeral." Some men have nearly got smothered in such funerals; others have been carried back miles from their way, seeing nothing, however, but feeling the crush.* Many are the stories of death warnings—corpse candles wending their bobbing way to the churchyard; the unearthly "tachran" or premonitory death yell; the noises of sawing and planing in the carpenter's shop, or the lights seen in it, before a coffin is to be made.

It is unlucky to do anything to a tombstone in the way of damage or removal. A house is haunted if a tombstone, or any stone connected with a tomb, is used in its construction. A man once, in building a house, was in a difficulty to get a stone to suit for a certain purpose. He noticed a gravestone in the churchyard that would suit, and by night he abstracted it from there and built it into the house, having first to chip it into proper smoothness and shape. When he came to dwell in his new house, he found it haunted, and so troubled was he with his ghostly visitants that he consulted the minister on the matter, telling him about the gravestone. The minister told him to return the stone to its place, and this he did. But he did not get relief, for the ghosts came back, calling "*Na peinnigean, na peinnigean*"—"the chips, the chips of stone!" They wanted all the chips he had broken off the stone, a thing which it was impossible to collect and restore. And he had to endure his tormentors.

3.—Fairies and Goblins generally.

The *Fairies*.—Of all other-world beings the fairies are the best known, and possibly the most popular. The Gaelic name for fairy is *sithich*, a fairy man is *duine sìth*, a fairy sweetheart is *leannan sìth*. They are connected with the *tumuli*, or green hillocks of the country; and, as these are often the grave mounds of ancient heroes, and as such a mound is known as *sithean*, which

* See the writer's article on "Phantoms of the Living," *Celt. Mag.*, XII, 327-32.

is allied to the Latin *sēdes* (a seat, settlement), the fairy name of *sìth* may also be hence derived, as Dr Whitley Stokes suggests. This might connect them with the dead, and there are some who hold that the fairies are the departed. But they are likely descended from the old powers of trees and hills and streams, answering to the elves of Norse mythology. They are always represented in the Highlands as little people dressed in green. Two fairy ladies are thus described to us—"In there stepped two beautiful damsels, about two feet high and dressed in green. Their faces were the most beautiful the people ever saw."

Hallowe'en is their great night. Then *cnoc na sìth*, we are told, is open at a certain hour, and many are the stories of wayfarers being beguiled into the open hillock. Here is a typical one from Wester Ross:—A tailor and a shoemaker were returning home on a Hallowe'en night from a smuggling bothy with a small keg of whisky. While passing the *cnoc*, or *cathair sìth*, they saw it open, and the fairies inside, dressed in scarlet, dancing to exquisite music. The tailor, on whose back the keg was strapped, was seized with a sudden desire to have a reel, and, despite the shoemaker's entreaties, in he went. No sooner was he in than the door closed. The shoemaker had to turn away disconsolate for the loss of friend and whisky both. But a year from that date, and at the same hour, he went to the hillock again; to his joy he found the *cathair* was open, and, on looking in, there was the tailor going round in the reel, with the keg of whisky on his back. He seized him by the shoulder, and dragged him out. But the tailor expostulated, "Tuts, man, allow me finish the reel," for then he believed that he had only commenced a reel that had already lasted a twelvemonth. Some stories add that among other proofs that ought to appeal to him was the fact that the rope fastening the keg had sunk deep in his shoulders.

Mortals may have fairy sweethearts, male and female. A woman having a *leannan sìth* is more rarely told of, but many men in modern times could be pointed out who had fairy lovers. A *leannan sìth* has great power for either good or harm. If, on the first encounter, the man sees the fairy first, he has her completely in his power, and she can gift him to become almost anything—mostly to become rich—but she may gift him with musical powers and kindred arts. On the other hand, if the fairy sees the man first, the man is in the power of the fairy; he is her slave, and must meet her when she appoints it, or else run risk of life. It is important to see any supernatural being ere it sees the mortal. A man was one night crossing a river, and when he was

in the middle of the stream he saw a fairy or sprite under the bank. Fortunately, he saw it first, so that, when the fairy came forward and attacked him, he was stronger than it and overcame it. "Let me go," said the fairy, "and I will give you your choice of three wishes—first, to have a beautiful family; second, to have abundance of corn; or, thirdly, to get fish always whenever you set your line." The man chose the latter gift, and ever after his family was famous for fish-catching.

The fairies get mortal cattle and other goods in this way. When people say, in irritation or otherwise, that a beast—a cow, for instance—is not good, when as a matter of fact she is good, then the fairies take off that cow, and leave one of their own in its place. When people say they have not something when they have, then that belongs to the fairies. All liquids spilt on the ground, says Grant Stewart,* go to the use of the fairies.

Fairies have a special predilection for the following class of persons—babies, mothers or wives, and bridegrooms. The changeling baby is the commonest character in stories of the fairies. In the Highlands, the belief has been very prevalent that the fairies would steal a child and leave one of their own in its place. This change is usually understood to be possible only in the case of unbaptised children. When the fairies take away a baby, they leave one of their own number to personate him, and he is a most troublesome child. Treated ever so well, he won't grow, and he is constantly crying: "a bad crying child is a fairy," says a Sutherlandshire man. It was a difficult matter to discover if the child was a fairy or not, and various plans were resorted to. One way was this:—The mother went to the village blacksmith with the suspected child. He put the baby on the anvil, raised the sledge hammer on high, and vowed by all the powers that he would knock it to jelly. If the child was human, it merely cried at the raised hammer and the threatening look. If it was a fairy, or *uruisg*, it would fly away. Then the mother had only to go home, and find her own baby, rosy red, and fast asleep in its cradle at home. Sometimes the baby was placed on the crook above the fire, and a blaze set under it; the fairy child would fly screaming up the chimney—the true baby would be found at the door outside. A Rothiemurchus story has it that a woman consulted a wise man as to her child, telling her doubts that it was a fairy child. He told her to cross over Coylum bridge on her way home, and just on the top of the bridge, or half-way over, she must tumble the child from off her back and run. If it was a

* "Highland Superstitions," p. 83.

fairy, it could not pursue her across the water line, and she would find her own baby at home in the cradle fast asleep. This was what she did. She threw the baby from off her back on the bridge and ran. An unearthly howl rent the air, and she heard the quondam baby speak in good Gaelic accents very bad language. Curiosity made her give a look over her shoulder, and there on the bridge she saw a wee, withered old man, shaking his fist in impotent wrath, and shouting that if he had only suspected what she was to do, he would have offered her personal violence.

The fairies were also fond of stealing women in a certain interesting condition; they would thus have mother and child. There are many stories of mothers who had lately borne children being stolen, and also of wives. In their place, in every case, an animated *stock* was left, which shortly after died, and was duly buried, the husband thinking all the time it was his real wife. Meanwhile the wife was among the fairies, and she might be recovered by another man, and live with him as his wife, forgetful of her past history, until her real husband by chance visited the new husband, and, being struck by the resemblance, would ask about the woman's history, and then all her past would come back to the woman.* Bridegrooms were also an object of especial attack on the part of the fairies. Fishermen and boatmen tell many stories of how a boat in which a bridegroom was ran imminent risk of shipwreck. So bad was the case on the north coast of Sutherlandshire on one occasion, that the bridegroom's brother was for casting him out of the boat into the sea.

Various preservatives were resorted to. People must watch day and night over a mother and child, and have a fire on in the room. This is to go on for three days, say some, till the christening, say most. The mother is safe only after going to church. If people would not watch, they would go round the bed whereon lay mother and child sunwise, carrying fire, at morn and eve, or they would, instead of the fire, carry round the Bible thrice, and shake its open leaves, and adjure the evil powers to fly to the Red Sea or anywhere. A piece of iron placed in the bed had efficacy against fairies.

The *Gruagach*.—There are at least two different beings denoted by the word *Gruagach*, the literal signification of which evidently is the "wiggied" or "well-haired one," from *gruag*, "the hair of the head, a wig"—a term which also signifies in old glossaries "a wife." In the popular tales, the *Gruagach* is a supernatural male personage, and, as a general rule, he is a

* For such a story, see "Legends of the Braes of Mar," p. 108.

Hercules-Apollo—a teacher of arts and worker of supernatural feats. The Irish Gruagach is a male—an enchanter, goblin, or spectre. The Gruagach of our superstition is generally a female: the word *Gruagach* in the modern language actually means “a maiden,” doubtless “one with long hair.” Armstrong defines the Gruagach thus:—“A female spectre of the class of Brownies, to which the Highland dairymaids made frequent libations of milk.” She is a household goddess, in fact, but generally restricted to families of name and note. A Gruagach, says Campbell, used to haunt Skipness, and is still remembered there as a supernatural female who did odd jobs about the house for the maids. The Gruagach was invisible, but she could make herself both felt and heard. She was, in fact, a female *brownie*. The male Gruagach is mentioned by Pennant as a deity like the Brownie, worshipped in old times by libations of milk. He adds that milkmaids still pour milk on stones that bear his name. The Rev. Mr Macqueen, Pennant’s Skye mentor, explained Gruagach as “fair-haired,” equated him with Apollo Chrusokomos (golden-haired), and aptly referred to the Apollo Grannus of the Musselburgh inscription. Little is known about the Gruagach at the present day, and we could glean only the following from our inquiries. A Kintail student wrote:—“The Gruagach, according to the authority from whom I received my information, was a household goddess that frequented the houses of persons of note in certain districts of the north of Scotland. The case from which I could glean most was about a Gruagach which frequented the house of a family in the north of Ross-shire, generally known as Teaghlach Bhaile-Loin. The house was Seama-bhaile, where the Gruagach had her abode and was frequently seen by members of the family. The domestic servants had a visit from her which did not make them anxious for a second meeting. The domestics were rather late of bringing the usual Sunday water supply from the well on one Saturday. They were rather merry in their late toil, and were indulging in language not altogether Scriptural. On their way back to the house, this Gruagach attacked them to the injury of their persons, and then reproved them for their conduct. The disappearance of this Gruagach is said to have occurred on the death of one of the family of Baile-Loin.” A more curious account of the Gruagach comes from Lewis, and is to this effect:—“The Gruagach was a respectable man, supernatural of course, dressed in a black suit, with buckled shoes, and having a yellow stick in his hand, when he was seen. He was called “*Manadh nam Ministerean*,” or the “foreboding of the ministers,” for whenever he was seen, clergy

came afterwards, and he has not been seen since the advent of the ministers.

The Scotch *brownie* is a mixture of the Gruagach and the Uruisg, which comes to be dealt with next. The most famous brownies on Gaelic ground were those of Tullochgorm, in Strathspey. The *brownies* of Tullochgorm formed a couple—a male and a female. The male was a practical joker, and used to pelt the servants, but he also worked for them, especially at the winter threshing. A coat and cowl was left for him one night in consideration of his services, and he was heard to say—

Fhuair Brùnaidh còt' is currachd
'S cha dèan Brùnaidh tùrn tuilleadh

“Brownie got a coat and cowl, and Brownie will not work a turn more.” And he was never seen thereafter. It would appear that the giving of the clothes sent him away—whether out of delight over the gift, or from disgust, it does not appear. But we have heard a story of a worthy couple getting their house cleaned and sorted over night by a band of fairies, and when, out of compassion and gratitude, articles of dress were left for them to clothe themselves with, the fairies, on entering and seeing the gift, got so excited that they went at once away with their presents, dancing and rejoicing, and never returned again. The female Gruagach, or Brownie of Tullochgorm, was known as Màg Mhullach or Hairy Left-hand, who acted the part of invisible tablemaid or general servant. She used to slap the servants about, and carry tales to the master, conduct which made her often unpleasant.

The *Uruisg*.—The *ùruisg* is the nearest Gaelic representative of the Lowland *brownie*. Armstrong defines the Uruisg thus—“A brownie, or a being who was supposed to haunt lonely dells, moorland lakes, and waterfalls. He seems to have had the qualities of man and spirit curiously commingled.” The *uruisg*, however, was a sociable being, for he appeared much about farmyards and cattle houses at the end of the harvest. He was particularly fond of the products of the dairy, an intruder upon milkmaids, who made regular libations of milk or cream to him, to charm him off or to procure his favour. He could be seen only by those who had second sight, but he had the power to make himself visible to any one. “He is said to have been a jolly, personable being,” says Armstrong, “with a broad blue bounet, flowing yellow hair, and a long walking staff.” He adds that every manor-house had its *uruisg*, and in the kitchen a seat near the fire was left unoccupied for him. When irritated, through neglect or disrespect, he could

be wantonly mischievous, though generally good-natured. A lazy hobgoblin as a rule, he yet could do many arduous tasks in kitchen and barn with speed and precision. These kind turns were done without bribe or fee, for the offer of these, says Armstrong, would banish him for ever. The same honest lexicographer adds that these beings had general assemblies, in the rocky recesses of some remote torrent usually, whence their loud voices, mingling with the water's roar, carried to the ears of wondering superstition detached parts of their unearthly colloquies. From present-day superstition or story we have been unable to gather much more than one Rabelaisian tale about the uruig, which does not do great credit to his wit.

The *Fuath*: the *Bocan*.—These two terms are general. The word *fuath* means any supernatural being; its force is brought out by the term *apparition*. The *bocan* is simply a *bogle*, anything that can frighten. Stories about both are common.*

The *Water Powers*: The *Water-Kelpie*.—The water-kelpie—each *uisge* (water-horse)—is a personification of the power of streams, lakes, and even seas. This being may be beneficent, merely kindly tricky, or malignant. The malignant aspect is the usual one on Gaelic ground. The water-kelpie may appear either as a horse or a man. In the former case the horse is ready caparisoned; and the wayfarer, weary with his journey, may mount the horse, and, once mounted, the rider can never get off—he is stuck fast to the horse. Even were it only one's finger, it would stick to the horse, and tales relate how people had to cut off finger or hand to save themselves. The horse, having its rider safely mounted, at once gallops off to its lake and plunges in. There is a movement of the waters, a gurgling noise, and shortly after the heart and lungs of the human victim are seen floating at the water's edge. In human form, the kelpie appears as a handsome young man usually; he offers friendship to men, love to women, and, when he has them in his power, he suddenly becomes a horse, and rushes off into the water with his victim. The kelpie may also appear as a young woman, fair to see, but with hooved feet likely, or as an old woman craving protection and shelter.

The kelpie, and the mermaid too, are connected with the disclosing of present and future events. It was by means of a water-kelpie's bridle that the ever famous Willox of Strathavon could tell the anxious inquirer who among his neighbours had thieved his goods or charmed away the milk of his cows. A Willox of old had knocked that bridle bit from out a water-kelpie's mouth by his

* See Campbell's "Popular Tales," II., pp. 98-100.

sword, and till within comparatively late years the family representative was the grand oracle of the north in such matters. A stone which an ancestor of Willox reft with violence from a mermaid gave the water in which it was immersed the virtue of picturing the form of the person who was bewitching the cattle of the consultant or the form of the thief who had stolen his gear.

The following story is one of many similar tales that have reached us. A long time ago a young maiden belonging to the island of Eigg was returning home by a short cut across the hills. When she was half-way home, she saw a beautiful young man coming to meet her. They at once became friendly, and sat down, when he placed his head on her lap and fell sound asleep, having, however, hold of her gown in his mouth, and his arm round her waist. She had up till now thought he was a human being, but on looking at his head she knew he was not, for his hair was full of water weeds and sand from a lake that was near the place where they sat. She realised her danger, and having cut off with her scissors the bit of her gown which he had in his mouth, she ran for home as fast as her limbs could carry her. When she was near home she heard a tremendous noise behind her, and, on looking back, she saw the much-feared water-horse, for such the young gentleman was in reality and had now become in pursuing her. When she looked, the horse immediately changed into a man, and cried out to her that, although she had cheated him that time, he would catch her yet. Then he disappeared in the direction of the loch. For some time after this she avoided going near that loch, but as time went on she completely forgot her adventure, and on a certain Sunday evening she and some companions were resting on a hillock not far from the loch. They saw a fine young man coming towards them, nor did they suspect the real character of their handsome visitor. He stood gazing at them, when, all of a sudden, he ran towards them, caught the young girl in his mouth, and, assuming the form of a horse, rushed off with his prize to the loch. The others who saw this strange scene ran for help, and some young men with guns went in pursuit of the monster to the loch. When they reached the loch, they were horrified to see the woman's heart and liver floating on the surface, and the lake greatly troubled from the monster's spouting up of mud and water from below. The young men fired at the spot where they thought the horse was, and it is believed that they killed him, for he has not been seen from that day till now.

The *Mermaid*.—The mermaid is known in Gaelic as “a' mhaighdean mhara,” or “the sea maiden.” She is always kindly

disposed, and the following story is told of her in various parts and in various versions :—There was a man in Sutherlandshire some time ago, and he went down near the sea-shore, and what did he see but a number of seals coming ashore. Immediately on landing they cast off their sealskins, and put themselves in the form of women. The man ran down and caught one of them, while the rest in terror took their sealskins and fled to the sea. The one the man caught he took home, and afterwards married. He had meanwhile hidden the sealskin away under the thatch of his cottage. He had four children by his mermaid wife. She always kept asking for her sealskin, but he never told her where he hid it. One day, however, she was drying clothes, and, in the process of hanging them up, she came upon her sealskin. She took to the sea, and never again appeared. The children of the place used to fish, and this man's children were always more successful than their companions. Their mother, people said, put the fish in their way.

II.—SUPERNATURAL INFLUENCES, POWERS, AND GIFTS.

[We can only give the headings, with one or two examples, of the rest of our subject ; we hope to fill in details in future papers, from a considerable mass of material to hand, and we shall be happy to receive information of similar superstitious beliefs and practices now or lately existent in various parts of the Highlands].

1.—*Symbolism and Analogy.*

The principle that like effects like, though the kind be different, is best seen in the case of the *corpan creadha*, or *criathach*. This superstition is still actively existent. A great many other superstitions depend on this principle—charms, omens, dream-reading, &c. A wet marriage-day denotes sorrow and tears. Always go *deiseil*, or with the sun. A heart-shaped object is turned so as to put a person's heart back into its place, when displaced by fear.

2.—*Luck and Ill-luck.*

This depends much on the foregoing principle. It is unlucky to see the first lamb of the season with its back to you. Certain persons are unlucky to meet in going on an enterprise. Sometimes this arises from personal peculiarities, as, for instance, a red-haired person is considered an unlucky "first-foot" at New-Year time. Certain persons, animals, or actions, have luck or ill-luck attendant on them.

3.—*Spells and Charms.*

A *spell* is laid upon a person, animal, or property by some adverse power, as by a witch. Taking milk from the cattle of a farm is a usual form of it. Also, some had power to put *rosad* (mischance, spell) upon arms, especially firearms, whereby they were of no use. The *rosad* was placed upon firearms by a rhyme spell, and an old man who has this rhyme refuses to repeat it as being too wicked. The *charm*, on the other hand, prevents, or removes, or transfers evil (or good). A charm requires a rhyme, as the name really implies by its derivation, though sometimes certain cabalistic actions may be enough, as in the case of the "silver water" cure of the evil eye, though here a charm or invocation to the Trinity was made use of usually. Of the preventive charms, the *Sian* (signum or blessing) is the most famous. This could preserve a man from wounding or harm from the time he left the presence of the charmer till he came back, and it was usually placed on those going to battle. We give it as a specimen of these rhyme charms. It was very difficult to get it, we may say; indeed, the people are very loth to give these charms away, or to tell them to outsiders.* In the *Sian*, the charmer and his protegee go to a retired spot. Here the recipient of the charm goes on his knees; the charmer lays his hand on his head, and, with eyes shut, he utters the following rhyme, going round him sunwise twice. And he goes once round him anti-sunwise, saying a different rhyme, which, unfortunately, we cannot get. The rhyme is:—

Sian a chuir Moire air Mac ort,
 Sian ro' marbhadh, sian ro' lot ort,
 Sian eadar a' chioch 's a' ghlun,
 Sian eadar a' ghlun 's a' bhroit ort,
 Sian nan Tri ann an aon ort,
 O mhullach do chinn gu bonn do chois ort :
 Sian seachd eadar a h-aon ort,
 Sian seachd eadar a dha ort,
 Sian seachd eadar a tri ort,
 Sian seachd eadar a ceithir ort,
 Sian seachd eadar a coig ort,
 Sian seachd eadar a sia ort,
 Sian seachd paidir nan seach paidir dol deiseil ri
 deagh uarach ort, ga do ghleidheadh bho
 bheud 's bho mhi-thapadh.

* There is a good collection of them in Vol. VIII. of the "Gaelic Society Transactions," pp. 123-128; also in the *Celtic Magazine*, Vol. XIII., pp. 34-4

An effort should be made to collect more of these interesting charms ; we have only half-a-dozen or so of unpublished ones.

4.—Divination and Second Sight.

There are two phases of this subject—divination, which any one can practice, and second sight, which is a supernatural gift. There was divination by the “shoulder blade”—*eolas slinnein*—where the shoulder blade of an animal (a sheep generally) was stripped of its flesh, and examined by an expert ; and there was consulting of the future when some young person slept by the hearth in a pair of newly-made unwashed blankets, and whatever was dreamt of came to pass. Second sight is well known. If one that had second sight saw or felt a funeral, another that was with him might see or feel the same by stamping on his foot. Some say that it was necessary to stamp on his foot and take his right hand. Others say that one could see the same as the second sight seer by looking over his right shoulder.

5.—Gift of Leechcraft.

Some persons are gifted with powers of healing. The seventh son can cure king's evil by touch or application of water, and the seventh son of a seventh son can cure all diseases incident to humanity. Some men were supposed to be gifted with powers of blood-stopping (*casg fula*), and anybody born feet foremost can cure a strained spine or hurt back.

6.—Fascination or Evil Eye.

The Gaelic proverb says—*Sgoiltidh an droch shuil clach*. “The evil eye can split a stone.” This superstition appears to be universal—“from China to Peru.” The great cure for it has been the silver water. The water is lifted at a ford or bridge, over which dead and living pass, in a wooden dish, silver is placed in it, and the whole is passed thrice round the person's head, and he is made to drink of it. Many preventatives are resorted to against the evil eye. Red thread tied round a cow's tail, or a bit of rowan wood hid about the cow's tail, will defend the animal against any supernatural harm.

7.—Witchcraft.

This is the most potent and sinister power that can be wielded by any human being. It is, as already said, a combination of nearly all other powers, including a dependence on the devil, who

is lord and master of witches. Witches work by symbolism, ill-luck, spells, divinations, and evil eye, and they may invoke the power of the devil to their help. They can transform themselves into animal forms, especially into hares, cats, and even deer. Sailors dislike a bee to appear in their boat; it is sure to be a witch. A man was once sowing corn, and on resting, he noticed a small beetle (*daolag*) taking the seeds of corn from his land to his neighbour's. Knowing it to be witchcraft, he captured the beetle, and put it in his snuff-box. For several days his neighbour's wife was absent, and no one knew where she was. When he opened the box, out she sprang!

B.—THE SUPERNATURAL AND THE PHENOMENA OF NATURE.

Under this aspect of the question, we deal with beliefs and practices in regard to the various objects of nature that touch man or his interests, and also facts of nature like birth, life, and death, and facts of life—marriage, occupation, and general activities, especially do we treat here of cattle and their diseases. And first we deal with—

I.—GENERAL RITES AND PRACTICES.

The most important general feature in the prevention or removal of supernatural evil is that of sacrifice in its various forms. We saw that milk libations were poured out to the *Grugach*. In the 17th century, bulls were sacrificed to St Mourie at Loch Maree. In cattle murrain, it is the proper course to sacrifice one of the animals to the spirit of the plague. A black cock is sacrificed for epilepsy, and there are traditions that, at the building of certain great houses, human beings were sacrificed.

Euphemism was resorted to in speaking of anything evil in the way of spirits or of plague. The small-pox was called *a' bheau mhath*—the good lady. The sunwise turn is another common feature of superstition. The number 3 is also the commonest and most sacred.

II.—THE HUMAN INDIVIDUAL

1.—Birth—The Mother and Child.

The imminent danger to mother and child from fairy power has been already touched upon.

But there is even an ante-natal danger. It is most strenuously believed that birth-marks and such like are deformities caused by excessive and ungratified desires of the mother while pregnant.

You must bless the baby in praising it, for there is danger from one's evil eye. The evil eye is peculiarly apt to fall on babies.

You should not measure a baby ; it suggests its coffin. You should not cut its nails too early in its life. A child must not look at itself in the looking-glass. Don't rock the cradle, and the baby not in it ; it will give the baby a sore stomach.

2.—Naming and Baptism.

A child's name must not be used till it gets it by baptism ; it has no name till then. It is not safe from evil powers or the fairies till christened. In going to baptism with a child, take a piece of bread, and give it to the first person you meet. Some restrict this to the first man, if the child is a boy ; to the first woman, if a girl. It is a bad sign if a child does not cry on being baptised. If a boy and a girl are baptised together, the boy must be baptised first, otherwise he would want his beard when grown up, and the girl would have it.

3.—Boyhood and Youth.

A good and affectionate child will not be a long liver. It is unlucky for boys to teaze or bother in any way old women ; they may harm them by some occult power. Boys think it unlucky to find a cuckoo's nest ; they are sure to fail that year.

4.—Marriage.

(a). *Bridegroom and Bride in relation to Supernatural Beings and Powers.*—The fairies do not like a bridegroom, and he must also beware of the machinations of a jilted sweetheart. Let him on the day of marriage put silver in the sole of the stocking of his right foot as he puts it on, and evil power will not affect him.

(b). *The Marriage Ceremony, &c.*—Tuesday and Thursday are the lucky days for marriage. Don't marry in May. The morning is the bride's "end" of the day, and bad or wet weather then betokened ill to her. A dog must not pass between the couple during the ceremony. The first pair married in a new church will be childless.

5.—Death.

(a). *At Death.*—The howling of a dog betokens death. Open the doors and windows at death ; place a nail in the meal-chest, and other produce.

(b). *The Corpse.*—Salt is placed on the breast of the corpse in a plate, "to keep down the swelling." It is unlucky for man or

animal to cross over a corpse. The body of a murdered person will bleed at the touch of the murderer.

6.—*Burial.*

The Funeral.—It is unlucky to look at a funeral through a window, or standing in a door. When a funeral is scattered and straggling, another member of the family of whom one is being buried will soon follow. At the first funeral a child sees, he must get a “skelp” (blow) on the head to make him cry.

The Churchyard.—The last buried has to act as ghostly watchman till the next burial. Hence, if there were two funerals on the same day, there used to be a rivalry as to who would be first in the churchyard.

Suicides were buried outside the churchyard. A coin was placed in a stranger’s grave, “as payment for the burying-ground.”

III.—HUMAN BEINGS.

1.—*Persons Lucky or Unlucky to Meet.*

Some persons are lucky to meet on one’s setting out to do anything; others, again, are unlucky. Fishermen are especially particular on this point. In a general way, a woman is a bad *comh-dhail* (congress), more especially if she is bare-headed, with dishevelled hair, bare-footed, and with nothing in her hand. A person who has a grudge at one is a bad *comhdhail*; so is any person with an evil eye. A common expression in impatience or anger is *Droch comhdhail ort!* “Bad congress on you!” that is, bad luck to you.

2.—*Persons Supernaturally Gifted.*

The general possibility of such powers existing has already been dealt with. Men and women may possess one or more of the following gifts:—

(a). Second sight.

(b). Powers of healing, blood-stopping, and the like.

(c). The evil eye.

(d). Witchcraft.

(e). Other gifts, such as playing the bagpipes to surpass everybody.

3.—“*Wise*” or “*Skeely*” Persons, Workers of Counter-Charms, &c

If there are evil-doers in the world, and people who possess gifts that are baneful to the rest of mankind, equally there must

be wise people who can work counter-charms or give good advice. These people answer in office to the medicine men of savage tribes. Life could not be lived without them. Their foremost representative this century was Willox of Strathavon ; but every district could boast of some wise man or woman that could give advice or work a charm.

IV.—THE HUMAN BODY IN HEALTH AND DISEASE.

1.—*Peculiarities, like Moles and Birthmarks.*

What do such marks denote ? There is a complete repertory of information on such marks. One quotation must suffice :—

“Wart on palm is luck to lad,
Wart on instep, luck to lass.”

2.—*Bodily Actions and Affections.*

These comprise such ordinary actions as sneezing, tingling in the ears, itching in the palm, and so forth. Spitting is a sign of contempt, and it is always safe towards the property of others ; but do not spit in the fire. At sneezing, say to the person doing so, “God bless you.” It is lucky to sneeze. Tingling in the ears and itching in the palm give rise to many superstitious fancies. One should not sing when making a bed, else sleep will not be theirs. Laugh before breakfast ; cry before supper.

3.—*Bodily Wear and Tear.*

Cutting of Nails and Hair.—Do not cast out or let loose about the house either the parings of the nails or the hair that is cut off. If witches got the nail parings, or even the hair, they could work the person harm by means of them. As to the hair, birds might fly away with it, and make it part of their nest ; and, if so, the person would have a sore head—a complaint which may occur in any case if the wind blows away the hair. The parings of nails given to a person in a drink will send him mad, much the same as alcohol. Do not cut your nails on Sunday, or your hair on Friday. The following rhyme says Monday and Friday respectively :—

Di-luain bho d’ ingnean,
'S Di-h-aoine bho d’ fhalt.

Other Cases.—When a person loses a tooth, he ought to throw it over his left shoulder to ensure luck.

4.—Diseases.

Warts.—The superstitious cures for warts are almost legion. Such cures are these—Washing the warts with water that has not touched the ground—that is, rain water collected in hollow stones; washing them with pig's blood, with the spittle after long fast or sleep, rubbing the warts with salt, &c. A charm may be super-added; thus one is directed to rub the moisture of the mouth on the wart, and keep saying—

Olla bhìdh gum beannaicheadh
Air a h-uile gin de na foinneachan.

“Oil of food, bless each of the warts.” Or the principle of analogy may be resorted to:—Rub one of the joints of a barley stalk (*glùn an eòrna*) to the wart—one joint for each wart—and go unknown to anyone and bury the stalks. As they rot, the warts decay. It is the same with *stolen* beef; it is placed under a stone, and, as it decays, the warts go away.

Whooping Cough.—Take food out of a *spàn-beo-adhraic*—a spoon made out of the horn of a live beast, a horn which, of course, has been lost by fighting or accident. It is cured by whatever is recommended by a man riding a piebald steed, thus addressed:—

Fhir tha marcach an eich bhrìc,
Cìod as leigheas air an t-sruth-chasd?

“Rider of the piebald horse, what is cure for the whooping cough?”

Toothache.—The general belief is that toothache is caused by a worm burrowing in the tooth, and hence we need not be astonished that on the principle of analogy the following cure is recommended:—Roll a caterpillar in a bit cloth, and put it under the tooth. Another cure, on the principle of gruesomeness, is to go to the churchyard, and get a nail from a coffin; place it on the aching tooth. There are wells which cure toothache, and there are charms also.

Sore Eyes.—For *Leamhnad*, or *Stye*, stand on your head in the sea till nine waves pass over you! or count one hundred without drawing breath.

Raising of Uvula.—There was a charm for the raising of the uvula, known as *eòlas cìoch shlugain*. The little red, nipple-like sea-weed found in pools of salt water when the tide is out, and called in Gaelic *alltuinn dhearg*, is procured and tied to the crook while the following words are repeated:—“Ann an ainm an Athar,

a' Mhic agus an Spioraid Naoimh, air cioch-shlugain A. B. (person's name)." This is an appeal to the Trinity "for the uvula of A. B."

Swellings.—Swelling of the breast or pap was cured by a rhyme. Swelling in the limb could be cured by tying a silk thread on the limb *above* the swelling, and, as the thread worked its way down, it cleared the swelling before it, and then slipped off altogether.

Colic.—This was cured by a charm,* but another method consisted in making the sufferer swallow a bullet. The idea was that colic was a knotting of the entrails—hence the name *snaim mionaich*.

Blood-stopping.—This is known as *casg fala*, and some were gifted by a supernatural power to stop blood, or, indeed, anything that ran like it, by the word of their power. A cure was, on one occasion at least, effected thus—A bowl of the blood of the person bleeding was boiled "to rags;" he was made to swallow the powdery stuff remaining, and was cured.

Sprains.—A sprained ankle is thus cured—Take a thread and tie three knots on it in the name of the Trinity, and then tie it on the ankle. For sprained joints, a deer's sinew in the rutting season was made use of. A sprained or hurt spine is cured by lying prone on the ground, and allowing a person who was born feet foremost to trample on one's back, as already indicated.

Wounds.—A wound caused by a dog is cured by bathing the wound with water which has been rinsed through the dog's mouth. It is the same in the case of serpents. Water off a dried serpent's head cures a serpent's bite, if the wound is washed with it. These cures go on the principle of analogy—"a hair of the dog that bit you."

Scrofula.—Kings and seventh sons have the gift of curing scrofula. The persons so gifted performed the outward details of cure variously. A common way was for the gifted person to take a bottle of water, wet his hand with some of it, and apply it to the diseased part, and then hand the bottle over to the patient, who took the bottle with him, and did not allow it to touch earth. The patient himself rubbed it on thereafter. Sometimes a silver coin was bored, and hung round the patient's neck, or at the part affected, in addition to the water ; part of the cure. Scrofula was cured also by the touch of the dead hand of a criminal.

Epilepsy.—The sacrifice of a live black cock, which must be buried at the spot where the person had the first fit, has been already mentioned as a cure. Change of kingdom was sure to cure

* For the charm, see "Inverness Gaelic Society Transactions," VIII., 124.

it. A drink from a suicide's skull was a sure cure. Bishops could cure it by virtue of their office ; they could similarly cure the insane.

Fevers.—In the case of fevers, the element of colour came into operation. Red flannel round the throat is the correct arrestive of colds and inflammations in that part. The euphemism applied to the terrible small-pox—"the good lady"—has already been noticed.

5.—Parts of the Body (Dead).

The gruesome practices of drinking from a suicide's skull in the case of epilepsy, and the touch of a dead criminal's hand as a cure for scrofula, have been already mentioned. This principle of gruesomeness is, it will be seen, the opposite of euphemism, as in the case of the small-pox, yet both principles are doubtless founded on the same idea, that the disease or fever is an evil being which must be frightened or flattered.

V.—THE MIND AND SOUL.

The mind may be considered, like the body, in regard to health and disease. First, we may deal with the point where mind and body are nearest being one—in sleep and dreams. Then the affections come to be next treated ; thereafter, the nature of the soul, and, lastly, insanity.

1.—Sleep and Dreams.

The superstitions about dreams are almost numberless, nor is there any other class of superstition so actively believed in and practised upon at the present time. To dream of the following is lucky—a deer, a white or a brown horse, a dog, snow (plenty of fish), the sea, ships, silver, letters, anything blue, ripe fruit, &c. The catalogue of unlucky things to dream of is unfortunately higher ; it is unlucky to dream of a black horse (death), a serpent, weazel, a pig, fish, gathering shellfish, a baby girl, seeing oneself bare-footed or carrying a child or ploughing, loss of tooth (friend lost), a boat on land, a hole in one's boat (death of friend), eggs (gossip), broken eggs (quarrels), coals or peats, dirty or dark water, a river, butcher meat, one's marriage ring broken (death in family), a coach (funeral), one's child falling into the fire (severe illness for the child), a kiss (false person), fire (anger), red, grey, green. A washing means a flitting ; crossing a river, flitting ; marriage, death ; and so forth.

2.—The Affections.

Love is said to be the most potent of the affections, and there are many superstitions in connection with it. The love philtre is not unknown on Highland ground. Duncan Ban Macintyre has rhymed one process whereby a young woman may retain the love of her sweetheart ; the poem is entitled “Rann Ghabhas Maighdean d’a Leannan ”* The maiden is desired to rise early on Sunday morning, to go to a level stone, to have the people’s blessing, and a priest’s hood. This last, along with a wooden shovel, is to be put upon the shoulder. Nine ferns, cut by an axe, and three bones of an old man taken from the grave, are to be burnt to ashes, and the ashes to be rubbed, in face of the north wind, to the loved one’s breast. When this charm-ceremony is performed the end in view is assured. The composition of love philtres is often not pleasant to think of or to mention. Thus, catch a worm before sunrise, take its middle part—the soft white ring—dry it into powder, and give this to the person you wish to fall in love with you. That person will love you madly.

3.—The Soul

There is a belief that a sleeping person should not be wakened too suddenly ; his soul may not have time to return to his body. The soul in such cases is fancied to be an insect—a bee usually, and hence comes the idea of the *bee-soul*, which appears in some Highland superstitions. A young lad was sleeping outside on a sunny slope one day, and somebody came upon him and roughly wakened him. The lad was practically insane thereafter, but a skilled person was consulted. He directed that the lad should a year exactly from the former time again sleep where he was before, and be allowed to waken of his own accord. This was done, and, as he slept, the wondering onlookers saw a beautiful bee coming along and enter the lad’s mouth. When he awoke he was perfectly sane and sound. According to the late Rev. Mr Macgregor,† the belief existed in Perthshire that the soul could be seen leaving the body as a bee. A mysterious bird may be seen visiting a dying person, and it is well known that a bird alighting on the house where a dying person is portends that person’s death.

**Poems*, MacLachlan & Stewart, p. 214-5.

†*Superstition*, in “Prophecies of the Brahan Seer,” by A. Mackenzie.

4.—*Insanity.*

The curious belief that bishops can cure the insane has already been noticed. There are several wells for the cure of insanity, the most famous being that of Loch Maree. It is of this well in the island of Loch Maree that Whittier writes these beautiful lines—

“Calm on the breast of Isle Maree
A little well reposes :
A shadow woven of the oak,
And willow o’er it closes.
And whoso bathes therein his brow,
With care or madness burning,
Feels once again his healthful thought,
And sense of peace returning.
Life’s changes vex, its discords stun,
Its glaring sunshine blindeth ;
And blest is he who on his way
That fount of healing findeth !”

Mental derangement may occur from a sudden terror ; a person is then said to be *a cochall a’ chridhe*—his heart out of its shell or place. Then some wise person was called in to turn the heart back to its place, and his method was as follows :—Some lead was boiled, and poured, with invocation of the Trinity, into a wooden vessel, in which there was water, and which had been placed on the sufferer’s head. Then search was made, and the piece likest a heart was taken and *turned round*. The heart then turned back into its place, and the person came to himself. The heart-shaped object was carefully preserved ever after, or otherwise a relapse was to be feared.

VI.—THE HOUSE AND HOME.

There are still stories of human sacrifice at the building of great houses to render them supernaturally safe, but in ordinary cases a good rowan tree growing beside the house, or a stick of it across the lintel, was deemed sufficient. There is much efficacy in a horse shoe nailed somewhere about the door.

1.—*Flitting and Entering New House.*

In leaving a house leave dust in it, for it is not lucky for the incoming tenant to find the house clean and swept ; the luck is then swept out of it. People might leave *ill-luck* in the house, which would affect the first thing that entered it. Some threw in

a cock first, because it is a blessed bird ; and a person is recommended to put a dish of salt first thing into the newly-entered house. Pains was taken with the first fire ; it was unlucky if it went out.

2.—*Domestic Life.*

Meals.—It is not lucky to do anything during meals. Do not give food over your hand. It is unlucky to spill salt, nor is it lucky to break a glass or cup. Be sure, say some, to have butter every morning ere going out.

Repose and Rising.—The old people in some parts, when they went out and saw the sun for the first time, blessed themselves and the sun, and turned sunwise.

Woman's Work—Washing, Cloth-making, &c.—Some say that washing-day is lucky only on Tuesday. Don't stir porridge against the sun. Never sing while you are baking. Never threaten anyone with the broom. You must not have a washing in a house when a corpse is there. Don't use the water in which eggs were boiled. A dozen of eggs when set under a hen must be the baker's dozen of 13.

3.—*Furniture.*

The cracking of furniture portends removal, and is unlucky. The creaking and knocking about of furniture, and noises caused by it, portend death to the owner or somebody in the house.

4.—*Clothes.*

Never wear new clothes at a funeral. For good luck part of one's clothes must be worn wrong side out—say a petticoat or a stocking. If a stocking is on wrong side out it protects from the evil eye, and *crotal* or saffron-dyed stockings will protect one from consumption. A spider on an old dress means a new one soon. It is lucky to get new clothes on New Year's Day. Put money into a new purse.

VII.—OCCUPATIONS.

The various occupations of farming, cattle-tending, hunting, and fishing have their various and peculiar superstitions.

1.—*Farming—Land and Crop.*

It is a common belief that the virtues of the grass and corn on one farm may be transferred to another farm by magic means. The virtues of one district may, in a similar way, be transferred to another. A Stratherrick man one day saw a stranger toiling up

a hill there, with a switch over his shoulder, and apparently carrying a heavy though invisible burden. The man stole behind the stranger and cut the switch; the burden, whatever it was, fell back into the Strath. It turned out to be the productive virtues of the glens of southern Inverness-shire and Perth, which the wizard was carrying north; but they fell in Stratherrick, which a generation or two ago was almost literally a land flowing with milk and honey. This switch appears in several stories. A farmer found another among his grass with a switch, which he trailed after him. When the farmer went where the other was, the latter dropped the switch and went away. The farmer took it up, brought it home, and threw it in a corner. But it happened that his wife was churning, and the churn became so full of butter that the wife could not turn the handle. The farmer understood how matters were. One day a man going up Strathnaver was astonished at seeing a woman beside the river, with something in her hand, lashing the water and calling out, "Both sides of Strathnaver to me." And he said to her, "Would you not give half to me?" She said she would, and when he came home there was not a vessel or any place in the house but was overflowing with milk.

2.—Farming—Cattle and Sheep.

Superstitions about cattle fall under two heads—The produce, or *toradh*, of the cattle may be taken away, and the aim must be to keep the *toradh* intact, or to recall it when lost by wizard spells. The second point is the treatment of cattle diseases.

Toradh.—If a witch can get the name of a cow, or a hair from her tail, and also see the milk, she can transfer that cow's produce to her own cow, and, if she has no cow, she can transfer the milk to the couplings of her house, and draw it from there as she likes. Various methods were adopted either to prevent the loss of or restore the *toradh*. For prevention, a scarlet thread was tied round the cow's tail where it could not be seen, or a sprig of rowan was placed in the tail. When the *toradh* was taken away, the only chance was to cause the witch have retention of urine, and this might be done by catching the cow's urine in a bottle ere it fell to earth, corking the bottle tightly, and laying it by so as not to touch the earth. Soon thereafter the person who was doing the mischief would come to get the spell raised off her, which was not done till she raised her spell from the cow or cattle.

Cattle Diseases.—The *murrain*, or plague, was averted or appeased by sacrifice—the sacrifice of one of the sound animals. Driving the cattle through the *need fire*, or forced fire, was another

means of cure or prevention. A third method consisted in the use of charms. One process may be briefly described thus:—Should any more of the cattle die, open the first beast, take out the liver, lungs, and heart, and put them in a bag. Carry this across the first burn on the neighbouring estate, and there bury it. While crossing the stream for this purpose, repeat this rhyme:—

“Fhir a shéid a’ ghaoth o’ dheas,
Tog leat an t-earchall so thar an eas.
Tog leat a mhi-dhùrachd
Dh’ ionnsuidh ’n taobh as an d’thainigte leis.”

Cattle diseases are not all plagues, however. There are such ailments as the *ruaidhe*, or the lodging of the milk in the udder, which is cured by a comparatively innocent charm, or by rubbing thereto an amulet stone.

3.—*Hunting.*

Sportsmen do not like to see a hen as the first animal to meet them. Poachers could lay a spell on the deer, so that anyone passing by could see nothing of the dead stag but the heart. This was called the *sian*. Some say the charm made the game—whatever the game was—invisible; and the same charm has been sent to us lately as one which smugglers find useful on the west coast of Ross-shire to render themselves invisible to the excisemen. Mr Mackenzie gives it in the 8th Vol. of the Inverness Gaelic Society Transactions, p. 127, and it is as follows:—

“Fà fithe cuiream ort
Bho chù, bho chat,
Bho bhò, bho each,
Bho dhuine, bho bhean,
Bho ghille, bho nighean,
’S bho leanabh beag,
Gus an tig mise rithisd,

An ainm an Athar, a’ Mhic, ’s an Spioraid Naoimh.”

“A magic cloud I put on thee from dog, cat, cow, horse, man, woman, lad, lass, and little child, till I come again, in the name of the Trinity.

Old sportsmen of the uncanny kind could deprive deer of either sight or smell, according as it suited them best. In the wind of the deer, the sense of smell was taken from them; otherwise, the sense of sight. Hence the question—Co dhiubh is fhearr let mise

thoir sealladh na faileadh dhiubh? "Whether would you rather me to deprive them of sight or smell?"

4.—*Fishing.*

No occupation is more surrounded with superstition than that of the fisherman. From the moment he leaves his own door, the fisherman lives in a world full of supernatural influences. If a woman meets him, unless she is of loose character, as he goes, it is unlucky; if a person runs after him to give him or tell him something, it is unlucky. Then there are endless superstitions about the lines, about baiting, about the boat, and so forth.

VIII.—ANIMALS.

The superstitions about animals are concerned for the most part with the luck or ill-luck there is attaching to meeting them, or attaching to their actions.

1.—*Animals and luck or ill-luck.*

Animals of Luck or Ill-luck.—Some animals, like the hare, are extremely unlucky to meet, or, on a journey, to cross one's path. To see one magpie anywhere about means joy; two seen means grief; three, marriage; four, death; and five, a funeral. An otter's skin, says Martin, brings luck; victory in battle is on its side. In going a journey, if a mouse runs across one's path he must kill it, and success will attend him; if he fails in this, that day's work will also be a failure.

Postures of Animals when seen, &c.—It is unlucky to see the first lamb of the season with its back to one. The following is a translation of a well-known Gaelic rhyme—

"I heard the cuckoo while fasting,
I saw the foal with its back to me,
I saw the snail on the flagstone bare,
And I knew the year would not go well with me."

2.—*Animals and Divination.*

Divining the future from the action of animals, especially birds, is as old as human history. A crow perched on a chimney portends death in that house; so does the howling of the dog. If a cock crows before midnight there is some news coming from the quarter in which he is looking; if his feet are warm it denotes good luck for the owner; if his feet are cold someone is to die.

3.—Animal Characteristics.

Stories are told of animals to explain why they are good or bad—blessed or cursed. One such must suffice. Christ met a beetle once as he was pursued by his enemies, and, as animals could then speak, it told next day to Christ's enemies, who had now met it on the pursuit, that Christ had passed there the day before. A hornet, overhearing the conversation, said—"You beast, you beast, you liar, you liar, it is a year yesterday since the Son of God passed here." The following is the dialogue in Gaelic:—

Beetle—An dé, an dé, chaidh Mac Dhé seachad
 Hornet—A bhiast, a bhiast, a bhradag, a bhradag,
 Bliadhna gus an dé chaidh Mac Dhé seachad.

Accordingly the hornet is blessed, and the beetle cursed, and hence crushed cruelly when it is met with. Cattle is considered blessed; the expression is—"The beasts are blessed," and, hence, at night people would go more readily to the byre than to the barn, as being safest from evil powers.

4.—Difference of Sex.

The question of sex is of immense importance in superstition, for the female has an ill reputation when supernatural danger is at hand. If one were travelling by night and encountered an evil spirit, the dog would help his master, but the bitch would help the evil spirit. Hence the rule was not to take a bitch with one when travelling by night, or, if a person did so, he must tie his garter round the bitch's neck, or, as some recommend, draw blood from her tail, and then she would defend her master against the evil power. A shepherd in a lonely hill bothy had two dogs, male and female. One wet evening a bird came down the chimney, perched itself by the fire, and began to dry itself. As it grew warmer it grew larger, and finally became a woman towering high. She attacked the shepherd, and was helped by the bitch, but the dog helped his master, and with such effect that the witch fled for her life, with the dog clinging to her breasts. When the shepherd returned next day to his home in the valley below, he found that a young woman, a neighbour's wife, was nigh death's door, having been mysteriously torn in face and breast the night before. Another story tells how a piper in flying from an evil power in the shape of a female fiend came upon some horses; he mounted the first he got to, but it threw him off, the second did the same; they were both mares. The third he came to was a male, and he got

safely mounted and away, with the evil spirit close at his heels. He escaped with a struggle.

Even women may be uncanny companions in such circumstances, as this story will show. A piper and his bride were one stormy night returning from a marriage. So furious did the snow-storm rage that they were fain to take shelter in a lonely bothy by the way. They tried to light a fire, but there was no wood. His wife was like to die with the cold when the piper broke his pipes to pieces and made a cosy fire. They were getting pretty comfortable under their difficult circumstances when a most ugly being entered, and began to warm himself at the fire. The married couple expressed the wish of retiring to rest, when the monster asked which of them was to have the wife. "Who," said the piper, "but he to whom she belongs?" Then they began to fight, and the piper overcame the monster, and laid him on the floor. The monster appealed to the wife not to see him lying as he was, and at once she came to his assistance. They both routed the piper, and cast him out of the bothy. He made his way home that night, but the wife did not return for a few days. In due course, the veracious story records, the wife had a son who resembled the monster, especially in having a Satyr's caudal appendage; and it is said that descendants of his live still not a hundred miles from Bonar-Bridge.

IX.—PLANTS AND TREES.

1.—Plants.

The plant *earr-thalmhainn* or yarrow was kept in the churn as a charm against evil influences. Bog myrtle or *roid* kept off the fairies. A four-leaved clover had many virtues; if you got it, you would see your sweetheart; it was good against the evil eye, and a woman in a certain interesting condition ought to have it hidden about her petticoat. The puff-ball is the devil's snuff-box.

2.—Trees.

The virtues of the rowan tree are well-known, and so it must not be burnt in the fire. The aspen is not liked; it was the tree that Christ was crucified upon, and hence it quivers. Do not go after cattle with an aspen stick. The pine is a lucky tree, "serviceable to living and dead," as the old word says. Juniper was burnt in the cattle stalls that its fumes might keep off witches.

X.—PLACES.

1.—*Places of Good or Ill Fame.*

A churchyard is of course an uncanny place. Passing there by night one may meet a ghost ; indeed, the daring to do such a thing invites the evil spirits to meet one and punish him. Deep pools and noisome caves are also uncanny ; and the spot where a murder or a suicide was committed is accursed ; a ghost may at any time be met with there. Even the place where a person dropped down dead, or where one died accidentally, is not canny. Churches and elders' grounds are, on the other hand, sacred from evil powers. Old chapels were places of superstitious resort in the 17th century, and there are numerous edicts of the Presbytery and Synod Courts on record against the practice. This excerpt from the records of the Synod of Moray, under date of the 26th April, 1626, when the meeting was held at Elgin, must suffice :—"In respect it is surmised that many people has gain this year to wells and cheppellis in forme of pillgrimage from all quarters within this province, therefore ye Synod ordaines everie brother to sumond a number of their parochiners to compeir ouklie [weekly] before ye bishop and his bailzie qo hes obtained ane commission for repressing ye same and that ye brethren of ye exerccis of Elgin begin this course the next oulk."

2.—*Peculiarities.*

Any peculiarity may make a place have some superstitious connection. Most caves have stories told about them—a piper may have disappeared into one. Rocks and stones of peculiar shapes, and more especially holed stones, or stones shaped like chairs, are famed in superstition. Thus Clach-bhan, or Wives' Stone, near the Linn of Avon, was famed as the resort of ladies in a certain condition ; if they sat on the stone, safety was theirs and immunity from pain.

3.—*Holy Wells.*

Their number is almost countless. Nearly every district has a holy well and a rag bush near at hand. Their virtues were various ; cures for madness, lameness, deafness, &c., formed leading characteristics in each case. The old records of the Church are full of fulminations against the resort to wells and the "supplication" of them.

4.—*The Ancient Monuments.*

The stone circles and the megaliths and monoliths scattered about the land do not now give rise so much to superstition as to myth and story. Here and there we meet with the grave of some hero of Fenian renown, buried under some huge monolith, but superstition has little to do with them, though the early Mediæval Church seems to have had a struggle to suppress the worship of stones and monuments.

XI.—MATERIAL OBJECTS AND INANIMATE NATURE GENERALLY.

We may here follow the old division of the four elements—fire, water, earth, and air.

1.—*Fire.*

Fire is a most sacred element in superstition. A barrier of fire kept evil spirits away, and hence they circulated people in certain crises, like birth and death, with fire. The need-fire was resorted to in cattle diseases, and, in any case, the cattle were in old times passed between the Beltane fires. Even in modern days, the youth used to jump through the Hallowe'en fires (*samlhagan*) when they got sufficiently low in the blaze to do so with safety. It is lucky if one's clothes take fire. Sparks from the fire mean money coming. People should be careful about giving a kindling to others; no kindling should be given on New Year's Day.

2.—*Water.*

Evil spirits cannot follow one across a running stream, and the water from the ford, over which dead and living pass, has efficacy against the evil eye. A south running stream had virtues in its water more than any other stream.

3.—*Earth.*

Objects of earth as an element includes all metals and other materials of which the solid crust is formed.

Metals.—Iron is of special value in warding off witches and fairies, for they delight only in the weapons of the age of stone or bronze. Silver too has much efficacy; a silver coin in a gun is sure to kill or maim a witch when a leaden bullet would have no effect.

Salt.—Salt appears in many superstitions. It is unlucky to spill salt, or to offer to or take salt from another.

Stones.—Stones of a crystalline character, and of a rounded form, are used as amulets; they may protect the person in battle, the water off them may cure cattle or even persons, and rubbing them to the diseased or sore parts brings a sure cure. Flint arrow heads are fairy arrows, and are lucky to have about the house. They are used as amulets.

Earth from the graves of one's ancestors is considered on the West Coast as a charm against dangers in foreign parts, especially in battle.

4.—*Air.*

We may consider thunder and storm and rain as belonging to the province of air. Putting a tongs in the fire stops thunder. Lighting a fire outside brings rain, or whirling a brand round one's head does the same. A wind may come if it is whistled for lowly and gently, but you should not whistle for wind out of mere sport; it will come as a hurricane, and perhaps drown you.

XII.—FORM, NUMBER, COLOUR, AND SUCH.

1.—*Form.*

We saw that a heart-shaped piece of lead was turned back so as to put a person's heart back into its proper place. Rings have much potency in superstition, and rotundity generally forms an important element, especially in the efficacy of stones and amulets. What exactly lends its virtue to the horse shoe we cannot say—whether it be its form, its material, or its having belonged to the horse. It may be all combined.

2.—*Pictures and Writing.*

Some decent old Highland people have been known to object to getting their photographs taken. They thought that they lost some virtue or power by the process. A picture falling from the wall is a sure precedent of death. Toothache charms are written on a slip of paper, and carefully kept about the person if possible. The paper must not be lost; if it is the toothache at once returns.

3.—*Number.*

There is luck in odd numbers, it is said. The sacred numbers in the Highlands are 3 and 9, and next to these come 7 and 13, but the latter is not a favourite number, especially if it denotes the number of a company. It was the number present at the Last Supper, and it is regarded still as unlucky.

4.—*Colour.*

Colour, we said, was efficacious in inflammatory diseases, especially red colour. Green must on no account be worn at a marriage; it is the fairies' colour, and they would resent it. We have known people that would wear nothing green. The colour of one's hair forms an indication to one's qualities—

Fear dubh dàna, fear bàn bleideil,
Fear donn dualach, 's fear ruadh sgeigeil.

XIII.—TIMES, SEASONS, DAYS.

Superstition, as well as custom, fixed on certain days of the year or the week as lucky or unlucky, or as proper to conduct some rites bearing on the supernatural world. Day and night, the sun and moon and the stars—all have their share of superstition.

1.—*Day and Night.*

Nearly all the superstitions about night have already been noticed. It is the time "when churchyards yawn, and graves yield up their dead." But after the crowing of the cock night is as safe as day; this indefinite hour is generally set down as one o'clock in the morning. Evil spirits up to that hour roam about seeking whom they may molest. The hour of sunrise is an important hour in superstition; then must one cull the flowers, or find the objects upon which certain charms depend.

2.—*Sun, Moon, Stars.*

Sun.—The sun is always of good reputation in superstition. For luck, every thing and every person must, at the start, turn sunwise:—"Car deiseil air gach ni"—sunwise turn for everything.

Moon.—Many are the superstitions connected with the moon. When old people saw the new moon they blessed it—

"Sud agaibh a' ghealach ùr,
Is Rìgh nan Dùl ga beannachadh."

The waxing and waning of the moon must be watched in the conduct of farm and other business. Beasts are killed in the increase of the moon; if in its wane, the flesh would shrink. The moon has influence on the growth of trees, and trees must be cut only at the decrease—it seasons the wood better. Alder would split if cut when the moon is on the increase. Corn and hay are cut on

the increase of the moon to avoid shrinkage. The male young of cattle are "cut" on the decrease of the moon.

The Stars.—Astrology is practically unknown in the Highlands.

3.—*The Months.*

May is unlucky for marriage. There are other bad seasons too: *mios marbh* is the end of winter, practically February—nothing grows, no beast is killed, and no marriage takes place. The last fortnight of July and the first fortnight of August is called *mios crochaidh nan con*—the hanging of the dog's month.

4.—*The Days of the Week.*

Friday is against the week always, and it is a day on which no new enterprise is undertaken. Tuesdays and Thursdays are the days for marriage.

5.—*The Calendar.*

The festival days had and have many superstitions and more queer customs attached to them. The subject has been oftener treated than any other phase of superstition, and we merely mention the important days—

- (a) New Year's Day.
- (b) Shrovetide.
- (c) Beltane.
- (d) St John's Eve.
- (e) Hallowe'en.
- (f) Christmas.

In later times the old practices have died out, leaving only the mirthful side of the customs formerly in vogue. This relates especially to the various practices of divination resorted to by young people in order to find out who is to be one's future partner in life. It is the young also who keep up the practices of Hallowe'en and other fires, round which and through which they dance and jump with mirthful glee.

Mr William Mackay thereafter read the following paper :—

TWO LETTERS BY SIMON LORD LOVAT.

The following letters have been kindly sent to me by W. Hay-Newton, Esquire of Newton, Haddingtonshire. The first was addressed by Lord Lovat to Miss Ann Stuart, daughter of Bailie

John Stuart, one of those aristocratic merchants who carried on large businesses in Inverness in the olden time. Mr Stuart was a grandson of one of the barons of Kincardine, in Strathspey, and was closely related to the famous Colonel John Roy Stewart. His wife was Christina Macleod, daughter of Alexander Macleod of Drynoch, a cadet of the family of Macleod of Macleod. Their daughter, Miss Ann Stuart, was therefore a near connection of Lord Lovat, who addresses her "My dear cousin." Sir John Stuart, Count of Maida, was her nephew—a grandson of the Bailie.

The ball which the young lady was to attend was given by the St Andrew's Lodge of Freemasons, which consisted of the gentlemen of the county and the *elite* of the burgh. Evan Baillie of Abriachan, to whom Lovat refers, was Master of the Lodge for several years; and Major Caulfield and Collector George Colville, whom he also mentions, were prominent members. St Andrew's Lodge was united in 1839 with St John's Lodge, which is one of the oldest in Scotland.

In 1742 Miss Stuart was married to Richard Hay-Newton of Newton, and the second letter was written to the bridegroom on the occasion of that event. The present Mr Hay-Newton is a lineal descendant of the marriage.

I.—TO MISS ANN STUART, INVERNESS.

My dear Cousine,

I was very sorry to understand that you had a bad cold since you went into Inverness. If you had stayd in my little house, where the air is very good and wholesome, and where you was as wellcome as in your ffather's house, it would have savd you from the bad air and durty streets of Inverness, which has brought that cold upon you. However, I am exeeding glad to know that it is almost over, and I hope this letter will find you perfectly recoverd and in intire good health, which I wish with all my soull, and I sincerely assure you and your worthy ffather and mother and all the family of my most affectionate humble duty, best respects, and best wishes.

As you promis'd to honour Miss Fraser with your good company at Christmas, I have sent this express to know what time you would have the horse and chaise goin for you.

I know you will be much sollicitd and importuned to be at the ball that the gentlemen masons give on Monday next. If a friend of yours was king at the ball I think it would be a right

thing in you to honour it with your presence. But, as Major Caulfield is to be king of the ball, I know no call you have to do him honour.

Evan Baillie told me that Caulfield and Collector Colvill were to come here in a day or two to see me. I own Caulfield is not blate, and if he makes me a visit after cutting my throat, and doing me all the injury in his power, and was the great instrument of breaking of my company, it plainly proves that he was born and bred an Irishman. But I have had severall proofs of the same many years ago. But, my dear Miss, as it would be very impolite in me to wish that you should deprive yourself of the pleasures of that ball since you have a great many friends that will be at that ball that are masons, you should go to please them, without taking any great notice of Major Caulfield ; and when the ball is over I shall send in my chaise for you, and my friend and your cousine, the Laird of Abriachen, will have the honour to convey you here, and you may freely command your time to go and to come here without the least constraint, according as it suites your pleasure and convenience.

Since I wrote what is above, Major Caulfield and Collector Colvill are come here to diner. Mr Colvill is my relation, and is always very wellcome to me, but I own that all the good manners and politeness that ever I learned and practic'd was put to a tryall how to behave with the other gentleman. However, good nature got the better, and I let him see that I could be as complaisant, polite, and civill in my own house as if he had never done me the least injury. He was telling me that it is not sure that he was to be king of the ball. But, whether he is or not, my kindly advice to you, my dear cousine, is that you should have that complaisance for your friends as to go to that ball, which they cannot but take well, and they would have reason to take it amiss if you did otherways. But I earnestly beg you may take care of your health, for the ballroom is a cursed cold room. I wish you had my chair to take you in and out. Duncan Fraser can get it to you, and it will do me vast pleasure that you should take it, and I only propose it for your health, which I do wish as well as I do my own daughter's, for I am with a singular esteem and a very sincere attachment and respect, my dear Miss, your most obedient and most faithfull humble servant, and most affectionate cousine,

LOVAT.

Beaufort, 20th December, 1741,
past 12 at night.

II.—TO RICHARD HAY-NEWTON OF NEWTON.

Sir,

Tho' I have not the honour to be known to you, yet I have that of being related to your family severall ways, tho' at a distance ; but now my relation is nearer to you than to any of your family by your happy marriage to my dear cousine, Mrs Ann Stuart. It certainly rejoices me much to see my cousine so happy as to be married to a gentleman of your birth, of your fortune, and of good character, and at the same time I can assure you, sir, that if a good wife can make a man happy, which is generally thought the greatest happiness on earth, I can freely pronounce you the happiest man in the Island of Brittain, for your young lady, my cousine, is well known to be of a singular good temper, of a most agreeable humour, and truly endowd with good sense and understanding, and all the virtues that are known in her sex. It is therefore from my heart and soul, dear sir, that I wish you and your young lady much joy with all the felicities and advantages that can be imagined in humane life.

I cannot omit to tell you, sir, that, as you are born one of the best gentlemen of the kingdome, I can assure you that your young lady needs not yield to any gentlewoman of the kingdom for birth and blood, for, as the Royall family of Stuart must be esteemed one of our best familys, her ffather, Bailie Stuart, who is a grand-child of the Baron of Kinkardline, is most certainly descended of the Royall family without bastardy. And as to her mother, I am oblig'd to tell truth of her birth ; she being a grand-child of the Laird of Macleod's family, and my mother being a daughter of Macleod's, which makes our near relation ; and I can say, without any exaggeration, that Macleod is the head of as old a family as is in the kingdome, and can say for the honour of his family what few gentlemen in Scotland can say, and that is that his predecessors were in possession of that same lands and great estate that he has this day above 500 years ago. This I know by unquestionable authority of Mr Alexander Macleod and Mr John Macleod, both advocates, and known to be men of absolute honour and integrity, who examined Macleod's charter chest and put it in order. I hope, sir, you will pardon this detail, for I thought I was oblig'd in duty to my cousine, your lady, and to you to give you this account that you might contemn and despise the calumnious lyes that are invented and spread in the town of Inverness, which that town abounds in.

If I had not been oppressd with the ague these four weeks past I had certainly done myself the honour to have pay'd my duty to

you and to my dear cousine, your young lady, before now ; and I woud have endeavourd to have been witness to your happy marriage, and as soon as I am in condition to travell the length of Inverness, my first visite will be to pay my respects to the happy new married couple, and when you think it proper to take the countrey air I shall be mighty glad to have the honour to see you in this little hutt, where you shall be as wellcome as in any of your cousine, the Marquiss of Tweddale's, palaces, and if I knew your dyd I would send in my chariot for you and for your lady. My eldest daughter, who is a great favourite of your lady's, joins with me in assuring you and our dear cousine, your lady, of our most affectionate humble duty and best respects, and I am with attachment and respect, dear sir, your most obedient and most faithfull humble servant, and affectionate cousine,

LOVAT.

Beaufort, 3rd June, 1742.

Mr Mackay also exhibited Lord Lovat's pocket-book, which Mr Hay-Newton had sent him for that purpose. It is a beautiful specimen of the binder's art--the clasps being of silver. It contains the following memorandum in Lovat's handwriting :—

“Memo., 30th November, 1738, took the Oaths of Allegiance and Abjuration at the Court-House on Great Tower Hill.”

Nine years later he suffered death on the same Tower Hill for breaking those oaths.

18th APRIL, 1888.

At this meeting, Mr Duncan Campbell, editor, *Northern Chronicle*, read a paper, entitled—

‘THE IMPERIAL IDEA IN EARLY BRITISH HISTORY.

It is, in general, an indefensible thing to put the cart before the horse, but I think it convenient, at starting, to indicate what I am aiming at. Briefly stated, the main propositions I intend to suggest are something like these :—That the Roman-British *Imperatores* were the original tap-root of both the Fionn and Arthurian legends : That the original Feinne was the army which invested the first Fionn *Imperator* with the purple : That Fionn is not a personal name, but the Gaelic word for Emperor : and That Guledig is the Welsh equivalent for Fionn and *Imperator*. Allow me, at the outset, to say that, if in trying to fix historical

shadows and to catch ghosts, I may seem to speak dogmatically, that is not because of the surety of fixed conviction, but because of my desire to condense misty thoughts and to bring plausibilities, sustained by some show of evidence, intelligibly before you.

It is utterly impossible to reconcile Macpherson's Ossian with the known facts of Scottish and British history, during and immediately after the Roman domination. Partial perversion had probably taken place in the Irish Ossianic ballads, orally transmitted from generation to generation, before Macpherson began to gather them; but he and his school perverted them so thoroughly that they became at once more fabulous than Geoffrey of Monmouth's British History. Before the year 1512, the Dean of Lismore and his brother fortunately collected a considerable number of popular poems attributed to Ossian, Fergus, and other third, fourth, and fifth century bards, along with resurrection ballads of the Tennysonian "Idylls of the King" sort. An overhauling of the Dean's collection is sufficient to convince any one that Fionn Mac Cumhail and his heroes and bards were all Irishmen, and Irishmen, too, who had not at all such a connection with Scotland as had Cuchullin* and the sons of Uisnech at an earlier period. Fionn Mac Cumhail is presented to us as the Irish *Imperator* or commander-in-chief of an Irish military organisation, forming a sort of national standing army called the Feinne. The army is divided into seven bands, on the pattern of the Roman-British army, we may be sure. Most of the bands are supposed to be of Fionn Mac Cumhail's own race, the Clan Baoisgne, but the two bands of the Clan of Morn are of a different race, and so Gaul Mac Morn forces Mac Cumhail to exempt him and his bands from the payment of war tribute. The Dean gives a song by "Mac Gilliondaig am fear dan," a Breadalbane poet who flourished about

* Mr Skene (*Introduction to the Dean of Lismore's Book*, page lxxx.) says: —Cuchullin was of the race of the Cruithne, and belongs both to Ulster and Scotland. In Ulster his seat was Dundegaln, and the scene of his exploits the district of Cuailgne and the mountains of Sleave Cuillin; but even Irish traditions admit that he was reared by Sgathaig, in the Isle of Skye, and here we have Duncathaig and the Cuillin Hills. The children of Uisneach were likewise Cruithne, and must have preceded the Scots, for the great scene of their Scotch adventures are the districts of Lorn, Loch Awe, and Cowall, afterwards the possessions of the Dalriadic Scots. "As to Fionn Mac Cumhail and his Clann Baoisgne, Mr Skene says that although a Herimonean pedigree is given to them, it is not the only one known to the old Irish MSS." There is a sort of probability that, like the Clann Breogan, who were an offshoot of the British Brigantes, Fionn Mac Cumhail and his tribe had kindred in Britain, and were not of the Milesian race at all.

1480, in which the position of Mac Cumhail and his Feinne is thus described—

In the days of Conn of hundred battles,
I heard something like this,
Of Fionn of spears and sharp swords,
Cumhail's son of famous deeds :
That of Erin the hunting and lordship
Belonged to Mac Cumhail of long locks.
Patrimony and lordship he hadn't
Over the lands of the race of Gaul.
Forest rights they had all his life,
From Kerry north to Carn Valair.
But he possessed the old rights
Which previously were his.
From Halloween on to Beltane
His Feinn had all the rights,
The hunting without molestation
Was theirs in all the forests ;
Many the tributes I cannot tell
Belonged to Fionn and his men.
Tribute in Erin possessed
By Mac Cumhail from the forests—
High knighthood right to the Feinne
On the banks of every stream.

We are not called upon to deny that Fionn Mac Cumhail lived and fought as an imitative Irish *Imperator*, with Feinne chiefly composed of men of his own race, about the time when the celebrated Carausius was the Roman Fionn of Britain. The presumption, in fact, is in favour of such an attempt having been made about that time to unite Ireland by a military organisation, borrowed from the neighbouring island, and headed by an imitation Carausius. But we learn that after a short, yet brilliant success, the opposition and misrule of the Kings and septs of that era prevented the triumph of the Union idea, and that Ossian was left to mourn the total collapse and disappearance of the Feinne institution. As regards North Britain, if we wish to get to a true correlation of Fionn and Feinne memorials and place-names with the actual history of our country, including its connections with Romans and Britons, we must push Fionn Mac Cumhail and his Clan Baoisgne aside as impostors with whom we have little or nothing to do.

"Fionn" was probably, like "Cæsar" and "Augustus," a personal name or epithet, signifying the "fair" or "golden-haired one," in the first instance, but in the third century it must, I think, have already, like "Cæsar" and "Augustus," lost the individual and become the Imperial dignity title. The usurping Emperor Maximus of the fourth century is styled in ancient Welsh documents by the corresponding Cymric name—Maxim Guledig. Gildas in the sixth century supplies the link which connects "Fionn" and "Guledig" by calling "Ambrose Guledig," Ambrosius *Aurelianus*. That *Aurelianus* word of his is "the golden one" literally Latinised. One would like exceedingly to know whether the splendid Menapian Celt, Carausius, who for seven years maintained himself as Emperor of Britain between the years A.D. 287 and A.D. 294, had a head of golden hair. He is more likely than any one else to have been the original Fionn who bequeathed to future ages the idea of Imperial British unity which never could die out; although, unfortunately, Celtic fickleness, petty feuds, and sept divisions left it finally to Saxon steadiness to give it full embodiment and to profit thereby. The Saxons called their Fionn Bretwalda, or Guardian of Britain, and after long see-saw conflicts between rival kingly houses for supremacy, Bretwalda Egbert of Wessex united all England. Some of his successors asserted their Imperialism by assuming the Greek title of *Basileus* in State documents. A few years after Egbert's death Kenneth Mac Alpin united Scotland north of the Friths of Forth and Clyde. Kenneth was, therefore, a genuine Scottish Fionn, but nobody thought of giving him that Imperial title. It is probable from the race and associations of Kenneth that it was in his reign the process of displacing Albanic legends and songs by tales and ballads of the Irish Fionn and his Feinne began. He placed a Scoto-Irish nobility over Pictland, and a Feinne of his own people on the Swordland lines of national defence. He revolutionised the Albanic Church in the same way as the nobility. So the continuity of history was broken, and the native traditions becoming dim and confused, succumbed gradually to the songs and traditions of Ireland, the bards of that country playing a great part in effecting the work of transformation.

Let us glance at some of the events which preceded, accompanied, and followed the fall of the Roman domination in Britain. From the beginning to the end of its connection with Rome, South Britain was always under the shadow of the Imperial idea of organisation and polity, and that shadow must, at different times and in different ways, have spread over Ireland and Scotland.

Scots and Picts were not always in conflict with the Emperors ; they sometimes must have followed them in their continental wars. Had he not been treacherously murdered by his base but clever minister, Allectus, Carausius would in all probability have succeeded in establishing a stable British Empire independent of the rest of the Roman world. He was a Celt himself, and his achievements and the largeness of his sea and land forces, as well as the internal peace of Britain during his reign, indicate that he must have secured the friendship and alliance of both the Irish races and the Caledonians, after having first shown them how effectively his fleet and army could repress their incursions. After having for three years worn the purple he had snatched from his murdered master, Allectus was defeated and killed by Constantius Chlorus. If we may reasonably suppose that Carausius was the first Fionn whose personal epithet became the Gaelic equivalent of *Imperator*, we must conclude at the same time that the army, aye and the fleet, of Britain which invested him with the purple formed his Feinne. This supposition makes many dark things in our early British history luminous and intelligible. Putting aside the ephemeral Imperial usurpers who rose and fell in Britain, we have in the regular or regularised Emperors, Carausius, Constantius Chlorus, Constantine the Great, Maximus, and Constantine the father—or more probably the grandfather—of Ambrosius, men who, we may be sure, must have had bands of auxiliaries from North Britain and Ireland in the great armies they led from these islands to the Continent. Constantius Chlorus, after recovering Britain, ruled it from York, whose Celtic name is Eborac, and there he died A.D. 306, fifteen months after he had ceased to be Caesar, and received the higher title of Augustus. Whether Helena, the first wife of Constantius, was of British race or not, there is no doubt that their son, Constantine the Great, lived many of his early years in Britain, that it was by the army of Britain he was first saluted *Imperator*, and that it was mainly through the army of Britain he made himself master of the Roman world. Is it any stretch of imagination to hold it most credible that Caledonians and wandering Scots followed this great Fionn to the East, and saw the New Rome on the Bosphorus rising in its Imperial grandeur? About A.D. 360, the Saxons first appear on the scene as bands of sea rovers who harass the Roman province from the east, while the Picts invade it from the north, and the wandering Scots of Ireland pour invading hosts from the west through Wales, upon its richest districts. The Emperor Valentinian sent his best general, the elder Theodosius, with veteran troops, and before 370, the district

between the walls was recovered, and the Attacotti were grouped into cohorts, some of which were taken over to guard the passes of the Alps, and some of which remained at home to guard the northern walls. The Saxons and Scots were also got rid of for the time. The fair peace established by Theodosius did not long endure. In A.D. 383, the army of Britain revolted from Gratian, and proclaimed Maximus *Imperator*. We now come to the early Welsh chroniclers, who call this man "Maxim Guledig." But for a little time longer we do not lose completely the steadier light of the Latin and Greek historians. Maximus was the son of a Spaniard, but it seems that he was born and brought up in Britain. At anyrate he married a British lady, Helena, the daughter of Eudda, a Caernarvonshire chief. He must have been popular with all the Celtic races, for his memory was seemingly treasured by the Irish as well as by the Welsh chroniclers. The British people not only confirmed his election by the legions, but sent all their young men to join his standard. Maximus passed over to Gaul with an army of thirty thousand, gathered, we may depend on it, from all parts of the British Isles. That was not all. The miscellaneous British army, which overwhelmed Gratian and his army of Gaul, was followed by a hundred thousand miscellaneous plebeian, or peasant, emigrants, whom Maximus settled in Armorica. Thus was the lesser Britain founded, and in the next century its British population was much increased by refugees flying from Saxon oppression. After the death of Gratian, Theodosius the Great felt compelled to receive Maximus as his colleague in the Empire, and to cede to him Britain, Gaul, and Spain. He ruled these countries in peace, and with great vigour too, for six years. Then his restless ambition led him to invade Italy, where he was defeated and killed. The last Roman Fionn who led the British Feinne to the Continent, and made himself master of Gaul and Spain, was Constantine, the father, or grandfather, of Ambrosius Aurelianus. Gildas says "the parents" of Ambrosius were "for their merit adorned with the purple." It is a fact that Constantine called his son Constans out of a monastery, and associated that youth with himself in purple dignity. From the words of Gildas it would seem that Ambrosius was the son of Constans and grandson of Constantine, since both are called his "parents." Constantine was regularly accepted by Honorius as his colleague in the Empire, and after four years' reign he was dreaming of marching to Italy to clear it of Barbarians, when he was wretchedly betrayed by Count Gerontius, whose British name was Geraint. Constans was ensnared and killed a little while

before his father's death. It was in this way that the British Celts ever hastened by treachery and murder to throw away their Imperial opportunities. While Constantine was reigning in Gaul over the three countries, the friends of the Theodosian family stirred up an insurrection in Spain, and the Greek historian Zosimus relates that this rising was suppressed by nine bands of Honorians or free-lances recruited by Constantine from barbarous races. He further says that two of the bands were Attacotti, that is to say, people from the district between the two walls, whether Scots, Picts, or Britons, we cannot perhaps precisely tell, but Celts undoubtedly, and Scots probably.

Historical events, when attributed to wrong persons, or fixed to wrong eras, almost assume the guise of deliberate fables. We find in the Dean of Lismore's collection of so-called Ossianic poetry all sorts of tremendous anachronisms and improbabilities. Ossian, whose father Fionn and whose son Oscar perished with the rest of the Feinne—the bard alone excepted—*Ossian an deigh na Feinne*—at the end of the third century, is brought into communion, not always sweet, with St Patrick in the middle of the fifth century. Perhaps the unknown bards of unknown periods who personated Ossian had some good old wine of history to pour into their Irish leather bottles, although they spilt it. Perhaps their fundamental error consisted in supposing there never had been but one Fionn, and in consequently claiming for the son of Cumhal what properly belonged to the Roman Emperors connected with Britain who led mixed hosts across the Channel, and ruled Britain, Gaul, and Spain, before the Saxons came, conquered, and gave a new name to Roman Britain. This is how a bard without a name speaks for Ossian in a poem picked up by the Dean :—

From Mac Cumhail's fort we set out,
The expedition of eight I remember.
First of all we made for Albyn ;
'Twas with a struggle we reached it.
There a king fell by Mac Cumhail—
The expedition of eight I remember.
We then strove to get to Sasunn,
Exploits and slayings were there ;
Every stronghold was seized by Finn—
The expedition of eight I remember.
To Italy we then carried the battle,
And fiercely we fought in its harbours ;

Triumphs and treaties we had there—
The expedition of eight I remember.
In France did we then make war,
Where we had many great hardships ;
Submission and treaties were made—
The expedition of eight I remember.
After that we fought in Spain,
There we had prey and great spoil :
I have traversed the earth in my day—
The expedition of eight I remember.
We next carried war to Britain,
'Twas fearful and full of danger ;
Yet did we earn a triumph—
The expedition of eight I remember.
We bore along "Crom nan Carn"
O'er the fierce stormy sea ;
Every land made to us submission—
The expedition of eight I remember.
After it we led the chiefs,
Most gentle and holy Patrick,
Who made their submission to Finn—
The expedition of eight I remember.
Sanctify, O Patrick, my soul,
Thou blessed and privileged man,
For I have sinned in thy sight—
The expedition of eight I remember.

As it stands, the song of the eight—probably eight leaders of companies—is a fine jumble of inconsistencies and impossibilities, but strike out "Mac Cumhail," leaving "Finn" alone in his glory, change back "France" to Gaul, give "Sasunn" its Roman name, strike out the reference to St Patrick, and what have we then? A ballad which a band of Irish auxiliaries that served Carausius, Constantine the Great, Maximus, or even the last Constantine, by sea and land, might have sung with complete historical accuracy—or at least as much historical accuracy as is usually to be found in such *ex-parte* productions. In another ballad in the Dean's collection we find Garry's statement to Fionn regarding the Clan Morn's reasons for killing Cumhal, his father. This ballad contains some very old words and phrases, and by accident or otherwise it is free from the usual gross anachronisms:—

Ere ever thou had'st so moved,
 Walking in the steps of thy father,
 Lightly could we leap o'er streams
 Were it not for the wiles of Cumhal.
 'Twas Cumhal got influence o'er us,
 'Twas Cumhal oppressed us sore,
 'Twas Cumhal that banished us far
 To the land of the strangers away.
 Some he sent to Albyn fair,
 And some to Lochlin dark,
 The third to Greece the white,
 We all from each other were torn.
 Sixteen years were we all
 Severed from Erin ; 'tis truth—
 No small calamity was this
 Never each other to see.

A sturdy assertion of relationship between the Greek and the Gael is a striking feature of the songs collected by the Dean. This surely could not have come down from prehistoric times, when these two branches of the Aryan tree still remembered their separation. It cannot be satisfactorily ascribed to the Crusades, or to the fact that a few Irish and Albanic Celts served before and after the Crusades in the Varangian Guards of the Greek Emperors, although these things might have revived and strengthened an older memory. Is it not likely that the older memory was due to service under what we may call the British group of Emperors, including Constantine the Great ?

We Highlanders of Scotland are in a most singular position. Memorials of Fionn and the Feinne abound in our country. We have a long chain of "caistealan nam Fiann" stretching from Argyll through the Grampians to Dunkeld, and several branch lines stretching thence through Magh Fortrenn, the longest of which curves north-eastward and ends in the once famous fortress of Dunottar. From Loch Linnhe through Gleann Mor-na h-Alba a corresponding northern line of defence can be traced. Who were the Feinne that in historic times held these great lines of forts ? The standing armies of the Kings of Alba. The land along these lines belonged to the Crown, mostly all, until after Bannockburn. It was divided into "toiseachdan" or thanages among the king's toisich and the king's men, who held it directly from the sovereign on military service or *coir a chlaidheamh*, that is to say, right of the sword tenure. New dynasties, and sometimes new kings of

the one dynasty, changed toisich and men, if they wished to put others on whose fidelity they could better rely, or who claimed closer kindred with them, in the old men's places. On their first coming into the country the Cruithne made Fortrenn their Sword-land, and so it remained under both Picts and Scots till after the death of Alexander the Fierce. Yea, feudalism notwithstanding, the thanages along the Grampian line of forts, and on the Ness line too, remained, with few exceptions, vested in the Crown, and provided our kings with the standing army that enforced the law, until the war of Independence. In the reigns of Robert and David Bruce the thanages were prodigally given out on feudal tenure, and subsequent kings were therefore less capable than the former ones of upholding their authority against rebel leagues of barons, and outrages of law-breakers.

I think I may venture to say that the Grampian chain of forts and the Feinne which held it, were the imitated counterfeits of the Roman wall between the Friths of Forth and Clyde, and of the Roman army which manned it. But within the time dealt with by the early chroniclers there never was a Fionn at the head of the Albanic Feinne. No Pictish or Scottish King either claimed or received that Imperial title. We know from Tacitus—and if Tacitus had not told it we would not have heard a syllable about it—that in the year 86 of the Christian era the Caledonian chiefs and septs were compelled by the peril of Agricola's invasion to compose their feuds and to elect Galgacus as leader of their united forces. Galgacus might well have been called Fionn had the name been then known. No place-names or other memorials of Galgacus have come down to us. It is indeed a noteworthy thing that although Ireland and Scotland—perhaps Scotland more than Ireland—must have been all along alive with popular traditions of the Imperial time, yet the annalists of the two countries from the seventh century downwards ignored the Fionn Saga altogether. Adamnan, who died in 704, says nothing about it. The tripartite life of St Patrick and the annals of Tighernac make no reference even to Fionn Mac Cumhail and his Feinne. As regards Scotland the "Pictish Chronicle," the "Duan Albanach," and the "Prophecy of St Berchan," ranging from the end of the ninth to the end of the eleventh centuries are equally dumb. If we duly consider the matter, I think we can understand why Scottish and Irish kings, and Scottish and Irish churchmen, ignored the popular Fionn Saga, and wished to kill it. In its true historical form it favoured the pretensions of the kings of England to Imperial supremacy, and the claims of the Archbishops of Canter-

bury and York to metropolitan supremacy over the older Celtic Churches. It was a touch of the Cymric wand which brought out the first reference to the *Feinne* that can be found in Irish literature. The "History of the Britons," to which the name of Nennius was by that time attached, was translated into Gaelic by the Irish Sennachy, Giollocamhan, some short time before 1072, when he died. In Irish additions, which were afterwards attached to that work, the "*Fene*" are mentioned, not as an Irish standing army, divided on the model of the Roman *exercitus* into cohorts or bands, but as "lordly men, Scuit or Gaidheal," who for want of land—an old complaint with the race, it seems—came from "Scythia to the setting sun." But there is not a word in these additions about Fionn Mac Cumhail and the other heroes of the bardic songs and popular traditions. When was the process of imposing the Irish Fionn and Feinne upon the Highlanders, and through them also on the Scottish Lowlanders, fully completed? Evidently very soon after the feudalisation of the Swordland thanages. Before 1376, Barbour could in his "*Bruce*" say :—

Methinkes Morthoeke's son
Right as Gow Mac Morn was won
To have from Fingal his menzie.

It is pretty clear from this reference that the Irish heroes had imposed themselves, through the Irish bards, upon Highland forgetfulness of real Imperial history, a hundred years before the Dean of Lismore made his collection. I may be quite wrong in several of the views, both negative and positive, which I venture, with considerable diffidence, to suggest to you for your further consideration; but I cannot be wrong in saying that we must thoroughly rid ourselves of Fionn Mac Cumhail with his whole Irish clanjamfry, and begin investigations upon entirely new lines, before we can hope to bring our Fionn and Feinne memorials into line with genuine national history, and make the one throw light upon the other.

Let us now see how the Guledig or Imperial idea worked among the Britons when they were left to their own resources. Although faint, the historical light is rather continuous. When the Latin and Greek historians become silent, Gildas, about A.D. 560, takes up the interrupted tale. The genuine poems of Taliessin, Aneurin, and Llywarch Hen are nearly as old as the work of Gildas—some of them, from internal evidence, would appear to be quite as old. The "History of the Britons," to which the name of Nennius became attached in 868, was a work which grew

by degrees. The early part of it was completed about 738, and it is this early part which gives King Arthur's history. Marc the Anchorite brought out an enlarged edition in 823, and twenty-five years later came the edition of Nennius. What then do we gather from the poetry and prose of these early Cymric bards and ecclesiastics? That when abandoned by the Romans, and immediately after Constantine was betrayed and killed in Gaul, the Britons appointed another Guledig. This was not Vortigern but Cunedda from Manau, or Manand, near Edinburgh. The Britons had three Gosgordds or bodies of cavalry, each containing three hundred, with corresponding infantry, on the legionary model, "to man the walls and guard the passes of the island of Britain." After the Saxons, whom he called in to aid him against the Picts and Scots, betrayed Vortigern's trust in them, and seized much of the country, Ambrosius Aurelianus became the Guledig. Gildas says:—"But in the meanwhile, an opportunity happening when their most cruel robbers ('the Saxons') were returned home, the poor remnant of our nation (to whom flocked from divers places round about our miserable countrymen as fast as bees to their hives, for fear of an ensuing storm), being strengthened by God, calling upon Him with all their hearts, as the poet says—

With their unnumbered vows they burden heaven,
that they might not be brought to utter destruction, took arms under the conduct of Ambrosius Aurelianus, a modest man, who of all the Roman nation was then alone, in the confusion of this troubled period, by chance left alive. His parents, who for their merit were adorned with the purple, had been slain in these same broils, and now his progeny, in these our days, although shamefully degenerated from the worthiness of their ancestors, provoke to battle their cruel conquerors, and by the goodness of our Lord obtain the victory. After this, sometimes our countrymen, sometimes the enemy, won the field, to the end that our Lord might in this land try after his accustomed manner these our Israelites, whether they loved him or not, until the year of the siege of Mount Badon, where took place also the last almost, though not the least, slaughter of our cruel foes, which was (as I am sure) forty-four years and one month after the landing of the Saxons, and also the time of my own nativity. And yet neither to this day are the cities of our country inhabited as before, but being forsaken and overthrown, still lie desolate; our foreign wars having ceased, but our civil troubles still remaining."

Is it not a provoking thing that Gildas forgets to give us the slightest sketch of Arthur's career? He tells us he was born himself in the year of the siege of Mount Badon—one of Arthur's celebrated battles—and yet he never mentions Arthur once by name. Arthur and Medraut, or Modred, fell fighting against one another in the battle of Camlan, on the Carron, not far from Stirling, in 537. Medraut was the uncle of St Kentigern, or Mungo, of Glasgow, and the son of that Llew or Loth whom Arthur himself had placed as King over the mixed Saxon, Frisian, Pictish, and British population of the Lothians. Gildas was twenty-one years of age when Arthur died, and yet the provoking man tells us nothing about him! Still, we have to thank him for saving Ambrose Guledig from myth or oblivion. We have five Welsh poems which are nearly if not quite as old as the book of Gildas, in which Arthur figures, and the account given of him in the "History of the Britons" seems to be fairly reliable. There were Guledigs and Guledigs. The succession of shadowy Emperors was kept up from Cunedda, in 411, until Ida, ten years after Arthur's death, brought a new colony to Northumbria, and joining it with the old Teutonic settlers there formed the great kingdom of Bernicia. Unfortunately for the Britons, they did not give stability to the Guledigship by making it hereditary in the descendants of the Imperial Constantine. They left that principle of stability to be utilised by the Saxons. Still, during the one hundred and thirty years of mortal strife, there were three Guledigs of the Constantine descent, namely, Ambrose, Uther Pendragon, and Arthur. We have only to do in the Fionn connection with the last.

Whoever was the first, King Arthur was the last Fionn who fought in Scotland. Almost all, if not all, his celebrated battles were fought on this side of the Tyne and the Solway. I don't think his first battle was fought on the river Glein in Ayrshire. I believe it was fought on the Glein in Northumberland. Arthur fought his battles with Saxons and Picts, but the probability is that the Scots, who were then founding their Argyllshire kingdom, were his allies, and that his Fionn memory went down associated with affectionate feelings among their descendants. If such was the case, King Arthur was the Scottish Fionn whose place in legend and song the Irish Mac Cumhail afterwards usurped. The alliance of the Picts and Saxons dated back to 360, when the Scots were also in the confederacy. But after Arthur's time, the British people of Strathclyde—a kingdom which owed its existence to Arthur's achievements—and the Scots of Dalriada continued long to be friendly allies, while, as a rule, Picts and Northumbrians

were leagued against them. That state of things endured down to Kenneth McAlpin's time. There is a song of Taliessin which appears to have been composed before Arthur's career came to its close, because it mentions only his earlier battles. This song tells us that "the blessed Arthur" was of the race of the "steel Ala," or legionary cavalry, that he guarded the country, made swift irruptions with cavalry, and some famous assault over the wall. We are then told about the rise of him as Guledig :—

From the destruction of chiefs,
In a butchering manner,
From the loricated Legion,
Arose the Guledig
Around the old renowned boundary.

Another old song says that three times three hundred horsemen listened to Arthur, and that he had sixty *Canhurs*, or hundreds, of infantry to place on the *mur* or wall. These numbers, cavalry and infantry, agree precisely with the organisation and full complement of the Roman Legion.

Mr Skene, our chief guide, philosopher, and friend, in all matters of Celtic history, has ransacked the Welsh songs, and the chronicles, with their glosses and additions, about the twelve celebrated battles of Arthur. He places them all in the region between the walls, and within the present bounds of Scotland. He is right in his main contention, but I venture to demur to three of his identifications. I think Arthur first checked the encroachments of the Angles in Northumbria, and then proceeded to the northern wall to fight with the allied Picts and mixed Teutonic communities of the Lothians who were trying to conquer the present counties of Stirling, Dumbarton, and Lanark. It was on the shores of Loch Lomond, in *regione Linnuis*, the district called by modern Highlanders "Leannaidh," and on a stream called the Dubhglas, that he fought his second, third, fourth, and fifth battles. There the Douglas stream—or rather two of them—can be found to this day, and from the background the towering Beinn Artair (or Arthur's Ben) looks down on the scene of ancient conflict. The sixth battle was at Dunipace, not far from Stirling, and Arthurian tradition has persistently clung to Stirling through all the centuries. The seventh was in *Silva Caledonis*, the Wood of Caledon, and its Welsh name is given as *Cat Coit Celidon*. I cannot agree with Mr Skene in placing the scene of this battle in an imaginary *Coed Celyddon* in Tweeddale. The wood of Caledonia is really what is meant both by the Latin and Welsh words.

King Arthur having cleared the Lennox and the line of the Carron of the allied foes, followed them northward and defeated them again probably at *Coille Chait*, between Doune and Callander, before they found refuge within the sheltering arms of the Pass of Leny. Something then called him away from pursuing the foes through the Caledonian hills at that time. That something was probably a great invasion of Anglic settlers and sea rovers from Northumberland; for he fought his eighth battle at Castle Guinnion, in Wedale, on the Gala. The ninth battle was *in urbe Leogis*, which the *Bruts* identify with Alclyd, or Dumbarton. In 1367, when David Bruce was King, the Castle of Dumbarton was styled *Castrum Arthuri*, or Arthur's Castle, in a parliamentary document. The tenth battle was that of *Tratheu Trywruid*. Mr Skene places this battle on the banks of the Forth near Stirling. I think, on the contrary, that Arthur now penetrated the Grampians, by crossing from the Teith at Coille Chait, where he fought his seventh battle, to the Earn at Comrie. The pass of Leny might have been held too strongly to be forced without great loss, when Arthur skirted the Ben Voirlich hills, and marched down the Glen Artney forest valley, which is now and always has been called Arthur's Glen, or *Gleann Artair* in Gaelic. He was following, although by devious paths, the march lines of preceding Roman leaders, from Agricola downwards. Arthur, however, did not take the old Roman route from the great camp at Ardoch to the small camp at Fortingall. From the Earn at Crieff he struck northward to Loch Tay by Glen Turret. Loch Turret, a small mountain tarn, gives its name to this glen. Loch Turret has a sandy beach or *traigh*, and

On Tratheu Trywruid
Contending with Garwlwyd

Arthur won his tenth battle. The name of his opponent—Garwlwyd—looks as it might be the purely Gaelic words, *Garbh Leod*—"Strong Hero" in Welsh spelling. After the Glen Turret battle Arthur struck Loch Tay, and rounded it by the west or Killin end. He has left there, on the north side of the loch, the place-name of *Tir Artair*, "Arthur's Land," and this land embraces the promontory of "Fionn-Lairig." The next place-name trace of him which we find in this Grampian region is at Fortingall. The mountain stream from Sithchaillionn, which passes the old Castle of Garth on its course to the Lyon, and separates the districts of Appin and Fortingall, is called by Gilchrist Taylor, in the Gaelic poem he composed in 1437 on the murder of James I., "*Alt Art*,"

"Arthur's Burn." The eleventh battle of Arthur was fought *in monte qui dicitur Agned*, and Agned is known to be the old Welsh name for Edinburgh. The hill between Edinburgh and the Portobello shore of the Firth of Forth is, I need scarcely say, called Arthur's Seat to this day. The twelfth battle was that of Mount Badon, fought in 516. Mr Skene maintains that the scene of it was Bouden or Buden Hill, in Linlithgowshire. That completed the series of twelve, and we hear nothing further of Arthur for the next twenty-one years. In 537 both Arthur and Medraut, or Modred, fell fighting with one another at the Battle of Camlan, on the Carron, and here till last century was the strange building called Arthur's Oven, which is mentioned in a charter of 1293, by the name of *Furnus Arthuri*.

I must again revert to Arthur's irruption from the northern wall into the heart of the Caledonian woods, for I want for a little while to indulge in suggesting things which I cannot prove. Two years ago a very remarkable sculptured stone was dug up near Murthly, a few miles below Dunkeld, which is now preserved in the Antiquarian Museum, Edinburgh. Ever since the Murthly stone was dug up I have been haunted by the ghost of a pig. But I must say, in justice to my tormentor, that it is not the ghost of a common pig, but of a splendid heraldic boar, which has important historical meaning if we could only decipher it. The Murthly stone has three groups of figures. In what may be called the first panel we find a dragon without wings, which looks very like a sprawling, goggle-eyed lizard. Above the dragon is a fierce boar, that threatens to swallow a semi-human figure which, with a back look over the shoulder, is flying from it. In the centre panel are two hare-headed figures, standing up on their seal or Dagon-like tails, and vigorously shaking hands. In the third, a bird-headed man, in something like a kilt-tunic, is fighting with a dog-headed man, who opposes a round shield to the other's weapon, but is getting the worst of it, as he is clearly driven down on his knee. There is not the slightest trace of Christian symbolism, but in covenants with unbaptised races even Arthur, the Christian knight, would have to follow the customs binding on them. This seems to be a stone recording a covenant of peace following a war, in which the boar associated with the dragon obtained the victory. The hare-headed creatures are the *daoine sith*, or men of peace, who negotiated the agreement. Was the dragon not the symbol of Uther Pendragon, the father of Arthur, or was it not indeed the general symbol of the whole Cymric race? If the dragon here represents the Cymric host which followed the boar, who is repre-

sented by the boar? The boar is certainly the dominating symbol of the whole representation. It was the badge of the hero of the war, whoever that hero was. On the Earn at Trinity Gask, near Crieff, there is another stone with the boar dominating other animal symbols. The boar, we are told, was the badge of the 20th Roman Legion; but the question is, Did it become the badge of Arthur Guledig, and is this Murthly stone a clear proof of his having forced his way to the old capital of Caledonia, and dictated terms of peace there to his defeated foes? Of the semi-human figures it is as yet impossible to make much; but I would venture to suggest that the dog-headed figure represents the Picts or Cruithne. Cuchullin, the great hero of their nation, was pre-eminently *An cu*, "The dog." When they erected Sweno's stone, at Forres, centuries after Arthur's time, they put the figure of a dog on the back of it, as a symbol of their race. To revert to Arthur and the boar, I am almost ashamed to try to connect the two, by first connecting the boar's head, which is the crest of the Campbells, with King Arthur. But what can a man driven to his wits' end by the haunting ghost of an unclean animal do, but use such poor spells as he knows for laying the perturbed spirit? You will find in the appendix to the third volume of Skene's "Celtic Scotland" pedigrees of Highland clans, which were drawn up by old Irish Sennachies long before the spurious pedigrees of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries began to be manufactured. Now, in the manuscript of 1467, quoted by Mr Skene, three clans—the Campbells,* called the Clann Cailein (Colin's clan), the Mac-

* Like the Macleods, Mackenzies, and several other Highland Clans, the Campbells got a new pedigree in the seventeenth century which placed the Irish Diarmad O' Duibhne among their ancestors. That pedigree seems to have been due to the boar-head crest, and to the accident that Diarmad's father or ancestor bore the same name as their own eponymous Duibhne. We cannot find a trace of the Diarmad pedigree before the latter end of the seventeenth century. The "Duanag Ullamh" bard, circa 1576, knew nothing about it. *Neart nan Duibhneach*, not *neart siol Dhiarmaid*, is what he speaks of. The unknown bard who lamented the death of Sir Duncan Campbell of Glenorchy, in 1631, believed in the old pedigree, for he says:—

"Precious diamond of the true blood of Arthur, powerful adamant of the land of the Feinn;

Whelp of a hound of the race of Duibhne, heavy to say is our remembrance on his account.

There lies in the earth of Finlarig, the high blood of Arthur of no feeble mind."

The very first reference to the new pedigree which I can find is in the "Aos-dana MacIthich's" lament for Archibald Earl of Argyll, beheaded in 1685:—

leods, and the Nicolsons—are traced back to the mythical or mysterious personage called Fergus Leith Derg, son of Nemedh ; but of the three, the Clann Caillein alone are traced up from their early eponymous man, Duibhne, who cannot be placed earlier than 1140, through “Arthur, son of Uther, king of the world, son of Ambrois, son of Considin,” or Constantine. The pedigree is proved by documents to be absolutely correct from 1467 back to 1230. It is probably correct in the main back to Duibhne, at the end of King David’s reign. Beyond that it is evidently artificial. But the certain descent of Duibhne from Arthur is not the point. The question is, Was Duibhne, or whoever it was, who first assumed the boar-head badge, fully convinced by popular tradition and the then existing monuments that the boar was Arthur’s imperial symbol? So much for the ghost of the boar ; let us now consider the political consequences of Arthur’s irruption into the heart of ancient Caledonia. These were evidently great, yet it was the Scots of Dalriada who reaped where the Guledig had sown. They surely must have been his allies. At anyrate the conquests of the Dalriadic colony between its settlement in Argyll and the death of Arthur, were too great to be due to its own strength. The date of the settlement was A.D. 498. Fergus Mor, leader and king of the colony, died in 501, about the time when Arthur must have been fighting his Lennox series of battles. Domangart, the next Dalriadic king, made such acquisitions that he is styled *Rìgh Alban*. So is his son Comgall, who died in 538, or just a year after Arthur. The Albanic title passed from Comgall to his brother Gabran, but in 560 Gabran was defeated and slain by the Pictish King Brude MacMaelchon, who was a few years later converted and baptised by St Columba at Inverness. The seat of the Pictish monarchy must have been removed from the Tay to the

’S iomadh leoghan is triath duineil,
Is ceann buidhne,
De’n t-sliochd iarleil ud, sliochd Dhiarmaid
Mhic O’ Duibhne.

By the time of Queen Anne’s death the new pedigree had quite displaced the old, for what says John Macdonald in his splendid song of the clans !—

Gur guinneach na Guibhnich (Duibhnich),
’Nam bristeadh cheann,
Bhidh cnuachdan ga’n spuachdadh,
Le cruadul ur lann ;
Dream uasal ro uaibhreach,
Tha dual dhuith ’s an Fhraing—
’S ann o Dhiarmad a shiolaich
Por lionmhor nach gann.

Ness after the defeat of Glen Turret and the covenant of Murthly, and the Dalriadic Scots, as Arthur's allies, I suppose, must have occupied the Grampian forts, and held them for nearly sixty years, until Columba's Brude defeated them, and recovered the Sword-land, possession of which made one *Rìgh Alban*.

The reversion of the Imperial idea rightly belonged to the Celtic races who inhabited Britain and Ireland when the Western Empire was crumbling to pieces. Fionn Mac Cumhail deserved all the laudations bestowed upon him by after-time bards for making a strenuous attempt at the end of the third century, when Carausius was the Fionn of Britain, to make himself *Imperator* of Ireland. The local kings and septs, who were the Home Rulers of the time, happened to be too strong for him, and his noble attempt proved abortive. Notwithstanding that the subsequent *Ard Rìgh* system was good in theory, and would have developed into Imperialism among a less divided and more steadfast people, Celtic Ireland never again, after Fionn Mac Cumhail's fall, came within hail of real national unity. The Britons made a poor exhibition of themselves at the time the legions were withdrawn, but when they got hardened by adversity, they and their Guledigs fought stubbornly against many foes for a hundred years. They failed in the end, and the Imperial idea passed over to the Saxons, who, by slow degrees, embodied it. What the Saxons began the Normans completed, and the amalgamated races built up an Empire more extensive than that of Rome, and gave the world the educational benefits of institutions, laws, and literature, possessing nobler qualities than those of previous ages ever possessed. It would have been a sad thing for the British Isles had the failure of the Celtic races to embody the Imperial ruling-race idea been repeated by the Saxons and the Normans after they had finished their destructive work of conquest. We have reason to be thankful that it was destined to be otherwise.

Among the many faint trails of Imperial meaning which can be traced up to the word "Fionn," the strangest of all, perhaps, is that which is found in the "Saxon Chronicle." The nucleus of this chronicle was compiled from different sources, chiefly from Bede, and the records of monasteries in the reign of King Alfred. It was continued by unknown scribes down to 1154. The "Saxon Chronicle" does not mention Arthur; neither does Bede. The Guledigship, as a device inimical to their race, was consistently ignored by all the early Saxon writers. Bede himself knew precious little about the leaders and policy of the Britons during the century of invasions, settlements, and mortal strife. The new

masters of Britain were thoroughly illiterate until after their conversion by Augustine and his monks at the end of the sixth century. It was not strange that Arthur should be ignored by Bede and the later Saxon writers, seeing he fought his battles in the district between the walls, and not with the Kings of Wessex. The conquest and parcelling out of the country was, however, far from completed when the Kings of the Heptarchy imitated their British foes by choosing one of themselves to act as Bretwalda, which was their name for Guledig. Says Alfred's chronicler :— The first Bretwalda was Ælle, King of the South Saxons, who had thus much sway ; the second was Ccawlun, King of the West Saxons ; the third was Æthelbryht, King of the Kentish people ; the fourth was Rædwald, King of the East Angles ; the fifth was Eadwine, King of the Northumbrians ; the sixth was Oswald, who reigned after him ; the seventh Oswiu, Oswald's brother ; the eighth Eggbryht, King of the West Saxons," who was Alfred's grandfather. It was for a considerable time a moot question whether a Northumbrian or a West Saxon Bretwalda should have the good luck and honour of uniting England. The frightful defeat which Brude Mac Bili, the hero of Fortrenn, inflicted on the Northumbrians at Dunnichen, in 686, broke the power and ruined the dynasty of the northern kingdom ; and so a hundred and forty years later Egbert, of Wessex, succeeded in making himself supreme hereditary King of all England. We now come to the strange trace of the Fionn, or Imperial tradition, which is to be found in the "Saxon Chronicle," namely, that at the earliest period of their having scribes at all, probably about 640, the Northumbrian Kings enrolled "Fionn" in their pedigree as an ancestor of the deified hero Woden, while, till the death of Ethelwulf, Egbert's son and Alfred's father, the West Saxon Kings were content with a pedigree which stopped short at Woden. As soon, however, as the West Saxon Kings realised the fact that the idea of Imperialism was represented by the adopted Finn ancestor of the rival Northumbrian dynasty, they, too, put him in their pedigrees. Alfred's chroniclers traced back Ethelwulf's ancestors from "Finn" to Sceaf, a supposed son of Noah, who was born in the ark ! We need not much wonder that the Gaelic Fionn, and not the Welsh Guledig, became the traditionary exponent of Imperialism to the Northumbrians, for they were converted to Christianity in the seventh century by Gaelic missionaries, and they had the Picts of Galloway as allies or dependent tributaries. That connection was apparently continued from the time when Saxons, Frisians, and Picts were confederated against the British Guledig and his fol-

lowers. When the Northumbrian kingdom was formed, the whole north must have been ringing with the fame of Arthur, who fell at the battle of Camlan ten years before. Ida and his new colony could have had no personal grudge against the dead hero. It was otherwise with the old Teutonic communities which Ida consolidated with his new colony, and otherwise, too, with the Picts, whose traditions of the Fionns, as crushing enemies and invaders, went back beyond Carausius, to the Emperor Severus, if not to Agricola.

While Bede and the eighth century Saxon scribes ignored Arthur Guledig entirely, his fame, meanwhile, began to spread marvellously on the Continent. That fame grew, and spread, and inspired. Armorica was the cradle of the Arthurian romance, which has no closer relation to real history than Macpherson's "Ossian." As there is in the latter a small sediment of disguised Irish history, so there is in the former a modicum of British history, but in both cases it is "a halfpennyworth of bread to an intolerable deal of sack." Living among mysterious menhirs and stone circles, and naturally imaginative and prone to superstition, mindful of their ancestral connection with "Maxim Guledig," and excited by the tales refugees from Saxon oppression told them, the Armoricans transformed Arthur into a supernatural hero, invented Merlin, the boy without a father, who grew into the incomprehensible old wizard, and altogether constructed a wonderful story, which possessed miraculous power of self-increase and kaleidoscope changes, once that it took wings among the nations. Arthur, whom the Saxon chroniclers entirely ignored, was brought back to Britain by the Normans, very much transformed, but, at the same time, very much alive and kicking. Geoffrey of Monmouth, who was consecrated Bishop of St Asaph on the 24th February, 1152, published before that time the fabulous history which goes under his name, and which, as regards Arthur, has influenced poetic literature ever since. Did Geoffrey weave this romance out of his own head, with the help of floating traditions? I think he might truly reply to any contemporary who asked that question—if he could speak Gaelic as well as he spoke Welsh—*Ma's breug bhuam is breug thugam*. Why should the man's own distinct declaration, that he is only the translator and not the author of the book, be not accepted? Geoffrey states that Walter Mapes, then Archdeacon of Oxford, and a scholarly person, who did much in his day to collect the works of ancient authors, found, whilst journeying in Armorica, "a history of Britain written in the British tongue," which he gave to Geoffrey, who undertook to translate it, and

diligently prosecuted his task until he completed it. The British tongue of Armorica at that time would differ very little from the Welsh, with which Geoffrey was intimately acquainted. The book which he translated has perished, but so have many more about which we hear from old writers. William the Norman was followed, in his invasion of England, by many Armorican chiefs and adventurers, who shared afterwards in the distribution of lordships and baronies. The close connection of English Normans and Bretons with their native districts in France was not broken in 1152, nor for two generations afterwards. Had Geoffrey attempted to impose a spurious work upon his age, he would have most probably been detected. But why should his statement be doubted at all? Does not this fabulous history of Arthur, his knights, and his round table, bear the brand of Armorican genius? Geoffrey's book, whether an original or a translation, helped largely to stimulate the chivalrous and poetic tendencies which began strongly to influence classes and masses at the time of the first crusade. The book was accepted as true history, and when Edward Longshanks laid his claims to be recognised as suzerain of Scotland before Pope Boniface, one of his arguments was that "Arthur, King of the Britons, a most famous prince, subjected rebel Scotland to himself, nearly destroying the whole nation, and that he afterwards appointed, as king over Scotland, a certain Angusus." The advocates of Scotland did not impugn the truth of Geoffrey's history, but, accepting it as true, they pleaded that Arthur was illegitimate, and so could not inherit nor transmit. I have some suspicion that the complete displacement of the true Fionn legends of Scotland by the Fionn Mac Cumhail legends imported from Ireland, which took place before the end of David Bruce's reign, was partly due to the way in which Arthur's name and fame had been used to support the unjust claims of the English Kings.

25th APRIL, 1888.

On this date the following were elected members of the Society, viz. :—Mrs Dick, Greenhill, Lower Drummond; Dr Finlayson, Munloch; and Mr F. R. Grant, Maryhill, Inverness. The Rev. Donald Masson, M.D., A.M., Edinburgh, then read a paper on "Popular Domestic Medicine in the Highlands Fifty Years Ago." Dr Masson's paper was as follows :—

POPULAR DOMESTIC MEDICINE IN THE HIGHLANDS
FIFTY YEARS AGO.

In Martin's "Western Islands," published in 1703, there will be found a great variety of most interesting information as to the popular medical remedies and surgical appliances which, nearly two centuries ago, he found in common use among the Celts of the Isles. Martin's book is, indeed, a rich mine, wherein might easily be quarried much precious ore, in the folk-lore, not only of popular medicine, but of a thousand other delightful topics. I am not going to review the work, nor to draw upon its multiform contents for the materials of a lecture. Till very recently it was one of the rarest and most precious of rare Highland books; but it has now been reprinted, and brought within the reach of ordinary readers. Every Highlander, and every student of the Highland problem, whether on its social, political, or economical sides, should possess and carefully study the volume. In its pages I can promise him a feast of fat things, and of wine well refined—not merely a substantial repast, but a feast of knowledge, so served and flavoured as to tickle the palate of the most fastidious literary epicure, whatever his tastes or predilections.

Compared with Martin's varied symposium, what I am going to present to you will be but a modest repast, in which, very possibly, by the keener olfactories, a *souçon* of Martin may be scented, for I have lately been deep in "the feast of reason" between his brown mahogany boards. But my whole and only purpose is just simply to describe to you such old traditionary treatment in domestic medicine and surgery as fifty years ago I personally observed among the Highland people. Let us begin with a subject whose interest unhappily touches us all very closely.

Consumption, or phthisis, though not then so common as at present, was a well-known disease in my early days. It was believed to be infectious. During the visit to my father's house of a boy believed to be consumptive, I was warned by an old domestic not to sleep with him, "else," as she put it, "by breathing his breath, you'll get from him the white lights," that is, white lungs. The phrase is significant. White lungs—that is, lungs thoroughly infiltrated with white tubercular matter, in the form known as "miliary tubercle"—are but too well known in the dissecting rooms of every medical school; and any one who is familiar with the *post mortem* theatre of a modern hospital will gather from the

phrase that the Highland people of my boyhood's days were not without some traces of sound pathological knowledge.

Besides a line of treatment to be mentioned farther on, there were various remedies for this serious and, even then, too often fatal disease. Nourishing food was strongly insisted upon. The marrow of bones, especially that found in the long bones of the ox, was greatly valued, and eagerly sought after. A soup made of snails was also much esteemed. The snails were also cut up into small pieces, and hung in a porous cloth before the fire, so as by dripping to yield a juice, which was taken internally, as we take cod liver oil. Lamb broth, made with certain herbs, was also considered very helpful. And of medicinal herbs, those most in vogue were:—The dandelion, root and leaf, raw, cooked, and in the form of infusion; the marsh mallow; the wortle berry; colt's foot; the mullin; flax, in the form of tea; and the gentian, mainly as a tonic. Most of these herbs are useful adjuvants of natural digestion. They would, therefore, have a good effect in the early stages of the disease. Others would similarly help the liver and kidneys when, in the later stages, these organs had to take up their share of the failing function of the now disabled lungs. Certain mineral springs were resorted to by not a few, and where the disease had not already taken a firm hold of the system, they were undoubtedly of great value. One of these wells, which is rich in carbonate of iron, was used by Hugh Miller when a boy at Cromarty; and he very highly praises its virtues, as I can also do from personal experience. It is, however, to be noted that the waters of Strathpeffer, our greatest of Scottish spas, have always been contra-indicated by the popular voice in cases of suspected phthisis.

But the Highlander's mainstay in the early domestic treatment of this fell disease was not properly medicinal, nor yet was it exclusively nutritional. His treatment was, indeed, very largely nutritional, but it was also, and still more largely, *manipulative*. In fact, it was, as appears to me, nothing less than that system of treatment which is at present so highly valued in the profession under the fashionable name of *massage*. And if we had the reality of *massage* without the name, the operator, as in the modern instance, was usually a *masseuse*, though she would be mightily surprised if addressed by that now fashionable title. The *masseuse* of my early experience was a tall, muscular, horny-handed daughter of toil. An out-worker on the farm, she added something to her earnings of sixpence a-day by the practice of her art. Her fee for each sitting was half a pound of fresh butter. A small portion of

this was used as a lubricant in her professional operation, which was as follows :—I was seated on a high chair, and had to strip to the loins. The dame stood behind me, and set to work with a sweep of both hands from before backwards, in the line of the lower border of my chest, so as to satisfy herself as to the condition and position of the cartilaginous ends of my youthful ribs, and especially of the ensiform cartilage, which she called *an duilleag*, that is, “the little leaf.” A main part of her immediate object was to prevent the ends of the lower ribs and the ensiform cartilage from turning inwards into the region of the abdomen. With this object she would again and again sweep a hand on either side, with steady pressure of palm and fingers, from before backwards, along the lower border of the chest ; and then, with sudden movement of the fingers, she would dig in beneath the border of the chest at its attachment to the diaphragm, and pull out the ribs with moderate but firm and continued force. In most persons the ensiform cartilage is more or less curved inwards at the pit of the stomach. This the masseuse held to be the fertile source of much serious disease. Many a sore tug did she give, in vain endeavours to rectify this undesirable malformation of my skeleton ; many and solemn her head-shakings at the poor success of her attempts. She was persuaded, and almost persuaded my sorrowing mother, that I was already in the earlier stage of *an tinneas caitheadh*, “the wasting disease,” as consumption was then popularly called by our people. That her treatment was beneficial there can be no doubt. The bones of my chest were then pliable and elastic ; much of the chest-box, at that early age, being really not osseous, but cartilaginous. Massage of the chest, at that age, and as my old masseuse was wont to practice her art, cannot help being beneficial. The sweeping pressure of palm and fingers, well anointed with sweet fresh butter, though begun at the lower border of the chest, was continued over the whole upper portion of my body, from below upwards, from above downwards, and, most of all, from before backwards ; and ever and anon there came the dig and sweep, and the continued pull of her iron fingers beneath the lower ribs, and hooked round the peccant ensiform, to raise them outwards, and so to “open the chest.” The Gaelic name of this early form of massage has often puzzled me. It was known as a *toirt na clachan cleibh dheth ’n ghille*, that is, literally, “taking the creel stones off the lad.” In some way it seemed as if, by an unconscious anticipation of the modern theory of heredity, the old people thought that we children were being visited with the consequences of some excessive labour in burden-bearing on the

part of our remote ancestors ; thus associating the genesis of this mysterious disease with another of the sore perplexities of my childhood, arising out of one of the many abstruse and mysterious questions of Shorter Catechism. The name, in all probability, is simply a degraded form of the words *glacadh cleithe*, "a catching or 'stitch' of the side." Logan (*Scottish Gael*, ii., p. 170) speaks, indeed, of the one word *glacadh*, as being itself "among the Highlanders the name of a disease of a consumptive nature, affecting the chest and lungs." In that sense it would be the Gaelic equivalent of *phthisis pulmonalis*, "consumption of the chest." But *glacadh*, in that sense, is unknown to me. The dictionaries have it as a "swelling of the hollow (*glac*) of the hand." But external swelling is not a symptom of consumption. Logan's use of the word cannot, therefore, settle the question. It is, indeed, to be greatly regretted that in the mouths of the Highland people, many names, whether of plants, birds, diseases, or even of places, have long ago, in the wear and tear of common use, lost all trace of their first meaning.*

It may be here stated, by way of parenthesis, that the manipulations of my masseuse were always accompanied by a low, muttering, inarticulate sort of incantation, whose meaning, or even the words, I could never catch. The meaning, in all likelihood, was unknown to herself. If she knew it, she was certainly very careful to keep her patient in the dark. She was a good Protestant, and as a regular and devout church-goer, she used to hear the minister thunder out all the terrors of the law against witch-

* The following references, suggested respectively by Mr A. Mackay Robson and Mr John Whyte, may, to some extent, elucidate the point. The first is from the words of a song made by a man who had married a lady who was considerably his senior, and whom he found to be rather a drag upon his movements :—

" 'Nuair a theid mi chun an fheil,
Bidh a' chailleach as mo dheidh,
Le casadaich is *glacadh-cleibh*,
'S feumaidh mi bhi suidhe leatha."

The second is from the "Oranaiche," pp. 99, 100 :—

" Cha bhiodh greim 's an fhearann so,
No *tinneas-cleibh* no anshocair
Nach léighseadh tu le d' cheanalas
'Nuair thigeadh d' anail dlùth dhuinn.

" Bu lighiche bha èar-mhath thu :
'Nuair dh' fheuchadh tu le d' làmhann sinn,
Mar fhiadh a bhiodh air fànas,
Bhiodhmaid slàn a dh-ionns' ar tùrna."

craft and all forms of superstition, as well as against pipers and fiddlers. Whatever the reason, she was always reticent on the subject. Very often did I ask what it was she was saying, but she did not seem to understand my question, or rather, she looked at me in such a way as was probably meant to convey that impression to my mind.

The whole subject of health-charms among the Highlands, whether used to restore health or to protect it from adverse influence or the evil eye, has been admirably treated in Mr Macbain's learned and thoroughly exhaustive lecture to this Society. I have nothing to add to what by him has been so well said. But reference may be made to a few Gaelic charms printed in Mackenzie's "Beauties of Gaelic Poetry," at page 268, in a foot note. In Dr John Smith's "History of the Druids," at page 80, there may also be found a very old and comprehensive rule of health, summed up in these words:—*Bi gu sugach, gemnnaidh, mocheireach*: "be cheerful, chaste, an early riser."

In the treatment of consumption, it appears to me that the advanced medical science of our day is just now very hopefully feeling its way to a new departure which may prove to be of the utmost value and of vast significance. That departure, if ever it is made, will be in the direction of introducing into the blood a germicide which, while effectually sterilizing the germs of this fell disease, will not seriously hurt the patient. But the sun of this day of happy omen is not yet visible in the horizon, and the sheet-anchor of the faculty must still, as of old, be found in aliment and nutrition. Whatever nutritious aliment is easiest of digestion, and whatever we can do to put the digestive organs in the best condition for the proper assimilation of proper and nutritious aliment—that is the best and the utmost that for the present the physician can do for his patient. And that, it seems to me, along with the chest-rubbing just described, was also the sheet-anchor of our grandmothers. Take for example the milk treatment of consumption. In my early days warm milk, fresh drawn from the cow, and taken at early morn on an empty stomach, was the favourite remedy for this, as, indeed, for all anæmic forms of disease. The "strippings" of the milk—that is, the last residual product of the milking of the cow—were rightly considered to be possessed of especially curative virtues. Now what is this but just treatment in the way of nutritive alimentation? for it is well known that the "strippings" are peculiarly rich in cream. Nor was it otherwise with the dash of good rum, which, in this "first-footing" of the daily aliment, was a usual

and wholesome adjunct of the treatment. Goat milk, in my early days, was held to be pre-eminently curative, and ass milk came next in popular favour. Milk from the mare, so far as I can remember, was prescribed only in cases of prolonged whooping-cough; and its use was associated with the muttering of a charm and the passing of the patient, in a certain prescribed order, under the belly and between the legs of the mare. The ritual, if one may so speak, of this last mentioned treatment was no doubt superstitious and absurd. But of the other adjuncts of the old Highland milk-cure, it can honestly be said that they were all such as would to-day be recommended as rational adjuvants of the treatment. "To be consumed on the premises," that is, at the byre door, and at early morn, was, for example, a rule everywhere insisted upon as essential. In the curative use of goat milk it was also expected that, if at all possible, the patient should go to the goat on her native hills. Now, it is obvious that such adjuncts of treatment as these are in themselves, and in a very high degree, most healthsome and remedial, for mountain air and early rising have always commended themselves to thinking men as eminently conducive to health of mind and body. It were a good thing for the young people of these days of cramming, and the competition Wallah, if, with all their multiform and multitudinous acquisitions of knowledge, they kept a firm hold of these simple, old-world rules of healthful living. They know perhaps a great deal more than their grandmothers, and in some things they may be wiser, but in this matter of early rising, and a substantial breakfast, deliberately and decently partaken of, as the reward of a good natural appetite, they might do worse than take a leaf out of the old world wisdom, piously stored up in such grandmotherly books as "Meg Dodd's Cookery," and Sir John Sinclair's "Code of Health and Longevity." The growing habit of lying lazily a-bed till the last moment, and then hastily gulping a cup of overdrawn, scalding tea, with a few hurriedly bolted mouthfuls of hot roll, before racing away post haste to school or to business—this shameful habit has much to answer for in the seriously unsatisfactory health-bill of too many families in our midst, both rich and poor. And it is perhaps one of the greatest advantages, to our young people, of public school life, that in public schools this great rule of early rising and a proper interval, before the morning meal, to gather up a natural appetite for a substantial, deliberate breakfast, is now sternly insisted upon. It is a golden rule which every parent and patriot should by all means strive to make universal; and there be few of us who cannot, in some way, help

to make it so. Why, for example, should it not be our rule to have family prayers before, rather than after, breakfast? Such a rule, if only, with the honest consent and hearty co-operation of both heads of the house, it could be made imperative and habitual, would go far to prove that Godliness is profitable unto all things, and has the promise of the life that now is, as well as of that which is to come; carrying in its right hand the clear blessing of mundane good health, as well as the higher, if also less palpable, blessings of that life that is unseen and eternal.

The hydropathist, equally with the masseur, was anticipated in the Highland folk-medicine of fifty years ago. The virtues of the medicated bath were, indeed, known to the Celts of very early times; for we read of a great bath, medicated with all the *slan-lusan*, "health plants," of Ireland, into which, at the battle of *Magh Tuireadh*, the wounded were plunged, with such salutary effect, that straightway every man of them returned to the fight, and not a few of them did so again and again. Whatever of the fabulous may enter into that old Celtic story, I can myself vouch for the verity and the success of such items of hydropathic treatment as the following:—My old schoolmaster, fifty years ago, was wont to bathe daily in the sea, all through the winter. Another sufferer used to wade into the sea up to the waist, with his clothes on; with his clothes thus turned into a wet-pack of sea water he rushed home and into bed; there he had numerous blankets heaped over him till he broke out into a copious perspiration, and soon passed into a refreshing sleep. A common form of treatment was to boil the patient's flannel shirt, to put it on him, wrung out of the boiling water, as hot as he could bear it, and then to heap on bed-clothes, with the same restorative effect as that last mentioned. As the shirt was often boiled in the potato pot, its virtues as a hot poultice may possibly have found an adjuvant in the soothing properties of that solanaceous edible! The sudden and unexpected shock of the cold douche on his bare back, or a similarly sudden touch of the hot poker over his seventh rib *loco ægroto*, was counted good treatment for a patient suffering from jaundice. And I have heard in my native parish, and in my own day, though I did not see it, of that very effectual mode of inducing perspiration which Martin saw practised long before in Skye. A great fire was kindled on the clay floor of the kitchen; after the fire had been kept up at great heat for a long time, it was quickly removed, and its place was covered with a thick layer of straw, on this a pitcher of water was poured, and then the patient, being laid on the wetted straw, was covered over with heaped up layers

of bed-clothes. The result was a speedy and copious perspiration, sound sleep, and in all probability the permanent cure of some serious ailment.

The literature of Celtic medicine lies outside the scope of this paper, which professes only, from personal observation, to deal with simples, and the simple treatment of disease by the common people. The so-called medical treatises of the Macleans and the Beaton—two celebrated medical families of Mull and Skye—are therefore outside my present purpose. These MSS., so far as they are medical, consist mostly of extracts in Latin, translated into Gaelic, from the early medical authorities of the continent. They are, in fact, just such common-place books as would ordinarily be kept by educated men in times when printing was unknown, or printed books few and far between.

Did your time permit, much that is not without interest might still be added. The male fern has long been used in the Highlands as a vermifuge for man and dogs. The wild garlic, the broom, juniper, golden rod, sage, and foxglove were common diuretics. The fresh young nettle was variously used, and is really a tasty substitute for spinnach. The wild parsley—dangerous though it be in unskilled hands, by reason of its close resemblance to the dwarf hemlock—entered largely into the domestic pharmacopœa. Eye-bright, was *lus nan sul*, the eye plant; the house leek, was *lus nan cluas*, the ear plant; while the garden sage, like several others, was honoured with the name of *slan lus*, the health plant.

Bone-setting, of course, was practised in the Highlands as elsewhere. The art was not altogether mere rule of thumb; for the bone-setters had their secrets, jealously guarded, and with much care handed down from sire to son. Nor were they so entirely ignorant of the human skeleton as some modern critics would have us believe. Looking back on my own experience, as the patient, long ago, of more bone-setters than one, I can see that they had a firm hold of two sound principles of treatment. (1). In manipulating an ailing limb, they keenly watched the patient's features and movements for every indication of pain; rightly, as I think, taking such indications as pointing to the real seat or cause of his hurt or trouble. In the case of old adhesions, whether of long dislocated joints or of misfitted fractures, the key to treatment might thus be hopefully looked for. (2). Their second great principle was simplicity itself, but yet it was a most powerful adjuvant of their restorative manipulation. It was this: by locking the knee or the elbow they greatly increased the length

and the power of the lever with which they worked. I well remember how thus an old dislocation of the shoulder, which had baffled more than one regular practitioner, was speedily righted by the bone-setter. Very gently at first he took the ailing arm in his brawny grasp; with keen eye intently fixed on the patient's features, and with the dislocated limb so extended as to lock the elbow, he gently and tentatively moved it slowly to right and left, upwards and downwards: a twinge and a cry from the patient: a pause, and some deep thinking on the part of the operator: manipulation resumed, and the same twinge or cry again: then, with knit brows, and putting forth all his great power of brawny muscle, while his left hand steadied the patient's elbow, the bone-setter made one sudden wrench, and the thing was done. With a "click," the head of shoulder bone was back in its socket.

For enlarged, or elongated uvula—"the pap of the throat"—an ailment common among young people in my early days, as it is to-day, the common practice was to search the top of the scalp for the whorl or central parting of the hair (the "welkie," as the medicine-man called it), and then, twisting a bundle of these central hairs on the top of the head round the fore-finger, to give them a sudden wrench upwards. This operation was expected to "lift" the "fallen" uvula; a process which was assisted by repeatedly drawing the closely-pressed palms of both hands, embracing both sides of the face, upwards from Adam's apple, under the patient's chin, to the top of his head. And this reminds me that even in the matter of that specially modern instrument, the surgical cecraseur, our old Highland grandmothers anticipated one of the greatest and most valuable discoveries of modern surgery. With a noose of horse hair, passed through a common goose quill, in the hands of an old Highland midwife, I once saw the uvula as neatly and as effectually operated upon as, with the modern instrument, it could be treated by Spence or Syme.

Of the old Highland catholicon, or universal remedy, your time forbids me to say more than a word. Whether the ailment was a cold or a fever, or the much feared small-pox, whether its seat was abdominal, thoracic, or cephalic, and whether it was a faintness or a fullness, there was one remedy that never came amiss. It was a glass of good honest whisky. But *Troja fuit!* Good honest whisky is no longer to be had for love or money. The making of it is a lost art—as much so as its long lost sister-art of the ancient Picts, who are said to have made a wholesome and delicious beverage from the fresh, fragrant shoots of the blooming heather.

In what is here set down I have drawn exclusively on the stores of memory and early personal observation. Everything printed on the subject, whether old or new, I have purposely eschewed. Will you take it as my stone upon the cairn of an interesting inquiry, that ought to lead to important results in the service of humanity? And in return for any service I have thus rendered, I would ask those present to supplement what has been said, out of the stores of their own early experience or observation. On one point I would specially invite farther information. That form of early "massage," or chest-rubbing, which I have endeavoured to describe, seems to me to have been peculiar to this district of the Highlands. I can find little trace of it elsewhere. And I firmly believe that it contains the elements of a system of treatment which, in competent hands, might still be largely and hopefully used for the relief of our suffering humanity. The better day of a safe and effective germicidal treatment of consumption may already possibly be dawning upon us. But what looks like the dawn of that better day, may only be the electric flush of a subtle delusion. Meanwhile, an intelligent system of pectoral manipulation, would seem to be the needful complement of what is now being done in the way of a cure by alimentation. In consumption, the candle of life is burning away at both ends—at the respiratory end, and at the alimentary end. Anything, therefore, that enlarges the chest, increases its elasticity, and stimulates in a healthy, natural way, its vital function of respiration, cannot fail to be most helpful in our efforts to combat the disease, and to set up processes of restoration or repair, through the nutrient functions of the alimentary canal. Those of you who can add anything to these reminiscences of the chest massage of my early days, are urgently invited to do so. For any additional information on the subject, and for any intelligent hints for its renewed and more effectual application, or modification, I shall be truly grateful. Such information had best be given now, that it might pass at once into the Transactions of the Society. But written communications, sent to me at your convenience, would also lay me under a debt of obligation, which I shall always gratefully acknowledge.

In conclusion, let me commend to your serious consideration, the practical lessons which each of you may draw for himself, and apply to his own case, from the following quotations:—

"I beseech all persons, who shall read this work, not to degrade themselves to a level with the brutes, or the rabble, by gratifying

their sloth, or eating and drinking promiscuously whatever pleases their palates, or by indulging their appetites of every kind. But whether they understand physic or not, let them consult their reason, and observe what agrees and what does not agree with them, that, like wise men, they may adhere to the use of such things as conduce to their health, and forbear everything which, by their own experience, they find to do them hurt ; and let them be assured that, by a diligent observation and practice of this rule, they may enjoy a good share of health, and seldom stand in need of physic or physicians."

Such is the testimony of an authority in medicine, which is second to none. It is the testimony of Galen himself.

Here is another word of warning and encouragement :—

" Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty,
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood ;
Nor did I, with unbashful forehead, woo
The means of weakness and debility ;
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly."

So wrote one whose knowledge of men, and of the world, has been the admiration of learned and simple for full three centuries—I suppose I must not say the immortal Shakespeare, and I cannot just yet bring myself to say Lord Bacon. Let us compromise the matter, and say, so wrote the immortal author of "As You Like It."

An interesting and instructive discussion followed the reading of Dr Masson's paper. Dr Aitken, of Inverness, who has given the subject a considerable amount of attention, spoke as follows :—Mr President, Ladies, and Gentlemen,—I have listened with very great pleasure to the address we have heard from Dr Masson, on a subject which has naturally, from my profession, interested me much. Some years or so ago, I began to collect matter for a paper of a similar nature, and, if the Society will permit, I shall lay before it some of the information I have collected, taking the diseases in the order in which they come in my notes. And, first, in regard to epilepsy, a disease always regarded with great veneration by all primitive people, there appears to be a cure which has held its prominence in all districts of the Highlands, with variations. For recovery from the disease, a black cock, without a white

feather, was taken and buried in the place where the patient had the first fit. A modification of this process was the taking of the pairings of the nails of the fingers and toes, binding them up in hemp, with a sixpence in a piece of paper, on which was written the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. The parcel was then taken, tied under the wing of a black cock, and buried in a hole dug at the spot where the first fit occurred, by the oldest God-fearing man of the district, who must watch and pray all night by the fire, which must not be let out. Another very universal remedy was drinking water out of the skull of a suicide at dawn. Charms were also lavishly employed against the disease, and I have heard of a woman taking her son from Fort-Augustus to Strathspey to a priest, who gave her a paper for her boy to wear. Unfortunately, a year after the amulet was received, it was unfolded, the words read, and the fits reappeared. It is also said that priests have the power to transfer the fits from day to night; that children born feet first are able to cure the falling sickness; and that power over the ailment is transmitted in families by the "power of words," to quote the expression in which the information was given me. But, turning to the question so prominently taken up by Dr Masson—the treatment of consumption—I may remark I was much struck by his explanation of the Gaelic name given to the disease, as it seems to me only another instance how accurate was their observation of nature. I have no doubt, indeed, Dr Masson's explanation of the words he gave is correct, for a stitch in the side, to use a common expression for pleuritic manifestations, may be one of the first symptoms to betray the commencement of this malady; and I may here instance another of the primitive means of diagnosis, given to me by an old Highlander with whom I discussed the disease. If, he said, a person spits on the floor, and the sputum falls flat, it is certain he is consumptive; if, however, the sputum "takes a start," it is certain he is free from the disease. Turning, however, to the remedies in the disease, in addition to those mentioned by Dr Masson—good food, mare, and goat's milk—I may instance the following:—The plant *goomri* (I merely pronounce the word phonetically) is taken and boiled in a large quantity of water. The decoction is then thrown into a tub, and the person sits over it and steams himself. In a similar way, a steam bath is made by boiling the calf's herb in a large quantity of water. A decoction of the *Asplenium Adiantum Nigrum*, a black spleenwort, is also used in the disease; and, as a forerunner of the much-vaunted chemical food, and showing how

instinct often precedes scientific theories, it may be mentioned that the Highlanders believed great benefit was to be derived in consumption by the administration of a jelly made from the scrapings of deer horns. Dr Masson's reference to the primitive massage exercised amongst the people is extremely interesting; but I question if it is likely to do good in a perfectly declared case of consumption, and I should be inclined to place more dependence on the more primitive methods of good food, mare's milk, goat's milk, and plenty of fresh air. Turning now to some of the diseases regarding which I have less information, I may mention that worms were cured by drinking tea made of rue; that smallpox was thought to be benefitted, if not cured, by whisky, or by whisky and black beer; that the application of sea-weed to the joint affected removed rheumatism. Warts were removed by applying the fasting spittle to them, by rubbing them with a stone, then placing this in a bag and dropping it on the road. Whenever any one picked it up, the warts disappeared from the person having them, and attacked the finder. Warts were also cured by washing them with pig's blood, or with the milky juice of the euphorbia. Sores were thought to be beneficially affected by having the Lady's Mantle applied to them. The common plantain was efficacious when applied to cuts; and the broad-leaved plantain made into a poultice made "gatherings" disappear. Turning for the moment to surgery, about which I have scant information, I have only to mention that if a person who had the power tied a thread round the fractured part, the fractured bone at once healed. In inflammation of the eye, the eye affected was rubbed by the person who had the power the first thing in the morning, his patient fasting, with a stone on which the operator spat and sprinkled soot. The application was continued until the part recovered—a somewhat rough and ready treatment for so delicate an organ. For the same disease, the eye was washed by a decoction made from the common eyebright, or with water over which a rhyme had been repeated. Milk and cold tea were also favourite applications in such maladies. For a black eye, a slice of a potato was applied to it; and a similar application was made to the nape of the neck in bleeding from the nose. In regard to toothache, I have heard of many remedies, but the following is the most curious—a caterpillar is taken, rolled up in a cotton cloth and put underneath the tooth. The following charm, which an aged man told me he had seen used in Glen-Urquhart, and worn by the sufferer, is said to be supremely efficacious:—

St Peter sat on a marble stone,
Jesus Christ came to him alone.
“Peter, what aileth thee to weep?”
“My Lord and God, it is the toothache.”

For the bile, in addition to the remedies mentioned by previous speakers, I may add an infusion of the inner bark of the barberry. For a disease, if widely spread, as scrofula or king's evil, the most efficacious means were thought to be being touched by the king, or by the seventh son. The power of the seventh son was, however, greater if a daughter was born before and after the series of sons. The child also who had been “freed” in this manner had the same power, but exercised it in a different way. A sovereign was dropped into a vessel of water, into which he inserted his hand, and over the water a blessing was pronounced, and the sufferer was sprinkled or washed with it, and usually recovered. If, however, the person who had acquired the power had any improper relation with a female, the gift passed from him. I may also state that water so blessed was often sent great distances, and one of my informants told me of a woman belonging to the West Coast suffering from scrofulous sores who was cured by water sent from a boy who had the power, and lived in Inverness. Looking now, however, to some of the common diseases, I may refer to whooping cough, for which the remedies appear to be both numerous and varied; but the most interesting aids against this disease seems to be the following:—If the child is put on the wrong side of the cow when he is suffering from the ailment it will go away. It is also cured if the child is put to nurse in a family in which the husband and wife were of the same name before marriage. Snails were bruised and applied to the legs, and the oil made from them taken as in consumption. A recovery was often effected by putting a “paddock” into a tumbler of water, and getting it to drink out of it, when, as my informant stated, it took a start, and the cough disappeared. Children were taken across the water, and carried to a house, at which, if they were offered food, the disease passed away. In both Glen-Urquhart and Lochalsh mare's milk was a favourite remedy; and, in the latter district, water taken from the clefts of the rocks was thought to be very efficacious. Another, and, I am led to believe, at one time a favourite remedy, was to break off a horn from any horned beast, and drink out of it. Another of the common diseases which attracted special attention was erysipelas or the rose, and from the various modes of treatment proposed for it, I select the following, but, in the first place, I may remark I have met with

individuals of a family who had an hereditary power to cure the disease by a "line in Latin." The commonest and most universal remedy for rose, extending from the South to the North of Scotland, is the application of flour or alum over the affected part, dusted on a red flannel cloth. Another cure was to pull the rose herb, make a poultice of it, adding, however, fresh butter to this. Wild geranium is used for the same purpose, and tea was made of the Stone Cup, a fleshy plant growing on old walls or house tops, and drank in quantity. In some districts, dry barley meal was preferred as an application, instead of the usual flour. Digitalis or foxglove was also applied, but whether in the form of poultice or medicine I forgot to ask my informant. Let me now finally direct your attention to two very common diseases, cough and asthma, for which the remedies are very numerous, but from these I select the following. They all, however, follow, it will be observed, the line of modern treatment, and are tonic or anti-spasmodic. These decoctions are made of the root of the bramble and pennyroyal, and drank. Meal and oil is a very common and extensive remedy. Horehound "tea" is given for cough, and is equally used in asthma, as well as a similar preparation of a plant called "ceann òir an sgadain." Coltsfoot tea holds an equal place, but its leaves are more frequently smoked for asthma. In some places a decoction is made from the root of the garden rhubarb, whisky added, and the mixture is drank; and another popular remedy for cold is "sage tea and honey." Let me now conclude what I have to say by relating an anecdote, in which the old world and modern medicine meet. A distinguished London physician was visiting a family in Strathspey, who had an old and attached female retainer, in whom they were deeply interested. As a special favour, the doctor was asked to break his holiday custom of eschewing medicine, and visit the old woman. He did so; saw there was nothing wrong with her, but pronounced over her some words, which my informant had not heard. To the surprise of everyone, the next morning the old woman paid her usual visit to the big house, and afterwards enjoyed vigorous, robust health for her time of life. A year afterwards, the distinguished physician again spent his holidays in the same district, but was seized with a serious attack of quinsy. His friends were alarmed, and already preparing to send off for help, when the old woman, whose illness has been referred to, rushed into the room. She had heard of the physician's illness, and her gratitude was stirred. She felt she must do something for one who had done so much for her, and hence her appearance. Believing also that the patient, like

herself, had faith in charms, she began to repeat some rhyme, waving over the bed a cotton umbrella. The scene was so ridiculous that, forgetting a moment his own troubles, the doctor burst into a fit of laughter. The abscess gave way, and at once all danger was removed.

Let me now conclude what I have to say by repeating what Dr Masson has already pointed out, the great value of "old world" stories. Those who attentively consider them will see, as I have already stated, that the instincts of primitive peoples are often the forerunners of the advancement of science. I never meet with a tradition, or a superstition, without endeavouring to find an equivalent one amongst other peoples similarly circumstanced, and the true history and development of a race cannot be perfectly understood without the thorough appreciation of such facts as Dr Masson has so admirably brought before us to-night.

2nd MAY, 1888.

At this meeting, the following gentlemen were elected members of the Society, viz. :—Mr Thomas Mackay, British Linen Co. Bank, Edinburgh, and Mr David John Mackenzie, M.A., Silverwells, Inverness.

Thereafter the Secretary read, on behalf of Mr George F. Black, F.S.A.Scot., Edinburgh, a paper on "OGHAM INSCRIPTIONS FOUND IN SCOTLAND." We much regret that, on account of ill-health, Mr Black has not been able to prepare his paper for the Transactions, but hope it will appear in our next volume.

9th MAY, 1888.

On this date the Secretary intimated the following donation towards the Library—"Notes on early Iron Smelting in Sutherland," from the author, Mr D. William Kemp.

Mr Alex. Macbain, M.A., read, on behalf of Professor Mackinnon, Edinburgh, a paper entitled "A Collection of Ossianic Ballads by Jerome Stone." Professor Mackinnon's paper was as follows :—

COLLECTION OF OSSIANIC BALLADS BY JEROME STONE.

The following collection of Ossianic Ballads was made by Jerome Stone in central Perthshire about the middle of last century. A note, giving the few facts known regarding the collector and his labours, may not be out of place.

Jerome Stone was born in the parish of Scoonie, Fifeshire, in 1727. Under date March 19th of that year, an entry in the parish Register runs thus—"Jeremiah, lawful son to William Stons and Janet Heggos, in Leven." William Stons, the father, a reputable sea-faring man, died abroad when Jeremiah was only three years of age. The widow, with her young family, was left in straitened circumstances. Jeremiah seems to have taken early to the business of a travelling chapman or packman. "But," says the writer in the old Stat. Acc., "the dealing in buckles, garters, and such small articles, not suiting his superior genius, he soon converted his little stock into books, and for some years he went through the country, and attended the fairs, as an itinerant book-seller." The young pedlar knew the inside as well as the outside of his books. He possessed the faculty of acquiring languages with amazing rapidity. Curiously enough his earliest linguistic studies were in Hebrew and Greek. He could read the Scriptures in these tongues before he knew Latin. The parish schoolmaster, at a later period, helped him with the Latin Grammar. The Principal of the United College of St Andrews, the Rev. Thomas Tullidolph, happened to be an heritor in the parish of Scoonie. Through this man's countenance and patronage Stone found his way to the oldest of our Scottish Universities. He was enrolled in the Greek class on Feb. 24, 1748, when he was within a few weeks of 21 years of age. On the 11th June, 1750, he graduated as Master of Arts. Before Stone had finished his third session at St Andrews, the Rector of the Grammar School of Dunkeld applied to the College for an assistant, and the newly-made Laureate was appointed. Two or three years afterwards the Rector himself was promoted to Perth, and Mr Stone was put into the vacancy by the Duke of Athole, who had learned to entertain a high opinion of the gifts and graces of the Usher of Dunkeld Academy. Here Stone remained until, as an advertisement in the "*Scots Magazine*" informs us, he was struck down by fever on the 11th June, 1756, in the 30th year of his age. [Old Stat. Acc., v. 110; *Encyclopædia Perthensis* "Stone;" *Scots Magazine*, Vols. xiv., 283; xvii., 92, 295; xviii., 16, 314, &c., &c.]

Such are the main facts in the life of this child of genius, whom the gods loved, and who died young. His name is uncommon, and I may add uncertain, for on the three occasions on which I have been able to trace it in the registers, it is given in different forms. In the parish register the child is named *Jeremiah*, and the father's surname is written *Stons*. In the books of the University of St Andrews the student's signature is found twice. The name is written in Academic fashion in Latin, not, however, as *Jeremias*, but as *Hieronimus*, "Jerome." Again, while in the first signature the surname is spelled *Stones*, in the second it appears as *Stone*. It is noticeable that the earlier signature is in the unformed, probably nervous, hand of the timid pedlar, while the firmer lines of the later show the confidence which in two years of University life the struggling student had acquired.

We get a glimpse now and again of the character and disposition of the man. "An unexampled proficiency in every branch of literature recommended him to the esteem of the professors, and an uncommon fund of wit and pleasantry rendered him, at the same time, the favourite of all his fellow students." The minister of Scoonie, writing nearly 40 years after his death, is able to say that Stone's old college companions "speak of him to this day with an enthusiastic degree of admiration and respect." He was never married, but we are told that he "paid a pious regard to his aged mother, who survived him two years." The desolate widow was during this period in receipt of an annual pension from the Duchess of Athole, "as a testimony of respect to the memory of her son." The son, indeed, seems to have inspired feelings of respect and affection in every one with whom he came in contact.

Jerome Stone had but the few leisure hours snatched from an arduous and exacting profession during six years to do the work on which his fame and memory rest. Yet, in the short working day which was his portion, he did good service, and gave promise of better had length of days been his. He was a contributor to the "*Scots Magazine*"—the only periodical published in Scotland at the time—from his student days till his death. It is stated in the old Stat. Acc. that he left in MS. "a much esteemed and well-known allegory entitled 'The Immortality of Authors,' which has been published and often reprinted since his death." This tract or treatise is not known in the Edinburgh libraries, nor in the British Museum. When the fatal fever carried him away, the young schoolmaster was engaged in writing and preparing for the press a larger work entitled "*An Inquiry into the Original of the Nation and Language of the Ancient Scots: with conjectures about the*

primitive state of the Celtic and other European nations." Mr Chalmers, author of "Caledonia," purchased at a sale a parcel of books and writings which once belonged to Jerome Stone. As some of these "writings" contained Gaelic poetry, Mr Chalmers communicated them to the Committee of the Highland Society, at the time inquiring into the authenticity of Ossian's poems. The Committee extracted and printed in their Report the original Gaelic of a ballad (*Bàs Fhraoich*), of which Stone had, shortly before his death, sent a translation or rather paraphrase to the "Scots Magazine," being the first "Ossianic" poem ever published. But, with this single exception, Stone's papers had somehow disappeared. The late Principal Lee, of Edinburgh, who picked up at sales and old book-stalls all sorts of things literary, which no one else cared to look at, fell upon a folio volume of about an inch and a half thick, which once formed a part of Stone's collection. At Lee's sale the MS. was purchased by David Laing, who, some twenty years ago, presented it to Dr Clerk of Kilmallie, when that accomplished clergyman was editing and translating Ossian's poems. Within the last few months the University of Edinburgh acquired this Manuscript from Dr Clerk's family.

The MS., as already stated, is a folio of one and a half inches thick. It is well covered with sheepskin, and fastened with thongs of the same material. The hand-writing is uniform throughout, and bears an unmistakeable resemblance to Stone's signatures in the University Register, especially the later one. Its contents are in three divisions, each section separated from its neighbour by several blank pages. The third and last division consists of "Poems on various Subjects," in English. There are in all sixteen pieces, several of which were printed in the "Scots Magazine." Among them are translations from French and Italian, showing that Stone knew the modern languages as well as the ancient. These "poems" show their author as a man of cultivated tastes, refined feelings, and considerable powers of versification. But, even had he lived, I do not know that Stone would attain distinction as a poet. As a man of letters he gave great promise. He had scholarship, taste, fancy, and wrote with vigour and elegance.

The other two divisions of the MS. are in Gaelic. One is headed "A collection of such Modern Songs as are remarkable on account of their beauty or the Interesting Nature of their Subject." These songs are seven in number, and together make up about 1000 lines. With one exception, they are all well known, and have been printed in several collections of Gaelic poetry since

Jerome Stone's day. One is a favourite hunting song, known to Gaelic readers as the "Comhachag" or "Owl." Others are descriptions in verse of the "Massacre of Glencoe, by one of the persons who made their escape;" "The Keppoch Murder," "The Day of Rinrory," i.e., *Killiecrankie*, &c., &c. One piece is anonymous. It is a description of the charms of the country and country life—a favourite theme of Gaelic poets. In this song there is a wealth of diction and illustration combined with a certain stiffness of movement in the rhythm, and a peculiar use of one or two Gaelic words, that one is tempted to believe it was written by a poet to whom the language was an acquired tongue, possibly Stone himself.

The other division consists of the Ossianic collection. The ballads are ten in number, and, with the exception of the last, are now printed for the first time. There seems no reason to doubt that the reporters on Ossian had access to Stone's collection. But it is perplexing that Dr Donald Smith while at great pains to cast ridicule on Hill's "Collection" (made by an Englishman after the publication of Macpherson's "Translations"), passes by the collection of Stone, which was written out with care before Macpherson left college, by a classical scholar who had also learned Gaelic, Smith was, perhaps, more anxious to prove the genuineness of Macpherson's text than to give specimens of Ossianic literature as preserved among the people. This may account for the somewhat disparaging way in which Stone is spoken of even in the "Report" (p. 23), as a young man of twenty or twenty-one (he was twenty-nine at the time), in an obscure situation, and in an unfavourable locality for acquiring pure Gaelic, or collecting "the best copies of the ancient poetry of the Highlands." Of all the ballads collected by Stone, versions are found in *Leabhar na Feinne*. On comparing the various versions as they are given here and in *Leabhar na Feinne*, it will be seen that Stone's collection and M'Nicol's, written, in part at least, not long after Stone's, show great similarity. Two ballads in *Leabhar na Feinne* are practically identical with the version given by Stone. These are *Oran a' Chleirich* and *Bàs Oscair*, the first and ninth in this collection. Mr Campbell obtained these ballads from a manuscript written in 1762 by *Eobhan MacDiarmid*, which in 1871 was (and is still) in the possession of John Shaw, a miller in Perthshire (*Leabhar na Feinne*, xvii). By comparing *Leabhar na Feinne* (pp. 72-4 and pp. 182-3) with the first and ninth ballads here given, it will be seen that MacDiarmid and Stone's manuscripts are, *quoad* these poems, either copied the one from the other, or that

both are careful transcripts from the same MS. No two Gaelic scribes, taking down the verses orally, would so frequently commit the same orthographical blunders.

The ballads are here given without note or comment exactly as Stone wrote them. An edited text of the Ossianic literature is possible only after the various versions are collated, and a preliminary requisite to this task is to have them all printed in their integrity. Several of the ballads are profusely glossed, always in the same hand, and the glosses, sometimes valuable, always interesting, are given entire. There are a few pencil notes in Dr Clerk's handwriting, which it has not been thought necessary to insert. With this exception, the Ossianic portion of the MS. is, printers' errors excepted, given *verbatim et literatim* as the collector left it.

Jerome Stone was a pure Saxon. "I am equally a stranger in blood to the descendants of Simon Breck and the subjects of Cadwallader. I have no personal attachment either to the Welsh leek or the Irish potato." By the time he went to Dunkeld, Stone shared fully the prejudices against the Highland people and their language all but universal in his day. But he had wide literary and scholarly sympathies. Unlike the dogmatists of later times he thought it his duty to learn the language before he undertook to pass judgment upon the literature. Possibly he was led with the zeal of a convert to form an exaggerated opinion of the place and value of the language and literature of the Gael. In an admirable critique on Johnson's Dictionary, contributed to the "Scots Magazine," the young schoolmaster blames severely the lexicographers of Britain and France for traversing the globe in search of the origin of a great part of their respective languages, instead of looking at their own doors. "I shall take the utmost pleasure to wander with Mr Johnson," says Stone, "as he elegantly expresses it, from the tropic to the frozen zone, but shall be sorry to find him traversing the valleys of Palestine or the rocks of Norway in quest of such as may more successfully be found among the mountains of Wales or in the wilds of Lochaber." Of the intrinsic excellence of Gaelic literature he wrote with equal emphasis. In the letter accompanying his paraphrase of *Bàs Fhraoich* or *Albin and Mey*, as he named the ballad, the schoolmaster of Dunkeld wrote as follows to the "Author" of the "Scots Magazine":—"Those who have any tolerable acquaintance with the Irish language must know that there are a great number of poetical compositions in it, and some of them of

very great antiquity, whose merit entitles them to an exemption from the unfortunate neglect, or rather abhorrence, to which ignorance has subjected that emphatic language in which they were composed. Several of these performances are to be met with, which for sublimity of sentiment, nervousness of expression, and high spirited metaphor, are hardly to be equalled among the chief productions of the most cultivated nations. Others of them breathe such tenderness and simplicity as must be affecting to every mind that is in the least tinctured with the softer passions of pity and humanity." Here we find this young scholar living under the shadow of the Grampians when the waves raised by the storm of the '45 still ran high, setting before himself a task akin to that which, with larger material, more perfect methods, and wider culture, Celtic scholars now carry on. Highlanders have good cause to cherish the memory of Jerome Stone.

DON. MACKINNON.

[Since the above was written, another MS. of uniform size with the above, and at one time the property of Jerome Stone, was found among the collection bequeathed by the late David Laing to the University of Edinburgh. This MS. was delivered by John Campbell, Edinburgh, "to Mr John Turcan, late schoolmaster at Kirkcaldy, for behoof of Mr George Stone, brother of the author, on the 24th of April, 1790." It was purchased from the author's brother for Mr Chalmers, and bought at Mr Chalmers' sale [Nov., 1842] by Mr David Laing. The volume was evidently written at a later date than the one described above. It is very carefully written and indexed, and it contains a considerable amount of additional matter, including the treatises "On the Immortality of Authors," "An Inquiry into the Original of the Nation and Language of the Ancient Scots," mentioned above; a number of letters to a Professor (or the Principal) of the University of St Andrews, at whose suggestion Stone commenced the study of Gaelic; and several smaller pieces in prose and verse. I have not been able as yet to read the whole of this new matter; but I have compared as carefully as time permitted the ballads here printed with the later volume. The one is a very accurate transcript of the other—line for line and word for word. The only difference of note is that in the later MS. there are on the whole fewer capitals and fewer glosses. Except in one or two cases where a change tended to uniformity, I have left the capitals undisturbed. Where the orthography of the two MS.'s varies, I have followed the latter,

except in the few instances where the earlier MS. seemed more consistent with the author's general practice.—D. M'K.]

ORAN A CHLERICH, OR THE DESCRIPTION OF A BATTLE
BETWIXT THE FIANS AND DANES.

1

A Chlerich a chainidh na Psailim
Air leam fein gur borb do Chial
Nach eisd thu car tammal re Sgeul
Air an Fhein nach fhaichd thu riamh

2

Air do Chumhadhs' a Mhic Fein
Ga binn bhi teachd air an Fhein
Fuaim Psailim fa dheud mo Bheul
Gur e sud bu Cheol damh fein

3

Nam biodh tu comhadadh do Shalm
Re Fiannaichd Eirin na'n Airm nochd
A Chlerich gur lan olc leam
Noch sgarruinn do Chean o d' Chorp

4

Sud faoi d' Chomarich a fhir mhoir
Fuaim do Bheul is binn leam fein
Togthar leats Sheallan ann
'S barrail leam gur binn do Sgeul

5

Nam biodh tu Chlerich chaoimh
Air an Traidh 'ta siar fa dheas
Aig Easan Libhrid na'n Sruth seimh
Air an Fhein bu mhor do mheas

6

Beannachd air Anam an Laoich
Budh garamh Fraoch annsa gach Treis
Ard Rìgh Laghain Ceann an t' sluaigh
'S an air a laointear an t' eas

7

La dhuin a fiadh na'n dearg
'S nach deirigh an t' sealg nar car
Gu mfacus Iomairt na'n Ramh
Ansa'n Traidh a teachd o Noir

8

Labhair Macumhail re Fhein
N' dfhidir sibh ciod é na Sloigh
Na'n dfhiosruigh ciod e Bhudhin bhorb
Bheireadh an deannal cruaidh 's an stracd

9

'Sin nuair huirt Connan aris
Cia bail leat a Righ bhi ann
Cia shaoladh tu Fein na'n Cath
Bhiodh ann ach Flath no Riogh

10

Cia gheibheamaid ionnar fein
Rachaidh ghabhail Sgeul do'n t' sluaigh
'Se radh Fian Flath gun Chleth
Gu'm beireadh sibh Breith is Buaidh

11

Sin nuair huirt Connan aris
Cia Righ bail leat a dhul ann
Ach Fearghus fìor-ghlic do Mhac
O se a chleachd a bhidh na'n dail

12

Beir mhallachd a Chonnan mhaoil
Labhair Fearghus budh Caoin cruth
Rachumsa ghabhail an Sgeul
Do'n Fhein 's cho bann air do ghuth

13

Chuaidh Fearghus Armail og
Air an Rod an coineamh na'm Fear
'S dhiosruigh e le chomh-radh mor
Ciod é na Sloigh a thig o Near

14

Manus fuileach fearach fiar
Mac a Mhean na'n Sgiath dearg
Ard Rìgh Lochlin Ceann na Criche
Giolla budh mor Fraoch is Fearg

15

Cia ass a ghabhadar a Bhuidhin bhorb
Gasridh Rìgh Lochlin na'n Colg sean
A dhiarraidh Comun na'm Fian
Ma chian ris an Traith fa Near

16

Air a Laimhs' a Fhearghus fhior
As an Fhein ga mor do ghlonn
Cho ghabh sin Cumhadh gun Bhran
Na Comhrag mear a bhidh ga Cheann

17

Bheareadh an Fhein Comhrag cruaidh
Da do Shluagh mum faigh tu Bran
'S bheireadh Fian Comhrag teann
Dhuit fein mum faigh tu a Bhean

18

Fearghus fìor-ghlic mo Bhrathair fein
Budh cosmhuil re Grein a Chruth
'S e teachd a Thoram an t' sluaigh
Gu 'm fhosgailte mor a ghuth

19

Mac Rìgh Lochlin sud faoi'n Traidh
Cìod e 'm fadh dhamh bhith ga Chleath
Cho ghabh e gun Chomhrag dlu
No do Bhean 's do Chu bhidh faoi bhreith

20

Chaoiche cho tugimsa mo Bhean
Do dh' aon Duine 'ta faoi 'n Ghrein
'S cho mho bheirinn Bran go brath
Na gu'n teid am Bas am Bheul

21

Labhair Macumhail re Goll
'S mor an glonn a bhidh nar tochd
Nach tugamid Cath laidir borb
Do hard Rìgh Lochlin na'n lamh breachd

22

Iarla Muthin ga mor a ghlonn
'S e radh Diarmad donn gun Onn
Caisgidh mi sud gar Fein
No tuitidh mi fein air a shon.

23

'S e femis a ghabhair fein
Ge d' ha mi mar chi thu mi 'nochd
Rìgh Tirimean na'n Comhrag teann
'S gu'n sgarruin a Cheann re Chorp

24

Beireadh Beannachd 's beireadh Buidh
Ars Macumhail na'n Gruaidh dearg
Manus Macgaradh na'n Sluaigh
Caisgir leam ga mor a Fhearg

25

An Oiche sin duinne gun bhronn
Bainmig linn a bhidh gun Cheol
Fleagh gu farsin fion is Ceir
'S se bhiodh aig an Fhein a ag ol

26

Chonnairceas ma na sgar an Lo
Gabhail doigh annsa ghuirt
Meirg Rìgh Lochlin gun agh
Ga thogal doibh suas air 'n Uchd

27

Chuir sin Dio-ghrein suas re Crann
Bratach Fhein budh mor a treis
Lomlan do Chloichibh Oir
'S an linne gu ma mor a Meass

28

Iomad Cloidheamh dorn Chran oir
 Iomad Srol gu chuir re Crann
 'N Cath Mhicumbail Fian na'm fleadh
 'S budh lionar Sleagh os ar Ceann

29

Iomad Cotan iomad Triath
 Iomad Sgiath is Lurich gharamh
 Iomad Draosach is Mac Righ
 'S ni 'n rabh fear riamh dhibh gun Airm

30

Iomad Clog-mhaisich cruaidh
 Iomad Tuadh is iomad Gath
 'N Cath Righ Lochlin na'm Pios
 Budh lionar Mac Righ is Flath

31

Rinneadar an Uirnigh theann
 Budh Cosmhaluch re Grian na'n Ord
 Cath fuileach an da Righ
 Gu ma ghuinneach bridh an Colg

32

Rinneadar an Uirnigh Chruaidh
 'S briseadar air Buaidh na'n Gall
 Chroma gach Feara annsa Chath
 'S rinne leis gach Flath mar gheal

33

Thachuir Macumhail na'n Cuach
 Is Manus na'n Ruag gun Agh
 Re cheile an tuitim an t-sluaigh
 Chlerich nach budh chruaidh an dail

34

Air briseadh do Sgiath na'n Dearg
 Ar eirigh dhoibh Fearg is Fraoch
 Theilg iad a'm Buil air Lar
 'S thug iad Sparnne 'n da Laoch

35

Cath fuileach an da Rìgh
'S an leunne budh chian an Clost
Bha Clachan agus Talamh trom
Ag moisgeala faoi Bhonn na'n Cois

36

Leagadh Rìgh Lochlin gun Agh
Am fiadh[n]uise Chaich air an Fhraoch
Dho sa 's cho b' Onar Rìgh
'Chuirt air Ceangal na'n trì Chaol

37

Sin nuair a huirt Connan maol
Macmorn a bha riamh re h'olc
Leagar chugam Manus na'n Lann
Gun sgarruin a Chean re Chorp

38

Ni bheil ag am Cairdeas no Caomh
Reut a Chonnain mhaoil gun fhalt
O tharla mi 'n Grasa 'n Fhein
'S ansa leam no bhidh faoi d' Smachd

39

O tharla tu 'm Grasa fein
Cho niomair mi beud ar Flath
Fuasgluidh mi thusa o m' Fhein
A laimh threun a chuireadh Cath

40

'S gheibh thu do raoghuin aris
'Nuair bhios tu an d' thir fein
Cairdeas no Commun a ghnathuigh
No do Lamh a chuir fa 'n m' Fhein

41

Cho chuir mi mo Lamh fa d' Fhein
An gcian a mhaireas Cail a' m' Chorp
Aon bhuile a taoghuidh Fhein
'S athruigh leam na rinnis ort.

42

Mi fein is M' athar is Goll
 Triur budh mho glonn 's an Fhein
 Ge d'ta shin gun Draosuich gun Cholg
 Ag eisdeachd re h' ord Cleir
 An chrìoch.

AN COMHRAG A BHA AG AN FHEIN RE CONN MAC-AN-DEARG
 OR THE BATTLE THAT THE FEINS HAD WITH CONN THE
 SON OF DEARG.

1

Sgeula air Conn mac-an Deirg
 Air a lionadh le trom fheirg
 Dol dhioladh *a* Athar gun fheall
 Air Criochaibh ro-mhor na Heirinn

2

Aithris duinne Ossain naruigh
 Mhic Fhein uasail so-ghradhuigh
 Sgeulachd air Chonn fearradh *b* fearail *c*
 An Sonn *d* calma *e* ciuin *f* ceannoil *g*

3

Cia budh mho Conn no 'n Dearg mor
 Oiscean na'm briathra binn bheoil
 Na'm bionan dealbh dho is dreach *h*
 'S do 'n Dearg mhor mhear *i* mhenmnach *j*

4

Budh mho Conn go mor mor
 A tighin an garadh *k* air Sloigh
 Tarruing a Loinge a steach
 An Cumhang Cuain agus Caolaish

5

Shuigh e air 'n Tulloich gar Coir *l*
 'M fluidh *m* curanta *n* ro-mhor
 Ghabhadh e ga chleasa gairge *o*
 'S iar ann am Bailcaibh na'n iarmailt

a Revenge. *b* Excellent. *c* Manly. *d* Hero. *e* Strong. *f* Mild.
g Good humour'd. *h* Image. *i* Merry *j* Wanton. *k* Near.
l Near us. *m* Giant. *n* Gigantick. *o* He performed his fierce actions.

6

Chuaidh e m frithleanamh na Neul
Os air Cinn ann san Ath-mheud *a*
Is ni mb'ailte *b* neach faoi 'n ghrein
Na Conn na'n Airm faobhar gheur

7

Gruaidh chorcair *c* mar Fhuidhar caoin
Rosg corach *d* gorm fa mhala *e* choraich chaoi*n* *f*
Falt or-cheardail grineal *g* grinn *h*
Fear mor menmneach fearoil aoibhin *i*

8

Colge nimhe re liodairt chorp *j*
Bhiodh ag Laoch teugmhal*t*aigh *k* na mor olo
Bhiodh a chloidheamh re sga sgeidhe *l*
Aig an Laoch re han-reite *m*

9

Buaidh 's gach ball an raibh e riamh
Air Ghaisge *n* air meud *o* a ghníomh
Ghabh e comhlion *p* neart gun sgios *q*
Re tabhairt geil a mor chish *r*

10

Go n dugainsa Briathar cinteach
A Phaidric ga nar re inns' e *s*
Gur ghabh an Fhian Eagal uille
Nach do ghabh iad riamh roimh aon duine

11

Re faicsin doibh a Chona *t* Choinn
Mar thragha *u* mura le tuinn
Agus falachd *v* an fhir dhuinn
An coineamh *w* Athar a dhioladh

- a* Second height or a degree higher. *b* Beautiful. *c* Red herb. *d* Steep.
e Eye brow. *f* Mild. *g* Beautiful. *h* Neat. *i* Joyful.
j A venomous sting for wounding bodies. *k* Meeting. *l* Beside his shield.
m In contention or strife. *n* Heroism. *o* By the greatness of, &c.
p Fulfilling. *q* Weariness. *r* Taking obedience from great tribute.
s Though it be a shame to tell it. *t* Rage. *u* Ebbing of the sea.
v Enmity. *w* Designing.

12

'S e labhair Conan maol mac-morn
 Leagar thuige an cead uair me
 S go m buinean an Cean amach
 Do Chonn dith-measach uaireach

13

Inneach ort *a* a Chonain mhaoil
 Nach sguir thu d' lonan a chaidh *b*
 'Cho bhuineadh tu n Cean do Chonn
 Labhair Osgar na mor ghlonn

14

Gluaiseadh *c* Conan na mhi cheil *d*
 A dhaindeoin *e* na Feine go leir
 An coineamh *f* Choinn bhuadhaigh bhraish *g*
 Mar char tudhal *h* ma aimh-leas *i*

15

Nuair chomnaire an Conn budh caoin dealbh *j*
 Conan dul an sealbhuigh Arm
 Thug e siocadh air an daoidh *k*
 Se teicheadh *l* go luadh *m* a dhalbhidh *n*

16

B' iomad Crap is baile is Meall
 Ag att *o* a suas air dhroch-ceann
 Air Ceanm Chonnain mhaoil go reamhar
 'S na cuig Chaoil san aon Cheangal

17

Beannachd aig an Laimh riun shin
 'S e labhair Fian na'n Cruth nuadh
 Go ma turus duit gun eirigh
 A Chonan dona *p* mhicheilidh *q*

a Plague upon thee. *b* Will you never give over your forwardness.
c Mov'd. *d* Madness. *e* In spite of. *f* Over against. *g* Headstrong.
h Withershins. *i* To his mischief. *j* Mild shape.
k He made an attempt at him. *l* And he flying. *m* Swiftly.
n To Alvy. *o* Swelling. *p* Worthless. *q* Unwise.

18

Go ma Turus gun eirigh dhuit
A Chonain mhicheilidh gun fhalt
Sheal shin ansin air a cheile *a*
Moran do mhaithe *b* air Feine

19

Gur e Comhairle chinn *c* doibh *d*
Sar mhac Fhean budh bhinn gloir
Chuir ghabhail Sgeula do'n fhear dhocair *e*
Gluaisleadh Fearghus binn fhoclach

20

Gluaisleadh Fhearghus binn badhach *f*
Glic cialach *g* mor-dhaluch *h*
Air Chomhairle Athair mar budh choir
Ghabhail Sgeula Chonn ro-mhor

21

A Choinn mhoir bhuadhuigh bhraish
Fhir shugaigh ait *i* aoibhin
Ghabhail Sgeul thainas *j* o Fhean
Go de fath *k* do thuruis a dh' Eirinn

22

Innisimsa sin duitsa
Fhearghuis agus buin *l* e leat
Erig m' Athar bail leam uaithse
O mhaithu *m* teaghlach air moruaislin *n*

23

Ceann Fhean agus dha Mhic mhoir
Ghoill agus Ghridhe is Gharadh
Ceann Chlanna Mordhan uille
Fhaotin *o* an Erig aon Duine

a We look'd upon one another.

b Nobles.

c Grew

d This is the counsel they took.

e Troublesome.

f Childish blooming.

g Prudent.

h Patient.

i Jovial.

j I came

k Reason.

l Bring.

m Nobles.

n Of your grandees.

o To get.

24

Eirin o thuin go tuinn *a*
 A gheileachduin *b* dom *c* aon chuing *d*
 No Comhrag Cuig Ceud dar Fineadh
 Phaotin air Mhadin a Marach

25

'S go n sgarruin an Cinn gun Corpuibh
 A dhaindeoin *e* Fhean agus Chormaig

26

Gluaisidh Fhearghus thugin fein
 A Phaidric ni n canam breug
 Go n do thosd an Fhein uille
 Re Sgeula an Aon Duine

27

Ciod an Sgeula on fhear mhor
 'S e labhair Fean Flath an t' Sloigh
 Aithris duinne e go propadh
 Is na ceil oirn e dhaon olcad *f*

28

'S e mo Sgeula on Fhear mhor
 Gur Ail leis cuig Ceud gar Sloigh
 Phaotain air Maidin a Marach
 Go Comhrag *g* na dithmhalaidd *h*

29

'S e labhair cuig Ceud dar Fineadh
 Caisgidh shinne a luath mhireadh *i*
 Cho raibh sud doibh mar a ghraithe *j*
 Bhi dul ann san Iomairt bhaite *k*

30

Thug iad amach Cloidheamh 'n deirg mhoir
 Is Connadh Catha 'n Ceud Uair *l*
 Thug e rudhar fir an gran *m*
 Mar Sheabhag measg Ealta *n* mhin-eun

- a* From sea to sea. *b* To yield. *c* To my. *d* Yoke. *e* In spite of.
f Do not conceal it from us be it never so bad. *g* To the battle.
h Of destruction. *i* His swift madness. *j* As you said.
k To go into the working down'd, to enter into the fatal contest.
l Fury of battle the first time.
m He took the scattering of a man through grain. *n* Flock.

31

B' iomad Fear sa ghair a bhos *a*
 Iomad Lamh ann is leth-chos *b*
 Iomad Claigean ann is Ceann
 Cuirp gun choigil *c* air a bhall *d*

32

Cuig Ceud eile gad *e* bhiodh ann
 Go n tuiteadh sin air aon bhall
 Is Conn a cailceadh *f* a Sgiath
 Ag iarraidh Comhraig 's gom 'b-an riar *g*

33

Thogh *h* shin *i* seachd fichead fear mor
 Do mhaithaibh teaghlaigh air mor shloigh
 Thoir a chinn do mhac an Deirg
 'S dhaithnigh *j* shin Fean fa throm-fheirg

34

Chuaidh air seachd fichead na dhail *k*
 'S ann orra thainig an dioth-mhail
 Thug e rudhar fir forthuin
 Budh luaidhe *l* e na roth gall-mhuilin

35

Thuit air seachd fichead fear mor
 B' abhar tuirse *m* e 's dobroin *n*
 Gun leig an Fhian gair chruidh *o*
 Re diothugha *p* a mhor shluaigh

36

Fhir a chleachd *q* mo chobhair riamh *r*
 A Ghoill mhic Mordhan na mor Ghniomh
 Budh mhian *s* Suile gach Baile
 'S a Phrionsa fola na diothmhaile *t*

- | | | | |
|-----------------------------------|-------------------------|-----------------------|-------------------------|
| <i>a</i> Shouting on this side. | <i>b</i> One leg. | <i>c</i> Unspar'd. | <i>d</i> Upon the spot. |
| <i>e</i> Although. | <i>f</i> Pressing hard. | <i>g</i> Insatiable. | <i>h</i> Chose. |
| | <i>j</i> Observ'd. | <i>i</i> We. | |
| <i>k</i> Near him. | <i>l</i> Swifter. | <i>m</i> Heaviness. | <i>n</i> Mourning. |
| <i>o</i> The Fein fell a-weeping. | <i>p</i> Destruction. | <i>q</i> That us'd. | |
| <i>r</i> To help me ever before. | <i>s</i> Desire. | <i>t</i> Destruction. | |

37

'S dana leam Conn bagradh ort
 Is ar Chlannu Mordhan uille^a
 Nach buine tu n' ceann deth go fearoil^b
 Mar rinn thu air Athair roimhe

38

Dheanansa shin reut Fhean
 Ghiola na 'm briathra bla-bhinn ^c
 Cuirmid fuath is falachd far cul ^d
 Biodhamid uille a dhaon run ^e

39

Ga d' mharbhadh tu m' Fhein uille
 Go diothugha an aon Duine
 Bhithin fein 's mo threuna ^f leat
 Riogh na Feine gad chobhair ^g

40

Gluaisaidh Goll na chulaidh chruaidh ^h
 An am fìothanuise a mhor Shluaigh
 Budh Geal 's dearg gnus an fhir
 Air Sheol ⁱ gairge dul an tus Ioradhail ^j

41

Gluaiscadh e go dith-measach ^k dana
 Air chiochas fola na diomhaile
 Dith fola do chnaimhamb 'n cuirp
 Dith teine gun Armaibh nochd

42

B' iomad Gaoir ^l do theine ruadh
 Teachd o fhaobhar 'n an Arm geur cruaidh
 Os cion an Ceann-bhearta corrach ^m
 'S iad a cuimhniugh na mor fhalachd ⁿ

^a I think Conn is impudent to threaten you and all the sons of Mora.
^b Like a man. ^c Kindly or warm. ^d Let us lay hatred and enmity aside.
^e Let us be all of one mind. ^f Might. ^g Helping you.
^h Hard suit—i.e., Coat of mail. ⁱ Mood. ^j In ye beginning of strife.
^k Bold. ^l Flash. ^m Steep, pointed. ⁿ Enmity.

43

An da Chuiridh *a* buth gharbh oith
Chuireadh *b* 'n tuloich air bhall-chrith *c*
Le 'm beumanibh *d* buth a leoir meud *e*
San Fhian uille ga n eisdeachd

44

Seachd Lathe is aon-trath-deug
Go ma tuirseach *f* mic is mnaoi
Gus na thuit le *g* Goll na 'm beum *h*
An Sonn mor air cheart *i* egin *j*

45

Gair *k* aoibhin go 'n d' rinn an Fhian
Nach d' rincadh leo roimhe riamh
Re faicsin doibh Ghoill mhic Mordhan
A n' uachdar ar Conn treun tordhach *l*

46

'Sa tabhairt Chonain a sas *m*
N diaghaidh Conan a mhi-ghrais
Naodh raidhin *n* do Gholl an Aidh *o*
Ga leighcas *p* ma n raibh e slan

47

Air seachd fichead 's air cuig cead
A Phaidric mi n' canam breug
Go n do thuit sin la Mac an Deirg
Is budh chruin ar Fian na dhiaghaidh *q*
Crioich.

a The two giants.

b They put. *c* A trembling. *d* Strokes [steps] or reproaches.
e Sufficiently great. *f* Full of sorrow were. *g* Till he fell by. *h* Strokes.
i Very. *j* Difficulty. *k* Shout. *l* Pursuing.
m Taking Connan out of bonds. *n* Quarters of a year. *o* Happy.
p Healing. *q* The Fein were thin after them.

TEANTACH MOR NA FEINE OR THE GREATEST STRAIT EVER
THE FIANS WERE REDUC'D TO.

1

La ga 'n raibh Paidric na mbur
Gun Salm air uidh *a* ach ag ol
Chuaidh e thigh Ossan mhic Fhein
O 's ann leis budh bhinn a ghloir

2

Failte dhuit a shean-fhir shuairc *b*
Tionsaidh air chuairt thainig shinn
A Laoich mhili a b' fear dreach
Cho dear *c* thu riamh neach mad ni

3

Sgeul a bail linn fhaotan uait
Ogha Chumhail na 'n ruaig naidh
'N Teantach is tinne 'n raibh 'n Fhian
O na ghin thu riamh na 'n lorg

4

Dhinsinsa sin duit gun tamh
Ghiola Phaidric na 'n Salm grian
'N Teantach is tinne 'n raibh na fir
O na ghineadh Fianachd Fhian

5

Dearmad Flethe ga 'n d' rinn Fian
'S an Albhuidh re linn na 'n Laoch
Air chuid do n Fhein shuas Druimdearg
Go 'n deirigh am fearg sa 'm fraoch

6

Ma dhiobair *d* sibh shinne ma 'n ol
Huirt Mac Ronain le Ghloir bhinn
Bheirinsa is Ailte ur
Breiteach bliadhna re mur Fian

7

Thog iad go sgiobalta *a* 'n sgiath
An Cloidheamh san srian nan Loing
An diaish Fheinidh armidh fhial
Go Riogh Lochlan na 'n Srian sliom.

8

Muintireas bliadhna do 'n Riogh
'S e thug an dish a bfear dreach
Mac Riogh Connachar na 'n Sleagh geur
Agus Ailte nach dear neach

9

Thug Bean Riogh Lochlan na 'n Sgiath donn
Trom Ghaol trom sa bhi gu deas
Do Ailte greadhnach *b* an fhuilt deirg
Dh folamh *c* i leis an ceilg *d* sa m braid *e*

10

Dh folamh i leis a Leabuidh 'n Riogh
Sud an Gniomh ma 'n doirteadh *f* fuil
Agus go flaitheas na 'm Fian
Ghabhadar an Trial *g* thar Muir

11

Thionoil *h* Riogh Lochlan a shluagh
Cabhlach cruaidh sa 'm bi go deas *i*
'S e dh' eireadh *j* leis re aon uair
Na naodh rioghran san Sluagh leis

12

Lochlanich a bhuidhin bhorb
'S ro mhaith 'n Colg *k* re dul an cein *l*
Thug iad am Breiteacha *m* Triath
Nach pileadh iad Srian na 'n deidh

a Swiftly.
g Voyage.

b Grand.
h Gathered.

c She went.
i Going to the south.
l Far.
m Oath.

e Stealth.
Rose.
f Shed.
k Strength.

13

Thogadar an Abhast ard
 Re Crich Erin garbh an greish *a*
 'S cuirthear a'm puiible *b* a muigh
 Gaoirid *c* on bhrugh *d* an raibh Fian

14

Teachdarachd thainig nar Ceann
 Teachdarachd chuir *e* rinn *f* go truagh
 Comhrag treun *g* o Fhian na Fail
 Gur e bail leo fhaoitin *h* uainn *i*

15

Freagair Ailte n Comhrag treun
 Fear thabhairt mor gheil *j* s' gach Cath
 Ceann Mhic Neimhi is Mhic Lir
 Maodhar *k* leis an darna *l* beum

16

Seachd fichid ceanart dar fein
 Agus Ailte fein air thus
 thuit sud le laimh Erragain mhoir
 Ma'n deachadh na Sloigh an dlus *m*

17

'S e radh Fean flath na 'n Cuach
 'S e 'gamhare *n* air Sluagh Inse Fail
 Co dhionga *o* Erragan sa ghreish
 Ma n leigemid *p* leis air tar *q*

18

'Se ni ghabhar sud la Goll
 An Sonn nach burrast *r* a Chluth
 Diongamsa Erragan sa ghreish
 Leighar edrin ler cleas ludh *s*

a Yoking. *b* Tents. *c* Short, near. *d* Bounds. *e* Put.
f To us. *g* Mighty. *h* To get. *i* From us. *j* Yielding. *k* Cut off.
l Either of the two. *m* Before the battle join'd. *n* Beholding.
o Match. *p* Before we suffer. *q* To despise us. *r* Not easy.
s Feats of activity.

19

Cucihullan is Diarmad donn
 Fearrachuth Crom is Mac an Deirg
 Go d' dhidneadh *a* o bhuilleaibh 'n Laoich
 Cuir diaish dhibh *b* air gach taobh do d' sgeidh

20

Thoir leat *c* an seachd fichid fear mor
 Budh doiligh *d* a chloth far cul
 Cuir sud air laimh shoisgeil *e* mo Riogh
 Chlannaibh Mordhan na 'n gnìomh borb

21

Buin *f* leat cath feug-aradh na Fein
 Nach d' idir *g* Ceim thoirt air Cul
 Cuir sud air do ghualain *h* deish
 Do Shìol Chumhail na 'n cleas-ludh

22

Ochd Oidhchean dhuinn' is Ochd La
 A Sior chuir *i* ar air an 't sluagh
 Ceann Riogh Lochlan na'n Sgiath donn
 Mhaoidha *j* le Goll an naodhamh La

23

Tuilleamh is seachd fichid Sonn
 Thuit sud le Garradh sle Goll
 On'a dheirigh a ghrian moch
 Gus an deach i siar anamoch

24

Seachd fichid do Chlannaibh Riogh
 Ga 'm bu dual *k* gaisge 's mor gnìomh
 Thuit sud le Osgar an Aidh
 Is le Caoireal corraghrain *l*

a Defend. *b* Two of them. *c* Bring with you.
d Difficult. *e* Left. *f* Bring. *g* Tried. *h* Shoulder.
i Always putting. *j* Mow'd down. *k* Who took it of kind. *l* Terrible.

25

Air a Bhaisde thug thu orum
 A Chlerich chanfuis na sailm
 Thuit leanse 's le Fean na'm Fleth
 Coimh-lion Ceann ris a Cheathra

26

Mar fear a chuaidheas *a* do fhaobhar Arm
 No duine ghabh Maoim *b* don Ghreig
 Do Riogh Lochlan no da lion *c*
 Cho deach *d* duine go thir fein

27

Ach na'm faghadh *e* e Comhthrom na'n Arm
 Deagh Mhac Innil nan Lann glas
 San Ailbhidh na'n abairte re Thriath
 Cho ghlaodhte *f* ach an Fhian as

28

Tuileamh agus leth air Fian
 Thuit sud air an tSliabh fa dheas
 Ach na'n ludhamaid *g* a Ghrian
 Cho niho no trian thainig as]

29

Ach nan ludhamaid an Riogh
 A Phaidric le mian gach Salm
 Gad thainig droing dar maithaibh as
 Cho d'rinn sinn air leas *h* san La
 Crioich.

TIGH TORMAIL OR THE BURNING OF THE HOUSE OF TORMAIL
 BY GARRY ONE OF THE FIANS.

1

Chuaidh Fian a shealg le Fiannibh
 Air Sraidh gorma Inse Fail
 Chuireadh ris na Laigibh ghassa
 Feidh *i* na'm beann a b'aisge dha *j*

a If it be not a man who escap'd. *b* Flying. *c* Posterity.

d Went.

e Got.

f Proclaim'd.

g Mention.

h Our good.

i The Deer.

j That were next him.

2

Dfhag e 'n tigheas na'n Corn buaidhich
 Mac Rìgh Feoald na Neul cam
 Crainne chiuil *a* a sheinneadh gu ro-mhaith
 'S Eoin chiuil *b* re Barraibh Chrann

3

Ceud Deacaid na'n Ceann-bhert *c* bhulgach
 Ceud Srian bhulgach na'n Each ard
 Ceud Dioloid bh' air a h'ora *d*
 Ceud Liabhaid re Barribh Chrann

4

Ceud Macan le Bhroilleach *e* shide *f*
 Ceud fìor-ninghean budh ghrinne *g* Meur
 Ceud Cuilleán le Cholair airgid
 Dfhag sinn san Teach s b'fhada linn *h*

5

Ceud Brattach Chaol *i* uaine *j* Datha *k*
 Gabhail Gaothe re Gathibh Chrann
 Ceud Cuppan is Ceud Fainne sheanta *l*
 Ceud Clach cheanghailt 's ceud Corn cam

6

Ceud Luircach a bha gun Notibh
 Faoi ur-mhalibh *m* oir re Hall
 Ceud Laoch nach druideadh fa tshendach
 'S ceud saor bhean a'm Bantrachd Fhein

7

Shin Garraidh Mor Mac Mordhan
 Re Taobh t'all air Leabuidh uir
 Tharruing e Sran trom air a Rosgibh
 'S a cheann air Brat Corcan *n* cloinnh *o*

a Musical instruments. *b* Singing Birds. *c* Helmets. *d* That were gilded.
e Breasts. *f* Silken. *g* Neat. *h* We were sorry for it. *i* Small.
 j Green. *k* Coloured. *l* Holy.
 m Fresh hooks. *n* Red. *o* Feathers.

8

Chinn *a* teansgal *b* air bhègan Ceile *c*
 Ag Bantrachd ur na'n Cul cam *d*
 Deulge *e* Chaol a'm Brataibh gasta *f*
 N foltan *g* Laoch an glacaibh Chraun

9

Aisling gun bhruadar *h* Mac Mordhan
 Air bhì dho na Chodal scamh
 Chonnaire *e* garadh fa dhiamhair *i*
 'S gun Iomradh *j* air Fian no Fail

10

'S e dhuig *k* an Laoch as a Chodal
 Aisling ma'n rabh Moran Deur
 Dhealuigh *l* an tseicc *m* ris a nian-cheann *n*
 Fuil an Laoch bu gharramh a Chreachd *o*

11

Do Thoradh *p* sugraidh *q* Ban na Feine
 Chuaidh *e* don Choile le Cheum deas
 Dhruid *e* na Dorsaibh mar chualadh *r*
 Thug Crann crian *s* air a Ghuail leis

12

La dho re Sgota *t* na'n Rodaibh *u*
 Deadh Mhac Mordhan na'n cleas truadh
 Chuir *e* Smuid *v* re taobh na Talla
 A Dhruim a chuir Garaidh 's chuaidh *w*

13

Suil ga'n tug Fion thair a ghualain *x*
 Deadh Mhac Cumhail na'n Cleas garg
 Chonnaire *e* 'Ceo talmhaidh daite *y*
 Do Thigh Tormail 's Lassair ard

a Came. *b* Project. *c* Wit.
d Cur'd hind heads. *e* Pins. *f* Fine. *g* Hair. *h* Dreamed.
i Warming in secret. *j* No mention. *k* Awakened. *l* Separated.
m Hide. *n* Brain. *o* Wound. *p* Fruit. *q* Sporting. *r* As I heard. *s* Dry.
t Cleaving. *u* Wood. *v* Smoke (smoke). *w* Garry turn'd his back and went.
x Fian looking over his shoulder. *y* Smell of burning.

14

Cuiribh oiribh a Leomhnaibh *a* gasta *b*
 Meud sa bheil sibh n fhios re Linn *c*
 Freagairibh an Caismeachd *d* anamoch *e*
 Theassairgin grad Bantrachd Fhein

15

Ag meud a dhochaish *f* as a Laochaibh
 A Luas *g* an C'os na 'm breth chaol
 Leum gach fear air a chaol chrann sleadhe *h*
 'S d'fhàlachadh *i* Mac Rìadh sa chaol

16

Thainig Deadh Mhac Crodh an Cuil
 A Theaghas *j* air dol air Chuil
 'S chuir e Dhruim re taobh na Talla
 S Chaointe *k* leis Garradh an tus

17

Chuir Fian a mheur faoi Dheud Fios
 'S ghabh each ma'n Fhios a fhuair
 Lenibh *l* gu maith *m* Fear ar Fallachd *n*
 'S glacar libh Garraidh sa nuaimh

18

Thigse amach arsa Mac Umhail
 A dheadh Mhic Mordhan na'n Cleas truadh
 Athchuinge *o* a dhiaruin *p* araidh *q*
 Air dheth *r* Manam a bhreadh *s* uaim *t*

19

Gheabhadh tu t' athchuinge araidh
 Dh' aon Cheist gu niarradh *u* tu
 As eugmhais *v* T'annan a iarridh
 O's Fear do'n na Fiamibh thu

<i>a</i> As many of you as are with me	<i>b</i> Brave.	<i>d</i> Alarm.	<i>e</i> Late.
<i>f</i> For the greatness of his hope.	<i>g</i> Swiftmess.	<i>h</i> Spear.	<i>i</i> Was hid.
<i>j</i> House.	<i>k</i> Mourn'd.	<i>l</i> Follow.	<i>m</i> Well.
<i>n</i> Ask.	<i>o</i> Especially, at any rate.	<i>p</i> In case.	<i>q</i> Request.
	<i>r</i> Ask.	<i>s</i> Taken.	<i>t</i> From me.
	<i>u</i> Except.		

20

Mac an Loin bhreadh as-am mannan
 Athchuinge a labhram ribh
 Mo Bhragad *a* fein a chuir an girrid *b*
 Air bun *c* Sleiste *d* Gille *e* Fhein

21

'Se thuasgaladh *f* air na Geassaibh
 Mac Riogh Nuadhe Inse Goill
 Sheachd traidhean *g* a bhuan as a Fheadha *h*
 San Tulloch mheine *i* os air Ceann

22

Dfholaigh *j* Cas Riogh Foteabhriddh
 Fo Fhoid *k* ghlas an talmhuin trom
 Ghear an Cloidheamh sud na Anabharr *l*
 Seachd traidhean Lan talmhuin trom

23

Budh d'luidh *m* na Druchd air tearnadh *n*
 Cuisle a Glun gearte *o* Fhein
 Dfhag *p* Fàiteal *q* a Chuilg *r* Nemh
 Fuil daite huas Traidhean *s* Fhein

24

Thionail Maithibh 's Uaisle Eirinn
 Shuigh iad uille air Cnoc na'n Deur
 Budh mhor a Ni linn air Garraidh
 Air Riogh 's air Talla bhidh gar Dith *t*

25

Labhair Fian fein gu fìor-glic
 Cunaibh *u* a Ghloir shinn aguibh *v* na tochd
 O nach fìu i fein *w* a tagradh *x*
 'S leor a meuda *y* th' aguin : do'n ole

- | | | | | | |
|-------------------|-----------------------|---------------------|--------------------|--------------------------------|--------------------------|
| <i>a</i> Neck. | <i>b</i> To shorten. | <i>c</i> Root. | <i>d</i> Thigh. | <i>e</i> White. | <i>f</i> Loos'd. |
| <i>g</i> Foot. | <i>h</i> Green. | <i>i</i> Soft. | <i>j</i> Hid. | <i>k</i> Turf. | <i>l</i> Over and above. |
| <i>m</i> Swifter. | <i>n</i> Descending. | <i>o</i> Cut. | <i>p</i> Left. | <i>q</i> Influence. | <i>r</i> Sting. |
| <i>s</i> Foot. | <i>t</i> To our loss. | <i>u</i> Keep. | <i>v</i> With you. | <i>w</i> Since it is unworthy. | |
| | <i>x</i> To dispute. | <i>y</i> Greatness. | <i>z</i> With us. | | |

26

Claochar Leac an Fhir Chalma
Do dheadh Mhac Mordhan na'n Cleas truadh
Fhir a chuir tlachd a air a Chairdibh
Do Chorpan fein sa Talmhuin Chruaidh

CATH NA'N SEISHIAR, OR THE ENGAGEMENT WHICH SIX OF
THE FIANS HAD WITH TWO AND FOURTY OF THEIR ENEMIES.

1

Seishiar ga 'm biodhmaid ma'n Riogh
Cho be 'n tseishear budh bheag brigh
Osgar agus Fearragan fial
Caoilte is Caoireal na'n gorm shrian

2

Leig shinn air Cuachan re Sruth
Is riun shinn an t' ol gun ghuth
Cuach Fhian a bhuidhin an geall
Dh' inighidh i na h-aon-aran

3

Thainig seachd Seishiar nar Ceann
Do'n tsluagh fhuileach fhaobhar-fheann
Sa mfeair budh taire dhìbh sin
Go'n dìonga e Ceud an a Comhrag

4

Bhiodh ma bhragad gach fir mhoir
Scapul daingean do'n dearg or
Os cionn na craosugh nìuhe
Lanna saoradh 's iad doth-chaidhe

5

Da Luireach an Eìdidh team
Ma Chuirp sheanga na'n saor-chlann
Bhiodh air Uachdar sin orr uille
Earradh uainne air aon-dath

6

Thairg Fian doibh cumhadh mhor
 An Earradh fein do'n dearg shrol
 Ceud Bean no Baintreach sa bhroin
 'S Fear os a Cheann sa chomh-ol

'Se labhair Clann Chuilg na'n cleas
 Cho bhi shinne reidh gu h' Oiche

7

Sin nuair dhisleugh Fean a Ghloir
 'Se gamharc air Luchd a chomh-ol
 Bheil sibh gabhail teamhachd dheth
 Dul a bhualadh na'n seachd seishiar

8 *

Bha mi La an ruaig na'n gleann
 Huirt an t' Osgar budh mhor Greann
 Rinn mi Gniomh budh doradh dhamh
 No'n Ceann a bhuintin do Sheishiar

9

'Se labhair Fearragan Mac an Riogh
 Marbhaidh mi mo Sheishear dhibh
 Cho chuir e trom air neach eille
 Na thig slan o m' iorruil dibh

10

'Se labhair Coilte na'n arm-nimh
 Marbhaidh mi mo Sheishiar dibh
 Go mo dearg o bhun gu barr
 Am ball an tairngin mo gheur-lann

11

Gur maing a dhfagadh air dail
 An diaish le 'n creimte 'n enaimh
 Marbhaidh mise is Goll na Gaisge
 Air da sheishear san aon aiteal

12

Go'n do chom shinn ar Ceann sa Chath
 Is rinn gach Flath mar a gheall
 Mharbh me fein mo Sheishiar air tus
 Sud a Phaidrie mo cheud-chuis

* In second MS., stanzas 8 and 9 are transposed.

13

Mharbh Osgar seishiar is fear
'Se mo dhochan bhi ga 'n iomradh
Am Fear ma dheireadh bh' aig Fian
Mar bhuine edir dha Leann

14

Ghabh e is budh mhor am Beum
Na Seachd builean san aon Sgeidh
'S mar bhi Osgar na n ceud rath
Cheangladh e shinne nar Sheishiar
Crioeh.

A CHIOSH CHNAMHADH OR AN IMPORTANT DISPUTE THAT
Arose among the FIANS.

1

Sin iad thugaibh hun an Oil
Air mo shithsa maodhair mhor
Gun aon Sgiath air Duine dhibh
Gun a Comhdach uille dh' or

2

Dath na mflaith air dath an eisg
Dath an tshneachdaidh thig a nuas
Dath is eilidh na air chach
Rosg Riogh orr' uille gu leir

3

Ha aon Duin air thus an t-sluaigh
Na mbiodh a mbeud mar ha bhuaidh
Cho dimthigh e m fear ga 'Chois
Duine ga neubhaidh ris Comhrag

4

Caoireal ceatach mar budh dual
A chi thu air thus an t-Sluaigh
Da trian ruim ort Fhean gun fheall
Reitughear arum roimh Chaoireal

5

Go n do chuir Caoireal ma mhicheil
 Am flaitheas a sheanor fein
 A Sgiath os cionn Sgeidhe Ghoill
 An tulachan Tighe na Halbhuidh.

6

Go de bheireadh shinn duit fhir
 Do Sgiath chuir os cionn mo Sgeidh

7

Go n raibh m fheabhas do mhac Flath
 Agus mo chruas a chuir Cath
 Mi bhi mion re bannal bhan
 Agus mo bhi fial re Filidh

8

Dhfaraid Caoireal seach a laimh
 Dheagh Mhac Cumhail na'n Arm sean
 Com a mbiodhe a chiosh chnamhadh
 Ga cuir uille a dhaon lathair

9

A Chiosh chnamhadh a chiosh chnamhadh
 Gur mairg line air na thar i
 N fheoil ma na las memnadh n fhir
 Cho raibh 'n sud ach ciosh trian fhir

10

Ga be bheireadh uam an Smior
 A chin is nach bann do mdheoin
 Breatach bheiriun ris a chnaimh
 Go la bhrath nach blaishin feoil

11

Cnaimh an daimh aillidh san tsiabh
 Gun a chuir an coire riamh
 Thugar sud an Laimh na deisheadh
 Air a bhlar nar fiannuisne

12

Leanaibh leanabaidh is Laoch lan
Cho n an comhad theid an Comhrag
Cho leanabaidh Mac Rìogh har seal
An tim theid e fein air airdh-airt

13

Dheirigh Scishiar laidir Laoch
Eidir an Leanamh sa n tog Laoch
Gun fhiu na Sgein air an Crìos
Air Eagal a cheile mharbhadh

14

'S e labhair Conan maol Mac Mordhan
'M fear a bha riamh ris an Ole
Thugar dhamhsa mo Sgian fein
'S go m bithin thall eatorra

15

'S e labhair Ossan beg Mac Fhian
Leth mar leth air an leth roin
Thugar dhamhsa mo Sgian fein
Is thugar a Sgian fein do Chonan

16

'S iomad Og an earraidh ghaisgidh
Agus Laoich air faicsin gadhamh
'S iomad Laoch luanach air Iannaibh
Gheibhite thall ma cheannabh clomainhadh

17

Am facadh tu iongnadh rianh
A Phaidric chanta na n Clìar
Budh mho no n Fhein uill' thearna slan
Ga n eidrigin ma'n aon Chmainh
Crìoch.

SEALG MHOR A GHLINN OR A GREAT HUNTING WHICH THE
FIANS HAD.

1

Sealg budh chomh-mor a Ghline
 Ma Leitrichaibh *a* Ghline Laoire *b*
 Ma Ghlen-dubh loch ma Lach
 Ma theach re Soch re Suine

2

Chuaidh Fean air Sliabh madhi machrach
 A ghreasad a steach *c* na Feine
 Nualan mor gluimin glaoman
 Gur e leig *d* ogh Baoisge barraghlie

3

Go'n do chruinigh an Fhein uille
 Re cluintin doibh na Glaodh Fhiana
 Lomlan do dhfuil is do dhfiadhugh *e*
 Gus an Tulloch n-raibh Ogh Baoisge

4

'S e Fean fein a roim *f* am fiadhugh
 Air na Fiannaibh uaisle Banbhaidh
 'S cho dfag e san fhein ga biom iad *g*
 Aon Laoch diumaidh *h* no fear Dearmaid

5

An diaghaidh cirigh do na Sealgaibh
 Budh bheus Feinn e le Mae Cumhail
 Go m beudmhòr *i* le Goll gaosraidh
 Tus is suighe na Feinn fhulang *j*

6

Air do Laimhsa Ghoill mhie Mordhan
 Fhir na'm briathra todhach *k* treunadh
 Sam mar sud a bhios am fiadhagh *l*
 Gar am fan thu *m* m fianmachd Eirinn

a Declivities. *b* Resounding.

c To hasten in. *d* Utter'd. *e* Venison. *f* Divided.

g He left not among the Fein for as many as were of them. *h* Displeas'd.
i Jealous. *j* For Goll was jealous that Fein should have the first seat.

k Fierce. *l* Thus shall be the hunting. *m* Though you should not stay in, &c.

7

Cho n fhan mise m fiannachd Eirinn
'S e labhair Goll na 'n ceim calma
Ach dhuitse Fhian na m breith baolach
Fagfuidh *a* me mac Baoisge banbhaidh

8

Sin nuair dhathchuinge Goll air Ossan
A Lamh *a* chosne dhuinn ar feumadh *b*
Aisig *c* shinne slan a Halbhaidh
Saor o Airlin go Eirlinn

9

Ghuasadar nar Longaibh leuradh *d*
Is nar Barcaibh reamhradh reidhe *e*
Ann an Aros *f* breith baolagh
Gabhail Gloir *g* na Gaoithe gairge

10

Bha shinn Bliadhain ann an Dun-Eirlinn
Ann an Aros gle ghlic tosa
Is ar mnaoi 's ar Clann an Albhidh
Is ar nannsachd ann an Dunmonaidh

11

Gluaiscadar an ceart chean *h* Bliadhna
Ann an trom-ghoil *i* dian *j* na dilean *k*
Mac Mordhan is fir na foidladh
Go feud ainmhidh na milte

12

Suighchear toghe *l* na 'n treun fhear
Cannadar Gloir gle *m* bhinn gaosde
Cuirthear Teachdair chum na m flathe
Dhfuagradh *n* Catha a Ogh Baoisge

13

'S iongnadh *o* leam o Chlannaibh Mordhan
'S air tighinn forgla ga'n Aoise *p*
Teachd a dhfuagradh Cath a Halbin
Go Halbhinaibh Chlannaibh Baoisge

a I will leave. *b* That gains to us our need. *c* Restore.
d Long. *e* Smooth. *f* In the place. *g* Receiving the sound.
h The very end. *i* Love. *j* Keen. *k* flood. *l* Best. *m* Very.
n To declare. *o* It is a wonder. *p* Confession.

14

Is nach b' ionnan *a* Cruas dan Sginnaibh
 No gun Lannaibh no gun Doideabh *b*
 Is nach b' ionnan coimh-meas *c* caethe
 Dhuinne is do Chlanna Mordhan

15

Is nach bionnan coimh-meas guthe
 Do chuirinnibh Chlannaibh Baoisge
 'S do chlann Mordhan a Dhun-Meodhe
 O Lamhaibh na seimh shaothrach

16

Gu'n do chuir Fean fios san uair sin
 Air Maithibh uaisle na Feinne
 Dul ga n tional *d* hun na m Flathe
 Go m biad sud na Caethe calma

17

Aobh agus Osgar is Oissan
 Chuir iad gur prosnugha *e* thugain
 Se-ceud-deug agus tri fichid
 Clann agus Fine Mhic Cumhail

18

Thainig Clann an Duibh mhic Diaruin
 Do dh' Fiannaibh dileas *f* go dourain *g*
 Deich fichid Sgiath gun aon Sgainnil
 Cho budh char *h* do Chlannaibh Mordhan

19

Thainig an Taog-cas Mac Diaruin
 Le feachd *i* Riogh ann meud a Maise *j*
 Do na Fearaibh crodhic *k* calma
 Dheanadh Marbhadh agus Glaca

20

Go n dainig Iolin na'm beuman
 Fear nach tugadh Geil a naisgidh *l*
 Cabhlach mor do dh' fearaibh treunadh
 Thainig fa n Cath eidi *m* thugain

	<i>a</i> Equal.	<i>b</i> Hand.	<i>c</i> Comparison.	
<i>d</i> Gathering.	<i>e</i> Exhort.	<i>f</i> Faithful.	<i>g</i> Destruction.	<i>h</i> Friends.
<i>i</i> Army.	<i>j</i> Beauty.	<i>k</i> Courageous.	<i>l</i> In vain, for nought.	<i>m</i> Armour.

21

Go'n dainig Mac Rìogh Rachandrachd
 Fear nach do chleachd anabain obain *a*
 Le Deich-ceud Sgiath budh dearg dealradh
 Go ma bhanbhìdh *b* dul sun trod *c*

22

Go n dainig Caoral a Halbhìdh
 'S budh doth-aircamh meud a bhuidhne
 Cath feugaradh fiata *c* fuileach
 Go Mullach Sleibhe Suine

23

Le deich ceud Cuiridh 'n abaidh Clidhear
 Go ndainig Diarmad Ogh Duidhne
 On Chogumh mhorgharg Mugha
 Go Mullach Sleibhe Suine

24

Go n dainig Faolan Ogh Baoisge
 Le deich ceud do dhfearaibh gaisge
 'S le uirrid eille *d* do Dhiannaibh
 'Se thainig Beli Mac Breatan

25

Le deich ceud 'Otan maairiol
 'Se thainig Faolan na Suireadh
 'S le uirrid eille on Mhithe Meath
 'Se thainig Bini Mac Boini

26

Thainig Fearghus Mac na Flathe
 An cois *e* Athar dhfearraibh rioghail
 A dhfantain *f* an coish na'n Flathe
 'Sa dhfeitheamh *g* fada re n Laoidhibh

27

'Cho tug e fein riamh no Athar
 Aon La air Cath no air Teantach
 A Mac a riun Rìogh re rìghbhean *h*
 Ann am pubul fiachmhor *i* fearradh

a Sudden. *b* Strong and fat. *c* Cruel.
d As many again. *e* After. *f* Continuing. *g* Waiting.
 h Beautiful woman. *i* Fierce.

28

Go ndainig Osgar an tsacair *a*
 Mo Mhacsa bha n sud a Chlerich
 'S cho raibh thall *b* no bhos *c* ma chomhair *d*
 Aon neach go nach Bodhoin eirigh

29

Go ndainig Clann Fhian uille
 A dhfulang a mhor cheim docair *e*
 Is Clanna mearra Mordhan
 A Bhuidhin shodha *f* sheasrach

30

Cannadar ansin re cheile
 An Comhradh budh leor a ghrodhe *g*
 A chuireadh Mac Goill a Craigibh
 Na scealpaibh reamhradh reidhe

31

Cho raibh Brochd no Torchd no Taodhan
 Ann an Sgeir non Craig no Nuamhin
 Nach do chuir iadsa air beantaibh
 Ann an coilteaibh fada uathe

32

Go ndo shuigh Fian fein air Bhruaichibh
 A dhamhare uaith air Phortaibh
 Cho n fhac e riamh Siar on Anain
 Coimhlioin Colain do Chorpaibh

33

Bhisdlh seachd Dorsan air Cath Ghoill
 Air a n fheugradh Druim air Dhruim
 Is caogad Luireach shuairc sholais
 Bhiodh air Guailin gach aon Doraish

34

Go ndainig Art og Mac Mordhan
 Is budh doth-radh *h* e san teugmhail *i*
 Mhairbhe leis Osgar Mac Cromchinn
 Agus Dorn sidhe do Dh' Fiannaibh

<i>c</i> This side.	<i>a</i> Acquisition.	<i>b</i> Other side.
	<i>d</i> Over against him.	<i>e</i> Uneasy.
	<i>g</i> Terror.	<i>f</i> Cautious.
	<i>h</i> Mischance (?)	<i>i</i> Meeting.

35

Gu'n tug Goll ansin rudhar eille
Is cha burrast *a* sud a Chlerich
N diaghaidh Aog Osgar Mhic Chromchinn
Agus Dorn sidhe do Dh fiannaibh

36

Mhairbhe leis Deich ceud dar feabhuin *b*
Le Shleaghaibh garbha geuradh
Gur iomad Corp fili faoine
Bha faoi laimh *a* Mhili *c* ghrodhadh
Agus a shleaghan gan sgannra *d*
Le Dhoideaibh *e* reamhradh *f* reidhe *g*

37

Gur iomad Lamh agus lethchos
Bha air an teasguin *h* le geir-loinn
O neart bhuile throim shodhadh
Ghoill mhic Mordhan neabhain

38

Mhairbhe lemsa Mac Dubhain
An Cois Croman a bhuile
Aobh agus Goll Mac Ladhair
'S *iad* dhfag mi ann do thri builleaibh

39

Go n d'rug Fian ormse san uair sin
Is beagan do n uaislibh na Feinne
Am fiadhnuise Ghoill ann san teagmhail
Mhairbhe le Fian beagan Beul-bhinn

40

Mhairbhe linne Bran is Leachdan
An an lathair Chlannaibh Mordhan
Am fiadhnuise Ghoill agus Gharradh
'S ann leam nach baithnid *i* an Dourain

a Easy. *b* People. *c* Soldier.
d Scattering them. *e* Hands. *f* Great. *g* Smooth.
 h Wounded. *i* Sorry.

41

'S e Dhiothaigha *a* ann san teugmhail
 Faraon *b* agus Beagan Beul-bhinn
 'Se ceud deug agus tri Chathaibh
 Do Maithibh sud a Chlerich

42

Go n tuginse dhuit a dheimhin *c*
 Go bheil an Sgeula ud fiornugh
 Agus air n aile *d* a Chlerich
 Go m feudfadh tusa a sgriobha

43

Dh'aom iad ansin cas Sliabh Suine
 Mairidh chuimhne sud gach oiche
 Ar' air Chlannaibh mearradh Mordhan
 Le Clannaibh borbadh Baoisge

44

Go n do shion *e* shinn orra *f* go dionaidh *g*
 Ann an Coiss Bheannaibh go Menmnach
 'S ge budh mhor an sin air febhuin
 Cho burrin shinn Goll a Chuibhreach *h*

45

Sann a bhiodh Goll is Garradh
 Sealan an diaghaidh ar Feinne
 Is sgidearlorg Aluin aca
 Air feadh Moina buige breine *i*

46

Misi is Diarmad is Garradh
 Sealan *j* ann am beannaibh ard
 'Se gheibhamaid o Mac Cumhail
 Ach go minic *k* urram *l* Sealga

Crioch.

a Destroyd. *b* Together with. *c* Verity. *d* Indeed.
 Stret[c]h. *f* Upon them. *g* Keenly. *h* Manage. *i* Foul.
 j A while. *k* Often. *l* Honour.

BAS CHONLAOICH OR CONLACH KILL'D BY HIS FATHER
WHO WAS ONE OF THE FIANS.

1

Chualas air fhada o shean
Soisgeul a bhuineadh rem chuimhnidh
La bhi mi gu tuirseach trom
Air an Taobhsa dh Inse Rodhuin

2

Clanna Ruairidh na m Breth-mall
G Thaoibh Chonchar s' o Thaoibh Chonuil
Le nur Chloinn oig air na Maghaidh
'S iad air Urlar Choigidh Ulan

3

Na m-bith s gu n tigeadh nar Ceann
Fir Laoch Ulla 's nir bhreth thiann
Gun a tigeadh orn 's ana bhall Ellbh
Thoirt Diombuaidh do ehlanna Ruairidh

4

Tigeadh chugin am borb fhraoch
An cuiridh Crothanda Conlach
Do dh fios na 'n Fear grathigh grinn
O Dhuin Sgaith go Heirinn

5

Labhair Connichir re Cach
Cia gheibh shinn thuin an Laoch
Do thoirt Beachd na Sgeul dheth
'S gun teachd le h-ara uaidhe

6

Ghluais Connail nach lag-lamh
Do ghabhail Sgeula do n Ogan
Mar dhearbha le torradh an Laoch
Cheanglad Connail le Conlach

7

Greassar chugain air Fir laochar
Gu Conlach fraoch mhor furrannach
Ceud gar Sluaigh a cheangladh leis
'S Iongnadh shinn is buan re aithris

8

Chuaidh Teachdaireachd go Ceann na'n Con
 O ard Riogh Iongnadh Ullin
 Gu Duin dealgan grianach glan
 Shean Duin Cialach na'n Gaodhal

9

An Duin sin a leabhar libh
 O Mheidh aon Inghean Mhoirgil
 Gun deach griomh saor na'n Steud Each mear
 Go Righ faoilteach na'n Fear

10

Do dh fios na h' Ulla uainne
 Tigeadh Cu na chraomh thruaighidh
 Mac Teud gheal is Gruaidh mar Thuth
 Na deatach teachd nar Comhair

11

Labhair Conchar ris a Choin
 'S fad a bha thu gun teachd gar feuchain
 'S Connail suireach na'n Steud mear
 'N Comhrag uainne is ceud gar Sluaighibh

12

'S Ole linn a'm bith uainne am bruid
 Na Fir a cobhradh air an coirdibh
 Ach ni'n re dhol ann shineadh lann
 Ris an ti leis na Cheangladh Connil

13

Na smuaintigh gun dal na Choineamh
 Lamhuigh na'n geur Arm granmhuil
 Lamh nach lagadh re neach
 Cuimhidh Taoide is e n Cuibhreac

14

Cu Chulan an Lamh nach sliom
 Re Cuimhneach air Cuibhreac Chonnail
 Ghluais e le treunadh a Lann
 Ghabhail Sgeula do 'n Ogan

15

Innis duinne re teachd ad d'fhail
Labhair an Cu 's nior ghabh teagmhail
O shlios Rìgh an Abhradh dhuinn
Fios do shlaoinidh 'n cia do dhuich

16

Geassan orm air teachd o'm Theach
Gun Sgeula thoirt do Dhuine
Na n tugadh do dh' aon neach eille
Ga do dhreachsa bheiradh gu hairidh

17

Comhrag is idir dhuit
No Sgeul a thabhairt mar Chairid
Gabh do Roghain a Chiabh bhog
Cho Chial taoghadh dhuit gam Chomhrag

18

Thun a Chomhrag mar budh treun
Chuaidh an Cu sa mhac fein
A Mhac fein gun d'fuair gu ghuin
Le Daltana cruaidh Cath bheuradh

19

Dh' innis duinne ars' Cu na'n Cleas
O tharla tu Chaidh faoi
Fios 't ainm no do Laoinneadh gu lom
'S na trial dol g' allach uainn

20

Is miseadh na shinn mar thachair dhuit
Aona Choin uir aghair Eirinn
Ghaisgich uir air thuis Truid
Truaigh mo Luis bhidh agat a naisgidh

21

Mise Conlach Mac a Choin
Oighre dligheach air Dun Tigh Dealgan
N' Ruin dh fag thu m' Broinn gun fhios
N' Duin Sgaich gam fhoghlum

22

Seachd Bliadhna dhamh 's tìrse
 Ag fhoghlum Gaisge o'm Mhathar
 An Cleas leis na thuirchir mi
 Budh dheas domh fhoghlum o'm Mhathar

23

Nar chonnaire an Cu air dol eug
 A Mhac air Call a choimh bheum
 Air smuaintigh air Failte an fhir
 Chaill e Chuimhne s' a Cheudfadh

24

Na mairin 's is Conlach slan
 'G iomairt air chleas an comh-lan
 Chuirimid Cath formadach treun
 Air Fearaibh Alba is Eirinn

25

Cu Chulan ga b' ard a Chail
 Gun n dioslugh sud trial ga Onair
 A Mhac fein a thurchair leis
 An 't saor shlat chorant choimh-dheis

26

Cu Chulan a Chroidhe chruaidhe
 An La sin dosa fa dhiom Buaidh
 A Mhac fein gun dfuair gu Charaimh
 Sho dhuibh 'n Sgeul mar chualas
 Crioch.

**BAS OSGAIR OR THE DEATH OF OSGAR SON OF OSSAN AND
 GRANDSON OF FIAN MACOLL.**

1

Cho n abair mi mi thriath re m Cheol
 Ga b'oil a le h-Oissin a nochd
 Osgar agus Cairbre calma
 Traothadar uille neath Ghauradh

a In spite of.

2

'N t-sleagh nimhe is i 'n Laimh Chairbre
Go n crodhte *a* i re uair feirge
Heireadh am Fiadhach *b* re ghoinmh
Gur ann leadha *c* mhairbhthe Osgar

3

'S miseadh *d* heireadh *e* e ris fein
Am Fiadhach dubh ma mhicheil
A Chuig fhear a ha sibh ma'n Chlar *f*
Ach suil fir a bhi ga thachda *g*

4

Dhfaraid *k* sinne *i* a Rath gun cheil
Com an tachda *j* air suil fein
Go de a ghoimh *k* a h-air air rosgaibh
Nuair a chaonamaid a chaol reachda

5

Gairaidh / m' fiadhach moch a marach
 Air a ghruaidhsa ann san Aroich *m*
 Cuireadar a shuil a gluc
 As a sin a thig a thuradh *n*

6

'S dearg an fhaobh o sin ha thu nidhe p
'S dearg an taogasg q do bhi orra
Ach gus an tainig an niugh
An fhaobh sin cho boile a hiuncal r

7

A bhaobh s a nìdheas an teudach
Deansa dhuinne faisneachd t cheudna
An tuit aon duine dhìbh linn
Na n teid sinn uille do neamhni

a Would be shaken. *b* Raven. *c* By it. *d* Worse.
e Did he say. *f* About the table. *g* Choak. *h* Ask'd. *i* We.
 j Choak. *k* Fury.

l Shall croak. m Field of battle. n Prophecy. o Exuviae.
p Washing. q Appearance. r Beauty. s Bad woman. t Prophecy

8

Marbhair *a* leatsa cuig ceud
 Is godhnar *b* leat an Rìogh fein
 Araon sa mfear lagha dheth
 Air Saoghal uille go n dainig

9

Na cluineadh e thu Rosg mac Ruaidh
 Na duine bhuine *c* ga shluagh
 Na cluineadh an Fhein thu Nochd
 Ma mbi sinn uille go meirsneach

10

Iomlaid *d* Cinn gun iomlaid Croin *e*
 B eugcorach sud iarraidh oirn
 Se fath *f* ma n'iarraidh tu sin
 Sinne bhi gun Fhian gun Athar

11

Ga do bhithe an Fhian is t Athar
 'N la a bfearr bha iad nam Beatha
 Cho buileor leamsa *g* re m linn *h*
 Gach Seoid a dhiarruin go m faghain *i*

12

Na m biodhe an Fhian is m-Athar
 N la bfearr bha iad na'n leath bheatha
 S team air am faghaidh tu sin
 Aon leud *j* do throighe *k* ann Eirinn

13

Briathar *l* buan sin briathar buan
 A bheireadh *m* an Cairbre ruadh
 Go n cuireadh *n* e Sleagh na n seachd Siong
 Idir Aradh *o* agus iomlag *p*

a Shall be kill'd. *b* Shot. *c* Belongs. *d* Exchange. *e* Shaft.
f Reason. *g* I would not think it much. *h* Time. *i* Get.
j Breadth. *k* Foot. *l* Oath. *m* Swore. *n* Put. *o* Reins. *p* Navel

14

Briathar eill' na aghaidh sin
Bheireadh an t-Osgar gle-chalma
Go'n cuireadh e Sleagh na naodh Siong
Ma chumadh *a* fhuilt agus eidin

15

Noiche sin duinne go Lo
Mar re Mnaoi Feineadh comh-ol
Briathra garga leath mar leath *b*
Edir Cairbre agus Osgar

16

Briathar buan sin Briathar buan
A bheireadh an Cairbre ruadh
Go n' tugadh e sealg agus Creach *c*
A Halbain an la air na mharach

17

Briathar eille n aghaidh sin
Bheireadh an t-Osgar gle chalma
Go n tugadh e sealg is Creach
Do dh' Albain an la air na mharach

18

Dherigh shinn an La air na mharach
Agus air Sluagh bilidh badhach
Thogadh linn a Heirinn Creach
Da Chreich-dheug as gach Coig-dhibh *d*

19

Nuair a ranaig *e* shinn ann
Bealach *f* cumhaing ann Caol-ghleann
Sann a bhiodh an Cairbre glan
A Lonamaireachd *g* a teachd nar comhail *h*

20

Cuig fichid Albanach ard
Than *i* tharr muir chairginigh *j* ghairbh
Thuit sud le Laimh Osgair thall *k*
Is e mosgladh re Riogh Eirinn

a About the shape—between.

b Half and half.

c Booty.

d Province.

e Came or reach'd.

f Passage.

g Greedyness.

h To meet us.

i Came.

j Rolling. *k* Yonder.

21

Cuig fichid fear Chloidheamh ghlaish
 Nach deach aon cheim riamh air aish
 Thuit sud le Laimh Osgair thall
 Is e mosgladh re Riogh Eirinn

22

Cuig fichid fear bogha
 A thainig oirne nar comhair *a*
 Thuit sud le Laimh Osgair thall
 Is e mosgladh re Riogh Eirinn

23

Cuig fichid fear feachdaidh *b*
 Thainig oirn a tir an tsneachdaidh
 Thuit sud le Laimh Osgair thall
 Is e mosgladh re Riogh Eirinn

Cuig fichid Cairbre ruadh
 Thainig do mhaithibh an tsluaigh
 Thuit sud le laimh Osgair, &c.

24

A chuigar *c* a baisge *d* don Riogh
 Ar linne budh mhor am prish
 Thuit sin le Laimh Osgair thall
 Is e mosgladh re Riogh Eirinn

25

Nuair chonnaire an Cairbre ruadh
 Osgar a snaidhe *e* an t sluaigh
 An t-sleagh nimhe bha na Laimh
 Go ndo leig e sin na chomhail

26

Thuit Osgar air a ghlun deas
 Sa n tsleagh nimhe roimh a chneas *f*
 Go n chuir e Sleagh na naodh Siong
 Ma chumadh fhuilt agus eidiu

a Opposite. *b* Men of war. *c* Five. *d* Next.
 e Hacking. *f* Through his side.

27

Eirigh Art is glac do Chloidheamh
Is seasamh aite t-Athair
S ma thig thu beo o na Caithibh
Go ma Riogh rath *a* thu air Eirinn

28

Thug e urchair *b* eille nairsde *c*
Air linne budh leoir a hairde
Leagadh *d* leis le moud a chuimase *e*
Art mac Cairbre air an ath-Urchair

29

Chuir iad Crun an Riogh ma Cheap
Los *f* go m buidhinte leo an Larach *g*
Thog e leachdag *h* chonart *i* chruaidh
Bhar na Talmhuin taobh ruaidh
Bhris e Crun an Riogh man Cheap
Gniomh ma dheircadh *j* mo dheagh Mhic

30

Togaibh libh mi noishe Fhiannaibh
Cho do thog sibh mi roimhe riamh
Togaibh mi go Tulloch ghlain
Ach go m buin sibh dhìom *k* an t-eudach

31

Marbh-asg *l* ort a Mhic na buaidhe
Ni thu breugan 'n darna huair *m* dhuinn
Loingeas mo sheanathar a-h-ann
'S iad *a* teachd le cobhair thugainn

32

Bheannuigh *n* shinn uille do dh' Fian
Ga 'ta *o* cha do bheannuigh dhuinn
Gus an tainig *c* 'Tulloch na'n Deur
Far *p* an raibh 'n-t Osgar Arm gheur

a Prosperous. *b* Throw. *c* Upwards.
d Threw down. *e* Dexterity in hitting the mark. *f* So that they might.
g Field of battle. *h* Stone. *i* Smooth. *j* Last.
k Off me. *l* Dead squeezing. *m* Sometimes.
n Saluted. *o* Though he did not. *p* Where.

33

'S miseadh mhic a bhiodh tu dheth *a*
 Lathe Catha Duna Dealgan
 Namha *b* na curthan roimh d' chneas
 'S i mo Lamhsa rinn do Leighcas

34

Mo Leigheas cho nil e m fath *c*
 Cho mho dheantar e go brath
 Chuir Cairbre Sleagh na'n seachd Siong
 Edir m' aradh agus m' iomlag

35

Chuir mise Sleagh na 'naodh Siong
 Ma chumadh fhuilt agus Eudain
 'S na ruige *d* mo dhuirn a chneas
 Cho deanadh aon Leigh a leigheas

36

'S miseadh Mhic a bhiodh tu dheth
 Lathe Cath Beinn Eudain
 Namhadh na feidh roimh do chneas
 'S i mo Lamhse rinn do Leigheas

37

Mo Leigheas cho nil e m fath
 Cho mho dheantar e go brath
 Goimh *e* an Donaigh am thaobh deas
 'S dorride *f* do Leigh mo Leigheas

38

Mo Laogh fein thu Laogh mo Laoigh
 Leanamh mo Leinabh Ghil' chaomh
 Mo Chroidhe lemnigh *g* mar lon *h*
 Go La bhrath cho'n eirigh Osgar

39

Cho do chuir Fian dheth crith no grainn
 O'n Lathe sin go La bhrath
 Cho ghabhadh is cho bfearrthe *i* leis
 Ach trian don bheatha gad abrain *j*

Crioich.

a Of it. *b* Sweet. *c* Existence, fate. *d* Reach. *e* Venom. *f* Difficult
g Leaping. *h* Blackbird. *i* Chuse. *j* Third of life though I should say i

BAS FHRAOCH OR THE DEATH OF FRAOCH WHO WAS
DESTROY'D BY THE TREACHEROUS PASSION OF HIS
MOTHER-IN-LAW

1

Osan Caraid ann Cluain Fraoich
Osan Laoich ann Caisteal Chro
An Osan sin o n tuirsheadh Fear
'S o n trom ghulanach Bean og

2

Sud e shiar an Carn am bheil
Fraoch Mao Fedhich an Fhuilt mhaodh
'M Fear a rinne Buidheacha do Mhey
S an air Lacinte Carn Fraoich

3

Gul nar an ban on Chruachan Tuir
'S cruaidh an Fath ma n guila bhean
'S e dfhag mosan go trom trom
Fraoch Mac Fedhich na 'm Colg shean

4

Gur i nainir a ni 'n Gul
Tighin ga fhios da Chluain Fraoch
Donn abhraid an Fhuilt Chais eill
Aon Inghean Maidhe ga m bidh na Laoich

5

Aon Inghean Choruil is grinne Falt
Taobh re Taobh a Nochd is Fraoch
Ga h-iomad Fear a ghradhuigh i
Nior ghaoluigh i Fear ach Fraoch

6

Nuair fhuair i amuigh e
Cairdeis an Laoich budh ghluinne gné
'S e abhar ma na reub i Chorp
Chion gun Lochd a dheanamh ria

7

Gun chuir i e gu Cath a Bhais
 Taobh re Mnaoi 's na dean a Lochd
 'S tuirseach do thuitim le Beist
 Dh insin duibh gun Cheilg a nochd

8

Caoirean do bhidh air Locha Maidhe
 Annsa 'n Traith 'ta shiar faoi Dheas
 Gacha Raidh 's gacha Mi
 Bhiodh Torradh abbuigh annsa Mheas

9

Gun raibh Buaigh air a mheasa dhearg
 Budh mhilse e na mhil bhla
 Go n Camadh a Caoirean is e dearg
 Neach gun bhiadh car naodh Trath

10

Bliadhna a shaoghal gach Fir
 Dhinsin duibh e nois a dhearbh
 Gun Caoibhreadh e air Luchd Chneimh
 Briogh a mheas is e dearg

11

Naim-cheist mhor a bha na Dheidh
 Gab e Ligh a chaibhreadh na Sloigh
 A Bheist nimhe bhidh na Bhuin
 Grabba do Dhuinne a Dhol ga Bhuain

12

Do bhuail easlaint throm throm
 Air Inghean Omhuich na'n Corn fial
 Chuireadh le a fios air Fraoch
 'S dfhiosruigh an Laoch ciod e 'Mian

13

Labhair i nach biodh i slan
 Mar fuighe i lan a Boise Maodh
 Do'n Choirean an Lochain fhuair
 'S gun Aon neach ga bhuain ach Fraoch

14

Cnuasachd ni 'n drineas fein
Huirt Mac Meidhich na'n Gruaidh dearg
Garra n drinnam arsa Fraoch
Theid mi bhuain a Chaoirean do Mheidhe

15

Gluaisidh Fraoch air Cheimibh n' aidh
'S chuaidh e shnamh air an Loch
Huair e Bheist na suirim suain
Sa Craos suas ris an Doss

16

Fraoch Mac Meidhich na'n Arm geur
Thainig e o'n Bheist gun fhios
'S ultach leis don Chaoirean dhearg
Do n Bhall an rabh Meidhe na Tigh

17

Go maith uille na rinne leat
Labhair Meidhe budh Ghille cneas
Ni m foghain leamsa Laoich Luain
Gun an t-slat a bhuain as a buin.

18

Ghluais Fraoch air Chairr Ghille tium
A shnamh air an Linne bhuig
Budh docair dho ge budh mhor Adh
Teachd an Bhas an Raibh a Chuid

19

Ghlac e 'n Caoirean air a Barr
'S tharruing an Crann as a Fhreimh
Toirt a Chosan air Tir
Rug i air aris a Bheist

20

Rug a Bheist air ar an Traimh
Ghlacas a Lamh anna Craos
Ghlac Fraoch is e air Chial
Truagh a Dhe gan Sgian ag Fraoch

21

Theasgair a Bheist a Chneas ban
Leadair i a Lamh go leon
Thain Inghean uir na'n geal-ghlac
'S ghrad thug i dho sgian gun or

22

Cho Chomhrag sin ach Comhrag gearr
Bhuin e 'n Ceann di na Laimh leis
Fraoch Mac Meidhich 's a Bheist
Truagh a Dhe mar thug iad greish

23

Go n do thuit iad bonn re bonn
Air Traimh na'n Clocha donn sho bhoss
Nar chonnaire an t-soar Inghean e adh
Thuit i air an Traimh na Neul

24

Nuair a mhosguil i as a Pramh
Ghlac i a Lamh na Laimh bhog
Gad ha thu Nochd ad Chodaibh eun
'S mor an teuchd a rinn tu Bhos

25

Truagh nach ann an Comhrag Laoich
A thuit Fraoch le m' pronmaid Deoir
'S tuiseach do thuitim le Beist
'S truagh fein nach mairion thu beo

26

Budh duibhe na m fiach barra fhuilt
Budh deirge a Ghruaidh na fuil Laoigh
Budh mhine na'n Coumhar Shruth
Budh ghille na'n Sneachda Corp Fhraoch

27

Budh treise na Comhla a Sgiath
B' iomad Triath a bhiodh re Chull
Budh combfhad a Lamh sa Lann
Budh linne a Chalb na Clar Laimh

28

Bairde a shleagh na Crann Sheoil
Budh bhinne na Teuda ciuil a ghuth
Snamhaiche a bfear na Fraoch
Cho do chuir a thaobh re Sruth

29

Budh mhaith Spionnadh a dha Laimh
'S budh ro mhaith Cail a dha Chois
'S chuaidh Taigine har gach Riogh
Roimh chuiridh riamh cha diar foish

30

Ionmhuin Tigheairn ionmhuin Tuath
Ionmhuin gruaidh is deirge Ros
Ionmhuin Beul leis an diolta dan
Air am biodhna Mnaibh ag toirbheart Phog

31

Togamaid a nois an Cluain Fraoich
Corp an Laoich an Caisteal chro
O'n Bhas ud a fhuair am fear
'S mairg is mairion na dheigh bés

32

Gu m bi sud an Tuabhar Mna
'S mo chonnairceas air mo dha Rosg
Fraoch a chuir a bhuaibh a Chrainn
N deis an Caoirean a bhi bhoss

33

Air a chluain thugte an t ainm
Loch Meidhe ghraite ris an Loch
A m' biodh a Bheiste s gach Uair
Sa Craos suas ris an Doss

Crioich.

16th MAY, 1888.

At this meeting the following gentlemen were elected members of the Society :—The Rev. David Masson, M.D., 57 Albany Place, Edinburgh ; C. Maccallum, M.D., Elm Lodge, Anstruther, Fife ; Mr J. M'Rury, commercial traveller, Edinburgh ; and the Rev. Adam Gunn, Strathy, Thurso. Thereafter, the Secretary read an English translation of "Deirdire," contributed by Mr Alex. Carmichael, Edinburgh. Mr Carmichael's paper was as follows :—

DEIRDIRE.

[CLOSE TRANSLATION.]

There was once a man in Eirin of the name of Colum Cruitire—*Colum the Harper*. The man was an honest man, and he had a goodly portion of worldly means. He had a wife, but the husband and wife had no children.

The husband and wife reached a great age, so that they had no expectation of children forever.

What should Colum Cruitire hear but that a soothsayer was come home to the place, and, as the man was a hospitable man, he had a wish that the soothsayer should come near them. Whether it was that he was asked to come, or that he was come of his own accord, the soothsayer came to the house of Colum Cruitire.

"Art thou making soothsaying?" said Colum Cruitire. "I am making a little; art thou seeking soothsaying?" said the soothsayer. "Well, I do not mind should I take soothsaying from thee if thou hast soothsaying for me, and that thou wouldst be pleased to make it." "Well, I will make thee soothsaying; what kind of soothsaying wouldst wish to have?" "Well, the soothsaying that I myself would wish to have would be to know my condition, and what was to happen to me, were it permissible for thee to tell me." "Well, I am going out, and when I come in I will put a question to thee," and the soothsayer went out of the house.

The soothsayer was not long out when he came into the house again. "Hadst thou ever any offspring?" said the soothsayer to Colum Cruitire. "Well, no, there has never been offspring upon me or upon her whom I have, and we never expect any now; I have only, said Colum Cruitire, myself and my wife." "Well," said the soothsayer, "that surprises me much, and that I see in my augury that it is about a daughter of thine that the greatest

amount of blood will be spilt that has been spilt in Eirin for generations and ages past, and the three heroes of the greatest renown in the land shall lose their lives on her account." "Is that the soothsaying that thou art making me," said Colum Cruitire, with anger, he thinking that the soothsayer was mocking him. "Well, it is," said the soothsayer. "Well, if that be the soothsaying that thou art making me thou mayest keep it to thyself, for neither thou thyself nor thy soothsaying is worth much, and go thou thy way." "Well," said the soothsayer, "I make thee sure enough of this ; I see it very clearly in my augury." "Well," said Colum Cruitire, "that cannot come to pass ; I and my wife are of great age, so that it is not possible that there ever shall be offspring upon us. I do not revile thy soothsaying—I have no right to do that ; but that is the thing of which I am sure that there never has been and that there never shall be offspring upon me or upon my wife. But that will suffice ; more of thy soothsaying I will neither seek nor receive since thou hast made the soothsaying without sense." And Colum Cruitire allowed the soothsayer to go his way, whether or not he gave him a gift.

And the soothsayer went his way. That is not ridiculing the story ; but the soothsayer was not long away when the wife of Colum Cruitire became pregnant ; and as the wife grew more heavy the husband grew more dolorous, and vexed at himself that he did not make more conversation with the soothsayer the time he was talking to him. Colum Cruitire was under pain by day and care by night, that he himself was but a man without sense, without knowledge, without trusted friend, without back support in the world ; and should this burden come upon him now, a thing likely to come, and he himself so much averse to it from first.

Colum Cruitire now believed that everything should come to pass as the soothsayer said in his augury, and he was in sore distress and dismay. He did not know in the wide world what to do to ward off the spilling of blood from the land, and it was the thought that grew in his head that, should the Good Being send this infant into the world—a thing he was likely to send—that he himself would need to put it away to a far-off place, where no eye would see a sight of it, and no ear would hear a sound of it.

Now the time of her delivery drew upon the wife of Colum Cruitire, and she was brought to the floor-bed. The woman was delivered, and she brought forth an infant girl. Colum Cruitire did not allow a living creature to come home to his house but the knee-woman alone. Colum Cruitire then asked the knee-woman if she herself would undertake to bring up the child, and to keep it

in hiding in some remote place, where no eye could see it and no ear could hear it. The woman said she would, and that she would make her utmost efforts.

Then Colum Cruitire got three men, and he led them to a great mountain far away, without knowledge, without hint to any person. He there betook him to dig a green conical mound inside out, and to line the hollow thus formed right round, so as to enable a small party to dwell therein comfortably.

Colum Cruitire then sent the knee-woman away with the infant to this small low sheiling among the great high hills in the wild distant desert, where no eye could see and no ear could hear Deirdire, for that was the name of the child. He made every preparation for the comfort of nurse and child, and he sent food and raiment with them to last them for a year and a day. And he told the knee-woman that food and clothing would be sent to them again at the end of the year, and that way from year to year as long as he was alive. And this was so.

Deirdire and her nurse-mother were dwelling in the low little bothy among the great high hills, without the knowledge, without the suspicion of any living one, or of anything that happened about them till Deirdire was fourteen years of age. Deirdire was growing as lithe and fair as the stately sapling, and as straight and symmetrical as the young moorland rush. She was above comparison of the world's women, shapely in her person, lovely in her beauty, and pure in her complexion, while her skin and her gait were like those of the swan of the lake and the hind of the hill. She was the blood-drop of finest features, of gracefullest form, and of gentlest mien between heaven and earth in Eirin. And whatever other colour or complexion she should have on before, no one looked in her face but she instantly went into blushes like glowing fire on the occasion.

The nurse-mother was teaching Deirdire all the knowledge she knew herself. There was no plant springing from root, nor bird singing from spray, nor star gazing from heaven, for which Deirdire had not a name. But one thing the woman did not wish—that Deirdire should have communion or converse with anyone of the living ones of the earth. But on a wild, wintry night of dark gloomy clouds, what should happen but that a venison-hunter, traversing the desert hills, and having lost his course and his companions, should lay himself down to rest on the green grassy knoll in which Deirdire dwelt. Drowsiness came down on the man from wandering the hills, and he fell asleep. The man was weak from fatigue and hunger, and benumbed with cold.

When he rested in the shelter of the green mound in which Deirdire abode sleep-wandering came upon the man, and he dreamt that he was at the abode of fairies, and the fairies making music therein. The hunter called in his dreams if there was any one in the house for the sake of the Good Being to let him in.

Deirdire heard the voice, and she said to the nurse-mother—
“Nurse-mother, what is that?” “Only a thing of little worth, the birds of the air astray from each other, and seeking one another; but let them hie them away to the forest of trees.” Another sleep-wandering came upon the man, and he called again in his sleep if there was anyone in the knoll for the sake of the Being of the Elements to let him in. “What is that, nurse-mother?” said Deirdire. “Only a thing of little worth, the birds of the flocks astray from each other, and seeking one another and home; but let them hie them away to the forest of trees.” Then another sleep-wandering came upon the man, and he called the third time in his sleep “if there is anyone in the knoll for the sake of the God of the Elements let me in, for I am benumbed with cold and sore with hunger.” “Oh! nurse-mother, what is that?” said Deirdire. “Thou needst not think there is aught there to give thee gladness, maiden,” said the nurse-mother. “Is there then but the birds of the air astray from one another, and seeking each other and home; but let them hie them away to the forest of trees. There is neither house nor home for them here this night.” “Oh! nurse-mother, the bird is asking shelter in the name of the God of the Elements, and thou thyself teacheth me that whatever is asked in His name should be done. If thou will not allow me to let in the bird, benumbed with cold and sore with hunger, I myself will doubt thy teaching and thy faith. But, as I believe in thy teaching and in the faith thou teachest me, I will arise and let in the bird.”

And Deirdire arose, took the bar off the door, and let in the hunter. She placed a seat in a sitting place, food in a feeding place, and drink in a drinking place, for the man who came home.

“Say away and take thy food, and thou needful of it,” said Deirdire. “Well, I was, indeed, needful of food and of drink and of warmth when I came home to this sheiling to-night,” said the hunter; “but may I never relish my health if these are not gone from me altogether on beholding thee, maiden.” “Oh! by thy food and clothing, thou man, who camest home, is it not upon thy tongue the talk is,” said the carlin. “It is not much for thee to keep thy mouth shut and thy tongue dumb on coming home here and obtaining the shelter of the dwelling on a cold wintry night.”

"Well," said the hunter, "I may do that, keep my mouth closed and my tongue silent, on coming home here, and receiving sup and shelter from thee, but, by thy father's hand, and thy grandfather's hand, and thine own two hands to free them, were some others of the world's people to see this blood-drop whom thou hast in hiding here, it is not long, oh King of the Earth and the Elements, that they would leave her here with thee." "Who are they, and where are they seen?" said Deirdire. "Well, I will tell thee that, maiden," said the hunter. "They are Naoise, the son of Uisne, and Aillean and Ardan, his two brothers." "And what like are they on being seen, should we see them?" said Deirdire. "Well, those are their names and descent, all that I saw and heard of them," said the hunter; "and the appearance of the men on being seen—their hair is like the raven's plume, their skin is like the swan of the wave, and their cheeks are like the blood of the speckled-red fawn, while their strength and their stateliness are those of the salmon of the rapid stream and the stag of the crested hill; while Naoise is taller by all above the shoulders than all the men of Eirin."

"However they are," said the foster-mother, "go thou thy way, and take thee hence, and oh! King of the Sun, and of the Moon, truly and verily small are my own obligations to thee, and to her who let thee in."

And the hunter went his way. Shortly after he left, the man thought to himself that Connachar, the king of Ulster, was lying down and rising up alone without a confidential love, without a conversational mate beside him, and that were he to see this blood-drop he might possibly bring her home to his house, and perhaps do a good deed to himself for telling him that there was such a damsel as this on the surface of the living dewy world.

And the hunter went straight and direct to the palace of Connachar. He sent a message in to the king that he would like to be talking to him were it his pleasure. The king answered the message, and came out to speak to the hunter. "What is the purport of thy message with me?" said the king to the man. "My own business with you, king," said the hunter, "is that I have seen the loveliest blood-drop that ever was born in Eirin, and I have come to tell you." "Who is she that blood-drop, and where is she seen, when she had not been seen before till thou hadst seen her, if seen her thou hast?" said the king. "Well, I have seen her, and I have seen her indeed," said the hunter; "but if I have, no one else can see her till he is led to the place where she dwells." "And wilt thou guide me to the place where

the damsel dwells, and the reward for thy guidance will be as good as the reward for thy telling," said the king. "Well, I will, oh king," said the hunter, "though probably my doing so may not be commended." "Thou shalt remain in this household to-night, and I and my friends will go with thee early to-morrow," said Connachar. "I will," said the hunter; and the hunter remained that night in the household of Connachar, the king of Ulster.

Connachar, the king of Ulster, sent word to all the men who were nearest of kin to himself, such as the three sons of his own paternal uncle, Fearachar, the son of Ro, and he told them his mind. Though early and soft were the songs of the birds of the bush, and the carols of the birds of the grove, yet earlier still were Connachar, the king of Ulster, and his band of trusted friends astir in the mild morning dawn of the gentle, joyous May, with an outpouring of dew on sapling, bush, and plant, going in search of the green sunny sheiling in which Deirdire dwelt. There was many a gay gallant of lithe, lively, lightsome step at leaving, of weak, wounded, waddled step on reaching there, from the greatness of the distance and the roughness of the way.

"There now, down on the floor of the glen, is the sheiling in which the maiden abides, but I will go no nearer than this to the carlin," said the hunter. Connachar and his band of trusted friends went down to the green sheiling wherein Deirdire dwelt, and they knocked at the door of the dwelling. The foster-mother said that no opening would be given to anyone, and that she was averse to any person molesting herself or her home. "Open thou the door of thy bothy, and thou shalt have yet a better house and hall than this when we reach home," said the king. "I do not want a better house or hall than my own little bothy were I let alone, and my permission for my lying down and my rising up left to myself alone. Not less than the word of a king or the force of a kingdom would drive me from my own humble house this night." "Open thou thy bothy door, and if thou wilt not open it with thy will thou shalt open it against thy will," said the king, growing angry. "I would be obliged to you," said the woman, "were you to tell me who commands me to open my bothy door?" "It is I, Connachar, the king of Ulster, and let not the matter be in darkness to thee longer." When the poor woman heard who was at the door she arose in haste and let in the king and all who could come of his band.

When Connachar saw the damsel of whom he was in search, he thought to himself that never in waking day or dreaming night saw he a blood-drop so lovely as Deirdire; and he gave her the

weight of his heart of love. There was nothing in his own mind, or in the minds of his men, from the beginning to the end of the matter, but to take Deirdire away on the summit of their shoulders be she willing or not. This was what was done, and Deirdire was raised on the summit of the shoulders of the heroes, and she and her foster-mother were carried to the palace of Connachar, the king of Ulster.

From the love that Connachar gave Deirdire he wished to marry her immediately whether or not she was willing to marry him. When the matter was placed before her she would not consent to it on any account, and that she never saw the features of living man till now. She had no knowledge of the duties of wife, nor of the manners of maiden, seeing that she never sat in gathering or in company before. Nor could she even sit in a chair, and that she never saw chair or people till now. From the way that Connachar pressed marriage upon Deirdire she said she would be obliged to him if he would give her a delay of a year and a day. He said he would, though hard to bear (the time), if she would promise to marry him at the end of the year. She did.

The king got teaching women to Deirdire, and merry, manly, modest, maidens to lie down, and to rise up, and to play, and to converse with her.

Deirdire was eident in maidenly acquirements, and diligent in womanly knowledge, and Connachar bethought to himself that he never with his bodily eyes saw a blood-drop so lovely and delightful as she.

What were Deirdire and her maidens but one day out on the hill behind the house enjoying the scene and drinking the sun. And whom should they see coming their way but three way-faring men. Deirdire is gazing at the men who are coming, and wondering at their appearance. As the men approach Deirdire remembers the words of the hunter, and she says to herself that these are the three sons of Uisne, and that this is Noaise, and he taller than all the men of Eirin.

The three brothers pass them by without heeding them, without looking above them at the maiden damsels on the hill. What but that the love of Naoise is become so implanted in the heart of Deirdire that she cannot resist going after him. She gathers up her garments, and she goes after the men who have passed by at the base of the hill, leaving her companions on the summit, be they annoyed or pleased.

Ailleán and Ardan heard of the damsel whom Connachar had in his house, and they thought to themselves that if Naoise, their

brother, were to see her, he would have her himself, especially (literally, *seven times specially, seachd araidh*) as she was not yet married to the king. They saw the damsel coming after them, and they exhorted one another to walk well, the long distance they had to travel, and the darkness of night coming on.

Deirdire cried, "Naoise, thou son of Uisne, art thou going to leave me?" "What cry is that in mine ear that is not easy for me to answer, nor easy for me to refuse?" said Naoise. "No cry; only the cry of the lake-ducks of Connachar," said his brothers. "But let us hasten our feet and hurry our steps, the long distance we have to travel, and the dark shadows of night coming on." They do this, and they stretch the distance between themselves and her. Deirdire cried again "Naoise! Naoise! thou son of Uisne, art thou going to leave me?" "What cry is that that struck my ear and pierced my heart, so difficult for me to answer, nor easy for me to refuse." "No cry, nor cry; only the cry of the grey geese of Connachar," said his brothers. "But let us walk well, the long travelling we have before us, and the gloomy darkness of night coming on." Then Deirdire cried the third time, "Naoise! Naoise! Naoise! thou son of Uisne, art thou going to leave me?" "Whose is the pleading cry, the most musical to my ear that it ever heard, and the most hard to my heart that it ever struck," said Naoise. "No cry, nor cry; only the flute-like notes of the lake-swans of Connachar," said his brothers. "There is the third cry of distress," said Naoise, "and the vow of a hero be upon me if I can go one more step forward till I know whence comes the cry of distress," and Naoise went back.

Naoise and Deirdire met, and Deirdire gave the thrice three kisses to Naoise, and one kiss to each of his brothers. From the shame that was upon Deirdire, she was going into glowing blushes of fire, while the trembling hues of her ruddy cheeks were moving as fast as the tremulous leaves of the aspen tree of the stream, Naoise bethought to himself that he never saw in bodily form a drop of blood so lovely as this; and Naoise gave a love to Deirdire that he never gave to thing or to vision or to living form but to herself alone.

Naoise placed Deirdire on the summit of his shoulders, and he requested his brothers to walk well now, and that he would walk well.

Naoise thought to himself that it was not advisable for him to remain in Eirin, as he put Connachar, his own father's brother's son, against him, on account of this damsel, though she was not married to the king, and he returned to Albain. He reached the

side of Lochnaois, and he made his home there. He could kill the salmon of the rapid stream out at the door, and the deer of the crested hill out at the window. Naoise and Deirdire, Aillean and Ardan were dwelling in the dun, and they were happy while dwelling there.

Then came the end of the time when Deirdire was to marry Connachar, the King of Ulster. What is Connachar in his own mind but meditating to win Deirdire by the sword be she married to Naoise or not. And what work is Connachar engaged upon but preparing a great, eventful banquet. He sent invitations to his kinsmen throughout the length and breadth of Eirin all to come to the feast. He is thinking to himself to give a day of battle and of combat to Naoise, the son of Uisne, and to take the damsel from him. Connachar thought to himself that Naoise would not come should he write to him, and it was the scheme that grew in his head to send for his father's brother, Fearachar, the son of Ro, and to send him on an embassy to Naoise. He sent for him accordingly, and Connachar said to Fearachar—Say thou to Naoise, the son of Uisne, that I am preparing a great, joyous feast for my friends and kinsmen throughout the length of Eirin all, and that I shall have no peace by day or rest by night if he and Aillean and Ardan are absent from the feast.

Fearachar, the son of Ro, and his two sons went on their mission, and reached the tower in which Naoise dwelt on Locheitive-side. The sons of Uisne hail with warm welcome Fearachar, the son of Ro, and his two sons, and they asked of them the news of Eirin. "The best news I myself have for you," said the hardy hero, "is that Connachar, the King of Ulster, is preparing a great, joyous banquet for his friends and kinsmen throughout the realm of Eirin, and that he has vowed a vow by the earth beneath him by the sky above him and by the westward-passing sun, that he will not pause by day nor rest by night if the three sons of Uisne, as our father's brother's sons, do not come home to the land of their birth and the country of their inheritance and to the banquet he has prepared, and he has sent us an embassy to you." "We will go with you," said Naoise. "We will," said his brothers. "You will come," said Fearachar, the son of Ro, "and I and my three sons will be with you." "We will," said Boinne Borb (*violent current*). "We will," said Cuillionn Cruaidh (*hard holly*). "Better is their own lording in Albain than their householding in Eirin," said Deirdire. "Dearer is the hereditary home than the hereditary country," said Fearachar, the son of Ro. "Unhappy it is for a man, however good his means and however prosperous

his lot, if he does not see his own country and his own home when he rises up in the morning and when he lies down at night." "Unhappy," said Naoise; "dearer to myself is the birth hereditry than the kin hereditry; though more we would get here than there." It will be rude if you do not come with me," said Fearachar. "It will," said Naoise; "and we will go with you."

Deirdire was against going with Fearachar, the son of Ro, and she besought Naoise in every way not to go with him. She sang and said :—

I.

"The howling of the dogs is in mine ear,
The vision of the night is in mine eye;
I see Fearachar in league with a bribe,
I see Connachar in his tower without compassion,
I see Connachar in his tower without compassion.

II.

I see Naoise without his supports of battle,
I see Aillean without his sounding shield,
I see Arden without his sword, without his targe;
And I see the house of Atha without luck, without joy.
And I see the house of Atha without luck, without joy.

III.

I see Connachar with a thirst for blood,
I see Fearachar under the shadow of guile,
I see the three brothers with their backs to the earth,
And I see Deirdire full of sorrow and full of tears.
And I see Deirdire full of sorrow and full of tears."

"I myself never liked and never yielded to the howlings of dogs nor to the dreams of women, Naoise, and as Connachar, the King of Ulster, has sent invitation of feast and of friendship to you, it will be unfriendly if you do not come, Naoise," said Fearachar, the son of Ro. "It will," said Naoise, "and we will go with you." "I saw another vision, Naoise, and explain it to me," said Deirdire :—

I.

Deirdire—

"I saw the three fair, white doves
With their three mouthfuls of honey in their mouths;
And, oh! Naoise, thou son of Uisne,
Enlighten thou to me the darkness of my dream?"

II.

Naoise—

"It is only the disturbance of sleep,
And woman's sleep-wandering, Deirdire."

III.

Deirdire—

"I saw the three ungenerous hawks
With the three drops of blood, the cold blood of heroes ;
And, oh ! Naoise, thou son of Uisne,
Enlighten thou to me the darkness of my dream ?"

IV.

Naoise—

"It is only the disturbance of sleep,
And woman's sleep-wandering, Deirdire."

V.

Deirdire—

"I saw the three black, lustrous ravens
With the three gloomy leaves of the yew tree of death ;
And, oh ! Naoise, thou son of Uisne,
Unravel thou to me the darkness of my dream ?"

VI.

Naoise—

It is only the disturbance of sleep,
And woman's sleep-wandering, Deirdire.

"As Connachar, the King of Ulster, has sent us the message to come to the banquet, it will be unfriendly of us not to come, Deirdire."

"You will come," said Fearachar, the son of Ro ; "and if Connachar shows friendship to you, you will show friendship to him ; and if he will show enmity to you, you will show enmity to him, and I and my three sons will be with you." "We will," said Boinne Borb. "We will," said Cuilinn Cruaidh. "I have three sons and they are three knights of surpassing fame, and harm or maltreatment that shall threaten you they will be with you, and I myself along with them." And Fearachar, the son of Ro, gave his vow and his word in the presence of his arms that any harm or maltreatment which should threaten the sons of Uisne he and his three sons would leave no head on living body in Eirin,

despite sword and helmet, spear and shield, blade and shirt of mail at their best.

Deirdire was not willing to leave Albain, but she went with Naoise. Deirdire's tears were falling in showers as she sang—

Beloved land art thou, eastern land,
Albain with thy woods and thy lakes !
Sore is my heart going away from thee,
But I go with Naoise !

Fearachar, the son of Ro, did not stop till he got the sons of Uisne to come away with him despite the suspicions of Deirdire.

‘ They placed their curach on the sea,
They hoisted to her masts the sails,
And they reached on the second morrow
The fair-furrowed strand of Eirin.

As soon as the children of Uisne landed in Eirin, Fearachar, the son of Ro, sent information to Connachar, the king of Ulster, that the men, of whom he was in pursuit, were now come, and to see that he would act justly towards them.

“Well,” said Connachar, “I did not expect that the sons of Uisne would come, though I sent for them, and I am not quite prepared for them yet. But there is a house down yonder where I keep mercenaries, and let them go down there to-day, and my house will be ready for their reception to-morrow.” Fearachar, the son of Ro, told this to the sons of Uisne. “Well,” said Naoise, “since that is the place which the king has ordered for us we will go there, but sure it is not for too much love of us that Connachar is sending us among the mercenaries.”

They went down on that occasion, and they reached the quarters of the mercenaries. There were there huddled together fifteen twenties of mercenaries, and of mercenaries fifteen. There was not a man among them all who did not laugh a loud laugh on seeing these men coming home among them. And Naoise laughed a loud laugh louder than the loud laugh of all the others put together.

When the mercenaries got them all within they rose one by one, and each placed a bar on the door. When Naoise saw this he arose himself, and he placed two bars on the door. “Who is he, the great stalwart man that was come home among us here, that has made the two loud laughs, and that has placed the two bars on the door?” said the commander of the mercenaries. “I will tell thee that if thou will tell me this,” said Naoise. “What

was the cause that made all of you laugh, and that made each of you to put a bar on the door?" "I will tell thee that, hero. I have never seen men of your likeness, and of your brightness, coming home here, and I have never seen men, a mouthful of whose flesh and a drop of whose blood I would like so well as your own flesh and your own blood. But tell me, hero, why laughed you the two loud laughs, and why placed you the two bars on the door?" said the head man of the mercenaries. "Well, I will tell thee that," said Naoise. "I have not seen in the land of the living, nor in the company of the dead, nor among the common sons of men, people I would prefer to yourselves here—men to knock off your heads at one free stroke." And Naoise rose in his great standing strength, and he seized the mercenary of slenderest shank and of biggest head, and he stroked them down and he stroked them up on this side and on that, and before long he left not a mercenary man alive among them all. Then they cleared and cleaned the house, raised the bright and blazing fire, and they made themselves sufficiently reconciled till morning.

But Connachar was becoming impatient that he was not hearing how they were faring down in the house of the mercenaries. "Go thou down, foster-mother," said he, "and see if her own bloom and beauty are still upon Deirdire, and if she is what she was when she went away from me. If so, I will win Deirdire at the point of the lance and by the edge of the sword, despite the Feinne at their best; but if not, be she Naoise's own." The foster-mother went down to the quarters of the mercenaries, where the Clann Uisne and Deirdire dwelt. She had no way of looking at Deirdire, but through the small chicken-hole on the door. The woman gazed through the chicken-hole, and then returned home to Connachar. "Well, foster-mother, and how now does she look? Are her own bloom and beauty still upon Deirdire?" "It is clear and evident that it is through suffering and sorrow that the love of my heart and the treasure of my soul has been since she went away; there is not much of her own bloom or beauty this night upon Deirdire." I will need more proof than that yet ere I give up Deirdire," said Connachar. "Go thou down, Gealbhan Greadhnach (bright fire), thou son of the King of Scandinavia, and bring me up information are her own bloom and beauty on Deirdire. If they are, I will win her at the point of the blade and the edge of the sword, but if not, she may remain with Naoise himself," said Connachar.

The Gealbhan Greadhnach, the son of the King of Scandinavia, went down to the quarters of the mercenaries, where the Clann Uisne and Deirdire abode. He looked in through the chicken-hole on the door. That woman of whom he was in search was wont to go into glowing blushes of red fire on being looked at. Naoise glanced at Deirdire, and he observed that some one was looking at her from behind the door. Seizing a white die on the board before him, Naoise threw it through the chicken-hole on the door, and drove the eye of the Gealbhan Greadhnach out of his head with the die. The Gealbhan Greadhnach went back to the palace of Connachar, the king. "Thou wert cheerful and joyful going, but I see thee cheerless and joyless returning. What ails thee, Gealbhan? But hast thou seen her, and are her own bloom and beauty on Deirdire?" said Connachar. "Well, I have seen Deirdire, and I have seen, indeed, too, and, while looking at her through the chicken-hole on the door, Naoise, the son of Uisne, drove out my eye with the chessman in his hand. But of a truth and verity, though he drove out one eye, I would fain have continued to gaze at her with the other eye had it not been for my anxiety to come and tell thee of Deirdire." "That is true," said Connachar. "Let three hundred true knights of valour go down to the quarters of the mercenaries, and bring me up Deirdire, and kill the others.

"Pursuit is coming," said Deirdire. "I myself will go out and check the pursuit," said Naoise. "It is not thou but I who will go out," said Boinne Borb, the son of Fearachar, the son of Ro. "It was to me that my father entrusted that no injury or maltreatment should threaten you when he himself went home." And the Boinne Borb went out, and he killed a third of the knights. The king came out, and he called from above, "Who is that down on the plain slaying my people?" "I am, the Boinne Borb, the first son of Fearachar, the son of Ro." "I gave a free bridge to thy grandfather, a free bridge to thy father, and I will give a free bridge to thyself, too, and come over on this hand of me to-night," said the Connachar. "Well, I will take that from you," said the Boinne Borb; and he turned wither-shins, and went over to the king. "That man is gone over to the hand of the king," said Deirdire. "He went, but he performed good work before he went," said Naoise.

Then Connachar ordered three hundred full knights of valour to go down to the quarters of the mercenaries to bring up Deirdire, and to kill the others. "Pursuit is coming," said Deirdire. "I myself will go out and check the pursuit," said Naoise. "It is

not thou but I who will go out," said the Cuilinn Cruaidh, the son of Fearachar, the son of Ro. "It was to me that my father entrusted to allow no mishap or maltreatment to threaten you when he himself went home." And the Cuilinn Cruaidh went out, and he killed two-thirds of the company. Connachar came out, and he cried from above, "Who is that down on the plain slaying my people?" "I am the Cuilinn Cruaidh, the second son of Fearachar, the son of Ro." "I gave a free bridge to thy grandfather, a free bridge to thy father, a free bridge to thy brother, and I will give a free bridge to thyself, too, and come over on this hand of me to-night," said Connachar. "Well, I will take that," said the Cuilinn Cruaidh; and he went over to the hand of the king. "That man went over to the hand of the king," said Deirdire. "He went, but he performed gallant deeds before he went," said Naoise.

Connachar then ordered three hundred swift knights of valour down to the quarters of the mercenaries to bring up Deirdire and to kill the others. "The pursuit is coming," said Deirdire. "Yes, but I myself will go out and quench the pursuit," said Naoise. "It is not thou but I who will go out," said the Fillan Fionn (*Fillan the Fair*), "it was to me that my father entrusted to allow no injury or maltreatment to befall you when he himself went home." And the young hero, fresh-manly, fresh-noble, fresh-glorious, with his long lovely golden locks, now went out girded in his war weapons of hard battle and combat, and clothed in his hard clothing of combat, battle, and steel, that was smoothed and polished, glossy and glittering, scaly and brilliant, on which were the many figures of beasts, birds, and creeping things—*leigheann*, lion, tiger and griffin, brown eagle and swift hawk, and deadly serpent—and the young, glorious gallant thrashed three-thirds of the band. Connachar came out in haste, and demanded in wrath "Who is there down on the floor of the plain making slaughter on my people?" "I am the Fillan Fionn, the third son of Fearachar, the son of Ro." "Well, I gave a free bridge to thy grandfather, a free bridge to thy father, and free bridges to both thy brothers, and I will give thee a free bridge, too, and come over on this hand of me to-night." "Well, Connachar, I will not accept thy offer, nor thank thee for it. Much more do I prefer to go home, and to tell in the presence of my father the deeds that I have done than any one thing which I could receive from thee in that respect. And Naoise, the son of Uisne, and Ailean and Ardan are as near akin of kin to thee as they are to me, though thou art so keen to spill their blood, and thou wouldst spill my blood, too, Connachar."

And the young, manly, handsome hero, with his wealth of golden, beautiful, brown hair, returned to the house, the dewy incense wreathing around his noble countenance of whiteness and redness of hues. "I am now going home," said he, "to tell to my father that you are safe from the hands of the king."

And the young, straight, handsome hero went away home to tell his father that the sons of Uisne were safe. This was about the separation of night from day, at the time of the morning dawn, and Naoise said that they should leave this house and return to Albain.

Naoise and Deirdire, Aillean and Ardan, left to return to Albain. Word went up to the king that the men, of whom he was in search, went away. Then the king sent for Duanan Gacha Draogh, a Druid of his own, and he spoke to him thus—"Great is the wealth that I have spent upon thee, Duanan Gacha Draogh, teaching thee schooling and learning and the secrets of Druidism, though those are away from me to-day without heed for me, without respect for me, without my ability to check them, without my power to turn them." "Well," said the Druid, "I will turn them till the return of those whom you sent in pursuit." And the Druidman placed a wood before them, through which no one could travel. But the sons of Uisne went through the wood without hurt or hindrance, and Naoise had Deirdire by the hand! "Though that is good it will not yet suffice," said Connachar, "they going without the binding of foot, without the shortening of step, without heed for me, without respect for me, and I without ability to cope with them, or power to turn them back this night."

"I will try another way with them," said the Druid, and he placed a grey sea before them on the green plain. The three brave brothers bared themselves and tied their clothing behind their heads, and Naoise placed Deirdire on the summit of his shoulders.

They stretched their sides to the stream,
Indifferent to them was land or water ;
The grey, swelling, shaggy sea,
Or the green, pleasing machair.

"Though that is good, Duanan, it does not turn the men," said Connachar. "They are going without heed for me, without respect for me, and me without ability to hinder them or to turn them back to-night."

"We will try another way with them yet," said the Druidman. And the Druidman froze the grey, shaggy sea into hard,

jagged lumps the sharpness of swords on some sides and the venom of serpents on others. Then Ardan cried that he himself was becoming tired and nearly exhausted. "Come thou and sit on my right shoulder, thou brother of my love," said Naoise. And Ardan came and he sat on the right shoulder of Naoise. But he was not long there when Ardan died ; but, though dead, Naoise did not let him go. Then Aillean cried that he himself was becoming tired and nearly exhausted. When Naoise heard the confession he heard the sore sigh of death, and he desired Aillean to hold on to him and that he would bring him to land. But Aillean was not long when the weakness of death came upon him, and his hold relaxed. When Naoise looked and saw that his two beloved brothers, whom he loved so well, were now dead, he cared not whether he himself were dead or alive, and heaving the heavy sighs of death his heart rent.

"Those are now past," said Duanan Gacha Draogh to the King, "and I have done as thou wished me. The sons of Uisne are now dead, and they shall trouble thee no more, while thou hast thy sweetheart, and thy wife-to-be, hale and whole."

"The honour of that is thine, and the gain mine, Duanan. I call it no loss all that I spent in giving thee schooling and learning. Now, dry the sea, so that I may behold Deirdire," said Connachar. And Duanan Gacha Draogh dried the sea, and behold the three sons of Uisne are lying dead together side by side on the green, smooth machair, and Deirdire leaning over their corpses shedding showers of tears.

Then the people gathered together round the corpses of the heroes, and they asked the King what should be done to their bodies. It was the order that the King gave to dig a pit and to bring the three bodies together side by side.

Deirdire was sitting on the bank, and constantly asking the workmen to dig the grave broad and smooth. When the bodies of the brothers were laid in the grave Deirdire said :—

"Lie thee over, O Naoise of my love ;
Close thee Ardan over to Aillean ;
If dead had consciousness,
Ye would make room for me."

They did this. Then Deirdire leapt into the grave, and lying down close to Naoise, she was dead by his side.

The wicked King ordered her body to be lifted out of the grave and to be buried on the other side of the loch. This was done as

the King commanded, and the grave was closed. Then a young pine grew from the grave of Deirdire ; and a young pine grew from the grave of Naoise, and the two young pines bent towards one another and twined together over the lake. The King commanded that the two young pines should be cut down, and this was done twice ; but they grew again, and the wife whom the King married persuaded him to cease his persecution of the dead.

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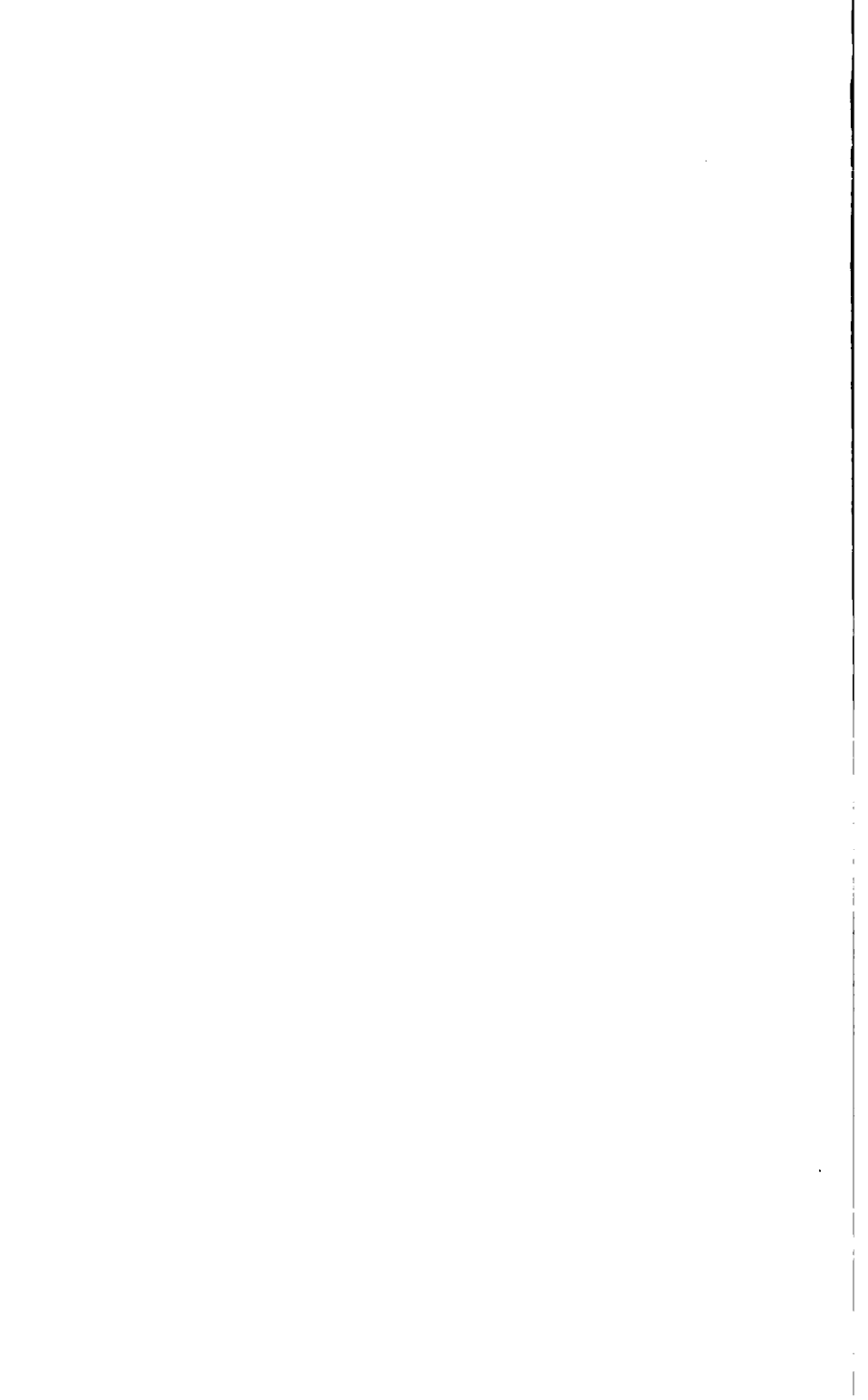
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