

LEAVES FROM THE SCRAP-BOOK  
OF A SCOTTISH EXILE

BY

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W. & A. K. JOHNSTON, LIMITED  
EDINBURGH AND LONDON

MCMIV

TO MY  
FELLOW EXILES  
THIS VOLUME IS RESPECTFULLY  
DEDICATED

## PREFACE

THE following pages are reproductions of the leaves of a scrap-book, which for many years has been devoted to clippings bearing on Scotland and Scottish subjects. The little volume makes no pretensions to be anything else than what it is, viz., a collection of scraps. Still it is hoped that these scraps may prove of as much interest to my fellow-exiles as they have done to me.

In the collection of *Anecdotes* it has been my endeavour to avoid reproducing "chestnuts." The portion of my scrap-book in which I take the most interest is the collection of *Patriotic Poems*, for these poems prove that, wherever be the exiled Scot's place of abode, he or she is ever animated by the warmest feelings of affection for the "land of hills and of glens and of heroes."

FRANK ADAM.

TONGKAL, WEST SIAM.

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*Leaves from the Scrap-Book  
of a Scottish Exile.*

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**ANECDOTES.**

**Highland Sabbath-keeping.**

**F**OUR tourists with small respect for the Sabbath, it is said, drew up at a farm in Arran one Sunday in summer, and asked for tumblers of milk. After quaffing the milk with relish, the tourists asked what was to pay. "Dear, dear!" said the horrified farmer's wife, "we dinna sell milk on the Sabbath day. Ye can jist gie the wean a shullin' as ye gang oot."

**Sunday-School Children's idea of Salutation.**

A religious inspector was examining a class on that part of the Old Testament bearing on Eastern salutations. Receiving no answers, he tried to make his questions clearer by asking, "What do two friends do when they meet on the street?" "Go and have a drink, sir," was the immediate reply.

**Providence and Self-help.**

A Highlander once fell into a deep river. As he was unable to swim, he was rapidly carried away by the surging waters before the eyes of his wife who was a distressed witness

of the accident. Fortunately at a sharp curve of the river the immersed man managed to clutch at the bank and wriggle himself to "terra firma." His wife, rushing down, said: "Oh John! how thankful you should be to Providence for your escape." "Och, well, yes!" replied her dripping spouse, in a hesitating manner, "but I was ferry clever myself, too."

### Niagara and Peebles.

A Scotchman, during a visit to America, went to view the Falls of Niagara, in company with an American friend.

"Say, now," remarked his Yankee friend, "did you ever see anything so beautiful and so strange?"

"Weel," the cannie one cautiously admitted, "for beautiful, I'll no say; but," (triumphantly) "for strange, why, mon, at Peebles, I ance saw a peacock wi' a wudden leg!"

### Real Scotch.

The late Lord Chief Justice of England, when he was still Sir Charles Russell, went to Scotland to help the Liberals in a political campaign. He purposely began his speech with some very badly pronounced Scotch. After the confusion caused by his apparent blunder had subsided, Sir Charles continued, "Gentlemen, I do not speak Scotch, but I vote Scotch." Tremendous applause followed, whereupon Sir Charles proceeded, "And I often drink Scotch." After this he was the unquestioned hero of the hour.

### Wife versus Coo.

Some time ago an old farmer lost his wife and a favourite cow on the same day. His friends endeavoured to console him for the loss of his wife, and, as he was highly respectable, several hints and offers were made towards getting the worthy farmer another helpmeet. "Ou, ay," he at length remarked,

“ye’re keen eneuch to get me anither wife, ma freens, but whilk ane o’ ye offers to get me anither coo?”

### **It nicht ha’e been Waur!**

A Scottish woman, who resided in a small village, had a habit of taking what is called a “philosophical” view of things. Her favourite expression was “it nicht ha’e been waur!” and she prided herself on the frequency with which she repeated it in trying circumstances.

Her husband, who was a quarryman, was one day brought home, lifeless; and when the bereaved wife met at the door the party carrying her late husband’s body, and learned the sad cause of their visit, she simply ejaculated her pet phrase, “it nicht ha’e been waur!” The bearers of the body were greatly shocked to hear the woman speak so callously.

“But yer puir man’s deid,” exclaimed one of them, “sae hoo could it be waur?” “Easy eneuch,” returned the newly-made widow. “Ma man nicht ha’e cam hame wi’ baith his legs broken, and lain up in his bed for six weeks or mair, an’ eaten up ma soo, an’ ma hens, an’ ma pit o’ tatties, an’ deed aifter a’. Ay it nicht ha’e been a sicht waur!”

### **What he put in the Milk.**

A Scottish lad, who was delivering milk, was stopped one day in his rounds by two police officers, who asked him if his employer put anything in the milk. “Oh, ay!” was the innocent answer.

The officers, thinking they had a clear case, each offered the boy a penny, if he would tell them what was put in.

“Ah!” said the boy with a grin, “ye wadna’ gie’s the penny, gin I tellt ye.” “Oh, yes, we will,” returned the officers. “Gie’s it then,” said the little fellow doubtfully.

The pence were then handed over, with the question:— “Now, what do you put in the milk?” “Why,” said the

laddie with a cunning look, "I pit the measure in every time I tak' ony milk oot!"

### **Martha's Bustle.**

A minister of the Western Highlands was preaching one Sunday on the qualities of Martha and Mary. He seemed to be mostly on Martha's side, and was discoursing with great admiration on her "bustling" ways. Finally, he vehemently exclaimed: "And which of you, my brethren, could say, that Martha's bustle was out of place?" He did not recognise the secondary meaning, until he had quite electrified his audience.

### **Gentlemen, "The Queen!"**

A well-known old farmer presided, on one occasion, at an annual agricultural dinner, and when proposing the first toast of the evening, delivered himself in the following manner:—

"Noo, gentlemen, will ye a' fill your glasses, for I'm aboot to bring forward 'The Queen.'" (Applause). "Oor Queen, gentlemen, is really a wonderful woman, if I may say it. She's one of the guid auld sort, nae whigmaleeries or falderals aboot her, but a douce, decent body. She's respectable beyond a doot. She has brought up a grand family of weel-faured lads and lasses—her auldest son being a credit to ony mither—and they're a' weel married. One dochter is nae less than married to the Duke of Argyll's son and heir." (Cheers). "Gentlemen, ye'll maybe no believe it, but I ance saw the Queen." (Sensation). "It wis when I took my auld broon coo to Perth Show. I remember her weel—such colour, such hair." (Interruption, and cries of "Is't the coo or the Queen ye're proposin'?"") "The Queen, gentlemen, I beg your pardon, but I was talkin' aboot the coo. Hooever, as to the Queen; somebody pointed her oot to me at Perth Station, and there she was, smart and tidy-like; and says I tae mysel 'Gin my auld woman at hame slips awa' ye needna remain a widow anither

hour langer.'” (Cheers.) “Noo, gentlemen, the whisky’s guid, the nicht’s lang, the weather’s wet, an’ the roads are saft an’ll harm naebody that comes to grief. Sae aff wi’ yer drink to the bottom.’ ‘The Queen.’” (Thunderous applause.)

### A wee Fou.

At a bowling-club ball, a worthy countryman was appointed M.C. The ladies were rather surprised, on entering the hall, when he told them “to gang into the room on the richt an’ tak’ aff their claes.” Later in the evening, having been indulging somewhat freely, he approached the belle of the ball and asked if he might have the pleasure of a dance. “No,” said the girl firmly, with a glance at her programme and a disdainful toss of the head, “I am full.” “Weel, lassie, never mind,” said the complacent M.C., “I’m a wee fou mysel.”

### A Yacht Story.

A party were cruising about the coast of Skye in a yacht named the “*Helvetia*.” A fog came down, and, suddenly, another yacht was dimly seen passing across the “*Helvetia*’s” bows. A voice from the stranger was heard, hailing;—

“Faat boat’s tat?”

“Ta ‘*Helvetia*’!” roared a highland boatman in reply.

“Ta h—ll wi’ ye, yersel’!” came the angry retort from the strange yacht.

### The Precentor’s “Amen.”

A Scotch minister once visited England during his holidays. While he was there he attended an Episcopalian service, and noticed, that, at the end of the prayers, the choir sang, “Amen.”

He rather liked this, so, on his return to his own parish, the minister arranged with his precentor, that the latter was to

sing "Amen" each time the minister dropped a pea on his head from the pulpit above. About the middle of the first prayer, on the Sunday chosen for the innovation, a *shower* of peas fell on the head of the devoted precentor, who, forthwith, began to sing "Amen, amen, amen!" in an excited manner.

At this the minister leant over the pulpit and whispered: "Whist, whist, man, Jock! it's the pock that's burst."

## Her Majesty and the Dram.

One wet day, her late Majesty, Queen Victoria, took refuge in the cottage of one of her Balmoral tenants. The guidwife brought a glass of whisky to the Queen, which the Royal lady graciously put to her lips. With Highland hospitality the good woman asked the Queen to take some more, to which her guidman rejoined: "hoots, wumman, dinna press Her Majesty; she mebbe had a drap afore she cam here."

## Wine-Glasses.

*Young lady* to *domestic* reclaimed from slums:—

"Now, Jane, I may as well teach you the different kinds of wine-glasses. Do you know them?" *Servant*.—"Aye! mem."  
*Lady*.—"Who taught you?" *Servant*.—"I've aye kent them."  
*Lady*.—"Very well!" (showing sherry-glass) "what is this one?" *Servant*.—"Hauf a gill, mem." (Tableau.)

## Publican and Pulpit.

The public-house and the ministry very seldom join hands. For long it had been the desire of Mrs J——, who kept the public-house in a mining village, that her only son should study for the ministry. Her wish was at length gratified, and, in due time the son got his "call."

Years after his mother's death, Mr J—— came to preach in the church of the village of his boyhood. On his way from the

station he found a man, whom he had known well, lying at the side of the road in a state of intoxication. Rousing him up, Mr J—— said, "I am sorry to see you in this state, John."

Looking up and recognising the speaker, the man retorted: "Ay, sir, it's a wunnerfu' thing, the drink; it's landed me in the ditch, an' it's put you in the poopit!"

## The Price of One.

One day, in a crowded Glasgow street, a Roman Catholic priest observed a member of his flock (a Lochaber man) about to enter a public-house on the opposite side of the road. The reverend gentleman hailed him, but Donald affected not to hear, and entered the public-house. The priest, however, waited outside the shop until his erring sheep re-appeared, and then addressed the Highlandman "Donald, did not you hear me calling?" "Yes, your reverence," answered Donald, "but you see, father, I had only the price of one on me!"

## The Day of Days.

John was a good man—one of these painfully good men one would rather not meet—and he was stalking to Church with his usual tremendous gravity one bright Sabbath morning. Another churchgoer overtook him and walked by his side. "It's a fine day," hazarded the newcomer. John looked at him dourly, but replied not, and on the pair stalked in silence. After they had gone a long distance thus, the newcomer hazarded another remark: "Grand weather to-day." John glowered, but replied not yet. Another time his companion essayed to break the silence: "Grand day, to-day, man!" And then John replied, and rebuked the sinner: "Ay," he said emphatically, "it is a grand day; but this is no' a day to be taalkin' aboot days!"



## Meddling wi' the Kirk.

The following anecdote is related about a minister of the Church of Scotland who was becoming afraid of the Disestablishment crusade.

The minister went to the beadle, who was also sexton, and said: "Well, John, what do you think we had better do about this Church Disestablishment movement?"

John replied: "Dinna ye fash yersel' aboot it, meenister. D'ye min' when you four got made intil a committee tae turn me oot a' ma office for drinkin'? Weel, I hae happit up three o' them sin syne, an' I hae ma e'e on the fourth. It's a dangerous thing, meenister, tae meddle wi' the Kirk!"

## The Future Tense.

Andrew Lang says, that a Scotchman who understands the distinction between "will" and "shall" is not a good Scotchman. He tells of a Scotch reporter who had joined the staff of an English newspaper. His first night on duty he knocked at the editor's door and asked: "Will I come in?"

"God knows!" replied the editor.

## Kirk *versus* Tobacco.

"Are ye gaun tae the Kirk the day, Jock?" shouted one ploughman to the other on a Sunday morning. "Na," replied his friend. "I needna gang. Whit for wad I go? I hae plenty tobacco."

## The Clash o' the Country.

A minister was catechising some of his rural parishioners. "Who made you?" he asked one rustic. The man replied correctly enough. "But how do you know that God made you?" pursued the minister. This was a poser! After a

vigorous scratching of the head, the unexpected reply came :  
"Losh, sir, it's the clash o' the hail countryside."

## The Doctor and the Fever Patient.

A home paper relates a story about a Scottish soldier at Bloemfontein, who was recovering from an attack of enteric. One day he suggested to the doctor who called to see him that he would be grateful for "a wee drappie."

"Goodness gracious, man!" said the doctor in reply to this request, "Do you know that your stomach is in such an ulcerated condition, that a spoonful of whisky would kill you?"

"Aweel, sir," said the patient, "I maun jist dae without it; but, doctor, jist come up close tae me." The doctor obliged.

"Ah, thank ye, doctor" said the soldier, sighing contentedly, "yer breath's verra refreshin'."

## French Mineral Waters.

It was not at a St. Andrew's banquet, but at a municipal dinner that was very well done, and at which the champagne not only flowed like water but was really good besides. Two brither Scots were present. They drank rather more of their share of the champagne; but, after dinner, while their neighbours were still partaking of Pommery and of Clicquot, the Elder was heard to say to the Baillie, "Is't no' time, Baillie, we had a drink?"

"A drink?" rejoined the other, "ay, that it is," and, pointing to the empty champagne bottles, he added, "Elder, thae French mineral waters are verra lowerin' tae the system."

## The Pot o' Pent.

"Ian MacLaren" recounted this story in a lecture on Scottish humour:—

In a dull Scottish village, on a dull morning, one neighbour

called at another's house. He was met at the door by his friend's wife, and the conversation which ensued was thus :

"Cauld?"

"Ay."

"Gaun tae be weety (rainy), I'm thinkin'."

"Ay."

"Is John in?"

"Ou, ay! he's in."

"Can I see him?"

"Na."

"But a winted tae see him."

"Ay, but ye canna see him. John's deid."

"Deid?"

"Ay."

"Sudden?"

"Ay."

"Verra sudden?"

"Ay, very sudden."

"Did he say onything about a pot o' green pent afore he deed?"

## The Birds of the Air.

An old farmer, who was complaining terribly of a recent bad harvest, met the minister of the parish, and, as usual, held forth on the common topic. "Ah, yes, John," said the worthy minister, "you have good cause to complain, but you should remember that God cares for all, and that even the birds of the air are provided for." "Ay," said John significantly, "aff ma tatties."

## Who's Dead?

It was during dinner at a Bloemfontein hotel.

"Not long ago, when I was in Cape Town," says one who was there, "I noticed a crowd in one of the streets running off

Plein Street. They were attracted by a funeral cortege outside a house. I stopped for a moment next to a Highlander in kilts. A fussy old party came along, and elbowing his way through the crowd, kept exclaiming, 'Who's dead? who's dead?' The Highlander removed his *skein dhu*, or whatever they call their hats."

"*Sporran*, you mopoke," interrupted the self-assertive one.

"*Slogan*, I think," ventured the mild one.

"Well, anyway, the Highlander took it off, whatever you like to call it—*Pibroch*, that's it, I believe—scratched his head, and replied with a kind of thoughtful look on his face, 'Faix, sir, I think it's the man in the coffin.'"

## The biggest Goose.

Lord Hopetoun (now the Marquis of Linlithgow), formerly Governor-General of the Commonwealth of Australia, promised to procure for a noble friend in England an egg of the emu, the Australian ostrich. The emu's egg is of considerable size, and this one happened to arrive when the consignee was away from home. It was delivered to the gamekeeper of the recipient, who had never seen such a colossal egg before. The gamekeeper, however, concluded it had been sent for incubation purposes. He wrote to his master advising the receipt of the monster egg, and his report ran thus: "In the absence of your lordship, I put it under the biggest goose I could find."

## Baith o' the same Min'.

A tourist in Scotland, observing an ancient couple arguing and gesticulating in the road, stopped in order to try and restore the peace, and asked the cause of the dispute.

"We're no deesputin' at a'," answered the man, "we're baith o' the same min'. I hae gotten a hauf-crown in ma pooch, an' she thinks she's no gaun tae get it—an' I think the same."

## The Baillie and the Shirts.

A north-country baillie paid a visit to London on some municipal business. On his return his wife exclaimed :—

“Dear me, Jamie, that trip has dune ye a power o’ guid, hoo stoot ye hae gotten. I hope ye did as I telt ye, and pit on ane o’ the dizzen clean shirts that I gied ye every day?”

“Oh, ay, Elizabeeth,” was the reply, “I did jist as ye said—pit on a clean shirt every day, an’ I hae them a’ on noo.”

## Room for baith o’ Us.

Johnny never liked to see his mother in a rage, and, generally, when he saw a storm of passion brewing made his exit at once. One day, though, Johnny found when he reached the door that he was made a prisoner, the door being locked. However, grasping the situation at a glance, he crouched underneath the bed and crept well up to the back out of the reach of his mother. After some hours of patient waiting, the gudeman’s tea hour arrived, and with it, of course, the gudeman himself. After a lengthy story of the day’s proceedings the man of the house was ordered to fetch Johnny out and thrash him, for the wife was really the “boss.”

The gudeman threw off his coat, and, getting down on his knees, proceeded to crawl underneath the bed, when Johnny made the inviting exclamation :—

“Is she aifter you tae, feyther? Come awa’ in; there’s room for the baith o’ us.”

## Bow-Leggit.

A lady school-teacher in one of the Board Schools in Glasgow was endeavouring to make clear to her young pupils’ minds the meaning of the word “slowly.” She walked across the room in the manner the word indicates.

“Now, children, tell me how I walked,” the teacher said.

One little fellow, who sat in the front row of the class, almost paralysed the lady by blurting out, "Bow-leggit, ma'am!"

### **A Flich of Bacon.**

A farmer, who occasionally obliged a neighbour with a flich of bacon at the killing season, being applied to as usual, replied, "Weel, I hanna' yet made up my min' whether I'll kill masel' this year or tak' a side aff ma feyther."

### **Consistency.**

Consistency is a great virtue. An Edinburgh paper tells a story of a young artist in an East Lothian village, who one Sunday found himself out of tobacco and ventured to knock up an old woman who kept a shop where that commodity was sold. After some doubt on the question of the propriety of breaking the Sabbath day in order to satisfy the artist's wants, the old body yielded to the young man's persuasions and let him have a supply of the fragrant weed. However, in order to salve any qualms of conscience, she said as she took the proffered shilling, "I'll no' gie ye the change the day, bein' Sunday."

### **Prayer for a Patient.**

One of those instances in which a good man speaks out the thought that is uppermost without considering all that might be implied thereby, occurred many years ago in a well-known church in the West End of Edinburgh.

A well-known clergyman from London, during one of his periodical visits, was preaching the evening sermon to a crowded congregation, when a note was handed up to him intimating that if Dr S. was in the church, he was urgently wanted. Having read out the note, and seen the doctor moving off, the reverend gentleman added, with great fervour—  
"And may the Lord have mercy on his patient."

## The very Man for Us!

The following story of an episode of the last general election has found its way south from Caithness. When Mr Leicester Harmsworth was canvassing his Caithness constituency, he came across a hard-headed crofter who had been an ardent supporter of Dr Clark. The doctor had disappointed him by his pro-Boer propensities, and the crofter was feeling sorely against politicians in general. As Mr Harmsworth approached, the crofter waved him off. "Ye needna come here, sir!" he said, and to discourage any attempt, added, "the kind o' man we want in Caithness is a richt-doon rascal—one that disna care a rap for God or man." Nothing daunted, Mr Harmsworth held bravely to his mission, and soon succeeded in interesting the seeming irreconcilable. So ably, indeed, did he work his man, that in the end the crofter—glowing with satisfaction, and desiring to make amends for his first deliverance—seized Mr Harmsworth's hand and exclaimed, "Sir, ye're the very man for us!"

## Wantin' Naethin'!

A story is told of a citizen of Glasgow, which shows that contentment is a virtue really existent in some cases.

One of the inhabitants of Glasgow was making his way homewards on a Saturday evening, and was taking a good deal more than his share of the pavement, when he encountered a Town Councillor walking along in a respectable fashion. The city magnate, noticing the unbalanced condition of his fellow-citizen, stopped and shouted with wrathful dignity, "Man, what d'ye want?"

"Want—?" rejoined the festive one blithely, "I'm wantin' naethin'! I'm jist as fu's I can haud."

## Wifely Resignation.

A man, being seriously ill, asked his wife to send for the minister, who came and talked with the good old man for some time.

When the minister left he tried to comfort the wife, saying that whilst John was very weak, he was evidently ready for a better world.

Unexpectedly, however, John rallied, and said to his wife "Jeannie, ma woman, I'll maybe be spared to ye yet."

"Na, na, John," was the reply, "ye're prepared, an' I'm resigned. Deo *noo*."

## The Missing Gudewife.

A farmer was driving home from market one evening, his wife seated behind on the back seat of the trap.

At one part of the road a burn had to be crossed, and as there was no bridge, the farmer drove straight through the burn. When about half way across he heard a splash, but not minding it, he proceeded on his way.

A little further on he met a neighbour, who asked in a casual way how the gudewife was. The farmer answered that his wife was behind him, and, he hoped, in the best of health; but being informed by his neighbour that the wife was *not* in the trap, the farmer exclaimed, "Dod, that maun hae been the splash!"

## The Judge and the Auld Wife.

The following incident actually occurred in a Scotch court.

An old lady, who was about to be sworn, was requested by the judge to remove her veil, so that she could be better heard. She replied that she could not remove her veil without taking off her bonnet. The judge thereupon mildly suggested that she might take off the bonnet too. He was, however,



somewhat taken aback when the old lady replied, "Na, na, there's nae law tae compel a woman tae tak' aff her bonnet."

Rather nettled, the judge said, "My good woman, you should come up on the bench and teach us the law."

"Na, na," was the reply, "there's plenty o' auld wives there already."

### **The Curler's Accident.**

A keen old curler, who always appeared on the ice with a cap having useful flaps which he pulled down over his ears, appeared one day in new headgear.

"Hullo!" said a friend, "whaur's yer auld lug warmer?"

"Ah!" replied the old curler, "a havena worn it since ma accident."

"Accident?" rejoined his friend, "I'm sorry to hear of it; what was it?"

"Weel, a man offered me a dram, an' wi' they dashed flaps a didna hear him."

### **Not the Tram he Meant.**

A Northern Free Church minister, who was visiting Edinburgh, came across a Highlander standing in Princes Street gazing at every tram-car that passed. Thinking that he might be of service to his countryman, the minister walked up to him and touched him on the arm. "My good man," said he, "you are a Highlander, I presume, like myself. Do you want to take a tram anywhere?"

"Tram, sir?" replied the Highlandman. "Och! it's ferry kind of you. We'll jist gang across here, where she wass a meenit ago herself, and it's ferry good stuff they keep too, whateffer."

### **The Golfer and the Bridegroom.**

Thus *Golf Illustrated*: An old gentleman and a youth had spent the whole day on the golf links, and, as is often the

case with particularly enthusiastic players, had some remarkably close and exciting games. As they left for home the old man remarked, "Hey, mon, but it's been a gran' day! Think ye, ye could come again on the morrow, laddie?" "Well," answered the young man reflectively, "I was going to get married tomorrow, but I daresay I can put it off."

### The Retort Courteous.

A gentleman, who had a sporting estate in the Highlands, advertised his shootings as "to let," as he was going abroad for some time. He wrote to his gamekeeper, telling him to give the shootings a good character to any one who might come to view the place. The first visitor was an Englishman; and on enquiring of the gamekeeper as to how the ground was stocked, the prospective tenant commenced to ask if it had any deer. "'Deed, ay, sir," replied the gamekeeper, "thoosan's o' them." This made the visitor a bit suspicious, so his next enquiry was, "I suppose there are lots of grouse?" "Ay! I'm thinkin' there'll be thoosan's o' them too," was the reply. "Many partridges and woodcock?" further queried the stranger. "Oh, ay!" was the answer, "thoosan's o' them too." The Englishman, thinking that the keeper was certainly drawing the long bow, then asked if there were any gorillas. The keeper was not to be beaten, but replied, "Weel, they are no sae plentifu'; they jist come whiles, noo an' then, jist like your honour's sel'."

### Every Yin's getting a Change but Me.

Two worthy farmers and cronies had both the misfortune to be wedded to shrews. In course of time the wife of one of the friends died. The friend whose wife was still spared to him, accompanied the bereaved husband to the cemetery. The way over the hills was long, and sundry halts were made *en route* for refreshment. As the melancholy cortège approached

the place of interment, the friend of the chief mourner, who was walking alongside his comrade, burst into a torrent of lamentations. "What's wrang wi' ye, John?" enquired the bereaved husband. "It's no' yir wife that's deid; it's ma wife." "Ay!" rejoined the lachrymose friend, "that's jist it; every yin's getting a change but me!"

## The Parson and the Popular Man.

A country minister, whose parish was a large one, was accompanied on his ministerial visits to his parishioners by his factotum, who, in addition to his many other duties, acted as the minister's coachman. The minister was much scandalised and grieved to notice that, invariably, at the end of a day spent in visiting the outlying districts of his parish, his man, Archie, was the worse of liquor. This sort of thing went on for some time, till at length the worthy clergyman mustered up courage to speak seriously to his man on the subject. Archie was, accordingly, one day summoned into the minister's study. His master then addressed him seriously on the evils of drunkenness and finished his exhortation by saying, "How is it, Archie, that when you and I take a long drive together, *I* always come home sober, while *you*, on the contrary, are invariably the worse of liquor?" "Weel, meenister," replied Archie, "I'm thinkin' it will be, because I'm mair pop'lar in the parish than yoursel', meenister!"

## Where there's a Will there's a Way.

John was a bashful and retiring youth. He had long cast sheep's eyes on Jeanie, but never could manage to muster up courage to ask the buxom damsel the fateful question. However, one Sabbath morning after the kirk had "skailed," John said to Jeanie, "Jeanie, wull ye tak' a bit daunder in the kirkyard?" Jeanie, nothing loth, consented, so the couple, at a respectable distance from each other, proceeded in dead silence to daunder

down the pathway of the kirkyard, "where the rude fathers of the hamlet sleep." At length the bashful pair arrived at the burying-place of John's family. John, after a long pause, broke the silence by saying to Jeanie, "Jeanie, ma lassie, div ye see thon grave?" "Ay, John!" replied Jeanie. "Weel, Jeanie," continued John, "thaur lies ma feyther, an' on the tither side ma mither's berrit. And, Jeanie, when a come tae dee, a'll be berrit ower yonner" (indicating the place with a wave of his hand). "An' gin a hae a wife she'll be berrit yonner aside me." "Ay, John!" replied the impassive damsel. An awkward pause then ensued, which was broken by John continuing, "Jeanie, ma lass, wad ye like tae lie yonner whan ye're deid?" "Ay, John!" again rejoined Jeanie. And so the strange compact was sealed!

### **The latest Insult to Scotland.**

An English newspaper thus describes the Scottish national dish: A Haggis—Cat's meat boiled in dog's meat, and served in a bagpipe!"

### **The Fife Minister and the Wags.**

The following anecdotes are related of a worthy minister from the "Kingdom of Fife," who was noted for his facility in repartee:—

The reverend gentleman, when taking his constitutional one morning, was accosted thus by three loafers: "Good morning, father Abraham," said the first. The second individual followed with, "Good morning, father Isaac." Whereupon the third man chimed in with, "Good morning, father Jacob."

The minister was silent for a moment, then exclaimed, "I am neither Abraham, Isaac, nor Jacob, but I am Saul, the son of Kish, looking for my father's asses, and, lo! I have found three of them!"

On another occasion the same minister was greeted by two youths, who asked him if he had heard the latest news, viz., that the devil was dead. "Well," answered the minister, "the news you give about the death of your father is very sudden. I must just away home and pray for his two fatherless bairns."

### Synonyms for Inheritance.

An examiner of a school in Edinburgh asked a bright looking laddie to give him a word or words signifying the same as *inheritance*. With but little hesitation the youngster replied: "*Patrimony*, if the inheritance came from the father's side, and *matrimony*, if the inheritance was derived from the mother!"

### The Minister and the Minister's Man.

The importance of "the minister's man," both in and out of the kirk, is proverbial, and that worthy is in most cases blessed with a "guid conceit o' himsel'." The following instance will serve to illustrate the foregoing assertion:—

The minister of a country parish, whose "man" was about to leave his service and go to another part of the country, had occasion to spend a night with a colleague in a neighbouring parish. The guest took advantage of the opportunity to ask his friend's "man" whether that worthy could assist him by finding a successor to the beadle who was about to resign his post. "Weel, sir," replied "the man," "gin it was a meenister or twa that ye was wantin', a'm thinkin' a could manage tae suit ye; but ye ken, meenister, a meenister's man's no sae easy tae find."

### The Probationer and the Beadle.

A church in the north, which required a pastor, possessed a beadle who took an active interest in all the proceedings taken to fill the vacancy.

One of the candidates, after the afternoon service was over and when he had divested himself of his gown in the vestry, slipped again into the church, where the beadle was putting things to rights preparatory to closing the sacred edifice.

"I just came in again to take a look at the church," said the young minister.

"Weel, sir, jist tak' a guid look at it," replied the beadle, "for it's no' likely ye'll ever see't again."

### **A Domestic Problem.**

The following conversation was overheard between two buxom ladies in an Edinburgh tram-car. From their remarks it could be gathered that the two had been house-hunting.

One of them had apparently been successful in her quest, as she began excitedly to recapitulate to her friend the various advantages she would have in her new house. Her friend listened attentively, and then asked, "Ha'e ye a bath?"

"Na," was the reply.

"Weel, if ye havena' gotten a bath," queried the friend, "then whaur'll ye keep yer coals?"

### **A Perfect Being.**

At an Edinburgh mission service, the minister, addressing the congregation, asked: "Is there anyone here to-night who considers him or herself perfect?" To this there was no answer.

He then asked: "Is there anyone here who considers anyone else here perfect?" To this query also there was no answer.

Then continued the minister: "Is there anyone here who knows anyone who is perfect?"

Thereupon a woman's voice was heard from the back seats saying, "Aye, ma man's first wife was perfect!"

## Worse and Worse.

A country doctor drove into town to purchase a horse. The dealer, however, failed to persuade him to purchase the animal. As he returned home the doctor remarked to his groom, "Ah! Thomas, that man tried to take me in; but I'm not such a fool as I look, eh?"

"No, sir," replied the groom, "that you're not."

The doctor looked round suspiciously. Thomas felt he had said something not quite right, so, touching his hat, he added, "Beg pardon, sir, I mean you hadn't need to be."

## The Disadvantage of Clerical Education.

An itinerant preacher was descanting to an appreciative audience on the iniquity of the Establishment and of ministers who were specially educated for that Church. The preacher proceeded to illustrate his point by references to the Apostles Peter and Paul.

"Was St. Peter an *eddicated* man?" queried the orator. "No," he continued, "he was a poor fisherman. But what happened when he preached? Why, thousands were converted. Then there was St. Paul; now, *he was eddicated*, for we are told that he sat at the feet of the great Gamaliel. But what happened when *St. Paul* preached? Why, a young man in the gallery went to sleep, and tumbled down and broke his neck!"

## The Privileges of the Majority.

In a rural Scottish district there was an election meeting some time ago. Owing to the absence of the laird, who was to have presided at the meeting, a local farmer was voted to the chair. The chairman then addressed the meeting as follows: "I thank ye all very much for the honour ye ha'e dune me. I've been at thae meetings afore, so I ken what tae

dae, an' I'll juist pit the resolution first. A' for Broonlee show yer haun's. Five! Noo, then, they that's against, up wi' yer haun's. Fifteen! Noo, then, majority, chuck the ithers oot, an' let's gang on wi' oor meeting."

### **His Infirmity.**

An aged minister, who was much troubled by defective eyesight, had during one of his visits to the local school been giving a little discourse which dealt chiefly with the miracles of the New Testament. At the close of his discourse he asked the class, as a kind of illustrative test, "Now, children, if Christ were among us on earth again, what miracle do you think I should ask Him to perform on me?"

A deep silence and a collection of bewildered stares were the only response to the minister's expectant smile. Again the old gentleman repeated his question with much emphasis; and, in order to assist the dense, juvenile perception, he at the same time pointed to his eyes. Still, however, there was no answer.

Then the minister lost patience, and, with a good deal of irascibility, put the question for a third time: "What would I ask the Lord to do for me?" His reward came at length. One small grimy hand was held up, and, in reply to the old gentleman, a small voice said, "Please, sir, cast out a devil!"

### **A Slight Difference.**

Two cronies were on one occasion going home together in a very elevated condition, when one of them remarked to his companion: "Weel, Donald, we've had a gae beautifu' day; but whit bothers me is, that I canna remember whit like the bride wis." "Wheesht, man!" said his friend, "it wisna a marriage. It wis a fun'ral!"



## Thankfulness for small Mercies.

A certain Scotch laird was one morning taking a stroll round his grounds when he encountered his head-gamekeeper, whose face wore a very woebegone aspect. Upon the laird enquiring the reason for his keeper's sad looks, he was met by the enquiry, "Eh, sir, hae ye no heard the news? Ma wife deed last nicht!"

The laird expressed his sympathy as best he could, and then asked if the sad event had been expected, as he did not know that his gamekeeper's wife had been ailing.

"Weel, sir," answered the keeper, "it was the likes o' this ye ken. The wife had been feeling a wee poorly these twa three days, an' I wis thinkin' I wad need tae ca' the doctor. Hooever, I minded that I had pit awa' in the press twa three pouthers the doctor had gie'n me yince, when I was a bit poorly masel', twa three months syne. I got better afore I needed tae tak' they pouthers, sae I thocht I wad pit them bye tae use anither time. Weel, sir, yestre'en, thinks I tae masel', I'll try they pouthers on the wife. I gied her yin pouter, an' an oor later I gied her anither, but afore I had time tae gie her a third, the wife deed. It's the Lord's mercy, sir, I didna tak' ony o' they pouthers masel'!"

## The Advantages of being Obliging.

At a "jumble-sale" an old body purchased for a few pence an ancient, cracked saucepan. One of the bystanders asked the old lady what she could possibly want with such a useless article. "Weel," replied the old dame, "I'm thinkin' I'll be wantin' the saucepan tae len' tae ma neebor, Mistress MacFie, when she'll be wantin' the len' o' ma pan. It's aye guid tae be obligin'."

# BAGPIPES.

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## The Bagpipe and its Music.

BY THE LATE REV. DR NORMAN MACLEOD.

THE music of the *Highlands* is the pibroch of the great war-pipe, with its fluttering pennons, fingered by a genuine Celt in full Highland dress, as he slowly paces a baronial hall, or amidst the wild scenery of his native mountains. The bagpipe is the instrument best adapted for summoning the clans from the far-off glens to rally round the standard of their chiefs, or for leading a Highland regiment to the attack amidst the roar of battle. The pibroch is also constructed to express a welcome to the chief on his return to his clan, and to wail out a lament for him as he is borne by his people to the old burial-place in the glen or in the sainted *Isle of Graves*. To those who understand its carefully composed music there is a pathos and depth of feeling suggested by it which a Highlander alone can fully sympathise with; associated by him as it always is with the most touching memories of his home and country; recalling the faces and forms of the departed; spreading forth before his inward eye panoramas of mountain, loch and glen, and reviving impressions of his early and happiest years. And thus, if it excites the stranger to laughter, it excites the Highlander to tears, as no other music can do in spite of the most refined culture of his after life.

It is thus, too, that what appears to be only a tedious and unmeaning monotony in the music of the genuine pibroch, is not so to one under the magic influence of Highland associations. There is, indeed, in every pibroch a certain monotony of sorrow. It pervades even the "welcome," as if the young chief who arrives recalls the memory of the old chief who has departed. In the "lament" we naturally expect this sadness; but even in the "summons to battle," with all its fire and energy, it cannot conceal what it seems already to anticipate—sorrow for the slain. In the very reduplication of its hurried notes, and in the repetition of its one idea, there are expressions of vehement passion and of grief—"the joy of grief," as Ossian terms it, which loves to brood upon its own loss, and ever repeats the one desolate thought which fills the heart and which in the end again breaks forth into the long and loud agonising cry with which it began. All this will no doubt seem both meaningless and extravagant to many, but it is nevertheless a deliberately expressed conviction.

The characteristic poetry of the *Highlands* is that of Ossian, its music the pibroch; and these two voices embody the spirit and sing the praises of "Tir na 'm Beann, na 'm Gleann 's na Gaisgeach" ("the land of the mountains, the glens, and the heroes.")

### The Highland Bagpipe.

A short time ago a newspaper, in describing a march past of a Highland Volunteer brigade, stated that seventy-nine pipers formed the band and played the men past. With the exception of Prince Charlie's hundred pipers, an' a', an' a', this is probably the greatest number of men ever forming a band of pipers. It may be that the seventy-nine pipers was a printer's mistake on the part of the newspaper in question for "Seventy-ninth" pipers—that is, the pipers from the Seventy-ninth Regiment.

Although Byron and Scott in stirring lines have told of the power of the mountain music, a very considerable number of the admirers of these two poets, while alive to the beauty of the language describing the "Cameron's Gathering," would scarcely care to concede any merit to the pipes save that of producing the most ear-piercing discord. It seems somehow the fate of men and things which call forth from many the most enthusiastic admiration, to be the butt of depreciation equally vigorous. The aversion which Englishmen have to the bagpipe is due chiefly to that prejudice, half affected, half real, which causes John Bull to deny the existence of any good thing north of the Tweed. In passing judgment on the pipes, a very high standard is in vogue. The national instrument is supposed to possess a capability to accompany the drawing-room singer when the piano is out of tune, a task which, it must be admitted, is somewhat too onerous for an instrument especially adapted for military uses. Had the trumpet or the drum been of Scotch origin, doubtless they, too, would have been consigned to the category of things deserving a qualified opinion. It is not assuming too much to suppose that the English are sufficiently a music-loving race to have spared the violin such treatment if it had come from over the Border.

Though associated with Scotland, the bagpipe is an instrument of great antiquity and was known long ago to some Indian races, also to the Italians and Bretons. It appears to have reached its most popular development, from the musical and utilitarian view, in the case of the Highland bagpipe. The groundwork of the instrument is, as the name implies, a bag of skins sewn together, and of course perfectly air-tight. This condition is aided by the use of treacle, which is poured into the bag and allowed to soak well into it. Into the bag are fitted five wooden stocks, generally of crocus or ebony. These stocks hold in their turn the three drones, the chanter, and the mouthpiece—the chanter being perforated by the

note-holes, while the mouthpiece is used for filling the bag. Each of the drone-pipes and the chanter is fitted with reeds made of Spanish cane, contrary to the general impression, which imagines the chanter to be a kind of flute and the drones hollow sticks.

Bagpipe music has a fixed scale, and the treble or G clef is the only one used. The great difficulty of playing, however, is to obtain the doubling of the notes at once quickly and clearly. This profusion of doubled or grace notes, as they are called, makes the manuscript of bagpipe music look something like an ancient document filched from the British Museum. Most players carry the drones on their left shoulder, but the right is sometimes used. In this case the player has to take the drones out and fix them so that the bass drone will rest on the right shoulder. If not, he must place his head between the drones, and support them by the connecting cord resting on the back of his neck, the small drones not being long enough to find support on the shoulder. To the Sassenach, such words as Taorluath, Taorlath Mach, Crunlaath, Crunluath Breabach, look very ominous; but, being interpreted, they are simply methods of doubling and trebling the notes. It can hardly be denied that the above terms, although they might be called jaw-breakers, look much more imposing than the Italian expressions which figure so largely in pianoforte practices.

It is not assuming too much to claim for Highland music that it has produced tunes more eminently fitted for marching than the music of any other nation. Most of us at some time or other have come across a Highland regiment on the march. Who does not know the roll of the distant drums and mingling with it that prolonged drone, which gradually resolves itself into some old familiar tune composed long ago to celebrate some bloody clan raid, such, for instance, as the "Pibroch of Donuil Dhu"? To the Scotsman there is never any mistaking that sound; and though we may be

nineteenth-century individuals, with tall hats and black coats, we can't help going just a little way, and keeping step also. The pulse beats just a little quicker, and despite all cheap sneers, the memory of a thousand years is a little more real than might be expected. If an impartial observer should take such an occasion as this, he will notice that there is a swing and a go about a Highland regiment quite peculiar to itself, and due in a great measure to the music of the pipes. The swing of the sporrans and the waving of the kilts may add to the effect, and indeed such a sight would be difficult to beat; but watch the same body of men in tartan trews and white shell jackets, and you will see the same swing. It is not the easy gait of the jack tar when under arms, nor the quick, sharp, precise step of an ordinary line regiment. It is a something born of the music, hard to account for, but nevertheless very apparent.

Another reason why the pipes get such scant sympathy is, that very often acquaintance with pipe-playing is brought about by that parody of the Celt, the Whitechapel Highlander. This gentleman perambulates the streets of many of our great towns in a guise which betrays evidence of having been procured at a cast-off clothing establishment. It is indeed a revelation to see one of these fellows in an old 93rd Highlander's kilt with a Royal Stewart plaid and a tremendous belt, possessing a buckle about the size of a large dinner-plate. The sporran, too, is, to say the least, terrific; while, to complete this motley rag-shop, the worthy carries an old cavalry sword in place of a Highland claymore. The sword dance with which he favours his street audiences would do equally well for a hornpipe or an Irish jig. These good fellows hunt in couples, one to dance and one to play. Occasionally they favour a crowd with a grand military march; but this by the way. The whole array is more than likely to be the property of some enterprising person, who rigs up a number of these men, after giving them a few lessons on the chanter, and sends

them out to annoy decent people by their efforts to squeeze out—it can be called by no other name—the “Barren Rocks of Aden” or the “March of the Athole Men.” Their performances are always wound up by the “Reel of Tulloch.”

To hear men like M'Kay, the Prince of Wales' piper, or old John M'Kenzie, instructor to the London Scottish Volunteers, or some of the excellent performers who grace with their playing many of the summer Highland gatherings, is a discovery—nay, more, a startling eye-opener—for many who class pipe-playing with such elementary music as horn-blowing or comb-playing.

The pipes may not be the highest form of music; but many a time have they sounded very sweetly in the ears of the beleaguered and hard pressed. The fact of their being played at the relief of Lucknow has become a matter of historical controversy; but at the present time the relief of Ekowe is not sufficiently ancient for the presence of the pipes to be called into question. No doubt many of us will live long enough to see the columns of the daily papers filled with letters to prove that no pipers ever marched into Ekowe's fort playing “The Campbells are coming.”

The extension of the Volunteer movement has caused the bagpipes to play no inauspicious part in mimic war. What more popular, after a heavy field-day, in which our Volunteer forces have been engaged at Aldershot, or in the Easter manœuvres in the south of England, than the “Elcho tartan” and swinging stride of the “London Scottish”; while their dozen or sixteen pipers, stationed opposite the saluting base, play them by to the tune of “Hieland Laddie.” The Scottish have a reputation for marching second to none, and are the envy of many regiments not blessed with pipers. It is, however, in the “last scene of all,” when the son of the Gael is borne to his last resting-place, that the depth of feeling and sympathy with surroundings of the Highland music is most evident. Nothing seems to intensify and emphasise the deso-

lation and the separation of death more than the sad wailing notes of "Lord Lovat's Lament" or "Lochaber no More."

—*Chambers's Journal*, December 1893.

## Irish and Scottish Bagpipes compared.

Mr Bernard Farelly, of Rankin, Alleghany, Pennsylvania, comparing the Irish and Scottish bagpipes, writes as follows to the *Irish World*, viz. : "The Scottish bagpipes are set in the harmony of A, and the compass is only of nine invariable notes, beginning on G second line of stave, and ending on ledger A above the stave. It is perpetual suspension of tone, and always at the one pitch ; the movement is purely legato, and has no power of expression whatever. It is incapable of playing anything but what is written in the simple interval of the octave. It has such a volume of tone as will absorb any other instrument but a steam calliope that plays along with it. I do not wish to disparage the Scotch pipe. It is no more Scotch than it is Irish, only that the Scotch adopted it and keep it as a martial instrument. It was the martial instrument of the Irish infantry when Finn MacCool was commander-in-chief, so history tells us.

"Somewhere about the sixteenth century we hear of the Irish making the present improvement on the instrument, taking it from the mouth and giving it the bellows and all its present complicated form, and instead of being a weird martial instrument it is now a domestic one. It is set in the harmony of D, a fifth below the Scotch pipe. It has a compass of two complete octaves, beginning on D below first stave line and ending on ledger D above the stave, with the seven semi-tones, well divided, added to the chanter, enabling the player to modulate in all the major and minor moods, and take in the compound interval as far as the range of his compass goes. In addition to this there are tubes added to the drones, voiced so as to give the third and fifth of the chanters. It may seem



strange to the superficial observer that the same amount of sounding-holes as there is on the chanter will produce two octaves. But by the construction of the instrument and a method of manipulation known to the pipe, each note is made to repeat itself an eighth higher, the same as the flute. In volume of tone it will agreeably harmonise with piano, violin, organ, or any other self-toned instrument. All the embellishments and effects can be fairly obtained excepting crescendo and decrescendo. That is its only defect; but there is no instrument without some defect, more or less."

### **The Bagpipes' Appeal to a Scot in Exile.**

A story is told of a Scottish medical man well-known amongst London Scottish societies. He had only been ten weeks in London; he was depressed, not because the weeks of his sojourn were so few, but because they seemed too many. He didn't understand the people; the people didn't understand him. He hadn't anything, anything human and Scotch, to speak to. He was sad and lonesome, a human derelict. The coachman who drove him was painfully English; he was bowling along towards Fulham one day when suddenly the doctor heard in the distance the note of a bagpipe. The coachman had long summed the doctor up as a man of infinite dulness and excessive slowness of speech. He was rudely awakened from the passive and indifferent state into which this discovery had thrown him by hearing the doctor scream out from the window: "Drive down there! there! there! Follow that sound." "What zound, sir?" The reply was a withering, blighting, blithering look, a look which entered the man's soul and affrighted it so that he never quite recovered. "The pipes! there, don't you hear it? Follow it, I love it!" and the hitherto almost inanimate doctor dropped the mask. The little birds came out and sang, the cockneys understood him; all the world smiled blandly, so the doctor smiled, and

has been smiling more than blandly, almost uproariously, ever since, and we hope will go on doing so, for after the bagpipes laughter is the best of medicine.—From the *Oban Times*.

## Lord Lamington in Praise of the Bagpipes.

The *Morning Bulletin* of 4th June 1896 contains a report, extending to over four columns, of a visit which the Governor of Queensland, Lord Lamington, had paid to Rockhampton to discharge various interesting functions, including the laying the foundation stone of St. Barnabas' Church, North Rockhampton. His Excellency was the guest of the Scotsmen of the town at a wine banquet on 3rd June. The gathering was a numerous one and Mr William M'Ilwraith presided.

In the course of his reply to the toast of his health Lord Lamington said: "Mr M'Ilwraith has said you regarded my coming as Scotsmen with feelings of pride. I can assure you my feelings of pride in having been allotted this great distinction of high honour of coming to Queensland as the Queen's representative is no less valued on my part; and I am delighted, too, to think that it meets with the approval of all true Scotsmen. (Applause). And not only have you welcomed me, but just before my departure, in that great city of Glasgow just named by Mr M'Ilwraith, I attended a large meeting there and was given a true Scottish farewell. I rejoiced on landing here to see well-known Scottish dresses, and also to hear the sound of the pipes. (Applause). Yesterday morning, I think it was, or the day before, I had occasion to thank those who gave that pleasantest of music to my ears from the balcony of this hotel. Some rather irreverent person in the street made rather a jeering remark. I do not know what it is to most people, but I know this, I would rather hear the pipes before any other instrument. (Applause). Many a time, when in London or elsewhere, have I dashed down one

street and up another to cut off, perhaps, some regiment marching to the sound of the pipes, so that I might hear every note that fell from that beautiful instrument. (Laughter). I see Dr Hay laugh, but I am only speaking what is perfectly true, and, moreover, I say I am right, for while others may prefer such airs as those to be heard at the opera, I can only say, in my opinion, that in everything the beautiful is strictly allied with the useful. And I maintain that the pipes have done more strictly useful work in this world than any other instrument. (Applause). Where the Highland bonnets have gone forward—whether at Alma, whether in India—if there has been a pause in the rush, it has been the pibroch which has rallied these Highland regiments and enabled them to distinguish themselves in the fierce onslaught on the enemy. (Applause). These Highland regiments command the respect not only of Scotsmen but of all Britons, and the greatest honour that can be paid to any town at home is to have a Highland regiment in its midst. Why, there is hardly a war, however small, in which you will not see the name at once of some battalion of a well-known Highland or Scottish regiment. It is always to the front. Therefore, I maintain—as we all of us do, I believe—we should cherish our national instrument, which has played a great part in the history of our country.” (Applause).

### **Bagpipes becoming Fashionable.**

There are many worthy people who do not like the bagpipes. Bagpipes, they say, are excellent things in their way; they are so picturesque, so interesting to look at, and withal so curious, even mysterious, in their construction. But they should never be played. Once play them and their charm is gone. Indeed, was it not Sydney Smith who said that bagpipes could not be played? “One might as well,” said he, “speak of playing an iron foundry.” To such persons then as

are not fond of the sounding pipes, Scotia's tuneful lute, much tribulation is in store. For the bagpipes are to be the fashionable society instrument this winter, and hundreds of men and maidens who erstwhile swore allegiance to the banjo will soon be ardent devotees of the bagpipes. The representative of a Dundee firm informed the writer that he has already disposed of a hundred instruments in London. "Heretofore," said he, "bagpipes have been chiefly confined to the clan pipers, strolling players—of whom there are several hundreds throughout the kingdom—and last, but not least, the Army. Among the strolling players a large proportion are made by themselves or by peasant manufacturers, but a great many came from Germany, *i.e.*, the wooden pipes are imported, being about the same as the Italian pipes. The instruments of the Queen's Royal Pipers are made in Scotland. Probably the honour of making the bagpipes popular belongs to a no less distinguished personage than Her late Majesty.

John Paisley himself, formerly one of the Queen's pipers, has placed on record the effects of the bagpipes on the Queen. "There is scarcely any music," he wrote, "which moves Her Majesty more. Every morning myself and my companions were stationed outside the terrace at Balmoral, and began softly to play some simple Scottish air like 'Annie Laurie' or 'Banks and Braes,' gradually increasing the sound until the curtains of Her Majesty's sleeping-room would be drawn aside and one of the bed-chamber women would give the signal. Then we would commence a lively rollicking air like 'The Girl I left Behind me.' In a little while the Queen's face would appear at the window all radiant with smiles, and often we would play all through the breakfast hour."

There is a gentleman known to the writer, in West Kensington, who, having read Mr Paisley's account, determined to follow the Queen's example. Thus he tells his story:—

"I hired a Scotch gardener, who was able to play the pipes well, and stationed him on the lawn just outside the bedroom

window. I can hardly describe to you the charming effect, bewildering almost, of being awakened by bagpipes. From the moment they begin, no matter how softly, they influence your dreams. The sensations are the most delightful imaginable. Sometimes I dreamt I was in a radiant garden, bathed in sunshine, and that a fairy figure came and seated itself beside me and began to sing. And the song gradually changed until it merged into the sound of the Highland bagpipes, and I awoke. But I had hardly time to feel a regret at leaving the somnolent state when the pipes struck up a lively air. I leapt out of bed as if I had tasted champagne, and dressed myself in a most merry mood. No more lagging and drowsiness, henceforth the day was a pleasure to me."

"And you still keep up the practice?"

"Alas! no. First one of the neighbours complained, and then the other applied for an injunction to abate the nuisance, and I was compelled, in order not to be unneighbourly, to forego the pipes. I am now awakened by a thump on the door in our brutal English fashion. But as soon as my lease expires I am off to the suburbs, where I can enjoy English bliss and Scottish bagpipes to my heart's content."—*Weekly Scotsman*, 3rd October 1896.

## A Bagpipe Story.

This is a bagpipe story and bagpipe stories are proverbially true. It was a Scotchman who was laid up in an American hospital with a disease which puzzled the doctors—the patient was simply sinking into his grave without apparent cause. The medical men held a consultation, but the only feasible suggestion put forward was that the music cure should be tried—the music to be bagpipe music as being appropriate to the nationality of the sick man. Every night for a couple of weeks the sound of the bagpipes echoed along the lobbies and Scotty began to revive. At the end of that time he

became well enough to be discharged into the world again. Only one regret remained regarding the cure. The Scotchman had been saved but all the other patients died.—*Glasgow Evening News*.

### Another Bagpipe Story.

Shortly after the occupation of Cairo by the British troops, the late Nubar Pasha took a prodigious fancy to the pipe-music of the Black Watch, and conceived the idea of having one of his servants taught to play the bagpipes. The Pasha commissioned one of his friends, who spoke English, to interview one of the Black Watch pipers on the subject.

Upon the Pasha's idea being propounded to the Highlander the piper gave the following verdict: "Weel, he micht learn or he micht no. But let me tell ye, it ned's wind an' mickle strength tae fill the bag o' the pipes an' keep blawin'. Sae, if yin o' thae Egyptian chaps took the job on, he'd need tae be bandaged a' ow're like yin o' thae auld mummies, or maybe he'd burst himsel'!"

This conversation was duly reported to Nubar Pasha, who took the pipers remarks *ad seriatim*. He, therefore, unwillingly gave up the idea of having an Egyptian piper attached to his household, seeing the use of the bagpipes was likely to be attended with such an amount of danger to the performer on the Scotch national instrument.

### Sir Colin Campbell and the Pipes.

In May 1856, when on the point of leaving the Crimea, Sir Colin Campbell (afterwards Lord Clyde) delivered the following stirring address to the Highland Brigade on taking farewell of that fine body of men:—

"Soldiers of the 42nd, 79th, and 93rd, old Highland Brigade, with whom I have passed the early and perilous part of this war, I have now to take leave of you. In a few hours I shall

be on board ship, never to see you again as a body—a long farewell. I am now old, and nothing will remain to me but the memory of my campaigns and of the enduring, hardy and generous soldiers with whom I have been associated, whose name and glory will long be kept alive in the hearts of our countrymen. When you go home as you gradually fulfil your time of service, each to his family and cottage, you will tell the story of your immortal advance in that victorious echelon up the heights of Alma and of the old Brigadier who led you and loved you so well. Your children and your children's children will repeat the tale to other generations, when only a few lines of history remain to record the discipline and enthusiasm which have borne you so stoutly to the end of this war. Our native land will never forget the name of the Highland Brigade, and in some future war that nation will call for another one to equal this, which it never can surpass. Though I shall be gone, the thought of you will go with me wherever I may be and cheer my old age with a glorious recollection of dangers affronted and hardships endured. A pipe will never sound near me without carrying me back to those bright days when I was at your head and wore the bonnet you gained for me and the honourable distinctions on my breast, many of which I owe to your conduct. Brave soldiers and kind comrades—farewell.”

It will not here be inappropriate to relate the opinion of the above well-known and distinguished Highland general regarding the Highland feather bonnet. It is a matter of history, how, in the race up the heights of the Alma, Sir Colin cried out to the men of his brigade: “Come on, my lads, we’ll hae nane but hielan’ bonnets here!”

The sequel of this incident is told in the brave old general’s own words:—

“It was a fight of the Highland Brigade. Lord Raglan came up afterwards and sent for me. When I approached him I observed his eyes to fill and his lips and countenance to quiver. He gave me a cordial shake of the hand. The men

cheered very much. I told them I was going to ask the Commander-in-Chief a great favour—that he would permit me to have the honour of wearing the Highland bonnet during the rest of the campaign, which pleased them very much ; and so ended my part in the fight of the 20th inst. My men behaved nobly. I never saw troops march to battle with greater *sang froid* and order than those three Highland regiments. Their conduct was much admired by all who witnessed their behaviour.”

Dr Keltie tells the story of the donning of the Highland bonnet by Sir Colin :—

“The making of the bonnet was entrusted secretly to Lieutenant and Adjutant Drysdale of the 42nd. There was a difficulty next morning as to the description of heckle to combine the three regiments of the Brigade. It was at last decided to have one-third of it red to represent the 42nd, and the remaining two-thirds white at the bottom for the 79th and 93rd. Not more than half-a-dozen knew about the preparation of the bonnet, and these were confined to the 42nd. A brigade parade was ordered on the morning of the 22nd December on the field of Alma,” as the General was desirous of thanking them for their conduct on the 20th. “The square was formed in readiness for his arrival and he rode into it with the bonnet on. No order or signal was given for it ; but he was greeted with such a succession of cheers, again and again, that both the French and English armies were startled into a perfect state of wonder as to what had taken place.”

Sir Colin Campbell’s presentiment that he would not command the Highland Brigade again, was, fortunately for his country, wrong. By the time the Indian Mutiny broke out Britain had at last discovered the old hero’s worth and he was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the British Forces in India, when he again had the Highland Brigade serving under him. At a march past of the Highland Brigade in India, Dr W. H. Russell, the celebrated *Times* war correspondent was



present. He afterwards wrote in his diary. "They (the Highlanders) look on him (Sir Colin Campbell) as if he belonged to them, like their bagpipes—a property useful in war."

## Heroic Pipers in Battle.

The heroic performance of the piper of the Gordon Highlanders at the storming of Dargai a short time ago maintained in splendid fashion the noble traditions of the Highland pipers in battle. As the Gordons stormed the heights, one of the pipers, who was playing at the head of the battalion, fell, shot through both ankles. But in spite of his wounds he sat up, continued his pibroch, and played his comrades on to a most splendid victory. He received the Victoria Cross for what he did, and it will never be better won.

The piper of the Gordons in doing what he did was following the example of pipers in battle before him. Music has on many occasions helped the troops of Britain at a critical time to win a victory. Witness the achievement, a century ago, of the old 14th Foot—now the West Yorkshire Regiment—at the storming of Famara. The defending Frenchmen were driving back the stormers to the strains of the "Ca ira," the air of the Revolution. The officer commanding the 14th, seeing that his men were being worsted, rushed to the front, ordered his own band to strike up the "Ca ira," and shouted, "Come on, lads, and we'll beat 'em to their own tune!" The French tune was played by the English bandsmen, the 14th dashed forward and Famara was captured.

It was a piper of the old 79th—now the Cameron Highlanders—who performed such a prodigy of valour at Quatre Bras. In the thick of that fiercely contested fight Piper Kenneth MacKay, while his regiment was forming square, stepped outside the bayonets, and continued to play the popular tune, "Cogadh na Sith." More than 300 of the officers and men of

the Camerons went down, killed or wounded in the battle, but MacKay, although he marched round and round the forming square, escaped uninjured, went through Waterloo, and subsequently, with other chosen Highlanders, appeared in Paris during the Occupation by the Allied Forces, before the Emperor of Russia to give His Majesty an opportunity of examining the Highland dress and equipment.

When in the old days of war in Scotland there was to be a clan raid, the piper on the eve of it played the tribe's battle-tune to arouse his clansmen to vengeance. The spirit of this custom was kept up at Waterloo.

"Our two distinguished Highland corps," says Sir Walter Scott, "the 42nd and 92nd, were the first to muster. They assembled with the utmost alacrity to the sound of the well-known pibroch 'Come to me and I will give you flesh,' an invitation to the wolf and the raven for which the next day did, in fact, spread an ample banquet at the expense of our brave countrymen as well as of their enemies." The 92nd is now the 2nd Battalion of the Gordons; the 42nd, it is almost needless to explain, being the Black Watch.

A piper of the 71st (now the 1st Battalion Highland Light Infantry) was as brave at Vittoria as was Kenneth MacKay at Quatre Bras. He, too, inspired his comrades with the music of his pipes, on which he played "Up an' waur them a', Willie." The 71st did "up," and, largely owing to the encouragement of the pibroch, the regiment added "Vittoria" to its already long list of battle honours.

What the pipers did at the relief of Lucknow all the world knows. It was then that Pipe-Major John MacLeod of the 93rd—now the 2nd Battalion Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders—played amid the strife with as much calmness as if he had been walking round the officers' mess-tent at a regimental festival.

But the case which most closely resembles that of the piper of Dargai was George Clark. He was a piper of the 71st and

at Vimiera was so badly wounded that he could not join his comrades in the pursuit of the enemy. But, like his successor of the Gordons, he "continued to tune his pipe to the sound of victory." There was no Victoria Cross in those days but the deed was not forgotten, and in 1809 Clark was presented with a Highland pipe for his conduct in the battle mentioned.

Tel-el-Kebir furnishes us with another instance of what the pipes can do in battle. The terrible strain of the night march over the desert and the waiting for the order to assault were almost too much for many of the officers and men to bear. But when at last the command was given the British troops carried everything before them. The Camerons took a leading part in charging the trenches. Lieutenant-Colonel Leith, commanding the regiment, waved his sword, shouted "Come on 79th," and to the scream of the pipes the men broke into double line and charged, cheering as they ran. It was while daylight was breaking and the clash of steel and the crack of rifle rang out over the silent desert that Pipe-Major Grant cheered his comrades on to victory by playing enthusiastically on his pipes "The March of the Cameron Men."—*Tit Bits*, 27th November 1897.

### The Pipes in Battle.

"Many and many a time," says the writer of an excellent article on pipes and pipe music appearing in the *Glasgow Weekly Herald*, "has the efficacy of the pipe music in rallying men and leading them on to victory been proved." At Quebec, in April 1760, when Fraser's regiment were retreating in great disorder, the general complained to a field-officer of the behaviour of his corps. "Sir," the officer replied warmly "you did very wrong in forbidding the pipers to play this morning; nothing encourages the Highlanders so much in the day of battle and even now they would be of some use." "Then," said the general, "let them blow like the devil if that will bring back the men." The pipers then played a favourite martial air, and

the Highlanders, the moment they heard it, reformed and there was no more disorder.

When the regiment raised by Lord MacLeod in 1778, called the 73rd or MacLeod's Highlanders, was in India, General Sir Eyre Coote thought at first that the bagpipes was a "useless relic of the barbarous ages and not in any manner calculated to discipline troops." But the distinctness with which the shrill sounds made themselves heard through the noise of battle and the influence they seemed to exercise induced him to change his opinion. At Port Novo in 1781, he, with 8000 men, of which the 73rd was the only British regiment, defeated Hyder Ali's army of 25 battalions of infantry, 400 Europeans, from 40,000 to 50,000 horse, and over 100,000 matchlock men with 47 cannons. The 73rd was on the right of the first line leading all the attacks, and the general's notice was particularly attracted by the pipers, who always blew up the most warlike strains when the fire was hottest. This so pleased Sir Eyre Coote that he called out: "Well done, my brave fellows, you shall have a set of silver pipes for this." And he was as good as his word for he gave the men £50, and the pipes which they bought had an inscription testifying to the high opinion the general had of the pipers. At the battle of Assaye, again, the musicians were ordered to lay aside their instruments and attend to the wounded. One of the pipers who obeyed this order was afterwards reproached by his comrades. Flutes or hautbois, they told him, they could well spare, but for the piper, who should always be in the heat of the battle, to go to the rear with the whistles was a thing unheard of. The unfortunate piper was quite humbled but he soon had an opportunity of playing off the stigma, for in the advance of Argaun shortly after, he played with such animation that the men could hardly be restrained from breaking the line and rushing to the charge before the time. Of a different nature is a story told of the Seaforth Highlanders. On the 12th August 1793, as the grenadiers of Captain Gordon's company at Pondicherry

were on duty in the trenches, exposed to a burning sun and a severe cannonade from a fortress near by, Colonel Campbell, Field-Officer of the trenches, ordered the piper to play some pibrochs. This was considered a strange order to be made at such a time, but it was immediately complied with, "and," says the writer of the chronicles of the regiment, "we were a good deal surprised to perceive that the moment the piper began, the fire from the enemy slackened and soon almost entirely ceased. The French all got upon the works and seemed more astonished at hearing the bagpipes than we with Colonel Campbell's request." It was a new kind of warfare, and again justifies the appellation "weapon," instead of "instrument," used by the Court which tried the Jacobite piper in 1746.

We all know the story of Lucknow, and believe much or little of it as we please, we cannot deny its extreme probability, and the intense effect the sound of the pipes would have on the fainting men and women in the Residency. "On all fours" with the Lucknow story is that of Prince Charlie, who, when the clans were slow in gathering to his standard at Glenfinnan, retired to a hut and rested disheartened and anxious. When at noon on the 19th of August no appearance was made he became hopeless, but in the afternoon the sound of the pipes made themselves heard, and shortly afterwards the clans appeared. This is the moment which the authoress of the well-known song, "The March of the Cameron Men," has described :—

I hear the pibroch sounding, sounding,  
    Deep o'er the mountain and glen,  
While light springing footsteps are trampling the heath,  
    'Tis the march of the Cameron men.

Oh, proudly they walk, but each Cameron knows,  
    He may tread on the heather no more,  
But boldly he follows his chief to the field,  
    Where his laurels were gathered before.

It was Lochiel coming to make his tardy obeisance to the Prince, whom he loved so well, that he wished him not to enter on what he saw was a hopeless task.

Foreigners do not understand how a certain kind of music can have such a powerful effect on men, and even our friends south of the Cheviot have been known to sneer at it, but the facts are too stubborn to ding, and they are acknowledged by men of the highest military experience. Perhaps there is no nobler tribute to their power and military beauty than that of Lord Byron, himself an Englishman :—

Then wild and high the Camerons' Gathering rose  
The war note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills  
Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon foes !  
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills  
Savage and shrill ! But with the breath which fills  
Their mountain pipe, so fill the mountaineers  
With the fierce native daring which instills  
The stirring memory of a thousand years ;  
And Evan's, Donald's, fame rings in each clansman's ears.

The Highland soldier has proved on many a hard-fought field the inspiring influence of

Those thrilling sounds that call the might  
Of old Clan Alpine to the fight.

But in all the great battles fought and won by Highlanders since 1689 the pipes have not been used in the actual charge. The men rushed on far too rapidly to admit of their breath being so employed, but the pipes have always been played whenever possible. The music of the pipes contains many tunes eminently fitted for marching purposes, and there is a swing and go about a Highland regiment peculiar to itself, which is something due in great measure to the pipes. It is something born of the music, and it has often proved its

value in actual warfare, when marching was conjoined with fighting, as for instance, with the 93rd at Balaclava, when

That thin red line of Gælic rock,  
 Just tipped with rows of steel,  
 Answered with long and steady stride,  
 Their own loved pipes appeal.

—*Oban Times*, 27th January 1890.

## The Bagpipes in an Australian Garden.

Perhaps those tiny settings in leaf and blossom of the bagpipe music under the sunny blue sky, and among the flowers of an Australian garden, may, while affording a striking contrast, suggest that the spirit and sentiment of Highland music is not wholly dulled by the transition.

Take for the first picture a night late in May—the beginning of the winter, but often a month of exceptionally fine weather. The air is keen with frost, the frost that seems to add an extra sparkle to the silver moon rising above the line of gum trees by the river and gives a clear crystal sound to the notes of the bagpipes.

The opening skirl of the bagpipes, a peculiarly defiant challenge, breaks the silence of the night. Now the march, with its proud spirited beat, rings away to the silent paddocks and river-bends; or a lament, in which a certain fine sorrowful cadence, enhanced by the effect of approaching and retreating in the player's march round the garden, finds an echo in the wailing of the curlews, of the answering sob of a mopoke<sup>1</sup>, in some far away river-bed.

Again, towards the evening of a September day, the middle of spring. A faint touch of summer lies upon the garden. The peach and pear trees are twisted branches of rosy pink

<sup>1</sup> Mopoke: An Australian nightbird with a melancholy note.

and white bloom; the warm faces of roses nestle among the leaves and dusty golden shadows of the setting sun fall across the pathways.

The piper is marching through the garden, and amid this wealth of southern flower and sunshine there comes this music with its strange contrast of the stirring wild spirit of the mountains, the sweep of the storm-cloud, or the weird pathos of some lovely loch asleep within the hills.

A deep silence has fallen upon a little group of listeners standing in the garden, to the elders of whom the music must bring that overwhelming tide of memory of the homeland, of the gladness of their life's morning and other precious recollections, until oftentimes the heart must turn and cry—

“I would that I were there!

Just to feel the wild wet breezes swirling  
O'er the water and the whin,  
To see the peat-reek o'er the cottage curling,  
And the hairst folk winning in.

To see the glens in autumn's colours tender,  
And the black ben's misty wreath,  
The birk and the breckan's dying splendour,  
And the roaring linn beneath.”

—AUSTRALIENNE in *Highland News*.

## The Bagpipes in Formosa.

In two days we reached Bang-Kah, the chief inland town in the north of the island, at the head of the Tamsui river. The inhabitants of this town were extremely anti-foreign in their sentiments; we were therefore relieved to arrive there in the early hours of the morning when the town was wrapped in slumber. Here we left our chairs and coolies and took boat



to Tamsui, which place we reached at daylight much to the surprise of our friends. Having spent a very pleasant day at Tamsui, we started to return at sunset, Mr Dodd accompanying us as far as Bang-Kah and his partner returning with us to Takas. I had with me my Highland military pipes, and I well remember that we amused ourselves while passing up the river by serenading a gentleman who was suspected of Nationalistic, or as they were then termed "Fenian" sympathies with the tune of "Boyne Water." I had some time previously adopted a kilt as the best costume for my continual excursions into the mountains and for wading through rivers, etc., while others of my party had followed my example having improvised these garments at Tamsui. One of us bore a claymore which had seen service in the '45, and with this formidable weapon, our kilts, and the bagpipes, we flattered ourselves that we had a truly Highland appearance. We reached Bang-Kah about midnight, hoping to get to our sedan-chairs as unobserved as we had come; but to our disgust we found that it was the night of some special feast and that the whole population was abroad in the streets. Our landing was the signal for a rush by the shouting mob, who cried, "The barbarians are coming!" We started our attendant coolies off to wait for us with the sedan-chairs outside the town at the furthest end, for we dared not render ourselves helpless by taking our seats in them. Retaining one of the bearers as a guard we endeavoured to push our way through the howling, excited crowd. When we reached the market-place we came upon a grand theatrical stage, lighted brilliantly by flaming lamps, where one of the interminable native plays was in progress. The actors were, however, at that moment enjoying a brief rest, for their audience had rushed off upon the fresh excitement of our arrival. A happy inspiration struck us—to turn the tide of hostility into more congenial sentiments. We jumped boldly on to the stage; I struck up a rollicking strathspey, and my three companions danced heartily to its measure,

the claymore and the kilts having a fine effect in the lamplight. At the unaccustomed sound of the skirl of the pipes the actors fled, but the music and the dancing brought down the house, which was now crowded. The mob was delighted and encored us enthusiastically in Chinese until we grew weary, and, beginning to fear they appreciated us too well, we at last seized our opportunity, and, jumping down in the midst of them, hastened out of the town before they had recovered from their surprise.

—W. A. PICKERING, C.M.G., in *Pioneering in Formosa*.

## The Bagpipes in the Indian Highlands.

It is Saturday evening and the shadows are beginning to lengthen on the mountain side among the highlands of one of our large Indian dependencies. In the verandah of a bungalow, perched on a crag halfway up the side of one of the Indian "Bens," is assembled a small party of exiled Scots. Their host, a tea-planter and genial "brither Scot" to boot, has invited a few of his neighbours, now that the labours of the week are over, to come across to his estate for a set or two of tennis and a homely dinner afterwards; to be followed by a "nicht wi' Burns." One of the visitors has brought his pipes with him and the eyes of more than one of his companions glisten as they look forward to hearing the wild skirl of the *piob mhòr* in this far-off land.

The view which meets the eye as one stands on the verandah is not an unpleasing one, though the surroundings are very different from those of our beloved Scottish Highlands. Looking down the mountain side one views for miles a stretch of country planted with tea. The topped tea plants resemble a multitude of green tables, but the monotony of this sheet of tea country is relieved by, here and there, a belt of *Grevillia* or Australian silver oaks which have been planted among the tea, partly as wind-breakers and partly to serve as shade-trees.

In the far distance, down below on the plains, the sun's rays gleam on the light-green of the watery paddy fields, whose colour stands out in contrast to the dark-green of the tea-bushes with which the mountain side is clothed. Behind the bungalow of the host rise lofty mountains, alongside of which the hills of the Grampians and the "Bens" of Lochaber would seem but dwarfs. On these tropical mountains, however, is to be seen no glow from purple heather lighted up by the declining rays of the sun. Nor is there the possibility of roaming along the sides of those mountains, for an impenetrable jungle commences where the tea-gardens end and this dense jungle extends to almost the summit of the mountain. In place of the whirr of the grouse among the corries is heard at intervals from the forest the shrill crow of the jungle-fowl, while the hoarse note of the jungle-crow is but a sorry substitute for the soothing cooing of the cushie-doo.

The shrill rattle of the cicada, however, warns us that the hours of daylight will soon be numbered, for the Indian Highlands are strangers to the long and peaceful gloaming of our native country, and in these tropical latitudes night falls in with but short warning after the sun has dipped below the western peaks.

"Come, boys," says the host, "we must make haste and get to work if we mean to get a few sets of tennis before night sets in. Four of you fall to and some of us will take your places and give you time for a breather at the end of the first set. M——, uncase your pipes; tune up, and play the lads through the first game. You will then have earned the cold drink which is awaiting you!"

The host's suggestion is acted upon. The piper tunes up and the party troop off to the tennis lawn to the strains of "The Cock of the North." Anon the tune changes to "The Athole Highlanders," followed by a strathspey, which evokes loud "hoochs" from the audience. And then the pipes wander off into "Ho-ro mo nighean donn bhoideach," a tune which

carries in fancy more than one of the hearers back to the fair maid whom he has left behind him among the hills of old Scotland. Again the music changes, for the piper is playing "O! gin I were where Gowdie rins." One of the onlookers, who is seated on a bench which overlooks the tennis ground, is an old Highland gentleman hailing from Deeside, who is well on in years. Dame Fortune has not been kind to the old man, for now, instead of being able to spend the evening of his life amid the hills of his native Aberdeenshire, he is fated to remain an exile in India. As the strains of "Gowdie rins" fall on his ear, the old man is visibly affected. An unbidden tear courses down his cheek as he exclaims, "There is no music like that of the pipes to remind us of the old country!"

But the first game of tennis is drawing to an end. As an exciting rally begins the piper changes his tune to "Pibroch o' Donald Dubh." "Vantage all!" "Vantage out!" are shouted, and the pipes cease with a wild skirl as "Game" is called.

And now players and piper throw themselves on the grass to enjoy the breathing space they have all earned.

"Laddies, laddies!" says the genial host, "with the pipes at our head we could face anything!"

Ay! there is no music like that of the pipes which appeals most powerfully to an exiled Scot, whether he hail from the Highlands or the Low country.

"Ye ken the Southrons taunt us: I sayna they're unfair,  
About oor squallin' music, and their taunts hae hurt me sair,  
But if they'd heard a piper true at nicht come ower the hill,  
Playin' up a pibroch upon the wind sae still:  
Risin' noo an' fallin' noo, and floatin' on the air:  
The soonds come saftly on ye, a'most ere ye're aware,  
An' wind themselves about the heart that hasna yet forgot,  
The witchery o' love an' joy within some lonely spot.

I'm sure they wadna taunt us sae, nor say the bagpipe's wild ;  
Nor speak o' scraichin' noises, eneuch to fricht a child—  
They wad say the bagpipe only is the voice of hill and glen,  
With magic thunders in the air, when the fight broods black  
again !

Oh ! the skirl of the pipes is power, is power, to lead on heroes  
then,

For the sound of the pipes has a voice that appeals to the  
souls of Scottish men !”

—FRANK ADAM, Malay Peninsula,  
in the *Celtic Monthly*.

## The Returning Exile and the Bagpipes.

Silence falls upon the gay déck of the floating palace, as with quickly pulsing paddles she throbs on amid the solitude of these dark waters under the mountains. Far away to the south behind, like silver in the sunshine, lies the open sea chased by the wind ; but above the narrowing channel in front the rugged Bens, sombre and vast, frown down upon the invader. Purple-apparelled these Bens are now, as they lie like allied kings asleep after their battles with the storm-giants of the north. For the black waves in winter leap here savagely, and gnash their gleaming teeth against the mountain sides ; the storm winds roar in anger as they buffet the iron breasts of their captors, and the silent frost strains with his strong embrace to crack the great ribs of the Titans. But the everlasting hills live on, and the sunshine kisses them again, and the summer rain weeps upon their scars, while their children, the dwellers about their feet, look up and learn to love them for their memories with a love as strong as life itself. Many a Highland heart failed long ago on the march through the Egyptian desert when the pipes wailed out “Lochaber no more.” These are the great mountains of Lochaber rising huge against the sky in front ; and even the

gay tourist, here on the sunny deck, feels a silence gather upon his heart as he is borne on under their shadows. The young bride by the companion-way nestles closer to her husband as, with grave blue eyes, she gazes upon the solemn loneliness of the hills.

But listen! Do you hear? Wild and sweet in the distance over the water comes the sound. It is the pipes, and they are playing "Flora Macdonald's Lament." Yonder, down near the shore—you can make them out through the glass—a shooting party has pic-nicked, and they have brought the piper with them. How the colour deepens on the cheek of the old Highland gentleman here at the sound. He is just returning from many years' residence abroad, and for the last hour, leaning over the deck-rail, he has been feasting his heart upon the sight of the mountains. "There is no music like that music," he exclaims, "over the water and among the hills." To a Highlander, indeed, the sound of the pipes is full of many memories, like "the sough of the south wind in the trees" of an autumn night. The folk on deck who are from the south will know something of it now perhaps. Yesterday, no doubt, some of them supposed the ragged vagabond who strutted and blew on a pier-head as the steamer passed, a specimen of the pibroch players. They should see a chieftain's own hereditary piper march on the castle terrace, cairngorm and silver gleaming about him, ribbons streaming on the wind, and tartans afloat!—GEORGE EYRE-TODD, from *Sketchbook of the North*.

## HIGHLAND DANCES.

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### “Nether Lochaber” on Highland Dances.

PREVIOUS correspondents have asked the meaning of “Hieland Wallach.” A nobleman, no less distinguished for his accurate scholarship than for his wisdom as a legislator and his eloquence as a public speaker, writes as follows: “You say that the ‘Hieland Wallach’ was an old dance of the Reel of Tulloch order; very gay and lively, I suppose, and requiring no end of lightness of heel on the part of the performer to dance it effectively. What I should much like you to be good enough to tell me is the meaning of ‘wallach.’ As a name for a particular kind of Highland dance, I suppose it is Gaelic, and if so, please say what it means, for I can get nobody here in London to tell me.”

To this we replied that up to a comparatively recent date the Highlanders were much addicted to dancing and that they had many different kinds of dances, each known by its own particular name. They had, for example, “Dannsa Claidheimh” or “Dannsa nan Claidhean,” the Sword Dance, a difficult but very beautiful dance when really well done. They had “Dannsa nan Tunnag,” the Duck Dance, which we once, and only once, saw danced at a wedding here in Lochaber. There was “Dannsa nan Pog,” the Kissing Dance, the same, we believe, as that now known as “Pease Straw.” There was “Seann Triubhais” (the Old Trews), although why that particular article of male attire, not new either, but well worn

and old, should be associated with a particular kind of dance is more than we can say. It is a common dance still, and when well done, as we have seen it once and again at Highland gatherings in Glasgow, is an exceedingly graceful performance. There was "Dannsa nan Bioran," the Little Bits of Sticks Dance, a dance in which two or more of the dancers carried castanets made of slips of hardwood, with which, held loosely between the fingers, they made a clattering noise, and when well done a not at all unmusical accompaniment to the violin in the roundgoing of the reel. The seannachie to whom we are indebted for these notes about the old dances says that the last mentioned dance—"Dannsa nan Bioran"—was a favourite in the Hebrides when he was a boy, some five-and-sixty or seventy years ago. We now come to the "Hieland Wallach"—"An Dann's Uallach"—which may be rendered The Gayly Fantastical Dance. "Wallach" is just the form in which a non-Gaelic tongue would adopt and repeat the Gaelic "Uallach." Our informant says it was a "foursome" reel in which the steps and evolutions were very much the same as in the Reel of Tulloch. He is of opinion, indeed, that the Reel of Tulloch is only a modern name for the old Dann's Uallach. Be this as it may, it seems certain that the "Wallach" of the song is the Gaelic "Uallach"—fantastically gay, lightsome, and as applied to a particular kind of dance implying that it was to be gone about "con anima," as the Italians say, with animation, in a spirited manner.—The Rev. Dr STEWART (NETHER LOCHABER) in the *Inverness Courier*.

## The Dances of the Highlanders.

In 1745, when the Duke of Cumberland was leaving Nairn to meet "Bonnie Prince Charlie" at Culloden, the Clans Campbell, Munro and Sutherland accompanied him. Observing the stalwart Highlanders carrying their pipes, he said to one of his officers: "What are these men going to do with



such bundles of sticks? I can supply them with better implements of war." "Your Royal Highness cannot do so," the officer replied, "these are the bagpipes, the Highlanders' music in peace and war; wanting these, all other implements are of no avail and the Highlanders need not advance another step, for they will be of no service." Without his weird bagpipe the Highlandman can neither dance nor chant those dreamy melodies of the romantic genius of the Celt. Dancing has ever been a favourite pastime with the dwellers north of the misty Grampians. It has enabled those high-souled mountaineers in far-back days to give expression to feelings of sacred and festal joy, to the wild shout of victory, and to rouse the martial fervour of the Gaelic tribes in the day of battle. Their lives devoted to all manly exercises and feats of skill, their lithe bodies, agile, and enduring all hardships, have often enabled them to excel in the gentler "poetry of motion" called dancing. To-day we watch with admiration the stately step of a Highland piper, while the neat and nimble movements of the feet of a kilted laddie in the "Ghillie Callum," or Sword Dance, cause a secret fascination to steal over his attentive circle of onlookers in a way that no other form of dancing is able to do.

#### THE EXCLUSIVELY HIGHLAND DANCES.

The dances which are to-day considered exclusively Highland are the Sword Dance, the Reel, or "Hulaichan," the Strathspey, and the Highland Fling. The "Foursome Reel" is not exclusively Highland, for it is also practised by the inhabitants of Great Britain and Ireland, and, moreover, resembles an ancient dance of the North American Indians. Of all these dances the "Ghillie Callum," or Sword Dance, somewhat Pyrrhic in character, takes undoubted precedence both for grace and agility, being accompanied in the old times by a song recounting warlike deeds and heroic exploits, rousing thereby the children of the Gael to excellence in arms.

**THE SWORD DANCE**

can be performed in three ways. The first is the "grand dance," used only on specially solemn occasions; the second is a test of skill and agility between two or more dancers; and the third or present day method is an exhibition of dancing by one person alone. The form of the dance is divided into nine distinct "figures," there being several "sets" or varieties of the modern Sword Dance. First of all the claymores, or Highland broadswords, are laid cross-wise on the ground and the dancer stands between the points facing the centre and in the first position, namely the right heel against the ball of the left toe; he holds himself erect and perfectly free so that he can always look down with ease at the centre of the crossed swords. In the first "figure" there are four bars, equal to eight beats; in the first bar you advance the right foot about six inches to the right in two beats of the music, next place the heel of the left foot against the ball of the right toe in one beat, slightly bending the right knee, then raise the right foot; now place the right foot down again in the same position in one beat, and half a bar is completed, to be followed by the left foot advancing instead of the right. In the second bar the same steps are repeated, first with the right foot leading, and then with the left; the third bar is exactly the same as the second; the dancer having completed this in twenty-four beats is ready for the fourth and final bar; the next eight beats are for the "setting" step, which is done by springing up from the first position, placing the heel of the left foot against the ball of the right toe; then by springing up and placing the right against the left, the time being repeated twice for this step. Perhaps the most graceful dance after the sword dance is

**THE HIGHLAND FLING,**

which must never be confounded with the skips and sprawls of the so-called Highland Scottische or Fling in the society ball-

room. The Highland Fling should be executed very "neatly," the dancer keeping to one spot all through, never raising one foot higher than the lower edge of the knee-cap of the opposite leg, as a rule letting the one foot mark the time for the other. In this dance there are eight figures, each having a "back step"; and another important point in the performance of this dance is the use of the arms in balancing the body, while the time of the dance should average sixteen bars in from twenty-four to twenty-eight seconds. Not unlike the Highland Fling in time and measure is

#### THE STRATHSPEY,

so called from the district whence it originated. In the beginning of this century it was called a "twasome" dance, because it was first danced by two persons; now-a-days it is a "foursome," usually two ladies and two gentlemen taking part. It is divided into two sections, the first or "reel" consisting of eight bars, and the second, or "setting" step, of eight bars. The ladies standing on the right lead off the dance after the introductory bowing to partners; in doing the "reel" part, in moving to the right the right foot is advanced, followed closely by the left, then the left foot is brought down behind, and the right raised, then two hops, concluding with the same "setting step" as the Highland Fling. Lastly we have the Reel proper, world-famed, brisk, and lively dance, and allied to it is the "chief of Highland dances"—

#### THE REEL OF TULLOCH.

Both are danced in conjunction with, but after, the Strathspey. The tune of the Reel is quicker, however, and in the Reel pure and simple the same number of bars are danced both in the "reel" and "setting" parts. In the Reel of Tulloch, after the first "reel" part, a series of "setting" to partners takes place as follows: The couple "set" four bars, then, each grasping the other by the rear part of the arm with the right

hand, turn to the left in two bars, then change hands, dancing two bars the reverse way, the gentlemen meet in the centre and set as before, the partners resting, and thus alternately to the end. The Strathspey and the Reel are the most popular of the Highland Dances, and in a quaint volume entitled *Sketches Relative to the History and Theory more especially to the Practice of Dancing*, published at Aberdeen in 1805, we find the principal steps of each dance plainly and clearly described.

—Dr NORMAN HAY FORBES in the *Windsor Magazine*.

# THE KILT.

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## Men's Clothes and what Women think of them.

PEOPLE say men would look guys in bright colours and gay clothing. I am not sure that they would. What could be more "fetching" than the Highland dress? It makes a plain man passable and a handsome man positively killing, it is elegant, graceful, picturesque, and if a man wishes to make a conquest let him invest in tartan plaid and *skein-dhu*. The only drawback to this little plan is that the poor man could only wear his becoming costume in Scotland, and perhaps his lady-love might not be there to see. Highland county men do look so different in London from what they do at home. It seems so odd to meet a man in everyday clothes, whom, in the Highlands, one has only known in his kilt. He seems to have lost not only his fine appearance but his individuality and become just one of the crowd.—By a "SOCIETY GIRL," in the *Scotsman*.

## The Kilt in the Royal Family.

There is a tradition in the Royal Family that boys must wear the Highland costume until the Queen deems proper to order a change.—*Scotsman*, 3rd October 1896.

## Why Highlanders wear Kilts.

The late Sir Augustus Harris used to tell this story of the late Sir Henry Parkes. It seems that Sir Henry was at a municipal function in Scotland, and a foreign bishop, who had seen very little of the world and who was over on this side of the Channel for a holiday visit, was also present.

As the party was being escorted by a body of men in Highland costume, the bishop seeing the bare legs and kilts asked why these men were without trousers. "It's just a local custom," gravely replied Sir Henry, "In some places people take off their hats as a mark of honour to distinguished guests. Here they take off their trousers."

"The bishop raised his eyebrows until they became entangled with the back hair," remarked Sir Henry, "but he did not for a minute question my explanation."

## Revival of the Kilt.

The fact that King Edward has more than once appeared in Highland costume when last at Balmoral (says a contemporary) has somewhat disturbed the general impression in the southern mind that the kilt has almost disappeared from Scotland. A representative emphatically asserts that the kilt was never more popular in Scotland than at the present time. Many thousands of loyal Scotsmen possess kilts but seldom use them, it seems, otherwise than to wear at concerts, "gatherings," or other functions. As an article of daily use for the pursuits of the field, Scotsmen lament that it is practically unused, but owing largely to the enormous numbers of Scottish and Gaelic societies in all the great towns in the British Isles, in the Colonies, and in London particularly, there are many signs that the kilt will one day come back into very considerable, if not into general, use. Probably nothing has opened the eyes of the people of Scotland generally to the great value of all that tends to pre-

serve local and national patriotism more than the late war, and they are now inclined to realise that to wipe out the variations of dress which distinguish the different peoples of the Empire would be extremely injudicious. The war has made the kilt more popular than ever among Volunteers in Scotland.—*The Straits Times*, 16th February 1903.

### The Kilt during the Boer War.

A gentleman residing in Orange River Colony, writing to a relative in Ross-shire, says :—

“I shall one day give you my impression of the army, but, perhaps, better not just now. I have a greater opinion than ever of the Highlanders. I think, at all hazards, their kilts, and, therefore, their distinctiveness, ought to be preserved.”—*Oban Times*, 6th October 1900.

### A Boer Woman and the Kilt.

Apropos of the Highlanders (writes a Cape correspondent) reminds me of a good story I heard the other day which has the merit of being true. I suppose your readers are aware of the great aversion Boers, and particularly Boer women, have to any exposure of the person. So objectionable to Oom Paul were the “decolete” dresses of the ladies that after his first experience he resolutely refused to attend a ball or the theatre. I'm afraid this peculiarity among Boer women is more prudery than real modesty, for about any Boer farmhouse may be seen full-grown Kaffirs going about with the irreducible minimum of clothing. But to our story.

It was in the early part of the war when the columns were passing through the Free State and purchasing from the sulky Boer women the provisions that they might have taken for nothing. A captain in one of the Highland regiments, I shall not name it, as noted for his extreme modesty as for his bravery under fire, went to a farmhouse to negotiate for some ducks and

fowls for the regimental mess. He soon found himself sitting on a skin-covered bench in the voor-kamer making his wants known to a Boer girl of seventeen or eighteen, who answered him in English, having been to a school in Bloemfontein. There were also present four or five younger children, gazing open-mouthed at the kilted warrior. Suddenly the door leading from the kitchen opened and the mistress of the farm, a tall, scraggy woman, with a black dress and "cappie," entered the room. She gave one look at the captain and then retired by the way she came. A minute later she returned with a striped Kaffir blanket held at arm's length in front of her, and advancing slowly to the bench spread it over the bare knees of the Highlander. "Dat is now better," she remarked, as if to herself, and stalked majestically out of the room. You can imagine how the gallant captain looked and felt at this quiet reproof. He retired, however, with the honours of war—viz., the ducks.—*The Oban Times.*

## Highland Canadian Cadets in the United States.

*Navy and Army Illustrated* of 4th March 1899 reproduces an interesting photograph of a group of the Highland Cadet Battalion of Montreal, which is commanded by Major Lydon. The occasion of this photograph being taken was the visit of the Highland Cadets to Boston, U.S. The following are the remarks of the above newspaper about the Canadian Highland Cadets, viz.: "All the world over, wherever the British flag flies, the Scotsman will be found, and all the world over, wherever the bugle of the volunteer sounds, there is to be found a Scotsman answering to the call. The bonnie laddies here portrayed are the Highland Cadets of Montreal and by the picture hangs a most interesting story. For these slim, active-looking Scots laddies have taken the Union Jack as it to-day is where it has never been before. You will note in the picture



that behind the group are crossed the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes, a conjunction that we are now getting used to seeing. The other day, on the invitation of the Order of Scottish Clans of Massachusetts, the Montreal Highland Cadets visited Boston, and for the first time since the severance of the United States from Great Britain an armed British force carried the Union Jack through the streets of Boston. The lads were greeted with immense enthusiasm, and after the parade they trooped the combined flags, "Old Glory" and the Union Jack. An officer of the Boston Fusiliers carried the Union Jack, while an officer of the Highland Cadets held aloft "Old Glory," the bands playing "The Star-spangled Banner" and "God Save the Queen."

Some years ago H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught presented Montreal with a flag to be annually competed for by the Cadet Corps of the city, and for five years the Highland Cadet Corps has held it against all comers.

## The Kilt in Hot Countries.

The following letter appeared in the *Weekly Scotsman* of 15th Sept. 1902. "Interested" asks for information about the kilt in hot countries, its virtue in comparison with trousers. The correspondent will be glad to hear that as a dress for marching in, the kilt stands unrivalled. I have been all through the recent campaign with one of the regiments of the Highland Brigade and wore the kilt continuously. After the battle of Magersfontein we were offered trousers in lieu of the kilt, which offer was indignantly refused by the regiments *en masse*. If I had to go there again or to any hot country and had marching to do, I should wear a kilt.

The medical returns plainly show that enteric was hardly known in the Highland regiments, and the cases of dysentery were comparatively few. As an instance: During our stay at Bloemfontein before the general advance, after the terrible

privations of the march along the Modder and the Paardeberg horrors, when the Guards were dying at the rate of over twenty a day we had only two deaths from enteric and very few men in hospital.—A HIGHLANDER.

## **The Kilt in Cold Countries.**

The annual dinner of the Scottish Clans Association was celebrated in the Holborn Restaurant, London, in November 1902.

On that occasion Colonel Ewart, in responding to the toast of the "Imperial Forces," said that he had spent his life in the Cameron Highlanders and that his father had been an officer in the 93rd Highlanders in the Crimea. The Highland Brigade in the recent (South African) war had shown itself always brave, always patient, and always kind-hearted. The Highland dress had been said to be unsuitable for warfare. This he believed to be an error. His father told him that in the Crimea the health of the Highland regiments was excellent, owing largely to their dress. He (the speaker) had himself served through three campaigns in the kilt and had no hesitation in saying that it was the finest campaigning dress a man could wear, and it was not at all cold, as Englishmen supposed.

## **The Highland Light Infantry and the Kilt.**

A meeting of the members of the H.L.I. Association, as well as of the old 71st and 74th, was held on Tuesday night at the Drill Hall of the 1st V.B.H.L.I., Glasgow, to hear Captain Swinton explain the reasons of the proposed change in connection with the regiment.

Colonel Conway-Gordon presided and he was supported by Captain Wolfe-Murray, Major Anstey and Quartermaster Mackinnon.

Captain Swinton at the outset explained that the proposal to adopt the kilt originated entirely through the regiment.

Tracing the history of both battalions, he pointed out that they were raised as kilted battalions and continued so up to 1809. The 71st were then put in trews, and in 1847 the 74th were put into the same dress. In the fifty's the officer commanding the 74th was very anxious to have the kilt restored. In 1881 the battalions were linked and they were left practically with the same dress. There were other changes which were not looked for. The officer commanding the 71st had a chance in 1875 and again in 1877 of having the kilt restored, but they preferred to retain the trews as they had the distinction of being the only trews regiment among the Highland regiments. But as four other regiments were put into trews the distinction vanished. There was a feeling that they had done wrong in refusing the kilt in the seventy's. Had they asked for it between 1881 and now they might have been refused. This brought them down to the campaign in South Africa, in the course of which the Highland Light Infantry were removed from the Highland Brigade because they did not wear kilts. Telegrams were sent to Lord Roberts and General Macdonald protesting against the step. Colonel Kelman protested personally to Lord Roberts and was informed that it was considered advisable that the Highland Brigade should consist of kilted regiments. A telegram was also sent to Lord Roberts by past and present officers of the regiment at home, and whether it was that telegram, or whether his Lordship had been thinking over the matter, he did not know, but Lord Roberts telegraphed that the Highland Light Infantry were to rejoin the Highland Brigade, although they did not do so for two months afterwards. In consequence of what had taken place it was proposed that the Secretary for War be asked to restore the kilt to the two battalions, and that their connection with Glasgow should be revived by naming the regiment the Highland Light Infantry (City of Glasgow) Regiment. The co-operation of the Corporation of Glasgow had been obtained, and the Lord Provost had written to Lord Lansdowne to that effect and had received a

reply that his Lordship would consider the matter. It depended how far Glasgow exerted itself in the matter whether the scheme was successful. The courses open to them were to try to get the depôt back to the North, which was not likely to be successful, or, as suggested, to take the kilt if they could get it and recruit from the kilt-loving population of Glasgow, or to say goodbye to their Highland traditions and become a Lowland regiment.

Captain Wolfe-Murray, who had just returned from South Africa, explained that the first battalion were in favour of the proposed change. Colonel Kelman had said to Lord Roberts that the cause of the removal of the Highland Brigade might be that he was annoyed at something the regiment had done. The reply was in the negative. "On the contrary," he added, "all the reports I had of the regiment were most excellent, but I think that the Highland Brigade should consist of four kilted battalions." Therefore they were shoved out of the Highland Brigade because they wore trews. He believed the adoption of the kilt would be a benefit to the regiment.

Several members spoke in favour of the proposed change and on a vote only two supported the retention of the trews.

Votes of thanks were passed to Captain Swinton and to the Chairman.—From the *Oban Times*, 8th September 1900.

## Soudanese Women and the Kilt.

Mr Frederick Villiers, war correspondent and artist, stated in a lecture at Kingston on the last Egyptian expedition, that the young women of the Soudan donned kilts and were greatly surprised on seeing Highlanders wearing similar garments. Hearing of the fighting qualities of the Scotch regiments, they have now circulated the story that, some years ago, the Highlanders disgraced themselves in battle by running away from the enemy, which so disgusted their wives that they deprived their spouses of their trousers and further humiliated them

by compelling them to wear feminine costumes ; and the reason why the Highlanders now fight like devils is, because they live in hope of one day regaining the favour of their ladies and redeeming their nether garments.

## In Kilt and Plaid.

All dust has been swept from the causeways by the clear wind from the firth, as if in preparation for this great gala-day of the North. Unusual stir and movement fill the streets of the quiet Highland town, and the bright sunshine glitters everywhere on jewelled dirk and brooch and skean-dhu. The clean pavements are ringing far and near with the quick, light step of the Highlander, and, from the number of tartans to be seen, it might almost be thought that the Fiery Cross was abroad, as in the days of old, for the gathering of the clans.

Sad enough are the memories here of the last war summons of the chiefs. High-hearted, indeed, was the town on the morning when the clans marched forth under "Bonnie Prince Charlie" to do battle for the Stuart cause. But before an April day had passed the gates received again, flying from fatal Culloden, the remnants of the broken chivalry of the North, and the streets themselves shook under the thunder of the Lowland guns.

The wounds of the past, however, are healed, the feuds are forgotten, and the clouds of that bygone sorrow have been blown away by the winds of time. A lighter occasion has now brought gaiety to the town and the heroes of the hour are decked with no ominous white cockade. Already in the distance the wild playing of the pipes can be heard and at the sound the kilted clansmen hurry faster along the streets ; for the business of the day is on the green sward, and the hill folk, gentle and simple, are gathering from far and near to witness the Highland games.

A fair and appropriate scene is the tourney-ground, with

the mountains looking down upon it, purple and silent—the Olympus of the North. The eager crowd gathers thick already, like bees, round the barricade. Little knots of friends there, from glen among the hills, discuss the chances of their village hero. Many a swarthy mountaineer is to be seen, of pure Celtic blood, clear-eyed and clean-limbed, from far-off mountain clachan. Gamekeepers and ghillies there are without number in gala-day garb; and the townspeople themselves appear in crowds. On every side is to be heard the emotional Gaelic of the hills beside the sweet English speech for which the town is famous, and only sometimes the broader accent of a Lowland tongue.

The lists have just been cleared and the “chieftain” of the day has gathered his henchmen around him. The games are about to begin.

Yonder go the pipers, half-a-dozen of them, their ribbons and tartans streaming on the wind. Featly they step together to the quick tune of the shrill mountain march they are playing. Deftly they turn in a body at the boundary, and brightly the cairngorms of their broad silver brooches flash all at once in the sun. No wonder it is that the Highlander has the tread of a prince, accustomed as he is to the spring of the heather beneath his feet and to music like that in the air. The Highland garb, too, can hardly fail to be picturesque when it is worn by stalwart fellows like these.

The programme of the games is very full and several competitions are, therefore, carried on at the same time. Here a dozen fleet youths speed past on the half-mile racecourse. Some lithe ghillies yonder are doing hop, step, and leap to an astonishing distance. And, farther off, five brawny fellows are preparing to “put” the heavy ball. Out of the tent close by come some sinewy men, well stripped for the encounter, to try a bout of wrestling. A pair at a time, they wind their strong arms about each other and strain and heave to give their rival a fall. One man scowls and another smiles, as he

picks himself up after his overthrow—a very fair index to the character of each. Most of them, however, display the greatest good-humour and everyone must obey the ruling of the umpire. Gradually the two stoutest and heaviest men overcome the rest; and at last, the only champions remaining, they stand up to engage each other. The grey-headed man has some joke to make as he hitches up his belt before closing and the bystanders laugh heartily at his pleasantry; but his opponent evidently looks upon the contest too seriously for that. Hither and thither they stagger in “the grips,” the back of each as rigid as a plank, at an angle of forty-five degrees. Now they loosen hold for a breath, and again they clasp each other, till at last by dint of sheer strength the grey-headed wrestler draws the younger man to himself and, with a sudden toss, throws him clear upon the ground.

The slim youths at the pole-vaulting look like white swallows as they swing high into the air on their long staves to clear the bar; and a roar of applause from the far end of the lists, where the dogged “tug-of-war” has been going on, tells that one of the teams of heavy fellows straining at the rope has been hauled over the brink into the dividing ditch. The brawny giants who were throwing the hammer a little while ago are just now breathing themselves, and will be tossing the mighty caber by and by. And ever and anon throughout the day there float upon the breeze the wild strains of the competing pipers—pibrochs and strathspeys and “hurricanes of Highland reels.”

Meanwhile the grand pavilion has filled. Lord and lady, earl, marquis and duke are there. And besides these are others, heads of families, who count their chieftainship, it may be, through ten centuries, and who are to be called neither esquire nor lord, but just — of that ilk. Chiefs by right of blood, they need no other title than their name.

The presence of so much that is noble and illustrious lends a feudal interest to the games and imparts to the rivalry

something of that desire to appear well in the eyes of the chief which was once so powerful an influence in the Highlands. The young ghillie here who has outstripped all but one competitor at throwing the hammer feels the stimulus of this. He knows not only that his sweetheart's eyes are bent eagerly upon him from the barrier at hand, but that he has a chance of distinguishing himself before his master and "her ladyship," who are watching from under the awning yonder. So he breathes on his hands, takes a firm grasp of the long ash handle, and, vigorously whirling the heavy iron ball round his head, sends it with all his strength across the lists. How far has it gone? They chalk the distance up on a board—95½ feet. There is a clapping of hands from the crowd and a waving of white handkerchiefs from the pavilion. He is sure of winning now, and the shy, pretty face at the barrier flushes with innocent pride. Is he not her hero?

There, on the low platform before the judges, go the dancers, two after two. They are trimly dressed for the performance, and wear the thin, low-heeled Highland shoes, while the breasts of some of them are fairly panoplied in gold and silver medals won at former contests. Mostly young lads, it is wonderful how neatly they perform every step, turning feately with now one arm in the air and now the other. Cleverly they go through the famous sword dance over crossed claymores; and in the wild whirl of the Reel o' Tulloch seem to reach the acme of the art.

But in the friendly rivalry of skill and strength the day wears on. The races in sacks and over obstacles, as well as the somewhat rough "bumping in the ring" have all been decided; the "best-dressed Highlander" has received his meed of applause; and the sun at last dips down behind the hills. Presently, as the mountain-sides beyond the river are growing grey, and their shadows gather upon the lists, the spectators melt by degrees from the barricades and in a slow stream move back into the town. By and by the Assembly Rooms



will be lit up and carriages will begin to arrive with fair freights for the great Caledonian Ball. But long before that the upland roads will be covered with pedestrians and small mountain conveyances with family parties, simple folk, all pleased heartily with their long day's enjoyment, and wending their way to far-off homes among the glens, where they will talk for another twelve months of the great feats done at the gathering here by Duncan or Fergus or Hamish.—GEORGE EYRE-TODD, from *Sketch-Book of the North*.

# OLD SCOTTISH CUSTOMS AND SUPERSTITIONS.

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## Old Time Burial Customs in Scotland.

THE "last scene of all" was invested in other days in Scotland with every attribute of grotesque terror which the popular imagination could invent. Before it took place the light of the "death candle" might be seen hovering from chamber to chamber, just as the Welsh see the "fetch-light," or "dead man's candle"; the cock crowed before midnight; or the "dead-drap," a sound that broke the silence of the night like that of water falling slowly and monotonously; or three dismal and fatal knocks were heard at regular intervals of one or two minutes' duration; or over the doomed person fluttered the image of a white dove. As soon as the spirit had departed, the doors and windows were immediately thrown open, the clocks were stopped, the mirrors were covered, and it was held to disturb the repose of the dead and to be fatal to the living if a tear fell upon the winding-sheet. Thus, from the cradle to the grave, superstition and life went step by step together; nor did the former, even at the grave, relinquish its hold upon the minds of men.

Shaw, in his "History of the Province of Moray," records that when a corpse was "lifted," the bed straw on which the deceased had lain was carried out and burnt in a place where no beast could come near it; and it was thought that next

morning might be seen in the ashes the footprint of that member of the family who would be the next to depart.

Pennant, in his "Tour in Scotland," relates that on the death of a Highlander, the corpse being stretched on a board and covered with a coarse linen wrapper, its friends laid on its breast a wooden platter containing a small quantity of salt and earth, separate and unmixed; the earth as an emblem of the corruptible body, and the salt as an emblem of the immortal spirit. All fire was extinguished where a corpse was kept; and it was reckoned so ominous for a dog or cat to pass over it that the poor animal was immediately killed. He also describes a very singular custom, to which I have found no reference in any other writer, of painting on the doors and window-shutters "white tadpole-like figures" on a black ground, designed to express the tears of the neighbourhood for the loss of any person of distinction.

In a Scotch village the funeral of one of its inhabitants is made the occasion of something very like a general holiday. Every decent villager, whether connected with the family of the deceased or not, puts on his black coat and top hat and follows the corpse to the grave. Cake and wine are always served before the funeral procession departs.—*All the Year Round*.

### Some Highland Beliefs.

In recent years we have heard much about the doings of the "Highland Host" regarding doctrinal matters, and now we have a secession movement exercising the Highland mind. It is not the intention of the present writer to deal with any of these vexed questions, but to refer to beliefs of a religious character, which have come down from generation to generation, and are still cherished in some parts of the Highlands. These hagiological traditions have been at one time universal, but the area where they still survive is yearly becoming narrower.

The Crucifixion naturally forms a fruitful theme. The Cross,

we are told, was made of aspen and ever since the tree has been accursed. In the calmest summer day its leaves quiver and tremble—hence its Gaelic name, *crithean*, presumably from the Gaelic verb *crith*, to tremble. In Ireland also, the Gaelic term is *critheann*. The English-speaking Celt of the sister isle uses the term “quicken tree,” obviously a translation from the Gaelic. In the north-eastern counties of Scotland it is known as the “quakin’ ash.” Whenever an aspen tree is seen the following malediction should be addressed to it:—

A chrithinn, 's a chrithinn chrin,  
Riut a chrochadh mo Rìgh ;  
Mo mhollachd air gach sùil a chi  
Nach mollaich an critheann crion.

Translated literally these lines run:—

O aspen, thou withered aspen tree,  
On thee was crucified my King ;  
My malediction be on every eye that sees  
Thee, withered aspen, without cursing thee.

When on the way to the Cross the Saviour was scourged with twigs of ivy ; and the ivy tree is and has been consequently regarded as unlucky.

Pilate required nails for the Cross, but the blacksmith refused to make them. A travelling tinker who was an artificer in iron volunteered. He had no bellows to blow the fire, and a tinker woman who accompanied him fanned the flames with her apron. Ever since it has been considered unlucky for any woman to blow or fan a fire with her apron or skirt. Further, the tinker has been, and ever will be, a wanderer on the face of the earth, while the blacksmith is an honoured tradesman in the land, forging weapons for the arts of war and peace, and possessing an intimate knowledge of the laws of nature.

When the fisherman launches his boat and turns her bow to

the sea he rows her towards the right, or starboard side. It would be unlucky to turn her to the left, or port, side. St. John records that on a certain occasion the disciples fished all night on the sea of Tiberias. They caught nothing. In the morning Jesus said unto them: "Cast the net on the right side of the ship, and ye shall find. They cast, therefore, and now they were not able to draw it for the multitude of fishes." To this day the old Highland fisherman, following the direction given to the disciples, shoots his nets and lines from the right or starboard side. When the boat lies peacefully at anchor and its occupants fish with hand-lines, those who sit on the starboard side are considered as occupying a more advantageous position than those on the other. A guest is invariably offered a seat on the right or starboard side.

Christ and the Virgin Mary were on one occasion journeying far from their home. Towards nightfall they visited a lonely house among the hills. The mistress was kind and hospitable, and entertained her visitors. The Virgin proposed that they should stay there for the night. The mistress demurred. Personally she desired to show them all manner of kindness, but her husband was a churlish man and would not suffer the presence of strangers. He was then from home but was hourly expected. The Virgin asked if there was any corner about the house where they could take shelter and be concealed till morning. Thereupon the kindly mistress found for them a corner in a barn or byre and set them quietly to rest there, their bed consisting of chaff with some covering. The master duly came home, took supper, and went to bed. During the night he was seized with violent pains in his side. His case seemed critical and the goodwife invoked the help of her secret guests. Christ arose, proceeded to the side of the sick man, and at once said: "I note your condition—I know your illness, you are suffering from the spleen, I will heal you." Then putting his hand on the spot where the pain was and turning his eyes towards Heaven, He said:—

“ Duine fiat a muigh  
 Bean fhial a stigh,  
 Criosd 'na laidhe air calg an lin  
 'S math an leigheas air an t-seilg sin.”

The above quatrain may be translated thus —

“ A churlish man without,  
 A hospitable wife within,  
 Christ a-lying on the arms of flax,  
 That is a good cure for the spleen.”

The pain instantly left the sick man, who, though he had hitherto been a persecutor, became henceforth a believer in Jesus as the Son of God. To commemorate the occasion Christ endowed these words with the power to cure the spleen and commanded that they should descend to future ages. They are remembered in the Highlands to the present day, and the Highland schoolboy, who, after a quick run, feels a stitch or sharp pain in his left side puts them to the test. In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, he makes the sign of the Cross on the afflicted spot with his right hand and then proceeds to repeat the verse, in the full belief that the pain will soon cease. By the way, making the sign of the Cross is by no means confined to the Catholic portion of the population. When a person believed to have the evil eye or to be an unlucky person to meet was seen approaching, any other person who dreaded an evil result made the sign of the Cross on the ground between himself and the untoward individual. This practice prevailed till recent times and is still observed by some old persons in Protestant Skye.

The lark is a sacred bird. It is referred to in Gaelic as *Uiseag Mhoire*, signifying its devotion to the Virgin Mary. In Orkney old people still refer to it by the endearing term of “Wir Lady’s hen.” Ducks are considered blessed from the following circumstance: While persecuted by the Jews Christ had to take refuge. A friendly host caused him to lie down in a byre.

He was covered over with straw. Hens scraped away the straw and exposed him to view. Ducks, however, pushed it back again, and thus ensured his safety. To meet a flock of fowls without a cock in their midst when starting on a journey is untoward. The cock, however, is considered a sacred bird. When he crows at an unseasonable hour at night it is believed that tidings of an undesirable character will soon thereafter be received. But although midnight cock-crowing is regarded with apprehension the morning cry of chanticleer is hailed with delight. During night evil spirits and the powers of darkness generally are abroad. No one will of choice go forth into the darkness alone. He who has to make a long journey will be up early, and long before daylight, ready for the road, but until the cock crows he will not cross his threshold. He sits by the fire wearily waiting for chanticleer. At length the welcome cry is heard; all evil spirits are thereupon believed to quit this sphere, and our traveller starts on his journey. Whenever the cock crows in the morning the most timorous will readily walk into the darkness, feeling sure that no evil power is abroad to cross his path. The Irish also venerate this bird. "The crow of the common rooster," says Father O'Growney, the Professor of Celtic at Maynooth, "instead of being a pagan cock-a-doodle-doo, is a song of triumph, *Mac na h-Oighe slán*, the son of the Virgin is free."

The rowan tree occupies an honourable position in Celtic hagiological lore. The mother of Senan, the Celtic saint, carried a rowan stick. The chronicler in the "Book of Lismore" has the following:—

"Now when the time came for the birth of that child, even Senan, his mother tarried alone in her garden, in autumn. An angel of God came to help her, so that the bringing forth of her son should not be difficult; and the angel blessed the child that was there born. The stake of rowan that was in her hand when she was bringing forth her son took the earth, and burst at once into flower and leaf, and still that tree remains."

The branches of the rowan tree grow into magic wands, with which Celtic saints perform miracles. The Rev. John Lightfoot, who accompanied Pennant in his tour in the Hebrides in 1772, deals with the rowan in his "Flora Scotica." "The superstitions," he tells us "still (1772) continue to retain a great veneration for it, which was undoubtedly handed down to them from early antiquity. They believe that any small part of this tree carried about them will prove a sovereign charm against all the dire effects of enchantment or witchcraft. Their cattle, also, as well as themselves, are supposed to be preserved by it from evil; for the dairymaid will not forget to drive them to the sheilings or summer pastures with a rod of the rowan tree, which she carefully lays up over the door of the sheiling bothy or summer-house, and drives them home again with the same. In Strathspey they make for the same purpose on the first day of May a hoop of the wood of this tree, and in the evening and morning cause all the sheep and lambs to pass through it."

Should the learned naturalist revisit this sphere he would find that even in 1895 the belief in the virtues of the rowan tree was by no means extinct. Some people carry a small piece of rowan about the person as an amulet. In certain remote districts it may also be found fastened with tri-coloured threads and triple knots to the tail of a cow or horse artfully concealed under the hair. Here it is a protection against witches and against the evil eye. Of old as has been indicated, it was considered a sacred tree, and a potent agent against evil spirits. At every old house one sees a rowan tree, as if guarding and protecting the inmates from the spirits of darkness. In our desolate straths and glens one still sees here and there an old rowan tree spreading its friendly branches over the ruined walls, reminding us of the universal veneration in which it was held by former generations. — W. McK. in the *Glasgow Herald*, 26th January 1895.



## Old Highland Customs.

Looking back in this "enlightened age" upon the customs which prevailed throughout the Highlands one hundred years ago, one is inclined to smile, and, on second thoughts perhaps to wonder at the immense strides which have since been taken towards national progress in the North. The benighted Highlander of the eighteenth century must have found the world truly a vale of tears. From the moment he was ushered into it, and given by the careful midwife a spoonful of earth and whisky as his first food, until he was "waked" with dancing and revelry into that bourne from which no traveller returns, his life was one long obeisance to superstition.

It was considered unlucky, for instance, to begin any work of importance on the day of the week on which the 1st of May fell, styled the dismal day. Again, on New Year's Day the Highlander burnt juniper before his cattle; and on the first Monday of every quarter sprinkled them with urine. Even in the baking of scones the custom prevailed of marking the last made cake with a cross. But perhaps more singular than all was

### THE BELTEIN OR RURAL SACRIFICE

observed annually on the first day of May. Then the herdsmen of the village gathered and cut a square trench on the ground, leaving the turf in the middle; on that they made a fire of wood, on which was dressed a large caudle of eggs, butter, oatmeal, and milk, each man contributing something, and each having a supply of mountain dew. The rites began with spilling some of the caudle on the ground by way of libation, whereupon every person present produced a cake of oatmeal, upon which had been raised nine square knobs—each dedicated to some particular being, the supposed preserver of their flocks and herds, or to some particular animal, the real destroyer of them. The Highlander then turned his face to the fire, broke off a

knob of the cake and flinging it over his shoulder, said : "This I give to thee ; preserve thou my horses. This to thee ; preserve thou my sheep," and so on until the list of preservers was exhausted, when the Highlander would begin again, this time sacrificing to the noxious animals : "This I give to thee, O fox ! spare thou my lambs. This to thee, O hooded crow ! This to thee, O Eagle !" After this singular ceremony the company dined on the caudle, and what was left of that mixture was thereafter hidden until the following Sunday, when the company re-assembled and gave it the *coup de grace*.

In the more northern Highlands a beltein of a somewhat different character found favour. A cross was cut on some sticks, which were dipped in pottage, and on the Thursday before Easter was placed over the sheep-cot, the stable, or the cow-house. Then on the 1st of May the cross was carried to the hill, where the beltein was to be celebrated, all decked with wild flowers, and after the feast was over replaced on the spot from which it had been taken.

#### ODD MARRIAGE CUSTOM.

A marriage custom which was held in much respect must have occasioned some humour in its day. When the young Highlander met a maid "with a view to matrimony," he called his friends together on a particular hill allotted for matrimonial purposes in every parish. Then he despatched one of his friends to the father of his adored and demanded that the maid should be given over to him. If the parent was willing, the kilted Romeo generously invited him to the hill along with such friends as he chose. A cask of whisky was got ready, and on his prospective father-in-law approaching, the lover advanced with out-stretched hands and plighted his troth, upon which the fair one was surrendered up to him. At the marriage ceremony great care was taken that dogs did not pass between the young couple, and particular attention was paid to the observance of an old custom of leaving the bridegroom's left

shoe-without buckle or latchet, so as to prevent witches from exercising their baneful influence.

As a test, it used to be the custom in the West Highlands for the female part of the company to tie a basket to the bridegroom's neck on the morning following the marriage, and fill it with stones—often to such an extent that the poor man was well-nigh choked; and it was left to the discretion of the bride to take compassion on him and cut the cord with a knife, with which she was provided for the occasion. Needless to say, nothing fatal ever came of this singular custom—which might be perhaps deemed more appropriate ten years later—for it is scarcely to be expected that the bride would be tired of her consort so soon.

#### FAIRIES AND "SECOND SIGHT."

Fairies of course were as much the rage in those degenerate days as the new woman is now. Children were watched till their christening was over lest the gentle fays should steal or change them. The stone arrow-heads of the ancient inhabitants of the country, which were often found imbedded in the earth, were said to be the weapons shot by the fairies at the cattle. If a cow fell sick, the fairies, it was opined, were mainly responsible, and to effect a cure the cow was touched with one of these elf-shots or made to drink the water in which one had been dipped. Different other stones, it was believed, were possessed of miraculous healing powers.

The belief in "second sight" is strong in many parts of the Highlands even in the present day. Another sort of divination which has passed away was termed reading the "speal-bone," or the blade-bone of a shoulder-of-mutton when scraped. An old writer records that when Lord Loudoun was obliged to retreat before the rebels to the Isle of Skye during the last rebellion, a common soldier, in the very moment that the battle of Culloden was decided, proclaimed the victory at that distance by looking through this bone.

Of the many people in those days credited with the power of second sight, President Duncan Forbes of Culloden was perhaps the most important. This gentleman, it is said, was discoursing shortly after the battle of Prestonpans on the prospects of the rebellion, when he suddenly turned to a window in his house at Culloden and declared that all the disturbances would terminate on that spot. And the remark was true, as many a poor clansman knew to his cost. But curious though the customs we have already mentioned are, perhaps the most singular custom of all was that of

#### THE LATE WAKE,

which was observed on the death of a Highlander. The corpse having been stretched on a board and covered with a linen wrapper, friends laid on the breast of the deceased a wooden platter containing a small quantity of salt and earth, separate and unmixed—the salt an emblem of the immortal spirit; the earth an emblem of the corruptible body. Fires were not allowed in the room, and should a dog or cat pass over the corpse it was instantly killed.

On the evening of the death the late wake was held. The relatives and friends of the deceased met at the house, attended by bagpipe and fiddle. Then the nearest of kin, wife, son, or daughter, opened a melancholy ball, dancing and weeping. This seemingly irreverent ceremony continued till daybreak, with the greatest hilarity and gambols among the younger part of the company; the idea, of course, being that they rejoiced at the deliverance of their friend out of this life of misery.—D. B. in the *Weekly Scotsman*, 30th January 1897.

#### Beltane Day.

Custom makes slaves of us all, and is cherished superstitiously long after its meaning has died away. Beltane Day (the Day of Baal) is now but a name; all else is forgotten; its

fires are unkindled ; yet here and there the romantic or poetic one goes out on the first May morning to wash her face in the dew and watch the sunrise from the summit of the hill. When the sun has risen on full day the May Queen is chosen and crowned with a chaplet of flowers and a ring of laughing girls dance round the Maypole. All these customs were once pregnant with meaning and were no doubt religiously observed, though they come down to us only as stray vestiges of great ceremonies. The washing of faces in May dew was perhaps a charm from the envious eye, the witch's bolt, and all such sorceries of the Evil One, and the choosing of the May Queen, not merely "a thing of beauty," was probably, too, of some significance. Something of the ancient observances is still retained in the custom. I have seen young folks go through quaint ceremonies when selecting their queen—some repeating rhymes as boys do at games, while others decided the contest by choosing, blindfold, flowers of unequal length of stalk.

The religion or creed of our forefathers before the advent of Christianity is obscured in much doubt. We cannot call it Druidism—the forms of worship connected mysteriously with the mistletoe and the oak. Much has been written on the subject but little of it is reliable. We can, however, conclude with some certainty that it was something of Nature worship, as expressed in the lines of Tennyson—

"The sun, the moon, the stars, the seas, the hills and  
the plains—

Are not these, O Soul, the Vision of Him who reigns?"

The stone circles, like the Sphinxes in the desert, are unsoluble enigmas ; they are perhaps primitive cathedrals or burial places, or both. But one vestige of evidence remains as accidentally as the customs, viz., the name of a Perthshire mountain—Ben Ledi, "God's Ben"; and over the Ben on the 1st of May the sun sets at a point known as Corrie-naigh,

“The Prophet’s Corrie.” The summit bears unmistakeable evidences of artificial levelling. Here, tradition relates, the inhabitants of the surrounding district assembled to celebrate the great annual ceremony on Beltane Day. All the fires were extinguished and stamped out on their hearths. The country was then without fire, which the priests must bring down from heaven by invocations and sacrifice. The ceremony may have resembled that related in Scripture, when Elijah defied the priests of Baal to kindle their altar. Something similar, too, is still observed by the priests of the Greek Church, who bring down holy fire on the altar of the chapel of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem.

When the great bonfire blazed on the summit of Ben Ledi the people kindled their torches and descended to their homes, where the fires were once more lit for the year, or perhaps until the festival of Hallowe’en. There is nothing incredible in this custom, and I know of a cottage in the wilds of Perthshire where the peat fire was not extinguished, for some superstitious reason, for over fifteen years.

A custom was observed round the base of Ben Ledi at the close of last century which is worth noting. It was the habit of the youths of the district to assemble in small companies on the moor, where they cut out a circle in the heather. A fire was then kindled and they baked a bannock which they toasted on the heated stones. Thereafter they broke it up into as many pieces as there were persons in the company, and blackening one of the bits, they placed them all in a bonnet which one of them would hold. Then, one by one, they were led up blindfolded to select their bit. Whoever chose the black piece of bannock was the victim, who must run through the fire three times. Then they trampled it out and drove their cattle over the ashes to charm them from disease and all the sorceries of witchcraft. This may have been the method of choosing the victim for human sacrifice, and the fact that it was observed up to such a late date in the vicinity of Ben

Ledi is in itself significant.—D. A. McK. in the *Highland News*.

## Hallowe'en

The Scottish Hallowe'en, as held in the solitary farmhouse and described by Burns, differed considerably from the Hallowe'en of our villages and smaller towns. In the farmhouse it was a night of prediction only; in our towns and villages there were added a multitude of wild, mischievous games, which were tolerated at no other season—a circumstance that serves to identify the festival with those pauses of license peculiar to the nonage of civil government, in which men are set free from the laws they are just learning to respect; partly, it would seem, as a reward for the deference which they have paid them, partly to serve them as a kind of breathing-space in which to recover from the unwonted fatigue of being obedient. After nightfall the young fellows of the town formed themselves into parties of ten or a dozen, and breaking into the gardens of the graver inhabitants, stole the best and heaviest of their cabbages. Converting these into bludgeons by stripping off the lower leaves, they next scoured the streets and lanes, thumping at every door as they passed, until their uncouth weapons were beaten to pieces. When disarmed in this way all the parties united into one, and providing themselves with a cart, drove it before them with the rapidity of a chaise-and-four through the principal streets. Woe to the inadvertent female whom they encountered! She was instantly laid hold of and placed aloft in the cart, brothers and cousins, and even sons, it is said, not unfrequently assisting in the capture, and then dragging backwards and forwards over the rough stones, amid shouts and screams and roars of laughter. The youngers within doors were meanwhile engaged in a manner somewhat less annoying but not a whit less whimsically. The bent of their ingenuity for weeks before had been turned to the accumulating of little hordes of apples, all for this night;

and now a large tub filled with water was placed in the middle of the floor of some outhouse carefully dressed up for the occasion, and into the tub every one of the party flung an apple. They then approached it by turns, and placing their hands on the edges, plunged forward to fish for the fruit with their teeth. I remember the main chance of success was to thrust the head fearlessly into the tub, amid the booming of the water, taking especial care to press down one of the apples in a line with the mouth, and to seize it when jammed against the bottom. When the whole party with their dripping locks and shining faces would seem metamorphosed into so many mermaids, this sport usually gave place to another: A small beam of wood was suspended from the ceiling by a cord, and when fairly balanced an apple was fastened to one end and a lighted candle to the other. It was then whirled round, and the boys in turn, as before, leaped up and bit at the fruit, not unfrequently, however, merely to singe their faces and hair at the candle. Neither of these games were peculiar to the north of Scotland; we find it stated by Mr Polewhele, in his *Historical Views of Devonshire*, that the Irish peasants assembled on the eve of *La Samon* (the 2nd November) to celebrate the Festival of the Sun with many rites derived from Paganism, among which was the dipping for apples in a tub of water and the catching at an apple stuck on the one end of a kind of hanging beam.

There belonged to the north of Scotland two Hallowe'en rites of augury which have not been described by Burns, and one of these, an elegant and beautiful charm, is not yet entirely out of repute. An ale-glass is filled with pure water and into the water is dropped the white of an egg. The female whose future fortunes are to be disclosed (for the charm seems appropriated exclusively by the better sex) lays her hand on the glass's mouth and holds it there for about the space of a minute. In that time the heavier parts of the white settle to the bottom while the lighter shoot up into the water, from



which they are distinguished by their opacity, into a variety of fantastic shapes, resembling towers and domes, towns, fleets, and forests; or, to speak more correctly, into forms not very unlike those icicles which one sees during a severe frost at the edge of a waterfall. A resemblance is next traced, which is termed reading the glass, between the images displayed in it and some objects of either art or nature and these are regarded as constituting a hieroglyphic of the person's future fortunes. Thus, the ramparts of a fortress surmounted by streamers, a plain covered with armies, or the tents of an encampment, show that the female whose hand covered the glass is to be united to a soldier and that her life is to be spent in camps and garrisons. A fleet of ships, a church or pulpit, a half-finished building, a field stripped into furrows, a garden, a forest—all these, and fifty other scenes, afford symbols equally unequivocal. And there are melancholy hieroglyphics, too, that speak of death when interrogated regarding marriage—there are the solitary tomb, the fringed shroud, the coffin, and the skull and cross-bones. "Ah!" said a young girl, whom I overheard a few years ago regretting the loss of a deceased companion; "Ah! I knew when she first took ill that there was little to hope. Last Hallowe'en we went together to Mrs ——'s to break our eggs. Betsie's was first cast, and there rose under her hand an ugly skull. Mrs —— said nothing, but reversed the glass, while poor Betsie laid her hand on it a second time, and then there rose a coffin. Mrs —— called it a boat, and I said I saw the oars; but Mrs —— well knew what it meant, and so did I."

The other North country charm, which, of Celtic origin, bears evidently the impress of the romance and melancholy so predominant in the Celtic character, is only known and practised (if, indeed, still practised anywhere) in a few places of the remote Highlands. The person who intends trying it must steal out unperceived to a field whose furrows lie due south and north, and, entering at the western side, must pro-

ceed slowly over eleven ridges, and stand in the centre of the twelfth, when he will hear either low sobs and faint mournful shrieks, which betoken his early death, or the sounds of music and dancing, which foretell his marriage. But the charm is accounted dangerous.—From *Scenes and Legends of the North of Scotland*, by HUGH MILLER.

## POEMS (HUMOUROUS).

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### The Tourist's Matrimonial Guide through Scotland.

**Y**E tourists, who Scotland would enter,  
The summer or autumn to pass,  
I'll tell you how far you may venture  
To flirt with your lad or your lass.  
How close you may come upon marriage  
Still keeping the wind of the law,  
And not by some foolish miscarriage  
Get woo'd and married an' a'.

This maxim itself might content ye—  
That marriage is made—by consent,  
Provided it's done *de præsenti*,  
And marriage is really what's meant.  
Suppose that young Jocky and Jenny  
Say "we two are husband and wife,"  
The witnesses needn't be many,  
They're instantly buckled for life.

Suppose the man only has spoken,  
The woman just giving a nod,  
They're spliced by that very same token,  
Till one of them's under the sod.

Though words would be bolder and blunter,  
The want of them isn't a flaw,  
For *nutu signisque loquuntur*  
Is good Consistorial Law.

If people are drunk or delirious,  
The marriage, of course, would be bad,  
Or if they're not sober and serious,  
But acting a play or charade.  
It's bad if it's only a cover  
For cloaking a scandal or sin,  
And talking a landlady over  
To let the folks lodge in her inn.

You'd better keep clear of love-letters,  
Or write them with caution and care,  
For, faith! they may fasten your fetters  
If wearing a conjugal air.  
Unless you're a knowing old stager  
'Tis here you'll most likely be lost.  
As a certain much-talked-about Major  
Had very near found to his cost.

I ought now to tell the unwary,  
That into the noose they'll be led,  
By giving a promise to marry  
And acting as if they were wed.  
But if, when the promise you're plighting,  
To keep it you think you'd be loath,  
Just see that it isn't in writing,  
And then it must come to your oath.

A third way of tying the tether,  
Which sometimes may happen to suit,  
Is living a good while together,  
And getting a married repute.

But you, who are here as a stranger,  
 And don't mean to stay with us long,  
 Are little exposed to that danger,  
 So here I may finish my song ;  
 "Woo'd and married an' a' " !  
 —LORD NEAVE.

## Auld Lang Syne.

(DONE UP IN TARTAN.)

Should Gælic speech be e'er forgot,  
 And never brocht tae min',  
 For she'll be spoke in Paradise,  
 In the days o' Auld Lang Syne !

When Eve all fresh in beauties' charms  
 First met fond Adam's view,  
 The first word that he'll spoke to her  
 Was "Cumar-ashun-dhu" !

And Adam in his garden fair  
 Whene'er the day did close,  
 The dish that he'll to supper teuk  
 Was always Athole brose.

When Adam from his leafy bower  
 Cam' oot at break o' day,  
 He always for his mornin' teuk  
 A quaich o' usquebae.

And when wi' Eve he'll had a crack  
 He'll teuk his sneeshin' horn,  
 And on the tap ye weel nicht mark  
 A ponnie cairngorm.

The sneeshin' mull is fine, ma freens  
The sneeshin' mull is gran' !  
We'll teuk a hearty sneesh, ma freens,  
A pass't frae han' tae han'.

When man first fan' the want o' claes,  
The win' and cauld tae fleg,  
He twisted roon about his waist  
The tartan philibeg.

And music first on earth was heard  
In Gælic accents deep,  
When Jubal 'neath his oxter squeezed  
The blether o' a sheep.

The praw bagpipes are gran', ma freens !  
The praw bagpipes are fine !  
We'll teuk anither pibroch yet,  
For the days o' Auld Lang Syne !

—ANONYMOUS.

## A Scotch Night.

If you chance to strike a gathering of some half-a-dozen friends  
When the drink is Highland whisky or some chosen  
"Border Blends,"  
And the room is full of "speirin'" and the "gruppinn'" of brown  
"han's,"  
And the talk is all of "tartans" and of "plaidies" and  
of "clans,"  
You can take things douce and easy ; you can judge you're  
going right,  
For you've had the luck to stumble on a "wee Scotch  
night."

When you're pitchforked in among them in a sweeping sort  
of way,  
As "anither mon an' brither" from the Tweed or from the  
Tay,  
When you're taken by the oxtar and you're couped into a  
chair,  
While someone slips a whisky in your tumbler unaware,  
Then the present seems less dismal and the future fair and  
bright,  
For you've struck earth's grandest treasure in a "guid  
Scots nicht."

When you hear a short name shouted and the same name  
shouted back,  
Till you think in the confusion that they've *all* been  
christened "Mac";  
When you see a red beard flashing in the corner by the fire,  
And a giant on the sofa, who is six feet three or higher,  
Before you've guessed the colour and before you've gauged  
the height,  
You'll have jumped at the conclusion it's a "braw Scotch  
nicht."

When the red man in the corner puts his strong voice to the  
proof,  
As he sings the "Hundred Pipers" and the chorus lifts the  
roof,  
When a chiel sings "Annie Laurie" with its tender, sweet  
refrain,  
Till the tears are on their eyelids and the drink comes  
round again;  
When they chant the stirring war-songs that would make the  
coward fight.  
Then you're fairly in the middle of a "wee Scotch nicht."

When the plot begins to thicken and the band begins to  
play,  
When every tin-pot chieftain has a word or two to say ;  
When they'd sell a Queensland station for a sprig of native  
heath ;  
When there's one "Mac" on the table and a couple under-  
neath ;  
When half of them are sleeping and the whole of them are  
tight  
You will know that you're assisting at a "*(hic !)* Scotch night."

When the last big bottle's empty, and the dawn creeps gray  
and cold,  
And the last clan tartan's folded, and the last big lie is told ;  
When they totter down the footpath in a brave unbroken  
line,  
To the peril of the passers, and the tune of "Auld Lang  
Syne,"  
You can tell the folk at breakfast as they watch the fearsome,  
sicht,  
"They've only been assisting at a 'braw Scots night' !"

—GLENROWAN, Australia.

## Goufin'

I aince was in a cricket club, I've seen them play fitba',  
I've tried my hand at tennis, an' the game's no' bad ava.  
They're a' a kind o' sensible, but that gouf it's no the same,  
I'd fain be acquaintit wi' the lad that inventit  
That maist demented game.  
For a grocer's shop in the Cann'le Riggs had Willie Grant an'  
me,  
An' aye a' sort o' honest an' respectable were we.  
But oh ! I'm broken hairtit for our trade it's clean depairtit,  
Since Willie, he's ta'en up wi' goufin' !



*Chorus.*

For he's goufin' a' the day,  
 Daein' nae wark ava,  
 Rinnin' aboot wi' a bag o' sticks  
 Aifter a wee bit ba'.  
 Hittin' it awfae skites,  
 Shoutin' out o' "fore!"  
 It's really astoundin' tae see awa boundin'  
 That wee bit gutty ba'.

A perfect grocer Willie was—nane better could ye see  
 At mixin' sand an' sugar or adulteratin' tea.  
 An' on our cash transactions we'd a profit that was strange,  
 For the lad was immense at miscountin' the pence  
 When he gied folks back their change.  
 He disna sand the sugar noo, an' the change he leaves  
 tae me,  
 But he plays wi' "tee" an' "caddies," tho' a heap o' sand's  
 his "tee,"  
 An' what he ca's his "caddie" 's an impertinent wee laddie,  
 Since Willie, he's ta'en up wi' goufin'!

The shop's a pandemonium, that was aince sae trig an'  
 neat;  
 In fac', we're jist a nuisance tae the neighbours in the  
 street.  
 Ae nicht he "tee'd" an apple in the middle o' the floor,  
 Took a swing wi' a stick for tae gi'e it a lick,  
 An' started cryin' "Fore!"  
 The lad was jist practeesin', an' he didna think nae harm,  
 But the neighbours thocht 'twas "Fire!" he cried, an' they  
 rang the fire alarm.  
 The fire engine it cam' tearin', but, oh! there was some  
 swearin'  
 When they found it was jist Willie at his goufin'!

A lad ca'd Hugh Kirkcaldy aince tae gouf wi' Willie  
came ;  
They'd no been oot for hauf an hour when Hugh cam'  
swearin' hame.  
Says he, "He played that marvellous that I lost ma  
temper clean ;  
He wis liein', I reckoned, stane deed wi' his second  
When I left them on the green."  
Says I, "There's been a duel foucht, an' Kirkcaldy's killed  
a man."  
So I notified the polis, an' they fetched the am'lance van.  
Tae the green awa' went we, but nae corpses could we  
see,  
But the folks a' watchin' Willie at his goufin' !

They say there'll come satiety, but ere that happy day,  
When Willie tires o' sticks an' ba's, our hairs will baith be  
grey ;  
An' in the auld Necropolis a tombstane there will be,  
Inscribed wi' a name, and "He deed o' the game,"  
An' that stane will cover up me.  
Oh ! then he'll maybe think o' me, an' wish I hadna deed,  
For he'll need tae let his sticks alane an' dae some wark  
instead,  
Unless there's someone knows a sort o' automatic grocer  
For tae min' the shop while pair auld Willie's goufin' !

He'll be goufin' a' the day,  
Daein' nae wark ava ;  
Hirplin' round wi' a bag o' sticks  
An' tryin' tae hit the ba'.  
Missin' it awfae skites,  
Tricklin' it out afore,  
He'll be buried in sand wi' a cleek in each hand  
An' his wee bit gutty ba'.

## A Wee Drappie O't.

Life is a journey we a' hae tae gang,  
 An' care is a burden we a' carry along.  
 Though heavy be our burden, an' poverty our lot,  
 We're happy wi' oor freens o'er a wee drappie o't.

Oor cares come daily on us like the waves along the shore.  
 This wee bit blink o' pleesure is very quickly o'er.  
 Death may come quite unawares an' hurry us frae the spot—  
 While we can, let's a' be happy o'er a wee drappie o't.

View the birk in winter, sae leafless an' sae bare,  
 Resembling a man wi' a burden o' care ;  
 But view the birk in summer, wi' its green, verdant coat,  
 Rejoicing like a man o'er a wee drappie o't.

Job, in his lamentations, said that man was born tae mourn,  
 There's nae sic thing as pleesure frae the cradle tae the urn ;  
 But Job, altho' a dacent man, had surely then forgot  
 The pleesure we experience o'er a wee drappie o't.

The trees are a' stripped o' their mantle sae green ;  
 The flowers o' the forest nae langer are seen ;  
 Winter shrouds a' wi' his grey, shaggy coat,  
 But we've a' met thegither o'er a wee drappie o't.

Since we're a' met thegither o'er a health an' a sang ;  
 Since we've a' met thegither by special command ;  
 Free frae a' ambition an' frae every evil thought,  
 We'll be happy while we may o'er a wee drappie o't.

The wee drappie o't can dae naebody ill,  
 But the big drap is sure tae plunder and kill.  
 He only is wise who can husband a groat,  
 An' never buy mair than a wee drappie o't.

Wi' a wee drappie o't we a' can agree ;  
Takin' a big drappie o't mak's a' wisdom flee ;  
An' he, wha wad wear an honest man's coat,  
Maun never tak' mair than a wee drappie o't.

Noo, here's tae auld Scotland, her hills an' her vales ;  
An' here's tae the lan' whaur true courage prevails ;  
An' here's tae oor guid auld freen's, why should they be forgot ?  
When we're a' met thegither o'er a wee drappie o't.

—ANONYMOUS.

## POEMS (PATRIOTIC).

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### A Prayer for Scotland.

O SCOTIA ! my dear, my native soil !  
For whom my warmest wish to Heav'n is sent !  
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil  
Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content !  
And, oh, may Heav'n their simple lives prevent  
From luxury's contagion, weak and vile !  
Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,  
A virtuous populace may rise the while,  
And stand a wall of fire around their much-lov'd Isle.

O Thou ! who pour'd the patriotic tide  
That stream'd thro' Wallace's undaunted heart ;  
Who dar'd to nobly stem tyrannic pride,  
Or nobly die, the second glorious part,  
(The patriot's God, peculiarly thou art,  
His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward !)  
O never, never Scotia's realm desert ;  
But still the patriot, and the patriot-bard,  
In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard !

—ROBERT BURNS.

## To Fight for such a Land.

Still on the spot Lord Marmion stay'd,  
For fairer scene he ne'er survey'd.  
    When sated with the martial show  
    That peopled all the plain below,  
    The wandering eye could o'er it go,  
    And mark the distant city glow  
        With gloomy splendour red ;  
    For on the smoke-wreaths huge and slow,  
    That round her sable turrets flow,  
        The morning beams were shed,  
    And tinged them with a lustre proud,  
    Like that which streaks a thunder-cloud.  
Such dusky grandeur clothed the height,  
Where the huge castle holds its state,  
    And all the steps slope down,  
Whose ridgy back heaves to the sky,  
Piled deep and massy, close and high,  
    Mine own romantic town !  
But northward far, with purer blaze,  
On Ochil mountains fell the rays,  
And as each heathy top they kiss'd,  
It gleam'd a purple amethyst.  
Yonder the shores of Fife you saw ;  
Here Preston-Bay and Berwick-Law ;  
    And, broad between them roll'd,  
The gallant Firth the eye might note,  
Whose islands on its bosom float,  
    Like emeralds chased in gold,  
Fitz-Eustace' heart felt closely pent ;  
As if to give his rapture vent,  
The spur he to his charger lent,

And raised his bridle-hand,  
 And, making demi-volte in air,  
 Cried, "Where's the coward that would not dare  
 To fight for such a land!"

—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

### "Lachin Gair."

Away ye gay landscapes, ye gardens of roses!  
 In you let the minions of luxury rove;  
 Restore me the rocks where the snow flake reposes,  
 If still they are sacred to freedom and love;  
 Yet, Caledonia, dear are thy mountains,  
 Round their white summits though elements war;  
 Though cataracts foam 'stead of smooth flowing fountains,  
 I sigh for the valley of dark Loch-na-gar.

Ah! there my young footsteps in infancy wander'd,  
 My cap was the bonnet, my cloak was the plaid;  
 On chieftains departed my memory ponder'd,  
 As daily I stray'd through the pine-cover'd glade.  
 I sought not my home till the day's dying glory  
 Gave place to the rays of the bright polar star,  
 For fancy was cheer'd by traditional story,  
 Disclos'd by the natives of dark Loch-na-gar.

Shades of the dead! have I not heard your voices  
 Rise on the night-rolling breath of the gale?  
 Surely the soul of the hero rejoices,  
 And rides on the wind, o'er his own Highland vale.  
 Round Loch-na-gar while the stormy mist gathers,  
 Winter presides in his cold icy car;  
 Clouds there encircle the forms of my fathers,  
 They dwell in the tempests of dark Loch-na-gar.

Ill starr'd, though brave, did no vision foreboding  
Tell you that fate had forsaken your cause ?  
Ah ! were ye then destined to die at Culloden,  
Though victory crown'd not your fall with applause ;  
Still were ye happy in death's earthy slumbers,  
You rest with your clan in the caves of Braemar ;  
The pibroch resounds to the piper's loud numbers,  
Your deeds on the echoes of wild Loch-na-gar.

Years have roll'd on, Loch-na-gar, since I left you !  
Years must roll on ere I see you again ;  
Though nature of verdure and flowers has bereft you,  
Yet still thou art dearer than Albion's plain.  
England ! thy beauties are tame and domestic  
To one who has rov'd o'er the mountains afar !  
Oh ! for the crags that are wild and majestic,  
The steep frowning glories of dark Loch-na-gar.  
—LORD BYRON.

## My Own Dark Land.

Where is the autumn with her ruby light,  
The roaring torrents and the streamers bright ?  
Where is the eagle with his dark red wings,  
The snow-white mantle, and the plume of kings ?  
Where the brave children of the targe and brand ?  
Far, far in my own dark land.

Where is the winter where the north wind blows,  
The dark blue mountains and the velvet snows ?  
Where the dun brothers of my lonely day,  
The antlered monarch, and the goshawk grey ?  
Where the sea chorus floating to the strand ?  
Far, far in my own dark land.



Where is the sun the livelong night,  
 Sheds on the sea the pale twilight?  
 Where is the hunter's glorious moon,  
 Lights on the heath a paler noon,  
 The lake of otters and the roe-tracked sand?  
 Far, far in my own dark land.

Where is the hall where the thunders sleep,  
 The ocean roaring in its vortex deep?  
 Where the hill bowers where the sweet birch grows,  
 The fawns light bounding, and the slender roes?  
 Where the bright mermaid and her crystal cell?  
 Far, far where the north winds dwell.

Where is the falchion by the swart elves given,  
 The war-pipes calling the grey hawks from heaven?  
 Where the bright standard with its eagle wings,  
 The jewelled lyre with the silver strings?  
 Hills of the banner, harp, and brand,  
 Far, far in thy own dark land.

There the white rose sheds her flower,  
 There the rowan spreads her bower,  
 There the wild swan builds her nest,  
 There the dun deer makes his rest—  
 Land of eagles, storms, and snows!  
 Far, far where the dark heath grows!

—From *Lays of the Deer Forest*,

by JOHN SOBIESKI and CHARLES EDWARD STUART.

## A Song of Fatherland.

I've wandered east, I've wandered west,  
 In gypsy wise a random roamer;  
 Of men and minds I've known the best,  
 Like that far travelled King in Homer.

But oh for the land that bore me,  
    Oh for the stout old land  
Of breezy Ben, and winding glen,  
    And roaring flood, and sounding strand !

I've seen the domes of Moscow far,  
    In green and golden glory gleaming,  
And stood where sleeps the mighty Czar,  
    By Neva's flood so grandly streaming.

    But oh for the land, etc.

I've stood on many a storied spot  
    Where blood of heroes flowed like rivers,  
Where Deutschland rose at Gravelotte,  
    And dashed the strength of Gaul to shivers.

    But oh for the land, etc.

I've stood where stands in pillared pride  
    The shrine of Jove's spear-shaking daughter,  
And humbled Persia stained the tide  
    Of free Greek seas with heaps of slaughter.

    But oh for the land, etc.

I've stood upon the rocky crest  
    Where Jove's proud eagle spreads his pinion,  
Where looked the god far east, far west,  
    And all he saw was Rome's dominion.

    But oh for the land, etc.

I've fed my eyes by land and sea,  
    With sights of grandeur streaming o'er me ;  
But still my heart remains with thee,  
    Dear Scottish land that stoutly bore me.

Oh for the land that bore me,  
 Oh for the stout old land,  
 With mighty Ben, and winding glen,  
 Stout Scottish land, my own dear land !

—PROFESSOR JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

## Rolling Home to Bonnie Scotland.

Up aloft amidst the rigging  
 Sings the fresh exulting gale,  
 Strong as spring time in the blossom,  
 Filling out each flowing sail,  
 And the wild waves cleft behind us  
 Seem to murmur as they flow,  
 Tender hearts are there to greet you  
 In the land to which you go.  
 Rolling home, rolling home,  
 Rolling home across the sea,  
 Rolling home to bonnie Scotland,  
 Rolling home dear land to thee.

Twice a thousand miles behind us  
 And a thousand miles before,  
 Ancient ocean heaves to bear us  
 To that well-remembered shore.  
 New-born breezes swell to waft us  
 To our childhood's native skies,  
 To the glow of friendly faces,  
 And the beam of loving eyes.  
 Rolling home, etc.

Sailing eastward, ever eastward,  
 Till the dawning of the morn ;  
 Rolling homeward, ever homeward,  
 To the land where we were born ;

And we'll join in joyous chorus,  
In the watches of the night,  
For we'll see the shores of Scotland  
By the dawning of the light.

Rolling home, etc.

—CHARLES MACKAY.

## The North Countrie.

It's ill to loose the bands that God decreed to bind,  
Still will we be the children of the heather and the wind.  
Far away from home, oh ! its still for you and me,  
That the bloom is blowing bonnie in the North Countrie.

—ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

## Oh ! for the Bloom.

Oh ! for the bloom of my own native heather,  
Oh ! for the burnie, the glade, and the glen,  
Land of rare beauties all gathered together,  
Lasses so lovely and brave-hearted men.

Up on the mountain or down in the valley,  
Lightly, oh ! let me once more freely roam ;  
Round me again let my early friends rally,  
And welcome with kind words the wanderer home

Talk not to me of the valley of roses,  
Beautiful lakes in some land far away ;  
Climes where Dame Nature her jewels disposes,  
Star-beams whose lustre turns night into day.

Let them be all that their poets have vaunted,  
Sun-rays that dazzle may light up their zone ;  
Yet is my spirit more truly enchanted,  
By bright eyes that kindle up light in my own.

Then give me the bloom of my own native heather,  
 Give me the burnie, the glade, and the glen ;  
 Land of rare beauties all gathered together,  
 Home of true lasses and brave-hearted men.

—ANONYMOUS.

### Love of Country.

Breathes there the man with soul so dead,  
 Who never to himself hath said—

    This is my own, my native land !  
 Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd,  
 As home his footsteps he hath turn'd,

    From wandering on a foreign strand ?  
 If such there breathe, go, mark him well ;  
 For him no minstrel raptures swell ;  
 High though his titles, proud his name,  
 Boundless his wealth as wish can claim ;  
 Despite those titles, power, and pelf,  
 The wretch concentr'd all in self,  
 Living, shall forfeit fair renown,  
 And doubly dying, shall go down  
 To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,  
 Unwept, unhonour'd, and unsung.

O, Caledonia ! stern and wild,  
 Meet nurse for a poetic child !  
 Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,  
 Land of the mountain and the flood,  
 Land of my sires ! what mortal hand  
 Can e'er untie the filial band  
 That knits me to thy rugged strand !

—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

## **Menam and Spey.**

Through the white sunlit air  
The hot winds blow.  
So cool and soft it was  
A year ago!

A river now, as then ;  
Its waters flow  
Yellow and thick, so clear  
A year ago!

The far wide lands stretch on  
Level and low.  
The great hills closed around  
A year ago!

Hills grey with changeful mists  
Above the snow,  
Purple where heather bloomed  
A year ago!

Delight that's past makes pain ?  
To me not so !  
The joy abideth of  
A year ago!

—ANONYMOUS in *Chambers' Journal.*

## **My Heart's in the Highlands.**

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here ;  
My heart's in the Highlands, a-chasing the deer ;  
Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe  
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the north,  
 The birthplace of valour, the country of worth ;  
 Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,  
 The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.

Farewell to the mountains high cover'd with snow ;  
 Farewell to the straths and green valleys below ;  
 Farewell to the forests and wild hanging woods ;  
 Farewell to the torrents and loud pouring floods.  
 My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,  
 My heart's in the Highlands, a-chasing the deer ;  
 Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe  
 My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

—BURNS.

## The Canadian Boat Song.

The verses of the first version of this beautiful poem was translated by one of the Earls of Eglinton, who had seen service in America, and who was exceedingly attached to the Glengarry Highlanders. The song was found among the deceased Earl's papers, set to music composed by himself. It was first printed in *Tait's Magazine* for June 1849. The head-note of the song says: "How little does the country know the treasure she is casting away in these devoted clansmen!"

The second version of the song is by Principal Shairp.

### FIRST VERSION.

Listen to me, as when you heard our father  
 Sing, long ago, the song of other shores ;  
 Listen to me and then in chorus gather,  
 All your deep voices as ye pull your oars ;  
 Fair these broad meads—those hoary woods are grand ;  
 But we are exiles from our fathers' land !

From the lone sheiling on the misty island,  
Mountains divide us and a waste of seas ;  
Yet still the blood is strong, the heart is Highland,  
And we, in dreams, behold the Hebrides.

We ne'er shall tread the fancy-haunted valley,  
When 'twixt the dark hills creeps the small clear stream ;  
In arms around the patriarch banner rally,  
Nor see the moon on royal tombstones gleam.

When the bold kindred, in the time long vanished,  
Conquered the soil and fortified the keep,  
No seer foretold the children could be banished,  
That a degenerate lord might boast his sheep.

Come foreign raid ! let discord burst in slaughter !  
Oh, then for clansmen true and keen claymore !  
The hearts that would have given their blood like water  
Beat heavily beyond the Atlantic's roar.  
Fair these broad meads—those hoary woods are grand ;  
But we are exiles from our fathers' land !

SECOND VERSION.

Listen to me, as when you heard our father  
Sing, long ago, of other distant shores ;  
Listen to me, and then in chorus gather  
All your strong voices, as ye lift your oars.

Where Scur na Gillean braves the wind and rain,  
Where round Ben More the mad Atlantic raves ;  
Where grey Iona's immemorial fane  
Keeps solemn ward on unremembered graves.

No more the lovers on the leas are meeting,  
No more the children paddle in the stream ;  
We hear no more the pibroch's kindly greeting,  
Nor see the moon on royal tombstones gleam.



No more the war-cry echoes in the valley ;  
 The deer unchallenged roam across the glen ;  
 No more around Clan Ranald's banner rally  
 The fairest women and the bravest men.

From the dim sheiling on the Misty Island  
 Mountains divide us and a world of seas !  
 But still our hearts are true, our hearts are Highland ;  
 And we in dreams behold the Hebrides.

Green are woods that gird this mighty river,  
 And green the meadows sloping to the strand ;  
 But we have left our native hills for ever,  
 And we are exiles from our fathers' land !

### **The Place that I Love best.**

Where the purple heather blooms,  
 Among the rocks sae gray ;  
 Where the moorcock's whirring flight,  
 Is heard at break of day ;  
 Where Scotland's bagpipes ring,  
 Along the mountain's breast ;  
 Where laverocks lilting sing,  
 Is the place that I love best !

Where the lonely shepherd tends  
 His bleating hill-side flock ;  
 Where the raven bigs its nest,  
 In the crevice of the rock ;  
 Where a guardian beacon tower,  
 Seems ilka rugged mountain's crest,  
 To watch aboon auld Scotland's glens,  
 Is the place that I love best !

Where the straths are fair and green,  
And the forests waving deep ;  
Where the hill-top seeks the clouds,  
Where the caller tempests sweep ;  
Where thoughts of freedom come  
To me, a welcome guest ;  
Where the free of soul were nursed,  
Is the place that I love best !

—ROBERT NICOLL.

## Oh ! Why left I my Hame ?

Oh ! why left I my hame,  
Why did I cross the deep ?  
Oh ! why left I the land  
Where my forefathers sleep ?  
I sigh for Scotia's shore,  
And I gaze across the sea,  
But I canna' get a blink  
O' my ain countrie.

The palm-tree waveth high,  
And fair the myrtle springs,  
And to the Indian maid  
The bulbul sweetly sings.  
But I dinna see the broom  
Wi' its tassels on the lea,  
Nor hear the lintie's sang  
O' my ain countrie.

Oh ! here no Sabbath bell  
Awakes the Sabbath morn,  
Nor song of reapers heard  
Amang the yellow corn ;

For the tyrant's voice is here,  
 And the wail of slaverie ;  
 But the sun of freedom shines  
 In my ain countrie.

There's a hope for every woe,  
 And a balm for every pain ;  
 But the first joys of our heart  
 Come never back again.  
 There's a track upon the deep,  
 And a path across the sea ;  
 But for me there's nae return  
 To my ain countrie.

—ROBERT GILFILLAN.

### Dinna gang awa'!

Oh! dinna gang awa', lad ; we've need o' a' oor men ;  
 Though some may think that sheep an' deer look better in a  
 glen ;  
 Yet, let their country need them, we'll find, I muckle fear,  
 That men are worth a hantle mair than herds o' sheep an'  
 deer !

Just set your teeth an' thole your lot, your forbears did the  
 same ;  
 Wale oot some bonnie, sonsie lass, and win for her a hame ;  
 Parritch may be but hamely fare, yet it breeds a hardy race,  
 An' nae man worth the name o' man thinks poverty disgrace.

But ye was aye a thrawart deil, and bound to hae your way,  
 I've little doubt ye'll tak' the gait whatever I may say ;  
 There's mony a ane before ye has left his native shore,  
 Wi' the sough o' the glen ahint him, and the roarin' world  
 before.

An' some hae come to fortune, an' ithers met wi' loss,  
It isna aye the rowin' stane gets hauppit round wi' moss ;  
But they'll ne'er forget the scroggie hills they clam' whan  
they were young,  
Nor the kindly nor'land faces, nor the hamely mither tongue.

Strange are the ties that bind us to the bleak land o' our birth,  
An' the place we ca' our hame is aye the dearest spot on earth ;  
Ye e'en might be a nabob yet, an' rule some dusky race,  
Wi' nae stern Ten Commandments to glower ye i' the face.

Yet even then ye'd fret your soul to be at hame again,  
An' hear the blash o' the snaw an' sleet upon the window pane ;  
Ye'd gie a' the gear ye've gather'd wi' muckle toil an' sin,  
To rest at last your trauchelt banes amang your kith an' kin.

An' noo I'll gie ye guid advice, for, laddie, ye're but young—  
Be eident aye, an' ne'er disgrace the land frae whence ye sprung.  
Ne'er cringe before a livin' man, e'en though he wear a croon ;  
Be kind an' leal, an' never hit a chield whan he is doon.

But noo the tide is risin', the boatie's at the pier,  
Sae we maun bid gude speed ye, lad, an' keep ye far an' near.  
We hope gude luck will follow ye in life's camsteerie game,  
But, laddie, we'd been better pleased gin ye had stayed at  
hame !

—J. JAMIESON, Edinburgh.

## Oh ! for the Scottish Winds.

Oh ! for a breath o' the moorland,  
A whiff o' the caller air ;  
For a smell o' the flowerin' heather,  
My very heart is sair.

Oh ! for the sound o' the burnies,  
 That wimple to the sea ;  
 For a sight o' the browning bracken  
 On the hillsides waving free.

Oh ! for the blue locks cradled  
 In the arms o' mountain grey,  
 That smile as they shadow the drifting clouds .  
 A' the bonnie summer day.

Oh ! for the tops o' mountains,  
 White wi' eternal snaw,  
 For the mists that drift across the lift,  
 For the strong east winds that blaw.

I am sick o' the blazing sunshine,  
 That burns through the weary hours ;  
 O' gaudy birds singing never a song,  
 O' beautiful scentless flowers.

I wad gie a' their southern glory  
 For a taste o' guid saut wind,  
 Wi' a road o' the bonnie sea before,  
 And a track o' foam behind.

Auld Scotland may be rugged,  
 Her mountains stern and bare ;  
 But oh ! for a breath o' her moorlands,  
 A whiff o' her caller air.

—HARRIET MILLER DAVIDSON.

(In the Buenos Ayres *St. Andrews Gazette*).

## The Song of the Emigrant.

I'm lying on a foreign shore,  
 An' hear the birdies sing,  
 They speak to me o' auld lang syne,  
 An' sunny mem'ries bring.

Oh ! but to see a weel-kent face,  
Or hear a Scottish lay  
As sung in years lang, lang bygane,  
They haunt me nicht and day.  
As sung in years lang, lang bygane,  
They haunt me nicht and day.

My hair, aince like the raven's wing,  
Now mixed wi' silver threeds,  
Minds me a' ane, wha used to sing  
O' Scotia's valiant deeds.  
She sang while I sat at her knee,  
The dear sangs o' lang syne—  
"Auld Robin Gray" and "Scot's wha hae,"  
Or "Kelvin Grove" sae fine.

She sang to me "The White Cockade,"  
She sang "The Rowan Tree,"  
"There was a lad was born in Kyle,"  
An' "Bonnie Bessie Lee."  
Whaur is the sang can melt the heart  
Or gar the saut tear fa',  
Like auld Scotch sangs sae dear to me,  
Noo that I'm far awa' ?

I've watched the sun at morning tide  
Strike o'er the lofty ben ;  
I watch him yet wi' greedy e'e,  
To whaur he sets again.  
I ken he shines on Scotia's shore,  
Though far across the sea.  
An' while I being have I'll sing  
My native land of thee.

## Farewell to Skye.

Farewell, lovely Skye, sweet Isle of my childhood.

Thy blue mountains I'll clamber no more,  
Thy heath-skirted corries, green valleys and wildwood,  
I now leave behind for a far distant shore.

Adieu, ye stern cliffs, clad in old hoary grandeur,

Adieu, ye still dingles, fond haunts of the roe,  
Where oft with my gun and my hounds I did wander,  
And echo loud sounded to my "tally-ho!"

How painful to part from the misty-robed Coolin,

The Alps of Great Britain with antlered peaks high,  
Bold Clamaig, Coruisk, and sublime Scuirnagillin,  
Make mainland grand mountains look dull, tame, and shy.

Majestic Quiraing, fairy palace of nature,

Stormy Idrigill, Hallieval, and cloud-piercing Stoer,  
And the shining spar cave like some beacon to heaven,  
All I deeply lament, and may never see more!

Once more, dearest Isle, let me gaze on thy mountains,

Once more let the village church gleam on my view;  
And my ear drink the music of murmuring fountains,  
While I bid to my old and my young friends adieu.

Farewell, lovely Skye, lake, mountain, and corrie,

Brown Isle of the valiant, the brave, and the free.  
Ever green to my sod, resting place of my Flora,  
My sighs are for Skye, my tears are for thee.

## Scotland Yet !

Gae bring my guid auld harp ance mair :  
    Gae bring it free and fast,  
For I maun sing anither sang  
    Ere a' my glee be past.  
An' trow ye as I sing, my lads,  
    The burden o't shall be—  
Auld Scotland's howes and Scotland's knowes,  
    And Scotland's hills for me.  
I'll drink a cup to Scotland yet,  
    Wi' a' the honours three !

The heath waves wild upon her hills,  
    An' foamin' frae the fells,  
Her fountains sing o' freedom still,  
    As they dance down the dells :  
An' weel I lo'e the land, my lads,  
    That's girded by the sea ;  
Then Scotland's dales, and Scotland's vales,  
    And Scotland's hills for me,  
I'll drink a cup to Scotland yet,  
    Wi' a' the honours three !

The thistle wags upon the fields,  
    Where Wallace bore his blade :  
That gave her foemen's dearest bluid,  
    To dye her auld, gray plaid.  
And looking tae the lift, my lads,  
    He sang this doughty glee—  
Auld Scotland's richt, and Scotland's micht,  
    And Scotland's hills for me.  
I'll drink a cup to Scotland yet,  
    Wi' a' the honours three !



They tell o' lan's wi' brighter skies,  
 Where freedom's voice ne'er rang ;  
 Gi'e me the hills whaur Ossian dwelt,  
 And Coila's minstrel sang.  
 For I've nae skill o' lands my lads,  
 That ken na tae be free—  
 Then Scotland's right and Scotland's might,  
 And Scotland's hills for me.  
 I'll drink a health tae Scotland yet,  
 Wi' a' the honours three !

—HENRY SCOTT RIDDELL.

### Rothesay Bay !

Fu' yellow lie the corn rigs, far doun the braid hillside,  
 It is the brawest hairst field along the shores o' Clyde ;  
 And I'm a puir hairst lassie, wha stands the leelang day  
 Among the corn rigs of Ardbeg, abune sweet Rothesay Bay.

Oh ! I had ance a true love, noo I hae nane ava,  
 And I had three braw brithers, but I hae tint them a'.  
 My faither and my mither sleep i' the mools the day.  
 I sit my lane among the rigs abune sweet Rothesay Bay.

It's a bonny bay at morning, and bonnier at the noon,  
 But bonniest when the sun draps and red comes up the moon ;  
 When the mist comes o'er the Cumbraes, and Arran peaks are  
 grey,  
 And the grey black hills, like sleeping kings, sit grand roun'  
 Rothesay Bay.

Then a bit sigh stirs my bosom, and a wee tear blin's my e'e,  
 As I think of that far countrie, whaur I wad like tae be.  
 But I rise content i' the morning, to work while work I may,  
 In the yellow hairst fields o' Ardbeg, abune sweet Rothesay  
 Bay.

—The author of *John Halifax, Gentleman*.

## The Soldier's Dream.

Our bugles sang truce, for the night cloud had lowered,  
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky :  
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpowered—  
The weary to sleep and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,  
By the wolf-scaring fagot that guarded the slain,  
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,  
And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battlefield's dreadful array,  
Far, far I had roamed on a desolate track ;  
'Twas autumn, and sunshine arose on the way  
To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields, traversed so oft  
In life's morning march when my bosom was young ;  
I heard my own mountain goats bleating aloft,  
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore  
From my home and my weeping friends never to part ;  
My little ones kissed me a thousand times o'er,  
And my wife sobbed aloud in her fulness of heart.

"Stay, stay with us—rest, thou art weary and worn !"  
And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay ;  
But sorrow returned with the dawning of morn,  
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

—CAMPBELL.

## Lochaber No More !

Fareweel to Lochaber and fareweel to my Jean,  
Where heartsome wi' her I hae mony days been ;  
For Lochaber no more, Lochaber no more,  
We'll maybe return to Lochaber no more

These tears that I shed they're a' for my dear.  
 And no for the dangers attending on weir ;  
 Though borne on rough seas to a far distant shore,  
 Maybe to return to Lochaber no more.

Though hurricanes rise, and rise ev'ry wind,  
 They'll ne'er mak' a tempest like that in my mind ;  
 Though loudest o' thunders on louder waves roar,  
 That's naething like leaving my love on the shore.  
 To leave thee behind me my heart is sair pain'd ;  
 But by ease that's inglorious no fame can be gain'd ;  
 And beauty and love's the reward of the brave,  
 And I maun deserve it before I can crave.

Then glory, my Jeanie, maun plead my excuse ;  
 Since honour commands me, how can I refuse ?  
 Without it, I ne'er can have merit for thee,  
 And wanting thy favour I'd better not be.  
 I gae then, my lass, to win glory and fame,  
 And if I should chance to come gloriously hame,  
 I'll bring a heart to thee with love running o'er,  
 And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber no more.

—ALLAN RAMSAY.

## Meggat No More !

(AN EXILE'S SANG.)

O ! bold rins the Meggat by Henderland Tower,  
 And saft fa's the sunlight on sweet Craigielea ;  
 And red hangs the rowan by Cramalt's gay bower,  
 Where aft in youth's morning we roved glad and free.  
 But it's Meggat no more, O ! Meggat no more ;  
 We'll maybe return to loved Meggat no more !

O! blythe sing the burnies in ilka lane glen,  
And sweet blooms the heather by cleuch and on brae ;  
While gay dance the harebells on crag and in den,  
Though the friends that so lo'ed them are far far away.  
For it's Meggat no more, O! Meggat no more ;  
We'll maybe return to loved Meggat no more !

The charm of days bygane has fled the quiet vale,  
Where aft in the gloamin' the fisher did stray,  
Who with fancy enraptured breathed forth to the gale  
The soul-stirring story or heart-melting lay.  
But it's Meggat no more, O! Meggat no more ;  
He'll wander the green banks of Meggat no more !

In the sweet summer time the world-wearied wad come,  
To roam by lane Syart or Linghope's sad shore ;  
While Gaber and Wylie brocht peace with their croon,  
As wimplin' they echoed the sangs heard of yore.  
But it's Meggat no more, O! Meggat no more ;  
We'll maybe hear sangs frae the Meggat no more !

O! why should a vale so bedewed with life's balm  
Come only in dreams like far-off sounding rills ;  
And exiles who yearn for it's old blissful calm,  
Stray far 'neath the shadow of stern alien hills ?  
But were't Meggat once more, O! Meggat once more ;  
We'd sing with delight were it Meggat once more !

—DUNCAN FRASER.

### Farewell to Fiunary.

The wind is fair the day is fine! and swiftly, swiftly runs the  
time ;  
The boat is floating with the tide that wafts me off from  
Fiunary.

*Chorus.*

Eirigh agus tiugainn O! Eirigh agus tiugainn O!  
 Eirigh agus tiugainn O! Mo shoraidh stan le Fionn  
 Airidh!

A thousand, thousand tender ties awake this day my plaintive  
 sighs.

My heart within me almost dies to think of leaving Fiunary.

I've often paused at close of day where Ossian sang his martial  
 lay,

And viewed the sun's departing ray wand'ring o'er Dun Fiunary.

Alt-na-Caillich's gentle stream that murmurs sweetly through  
 the green;

What happy, joyful days I've seen beside the banks o' Fiunary.

'Tis not the hills nor woody vales alone my joyless heart  
 bewails;

A mournful group this day remains within the manse of  
 Fiunary.

Can I forget Glenturret's name? Farewell, dear father, best  
 of men!

May Heaven's joys with thee remain within the manse of  
 Fiunary.

Mother, a name to me so dear, must I, must I leave thy care,  
 And try a world that's full of snares far far from thee and  
 Fiunary.

O! must I leave these happy scenes? See, they spread the  
 flapping sails.

Adieu! Adieu! my native plains. Farewell, farewell to  
 Fiunary.

—The Rev. Dr NORMAN MACLEOD.

*Note.*—The lines of the chorus are in Gaelic and their translation is:  
*Arise, arise, and come away! Farewell, farewell to Fiunary!*

## The Bonnie Banks o' Loch Lomon'.

By yon bonnie banks and by yon bonnie braes,  
Where the sun shines bright on Loch Lomon',  
Where me and my true love were ever wont to gae,  
On the bonnie bonnie banks o' Loch Lomon'.

### *Chorus.*

O! ye'll tak' the high road and I'll tak' the low road,  
And I'll be in Scotland afore ye ;  
But me an' my true love will never meet again  
On the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lomon'.

'Twas there that we parted by yon shady glen,  
On the steep, steep side o' Ben Lomon',  
Where in purple hue the Heilan' hills we view,  
And the moon comin' oot in the gloamin'.

The wee birdies sing and the wild flou'r's spring,  
And in sunshine the waters are sleepin' ;  
But the broken heart it kens nae second spring,  
Though the waefu' may cease frae their greetin'.

### (ANOTHER VERSION.)

By yon bonnie banks and by yon bonnie braes,  
Whaur the sun shines braid on Loch Lomon',  
Whaur we twa ha'e pass'd sae mony happy days  
On the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lomon' !

### *Chorus.*

Oh! ye'll gang the hie road an' I'll gang the laigh road,  
An' I'll be in Scotland afore ye ;  
For me and my true love will yet clasp hands again  
On the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lomon'.

We'll meet whaur we parted in bonnie Luss glen,  
 'Mang the heathery braes o' Loch Lomon',  
 Starts the roe frae the pass, an' the fox frae his den,  
 While abune gleams the mune thro' the rowan.

Wi' yer bonnie Hielan' shoon an' yer buckles sae clear,  
 An' yer plaid ower yer shouter sae rarely ;  
 Ae glance o' yer e'e wad chase awa' my tear,  
 Sae winsome are yer smiles, oh ! my dearie !

Old Scotch Song.

ANONYMOUS.

## O! Gin I were where Gowdie rins.

O! gin I were where Gowdie rins,  
 Where Gowdie rins, where Gowdie rins,  
 O! gin I were where Gowdie rins,  
 At the back o' Bennachie !

Aince mair to hear the wild bird's sang,  
 To wander braes and birks amang,  
 'Midst friends and fav'rites left sae lang,  
 At the back o' Bennachie !

O! gin I were, etc.

O! mony a day in blithe spring-time,  
 O! mony a day in summer's prime,  
 I've wand'ring wiled awa' the time,  
 At the back o' Bennachie !

O! gin I were, etc.

O! there wi' Jean on ilka night,  
 When baith our hearts were young and light,  
 We've wandered by the cool moonlight,  
 At the back o' Bennachie !

O! gin I were, etc.

O! fortune's flow'rs wi' thorns are rife,  
And wealth is won wi' toil and strife,  
Ae day gie me o' youthful life,  
At the back o' Bennachie!

O! gin I were, etc.

—Dr JOHN PARK.

## Charles Edward at Versailles.

Woman's love is writ in water!  
    Woman's faith is traced on sand!  
Backwards, backwards let me wander  
    To the noble northern land.  
Let me feel the breezes blowing  
    Fresh along the mountain-side!  
Let me see the purple heather,  
    Let me hear the thundering tide;  
Be it hoarse as Corrievreckan,  
    Spouting when the storm is high—  
Give me but one hour of Scotland—  
    Let me see it ere I die!  
O! my heart is sick and heavy,  
    Southern gales are not for me;  
Though the glens are white with winter,  
    Place me there and set me free.  
Give me back my trusty comrades,  
    Give me back my Highland maid.  
Nowhere beats the heart so kindly  
    As beneath the tartan plaid!

—PROFESSOR AYTOUN.

## Land of my Fathers.

Land of my fathers! though no mangrove here  
O'er thy blue streams her flexile branches rear,



Nor scaly palm her finger'd scions shoot,  
 Nor luscious guava wave her yellow fruit,  
 Nor golden apples glimmer from the tree ;  
 Land of dark heaths and mountains, thou art free.

Proud of his laws, tenacious of his right,  
 And vain of Scotia's old unconquer'd might.  
 Dear native valleys, may ye long retain  
 The charter'd freedom of the mountain swain !  
 Long, 'mid your sounding glades, in union sweet,  
 May rural innocence and beauty meet ;  
 And still be duly heard at twilight calm,  
 From every cot the peasant's chanted psalm !

Then Jedworth, though thy ancient choirs shall fade,  
 And time lay bare each lofty colonnade,  
 From the damp roof the massy sculptures die,  
 And in their vaults thy rifted arches lie ;  
 Still in these vales shall angel harps prolong,  
 By Jed's pure stream, a sweeter even-song  
 Than long processions once with mystic zeal,  
 Pour'd to the harp and solemn organ's peal.

—DR JOHN LEYDEN.

### Caledonia.

The second volume of her late Majesty, Queen Victoria's, *Leaves from Journal in the Highlands* is prefaced by the first and the last stanzas of the following poem :—

Caledonia ! thou land of the mountain and rock,  
     Of the ocean, the mist, and the wind ;  
 Thou land of the torrent, the pine, and the oak,  
     Of the roebuck, the hart, and the hind ;  
 Though bare are thy cliffs, and though barren thy glens,  
     Though bleak thy dun islands appear,  
 Yet kind are the hearts and undaunted the clans  
     That roam on these mountains so drear.

A foe from abroad, or a tyrant at home,  
    Could never thy ardour restrain ;  
The marshall'd array of imperial Rome  
    Essay'd thy proud spirit in vain !  
Firm seat of religion, of valour, of truth,  
    Of genius unshackled and free,  
The Muses have left all the vales of the south,  
    My loved Caledonia, for thee !

Sweet land of the bay and the wild-winding deeps,  
    Where loveliness slumbers at even,  
While far in the depth of the blue water sleeps  
    A calm little motionless heaven !  
Thou land of the valley, the moor, and the hill,  
    Of the storm and the proud rolling wave—  
Yes, thou art the land of fair liberty still,  
    And the land of my forefathers' grave !  
    —JAMES HOGG (the "Etrick Shepherd.")

### **My Ain Countrie.**

The sun rises bright in France,  
    And fair sets he ;  
But he has tint the blythe blink he had  
    In my ain countrie.  
Oh ! gladness comes to many,  
    But sorrow comes to me,  
As I look o'er the wide ocean  
    To my ain countrie.

Oh ! it's not my ain ruin  
    That saddens aye my e'e,  
But the love I left in Galloway,  
    Wi' bonnie bairns three ;

My hamely hearth burn'd bonnie,  
 And smiled my fair Marie :  
 I've left a' my heart behind me  
 In my ain countrie.

The bud comes back to summer,  
 And the blossom to the tree ;  
 But I win back—oh ! never,  
 To my ain countrie.  
 I'm leal to the high Heaven,  
 Which will be leal to me ;  
 And there I'll meet ye a' sune  
 Frae my ain countrie.

—ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

### Hame, Hame, Hame!

Hame, hame, hame ! oh ! hame fain wad I be !  
 Oh ! hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie !  
 When the flower is i' the bud, and the leaf upon the tree,  
 The lark shall sing me hame to my ain countrie.  
 Hame, hame, hame ! oh ! hame fain wad I be !  
 Oh ! hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie !

The green leaf o' loyalty's beginning for to fa' ;  
 The bonnie white rose it is withering an' a' ;  
 But we'll water't wi' the blude of usurping tyrannie,  
 And green wi' it grow in my ain countrie.  
 Hame, hame, hame ! oh ! hame fain wad I be !  
 Oh ! hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie !

Oh ! there's nocht now frae ruin my countrie can save,  
 But the keys o' kind Heaven, to open the grave,  
 That a' the noble martyrs who died for loyalte  
 May rise again and fight for their ain countrie.  
 Hame, hame, hame ! oh ! hame fain wad I be !  
 Oh ! hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie !

The great now are gane wha attempted to save,  
The new grass is growing abune their bloody grave ;  
But the sun through the mirk, blinks blythe in my e'e,  
I'll shine on ye yet in your ain countrie.

Hame, hame, hame ! oh ! hame fain wad I be !

Oh ! hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie !

—ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

### **We'll aye lo'e the Lan'.**

We'll aye lo'e the lan' whaur the thistle grows,  
Whaur the heather blooms on the shaggy knowes,  
Whaur the kye gang deep in the grassy howes,

We'll aye lo'e the lan'.

We'll aye lo'e the lan' whaur the mountains rise,  
Whaur they hide their heads in the mirky skies,  
Whaur the mists come doon an' the hill baptise,

We'll aye lo'e the lan'.

We'll aye lo'e the lan' whaur the laverock sings,  
Whaur he soars abune wi' his quivering wings,  
Whaur meadow an' plantin' his echo rings,

We'll aye lo'e the lan'.

We'll aye lo'e the lan' whaur the patriots bled,  
Whaur the martyrs' bluid dyed the heather red,  
Whaur they dee'd for Christ on a gory bed,

We'll aye lo'e the lan'.

—ANONYMOUS.

### **Farewell to Bonnie Teviotdale.**

Our native land, our native vale,

A long, a last adieu ;

Farewell to bonnie Teviotdale,

And Cheviot's mountains blue !

Farewell, ye hills of glorious deeds,  
 Ye streams renown'd in song ;  
 Farewell, ye braes and blossom'd meads  
 Our hearts have loved so long !

Farewell the blythesome broomy knowes  
 Where thyme and harebells grow ;  
 Farewell the hoary haunted hows  
 O'erhung with birk and sloe !

The mossy cave and mouldering tower  
 That skirt our native dell,  
 The martyr's grave and lover's bower  
 We bid a sad farewell !

Home of our love, our fathers' home,  
 Land of the brave and free,  
 The sail is flapping on the foam  
 That bears us far from thee !

We seek a wild and distant shore  
 Beyond the western main ;  
 We leave thee to return no more,  
 Nor view thy cliffs again !

Our native land, our native vale,  
 A long, a last adieu ;  
 Farewell to bonnie Teviotdale,  
 And Scotland's mountains blue !

—THOMAS PRINGLE.

### The Wanderer.

My own folk, my own folk, have I come home at last,  
 To see the purple on the hills and break my heart's long fast ?

My own hills, my own hills, how wide you are and free !  
 There's all the magic in the world lies 'neath your mountains  
 three.

My own land, my own land, how could I seek afar  
For all the heartsome, wind-sweet cheer that blows where hill-  
winds are ?

My own denes, my own denes, that nestle to the breast  
Of Mighty Mother, drinking deep of strength and joy and  
rest.

My own skies, my own skies, you witch me as of old,  
With flame of crimson, dusk of blue, grace of your spendthrift  
gold.

My own moors, my own moors, you still are thrall to none,  
Save wind and water, sky and star, storm and the lusty sun.

My own folk, my own folk, oh ! bid the Wanderer bide  
Where hearts are true, and men are leal, and strength is one  
with pride.

—HALLIWELL SUTCLIFFE, in the *Westminster Budget*.

## Heather and Harebell.

Bonnie blooms the broom i' the wild wudit glen,  
Sweet lilt the laverock by muirside an' fen ;  
But the dreich dree o' wae i' the he'rt dims the e'e,  
An' I lang for my hame i' my ain countrie.

Simmer's i' the lift, an' the floo'r decks the brae,  
Saft fa's the nicht wi' it's gloamin' o' grey ;  
But the he'rt canna bide, sae the feet fain wad be  
Wi' the wild heather-bell i' my ain countrie.

O ! eerie is the sough o' sorrow owre the min',  
The last grip o' frien'ship the saul wadna tyne ;  
An' the he'rt-strings o' luve, like the leaf to the tree,  
Aye cling to my hame i' my ain countrie.

—JOHN MACFARLANE (JOHN ARBORY), Montreal.

**A Floo'r.**

It cam' wi' a glint o' the scenes langsyne,  
 Frae the hills that I ca' my ain,  
 An' the glens that aye wi' my dreams maun twine,  
 I' the nowes o' my waukrife brain.  
 Nae doot 'twas a feckless thing to sen'  
 But it thrilled my he'rt, forsooth !  
 Wi' a nameless joy that few can ken,  
 That floo'r frae the hame o' my youth.

I ha'e look't on grander gems o' licht,  
 An' fresher frae Nature's han',  
 But nane that were burden't wi' thocht mair bricht,  
 I' the length or breadth o' the lan' ;  
 For it brocht wi' it blinks o' dew deck't lea,  
 An' its pearlins o' muirlan' truth,  
 A kiss frae the mou' I fain wad pree  
 Sweet floo'r frae the hame o' my youth.

The smilin' o' Fortune may e'en gang by,  
 An' the lustre o' coronets wane,  
 But Luve, like a star i' the gleamin' sky,  
 Through the gloom aft gleams alane.  
 An' though 'neath misfortune's wintry win'  
 The blossoms o' Hope may fa',  
 A han' frae abune has plantit in  
 This warl a floo'r for a'.

—JOHN MACFARLANE (JOHN ARBORY), Montreal.

**The Bonnie Banks o' Clyde.**

O! sweet are the smiles o' the simmer sun,  
 Where the silv'ry Severn shines,  
 An' mony the gardens glitterin' rich,  
 That the winding Wye entwines ;

But fancy dees, an' I stand ance mair  
I' the purple gloamin' tide,  
An' the gowden licht o' auld lang syne,  
On the bonnie banks o' Clyde.

I hear the croon o' the wee hill burn,  
That sings through the lang green glen,  
Where the muircocks craw through the misty daw'  
An' the red fox bigs his den ;  
Where the harebell chimes to the westlan' breeze,  
An' doun frae the broon hillside,  
The scent o' the heather fills the air  
On the bonnie banks o' Clyde.

The laverock lilts in the cloudless blue,  
An' the wee wild gowans bloom,  
An' the lintie chairms a lown luve plaint,  
I' the bield o' the yellow broom.  
The blackbird pipes, an' the cushat wails,  
An' faur through the plantin' wide  
The springs o' life are fresh and young,  
On the bonnie banks o' Clyde.

I' the howe o' the nicht when the wan munelicht  
Lies sleepin' on cot an' ha',  
When the finger o' silence has touched the hills,  
An' the stars glint doun owre a' ;  
The he'rt grows grit wi' the thoct o' the rest,  
Where God's ain deid abide  
I' the auld kirk-yaird on the breist o' the brae,  
On the bonnie banks o' Clyde.

—JOHN MACFARLANE (JOHN ARBORY), Montreal.

### A Grave in Samoa.

“I do not even know if I desire to live there (Scotland) ;  
but let me hear, in some far land, a kindred voice sing out



'Oh! why left I my hame?' and it seems at once as if no beauty under the kind heavens, and no society of the wise and good, can repay me for my absence from my country. And though I think I would rather die elsewhere, yet in my heart of hearts I long to be buried among good Scots clods. I will say it fairly, it grows on me with every year, there are no stars so lovely as Edinburgh street lamps. When I forget thee, Auld Reekie, may my right hand forget its cunning."

—ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

The wild birds strangely call,  
 And silent dawns and purple eves are here,  
 Where southern stars upon his grave look down,  
 Calm-eyed and wondrous clear.

No strife his resting mars;  
 And yet we deem far off from tropic steeps,  
 His spirit cleaves the pathway of the storm,  
 Where dark Tantalion keeps.

For still in plaintive woe,  
 By haunting mem'ry of his yearning led,  
 The wave-worn mother of the misty strand  
 Mourns for her absent dead!

Ah! bear him gently home,  
 To where Dunedin's streets are quaint and gray;  
 And ruddy lights across the steaming rains,  
 Shine soft at close of day!

—JOHN ARBORY.

### When I am far away.

O'er yonder Ocean wide and wild  
 When I am far away,  
 Where never more thy voice, sweet child,  
 My spirit sad may sway,

This thought will cheer the minstrel's heart,  
Forget though others may,  
That thou wilt sing my songs, sweet child,  
When I am far away.

Unknown to fortune's fickle smile,  
Though oft the minstrel sings,  
If but his lays are loved meanwhile  
He'll laugh at crowns and kings.  
And thus it is I comfort bring  
From out life's darkest day,  
Since thou, sweet child, my songs will sing,  
When I am far away.  
—EVAN MACCOLL (“The Bard of Lochfyne”).

## The Highland Emigrant's Last Farewell.

Adieu, my native land, adieu !  
The banks of fair Lochfyne,  
Where the first breath of life I drew,  
And would my last resign !  
Swift sails the bark that wafteth me  
This night from thy loved strand ;  
O must it be my last of thee,  
My dear, dear Fatherland ?

Land of the bens with greenwood glens,  
Though forced with thee to part,  
Nor time nor space can e'er efface  
Thine image from my heart.  
Come weal, come woe, till life's last throe,  
My Highland home shall seem  
An Eden bright in Fancy's light,  
A heaven in memory's dream.

Land of the maids of matchless grace,  
 The bards of matchless song ;  
 Land of the bold heroic race,  
 That never brook'd a wrong !  
 Long in the front of nations free  
 May Scotland proudly stand !  
 Farewell to thee, farewell to thee,  
 My dear, dear Fatherland !  
 —EVAN MACCOLL (“The Bard of Lochfyne”).

## Heather.<sup>1</sup>

Go, missionary, with the purple crowning,  
 To every clime where'er a Scot may be,  
 Across the waters go, with whisp'ring voices,  
 To charm and thrill the hearts beyond the sea,  
 Of hame and kindred, whin and broom and heather,  
 Valley and ben, the lav'rock in the blue,  
 The hard-worked day, the lang saft summer gloaming,  
 The a'e sweet lassie, tender, tried, an' true.

Remind them, ay ! how fondly you'll remind them  
 Of sangs and stories in the dear lang syne,  
 The canty meetings and the missing faces,  
 The leal hearts lost, that once were theirs and mine ;  
 And tell them Scotland stands aye staunch and steady,  
 That heaven's hue still through her plaidie runs,  
 And rough but loving arms are stretched to hand-clasp  
 Her kith, and all their daughters and their sons.  
 —(Mrs) KATIE GRAY, Edinburgh.

<sup>1</sup> This poem was written at the time of the distribution by the *Scotsman* of heather, to exiled Scots throughout the world.

## That I were there.

Roofless the walls, and all around is dreary,  
Cold the ingle side and bare.  
Men called it home; 'tis now the wild bird's eyrie,  
Yet, I would that I were there!

Just to feel the wild wet breezes swirling  
O'er the water and the whin.  
To see the peat reek o'er the cottage curling,  
And the hairst folk winning in.

To see the glens in autumn's colours tender,  
And the black Ben's misty wreath,  
The birk and the brackan's dying splendour,  
And the roaring linn beneath.

To see the foam from the white beach flying  
And the boats leap through the waves,  
And the ring of golden sea tang lying  
Stray'd from Atlantic's caves.

To hear again the beech nuts falling, falling,  
When the plantin's winning here,  
To hear again the pairick's calling, calling,  
Oh, would that I were there!

—MACKENZIE MACBRIDE in the *Spectator*.

## Mountain and Glen.

Oh! sweet is the breath of the heather,  
On the braes of the Highlands that blows,  
Oh! rich is its blossom, when at evening,  
The hills glow in purple and rose.

Here lapped in the stillness of nature,  
 Afar from the dwellings of men,  
 My spirit is rapt by the magic  
 That breathes over mountain and glen.

—ANONYMOUS.

## My Native Highland Home.

The following is a translation, by Mr Duncan Livingston, Ohio, of Neil MacLeod's song; "Mo ghradh do m'dhùthaich fhéin." It appeared in the *Celtic Monthly* of May 1900.

Though distant from her rugged shores,  
 Still memory fondly turns  
 To Scotia's bonnie heathery hills,  
 Her corries, lochs, and burns ;  
 For ne'er shall I forget, though far  
 'Neath foreign skies I roam,  
 Till death's dark hand doth o'er me wave,  
 My native Highland home.

Aye, ne'er till death shall I forget  
 My comrades kind and leal,  
 Those martial forms that feared no foe,  
 With hearts as true as steel ;  
 And never shall this heart forsake,  
 While life my bosom thrills,  
 For verdant plains 'neath tropic skies,  
 The grand old heathery hills.

The land of corries, bens and glens,  
 The land of scrag and scaur,  
 Whose sons unstained her banner bore  
 On every field of war ;

The stern and rugged mountain land,  
    Against whose frowning shore  
The ocean billows ceaseless break  
    With deep and sullen roar.

Though to my lot, kind fortune's smile,  
    Her rarest favours bring,  
Yet still unto thy heathery hills  
    This bosom aye will cling ;  
For ne'er shall I find hearts as warm,  
    Though distant far I roam,  
As gathered round the old hearthstone,  
    My own loved Highland home.

Oh! once wi' lilt on dewy morn  
    The craigs and corries rang  
While through the glens, when gloamin' fell,  
    Sweet rose the milkmaid's sang ;  
And blythe on ilka brae was seen,  
    In martial garb of old,  
The race whose steel against ilk foe,  
    Their rugged mountains held.

Now all are exiled from the land,  
    And cold in ruins lie  
The hearts that glowed for kith and kin,  
    In kindly days gone by ;  
Yet ne'er shall I forget, though far  
    'Neath foreign skies I roam,  
Till death's dark hand doth o'er me wave,  
    My native Highland home.

## The Land of Mist.

The beautiful Isles of Greece,  
Full many a bard has sung ;  
The Isles I love best  
Lie far in the West,  
Where men speak the Gaelic tongue.

Let them speak of the sunny south,  
Where the blue Ægean smiles,  
But give to me  
The Scottish Sea,  
That breaks round the Western Isles.

Jerusalem, Athens, and Rome,  
I would see them before I die ;  
But I'd rather not see  
Any of the three,  
Than be exiled for ever from Skye.

Lov'st thou the mountains great,  
Peaks to the clouds that soar,  
Corrie and fell,  
Where eagles dwell,  
And cataracts dash evermore ?

Lov'st thou green, grassy glades,  
By sunshine sweetly kist,  
Murmuring waves,  
And echoing caves ?  
Then go to the Land of Mist.

## I'm a Boy Again To-night!

Oh! the sun is shining clearly  
    'Mid the heather on the hill,  
And my heart is longing dearly  
    For the music of the rill ;  
And a dream of golden fancies  
    Crowds my heart with visions bright,  
And as mem'ry advances,  
    I'm a boy again to-night

I can see the purple heather  
    In the heart of yonder glen,  
Where, as boys we roamed together,  
    Would that I were there again !  
The little lark is singing,  
    And the mavis, blithe and bright,  
Thrill my heart, sweet mem'ries bringing,  
    I'm a boy again to-night.

Oh! the sun is glad and golden,  
    And the heather on the hill  
Is as bright and light as ever,  
    And I love the highlands still,  
With a love, that time or distance  
    Cannot dim or make less bright ;  
And with mem'ry's dear assistance,  
    I'm a boy again to-night.

—DUNCAN MACLEAN, in the *Highland News*.

## The Highlands.

The Highlands, the Highlands! Oh! gin I were there,  
Though its mountains an' moorlands be rugged and bare ;  
Tho' cold be the climate and scanty the fare,  
Oh! my dearly loved Highlands, oh! gin I were there!



The Highlands, the Highlands! my fond bosom swells  
 When I think of the rills gushing wild through the dells;  
 The hills proudly towering and the lochs gleaming fair,  
 Oh! my dearly loved Highlands, oh! gin I were there!

The Highlands! far up yon grey glen,  
 There's a cosy wee cot, wi' a but an' a ben,  
 Wi' a seat at the door an' ma auld mither there,  
 Crying "Haste ye back Donal' an' leave us nae mair!"

The Highlands, the Highlands! my once happy home!  
 Through thy glens and thy straths my delight was to roam,  
 Though on a bright shore, where all nature is fair,  
 My heart's in the highlands, Oh! gin I were there!

—ANONYMOUS.

## The Auld Scotch Sangs.

O! sing to me the auld Scotch sangs  
 I' the braid auld Scottish tongue,  
 The sangs ma feyther loved tae hear,  
 The sangs ma mither sung,  
 When she sat beside my cradle  
 Or crooned me on her knee,  
 And I wadna sleep, she sang sae sweet  
 The auld Scotch sangs tae me.

Yes! sing the auld, the guid auld sangs,  
 Auld Scotia's gentle pride,  
 O' the wimplin' burn, and the sunny brae,  
 And the cosy ingle-side;  
 Sangs o' the broom an' the heather,  
 Sangs o' the trysting-tree,  
 The laverock's lilt and the gowan's blink—  
 The auld Scotch sangs for me!

Sing ony o' the auld Scotch sangs,  
The blithesome or the sad,  
They mak' me smile when I am wae,  
And greet when I am glad.  
My heart gaes back tae auld Scotland,  
The saut tears dim my e'e ;  
And the Scotch blood loup in a' my veins,  
As ye sing thae sangs tae me.

Sing on, sing mair o' thae auld sangs,  
For ilka ane can tell  
O' joy or sorrow i' the past  
Where mem'ry loves tae dwell.  
Tho' hair grow gray, and limbs grow auld,  
Until the day I dee  
I'll bless the Scottish tongue that sings  
The auld Scotch sangs tae me.

—REV. DR. GEORGE W. BETHUNE,  
Brooklyn, N.Y.

## The Highland Emigrants.

There's sighing and sobbing in yon highland forest,  
There's weeping and wailing in yon highland vale,  
And fitfully plashes a gleam from the ashes  
Of the tenantless hearth in the home of the Gael.  
There's a ship on the sea, and her white sails she's spreadin',  
A' ready to speed to a far distant shore ;  
She may come hame again wi' the yellow gowd laden,  
But the sons of Glendarra shall come back no more.

The gowan may spring by the clear-riunnin' burnie,  
The cushat may coo in the green woods again ;  
The deer o' the mountain may drink at the fountain  
Unfettered and free as the wave on the main ;

But the pibroch they played o'er the sweet blooming heather  
 Is hushed in the sound of the ocean's wild roar ;  
 The song and the dance they hae vanished thegither,  
 For the maids o' Glendarra shall come back no more.

—ANONYMOUS.

### Childhood's Hame.

My heart's langin' sair for the purple heather,  
 The yellow broom on the sunny lea,  
 My childhood's hame in the auld Scottish hielan's,  
 Oh God ! I wad fain be there to dee !

It's only a shielin, bare and lonely,  
 Lyin' far up o'er the cauld Northern Sea,  
 But sair am I wearyin' noo for the lo'ed anes,  
 Wha pray and wait for me in my countrie.

Oh ! to get hame when the red's on the rowan,  
 And the early frost's fingers hae gowden'd the fern ;  
 A barefooted lad he's again on the hillside,  
 Guddlin' for troot in the broon hielan' burn.

Faces come, voices that auce crooned sae softly,  
 The bracken and bluebell he sees on the brae—  
 Kind hands that ne'er will again fold his plaidie,  
 True hearts that sune will be lonely and wae !

—Sent by a reader of the  
*Weekly Scotsman* in a far land.

### Where Blooms the Red Heather.

Let them boast of the land that gave Patrick his fame,  
 The land of the ocean, the Anglos by name,  
 With their red blushing roses and shamrock sae green ;  
 Far dearer to me are the hills of the north,

The land of blue mountain, the birthplace of worth ;  
These mountains where freedom has fixed her abode,  
Those wide spreading glens where no slave ever trod,  
Where blooms the red heather and thistle sae green.

Far famed were our sires in the battles of yore,  
And many's the cairn they've raised on our shore  
O'er the foes who invaded the thistle sae green ;  
And many's the cairn shall rise on our strand,  
Should the current of war ever burst on our land.  
Let foe come on foe, as wave upon wave,  
We'll gie them a welcome, we'll gie them a grave  
Beneath the red heather and thistle sae green.

Though rich be the soil where blossoms the rose,  
And barren the mountains and covered with snows,  
Where blooms the red heather and thistle sae green ;  
Yet for friendship sincere, and for loyalty true,  
And for courage so bold which no foe could subdue,  
Unmatched is our country, unrivall'd our swains,  
And lovely and true are the nymphs on our plains,  
Where rises the thistle, the thistle sae green.

As dear to our souls are the blessings of heaven  
Is the freedom we boast of the land that we live in,  
The land of red heather and thistle sae green.  
For that land and that freedom our forefathers bled,  
And we swear by the blood that our forefathers shed  
Not a foot of a foe shall tread on their grave ;  
But the thistle shall bloom on the bed of the brave,  
The thistle of Scotland, the thistle sae green.

—From Hogg's *Jacobite Relics*.

**Hurrah for the Highlands!**

Hurrah for the Highlands, the stern Scottish Highlands,  
 The home of the clansman, the brave, and the free;  
 Where the clouds love to rest on the mountain's rough breast,  
 Ere they journey afar o'er the islandless sea.

'Tis there where the cataract sings to the breeze,  
 As it dashes in foam like a spirit of light;  
 And 'tis there the bold fishermen bounds o'er the seas  
 In his fleet, tiny bark, through the perilous night.  
 Then hurrah for the Highlands! etc.

'Tis the land of deep shadow, of sunshine, and shower,  
 Where the hurricane revels in madness on high;  
 For there it has might that can war with its power,  
 In the wild dizzy cliffs that are cleaving the sky.  
 Then hurrah for the Highlands! etc.

I have trod merry England, and dwelt on its charms;  
 I have wander'd through Erin, that gem of the sea;  
 But the Highlands alone the true Scottish heart warms,  
 For her heather is blooming, her eagles are free.  
 Then hurrah for the Highlands! etc.  
 —ANDREW PARK.

**A Song in Exile.**

Oh! purple grows the heather on the hills of home,  
 And red the rowans ripen in the glen.  
 Oh! shall I ever o'er the purple hillside roam,  
 Shall I lie upon the bracken once again?

Shall I ever hear the curlew's eerie calling  
 Over the moorland away to the sea?  
 Shall I ever feel the fine mist falling, falling  
 Softly on my face in my ain countree?

Shall I ever hear the burnie's mournful lilting,  
Pouring o'er the pebbles in a golden riot,  
Flecked with the sunlight through the birches filtering,  
Dark in the shadows, where the trout lie quiet ?

Shall I hear once more the young lambs' plaintive bleating,  
Far from their mothers in the distant pen,  
Shall I watch the startled deer like swift shadows fleeting,  
Over the hillside and up Shiela Glen ?

Oh ! to break for once this binding exile tether,  
To set my ship a'sailing o'er the foam,  
To find my feet once more amongst the purple heather,  
To follow my heart to the hills of home !

—M. J. C.

## Hame.

There's a wee, wee glen in the Hielans,  
Where I fain, fain wad be ;  
There's an auld kirk there on the hillside,  
I weary sair to see.  
In a low lythe nook in the graveyard,  
Drearly stands alane,  
Marking the last lair of all I lo'e,  
A wee moss covered stane.

There's an auld hoose sits in a hollow,  
Half happit by a tree,  
At the door the untended lilac  
Still blossoms for the bee ;  
But the auld roof is sairly seggit,  
There's nane now left to care,  
And the thatch, ance sae neatly stobbit,  
Has lang been scan and bare.

Aft as I lie 'neath a foreign sky,  
 In dreams I see them a'  
 The auld dear kirk, the dear auld hame,  
 The glen sae far awa,  
 Dreams flee at dawn, and the tropic sun  
 Nae ray of hope can gie ;  
 So I wander o'er the desert lone  
 There's nae mair hame for me.

—ANONYMOUS.

### Our Native Land.

There is a land, where the heather bell  
 Has a stain o' the deepest dye ;  
 Where the gowden whin, on the moorland fell,  
 And the tasselled broom, in the shadowy dell,  
 'Mid their emerald settings lie.  
 A land, where the blush o' the wild rose seems  
 Eclipsed by its virgin band,  
 Fresh as the spray o' their mountain streams,  
 A land o' love and a land o' dreams,  
 It is our native land !

—ANONYMOUS.

### To a Sprig of Heather.

Thou bonny wee purple feathery flower,  
 Thou hast traversed the ocean wide,  
 And hast brought me a message of peace and hope  
 From the bonny braid hillside.

As I view thee I picture the grand old Ben  
 In its autumn purple hue,  
 And in fancy can hear the muir-cock's whirr  
 And the scream of the wild curlew.

The cushie's note sounds sweet from the wood,  
And the salmon's splash from the stream,  
While the sunlight glintin' o'er bracken and whin  
Gives a golden and glorious gleam.

The eagle soars o'er the Ben's grand crest ;  
The mavis pipes sweet on the hill,  
Whilst nature adoreth her Maker and God  
With a solemn and rapturous thrill.

Oh Scotia ! country of Highlands and Bens,  
With fair glens sloping down to the sea,  
Long, long years of exile but rivet more fast  
The ties which attract me to thee.

What care I for Indian sunshine and show,  
For Orient summer and smiles ?  
On the world's wide face are no fairer scenes  
Than the seas of the Western Isles.

I thank thee then, friend for this wee purple sprig,  
For it bringeth fair mem'ries to me.  
And while toiling on here, 'mid a nation of slaves,  
It recalleth bright thoughts of the free.

As I lay thee aside thou wee purple tipped spray,  
With a sigh for auld Scotland's grey shore,  
A tear falls unbid on thy feathery face,  
And I murmur "Lochaber no more" !

—F. A., Java, in the *Celtic Monthly*.

## Land of my Birth.

(Dedicated to the Toronto Caledonian Society.)

Scotland ! my own, my native land,  
Thy broomy hills and silv'ry streams,  
They haunt me on this foreign strand—  
How oft I see them in my dreams !



I clap my hands in childish glee,  
And play again upon thy shore ;  
But waking, weep ! no more for me  
Those happy, happy days of yore !

I've wander'd from thee, fairest land !  
And pine upon another shore,  
Strange sights and scenes on ev'ry hand  
Remind me that I love thee more !  
A sprig of heather from thy hills,  
A bonnie flower from yon sweet dell—  
At sight of these my fond heart thrills  
And throbs beneath their potent spell !

I hear a song—a song of thee !  
Sung in the Doric, pure and sweet,  
Of Scottish love and chivalry,  
With pleasure I am like to greet ;  
I hear a voice—one like my own—  
While passing by some market-place,  
In accent, pathos, twang, and tone—  
And claim my kin—a Scottish face !

Oh ! dearest land on God's fair earth,  
May I be spared thy face to see !  
Land of my sires ! Land of my birth !  
None other can be hame to me !  
Where'er my wand'ring footsteps rove,  
My heart is ever true to thee !  
And warmest blessings, pray'rs and love  
Are daily wafted ower the sea !

—J. IMRIE.

## A Song in Exile.

The mountains proud and high,  
The waters dark and deep,  
The swiftly changing sky  
O'er which the storm-clouds sweep :

In dreams I see them all,  
The scenes I knew of yore—  
The tumbling waterfall,  
The open sheiling door.

In dreams I see once more,  
When sleeping or awake,  
That wild and rocky shore,  
Where crested billows break ;

Those green and shady glens,  
The moorlands stretching wide,  
The haughty snow-capped bens,  
The quiet green hill-side.

I see the heather hill,  
Where graves of kindred lie,  
Where rest they calm and still,  
Lulled by the ocean's sigh.

Land of the ancient lays,  
Sung by the bards long dead ;  
Stories of far-off days,  
Tales of the warriors' dread.

Ever my heart turns home,  
Turns with a throb to thee,  
Ever, though far I roam,  
Thou art still home to me.

—M. T. M. in the *Oban Times*.

## The Highland Hills.

The Highland hills are calling me,  
They claim me as their child,  
They woo me from those alien halls  
To seek the mountains wild.  
The tears will overflow mine eyes,  
As the old heart-stirring strain  
Calls visions from the long dead past,  
To mingle joy with pain.

Once more I live 'mid youthful scenes ;  
I climb the heathery brae,  
And feel the birch tree's scented breeze  
Across my forehead play.  
I wander by the lochan's side  
And hear the curlew's call,  
The glory of a Highland eve  
Throws glamour over all.

I hear the murmuring music  
Of the restless mountain rill,  
And see the peat-reek curling  
From the home cot on the hill.  
The merle 'mong the woodlands wild  
Sings sweetly as of yore,  
The sunbeams fall across the paths  
I tread in dreams once more.

My spirit wanders far away  
By yon dark loch and glade,  
Where rest the dear and long lost ones  
Beneath earth's soft green plaid.

Ah ! sacred are the memories  
That waft me to my home,  
And the voices of the mountains grand  
They haunt where'er I roam.

—COLONEL MACLEAN in the *Oban Times*.

## The Western Hills.

Hills of the west ! Hills rich in song and story !  
Land of my sires, I ever yearn for thee  
Hills which have seen the deeds of fame and glory,  
Hills on which trod the brave of heart and free !

Mountains and hills that o'er the landscape frowning,  
Storm-scarred and high, taught men the fearless soul ;  
Reaching the clouds with haughty snow-crests crowning,  
Still stern and calm though dark the storm clouds roll.

Mountains and hills that guard the straths and valleys,  
Type of the men who call the west their home,  
Oft have ye seen the stately warrior galleys  
Shake from their prows the gleaming crystal foam.

But proud and strong, ye stand there calmly gazing  
On scenes of ruth, or scenes of joy and peace ;  
Calm, though thy summits bore the beacon blazing,  
Calm, though around wild conflicts ne'er might cease.

Hills of the west ! Our Highland hearts long ever,  
When far from thee to once again behold  
The mountain-crests, while memories throng ever  
Round us of youth, of tales by dreamers told.

—MARGARET T. MACGREGOR in the *Celtic Monthly*.

**The Land o' the Leal.<sup>1</sup>**

In the Land o' the Leal, where the heather blooms purple,  
 The mist on the hills, and God's light on the streams ;  
 Where the glen and the crag and the blue fir commingle—  
 The Land o' the Leal, that I see in my dreams.

The scent of the morning, the breeze of the moorland,  
 The glorious trees in their majesty stand ;  
 The ripple of water and rushing of river  
 Are glorified there, in my health-giving land.

The voice of the people, the Gaelic endearments,  
 The clasp of the hand for the sake of "langsyne,"  
 The bonnie wee bairns, and the hardy braw laddie,  
 In the Land o' the Leal, where their welcome is mine.

In the Land o' the Leal, where my spirit roams ever,  
 I stretch out my hands to the purple-clad hill ;  
 While the mystical beauty weaves patterns unceasing,  
 And the spell of the moorlands is over me still.

—HELEN URQUHART, in *Chambers's Journal*.

**A Sprig o' Heather.**

It's a lang, lang gate to the auld countrie,  
 To oor hame o'er the saut, saut sea ;  
 But no owre lang for the hand o' love  
 To reach baith you and me.

'Tis far to the bonnie broomie knowes,  
 To the bens that are robed in blue,  
 To the roofs that ring wi' the auld Scotch sangs,  
 And the hearts that are leal and true.

<sup>1</sup> The writer has, like Mr Gladstone, transferred the term "Land o' the Leal" from heaven (as used by Lady Nairne) to Scotland.

But it's no sae far on St. Andrew's nicht,  
When love spans a' the seas,  
And the clachan looms ayont the mist,  
Enthroned 'mang the birken trees.

Then auld and young sit roon the board,  
A' come o' Scottish kin,  
To pledge a cup to the leal, leal land,  
Though the saut tears blur their een.

And syne to croon the festive glee,  
Some fairy waves her wand,  
And a heather sprig frae the auld Scotch hills  
Is seen in ilka hand.

And as we gaze on its bonnie bells  
We are wafted clean awa'  
To the land o' the bens, the corries, and fells,  
Whaur the thyme and the myrtle blaw.

We hear the sang o' the larks as they mount  
Aboon the lift sae blue,  
While the burnies hum their lullaby  
On the breast o' Ben MacDhu.

We smell the peat-reek ance again,  
We hear the surf on the shore,  
And we fa' asleep to oor mither's sangs  
That she crooned in the days o' yorc.

So we bless the han's that pu'd the sprigs  
On mony a hicht and howe,  
To cheer the heart o' the exiled loons  
In the land o' the great Manitou.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Manitou—*i.e.*, the Great Spirit; Manitoba, the land of the Great Spirit.

We send a kiss to the cottar lass,  
 In her sheiling on the moor,  
 And ane to the lass in the lordly ha',  
 And the caillachs that rest at the door.

For their hearts are leal to the auld Scots blood,  
 To their brithers o'er the sea ;  
 So we bless them a', baith great and sma',  
 Frae Hoy to the sands o' Dee.

—DONALD M'VICAR,  
 Portage la Prairie, Manitoba.

### Scotland o'er the Sea.

I sigh to see auld Scotia's hills,  
 Her rugged steeps, her silvery rills ;  
 My heart with warm emotion fills  
 For Scotland dear to me.

Methinks I see her mountains bold,  
 Stern monuments of years untold,  
 Where Roman hosts could ne'er unfold  
 The fortress of the free.

Hush ! can it be that still I hear  
 The pibroch's swelling strains so clear ?  
 While from my eye there draps a tear  
 For Scotland o'er the sea.

Her heathery hills, her birken braes,  
 Her broomie knowes, her whines and slaes,  
 Are visions o' my early days,  
 In Scotland o'er the sea.

Unfettered, free frae anxious care,  
 And nimble as a mountain hare,  
 We climbed her hills o' caller air,  
 In Scotland o'er the sea.

See there, the mavis on yon thorn,  
The landrail calling through the corn,  
The blackbird's song, where I was born,  
In Scotland o'er the sea.

Or like the layerock high in air,  
Sweet bird of praise, like morning prayer—  
Could I your grief and joys but share  
In Scotland o'er the sea.

She may be cauld, she may be bleak,  
She may hae wants afar to seek ;  
But wha can boast a rosy cheek  
Like Scotland o'er the sea ?

On India's plains let palm trees grow,  
Let fruits and spices there o'erflow ;  
But gie me Scotia's frosts and snow,  
Auld Scotia still for me.

The seas may cease to rage and roar,  
The sun may cease to shine, before  
I can forget auld Scotia's shore—  
Yes ! Scotland still for me !

—ANONYMOUS.

## Comin' Hame.

Oh ! the lift is high and blue,  
And the new moon glints through  
The bonny corn-stooks of Strathairly.  
My ship's in Largo Bay,  
And I ken it weel, the way,  
Up the steep, steep brae of Strathairly.



When I sailed ower the sea,  
 A laddie bold and free,  
     The corn sprang green on Strathairly ;  
 Noo when I come back again,  
 'Tis an auld man walks his lane,  
     Slow an' sad through the fields of Strathairly.

O' the shearers that I see,  
 Ne'er a body kens me,  
     Though I kent them a' at Strathairly ;  
 And this fisher-wife I pass,  
 Can it be the braw lass  
     That I kissed at the back o' Strathairly.

Oh ! the land's fine, fine !  
 I could buy it a' for mine ;  
     My godw's yellow as the stooks o' Strathairly ;  
 But I fain that lad would be,  
 That sailed ower the saut sea,  
     When the dawn rose grey on Strathairly.  
     —The author of *John Halifax, Gentleman*.

### The Exile to his Country.

Tho' rugged and rough be the land of my birth,  
 To the eye of my heart 'tis the Eden of earth.  
 Far, far have I sought, but no land could I see  
 Half so fair as the land of my fathers to me.

And what thought the days of her greatness be o'er,  
 Though her nobles be few, though her kings are no more ;  
 Not a hope from her thralldom that time may deliver,  
 Though the sun of her glory hath left her for ever !

Dark, dark are the shades that encompass her round,  
But still midst those blooms may a radiance be found,  
As the flush through the clouds of the evening is seen,  
To tell what the blaze of the noontide hath been.

With a proud swelling heart I will dwell on her story,  
I will tell to my children the tale of her glory ;  
When nations contended her friendship to know,  
When tyrants were trembling to find her their foe.

Let him hear of that story, and where is the Scot  
Whose heart will not swell when he thinks of her lot ?  
Swell with pride for her power, in the times that are o'er,  
And with grief that the days of her might are no more !

Unmanned be his heart, and be speechless his tongue,  
Who forgets how she fought, who forgets how she sung ;  
Ere her blood through black treason was swelling her rills,  
Ere the voice of the stranger was heard on her hills !

How base his ambition, how poor is his pride,  
Who would lay the high name of a Scotsman aside ;  
Would whisper his country with shame and with fear,  
Lest the Southrons should hear it, and taunt as they hear.

Go tell them, thou fool, that the time erst hath been  
When the Southrons would blench if a Scot were but seen ;  
When to keep and to castle in terror they fled  
As the loud border echoes resounded his tread.

Shall thy name, O my country ! no longer be heard ?  
Once the boast of the hero, the theme of the bard ;  
Alas ! how the days of thy greatness are gone,  
For the name of proud England is echoed alone !

What a pang to my heart, how my soul is on flame,  
 To hear that vain rival in arrogance claim,  
 As the meed of their own, what thy children hath won,  
 And their deeds pass for deeds which the English have done.

Accurs'd be the lips that would sweep from the earth  
 The land of my fathers, the land of my birth ;  
 No more 'mid the nations her place to be seen,  
 Nor her name left to tell where her glory had been !

I sooner would see thee, my dear native land,  
 As barren, as bare as the rocks on thy strand,  
 Than the wealth of the world that thy children should boast,  
 And the heart-thrilling name of old Scotia be lost.

O Scotia ! my country, dear land of my birth,  
 Thou home of my fathers, thou Eden of earth,  
 Through the world have I sought, but no land could I see  
 Half so fair as thy heaths and thy mountains to me !

—ANONYMOUS, from *Jacobite Songs and Ballads*.

### **The World's Mother (Scotland).**

By crag and lonely moor she stands,  
 This mother of half a world's great men,  
 And kens them far by sea-wracked lands,  
 Or orient jungle, or western fen.

And far out mid the mad turmoil,  
 Or where the desert places keep  
 Their lonely hush, her children toil,  
 Or wrapped in wide-world honour sleep.

By Egypt's sands or western wave  
 She kens her latest heroes' rest,  
 With Scotland's honour o'er each grave,  
 And Britain's flag above each breast.

And some at home. Her mother love  
Keeps crooning wind-songs o'er their graves,  
Where Arthur's Castle looms above,  
Or Strathy storms or Solway raves ;

Or Lomond unto Nevis bends  
In olden love of clouds and dew,  
Where Trossach unto Stirling sends  
Greetings that build the years anew.

Out where her miles of heather sweep,  
Her dust of legend in his breast,  
'Neath aged Dryburgh's aisle and keep,  
Her wizard Walter takes his rest.

And her loved ploughman, he of Ayr,  
More loved than any singer loved  
By heart of man amid those rare  
High souls the world hath tried and proved ;

Whose songs are first to heart and tongue,  
Wherever Scotsmen greet together,  
And far-out alien scenes among,  
Go mad at the glint of a sprig of heather.

And he her latest, wayward child,  
Her Louis of the magic pen,  
Who sleeps by tropic crater piled,  
Far, far, alas ! from misted glen ;

Who loved her, knew her, drew her so,  
Beyond all common poet's whim ;  
In dreams the whaups are calling low,  
In sooth her heart is wae for him.

And they, her warriors, greater none  
 E'er drew the blade of daring forth,  
 Her Colin,<sup>1</sup> under Indian sun,  
 Her Donald <sup>2</sup> of the fighting North.

Or he, her greatest hero, he  
 Who sleeps somewhere by Nilus' sands,  
 Grave Gordon,<sup>3</sup> mightiest of those free,  
 Great captains of her fighting bands.

Yea, these and myriad, myriads more,  
 Who stormed the fort or ploughed the main,  
 To free the wave or win the shore,  
 She calls in vain, she calls in vain.

Brave sons of her, far-severed wide,  
 By purpling peak or reeling foam ;  
 From western ridge or orient side,  
 She calls them home, she calls them home.

And far from east to western seas,  
 The answering word comes back to her ;  
 Our hands were slack, our hopes were free,  
 We answered to the blood astir ;

The life by Kelpie loch was dull,  
 The homeward slothful work was done ;  
 We followed where the world was full,  
 To dree the weird our fates had spun.

We built the brigg, we reared the town,  
 We spanned the earth with lightning gleam,  
 We ploughed, we fought, 'mid smile and frown,  
 Where all the world's four corners teem.

<sup>1</sup> Sir Colin Campbell (Lord Clyde).

<sup>2</sup> Sir Donald MacKay, of the famous Dutch regiment, that helped to save Holland in the Thirty Years' War.

<sup>3</sup> General Gordon, the hero of Khartoum.

But under all the surge of life,  
    The mad race-fight for mastery,  
Though foremost in the surgent strife,  
    Our hearts went back, went back to thee.

For the Scotsman's speech is wise and slow,  
    And the Scotsman's thought it is hard to ken,  
But through all the yearnings of men that go,  
    His heart is the heart of the Northern glen.

His song is the song of the windy moor,  
    And the humming pipes of the squirling din ;  
And his love is the love of the shieling door,  
    And the reek of the smoking peat within.

And nohap how much of the alien blood  
    Is crossed with the strain that holds him fast,  
'Mid the world's great ill and the world's great good,  
    He yearns to the mother of men at last.

For there is something strong and something true  
    In the wind where the sprig of heather is blown ;  
And something great in the blood so blue,  
    That makes him stand like a man alone.

Yea, give him the road and loose him free,  
    He sets his teeth to the fiercest blast ;  
For there's never a toil in a far countrie,  
    But a Scotsman tackles it hard and fast.

He builds their commerce ; he sings their songs ;  
    He weaves their creeds with an iron twist ;  
And making of laws or righting of wrongs,  
    He grinds it all as the Scotsman's grist.

Yea, there by crag and moor she stands,  
This mother of half a world's great men,  
And out of the heart of her haunted lands  
She calls her children home again.

And over the glens and the wild sea floors  
She peers so still as she counts her cost.  
With the whaups low calling over the moors—  
Woe, woe, for the great ones she hath lost!

—W. WILFRED CAMPBELL,  
(in the *Toronto Globe*, Christmas 1899).

## POEMS (SENTIMENTAL).

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### Memories Dear.

**A**FT, aft, ha'e I pondered on scenes o' my childhood,  
The days since sae happy, oh ! come back again ;  
When I pu'd the wild daisies, that spangled the green  
wood,

An' gie'd them awa' to my wee lovers then.  
I'd hide frae my playmates 'mang trees an' keep keekin',  
An' lauchin' an' jumpin' wi' innocent glee !  
An' when I was wearied wi' hidin' and seekin',  
Fa' asleep, an' then waken an' chase the wild bee.

Oh ! weel hae I mind o' the sweet, sunny rambles  
Far doon by the green banks, dear dreams to me noo ;  
Sair jaggin' my wee han's wi' pu'in the brambles,  
An' gatherin' them in till my daidlie was fu'.  
Hoo I'd stay oot a-roamin' till late in the gloamin',  
Returning when diamonds bejewelled the sky ;  
My mither then kissed me, look'd upward, and blessed me,  
An' said they were heaven's lights beaming on high.

Ah ! since then, sic tossin' on life's stormy ocean,  
Wi' hope for the beacon as onwards I toiled,  
A vision cam' o'er me, when spirits were droopin',  
My mither seemed near me, an' blessed her ain child.



Hope's lamp brightened up wi' the sweet recollection  
 O' that mither's blessin' I lo'ed weel to earn ;  
 Aye stamped on my heart is my purest affection,  
 My mither's words, " Bless ye, God prosper my bairn."  
 —J. J. EWART.

### A Lochcarron Song.

Row, gently row ; the wind is light,  
 Smooth parting is the wave  
 Near islets green, whose rocky feet  
 The weedy waters lave.

#### *Chorus.*

Row, gently row ; dream of love  
 Thine eyes have put on me ;  
 And dearer will my dreams be yet  
 When they are shared by thee.

Row gently past green Applecross  
 And Crowlin Inland low ;  
 See Coolin of a thousand rills ;  
 Row, Skye lass, homewards row.

Row, gently row ; thy beaming eye  
 Seeks now thy native shore ;  
 The Isle of Mist is isle of bliss  
 To Skye hearts more and more.

Row, gently row ; sweet joy is here  
 With thee and love and I ;  
 To me for thee these hills are dear,  
 My brown-eyed maid of Skye.

—MURDO MACQUEEN.

## The Lost Langsyne.

The lost langsyne! O! the lost langsyne!  
Wi' the daylight sae sweet, an' the gloamin' sae fine,  
The he'rt yirms aye, an' the thocht winna tyne,  
For the years far awa' i' the lost langsyne.

We trysted at e'en, an' a-coortin' gaed we,  
When the oors sped sae swift 'neath the auld thorn tree,  
Sae blythe an' sae blate—dae ye min'? dae ye min'?  
I' the years far awa' i' the lost langsyne.

Or, the hairst was afit, an' the liltin' was free,  
An' the sangs that were sung were sae pawky an' slee,  
For the luve-licht was glintin', an' young he'rts were kin',  
I' the years far awa' i' the lost langsyne.

The lost langsyne! O! the lost langsyne!  
The hopes that were yours an' the luvés that were mine,  
Ha'e shed a' their bloom, like a floo'r i' the dwine,  
Far, far awa' i' the lost langsyne.

—JOHN ARBORY (JOHN MACFARLANE).

## Ilka Blade o' Grass.

Confide ye aye in Providence, for Providence is kind.  
And bear ye a' life's changes wi' a calm and tranquil mind.  
Tho' press'd and hemm'd on every side, ha'e faith and ye'll win  
through,

For ilka blade o' grass keps its ain drap o' dew.

Gin reft frae friends, or crossed in love, as whiles nae doubt  
ye've been,

Grief lies deep hidden in your heart, or tears flow frae your  
e'en;

Believe it for the best, and trow there's gude in store for you,  
For ilka blade o' grass keps its ain drap o' dew.

In lang, lang days o' simmer, when the clear an' cloudless sky  
 Refuses ae wee drap o' rain to nature parch'd an' dry,  
 The genial night, wi' balmy breath, gars verdure spring anew,  
 An' ilka blade o' grass keps its ain drap o' dew.

So lest 'mid Fortune's sunshine we should feel owre proud an  
 hie,  
 An' in our pride forget to wipe the tear frae poortith's e'e ;  
 Some wee, dark clouds o' sorrow come, we ken na whence or  
 hoo,  
 But ilka blade o' grass keps its ain drap o' dew.

—JAMES BALLANTYNE.

### "She Noddit to Me."

The following quaint and simple Doric poem, which gained, unsought, the favour of her late majesty Queen Victoria, came under her majesty's notice in a curious way. The author was employed on *The Aberdeen Journal* in the early eighties of the nineteenth century. The Queen was interested in an archæological discovery near Balmoral and had given orders that a copy of the paper with a report of the discovery should be sent to her. It happened to contain "She Noddit to Me," and the Queen was so gratified by its homely tribute to her as the Mother of her People that she asked for the author's name and sent him a gracious acknowledgment.

I'm but an auld body  
 Livin' up in Deeside  
 In a twa-roomed bit hoosie  
 Wi' a toofa' beside ;  
 Wi' my coo an' my grumphy  
 I'm as happy's a bee,  
 But am far prooder noo  
 Since she noddit to me !

I'm nae sae far past wi't  
I'm gey trig an' hale,  
Can plant twa-three tawties,  
An' look aifter my kale ;  
An' when oor Queen passes  
I rin oot to see  
Gin my luck she nicht notice  
An' nod oot to me !

But I've aye been unlucky,  
An' the blinds were aye doon,  
Till last week the time  
O' her veesit cam roon' ;  
I waved my bit apron  
As brisk's I could dee,  
An' the Queen lauched fu' kindly,  
An' noddit to me !

My son sleeps in Egypt—  
It's nae easy to freit,  
An' yet when I think o't  
I'm sair like to greet ;  
She may feel for my sorrow,  
She's a mither, ye see ;  
An' maybe she kent o't  
When she noddit to me !

—A. DEWAR WILLOCK.

The Author of "Bairnies, Cuddle Doon!" is  
Mr ALEX. ANDERSON (*Surfaceman*)

## **Bairnies, Cuddle Doon!**

The bairnies cuddle doon at nicht wi' muckle faucht an' din,  
"O try an' sleep, ye waukrife rogues, yer faither's comin' in."  
They never heed a word I speak ; I try tae gie a froom,  
But aye I hap them up an' say, "O bairnies, cuddle doon !"

Wee Jamie wi' the curly heid, he aye sleeps next the wa'  
 Bangs up, an' cries, "I want a piece," the rascal starts them a'.  
 I rin an' fetch them pieces, drinks, they stop awee the soun',  
 Then draw the blankets up an' cry, "Noo, weanies, cuddle  
 doon!"

But ere five minutes gang, wee Rab cries oot frae 'neath the  
 claes,  
 "Mither, mak' Tam gie owre at ance, he's kittlin' wi' his taes."  
 The mischief's in that Tam for tricks he'd bother hauf the  
 toon ;  
 But aye, I hap them up an' say, "O bairnies, cuddle doon!"

At length they hear their faither's fit, an' as he steeks the door,  
 They turn their faces tae the wa', while Tam pretends tae  
 snore.  
 "Ha'e a' the weans been gude?" he asks, as he pits aff his  
 shoon.  
 "The bairnies, John, are in their beds, an' lang since cuddled  
 doon."

An' juist afore we bed oorsel's we look at oor wee lambs ;  
 Tam has his airm roun' wee Rab's neck, and Rab his airm  
 roun' Tam's.  
 I lift wee Jamie up the bed, and as I straik each croon,  
 I whisper, till ma hert fills up, "O bairnies, cuddle doon!"

The bairnies cuddle doon at nicht wi' mirth that's dear tae me,  
 But sure the big warl's cark and care will quieten doon their  
 glee.  
 Yet come what may tae ilka ane, may He wha rules aboon  
 Aye whisper though their pows be bald, "O bairnies, cuddle  
 doon!"

## The Psaulms o' Dauvid.

THE AULD WIFE TO HER YOUNG MINISTER.

Dear minister I like ye fine !  
For a sensible young man !  
But oh ! gie's oot a psaulm to sing  
As aften as ye can !

An' ye but ken'd the dirl o' joy  
In this auld hert o' mine,  
When singin' words an' tunes are dear  
Sin' days o' lang lang syne !

Mind ye, thae hymns that a' folk like,  
They're but the words o' man !  
Sae let us ha'e a bible psaulm  
Aftener than "noo's and than !"

Crackin' o' hymns, that brisk young lad  
That ca's yer gran' piana,  
He rants them aff at sic' a rate  
That folla' him I canna !

Na ! but the verra hunder psaulm  
He pits sic reel-time in't !  
The lad—he's rattlin' on afore,  
An' me three lines ahint !

Eh ! I min' oor kirk—my faither's kirk,  
I' the Hielants lang ago !  
Hoo we sat and sang the auld psaulm tunes  
Sae sollum an' sae slow !

I like yer sermons, minister !  
Gey short, but verra nate,  
But oh ! they want the thunder-roar  
O' the grand auld Hielant spate !

I've suttin' oors at preachin's  
 At the tent upo' the green,  
 An' a' their texts, an' heids, an' pints,  
 I wad screed them aff at e'en.

But you! ye've naither heids nor pints  
 I canna comprehend it!  
 I whiles think "he's beginnin' weel,"  
 When, losh! yer sermon's endit!

But minister! I like yer prayers!  
 Some swears ye read a book;  
 I dinna ken, I steeks ma een,  
 I nivver gie's a look.

Hoots! fashions i' the kirk maun shift  
 Like ither things in life?  
 I couldna' wuss that a' the folk  
 Sud boo till ae auld wife!

A bonnie thing gin I cried out;  
 To a' thae leddies fine—  
 "Ye'll please putt on the soopack mutch  
 I use' till wear lang syne!"

Ay, but the psaulm-book stood its grund  
 For mony a bygane year,  
 An' aye we've had its bonnie sangs  
 To gie us licht an' cheer.

The sangs that titch't the tender herts  
 Beside the willa' trees.  
 Some thinks they're owre auld-fashion't,  
 Their "modern tastes" to please!

But "wae's my hert!" cries this auld wife,  
Gin e'er the day come roon'  
When Scotland flings her psalm-book bye  
Like an auld sair-worn gown!

Sae minister! to Scotland's kirk  
Be ye a trusty man!  
An' haud the grup o' Dauvid's psaulms  
As stieve as e'er ye can!

—Rev. T. HARDY FOULIS in *St. Andrews*.

## How Did You Die?

Did you tackle that trouble that came your way  
With a resolute heart and cheerful?  
Or hide your face from the light of day  
With a craven soul and fearful?  
Oh! a trouble's a ton, or a trouble's an ounce,  
Or a trouble is what you make it,  
And it isn't the fact that your hurt that counts,  
But only—how did you take it?

You are beaten to earth? well, well, what's that?  
Come up with a smiling face.  
It's nothing against you to fall down flat,  
But to lie there—that's disgrace.  
The harder you're thrown, why, the higher you bounce;  
Be proud of your blackened eye!  
It isn't the fact that you're licked that counts;  
It's—how did you fight—and why?

And though you be done to the death, what then?  
If you battled the best you could,  
If you played your part in the world of men,  
Why, the critic will call it good.



Death comes with a crawl, or comes with a pounce,  
 And whether he's slow or spry,  
 It isn't the fact that your dead that counts,  
 But only—how did you die?

—EDMUND VANCE COOKE,  
 in the *Windsor Magazine*.

### Courage.

Courage, brother, manly bear it,  
 Every life-storm has its height ;  
 Keep a stout true heart behind it,  
 Victory soon shall end the fight.

Though rest's haven seems far distant;  
 And life's billows higher roll,  
 Patience, perseverance, trying,  
 Nearer draws the wished for goal.

Though the darkness hangs around you,  
 And few are friends to cheer thy way,  
 Ne'er despairing, ne'er undaunted,  
 Soon will dawn the brighter day.

Every cloud the sky that crosses  
 Casts its shadows o'er the earth,  
 But the quickening breeze behind it  
 Calls again new light to birth.

Though the sun rise veiled in stormclouds,  
 And its rays hid from thine eye,  
 It may quickly rise above them,  
 And adorn a peaceful sky.

Health to man is ever dearer  
 When he's borne the sickening pain ;  
 The storm but leaves the sky the clearer,  
 As grass is greener after rain.

Ne'er let disappointment daunt you.

    Though, too true, 'tis hard to bear  
For the brightest gleams of sunshine  
    Follow in the wake of care.

Were each day unclouded sunshine,  
    Were the seas for ever still,  
Then too soon would life all wither,  
    And the vesture of the hill

Pass away, as though a furnace  
    Had consumed it o'er and o'er,  
Leaving only desolation—  
    A withered land—a waveless shore.

'Tis the hour of deepest sorrow,  
    In which all must take a part,  
That reveals what gems, lie buried  
    Hidden in the human heart.

Had we never felt a sorrow,  
    Had we never known a fear,  
Dead would be all human feeling,  
    The swelling throat, the glistening tear.

Silent monitors of pity!  
    Gems that move the human heart!  
On to actions kind and noble,  
    In a struggling brothers' part.

—JAMES L. MORTON, Fort-William,  
    in the *Highland News*.

### **My Rowan Tree.**

Fair shelterer of my native cot,  
    That cot so very dear to me,  
O! how I envy thee thy lot,  
    My long-lost rowan tree!

Thou standest on thy native soil,  
Proud-looking o'er a primrosed lea ;  
The skies of Scotland o'er thee smile,  
Thrice happy rowan tree ;

Well do I mind that morning fair,  
When a mere boy I planted thee ;  
A Kingdom now were less my care  
Than then my rowan tree !

How proudly did I fence thee round,  
How fondly think the time might be  
I'd sit with love and honour crown'd  
Beneath my rowan-tree !

'Twas thus I dream'd : That happy day  
I'd die to think my fate would be  
So soon to plod life's weary way,  
Far from my rowan tree.

Long years have passed since last I eyed  
Thy growing grace and symmetry :  
A stranger to me sits beside  
My long-lost rowan tree.

Yet, still in fancy I can mark  
Thy lily bloom and fragrancy,  
And birds that sing from dawn to dark,  
Perched on my rowan tree.

Like rubies red on beauty's breast,  
Thy clustering berries yet I see,  
Half-hiding some spring warblers' nest  
Built in my rowan tree.

Fair as the maple<sup>1</sup> green may tower,  
I'd gladly give a century  
Beside it, for one happy hour  
Beneath my rowan tree.

The forest many trees can boast  
More fit perhaps for keel or knee—  
But none for grace in heat or frost,  
Can match the rowan tree.

How beautiful above them all,  
Its snow-white summer drapery !  
A cloud of crimson in the fall  
Seems Scotland's rowan tree !

Well knows the boy at Beltane time  
When near it in a vocal key,  
What whistles perfectly sublime  
Supplies the rowan tree.

Well knows he, too, what ill that wretch  
Might look for, who would carelessly  
Home in his load of firewood, fetch  
Aught of the rowan tree.

In vain might midnight hags colleague  
To witch poor Crumbie's milk, if she  
Had only o'er her crib, a twig  
Cut from the rowan tree !

Alas that in my dreams alone,  
I ever now can hope to see  
My boyhood's home and thee my own,  
My matchless rowan tree !

—EVAN MACCOLL, ("The Bard of Lochfyne.")

<sup>1</sup> This is an allusion to the poet, having emigrated to Canada.

## MacRimmon's Lament.

The music of this Lament was composed in 1746 by Donald Ban MacRimmon, the celebrated piper of MacLeod of Dunvegan. MacRimmon was killed during the "Rout of Moy." The Gaelic words of the Lament are supposed to have been composed by MacRimmon's sweetheart. The English translation is by the late Professor Blackie.

Round Cullin's peak the mist is sailing :  
 The Banshee croons her note of wailing,  
 Wild blue eyes with sorrow are streaming  
 For him that shall never return, MacRimmon !  
     No more, no more, no more for ever,  
     In war or peace shall return MacRimmon !

The breeze on the hill is mournfully blowing,  
 The brook in the hollow is plaintively flowing,  
 The warblers, the soul of the grove, are mourning  
 For MacRimmon that's gone with no hope of returning.  
     No more etc.

The tearful clouds the stars are veiling,  
 The sails are spread, but the boat is not sailing,  
 The waves of the sea are moaning and mourning  
 For MacRimmon that's gone to find no returning.  
     No more, etc.

No more on the hill at the festal meeting  
 The pipe shall sound with the festal greeting,  
 And lads and lasses change mirth to mourning  
 For him that's gone to know no returning.  
     No more etc.

## Harp of the North.

Harp of the north, farewell! The hills grow dark,  
On purple peaks a deeper shade descending;  
In twilight cypse the glow-worm lights her spark,  
The deer, half-seen, are to the covert wending.  
Resume thy wizard elm! the fountain lending,  
And the wild breeze, thy wilder minstrelsy;  
Thy numbers sweet with Nature's vespers blending,  
With distant echo from the fold and lea,  
And herd-boy's evening pipe, and hum of housing bee.

Yet once again, farewell, thou Minstrel Harp!  
Yet once again, forgive my feeble sway,  
And little reck I of the censure sharp  
May idly cavil at an idle lay.  
Much have I owed thy strains on life's long way,  
Through secret woes the world has never known,  
When on the weary night dawned wearier day,  
And bitterer was the grief devour'd alone.  
That I o'erlive such woes, Enchantress! is thine own.

Hark! as my lingering footsteps slow retire,  
Some spirit of the air has waked thy string!  
'Tis now a seraph bold, with touch of fire,  
'Tis now the brush of Fairy's frolic wing.  
Receding now, the dying numbers ring  
Fainter and fainter down the rugged dell,  
And now the mountain breezes scarcely bring  
A wandering witch-note of the distant spell;  
And now 'tis silent all! Enchantress, fare thee well!

—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

## PROSE (HUMOROUS).

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### The Sassenach.

**A**N English gentleman with two travelling bags and a Glengarry bonnet is putting up at the Lorne Arms. It is likely that he comes from the north of England somewhere seeing that he wears only the bonnet; if he was from London he would have on a kilt instead of plain clothes. All the people in the south parts of England, and especially in London, wear the kilt. It is a very expensive dress, and the buckles and silver and cairngorm stones about it cost more money than would keep the men in the Glen in trousers for a year.

The English gentleman at the hotel is on us very early, and more's the pity, for we are sowing the potatoes, and it's not much use he will be to us, so the hotel-keeper will likely get all his money. He'll perhaps have the two bags full of it, for they think nothing of money in England.

It is a pity the hotel-keeper should get all the Sassenach to himself, for the rest of us in the Glen are very poor and the price of seed potatoes is up again. But it is a fine spring and maybe we'll have a better harvest of Sassenachs this year than usual. If it was not for the fishing and the Sassenach we might as well go to America for there would be no living here. They tell me that long ago our people used to fight against the

Sassenachs. It shows how very ignorant they were here before the School Boards. The silly old people would likely think a Sassenach with his kilt and his spectacles and his bags was no use but for killing, little thinking of the value he could be made if he was looked after properly. One Sassenach for a week is worth three months at the herring-fishery, and that's not counting what he can be charged for busking flies for him. The less a Sassenach knows about flies and fishing the more likely is the laird to get the whole of his rent at Martinmas. Old Baldy MacTavish up the Glen once gave a Sassenach from a place they called Liverpool a peacock feather pike fly to catch perch with and charged ten shillings for it, "because of the considerable material used up in it." Baldy was a very clever man too, or he would never be a deacon in the Free Church and him only a mason's labourer. He left all his money to the Sustentation Fund when he died—*beannachd leis!*

It is wonderful how lazy the Sassenach is, but Providence is always good to the poor Highlander. I never saw the English gentleman yet who could carry his own bags from the quay, or his own gun to the hill. To see them with the kilt on at first you would think they were perhaps weak in the legs, but it's not that, for they'll sweat for miles over the moor after grouse we could get for them at a shilling or two each if the laird would let us. If they are very white about the knees when they have the kilt on it's dirty enough they must be otherwise, for they have to provide big tin things they call baths for them up at the hotel every morning for them to wash themselves in. One of the boots says they wash themselves all over, and their feet too, every day, whether they are needing it or not. And they have to change their white shirts every other day too! It's not a good sign, but all the same it's a blessing for old Widow Fraser. She gives the shirts a sprinkle of water and a rub with a hot iron, and it's sixpence for every shirt. Little enough too, when it's only for three or four months in the year.

They must drink a terrible lot of whisky in England, for the



Sassenach cannot do without it here. He carries it about with him in a wee bottle he calls a "pocket-pistol." On this hill I have seen a Sassenach drink a quarter of a bottle mixed with water quite easily, when it took a gillie all his time to finish the rest without any water at all. It is very dear the whisky is up at the hotel when the Sassenach buys it, but that'll be because the landlord puts a fancy picture on the bottle and calls the drink "Special," although it was just plain whisky when it was in the cask. The hotel-keeper, Mr MacDougall, last summer got a new thing they call a billiard table for the use of the Sassenach. Billiards is a kind of shinty game you play on a table with a green cloth on it. The minister, Mr MacCorkindale, says it is a very sinful game, and it's likely enough it is, for it costs a great deal of money. It is a funny enough game, too, for the wee boy with the buttons the hotel-keeper got to lift the money can sometimes beat a strong man six times his weight they tell me. There was a great story in the place last August that some of the Sassenachs were playing at the billiards on a Sunday. It is a wonder a judgment did not come on them. If I was MacDougall, the hotel-keeper, I would charge them double the price of the game on Sunday rather than such a sin should be committed in my hotel. Another game the Sassenachs are daft about is Highland Sports. They are very poor things, the Sports. There is not much money in them for us, but only expense, getting the loan of kilts from the gamekeepers and the gentry's flunkies, and the man in Glasgow who lets them out on hire. All the professional Highlanders from Glasgow and Paisley and thereabout come up and lift all the prizes away on us, and a man might as well be at the fishing. A Highlander called Murphy, from Greenock, last year got £2 for playing ten minutes on the bagpipes, and I'm sure Sandy MacDonald could give a far longer tune on the "Jews trump" for half the money. I am not a bad hand at the mouth-harmonium myself.

—By A CELT.

## Saint Andrew's Day.

To-day is the feast of St. Andrew, the patron saint of Scotland! Much your Scot cares for St. Andrew; no more in fact than the Englishman cares for St. George; perhaps less, for he will not be patronised even by a saint.

It is not till the Scot leaves home (which, as is well known he invariably does) that he pays any heed to St. Andrew's Day. The calendar then provides him when business is over, but not a moment before, with an occasion for feasting and foregathering with his compatriots. It is then that he eats haggis, which he never tasted at home, and sheep's-head with its "feck o' fine promiscuous feedin'," and drinks whisky which has but a faint far-off flavour of the real Glenlivet. To-day the course of the setting sun from Japan to San Francisco will be accompanied by the wild yell of "Scotland Yet," as the Scot sets his foot upon the table, and draining his glass to the last drop throws it over his head never to be profaned by a meaner toast. Someone will sing "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," and his bosom will swell with an ardour as intense as if he had borne a pike at Bannockburn but yesterday. And then another song will steal into his heart, "O! why left I my hame, why did I cross the deep," and a tear, no mere watery dropping but a genuine flush of warm emotion will fall from his eyes, with no effort of his to restrain or conceal it. Another glass in silence to the memory of Robert Burns, and he will then be uproariously laughing at "Tam o' Shanter" or "Duncan Gray." Yet if anybody, Turk, Jew, or Yankee, observing this man of curiously compounded sentiments shall try, on the strength of that tear, to get the better of him next day in a bargain he will be rudely disillusioned. For St. Andrew and his day he cares not a doit any longer; but if any curiosity exists as to what he thinks about Scotland, the nearest way to gratify it will be to drop business or duty and call her and her sons hard names. If,

thereafter, you can lay your hand on your heart and say you ever heard a more voluble, pertinacious, or trenchant arguer, your experience will have been unusually wide or exceptional.

To the average Englishman the mention of Scot calls up the ideas of whisky, kilts, "canny man," and "bang gaed saxpence." The whisky must be admitted; statistics put it beyond the reach of even Scottish denial, and there is no man better fitted, when put to it, to contend that black is only a shade of white than the Scot. Whether the method of taking whisky, popular among the lower classes in Scotland is fully known, may, however, be doubted. It is drunk with water as elsewhere, but with a difference. When your Scot has got his gill of spirits in his glass he opens his mouth wide and swallows it neat at one gulp; then he measures out about the same quantity of water and drinks that, but not with anything like the same gratification. If he were once thoroughly persuaded that the neat whisky would not burn a hole in his vitals he would not dilute its fine intensity. For whisky in the abstract, as a cult, he has a true reverence. A Highlandman became very sick in crossing the Forth and was recommended by a companion to put his finger down his throat and relieve his agonies. "So she'll put her finger down her throat anyway whatever," answered Donald, "but, man, it's whisky!"

Touching the "canniness" and the sixpences there can be no doubt the Scot likes value for his outlay, mental or monetary. He never bets save when he is perfectly certain, and is slow to commit himself to an opinion or course of action until he descries a path. Thus it is that he so frequently succeeds in getting sevenpence worth for his sixpence, and full justification from events for his prudence. Besides, he is encumbered with a conscience of a quality unknown among other peoples, the product of many generations of Biblical disputation and self-analysis. He has to surmount it in times of great temptation. It forbids him to traffic on the Sabbath but he gets over it in this way: "Donald, if it werena the Sabbath what wad ye be

wantin' for your coo?" "Aweel, if ye were tae ask me on Monday I wad be sayin' £15."

But there is one certain difference between the Scot and the Englishman, one infallible test by which you will know the Scot everywhere, namely, the sentiment of home, his own land, his town, his parish. Born wanderer, successful colonist as he is, this sentiment he never shakes off, nor indeed seeks to shake off; it follows him everywhere, perennial, potent, all-pervading. Even in Scotland he discriminates. "Och, Sirs!" said the old woman with almost her dying breath, "that I should be buried in a strange parish!" The Aberdeen tailor who had come south a short fifty miles and saw the moon rise over the Tay, exclaimed: "My certes! is that the same moon as we have in Aberdeen?" An Edinburgh girl who took service in Glasgow brought the sweetheart she had won there to see the capital. She led him along Princes Street with its gardens on one side and shops on the other, but the only remark it drew from him was: "Losh! Lizzie, do ye ca' this a street? It has only got one side." Abroad the Scot laughs at these parochial differences, but sing to him in China or Africa "I canna get a glint o' my ain countree," and he will listen to you like a tearful child. This piercing pathos for his country is part and parcel of him, inalienable, unquenchable. A recreant Scot is an impossibility. Merchant, official, runaway, vagabond, it matters not; by that you shall know him.—From an American Paper.

## Campbell of Chicago and the Sprigs of Heather.

An enterprising Scotch newspaper a few weeks ago (says the *Chicago Record* of 26th September 1898) sent to a Chicago exile from Scotland a large box of purple heather, requesting him to distribute it among his countrymen as far as it would go, and then call for more. The publishers explained that they had

been overwhelmed with letters from subscribers in Australia, Algeria, India, Canada, and every other corner of the habitable globe and that every last one of the said subscribers "was wearyin' for a sicht o' the heather." Mr Malcolm Campbell, the distributing agent, tells the rest of the story.

"I didn't advertise in the newspapers that I had heather to give away," he said, "I just stuck a sprig of it in a glass of water over my desk and let events take their course. Inside of a week it seemed to me that every MacPherson, Gregor, and Graham in town was after me. They came in shoals and droves and I had to come down at night and lock the door to do my business. For a week after the last tiny purple blossom had been shaken out of the box they kept coming, and it was only the sentiment of the thing that sustained me.

"One chap who called among the last was especially keen to get some. He said he wanted to take it home to his wife—a Perthshire lassie—and when I refused him, which I had to do seeing that the heather was all gone except my own sprig, he came up with a jar of Glenlivet and bribed me into giving him that sprig. In a few days he was back again and he was about the most downcast man you ever saw. He had given the wee bit sprig to the wife and it had all the effect on her that he counted on. 'She greeted at the sicht o' it,' he said, 'and naething will suit but she maun see her ain bonnie lochs an' braesides ance mair. Siccan a time as I have had! I maun be sendin' her hame the noo an' she'll tak' ane o' the bairns wi' her—the ither is ower sma' yet tae gang. It will cost me mair siller than I hae by me. Will ye lend me feefy, Campbell.'

"No, he doesn't talk like that as a general thing. I don't know whether he thought the Doric would 'saften' me or whether the 'thocht o' hame' made his Galloway tongue run in the old groove. I lent him the 'feefy,' and I know he will repay it, but the next box of heather I get will go kiting back."

## Starting a Burns' Club.

### A TALE FROM THE TROPICS.

We were sitting, Hyslop and I, on the sea-wall of Georgetown, the waves of the South Atlantic breaking at our feet. It was Sunday evening, and the trade-wind blowing in from the sea was cool and pleasant after the sweltering heat of the day. As usual the wall—the fashionable parade of our one horse colony—was dotted by Europeans, civil servants and their wives for the most part, all busily engaged in exchanging conversational small shot, congratulating those lucky enough to be on the eve of departure for a holiday at home, or eagerly questioning those just returned as to the gay doings in London town, and whether or not the medical officer at the Colonial Office was a good sort, and at all likely to recommend an extended holiday when the regulation leave was about to run out. There was the usual sprinkling of children present, under the watchful care of their African nurses, for whom most of the youngsters had more affection than for their listless, etiolated mammas, who sat with that indifferent, worn-out air peculiar to white women in the tropics. Now and again a few East Indian coolies, bare-legged and picturesque, flitted past, noiseless as “the inaudible foot of time,” occasionally stopping to gaze across the restless waste of waters in the direction of their native land. They looked due east; we nor'-east, to that dotlet on the map of Europe known as Great Britain.

The fact of the matter was we both had a very bad attack of home-sickness, that is nostalgia, to give the feeling its technical name.

“Man, this is an awful hole,” said Hyslop, who was chief reporter of the *Daily Bulletin*, and had his own ado in devising work by which his staff could produce decent, readable copy. “Never saw anything like it all my born days. Nothing ever

happens here. Eighteen months since we had a circus from the States; never a church bazaar for a year; and as for a murder and a hanging, well, those missionaries are to blame for that."

"If monotony is the curse of existence," said I, quoting a phrase from a London review brought over by the last fortnightly mail, "this certainly is a wretched place. The social life requires stirring up. What would kith and kin in Scotland say if they heard we were without a Burns Club in our midst? We have plenty of material to work upon. There are Scotsmen on the sugar estates, at the gold-fields, and in the stores in town. The great centenary is coming on, and it would be nothing short of a scandal if we did not let our Sassenach brothers in exile see we could present a united front to the world."

"A capital idea, Williamson; by jove, there's 'copy' in it, too! I never thought of it before. That old Edinburgh man, Donaldson the lawyer, is the only one with spunk among us. For forty years now he has had a special dinner on St. Andrew's night, but how it ends no one has ever been able to tell, though they do say that the old chap, with something like a chuckle, takes up his candle and goes to bed straight and steady after he has seen the last of the company under the table. Hullo! there's Henderson. I say, old man, what do you think? Here's Williamson suggesting to start a Burns Club. What do you say to form ourselves into a committee and get the thing set agoing at once? Eh? Sunday? Sabbatarian scruples? Nonsense; the better day the better deed. You be treasurer, Henderson (we can trust you with the money) and Williamson, he'll be secretary."

We sent a printed circular to each of the hundred and odd Scots scattered throughout the colony. A patriotic wave swept across the country, and even crept away inland up hundreds of miles of tortuous rivers and over mountains with unpronounceable names, till it reached lonely prospectors

searching for likely gold claims for their syndicates; and for weeks afterwards travel-stained notes, whose pencillings were almost obliterated, came tumbling in, carrying with them an answering hail and promise of support.

To a man they rallied, all except the old Edinburgh man, Donaldson, who smiled grimly when in an interview I explained what we were doing, and had added the hope that he would join us.

"Eh, laddie," said he, dropping into the Doric, on which he prided himself, "dae ye ken what you're daein'? A meeting o' Scotsmen, maist o' them never hae'in a chance to get oot their horns frae ae year's end to the ither? The when we hae in toon are bad enough when they get thegither, but bring doon the ither savages frae the sugar estates an' . . . Na, na, I'll be a member if you like, but diinna expect me at the meeting. I was at one thirty years ago—" and the old man stopped abruptly and smiled, as if a good joke had just been conjured up from his memory.

The meeting was held in the El Dorado Hotel, owned by Portuguese Pedro, the Provisional Committee being present, palpitating but confident. Our compatriots of the town came sauntering in a little before the hour, and shortly afterwards the clatter of hoofs told us that the country contingent were approaching.

We totalled thirty, just about the number expected, and all we required for the formation of the club so long as we had the pledged support of the absentees. None but Scotsmen were to be admitted, but exception was made in the case of Smythe, the chief reporter of the *Daily Rocket*, whose grandfather, he assured us, came from across the Border; and Hanson, the chemist, an Englishman, who sang songs alleged to be written in the tongue of Burns, of whom he had a great notion, scarcely to be gauged by his lingual treatment of the poet's masterpieces.

Any one with half an eye could see that the assembly were



in high fettle. Never since they individually left home had one ever met so large a gathering of his fellow-countrymen, and the sound of the old tongue was as music to not a few, whose daily language in the cane-fields was Hindustani. It proved a desirous meeting withal, it being decided heartily and unanimously, and with a cheer which made the rafters "dirl," that a Burns Club be formed; that the subscription be 10 dollars per annum; and that a dinner should be held every year.

The preliminaries over and Hyslop thanked for presiding, each was about to take "his several way, resolved to meet another day," to use the language of the patron saint of the club, when M'Kinlay the stationer, unobserved, slipped over to the old grand piano standing in a corner of the room. And that is the reason why to this day Georgetown is still without a Burns Club.

Patriotic fervour! Pah! What do the stay-at-homes know about it? In a trice the lid was raised, and, before a single man had reached the door, "Scots Wha Ha'e" was reverberating throughout the room, stealing out at the open windows and across the empty market square, till it died away amongst the shipping in the river. It stirred the heart's blood and sent it pulsating and throbbing to one's finger-tips, and the assembly sprang to their feet and joined in the defiant chorus till the quaint old town echoed with the stirring strain.

M'Pherson, the chief engineer of the *Belami* heard it, so did Halliday, the first officer of the *Nonpareil*, and many others lying on board ship in the placid stream. Inside of ten minutes the company had swollen to forty, each newcomer being greeted with a round of applause. A smoking concert was under weigh before one could wink. No thought of a break-up now. Home was never like this; and the piano banged and tinkled as one familiar chorus followed another. Negro policemen, their eyeballs nearly bulging from their sockets, stole under the windows to listen, and then fled for

their lives. It was their first experience of a Scottish splore. The fun grew fast and furious, and no one there had the presence of mind to reflect that the whisky sold by Portuguese Pedro was fiery enough to raise blisters on paving-stones.

But all things have an end, even a Scottish symposium, over the last acts of which let me draw a veil. Suffice it to say that next morning no report of the meeting appeared in either the *Bulletin* or the *Rocket*, a fact which led to a very painful interview between Hyslop and Smythe and their respective editors. As for those from the country, how they got home their mules alone could tell. One thing, however, is certain—the number of “sore heads” next morning was far above the average.

Nowhere than in the tropics does sentiment die so fast, yellow fever and constant changing being largely responsible. That night's enjoyment (?) killed patriotic enthusiasm, for, as Hyslop said, “If this could happen with thirty, what like would it not be with seventy or eighty?” An idea too painful to dwell upon.

As to the cynical Donaldson, he laughed till the tears rolled down his cheeks when I told him the story.

“Aye, laddie,” he remarked, “I kent fine what it would be. *It's* an awfu' colony, as you say. I'm thinkin' it's the climate that's to blame,” and his eye twinkled pawkily.

—D. ROBERTSON.

## Ye Chronicle of Saint Andrew.

### A GATHERING OF THIRSTY SCOTS.

1. It came to pass, in the year one thousand eight hundred and fourscore and —, in the City of Palaces, dwelt certain wise men from a far country beyond the great sea.

2. (In that year the rulers of the city did that which was right in their own eyes).

3. Now these wise men assembled themselves together, and

they said one to another, "Go to, let us remember our brethren whom we have left.

4. "For, behold! we be in a far country, and it shall come to pass that men shall say of us, 'Ye be nameless on the earth, ye have fled from the land of your nativity because the land of your nativity is poor.'

5. "This thing, therefore, will we do; we will make a great feast, so that the nose of whomsoever smelleth it shall tingle, and we will call to mind the ancient days and the mighty deeds of our fathers."

6. So they appointed a day, and many were gathered together—a mixed multitude from the Land of Cakes and of Thistles, from the west and from the north, and from the Isles of the Sea.

7. And behold! a great feast was prepared, and men in white raiment ministered unto them, and a ruler of the feast was appointed and set in the midst.

8. And forthwith to each man was given a writing of the good things of the feast, and the writing was in a tongue no man could understand, for the language was the language of the *Crapaud*, which signifieth in the heathen tongue a frog.

9. And some there were who pretended to know the writing, and the interpretation thereof; now these were hypocrites, for they knew but six letters of the writing, and these letters were *Haggis*, and even this much was a great mystery.

10. And the dishes no man could number; the people ate mightily, as it were the space of one hour. And no man spake to his neighbour till his inner man was comforted.

11. And while they ate, behold there drew near three mighty men of valour, clothed in many-coloured garments; and they bore in their arms musical instruments shaped like unto a beast of prey.

12. An they blew mightily upon what seemed the tail thereof, and straightway came there forth shrieks and sounds as it were the howlings of the damned.

13. 'And the hearts of the people were comforted, for this is that wherein their great strength lieth.

14. And wine was brought in vessels, but the children of the North would none of these; for they quenched their thirst with the Dew of the Mountain, which is the water of fire.

15. Then spake the wise men of the congregation unto them, and called to mind the ancient days and the mighty deeds of their fathers. And the people rejoiced exceedingly.

16. Now it came to pass when they had eaten and drunken greatly, even unto the full, that the hinges of their tongues were loosened—yea, even the joints of their knees.

17. And the ruler of the feast fled to his home, and a third part of the multitude followed, and a third part remained, saying, "We thirst," and a third part rose up to play.

18. And they played after the fashion of their country, and their movements resembled the peregrinations of a hen upon a girdle which is hot. Yet they seemed to think it pleasant, for they shouted for joy.

19. Now as for them that were athirst, behold their drinking was steady, but their limbs were not so; yea, they also shouted for joy and sang amazingly.

20. And they answered one to another and said, that notwithstanding the crowing of the cock, or the dawning of the day, they should still partake of the juice of the barley. So they encouraged one another with these words.

21. Now it came to pass that as they sat one came and said that he had seen a strange fire in the sky, but what it was he could not tell.

22. And some said "It is the moon"; and others said "It is the sun"; and some said "Doth the sun rise in the west"; and others said "This is not the west but the east"; and some said "Which is it, for we perceive two in the sky?"

23. And one said "I see nothing." Now the name of that man was Blin Foo. He was the son of Fill Foo, and his

mother's name was Haud Foo, and his brethren, Bung Foo, Sing Foo, Greet Foo, and Dam Foo, were speechless.

24. Then each man bade his neighbour farewell, embracing, and vowing eternal friendship, and some were borne home by men in scanty raiment, and others in carriages which jingled as they went; and others drove their own chariots home, and saw many strange sights; for they found grass growing and ditches in the midst of the way where they had not perceived them before.

25. And it came to pass in the morning many lamented and took no breakfast that day; and the men in white raiment brought unto them many cunningly devised drinks, yea pick-me-ups, for their tongues clave unto the roofs of their mouths, and the spittle on their beard was like unto a small silver coin, even a sixpence.

26. But when they thought of the previous day they rejoiced again, for they said, "Our brethren whom we have left will hear of it at the Feast of the New Year, and they will remember us and bless us, and our hearts and hands shall be strengthened for our labour here."—From the *Indian Daily News*.

## At a Scotch Hydropathic.

Jaded from over-much London. Met Brown, who recommended me to try a Scotch Hydropathic. "Fine air, excellent baths, plenty of gay young society." Rather hate young society—nevertheless, look out train in *Bradshaw*. Sleep throughout journey North. Arrive MacHaggis Hydropathic Establishment next morning.

Imposing building. Society trifle variegated, not to say piebald; frisky young misses, "cappy" old ladies, and youths, for the most part devotees of the great god, Bounder. The young *Bounderii*, attired in suits "fearfully and wonderfully made," sprawl at feet of frisky misses, puffing smoke into their faces and retailing jokes of questionable quality for their

benefit. Experience wild yearning in toe of right boot as I regard the speakers. Gong sounds 1.30 for luncheon. All file in. Dismal array of water-bottles on table. Ask for wine list. Waitress glares, and hurls unintelligible pieces of Scotch language at me. Dawns on me that there is *no* wine list, and—no wine! Sigh and subside. Meal consists for most part of rice—rice in every form; curried, boiled, ground, rice in milk, and rice with jam. Filling, but monotonous. Drift away from table depressed, but, paradoxical as it sounds, inflated. Long walk. Feel better. Dinner at (ye gods!) six o'clock. "So nice," says gushing little thing sitting next me at table, "because we can have long evenings for dancing." Murmur faintly that I should prefer something to eat and drink, and ask if dances occur often. "Oh, yes, every night; it's such fun!" Suppress groan successfully.

Dinner consists of "good plain joint," more rice and more water. "So healthy," cooes the sweet thing. Say I'm afraid it's really too healthy for me, and that it must be bad for one to take in so much health all at once. I also ask if she knows how trains run to London? Sweet thing looks surprised. "Oh, you'll soon get to like the place." Reply that it is like an acquired taste, like a love for olives. "Ah!" she says, "you see you don't know the people here yet." Answer: "No, that *is* an advantage, I confess." Sweet thing turns away indignantly. Wonder why.

Rise from dinner ravenously hungry. Cigar outside. At 8.30 small but deadly band begins its fell work. Young *Bounderii* in ill-fitting dress-clothes lounge into ball-room pulling on their eighteenpenny gloves, and trying hard to assume airs of *jeunesse dorée*. Dancing begins; much romping, laughter, and loud conversation. Evidently looked upon more as fine physical exercise than dancing pure and simple. One of the guests acting as M.C. obligingly offered to introduce me to "any of this lot." Fled precipitately and shortly afterwards turned in. Impossible to sleep until band ceases braying.

Thunderous gong awakes me out of my first slumber. Struggle down to baths in grey dawn. Dress; avoid public prayers with harmonium accompaniment, and enter breakfast-room thinking that a sole, a devilled kidney, or— But what means this long line of bowls and spoons? Consult waitress. "Porridge." *Porridge!* "Never!" I gasp, and reel out of room. Seize *Bradshaw* and rush upstairs to pack. Will dine this night at my own club in London, or perish in the attempt! —From *Punch*.

### Going out to Tea.

*Dramatis personæ*: Mr and Mrs Robinson (a well-to-do Glasgow artisan and his wife); their children, Macgregor and wee Jeannie; and their hostess, Mrs Purdie, Mrs Robinson's sister-in-law (wife of a prosperous grocer). The last-named lady has very "genteel" ideas.

The Robinsons were on their way to tea at Aunt Purdie's, and the anxious Lizzie (Mrs Robinson) was counselling her son regarding his behaviour at the table of that excellent lady.

"Noo, Macgregor," she said, "ye're no' to affront me. Yer Aunt Purdie's rale genteel, an' awfu' easy offendit."

"Dod, ay!" said John (Mr Robinson), "ye'll ha'e to mind yer Q.P.'s the day, as the sayin' is."

"Dod, ay!" said Macgregor.

"I've tell't ye dizzens o' times, Macgregor, ye're no' to say that," said his mother.

"I furgot, Maw."

"If yer Aunt Purdie wis hearin' ye speak that wey she wud be sair pit oot. An', John," turning to her husband, "ye sud be mair carefu' whit ye say afore the wean. He's jist like a paurrit fur pickin' up words."

"Dod, ay!" said John seriously, "I'll ha'e to be carefu', Lizzie."

"Ye're an awfu' man," said his wife, frowning and smiling.

"Wull I get a tert at Aunt Purdie's?" inquired Macgregor.

"Ye'll see whit ye'll get when ye get it," replied his mother. "An' mind, Macgregor, ye're no' to be askin' fur jeely till ye've ett twa bits o' breed an' butter. It's no' mainners; an' yer Aunt Purdie's rale parteeclear. An' yer no' to dicht yer mooth wi' yer cuff—mind that. Ye're to tak' yer hanky an' let on ye're jist g'ein' yer neb a bit wipe. An' ye're no' to scale yer tea nor sup the sugar if ony's left in yer cup when ye're dune drinkin'. An' if ye drap yer piece on the floor, ye're no' to gang efter it; ye're jist to let on ye've ett it. An' ye're no'——"

"Deed, Lizzie," interposed her husband, "ye're the yin to think aboot things!"

"Weel, John, if I dinna tell Macgregor hoo to behave hissel', he'll affront me. It's maybe a sma' maitter to a man, John, but a wumman disna like to be pit oot afore her guid sister. An' John, ye're to try an' be discreet yersel', an' think afore ye mak' a bit joke, fur she's a rale genteel wumman, an' awfu' easy offendit."

"But yer brither likes a lauch, Lizzie."

"Ay, Rubbert's a herty man; but a' the same, John, ye're no' to gar him lauch abin his breith. An' yer no' to lauch yersel' if Macgregor tries to be smairt."

"A' richt, Lizzie," said her husband good-humouredly. "Dod, I'm thinkin' ye're jist aboot as feart fur me as fur the wean."

"Havers, John! I'm no' finnin' fau't wi' you. It's jist that ye whiles fureget yer——"

"Ma Q.P.'s."

"Ay, ye're Q.P.'s, as ye ca' it. I aye thocht Q.P.'s wis a kin' o' fit-ba'."

Her husband was about to explain when Macgregor exclaimed that Aunt Purdie's dwelling was in sight.

"Ay, it's the third close," remarked John, proceeding to



plug his pipe with a scrap of newspaper. After that he pulled up his collar, tightened his tie, cocked his hat a little over one eye, winked at his wife, and chucked wee Jeannie under the chin.

"I wud just as shin be at hame, Lizzie," he observed, as they turned into the close.

"Whisht, John! Mrs Purdie's a rale dacent wumman, an'—an' we needna wait ower lang. See if ye can gi'e Macgregor's hair a bit tosh up. It's awfu' ill to lie. . . . Noo, John, ye'll gang furrit an' ring the bell. Mind, ye're to speir if Mrs Purdie is in afore ye gang ower the doorstep."

"But she wudna ha'e askit us to wur tea if she had been fur gaun oot," said John.

"Tits, man! Mrs Purdie keeps a wee servant lass, an' ye maun speir at her if her mistress is in. Mind, yer no' to say 'it's a fine day,' or onythin' like that; ye're jist to speir if Mrs Purdie's in. D'ye see?"

"Weel, weel, wumman, onythin' fur peace." And John pulled the bell-handle. "I ken she's in," he whispered. "I hear her roarin' at somebody."

"Sh! John. Jist dae whit I tell't ye."

The door was opened and John bashfully repeated the formula.

"Will you please step in?" said the domestic, a small, rosy-cheeked girl, who still showed her ankles though she had put her hair up.

"Dicht yer feet, Macgregor, dicht yer feet," said Lizzie in a quick, loud whisper. "See, dicht them on the bass."

Macgregor obeyed with great vigour, and followed the others into the lobby.

"Paw, we've a brawer nock nor that yin," he remarked in a husky undertone, pointing at a grandfather's clock in a corner.

"Whisht!" said his mother nervously.

"Wull I pit ma bunnet in ma pooch, Maw?" asked the boy.

"Na, na! John, pit his bunnet up aside yer ain."

Just then Mrs Purdie appeared and bade them welcome; and presently they were gathered in the parlour, the table of which was already laid for tea. Mr Purdie was getting on well in the world—his grocery establishment was gaining new customers daily—and Mrs Purdie was inclined, alas! to look down on her homely relatives, and to regard their manners and speech as vulgar, with the result that her own manners were frequently affected, while her speech was sometimes a strange mixture.

“And how are you to-day, Macgregor?” she asked the boy as they sat round the fire.

“I’m fine,” replied Macgregor, glancing at the good things on the table.

“Fine what?” said Aunt Purdie.

“Ye sud say, ‘Fine, thank ye,’” whispered his mother, giving him a nudge.

“Fine, thank ye,” said Macgregor, obediently. “I wis at the Zoo.”

“Oh, indeed. And what did you see at the Zoo?”

“Beasts, thank ye,” said Macgregor.

“An’ hoo’s Rubbert?” asked Lizzie with some haste.

“Robert is keeping well, thank you; but he’s sorry he cannot leave the shope this evening. His young man was unfortunately rin over by an electric cair yesterday.”

“Oh, thae caurs!” said Lizzie, “I’m aye feart fur Macgregor gettin’ catched, an’ comin’ hame wantin’ a leg.”

“Robert’s young man got conclusion of the brain,” said Aunt Purdie with great solemnity. “He was carrying a dizzen of eggs an’ a pun’ of the best ham when the melancholy accident occurred.”

“Dae ye tell me that?” exclaimed Lizzie. “An’ wis the eggs a’ broke?”

“With two exceptions.” And Aunt Purdie went on to describe the accident in detail to Lizzie, while John and Macgregor looked out of the window, and wee Jeannie, who

had been put on the floor to "play herself," found amusement in pulling to pieces a half-knitted stocking which she discovered in a basket under the sofa.

Soon the little, rosy-cheeked maid entered with the teapot, and they all took their places at the table, wee Jeannie being lifted on to her mother's knee and warned not to touch the knife.

"Mr Robison," said Aunt Purdie, looking very hard at John, "kindly ask a blessing."

John turned red and mumbled something, at the end of which he wiped his brow and loudly blew his nose.

The hostess, after looking for a moment as if she thought it rather an inferior "blessing," commenced her duties.

"I'm no' wantin' a joog, Maw," said Macgregor to his mother, as he observed Aunt Purdie filling a mug with milk and hot water.

"It's fur wee Jeannie," whispered Lizzie. "But ye're jist to tak' whit ye get."

Conversation flagged for the first five minutes. Then Mrs Purdie broke the silence.

"Have you been going out much this winter, Mr Robison?" she inquired in her best style.

For an instant John gaped. "Dod, Mrs Purdie, I'm gled to say I've no' been aff ma work a day since the New Year."

"I mean out to entertainments, parties, and conversonies," said Mrs Purdie with a pitying smile.

"Oh, ay. Aweel, Lizzie an' me likes the fireside, but we've been to the Zoo an' the pantymine an' twa-three surees."

"I like surees," observed Macgregor, digging into a pot of jam. By a strange mischance he had already dropped two pieces of plain bread and butter on the floor, but to his credit it must be recorded that he had remembered his mother's injunction not to attempt to recover them.

"Ay, Macgregor's the yin fur surees," said John. "He

cam' hame frae the Sawbath-schule suree the ither nicht wi' fower orangers an' guid kens hoo mony pokes o' sweeties."

"An' he had to get ile i' the mornin'," said Lizzie, whose time was chiefly occupied in feeding wee Jeannie.

"Do you like oil?" said Mrs Purdie, smiling sourly at Macgregor.

"Naw," returned the boy, with his mouth full. "Dae you like ile, Aunt Purdie?"

"Whisht!" said his mother reprovingly.

"Assist yourself to a cookie, Mr Robison," said Mrs Purdie, a trifle confused. "And pass your cup. Mrs Robison, is your tea out?"

"Thank ye," said Lizzie. "This is rale nice cake, Mrs Purdie."

"It was recommended to me by Mrs M'Cluny, the doctor's wife. Mrs M'Cluny is very highly connected, quite autocratic, in fact. Her and me is great friends. I expect to meet her at the Carmunnock conversonie on Monday night—a very select gathering. Her and me——"

"Paw, I want a tert."

"Na, John," said Lizzie, "he's had yin."

"I want anither, Maw."

"Ye canna ha'e anither, Macgregor. Weel, Mrs Purdie, ye wis sayin'——"

"I was observing——"

"Paw, gi'e's a curran' cake," said Macgregor in a whisper.

John winked at his son, and stealthily moved the dish of dainties in his direction.

The two ladies were discussing the coming "conversonie," and appeared to be oblivious to what was going on. The plate came nearer and nearer, and at last Macgregor's eager paw went cautiously towards it. The currant cake was secured, but as the boy drew back his hand his mother detected him.

"Macgregor!" she exclaimed.

The hapless youngster started guiltily. Over went the jam-

pot, spreading its contents on the cloth ; over went Macgregor's teacup, which was smashed to atoms on the floor. Wee Jeannie, with a gurgle of delight, evidently under the impression that something in the way of entertainment was expected of her, tipped her mug after the cup, while her father, rising in confusion, sent a plate and five cookies to swell the wreckage.

John stood helpless ; Lizzie sat speechless and pale ; wee Jeannie, discovering that it wasn't a joke after all, set up a dismal wailing ; and Macgregor, with quivering lip and misty eye, stared at the ruin he had wrought. No one dared to look at Aunt Purdie. Her expression was grim—very grim indeed. When she did speak, her words were few but incisive. They had reference to the bringing-up of children, of which, she thanked Providence, she had none. Poor Lizzie apologised for her son, expressed herself "fair affrontit" at his conduct, and declared that she would "sort" him when they got home. The hour following tea was an uncomfortable one, and John did not conceal his relief at being out of the house.

"She'll no' ask us back," he observed.

Lizzie said nothing.

"Macgreegor's sayin' he's gey an' sorry," said John presently.

"Muckle need," muttered Lizzie.

"He's sayin' he'll tak' ile if ye like," went on her husband.

"He'll get mair nor ile !"

"Aw, wumman, the wean cudna help it. It wis a' an accident. Let him aff this time, Lizzie. I broke a plate mysel', ye ken, an' wee Jeannie broke a joog. Are we a' to get ile an'—an' the ither thing, dearie ?" . . .

"Och, John, ye aye get ower me."

And so peace reigned again.

Ten minutes later John noticed that Macgregor was lagging behind. He went back a couple of steps and took his son's hand.

"Whit's that ye're pittin' in yer gab, Macgregor?" he asked suddenly.

Macgregor drew something from his pocket. "I'll gi'e ye a bit, Paw," he said generously. "It's a curran' cake."—From *Wee Macgregor*, by J. J. B.

## An Arran Postmistress and "Develled Curry."

Some few years ago, a number of local theatrical celebrities were taking their summer holiday in Arran. While there, they amused themselves by sending each other a number of comic telegrams, much to the bewilderment of the sonsie village, postal officials. One of these telegrams read as follows, viz: "*Having develled curry at Corrie; come and join us.*" The postmistress of the village where this message was handed in did not, however see the humour of the thing, and, declaring the sender was "sweering," tore off the stamp, and refused to despatch the communication. "Ye mustna' sweer in a telegram, ma man," she said, "its against a' the regulations." "But, my good woman," the sender protested, "that's not swearing." "*Develled* refers to a special preparation of curry, and *must* be wired." It took a great deal of argument to persuade the postmistress that this adjective was not a wicked word, and with great reluctance and much distress of conscience she ultimately consented to despatch the message, remarking, however, that it "wisna' a gentleman-like expression, and wisna' language for a Christian woman tae tak' fra' them."

## A Ness Superstition Case.

### WHAT AILED THE COO.

An interesting case from the Ness district came up before Sheriff Campbell at Stornoway on Tuesday, when Donald Mackenzie, fisherman, Eorpie, was charged with assaulting a neighbour, Mrs Alexander Morrison, by beating her with his fists, knocking her down, and kicking her. He denied the offence.

Mrs Morrison stated, that on the day libelled she was driving home her cows, when one of them ran away, and made towards the accused's door. This cow ran away from her towards Mackenzie's house in the same way the week before. She was trying to keep the cow away from the door when accused came out, took hold of her, struck her three times about the ears, knocked her down and kicked her.

The reason for the assault came out later on. It appears Mrs Morrison's cow had been giving a very poor quality of milk for some time, and the idea was abroad in the township that the animal was bewitched, and it was further darkly hinted that it was accused's wife who was exercising the evil influence. When Mrs Morrison's cow bolted from her she ran after it, shouting "What makes my cow go to that house to-night and last week more than to any other house in the place?" meaning by this, as she stated in the box, that her cow was "going in search of it's own," which, being interpreted, signifies that the cow was going to Mackenzie's house for the substance of its milk, of which his wife, by witchcraft, had deprived it. Mrs Mackenzie, overhearing the remark, called on her husband, who forthwith came out of the house and vindicated his wife's character in the manner described.

Mrs Mackay, one of the witnesses, after speaking of the assault, said in answer to the Sheriff, that she had heard it said in the township that accused's wife had bewitched Mrs Morrison's cow; in fact, the rumour was quite prevalent that she was taking the substance out of the cow's milk. She had heard that the same thing was done on other people's cows as well. She had heard of fairies' darts and fairy-dog's teeth. Some people were believing that there were such things and some were not. What her own beliefs on the matter were she preferred not to say.

The accused gave evidence on his own behalf. When Mrs Morrison came after her cow, she put up her fist and called his wife a daughter of Satan, and blamed her for the cow having

run off. He admitted having caught hold of her and giving her a shove, and that she fell, but he did not strike her with his clenched fist. Replying to his Lordship, he said he was aware of the rumours that were afloat about his wife, and he got three of the township constables to come and examine his own cow's milk to see if it was superior to the natural quality—that is, to see if the substance of Mrs Morrison's cow's milk was there in addition. There was a talk before this time that Mrs Morrison's cow was bewitched, but it was not his wife, but a Mrs MacRitchie who was blamed for spoiling the animal, and Mrs Morrison went and spilled some of the cow's milk at Mrs MacRitchie's door in the hope that this would break the spell. He laughed when asked how many witches were in Eoropie, but afterwards said he thought there were two or three. He knew that when there was anything wrong with a cow's milk the owner consulted with some Freemason about it. There were some of them working at present at the Butt Lighthouse. He did not know whether the Masons made use of a black dog or a black cat in discovering the cause of the poverty of the milk, but he understood they could not make out what was the matter with the milk unless they got a sample of it when it was warm. They could then tell where the substance of it had gone, and restore it. So far as he knew, the people were not now making use of the temples at Ness in connection with witchcraft, or for healing purposes, but he believed that at one time people who wanted to get healed had to sleep all night in the temple, using a certain stone as a pillow, and he remembered of his father telling him that he had built this particular stone into the wall of his house when erecting it.

Mrs Morrison (recalled) denied having called accused's wife a daughter of Satan. In answer to further questions, she said her cow was injured right enough, but whether by Mrs Mackenzie or not she could not say. She did, however, think it strange, that the cow should have gone to accused's house, seeing there were five houses between hers (the witness's) and



it. Her cow's milk was thin and green and no one could drink it. Where was the substance of that milk? She did not know. She could not "open" that, but some people were accusing Mackenzie's wife of having something to do with it.

His Lordship called all the witnesses to the front and gave them his views on witchcraft and superstitions generally. It was evident, he said, that there was a belief in witches in Eoropie as in other districts, and that accused's wife was one, and Mrs MacRitchie another, and that there was at least one more—perhaps a dozen in that township. It was time all these false notions were given up. When a cow ceased to give good milk, the most probable reason was that it was not properly fed, properly tended, or properly housed. In fact it was a wonder to him that the cows were living at all, looking at the way they were kept in some places. Witchcraft had nothing whatever to do with a cow or its milk. There was no such thing as witchcraft, and he hoped they would cease to believe in it.

When this was interpreted Mrs Morrison expressed her dissent from his Lordship's finding on this point. She could not believe that there were not witches. She was sure there were—in Eoropie at anyrate—(laughter).

In passing sentence the Sheriff admitted that accused had had a good deal of provocation in the silly stories that were being circulated about his wife, but that did not justify the assault—especially upon a woman—and he would have to fine him 50/-, with the option of fourteen days imprisonment.—From *The Highland News*, December 2, 1899.

## How Mary M'Gillivray's Cow ate the Piper.

This is the story as it is still told round the peat fires of Strathnairn and Stratherrick, and as it was told to me.

Angus Macleod, piper to Dunvegan, was fleeing westwards with the spray of the broken clans after black Culloden, where he had cut his red swath with the bravest—fleeing westward

for a long day, when he was free to fly, and needs not hide in the hags or among the long heather, where the English troopers quartered the ground like pointers on hot scent of the game.

Having got as far as the heights above the Faragaig, where the ground begins to slope down to the Great Glen, he stopped to draw breath, and was debating the comparative chances of safety in Cluny's country or across Loch Ness in the wild region which lies beyond Strathglass, when the clattering of hoofs and the jingling of accoutrements bade him stand to his arms once more. Sorely wearied was Angus, but, like a stout clansman, he still had his claymore with him, though he had cast away his great pipes among the heather, and indeed he felt like piping no more. He had supped his fill the day before of war and war-piping; but he could still strike a good blow for freedom against the *sidier dearg*. The horseman drew nearer and at sight of the tartan broke into a furious charge. A trooper of Hawley's horse, Angus! So now strike hard and strike swift if you would see the heights of Drummocher or far Loch Laggan. One upward sweep of the broad blade and the horse is scouring away wildly northwards, with the empty stirrups lashing at his sides, while Angus has his foot on the breast of one trooper who will ride no more for King George.

Now, as our piper stood grimly contemplating that foot, he realised for the first time that he had flung away his brogues a good ten miles behind, that he might run the lighter, and that the way was long to Badenoch and rough. But here was a good pair of King George's boots on the cursed trooper! Long military boots and the philabeg do not exactly constitute full Highland dress; but Angus was far from the lassies of Skye and their criticisms, so he essayed to make spoil of the Sassenach foot-gear. The devil was in the boots! Off they would come by no manner of tugging, and time was flying, and there might be more troopers to come in the way of their comrade.

The Gaelic, and especially that spoken by the Skyeman, with a Scandinavian eke to it, is as full of expletives as any language that is Aryan; so the moorfowl had the benefit of some of it and that of the fullest flavour. "*Diaoul!* but I will be taking the pody's legs too then"; and, sure enough, when Angus continued his march, under each arm he had a dragoons long boot, but these not empty, and on his track for a time were left gruesome traces of the contents. The dragoon had been a stout fellow, and the burden was heavy; so, it being dusk when Angus reached the change-house hard by the side of Loch Ness, he thought he would risk demanding a lodging, and before morning he might get rid of the weighty and compromising contents of the boots, and get them on.

All was bustle and confusion at the little clachan as Angus strode up to the door, and the steaming horses of a small detachment of cavalry were hanging wearied heads in the yard after their long day's chase after the flying tartans.

"In here with you, man!" reached him in a frightened whisper as he passed the byre door, where a tall old woman stood beckoning him to the friendly darkness of the interior.

"You will be the *cailleach*; who is the mistress here?" said Angus, as he stooped to enter the low doorway.

"Ay, I am Mary M'Gillivray, wife to Ian Mhor of Clan Chattan, or I was yester morn; but sorely I fear me Ian lies over yonder on the black moor. And who may you be, my lad? is it your life you will be tired of to be offering your throat to these gentry there for the cutting? Or maybe you left your brogues where better men left their lives before you clashed swords with Hanoverian riders! How else is it you do not know the cattle of the murdering dragoons there in the yard? Hark to the black villains within, how they carouse, as they may who have gralloched a rare stag-royal over there yesterday."

From the kitchen within the house came the stormy chorus of rough voices—

“And oh, the bluid o’ the rebels rude  
Alang the field that ran !  
The hurdies bare we turned up there  
Of mony a Highland clan.”

“Oich, oich, mistress ! but I am sore spent, and must rest a while till morning, and may the tiel breakfast on the loons. Though I was piper to Macleod when the western clans made head, and might have looked for a better billet, yet I’ll be fain to make my bed here in the byre straw. Hap me up, mistress, in the hake at the cow’s head till morning, for I am heavy with sleep.”

“Ay, ay ! and that will be best too. Lulan is a discreet beast, and will annoy you not at all, be sure.”

Angus was fumbling with his spleuchan for a coin or two as a grace-penny.

“*Hanail ! hanail !* not from one of Prince Charlie’s lads will I have anything at all ; but mind and be up and beyond the Fechlin by dawning.”

Soundly Angus slept that night, with the fragrant smell of hay and the sweet-scented breath of his bedfellow Lulan in his nostrils. Long ere morning he was up and wrestling with the boots to make them available for the journey, finding it an easier task than he expected, as their contents had somewhat shrunk by the keeping. You may be sure he lost no time in drawing on what was literally his booty ; and flinging the *disjecta membra* of the erstwhile dragoon into the rack at Lulan’s head, was soon speeding away in the direction of Badenoch and safety.

Mrs M’Gillivray was also up betimes in the morning, so that she might be assured of the safety of the piper. Going into the byre, she said, “well, he’s away to be sure ; but I’ll chust be giving Lulan’s fodder a shake where the body has been lying.” On looking into the rack it was not long before the good woman was speeding to the door, skirling with

fright, while her scanty locks were crinkling beneath her mutch.

All the herds ran out, and all the serving wenches with King George's men in close attendance, as is the manner of the bold dragoon, to hear the good wife's skirls of "Oich! oich! but ta coo ate ta piper! but ta coo ate ta piper, all but ta leg banes and ta nails!"

"What's this, mistress?" said the sergeant. "A piper here all night, and we did not know of it?"

"Well, well, and you can take all that the coo has left of him in the byre there," said Mrs M'Gillivray, now a little alarmed for the consequences of this disclosure. Sure enough, in the straw-rack, where Lulan was contentedly making her innocent meal, lay, for all men to see, portions of two unmistakable legs "well nourished" as the doctors say, and which might well have belonged to a piper.

"This beats all!" said the sergeant. "Do you really mean to say the animal has devoured the rest of him? it looks like it."

"Sure the beast must be possessed," groaned Mary, "and to think that I've milked her this five year; but into the loch she goes this very day with a tow and a big stone at the end of it."

"No no, gudewife let the beast be. I see the cow is a good Hanoverian cow, who knew the smell of a stinking rebel, and has kept his legs to show for the bounty."

To make a long story short, the trooper's legs got the burial from the natives that was due to all that was left of a good patriot piper, and the tale passed into a tradition in the neighbourhood.

It was not till long after that Angus Macleod heard from a wandering packman in his home in Skye, whither he had crept when the hunt for rebels had subsided, that, among other fearful portents after the battle of Culloden a cow in Strathnairn had eaten a certain piper from Skye, blood and bones, all

but a small bit of the legs. Many a laugh had Angus over it before the fire on a winter's evening, with the girls, and a potent stoup of usquebaugh.—From *Chambers' Journal*.

## Humours of Baptism.

Serious and sacred though a christening ceremony may be, the function is often a source of amusement to even a sober-minded congregation, and the minister in charge has to be very careful of the performance thereof. A youthful clergyman who was about to perform his first christening began the ceremony in a somewhat rhetorical manner, saying: "Watch over the child with care, train him, and some day he may become a Tennyson or a Gladstone. What are you going to name the child?" "Sarah Jane," said the parent, to the utter confusion of his reverence.

A minister being asked by a fisherman to baptise his child replied "Well, John, I'll be most happy to do so, but I would require a sight of your lines first." "Weel, a-weel," replied the fisherman, "ye'll get that, though it wunna be a very easy job." So saying, he went a distance of about three miles. Returning with the whole of his fishing lines, and throwing them down before the minister he said: "Noo, here they are, but I've gotten a gey heat haulin' them up the brae."

Indeed, baptisms in Scotch churches are occasionally robbed of their solemnity either because of the awkwardness of the parents or of the skirling of the precious infant. It was probably a combination of both that once led a certain mamma to lose her temper when the child was being baptised. The minister had asked the usual question as to the training up of the child but had received no reply, owing, doubtless, to the question not being properly heard on account of the noise made by the fractious babe. The question was repeated in a louder

tone, but still the father stood erect. Losing all patience, the mother was heard to exclaim: "Boo, ye brute; can ye no boo?"

About sixty years ago the minister of the small parish of Baldernock was called upon by one of his "hearers," Alec Pettigrew by name, "raired" on the Donegal mountains, to get a child baptised. Although Mr Pollock had found Alec a member of the church before he came to the parish yet he always looked upon him doubtfully as one of the half-lapsed mass of people who only look upon the church as so much machinery for getting baptised, married, and buried with due religious respectability. He, therefore, closely questioned him as to his responsibility as a parent; but perceiving that his ignorance (or innocence) was super-dense he rose to bid him good-night and said: "I'm afraid, Alec, I can't baptise your child; I am pained beyond expression to see you so blind." "Beggins' your pardon, Sor, Oi cud see butther on bread a mile away." "Tut, tut," said the minister, "I cannot, dare not baptise your child; not even the simplest facts of the Scriptures do you seem to know."

Thereupon Mr Pollock asked him a few simple questions, culminating in the following: "Who was the oldest man?" "Why," said Alec, "the ouldest man, sure there never was an oulder man than ould Sammy Watson, the Kilpatrick carrier, who died last Martinmas." "Alec, Alec, this is monstrous! Who was the wisest man?" "Well, Sor, barrin' yourself, Oi know none wiser, if Oi might make bould to say." The minister, laughing, "Come, come, Alec, can you not tell me then, who was the strongest man?" "Well, maybes Oi shouldnt say it, but there's not a stronger man nor meself between this and Campsie." "This will never do," replied the minister, "certainly you are not fit to hold up your child." "What," retorted Alec, "me not fit to hold up a child! Oi cud hold it up though it was a bull calf!"

Several children were to be baptised at church one Sunday. One was a sturdy little fellow of two or three years. The little rogue was quite interested watching the others getting baptised, but when it came to his turn he exclaimed, struggling in his father's arms : " Na, na, dada, dinna let that man pit water on ma face ! "

In the biography of the late Rev. Hugh Stowell Brown, the celebrated Congregationalist clergyman, a rather incredible story occurs :—

At Aberdeen, James Abernethy, a most sedate elder in the Free Church, told me that in Scotland the ministers are, or have been, so negligent as not to baptise the children for years. The children are great swearers, picking up the accomplishment from the sailors who frequent these parts. A child four years of age was brought forward for baptism, and when the water was sprinkled on his face exclaimed : " Damn it, what's this ? "

The *Cornhill Magazine* a year or two ago recorded a good story of a Roman Catholic deacon who was once sent to baptise a baby. In the cabin he could find no water, but there was a pot of tea. " Tea," he reasoned, " contains water, the rest is but accident," and he therefore proceeded to pour out a cup. But it was strong, even to blackness, so he went in search of water, and having at length found some, watered the tea down to a more reasonable colour, christened the baby with it and reported the circumstance as a case of conscience to his superior. It had not occurred to him having found the water to use it by itself.

In wide and sparsely populated Highland districts it not unfrequently happens that a parent is obliged to walk a distance of five or six miles with an infant for baptism. It is related of a minister of the North that he once accommodated a parishioner thus situated by meeting him at a little stream,



midway between the parent's house and the manse, and there to baptise the child at the running water. It happened, however, that by the time the parties met at the opposite sides of the burn, heavy rains had swollen it into a rapid torrent, so that neither party could approach the other. Unwilling to turn back with his bairn unbaptised, the farmer proposed that the minister should splash water across. Accordingly the minister stepped down to the brink of the stream and endeavoured to throw handfuls of water on the farmer's baby.

"Ha'e ye got ony o' that?" he cried at each successive splash.

"Deil a spaarge" was the reply. At last a few of the splashes were communicated to the infant's visage, and the ceremony was then concluded in the usual form. Before retiring to their respective homes, the farmer took from his pocket a bottle of whisky and crying across: "As I canna offer ye a gless owre the heid o' this, meenister, here's the bottle—kepp!" And he, suiting the action to the word, threw the bottle across the stream. The bottle was caught, it is related, with a precision that betokened on the part of his reverence, if not considerable practice, at least commendable dexterity.

No paper on the humours of baptism could be complete without some reference to the beadle, that only Scottish worthy of whom countless stories are told. "John, what is baptism?" asked the minister one day of the matter-of-fact old beadle. "Weel, Sir," answered John, "ye ken it's jist saxpence tae me an' fifteenpence tae the precentor."

One Sunday, when a baptism was to take place, John found to his astonishment that no water could be got for the font as it had been cut off. "What shall we do, John?" said the minister. "Jist pit yer haun' i' the font and mak' on there's water in't. I'm sure the bairns 'll no' ken ony odds."—*Weekly Scotsman*.

## Humours of Angling.

There is a story of a herd-laddie who was accosted by an angler of the fashionable type, dressed in the latest, with new basket and new fishing-rod, etc., to match. "Well, boy," he said, "do many anglers come this way?"

"Aye, whiles ane or twa."

"I suppose they have good baskets?"

"Weel, they hae braw baskets, but there's never muckle in them."

Fish will take with anything "if they only take it into their heads," as the half-wit said when he went angling with a bent pin. Boys, however, have recourse to "guddling" when no other means are available. A clergyman was angling one day for trout on a Highland stream when he came across some boys "guddling" with their sleeves and trousers rolled up.

"I say, boys," said the minister, "are you not ashamed of yourselves to be catching the poor trout in that way, guddling for them with your hands under the stones? You know that is not a fair way of taking them."

The boys looked up in astonishment, and one of them, bolder than the rest, replied: "G'wa man, it's you wha shud be ashamed trying to cheat them wi' sham flees."

Many ministers are enthusiastic anglers. Another who is a keen follower of Isaac Walton was out walking one Sunday, when he accidentally came upon a boy fishing. Taken by surprise, the lad was so perplexed and taken aback that he allowed the line to sink to the bottom of the stream, while the reverend gentleman began lecturing him on the evils of Sabbath desecration. The minister, however, on seeing the float suddenly bob under the water brought the lecture to an abrupt end by exclaiming "Pu' it oot, man, pu' it oot! D'ye no see ye've got a bite?"

Some excellent stories are told at the expense of the clergy. A popular sportsman one day went a-fishing by Tweed's "silver stream" with a clergyman. Bites were plentiful, but the sportsman seemed to get them all. The reverend gentleman fished patiently and at last hooked a fish. It made a rush down stream. The line parted and the minister's hopes and a part of his fishing tackle vanished simultaneously. He said nothing for almost a minute; then turning to his friend, he remarked: "John, if my religious training had been neglected what do you suppose I would have said?"

This, somehow, brings to mind a story of a gentleman from the south who was out fishing on a Highland loch, and, having whipped the water for some time without any success, he began to lose patience. "Confound them," he exclaimed to Donald, the boatman, "it is evident they won't rise to-day!"

Hardly had he uttered the words when he hooked a fine trout which, in his excitement, he sent flying high overhead, and which thereby regained its liberty. "Hech," said Donald drily, "that ane rose a fair heicht onywe!"

Perhaps it is owing to Donald's dry disposition that the angler was not more successful. At anyrate, there is another story of an enthusiastic angler, a staunch teetotaller, who had a good stretch of the Dee to fish in. He engaged the services of an experienced boatman but night after night he came back with an empty creel. He at last departed in disgust. When he was gone the boatman was approached and asked how it was that an expert angler as Mr T. was known to be had such a run of bad luck. "Aweel," said the boatman, "he had nae whusky sae I took him where there wis nae fush!"

We cannot say whether whisky is really essential to success in angling, but in connection with it there is certainly a wealth of humour evoked. A worthy doctor while enjoying a holiday

in the island of Arran took the opportunity along with a friend to go fishing. During operations the doctor's sinker came off and was lost. Here was a dilemma—no sinker—no more whittings that day. Ha! happy thought—his flask—no sooner said than done. The bottle was filled with salt water, carefully corked, and sent down on its mission. After a few minutes interval "Ha!" quoth the doctor "a bite," and he pulled up at racing speed a fine pair of whittings, one on each hook. His companion in the boat exclaimed: "Ha, doctor, twins this time!" "Yes," replied the doctor, "and brought up on the bottle, too!"

Tam and Sandy who are enthusiastic fishers made great preparations for a big day's catch at Dunoon last summer. Hiring a punt they pulled out about a couple of miles off shore till they reached what was reputed to be a good spot. Here they anchored. "Got everything richt na, Tam?" asked Sandy. "A's richt, Sandy; trust me for that," and Tam proceeded to dole the store out of the hamper. "Here's the haggis, an' the cutties, an' the san'wiches, an' the whusky jar, an' —." "Got the fushin' tackle?" "Great Scott!" gasped Tam, "I clean forgot that!"

Several youths were angling one day with very little success. In fact, one enthusiast had not even got a "bite"; but he was loth to admit his lack of success and assured his companions that the trout were "nibblin' grand." One of the others, however, approached the spot where this worthy son of Job was eagerly watching from behind a bush for a bite. "Stand back, man," he said, warding his friend off; "there's a big ane nibblin' at ma line the noo." "Tuts, man! I see yer worm lyin' on the opposite bank." "Oh! I ken that brawly; but I wis jist waitin' till it wid crawl in!"

Another enthusiastic but unsuccessful angler who had spent

the whole day and caught nothing was accosted by a keeper. "Are you aware this water is private and that you are not allowed to take fish from it?"

"Losh, man," replied the angler, "I'm no takin' yer fish; I'm feedin' them!"

A policeman who is a keen angler when off duty was busily plying the rod one afternoon. Though in plain clothes, his personality was discovered by a few boys who calmly sat down behind some bushes to watch him. By-and-by he hooked a fine trout and was about to land it, when it went off again, the "bobby" looking quite perplexed over the escape. "Man," cried a childish voice through the bushes, "hoo did ye no' pit the snitchers on him?"

This brings to mind again an anecdote about two keen anglers who had been enjoying their favourite sport one day, and on their return they called at a wayside inn for a parting dram. They were showing off the contents of their baskets when the barmaid asked if it was true that fish swim in schools? "Yes," said the one addressed, "they are generally supposed to do so." "Well," she replied, "from the size of the fish that you and your friend have got, you must have broken up an infant class!"

An enterprising-looking old countryman with a large creel of fine brook trout was standing in the doorway of a railway station when a passenger accosted him, and, after admiring the fish, remarked: "Going to take them home to supper, I suppose?" "Nae if I can help it," the grinning rustic replied. "There was a party o' city folks gaed oot fishin' frae here this mornin'. They're expectit back soon, an' I'm juist kind o' waitin' to save their feelings!"—From the *Weekly Scotsman*.

Many good stories have been told of Russell, who was at one

time editor of the *Scotsman*, and the following, although by no means new, has been retold to me recently. It is worthy of repetition I think :—

Russell was a most keen angler, and whenever he had an opportunity he was to be found at the riverside with rod and creel. One day he was angling for trout in the Tweed, near Ashiesteel, the erstwhile home of Scott. Success had not favoured him and his basket was woefully light. At this stage a local minister of his acquaintance appeared upon the scene and getting into conversation with him, the following dialogue ensued :—

“Are you a successful fisher, Mr Russell?”

“Sometimes I am, sir, and sometimes I am not so fortunate,” he answered.

“May I look in your creel?”

“Yes.”

The lid of the creel was lifted and only a very few small trout being displayed, the minister exclaimed: “You are *not* a successful fisher, Mr Russell!”

But Russell did not like to have aspersions cast upon his prowess as a skilful angler and it was now his turn to question the newcomer.

“Do you fish at all, Mr —?” “Yes, I am a fisher of *men*.”

“Ah! then you are not a successful fisher either, sir, for I peeped into *your* creel last Sabbath day and there were very few, very few, in it.”—From *The Angler*.

A trout-fisher was casting in a pool on a stream which flowed beneath the walls of a lunatic asylum. He had had anything but a successful day and his creel was very empty. Suddenly the fisher was hailed, and, looking around him, found that his interrogator was one of the asylum inmates whose head he could just see craning over the high wall of the asylum.

“Have you had much luck,” queried the lunatic. “Haven’t

had a nibble," answered the angler. "Been long fishing?" continued the half-witted one. "Well, almost all day," rejoined the angler. "If that's so," cried the lunatic, "you are just the right man to come in here. No use of your remaining outside!"

Whisky, as is well-known, forms not the least important part of the outfit of he who aspires to have a heavy basket when he is fishing in Highland waters, accompanied by a Highland gillie.

A story is told of the Sassenach visitor at the house of a Highland laird, who, in the smoking-room on the night of his arrival at the Highland mansion, laughingly rallied his host about whisky being a very necessary medicine to administer to one's gillie if the angler aspired to have a heavy basket of fish. The host indignantly denied this insinuation. However, his Sassenach friend good-humouredly stuck to his guns, so a bet of 10s. was taken up by the host that, when he and his guest went angling in the same boat the following day on one of the fresh-water hill lochs, a taste of mountain-dew would neither be offered to the boatman nor would be expected by him. "Done with you," said the Englishman, and, after a "Deoch an doruis," the two friends retired to rest. The following morning was an ideal fishing one, with a fine ripple on the water. After a hearty Scotch breakfast host and guest drove off to the loch, where they found the boatman, Archie, waiting them in high good humour. The rods were soon put together and the anglers speedily engaged in "whipping" the water. In a few minutes the laird had "struck" a fine fish, which, after a fine display of play, was well landed by Archie. "Good," said the laird, "we must 'wet' that fish, Archie." "Ay, laird," rejoined Archie, "I'll be thinkin' that's no a bad idea."

A tot of mountain-dew was then poured out and partaken of by both host and guest, none, however, being offered to the

gillie. Soon after the visitor hooked and landed a fish which was duly "wetted" by his host and himself, Archie being again left out in the cold. Archie made no sign, good, bad, or indifferent. After a somewhat longer interval the third fish was landed by the Sassenach. Whereupon his host exclaimed: "You're in luck, my dear chap; three is lucky, so we'll e'en have one more 'wet,' and then nothing more till lunch." The two friends accordingly had their "nip," while Archie looked on in stolid silence. Immediately, however, after the friends had commenced to cast again, Archie, without saying a word, turned the boat's head and made for the shore. The result naturally was a nice "fanckle" of the tackle of the two anglers. "What the deuce are you about, Archie?" cried the indignant laird. "Weel, laird," rejoined Archie, quite immovably, "I'm thinking I'll be rowin' ashore. The gentlemans as drinks by themselves can fush by themselves!"

It is needless to say that the Sassenach won his bet!

A lowland keeper was once asked which sport he preferred—angling or shooting. "Weel," answered the gamekeeper, "it's the likes o' this ye ken. When ye're gangin' fushin' ye chooses ane or twa likely casts or twa or three guid saumon flees. Then ye get tae the water and pits up yer rod, and then ye begin tae cast. Then, as ye'll be castin' ye'll be sayin' tae yerself, 'Wull ye tak' it, wull ye tak' it!' 'Na, na, she wanna tak' it!' Sae ye'll try anither cast or anither flee. Then maybe she'll tak' it and maybe no. But when ye'll gang tae the shootin' ye pit twa cairtridges in yer gun and ye pit twa three mair in yer pooch. Then when ye'll cam across a covey o' birds ye'll up wi' yer gun tae yer shouter, and ye'll no' be sayin' 'wull ye tak' it?' Ye'll say 'tak' it ye ——,' and let drive!"

This was a convincing line of argument, though it was, albeit, more forcible than polite!



## An Orcadian Minister's Prayer for Good Weather.

In one of the remote parishes of the Orkney Islands, at the time of our story, the crop of oats was unusually good and nearly ready for the sickle. Unfortunately, however, a sudden change took place in the weather. A heavy rainstorm prostrated the crop and rendered its being harvested an uncertainty. If but a few days of dry weather and gentle breezes could be obtained, all would be safe. In this doubtful state of affairs, one part of the congregation were anxious that the minister should intercede with Heaven, and make a supplication for the weather that was wanted; another section of the minister's flock, who remembered that the worthy man's prayers on a similar occasion had been responded to by a tempest, were rather afraid to try the experiment a second time. At last, after a long consultation, the elders determined to request the minister to try the experiment of intercession once more. It was, however, emphatically impressed on their pastor that he should be both cautious and explicit in wording the appeal.

The day of intercession came. The congregation were all attention, and the minister proved that he was fully alive to the delicate task which had devolved upon him.

"Gude Lord!" prayed he, "Ye ken weel the kittle state the crop is in. I hae a mercy tae ask, but I maun be raither cautious in wording the petition. Wi' a few gude days, gie us a wee bit wind. Mind, Lord! a soughin', sootherin', dreemin' breeze, that will save the strae, and winna hairm the heed. But if ye send us—as ye did afore—a tearin', reivin', thunderin' storm—ye'll play the vary mischief wi' the aits, and fairly spile a'!"

What effect the worthy minister's cautious petition produced, history does not relate. Let us hope that the prayer was granted.

## The Sermon of a Highland Minister.

Ach, noo, there's a lot of you fine English folks comes here to hear me to-day, an' I'll chist speak a word to you tat pe a flea in your ears and kittle ye for a long time to come.

You're up here enjoyin' yourselves, an' fushin', an' shootin', an' holidayin', an' think you know a creat deal more than we can tell you whateffer. But you don't, not a wan of you, you fine peoples from ta sooth, an' mind what I'm telling you noo, for you are in darkness an' in creat ignorances. So chist listen to me to-day as earnest as you can, an' you'll hear something you never heard before or again.

My text is Chonah in ta whale's pelly. He was a prophet, an' tat was what happent to him for it; so don't you pe prophets, or you'll maybe pe as closely confined as Chonah was whateffer.

Now you fine peoples from ta sooth, mind what I'm tellin' you. You who have your organs playin' in ta kirk. Now, what place is a kirk for an organ at ahl? Moreofer, who effer heard of the Apostle Paul taking his organ to ta kirk with him; or who effer heard of Moses and Aaron playin' wi' an organ? It is an unscriptural instrument, an tat's what it is, moreofer. Now, what would Chonah have done wi' an organ in ta whale's pelly? Chist fancy Chonah playin' away at ta organ there? —hy, no respectable whale would not haf stood it wan minit at ahl!

An' then, you fine peoples, you must haf your prayers printed for you in a bit bookie or you will not say them at ahl, at ahl. Now you fancy Chonah trying to read his prayers out of a bookie in ta whale's pelly. Think how fery, fery dark it must have wass, an' tell me if Chonah read his prayers, and how could he licht a match if there was no matches in those days for poor Chonah to licht whateffer? Answer me that you fine peoples from ta sooth!

An' tat reminds me that there's some among you that thinks

yourselves fery knowledge and skilful, an' doesn't believe tat Chonah swallowed ta whale's pelly. But chist let me tell you that you doesn't knaw nothing at ahl, none of you ; for it was a phenomenous. Tat's what it wass, an' tat reminds me some of you'll wass neffer aware what a phenomenous wass.

Well some of you heff seen a hielan' coo, whateffer. Now, if you wass to see tat coo climbin' up a fir tree with its tail foremost, away up to the fery top of ta tree, an' lookin' for bird's nests, you would say, there was a phenomenous for you. An' if you'll was to see a collie dog going aweh out shootin' wi' a fushin'-rod under its airm, you'll would say tat wass more phenomenous for you. An' wass it any wonder tat Chonah wass such a phenomenous? Ah! yes, chist you'll answer me tat, you peoples from ta sooth.

Well my friens, let us now picture the scene pefore us. There wass poor Chonah sitting squeezed up in ta pelly of tat auld whale, with his head between his knees, an' holding his nose as tight as he could to keep out ta smells of ta died fushes, an' he wass roarin' at the top of his voice to ta whale: "Let me oot! Let me oot!"

But ta whale had a duty to perform, an' neffer let on it heard him or answered a single word whateffer. But ta whale kept soomin', an soomed aweh wi' poor Chonah—awe past ta Mull of Cantyre and Ardnamurchan and Tobermory, as hard as it could go, till where Nineveh were staying, an' then it coughed poor Chonah out in ta water, an' real glad wass poor Chonah to get out to ta fresh air again.

Noo, my friens, its well for you to know these things, for you neffer know ta day or ta oor tat you'll might chance to fahl into ta fery pelly of a whale yourselves, or into some sort of collie-shangie or another. An' then you'd pe wushin' you were ass you were pefore you wass, an' you'll couldn't do it, an' whaat wass you'll pe going to do then? Wass you'll pe going to sit down an' play ta organs when there, or to read your prayer-pooks when there wasn't any? No ma friens, but an' unless

you'll not repent you shall ahl likewise perish. An' ta collection will pe taken as ye retire.

The allusion to the Apostle Paul in the above effusion, reminds us of a sermon which we heard in a remote Highland glen, many years ago. The text was taken from one of St. Paul's epistles, and the preacher was inveighing against the growing tendency of the age towards luxury and display. The climax of the discourse was reached, when the preacher asked impressively; "My friends, if the Apostle Paul was to come back again upon this earth, and was to see the Archbishop of Canterbury driving to the Houses of Parliament in a coach (sic!) and four, what would the great Apostle say?"

There was a long and impressive silence after this query, and then the Minister added solemnly; Saint Paul would say, my friends, "*Times is changed!*"

## A Tale of a Haggis.

Mr Gilbert Little, a Birmingham Scott, has received from a fellow-countryman at Pittsburg, the following particulars of the fate of a haggis: It appears the Burns Club in Pittsburg determined to go "one better" than all the other Burns Clubs in the United States, and arranged to have a real haggis sent from Edinburgh for the Burns anniversary dinner. When Mr Young, a native of Falkirk and many years manager of Pittsburg gasworks, saw the "affair" put on the table as a haggis he stared in astonishment, and when a portion was placed before him he was unable to conceive what the compound (supposed to be direct from Edinburgh) could be, as he had never seen anything like it in any part of Scotland. The Pittsburg newspapers next day announced that the younger Scots (American born), who had been anticipating with keen appreciation for weeks the pleasure of participating in a real native Scots haggis, when they saw the "affair" put on the table believed that by some mistake a piece of hot-blast furnace slag from one of Mr

Carnegie's ironworks had been substituted for the "real haggis," while the features of the old Scotsmen did not convey the impression that the "real haggis from Edinburgh" had called up thoughts of heather, mountains, lochs, glens, and whiskey in Scotland. Next day, a few of the elderly Pittsburg Scots paid a visit to the chairman of the Burns Club to ask if the making of a haggis was a lost art in Edinburgh, or did the Edinburgh people imagine the "thing" they had sent was an improvement on the old kind of haggis. The chairman's reply was; "Gentlemen, for guid sake dinna gie me awa. I sent a'richt tae Edinburgh for the haggis and it was duly shipped *via* a fast Cunarder, but it's in the Customs at New York, for the officials didna ken what to charge for tariff as there's nae mention o' haggis in the tariff book. A did ma verra best tae get it through, so that accounted for the awfu' makshift I put before you yestreen." It was afterwards found out that this Pittsburg-made haggis was composed of Indian meal, sausage meat, grated carrot, onions, and chopped liver; and instead of being boiled in a sheep's stomach, the vile mixture was sewn up and boiled in a muslin bag.—From the *Weekly Scotsman*, February 28, 1903.

### Singapore as seen by a Bengalee.

I am Oriental gentleman of Bengalee race and of Hindoo religion, but owing to circumstances under which I was uncontrollable, I abandoned, by resignation, my too much underpaid post of responsibility in the slavery of the Government of India early in the at present current year, and decided to search for new fields and other pastures in the Straits Settlements, and consequently obtained a deck ticket by a steamer from Calcutta and proceeded hitherwards some one month ago. The voyage was very good only for one or two objections, such as the crowdiness of native passengers and the numerousness of the sheep, goats and cattles what is

weekly brought to here from my mother country, India. You see when heat is too hot and animals is too numerous the odoriferous odour which is commonly called bad smell is too great. But as is said truly in the proverb "all men come to that what waits," after some days of great hardship and more distress our steamer approached near to Penang, where some of the quadrupedal passengers was discharged, but smell continued. I was too anxious to go to the shore in order to make promenade, but the bumptiousness of the sea, which rendered stability of the boat impossible for part of a second, made me too cautious and so I did not make indulgence of going to shore. One time my fears were almost dissipated but the boat separated from ship at the very moment I am going to step in the former, in fact one foot was in boat and other on ladder when separation occurred. I was a few seconds late to let go and had it not been for timely assistance of the boat fellow, called sampan man, all my youthful hopes would have been ruthlessly cast to ground by sudden extinguishment of my life on the score of drowning, but thank God, sampan man was caught me at the critical moment and I did not fall in the water.

In the evening the steamer again commenced to proceed, and on the day after to-morrow from this day, early in the morning, a beautiful sight illumined my wondering gaze, it was Singapore, but Oh Lord, how lovely outside, how beastly inside! My thoughts made me very jubilant on seeing such beautiful place and I thought now surely I am near the Eastern paradise, but wait, only wait and you will hear what you will hear. The steamer was first time tied to the wharf and after making collection of my baggages I obtained one carriage with diminutive but speedy horse. I should mention that before reaching the carriage I had two falls at the wharf owing to iron here and there and I alighted hardly on my hereafter, which obtained bruises, then I put my foot on plank, this broke (not foot but plank). One gentleman, I think he is

in Tanjong Pagar Dock Co., expressed sorrow on my downfalls and calamities, and I asked him, not inquisitively but in a thirst for knowledge voice, when the reparation of the wharf would occur. He replied, "We are waiting for an accident." I said, "Good heavens, sir, I have had two in your sight and presence in five minutes." He said, "Oh, that is nothing, I mean big accidents, such as a ship breaking down the wharf by running into it." As I, apparently to his mind, could not adequately grasp the full fulness of his meaning, he explained this way. You see this section is worth now, composed of rotten wood, about \$10,000, a ship comes and breaks it all up. We make a new wharf costing \$20,000, we charge owners of steamer \$30,000, and \$250 a day for loss or damage owing to there being no wharf. Then the steamer goes into dock, we get paid for repairs, and wages for staff (two coolies and three Europeans to supervise). He also added everybody was happy because large dividends were earned and bonus paid. So much for the wharf business. My carriage was made to proceed by a native Malay man without pants, only petticoat, and there was much disagreement between his ideas and ideas of the carriage builder who provided place to sit and drive, but the syce preferred to sit on the shafts. I was very thankful for his kindness as I had uninterrupted gaze in front, but also looking and seeing other syces doing so I am conclusively convinced that it was his stupidity, not kindness, which prompted him to sit on the shafts. By proceeding for an extensive distance over the road wherein were much holes and continuous bumping, I arrived at Queen Street, a very sacred part of the town near many churches and a convent, where the majority of inhabitants are clerks with plenty of work and littleness of pay. In fact everybody adjacent to this locality is like Missionary families composed of man, wife, numerous children, and small salary. I found, by taking tribulation, my friend's domiciliary edifice and was made too welcome. Here the syce showed to perfection in argumenta-

tiveness at time of payment. He diabolically in loud tone demanded \$2.50, and I could see by the light of his eye that his language was not such as you look for in the *Straits Times*. I objected emphatically to pay so much money *all at once*, and thought the dollar is so gigantic near the rupee, but now I know the hypocrisy of the dollar, because it will possess you of about as much as our Indian 8 anna piece. Anyhow he pulled one small dirty book which permits the Jehus of Singapore to rob you legally. For by it I had to pay for every box tied on the behind side of the gharry, notwithstanding and nevertheless that he was receiving money for conveyance of me. After much noisiness he departed, but before doing so he made much abusiveness on my mother and father, so I have been told.

The next day I took a bath before proceeding to Botanical Gardens. The water is very peculiar. After annointment of body with soap, it is too difficult by the Singapore water to remove the same and the feeling is not too good. I was told at Botanical Gardens is a menagerie. I went by my feet walking and on arrival asked the native policeman or watchman where is all the animals, and I saw the menagerie!!! Three monkeys, some squirrels, two apes, some birds, one jackal, some snakes, and it is finished. No tiger, no lion no bear, no nothing decent.

In Singapore a railway is started lately, and I have been informed that on the recent day the guard thought the people wanted sea bathing, and so he made strenuous endeavours to go into the Johore Straits. Much fearfulness was caused to the passengers, but the manager, at the risk of his life, threw too many stones under the train and stopped it on its seaward journey.

This is a most bad place of the world for living. Respectable native gentleman are compelled involuntarily to reside in houses not fit for animals, and must pay big rents. Houses on the monthly price of 7 dollars in 1900 now cannot be occupied



unless supposing 12 and 14 dollars be paid. Meat what is like wood is 40 cents. per one pound ; in India best meat is about 8 cents. for one pound. Servants what would starve in India as coolies have to get 8, 10, 12 dollars, and they are the great thieves being likewise too arrogant.

One evening I proceeded for getting nice breeze to the Esplanade, I heard some noise and also saw large gathering, and on nearer approachment to the joyous scene I discovered that the band was playing, but the musicians was all standing on the ground and so the beauty of the musical display was lost. Now in India, that benighted land, a band would not be in any station one week without a stand or platform being erected for it. Why cannot such be the similar case in Singapore ?

One more thought I have in my sojourn here collected. I went to a hotel to have a peg and asked for a small one. The boy said "stinger?"<sup>1</sup> I said no, no, some good whisky, not stinging whisky. He then expressed to me stinger is half. I said yes, yes, half whisky, half soda. He gave me what to my ignorance appeared half of a quarter of nothing.

Now I must say no more as I am engaged to deliver a lecture on Natural History. But I would feel much happiness to go back to India. Singapore is not the place for Bengalee gentleman because it is controlled by the Chinese house boy,<sup>2</sup> *tukan ayer* and *riksha coolie*."—By HURRISH CH. BANERJEE (*Straits Times*).

<sup>1</sup> Small whisky and soda (a corruption of the Malay "stengah," meaning "half.")

<sup>2</sup> Chinese water-carrier.

## PROSE (MISCELLANEOUS).

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### The Legend of the Coronation Stone or Stone of Destiny.

**T**RADITION has it that the coronation stone "Lia Fail," or stone of destiny, beneath the throne in Westminster Abbey, on which all the British monarchs are crowned, was the stone on which the patriarch Jacob slept at Bethel when he had his wonderful dream. It was later conveyed to Egypt, whence it was brought to Spain by Gathelus (founder of the Scottish nation) who married Scota daughter of Pharaoh, a princess whose heart was touched by the preaching of Moses. From Spain the stone was brought to Ireland by the mythical Hiberus, who was crowned king upon it. It was placed upon the Hill of Tara and became the usual coronation seat of the Irish kings. According to the old legend the stone used to groan when the rightful monarch sat on it, but it remained silent when the seat was occupied by an usurper.

Three hundred and thirty years before Christ, Fergus conveyed the stone to Scotland. It was built into the wall of Dunstaffnage Castle, whence it was removed by King Kenneth in 850 A.D. to the church of Scone. On this stone of destiny all the Scottish kings were crowned until 1296 A.D. when the

English king, Edward I., brought it along with other Scottish spoils to London. In Westminster Abbey King Edward I. (surnamed "Longshanks") dedicated the stone to Edward the confessor and offered it at the altar of that saint. Since that time the stone has remained in Westminster Abbey.

An old prophecy says with regard to the stone of destiny, that, wherever it be found there a king of Scottish blood shall reign. This prophecy has been fulfilled; for our present sovereign King Edward occupies the throne of Great Britain and Ireland by virtue of his descent from King James, the sixth of Scotland and first of England.

## The Thistle.

The thistle the floral emblem of Scotland, derives its name from *pistel* and *pydan* to stab; and the Anglo-Saxon *thistel*. Its adoption as a national flower is thus given by tradition: When the Danes invaded Scotland, it being deemed unwarlike to attack by night instead of fighting a pitched battle by day, the enemy had recourse to stratagem by marching barefooted so as to prevent being heard by those in the camp of the Scots. It happened, however, that a Dane stepping on a thistle uttered a cry of pain which aroused the Scotch, who defeated their antagonists with great slaughter. There are a number of varieties of the thistle. The stemless thistle accords best with the legend of the Norsemen, and is the thistle seen in the gold bonnet pieces of James V., and the cotton thistle which "thorniest and stiffest of its race," symbolises best the proud unbending nature of the hardy Scot, who also with his keen intellect, his love for learning, his researches into knowledge, provides like the thistle food for fools, and like the thistle will flourish under most adverse circumstances. The order of the thistle has for its motto: "Nemo ne impune lacesit"—"No one provokes me with impunity," or, more

freely, "touch me gin ye daur." That the thistle is appropriate to the Scotch in every respect, not only in the similar hardy, self defensive character, but as the thistle fruits are crowned with a tuft of hair which acts as wings in the wind to carry them to all parts and found fresh colonies, so the children of the Scotch, crowned by courage and carried by the winds of ambition, emigrate to other countries and take root and flourish on the most barren soil, triumphant over every difficulty.

### **Peculiarities of the Scottish Peerage.**

Before the union the peers of Scotland unlike those of England and Ireland, had the right to divest themselves of their titles. In other words, they had it in their power to surrender their titles to the Crown, whether absolutely or only in favour of their heirs apparent. Thus to take two cases out of many, in 1562 the Earl of Mar surrendered his title in order to become Earl of Moray, and in 1690 the Duchess of Hamilton (who was Duchess in her own right) surrendered her title in order to have it conferred on her son.

Before the union too, peers of Scotland, as peers, had no hereditary seats in parliament. They sat in parliament not because they were peers, but because they held land from the Crown instead of from one of the Crown's great vassals. In other words, before the union Scotsmen who held land from the Crown sat in the national parliament whether or not they had titles. Thus titles were mere dignities which had no practical value whatever.

Before the seventeenth century, again (*i.e.* before Scotland came under the influence of England) Scottish peers took precedence, not according to the antiquity of their titles but according to the wealth, dignity, and importance of their families. The Earls of Douglas, Crawford, and Erroll, for

instance, always took precedence of the Earl of Sutherland, though the last-named possessed the oldest title in Scotland. And indeed, as a general rule the head of a great family, though only a baron, took precedence of the head of a less great family, even though a duke.

## Old and New Style.

The change from old to new style of the calendar was made in the month of September, and the 15th of that month is known among Highlanders as "Toirt a stigh a'chunntais ùir" —the introduction of the new style of reckoning. On that day a decided change was made on the calendar in this country. As far back as 1582, Pope Gregory found that there had been a miscalculation of ten days in reckoning the year, and he accordingly declared that the 5th of October of that year should be reckoned as the 15th. The Grégorian style, as it was called, readily obtained sway in Catholic but not in Protestant countries, and it was not till 1752 that an Act of Parliament was passed in Britain dictating that the 3rd of September of that year should be reckoned the 14th, and that three of every four of the centurial years should, as in Pope Gregory's arrangement, not be bi-sextile or leap year. It has consequently arisen—1800 not having been a leap year—the new and the old styles now differ by twelve days, the 1st of January old style being the 13th of the month new style. In Russia alone, of all Christian countries is the old style retained. In some parts of the Highlands—especially in the Hebrides—there is a lingering regard for the old style, particularly with reference to the observance of Christmas and New Year's day, but the old is fast giving way before the new, and a few years will see the adoption of the new style throughout Gaeldom.—From the *Highland News*.

## The Union of Scotland and England.

James, Duke of Queensberry, was Queen Anne's commissioner to the Scottish Parliament at the time of the passing of the Act of Union with England. There was great excitement throughout Scotland at that time. All parties were united in opposing the schemes of Union. The Jacobites saw in it a final bar to the Stuart claims; the Presbyterians feared the tyranny of the English church; and even the Cameronians were dissatisfied with its provisions. Commercial people feared that commerce would decrease, and tradespeople foresaw, what eventually came to pass, the withdrawal of the nobility and gentry from Scotland.

Therefore when the Parliament met in Edinburgh on 3rd October 1706 the town was in a tumultuous condition. The three parties most prominent at this period were the Duke of Queensberry, Lord High Commissioner, who was determined by any means to carry the Union; the Earl of Mar, secretary of state supposed to favour the family of Stuart, but still ranking as Queensberry's right-hand man. But the principal agent in securing the success of the scheme was the Viscount Stair, who was connected with the Massacre of Glencoe and the unfortunate affair of Darien. This nobleman secured to himself from the greater part of the nation the nickname of the "Curse of Scotland," by his efforts in favour of the Union. Edinburgh rose in open revolt. Hundreds of persons escorted the Duke of Hamilton home to his lodgings after that nobleman had determinedly opposed the Bill in a speech which drew tears from the eyes of many of his auditors. The mob next attacked the Provost's house, and broke the doors and windows. The mob of Glasgow also, incited thereto by a sermon preached by the Rev. James Clark, minister of the Tron Church, dispersed the guards, plundered the houses of the citizens, and seized all the arms they could lay hold of; but their leader

Finlay being lodged in Edinburgh Castle they gradually calmed down. Another attempt was made by the Western Whigs, who had arranged to amalgamate with the Highland Jacobites and seize Stirling Castle, but as the Duke of Hamilton sent messengers into the west to countermand the orders given, only four hundred appeared in Hamilton on the day appointed. Still petitions by the score poured in from every shire in Scotland against the Bill, and the town of Ayr was the only one which forwarded one in favour of it. But an opposition petition containing an overwhelming majority of names came also from the same burgh. It having been mooted in Parliament that addresses such as these were seditious, Sir James Foulis of Colinton said that if the authenticity of the addresses was doubted, he had no doubt that those who signed them would have no objections to appear before their lordships to enforce their claim to be heard. About four hundred of the nobility and gentry having assembled in Edinburgh to draft a petition to Queen Anne to call a new Parliament, Queensberry became alarmed at seeing so many in the streets whom he knew were hostile to him, therefore he proclaimed their meetings while Parliament sat.

Troops had to be introduced into Edinburgh to protect the Unionist faction from the vengeance of the people. These mounted guard in the principal streets, and the commissioner dared only to pass to his coach through a lane of soldiers under arms, and was then driven to his lodgings in the Canongate amidst repeated volleys of stones and roars of execration. But despite all opposition, on the 1st May 1707 the Union took place. The Scottish Parliament adjourned on 22nd April for the last time; and it was on this occasion, when the proceedings should have savoured of solemnity, that Chancellor Seafield behaved himself with ill-timed levity, and remarked, "There's an end of an auld sang."

The younger brother of this Lord Seafield traded in cattle, a very common occupation amongst gentlemen in those days;

but the Earl was offended at it and he upbraided his brother for prosecuting plebian pursuits. "Haud your tongue, man!" retaliated the cattle dealer, "better sell nowte than sell nations!"

The bribes which were received in order to pass the Act of Union were, according to the Earl of Glasgow's statement on oath to the Commissioners of Accounts, as follows:—

To the Dukes: Montrose, £200; Athole, £1000; Roxburghe, £500. Marquis of Tweeddale, £1000. Earls: Marchmont, £1104:15:6; Cromarty, £300; Balcarres, £500; Dunmore, £200; Eglinton, £200; Forfar, £100; Glencairn, £100; Kintore, £200; Findlater, £200; Seafield (Lord Chancellor), £490. The Lords: Prestonhall, £200; Ormiston, £200; Anstruther, £300; Fraser, £100; Cesnock (now Polwarth), £50; Forbes, £50; Elibank, £50; Banff, £11:2:0; Sir Kenneth MacKenzie, £100; Sir William Sharp, £300. Mr Stuart of Castle-Stuart, £300; Mr John Campbell, £300; Mr John Muir (Provost of Ayr), £100; Major Cunningham of Eckatt, £100; the messenger that brought down the Treaty of Union, £60; Patrick Coultrain (Provost of Wigtown), £25; Mr Alexander Wedderburn, £75; and to the Commissioner (Queensberry) for equipage and daily allowance, £12,325. Total, £25,540:17:7.

The small amount of those sums makes the manner in which the Union Act was passed only the more disgraceful. Honest Andrew Fairservice in "Rob Roy," only gave utterance to the opinion of the majority of his countrymen at that period when he said: "It was an unco change to hae Scotland's laws made in England, and that, for his share, he wadna for a' the herring barrels in Glasgow, and a' the tobacco casks to boot, hae gi'en up the riding o' the Scots Parliament or sent awa' our crown, and our sword, and our sceptre, and Mons Meg to be keepit by the English pock-puddings in the tower o' Lunnon."

But events have turned out better than was expected. Although the Union was consummated to keep Scotland more



under control, and not with the intention of benefiting her, we have to thank those who selfishly passed that Act for the prominent position our nation now holds.—From the *Weekly Scotsman*.

## The "Black Watch" Red Hackle.

### HOW IT WAS WON.

The following account of how the Black Watch gained the Red Hackle, in January 1795, was written by Sergeant Rowland Cameron, pensioner, 42nd Royal Highlanders:—

"Much has been said and conjectured of the manner by which the Red Feather was awarded as a distinctive mark to be worn by the 42nd Regiment, the truth of which is as follows.

"A movement of the army having taken place on the last days of December 1794, the 42nd Regiment, quartered at Hiel, received orders to march late on the night of the 31st December 1794 towards Bommell, distant about twenty miles on the opposite side of the river Waal. We arrived about four o'clock, 1st January 1795, near the banks of the river, having taken a circuitous march, as also a number of more regiments, and rested until daybreak, when an attack was made. We drove the French across the river on the ice, and held a position on the banks of the river till the evening of the 3rd, when a partial retreat took place, leaving strong piquets. Early on the morning of the 4th the piquets were overpowered by the French and obliged to retreat towards the village of Guildermauson, where the 42nd and other corps were stationed. The cavalry of the French pushed their way through the retreating piquets to the very ranks. Some of them fell into our hands, and a trumpeter remained with the regiment for some time after our arrival in England. The 11th Light Dragoons were stationed in front of the village to cover the retreat of the

piquets with their two field-pieces, and instead of resisting the charge of the French cavalry, they immediately retreated at a furious pace to the rear of the village, leaving their guns in the possession of the French cavalry, who commenced dragging them off.

“An aide-de-camp—Major Rose—came with an order to our commanding officer—Major Dalrymple—to advance and retake the guns of the 11th Light Dragoons, which was complied with at severe loss. The guns were then dragged in by the corps, as the harness had been cut and the horses disabled. There was no notice taken of the affair at the time; all was bustle and confusion. A further retreat took place on the 5th to Benheran, where the Prince of Orange had a palace, which the 21st, 28th, and 42nd Regiments occupied until the 8th, when commenced the retreat across the Rhine, and continued until early in April, when the British army embarked at Bremalie in Hanover for England, and landed at Harwich.

“Much has been said of the conduct of the 11th Light Dragoons on the 4th January 1795; and although it was rumoured that some distinctive mark was to be awarded to the 42nd, it was never thought that the transfer of the Red Feather from the 11th Light Dragoons to the corps was to be the distinctive mark conferred. The 11th Light Dragoons were served out with a White Feather and yellow top.

“On the 4th June 1795, when quartered at Royston, near Cambridge, after firing three rounds in honour of his Majesty George III.'s birthday, a box containing the feathers arrived on the Common. They were distributed to the officers and men; the commanding officer gave a speech, the subject of which was that the honour of wearing the Red Feather was conferred on the 42nd Regiment for their gallant conduct on the 4th January 1795. The officers and men placed the feathers in their bonnets and marched into Royston, and on the evening of the 4th June were paid the arrears of eight months' pay, with a caution to keep close to their billets and

be regular, and I daresay there are individuals in Royston still who remember the washing of the Red Feather.

“(Signed) ROWLAND CAMERON,  
*Pensioner, 42nd Regiment.*”

“INVERNESS, *January 1845.*”

“A true copy.

“(Signed) JOHN DRYSDALE, *Major, 42nd R.H.*”

“A true copy.

“(Signed) D. M'PHERSON, *Major, 42nd R.H.*”

In 1822, from a mistaken direction in a book of dress for the guidance of the army, some of the other Highland regiments concluded that they also had a right to wear “a red vulture feather.” The 42nd, however, remonstrated, and their representations at headquarters called forth the following memorandum:—

“FOR OFFICERS COMMANDING HIGHLAND REGIMENTS.

“HORSE GUARDS,

“20th August 1822.

“The red vulture feather prescribed by the recent regulations for Highland regiments is intended to be used exclusively by the Forty-Second Regiment. Other Highland corps will be allowed to continue to wear the same description of feather that may have been hitherto in use.

“(Signed) H. TORRENS,

“*Adjutant-General.*”

## St. Andrew, Scotland's Patron Saint.

The Order of St. Andrew or the Thistle was instituted by James V. in 1540, and consisted of the Sovereign and twelve knights. It was discontinued after his death, but was re-established by James II. of Great Britain in 1687, the number of knights being reduced to eight. The original number was

restored by Queen Anne, and increased by George IV. to sixteen in the year 1827.

The ornaments of the Order are a collar of sixteen thistles intermingled with sprigs of rue, a gold medal, and a silver star made up of a St. Andrew's cross with rays, in the centre of which is a thistle of gold surmounted by the motto of the Order, "*Nemo me impune lacessit.*"

## The Royal Arms.

Richard I. of England, surnamed Cœur de Lion, adopted three lions passant, which are still emblazoned on the Royal coat-of-arms of Great Britain and Ireland. The harp, for Ireland, was introduced in the reign of Henry VIII. James I. of England and VI. of Scotland brought in the Scottish lion rampant, and fixed on the lion and the unicorn as supporters to the Royal Arms.

## The Union Jack.

The Union Jack is composed of a combination of the national flags of England, Scotland, and Ireland.

England's national flag, the banner of St. George, is a red cross on a white ground; Scotland's, the banner of St. Andrew, is a white diagonal cross on a blue ground; Ireland's, the banner of St. Patrick, is a red cross on a white ground.

## Stature of Scotsmen.

The different countries of Europe vary greatly in the average stature of their peoples. The Scots are the tallest, averaging 5 feet 10 inches, on a level with the Polynesians and Armenians. At the other extreme are the Southern Italians, French, and Spaniards, all the shortest peoples, except the dwarf races of

Africa. The average height in Ireland is 5 feet 9 inches; in England and Scandinavia, 5 feet 7 inches; in Wales, Germany, and Denmark, 5 feet 6 inches; Eastern France, 5 feet 5 inches; Spain, Switzerland, Northern and Central Italy, 5 feet 4 inches; Portugal and Southern Italy, 5 feet 3 inches.—*Little Encyclopædia*.

### Where Scotsmen Lead.

Sir James Crichton Browne in the course of a lecture gave out with the weight of his opinion that the mass and weight of the brain were the most important criterion of intelligence.

Although mind and matter, said the lecturer, had no relation to each other as cause and effect, they were, in the brain, in invariably a definite union with each other. The growth of the brain was indicative of mental activity, and the failure of mental faculties was a measure of the decay of the brain. Close attention or active exercise of the thoughts caused a rise in the temperature of the brain. The heaviest organ of the body, next to the liver, the brain of the average male European weighed forty-nine ounces, and of the female four or five ounces less. There was necessarily a relation between brain bulk and body bulk, and hence it was found that the taller races were generally the most intellectual, which the lecturer sought to demonstrate by this table!—

<i>Nationality.</i>	<i>Average Stature.</i>	<i>Brain Weight.</i>
Scotch . . .	5 ft. 8 $\frac{3}{4}$ in.	50 oz.
English . . .	5 ft. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.	49 oz.
German . . .	5 ft. 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.	48·3 oz.
French . . .	5 ft. 6 $\frac{1}{4}$ in.	47·9 oz.
Hindu . . .	5 ft. 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ in.	45 oz.
Aboriginal Australians	5 ft. 0 $\frac{1}{3}$ in.	42 oz.
Bushmen . . .	4 ft. 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ in.	35 oz.

It was well to know that the Germans had the disadvantage of an ounce less brain in the competition for commercial

supremacy. Although the size of the brain indicated mental power, it was only one of the conditions.

## Intelligence of Scotsmen.

While the average business intelligence of Scotsmen is unquestionably higher than the average business intelligence of Englishmen, intellectually, the Scotch hold, I might almost say, a supreme place. Scotland has produced, in proportion to her population, a larger number of great men, perhaps, than any country except Greece.—LABOUCHERE.

## The Scottish Invasion of England!

Scotland may be forgiven a little self-complacency these days. She is bearing a part in the high politics of Britain wholly out of proportion to her size. The Primateship of all England is the latest "plum" to drop into her mouth.

We need not remind Scotsmen that the only other Archbishopric of the English Church is held by one of their countrymen, Dr MacLagan of York.

Then Mr Balfour himself, the Prime Minister, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and Lord Rosebery, the leaders of the two wings of the Opposition, who are the only possible successors to Mr Balfour in the Premiership; and the head of the Governmental department of law, Sir Robert Finlay, the Attorney-General—these are all born and bred sons of Caledonia.

Truly England has more need to talk of the "Scottish invasion" than of the American. But after all, why be jealous? "we're a' John Tamson's bairns!"—*Weekly Scotsman*.  
17th January 1903.

To the above list of Scotsmen who have held high Government positions may be added Mr Ritchie, Chancellor of the Exchequer; Lord Balfour of Burleigh, Secretary for Scotland; and Mr Gerald Balfour, President of the Board of Trade.

## A Remarkable Prophecy.

The announcement of the elevation of Bishop Davidson (of Scottish birth) to the Primacy of All England recalls to a correspondent of a contemporary the prophetic epilogue delivered by Richard Burbage at the Globe Theatre, London in 1601 (published in Seton's *Budget of Anecdotes*). These lines are as follows:—

A Scot our King? The limping State  
 That day must need a crutch.  
 What next? In time a Scot will prate  
 As Primate of our Church.  
 When such shall be, why then you'll see  
 That day it will be found  
 The Saxon down through London town  
 Shall burrow underground.

These lines were literally fulfilled by the elevation of Archbishop Tait and by the introduction of underground railways. Now, by the elevation of another Primate of Scottish birth and further increase of "burrowing underground," the old prophecy has received a double fulfilment.—*Westminster Gazette*.

## Gaelic-speaking Persons in Scotland.

A table in the appendix of the census returns for 1900 gives the number and proportion of those in Scotland in its divisions and counties who speak Gaelic only or both Gaelic and English, and, on this occasion, children under three years of age are not included.

Throughout the country 28,106 or '63 per cent. of the inhabitants spoke Gaelic only, while in addition 202,700 or 4·53 per cent. spoke both Gaelic and English. The largest number of persons speaking Gaelic is found in the north-western and west midland divisions of the country, in the

former of which 23,893 or 14·34 per cent. spoke Gaelic only, and 82,573 or 49·58 per cent. both Gaelic and English, and in the latter 3357 or 0·96 per cent. spoke Gaelic only, and 42,315 or 12·14 per cent. spoke both languages.

## Heather in North America.

A Canadian newspaper has the following, viz. :—

The fondness of the Scot for the thistle and the heather has had many an illustration. In Canada the former has of recent years secured a firm hold, and the Canadian farmers in some localities who have not the unspeakable advantage of being of Scottish descent are by no means grateful for the accession to the growth of the plains of the emblem of Scotland's might as they ought to be. The thistle can be trusted to look after itself ; the heather, however, transported beyond seas, needs looking after to begin with. Once it has obtained a hold it continues to thrive, although it never succeeds in reaching the richness of colour to which it attains on the Scottish bens. Of late it has been found growing wild in Newfoundland, in New Jersey, in Maine, and in Massachusetts. How it originally came to be there is a mystery, but in the case of Massachusetts, which is probably typical of the others, it is alleged that it was brought thither a century ago and more by Scottish emigrants, and that, finding the soil kindly it elected to remain. In that same State it is now used extensively in gardens and cemeteries. So, too, in the States of New York and Pennsylvania, and so also on the estate of George W. Vanderbilt in North Carolina. The State of Oregon knows it as well, and it is even found in the far Yukon. And thus the eye of the Caledonian beyond seas is refreshed and his heart warms to the bloom of his own native heather.



## SCOTS IN EXILE.

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### A Far-away Scot on the Old Country.

**A**S for the Scotsman's love of his own little land, it requires but few words to prove it and fewer still to give the reasons for it. "There is no special loveliness," says Mr Stevenson, "in that grey country, with its rainy sea-beat archipelago, its unsightly places black with coal, its treeless, sour, unfriendly-looking cornlands, its quaint, grey castled city, where the bells clash of a Sunday, and the wind squalls, and the salt showers fly and beat. I do not know that I desire to live there, but let me hear in some far land a kindred voice sing out 'O! why left I my hame?' it seems at once as if no beauty under the kind heavens, and no society of the wise and good, could repay me for my absence from my country." The love of country is in the Scotsman's blood; for good or for evil he cannot get rid of it. The happiest lot on earth, he feels, is to be born a Scotsman, just as Mr Zangwill at his best almost persuades us that it is to be born a Jew; and to the unregenerated and uncircumcised the one appears about as desirable as the other.

In the vividness and directness of all these feelings, as well as in this freedom from all alloy, the Scot abroad has the advantage of the Scot at home. "Home-keeping youths had ever homely wits," and the Scotsman in a foreign land had his wits sharpened by contact with men of all countries, to see

the greatness of his own. At home he believed that "far awa' fowls were fair," and he chafed under the restrictions of custom and the narrowness of outlook, which he felt without being able to explain; abroad, he remembers no more these littlenesses, while the sacred halo of home shines clearer through the distance. Talk not to him now of Pharisaism and fanaticism, of Puritanism and Sabbatarianism; all these things he remembers no more. If he recalls in the bloated wealth which a more generous country than his own has given him, the time when he committed to memory the 119th Psalm for a reward of one penny, and regrets the economic waste on his own part equally with the parsimony displayed by a stern parent, it is not to cast a reflection on his native land, but to say with a sigh of self-satisfaction "hame was never like this." The beauty of the thatched cottage in Perthshire, that nestles by the still stream under the shade of rugged mountains, while the peat-reek curls up from the primitive chimney, makes us forget the squalor of the interior, and the agues and rheumatisms that never leave it; the quaintness of the Edinburgh High Street hides the reeking horror of the lives of many of its inhabitants; the lovely scenery of Clydesdale or the lower Clyde repels all suggestions of gloomy coal-pit and grimy miners' row; and so the very hardships, the enforced niggardliness, the long and hopeless toil of a Scottish town, fade into nothingness beside the memories of our fathers and the scenes of our native land. Were we to visit them the charm might disappear; it may be that a gloomy tenement or a yet more hideous factory stands where stood our old home, or that the rowan tree has long since died or been cut down; but to our eyes that home still nestles amid lilac and laburnum, that rowan tree still blossoms from year to year, still wears "rich and gay its autumn dress," and still for us do

"Hallowed thoughts around thee twine  
O' hame and infancy."

Thus it comes that there is no patriot like your exile ; and his patriotism is no drawback to his energy and his usefulness.

—From the *St. Andrew's Gazette*, Buenos Ayres.

## Stevenson in Samoa.

PUBLISHED IN 1895.

In this work occurs the well-known passage by Robert Louis Stevenson about his tomb, *à propos* of Mr. Crockett's beautiful dedication of *The Stickit Minister*: "It's a wrench not to be planted in Scotland—that I can never deny—if I could only be buried in the hills, under the heather and a table tombstone, like the martyrs, where the whaups and the plovers are crying! . . . Singular that I should fulfil the Scots destiny throughout and live a voluntary exile, and have my head filled with the blessed, beastly place all the time!"

## Scotsmen Abroad.

We Scottish people have reason to be proud of the share we have taken as one of the partners in the British Empire-building business. And that Empire means the brains and the character which govern, mould, civilise, educate, elevate, and enrich physically, intellectually, and morally, its toiling millions, and push them on to the light of a fuller and richer day. In this splendid work his co-partners will cheerfully admit that the Scot, in proportion to his number and the size of his land, has taken a principal part. He has done so in Canada, in Australia, in New Zealand, in South Africa, and in every Colony of the British Crown, and in that Great Republic of the United States of America, which has drawn its best blood from our own. He has done so because his country, its history, and its institutions have made him what he is.

For one thing, they have made him proverbially the most

ubiquitous and cosmopolitan of human beings; I leave out the incomparable Jew. It is prophesied that when the North Pole is discovered there will be a Scotsman astride of it. He is everywhere. Professor Cowan of Aberdeen, in his admirable book *The Scottish Church in Christendom*, says pithily and truly: "For six hundred years, at least, the Scots have been notable among the nations for loving and for leaving their native land." The century-long war of Scotland with England for national independence, and the hundred years' war of France and England, in which Scotland helped her auld friend against her auld enemy, fostered the roving propensity to abandon his home.

Many a laugh has been raised against him on this ground. When the Englishman twitted the Scotsman by saying that when his countrymen went to England they stayed there, but when the Englishman went to Scotland he got out of it as fast as he could, the latter promptly replied, "Man, I ken a place in Scotland where 30,000 o' ye ance gaed and hardly ane o' them gaed back again." "Where may that place be?" asked the Englishman. "It was a place ca'ad Bannockburn." Through all those centuries the sounds of war, persecution, civil and religious, the smallness and mountainous character of his country, its climatic conditions, and its comparative poverty—these and other causes, strengthening his natural love of adventure, have drawn him or have driven him from his native land. It is his capacity of loving and leaving his native land which has helped to make the Scot the Empire builder he is. It was mainly Scotsmen of the Hudson's Bay Company, of whom Lord Strathcona is the typical Governor, who kept the great Canadian North-West within the British dominions.

It is a romantic, as well as pathetic, history that of the Scot abroad. The ruined homesteads on many a bonnie hillside and in many a lovely glen, tell that he was driven as well as drawn. Whether Highlander or Lowlander, whether

drawn or driven, wherever he goes he carries the love of it in his heart, and its memory lasts with his life. The Canadian crofter's boat song is as true as it is beautiful:—

From the dim shieling on the Misty Island,  
Mountains divide us and a world of seas!  
But still our hearts are true, our hearts are Highland,  
And we in dreams behold the Hebrides.

Green are the woods that gird this mighty river,  
And green the meadows sloping to the strand;  
But we have left our native hills for ever,  
But we are exiles from our fathers' land.

His land has had much to do in making the Scotsman what he is. There is no need to say to my fellow-countrymen on far distant shores, "Be proud of your native land"; for while their heart beats it will beat true to the "Tir nam beann, 's nan gleann, 's nan gasgeach,"—"the land of the hills, and the glens, and the heroes."

What a land it is to love, to honour, help, and defend! What a land in its history, in its immortal memories, in its struggles for independence and liberty; what a land in its scenery of mountain and glen, of lake and sea and shore, this northern land of ours! "I did not know why Scotsmen are so proud of their country," a foreigner once said to me while sailing on the greatest of our Scottish lochs, "but," looking around on the mountain masses which guard it, he added, "I know now."

Where on earth will you find another such "dreamland of mist and mystery," another such blending of the sublime and the beautiful as you will find almost anywhere, and especially in our Scottish Highlands? Who that has ever seen them will forget the endless and bewitching charm of such landscapes as those where Ben Lawers looks down on Loch Tay, or Ben Voirlich on Loch Earn, or Schiehallion on Loch Rannoch,

or the triple crown of Ben Cruachan on Loch Awe, or, noblest of them all, where Cairngorm, Ben Macdui, and Cairntoul overlook the spacious, pine-clad strathspey? Mighty mountains, some of them with their bosoms jewelled far on into the heat of summer with brooches of glittering snow, all of them swathed at their bases with belts of birch and pine and greenwood, melting upwards into green grass or dark heather, which will brighten into purple as the weeks go on, their great corries casting massive shadows in the sunshine, their summits capped with drifting clouds or weird masses of sleeping mist, and their sides scarred and seamed with roaring cataracts. And the race which grew within their shadows were like unto themselves, a strong, pure, poetic, reverential and God-fearing race. What land ever produced a hardier people than those brave men and beautiful women, who have been driven by the hundred from their much-loved glens to make room for the sheep and the deer, and even amid the happier surroundings of a distant land, to sing as they think of the home of their fathers, what, with sore hearts, they sang as they then left it:—

Cha till, cha till, cha till mi tuileadh,  
Cha till mi gu brath, gu la na cruithne.

I return, I return, I return no more,  
I'll never return till judgment day.

From a prosaic point of view what has Scotland not done for the Empire in providing all over its surface, and especially in the Highlands, in the beauty and the bracing air of the autumn such a recreation ground, such a health resort and health restorer for its jaded statesmen and legislators and soldiers, and literary men, manufacturers, captains of commerce and of industry, and for thousands of worthy people as much in need of rest as they! What has it not done for the Empire, not only by its grouse, but by the free and generous gift of its

ancient and Royal game of golf! All in all, there is none like it, none worthier of our love. It is his land with its history which has made the Scotsman.

The roots of his national life and character stretch deep and far into the past, and are well worth unearthing and looking at as one century passes on to another. The character which the past has stamped upon him he has carried with him all over the globe, and has turned it to account in the making of the Empire. The dominant feature in the Scottish character, and the dominant factor in Scottish history is his inborn and inburnt love of independence and freedom of civil and religious liberty. However it may be explained it is in our blood to-day, and it was there from the dawn of authentic Scottish history. It was and is native to our soil as a sea-girt mountainland, and is one illustration of the truth of Wordsworth's noble ode:—

Two voices are there ; one is of the sea  
One of the mountain ; each a mighty voice.  
In both from age to age thou didst rejoice,  
They were thy chosen music, Liberty !

It is equally true that of that spirit of independence war was at once a cause and an effect. We have been hammered as a people into the metal we are by centuries of national, civil and religious strife. Scotland was a fairly prosperous kingdom when, on 12th March 1286, Alexander III. was thrown from his horse over a rock at Kinghorn and broke his neck. There has been no one event more fruitful in serious consequences in the history of our land. With him the race of our Celtic kings came to an end, a loophole was given for a claim on the part of England to the crown of Scotland, and a struggle began which did not completely end till the union of the two kingdoms in 1707. The Scottish people were preparing to fight England again at the very time the Articles of Union were being arranged. It is a striking illustration of the

hold which the death of their king took upon the minds of his people, and of its deplorable effects upon their country, that it forms the theme of the oldest known Scottish poetry which has come down to us :—

Quhen Alysanderoure Kyng was dede  
That Scotland led in luwe and le (love and law)  
Away wes sons (plenty) of ale and brede  
Of wyne and wax, of gamyn and gle ;  
Oure gold was changyd into lede,  
Cryst borne into virgynyte,  
Succor Scotland and remede,  
That stad (standing) is in perplexyte.

It was a horrible time which followed, a time whose full misery and desolation we cannot conceive. These stern times entered into the very spirit and fibre, the very pith and marrow of our national manhood. While the miseries are forgotten, the self-restraint, self-respect, self-reliance, the readiness of resource, the caution, the shrewdness, the frugality, the power of endurance, the patriotism, the intense love of liberty and independence, which were begotten of these times, these are a splendid inheritance which still remains. They left us the poorest, but the proudest, nation in Christendom. Great nations, like great characters, are born of suffering.

By the Rev. Dr JAMES M'GREGOR,  
Minister of St. Cuthbert's, Edinburgh, and one of  
H.M. Chaplains for Scotland, from the *Weekly Scotsman*.

## The Gael in Canada.

The following remarks are extracted from a paper prepared for the Gaelic Society of Glasgow by Mr Alexander Fraser, M.A., Toronto, and read at one of the meetings of the Society by Dr Magnus MacLean :—

When Gael meets Gael abroad one of the first questions put



is, "What part of the Highlands do you belong to?" and much interest attaches to the answer. Probably the speakers find they are from the same locality, having a common acquaintance with scenes, people, and affairs. The question is not "Cò as a *thainig* sibh?" but "Cò an ceàrn d' am *buin* sibh?" for the Highlander clings to the habitat of his race as if it were still his own. "Where are they?" "Where have they gone to?" may be questions as interesting to the Highlander at home as are their counterparts to those abroad; and it is, therefore, I venture to think, a few brief sketches of the Gael in Glengarry, Canada, may be listened to patiently by their fellow-countrymen in Glasgow. And further, in these days when Canadian affairs are much discussed in Great Britain, the Canadian Highlander may receive a little attention from his brothers in the Old Land.

Glengarry is a county situated at the eastern portion of the Province of Ontario. It lies between the rivers Ottawa and St. Lawrence, to the south of the former and to the north of the latter. It begins about sixty miles from Montreal and extends west and north, being within easy reach from Kingston and Ottawa. The county is named after Glengarry, Invernessshire, on account of the large number of Glengarrymen who settled on its lands early in the century; and probably nowhere outside the Highlands have the traditions and memories been more warmly cherished than by these men of Lochaber and their descendants.

What Canada owes to the old Highlanders has often been told, yet is apt to be forgotten in times when the present with its demands and activities leaves so little time for the contemplation of the past. Canada was practically won by Britain from the French by the army under Wolfe, whose decisive battle was fought on the Plains of Abraham. At Louisburg the Highlanders were covered with glory, but at Quebec it is questionable whether a great battle could have been fought at all if it had not been for the coolness of

Captain Simon Fraser (younger of Baluain, who afterwards, as Brigadier-General, fell at Saratoga) in answering the challenge of the French sentry as the Heights were being reached from the river. The story is well known, and as related by Smollett is as follows: "The first boat that contained the British troops being questioned, a Captain in Fraser's regiment who had served in Holland, and who was perfectly well acquainted with the French language and customs, answered without hesitation to '*Qui vive?*' the challenging word, '*La France.*' Nor was he at a loss to answer the second question, which was more particular and difficult. When the sentinel demanded—'*A quel regiment?*' the Captain replied, '*De la reine,*' which he knew by accident to be one of those that composed the body commanded by Bougainville . . . In the same manner the other sentries were deceived, though one more wary than the rest came running down to the water's edge and called, '*Pourquoi est ce que vous ne parlez pas haut?*' (Why don't you speak with an audible voice?) To this interrogation which implied doubt, the Captain answered with admirable presence of mind in a soft tone of voice, '*Tai toi nous serons entendues!*' (Hush, we shall be overheard and discovered). The sentry retired without altercation."

The importance of this service lay in the fact that if the sentries had not been deceived, the troops could not have effected a landing much less have succeeded in scaling the precipitous heights, and had the British failed in this, Quebec would have been held by the French as the key to their possessions in Canada. I may here be allowed to say that the "Plains of Abraham" were named after one Abraham Martin, a Perthshire Highlander, who owned the tract of land of which the famous battlefield formed a part. The Highland portions of the British army in Canada at that time were the Black Watch, Montgomerie's and Fraser's Highlanders. The first and second of these were composed of men from many parts of the Highlands; the third of men chiefly from Inverness-shire.

Many men belonging to these regiments settled on the banks of the Lower St. Lawrence and in Nova Scotia at the conclusion of the Seven Years' War, and up to 1767 in the State — then Province—of New York, in the beautiful Mohawk Valley, a number of Highlanders from Glengarry and Knoydart under the leadership of MacDonnell of Aberchaldar, Leek, Scotas, and Collachie settled. They were about thirty miles from Albany, and were under the protection of the great Sir William Johnson of Indian fame. When hostilities broke out between Britain and the American Colonies in 1775, these Highlanders remained loyal, and about two hundred of them crossed country to Montreal and formed the nucleus of the King's Royal Regiment of New York, with Sir John Johnson, son of General Johnson, as Colonel. . . . A regiment known as the Royal Highland Emigrant Regiment was also formed in Canada from the veterans of the Fraser's, Montgomerie's, and Black Watch Regiments just referred to, together with some Highlanders who had even at that early period settled in the American Colonies. In 1783 when peace was declared between Britain and the United States, the men in these regiments returned to Canada, receiving grants of land for their services and loyalty. They were known as United Empire Loyalists, and with them came the first influx of Highlanders to Glengarry in Canada. They were mostly soldiers, but soldiers with a rare experience of such life as was suited to the forest wilds of an unopened country. They were hardily reared in the Highland straths and glens, seasoned by the wars and winters of Quebec, and inured to the toils of pioneer life in Nova Scotia, when the axe or the rifle and musket were as necessary in the field as the spade and the plough. Yet their lot was no enviable one during the early years of their settlement. Among those who thus in 1784 settled in Glengarry were MacDonells, MacMillans, Frasers, Chisholms, MacGillivrays, Robertsons, MacLennans, etc., the names most common in Inverness-shire. They travelled long distances to their new

homes, through trackless forests, swamps, and rough, broken land. The Nova Scotians went through the fastnesses of New Brunswick to the St. Lawrence, and by its waters up to Montreal. Some came from the Carolinas, others from the Province of New York. Many had to leave their wives and families behind, and these were oppressed and persecuted by the Americans, whose cruelty exceeded that of the wild Indians on the plains. Petitions are on file from soldiers who served in the Highland Regiment, and afterwards in the Royal Highlanders' Emigrant Regiment, to the British authorities imploring protection for the helpless families held as prisoners by the United States Government. . . . Twenty years had almost passed away when an event happened which marks an historic era in Upper Canada, and may be ranked as the most remarkable in the annals of Highland emigration. I refer to the raising and emigration of the Glengarry Fencibles. An emigrant ship which had sailed from Barra with emigrants had been wrecked and put into Greenock, landing her passengers in a most helpless condition. It was in the spring of 1792. Alexander MacDonnell, then a priest in the Highlands, repaired to their aid, and succeeded in securing employment for them from manufacturers in Glasgow. He became their priest, and his experience as such in Glasgow was quite interesting. The factories had in the course of two years to be closed on account of the war between Britain and France, and the Highlanders were once more shelterless. The priest conceived the idea of forming them into a Catholic regiment with MacDonnell of Glengarry as colonel. He, with unusual address, procured a Letter of Service, and the Glengarry Fencibles was soon raised, the priest becoming its chaplain. In 1802 it was disbanded, and the men were left in as helpless a condition as ever. The resourceful chaplain then conceived the plan of settling the corps in Upper Canada. His negotiations with the Government of the day ought to be read by everyone interested in the Highland clearances. Briefly, he

succeeded in obtaining an order from the Secretary of the Colonies to the Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada to grant two hundred acres of land to every one of the Highlanders who should arrive in the Province. The Highland landlords then opposed the project, and a hot agitation took place over the whole question, so that the Prince of Wales offered waste lands in Cornwall, England, to the Highlanders to keep them at home. An Act of Parliament was passed placing restrictions on emigration. The Glengarry Fencibles, however, had got away before the Bill had become law. With the Fencibles came also a number of people from Glenelg and Kintail and other parts of the Highlands. There were in all about 1100 emigrants in the party, and after a voyage of four months they reached Canada in 1804, and settled in Glengarry. . . . The Rev. Alexander MacDonnell, the Chaplain, in course of time became the first Roman Catholic bishop of Upper Canada, and until his death wielded a powerful influence on the politics of his adopted country. . . . In 1812 war broke out between Britain and the United States, and then as ever the Glengarry Highlanders showed their military spirits, when four fencible regiments were raised for the defence of the country. The service they rendered was worthy of the best traditions of the Highland regiments, and in the annals of Canada the Chateaugay will ever be fragrant. . . . Gaelic is still spoken freely among the people, and they are jealous of the traditions of their fathers. . . . On the way between Montreal and Toronto, Glengarry is easily reached by visitors from the home land, and I have experienced hospitality there so often that I can presume to promise a cordial welcome to any of my countrymen who, in visiting Canada, may wish to visit the Gael in Glengarry, Canada.

## Annual Reunion of the Natives of Ross and Cromarty.

The Chairman after tea, rising amidst cordial greetings, delivered a highly interesting address. At the outset he alluded to the motto of the Association, "Dileas dà chéile" (true to each other), which he described as a watch-word breathing that fine spirit of loyalty to chief, clan, and countryman, which in the past had proved itself an irresistible force on many a hard fought field, and won for the Highlander of to-day the priceless heritage of a heroic fame. And in this more peaceful age the spirit which your motto enshrines and preserves was not of less value. In the storm and stress of modern life the kindly words "Dileas dà chéile," if remembered and acted upon, might prevent many a ruinous slip, heal many an aching wound, lighten many a leaden-eyed despair, and perhaps even bind up some breaking heart too proud it may be to knock for pity at a public door.

In conclusion, he supposed in some respects they all resembled "Old Boboon"<sup>1</sup> and his children, that was to say, however far away they may be, wherever they might be housed, there were times when they heard the wash of the melancholy seas that hem their native shire, when they saw the misty mountains and the lonely glens, when they caught the scent of the sweet bog-myrtle, or the pungent odour of the peat reek. Blessed was the man, who in the turmoil of city life, had a vision and sense of these things, and twice blessed was he whose heart was softened by their memory to acts of kindness, and to deeds of mercy to his fellow-men—"Dileas dà chéile!" (Loud applause).—Speech by Mr T. C. H. Hedderwick M.P., 18th February 1897.

<sup>1</sup> One of the characters in the *Lost Pibroch*, by Neil Munro.

## Love of Country.

If there is one phase of Highland character that is predominant and universal in the race, it is his love for the Highlands. He loves his country with almost the same ardour and tenderness with which he loves his sweetheart. The wimpling burn in yonder valley where he waded bare-foot as a boy; the heath-clad hill rising above that sheet of dark-blue water, over which he roamed when the heart was young and gay; the rugged peak, with its frowning precipices, which he climbed on that distant summer morning, frightening the hazel-eyed deer; and the humble homestead on the green knoll, the scene of many tender recollections of boyhood—all are to the old Gael as dear as though they were endowed with life. This wonderful love of country is perhaps the finest attribute in the character of the Highlander. Though met with in all parts of the world, he is not by nature of a restless or roving disposition, and wherever the fight for existence may cast his lot, he never ceases to love and dream of his dear Highlands, or to pray that his bones may ultimately rest there, to mingle with the dust of his forefathers. The Gael sings of his country as often as he sings of his sweetheart, and some of his finest songs are written in praise of the land of his birth.

He has perhaps more reason to be proud of his country than any other inhabitant of these islands. He alone, of all the Britons, is the descendant of the original stock that possessed the country. Surely it is a matter to be proud of that our Highlands are the only part of Britain that has never been conquered. While the blood of the Englishman is a blend of the Saxon, the Dane, and the Norman, in the veins of the Highlander flows blood as pure as the dew of Ben Nevis.

Thus it is that he is proud of his country and of his race. He regards his country as his inheritance, transmitted to him from time immemorial. He is also proud and jealous of his country's traditions. The legends that have been handed down

to him through the dark vista of many ages, having for their theme deeds of glory and prowess on the part of his forefathers, whether real or imaginary are still told at the Ceilidh in many a remote Highland glen, and the story of Prince Charlie, with all his wanderings and hair-breadth escapes, will be for ever treasured, and rightly, too, as an episode showing the strongest attachment, the deepest affection, and the staunchest fidelity that ever were offered a Prince by a devoted people.—*The Highland News.*

## Highlanders among the Cherokee Indians.

Cherokees, says an American writer, come well by their stubbornness, their shrewdness, and their love of controversy. As Indians they had these traits to begin with. As the result of a strong infusion of Scotch blood they added to the strength of the characteristics.

It is Scotch history that after the battle of Culloden many Highlanders left their native land rather than accept English sovereignty. It is Cherokee history that numbers of these sturdy Scots found homes and wives with the Cherokee nation before the enforced migration of the tribe from Georgia to the Indian Territory. *John Ross* was one of these Scotch exiles who accepted Cherokee citizenship. He became a chief, and was given the name of "Coo-iscoo-ee." When the nation moved to the Territory, one of the districts into which the reservation was divided for Government purposes was named "Coo-iscoo-ee." Ross founded a family which became powerful in Cherokee councils. He and his son were frequent visitors to Washington, and had much to do with the treaty-making which gave to the nation the strong legal position it holds in its relation with the United States. A descendant of Ross, the Scotch exile, is one of the officers of the nation to-day.

The *Adairs* are another influential Cherokee clan established by a Scotchman who came over after the Battle of Culloden.



As the descendants of Adair by his Cherokee wife grew up, they were sent away to American colleges and given the best opportunities for education.

*MacNair* is another of the familiar Scotch names introduced into the Cherokee nation by this Scotch infusion. The MacNair who came over after Culloden was a Highlander. One of his descendants lives on a magnificent estate of 1500 acres in the beautiful valley of the Grand River.

*Duncan* is another Scotch name found among the Cherokees. The head and front of Cherokee opposition to American citizenship is a Duncan, whose claim to Cherokee citizenship would not be guessed by any physical characteristics. He is Scotch in look and Scotch in his love for controversy.

## Highlanders Among the North American Indians.

Struan the Chief, who was received with applause, in his opening address said it was nearly 200 years since the clan were gathered together in Pitlochry with their chief at their head. Notwithstanding changed circumstances, they were the same old clan with the same motto: "Mutual help and support."

The Clan was represented all over the world, and he had just heard of some North American Indians who called themselves Robertsons. (Laughter and applause). This was after the famous American Judge Robertson, whose ancestors were out in the '45, and who was so greatly beloved by the Indians that they took his name.—"Gathering of the Clan Robertson Association in 1902."

# SCOTCH SCENERY AND PEOPLE.

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## Scenery and the Imagination.

**A**ND now, let me conduct the reader in imagination to the far north-west of Scotland and place him on the craggy slopes above the upper end of Loch Maree, as the sun, after a day of autumnal storm, is descending towards the distant Hebrides in a glory of crimson, green, and gold. Hardly anywhere within the compass of our islands can a landscape be beheld so varied in form and colour, so abounding in all that is noblest and fairest in our mountain scenery. To the right rises the huge mass of Slioch, catching on its terraced shoulders the full glow of sunset, and wreathing its summit with folds of delicate rose-coloured cloud. To the left, above the purple shadows that are now gathering round their base, tower the white crags and crests of Ben Eay, rising clear and sharp against the western sky. Down the centre, between these two giant buttresses, lies Loch Maree—the noblest sheet of water in the Scottish Highlands—now ablaze with the light of the sinking sun. Headland behind headland, and islet after islet rise as bars of deep violet out of that sea of gold. Yonder a group of pines, relics of the old Caledonian forest, stand boldly above the rocky knolls. Around us the naked rock undulates in endless bosses, dotted

with boulders or half-buried in the deep heather that flames out with yet richer crimson in the ruddy light filling all the valley. Overhead, the banded cliffs of Craig Roy, draped with waterfalls and wet with the rains of the earlier part of the day, glow in the varying tints of sunset. We hear the scream of the eagles that still nest in these inaccessible crags; the hoarse outcry of the heron comes up from the lake; the whirr of the blackcock re-echoes down the hill-side. It might seem as if we were here out of sight and hearing of man, save that now and then the low of cattle, driven home to their stalls, falls faintly on the ear from the distant hamlet which is fading into the gathering twilight of the glen.

At such a time and in such a scene the past speaks vividly to us, if there be human associations of a bygone time linked with the place. Here, in this remote Highland valley, we are led backward in imagination through generations of strife and rapine, clan warfare and private revenge, bravery and treachery, superstition and ignorance, far away to that early time when, in the seventh century, Maelrubha, the red priest from Ireland preached to the savage Picts, and first brought this region within the ken of civilized men. More than twelve hundred years have since passed away, but the memory of that early missionary still lives here among the solitudes which he chose as the scene of his labours. The lake yet bears his name, and his favourite island of retirement, embowered in holly, mountain ash and honey-suckle, contains his holy well, which even to this day is visited for the cure of diseases, while offerings are made to the saint.

But we have lingered by the side of this northern lake, with its noble curtain of mountains, and the sun meanwhile has sunk in a glory of flame beneath the faint outline of the Hebrides; the last flush of crimson has faded from the sky, and the twilight is deepening into night down the valley. In leaving the scene, if I have succeeded in showing how we have it in our own power to quicken the influence of scenery on the imagination,

we may, I trust, take with us the full conviction that there is no landscape so fair which may not be endued with fresh interest if the light of scientific discovery be allowed to fall upon it. Bearing this light with us in our wanderings, whether at home or abroad, we are gifted, as it were, with an added sense and an increased power of gathering some of the purest enjoyment which the face of nature can yield.—“Tour in the Hebrides,” by Professor Sir ARCHIBALD GEIKIE, in the *Fortnightly Review*.

## A Summer Day at Gart-na-cloich.

Some fifteen months ago I stood, on a georgeous summer day when the heat was neither fierce nor thundery, on a hill which overlooks Mr Cunninghame-Graham's village of Gart-na-cloich. It was five years since I had seen it last, and my lot since then had been cast in a strange land, where there are no hills save a few sand-dunes, and where the speech sounds to British ears even harder than Mr Graham's "stony" language of the north. It may have been comparison that enhanced to me the beauty of my native landscape, with its purple moors, great solemn hills and sloping wood, where the windows of the laird's "big hoose" shine out from among the trees; but I like to think that the stirring of heart I felt was due to causes absolute, not relative. For though Gart-na-cloich is not my birthplace, it is the country of my "forbears" and in this wider sense my "fatherland"; and so it came that, at sight of the village, every ugly feature veiled by distance, sleeping in the summer haze amid its grand surroundings, there surged up in me a great wave of that local patriotism which in a foreign land is submerged by a mightier feeling of Imperial love of land and race. It is to this passion that one of the greatest of Scotsmen gave melodious utterance when he wrote in exile to an exiled friend:—

“O ! it’s ill to break the bands that God decreed to bind,  
 Still will we be the children of the heather and the wind ;  
 Far away from home, O ! it’s still for you and me  
 That the broom is blowing bounie in the north countrie.”

—MARGARET MACDONALD, in the *Saturday Review*.

## In Praise of Scotland.

M. P. Villars, the London correspondent of the *Paris Figaro*, sends to his paper a long and laudatory letter on Scotland and the Scotch. Scotland, he says, is not only the land of lakes, of grouse, and of the mountaineers of comic opera, but it is a country where hospitality is always given and never sold. It is a kingdom with its own laws, customs, manners, and national traditions, and if any minister or politician in making a speech should refer to the English Government, a thousand voices will shout “British” as a corrective. To be a Frenchman is to be assured in Scotland of a hearty welcome—to have every hand extended and every heart opened to him. In London the Frenchman is a stranger ; in Edinburgh he is almost at home.

## Previsions of “The Twelfth.”

How charming is the return to the northern shooting lodge of one’s dreams. Who enjoys dinner so much as on the first night of revisiting say, Cuaich Lodge ? The clear skies and sharp air are accountable for an enormous appetite, and no mutton is better than that fed on the moor outside, while the butter and milk are a revelation. Then the smoke outside while the setting sun throws into the shade the brotherhood of mountains in the west, lights up the loch below and floods the eastern hills with the light of romance and sport—the speculations as to success on loch and moor—the interminable discussion on the nature of *Salmo Ferox* and that excellent story how old Mac-Intosh killed a 40 lbs. salmon, which grows annually at the rate

of at least 5 lbs. a year. These are delights which send men to bed in good spirits and banish the demon of dyspepsia. It is as well to come up some few days before the Twelfth thoroughly to enjoy anticipations of sport, take a few walks over the moor to get into condition, catch a salmon or two, and perhaps make a call on "the meenister" and his fair daughter. The fate of Mr Briggs who, greatly daring, walked in August heats against the younger members of his party, should warn elderly sportsmen not all at once to begin tramping after grouse. Here a little preliminary training is unrivalled for health and comfort. The spirit of the country, good enough at its proper time, is nothing less than pernicious if taken freely in the eye of the sun on an August afternoon. It would be useless to suggest cold tea, and somewhat Pharisaic as well, for if we do not recruit wearied nature with a flask of the Dew from Ben Nevis, we certainly should not fall back upon cold tea. Still, *de gustibus, etc.*

Who shall paint the delights of the Twelfth when ushered in by the soft blue distance, which speaks so eloquently of a good shooting day till three, and then a blazing afternoon? After all, anything is better than a sullen drench, such as men encountered over much of in Scotland in 1895. A leisurely breakfast should be prescribed. Why make a hurried start when the whole of a long day lies before the sportsman? Then the "machine" drives round, and the after-breakfast pipe and chat, which succeed as the party is being driven to the corrie where Kenneth thinks of starting, is a keen pleasure.

The sportsmen cannot help spending a moment's thought on the excitement, bustle, and rapid life which they have left behind in London. How different to the everlasting hills, the limpid burns leaping down among ash and alder, the eagle floating over Ben More, the fresh sharp air which here seems to inspire untold health and activity. It is easy to give a moment's pity to friends condemned to toil in the city, who to-night will find the clubs empty and all their allies in the North. The young-

est member of the party can look back with equanimity on the fair young partner with whom he has so often this summer danced. The Twelfth can even conquer love. But "Now, boys here we are!" exclaims the entertainer, as the horse is suddenly checked. "Now for first blood!" Amid all the pleasurable excitement of this supreme moment the happy party may be left. Divers chroniclers may tell of their prowess in a few days. It is at any rate certain that they will return at late evening tired out and yet delighted with another anniversary, to be remembered during life, and that anniversary, it may be hoped, marked with the reddest of colours from the slaughter of many fast-flying grouse.—PELAGIUS in *The Field*.

## The Twelfth of August

If there can be any great measure of consolation for the departure of the summer, it is to be found upon the grouse moor in August. Some men hailing from the southern counties prefer the First of September, when the little brown bird comes whirring off the stubbles or the place of his hiding among the root-crops; others will vote for the beginning of October, when the earliest pheasants may be picked up in the outlying fields, and nothing that rises before the gun is forbidden to the marksman. But for the writer the Twelfth of August is the day of days, and the sober-plumaged grouse, reared and shot among the billowy heather, yields place neither to blackgame nor partridge, nor pheasant.

There is still enough of summer to make it seem immortal: on the lowlands the corn is still green, the heather is breaking into flower, and the beehives have been moved from the flower-garden that the bees may yield heather honey. The moor—be it in North Wales, the northern counties of England, or Scottish Highland or Lowland—has renewed its youth; we left it in desolate October or November days, when it served the cloud-drifts as a resting place, and the grouse had long packed

and had even learned to avoid the butts, when the stalker's rifle was no longer heard in the forest, and the stags had ceased to roar. Who can forget the drive to the station, when wind and rain held the land in thrall; the cheerless aspect of dripping, desolate, expanses of land stretching far as the eye could reach! We come back nine or ten months later to find that the good fairy of the changing year has restored all we cared for, that the heather is aflower once more, and the plantations that hide the roebuck and the far-flying blackcock are impenetrable as of yore. The trout-stream we left in flood is shallow now and bright as the summer can make it, the "living flash of light" we call the kingfisher darts across it in search of his prey—the rest of the happy fish find their way up stream careless of the brilliant little bird, their enemy, or the more sober herons who stand sedately on one leg in the shady places. The air has its pristine fragrance, encouraging our most vigorous efforts; and in lodge, farm and moor we renew old acquaintances and call back the days of our best achievements and heaviest bags.

Of course the drive is the recognised method of taking the "moor cock," and driving has done a great deal to strengthen stock and keep the birds healthy and plentiful; but I do not hesitate to say that a walk over well-stocked undulating heather pleases me more than a day in which the only exercise is found in walking from butt to butt. In driving a good moor the result is a foregone conclusion. Before the first faint cries of "Mark, mark" are audible, or the keenest eye can see the advancing flags, the coveys begin to come over, swinging lazily and securely over the heaps of turf they have known all the year. It is merely a question of cool head and steady hand in the days that follow on the heels of the Twelfth, before the birds have been frightened, made cunning, and taught to fly fast. In late September he must be a fine shot who would excel against driven birds sailing hard and high, rising and swerving round the butts and going at a pace that baffles four



men out of five again and again. In mid August the drive is a tame affair. The walk on the other hand is quite different. You never know when the covey will rise and go skimming over the heather tops; hares and rabbits give the day a variety. What can be more delightful than lunch in the shade by some musical spring after a tramp that has tested all our endurance and has given the boys a heavy bag to carry! How we pride ourselves upon our restraint when we refrain from drinking the spring dry, and are content to plunge arms in up to the elbows and so reduce the body's temperature! What can excel the delicious dreamless sleep that comes at the close of day, at an hour we should laugh at in town! Drinking, billiards, and card-playing, the sworn foes of good sport and keen sportsmen, have no chance after a hard day's tramp in the open.

Perhaps the Englishman owes something to the hardy men who serve the land in Scotland. Foresters, keepers, gillies, stalkers, farm-hands—one and all seem to be in the perfection of physical condition. They can walk from twilight to twilight, their horizon is far wider than ours, and save in the drinking of whisky, they are the most frugal livers to be met with west of the Indian Empire. It is impossible not to feel that they have a sly contempt for the Southerner; and consequently no spoken word is sweeter—or more rare—than their praise. One of the hardy, well-informed men of whom I write is an ideal companion for a long day's walking over the moors: he sees so much the visitor would never notice, and has so much of the knowledge that is not set down in books. His dignity and self-possession are admirable qualities seldom or never met among the men who serve us in big towns. Nothing makes him forget the respect due to others or to himself.—*Illustrated London News*.

### The Highlands at their Best.

To the sportsman, if he be something like a naturalist, ornithologist and admirer of nature, the Highlands are never

more enjoyable than in May or June. The mountain landscapes have put on their freshest verdure; the streams are swollen by the showers and melting snows; the brooks that will be shrivelled to threads in droughty August are tumbling down each hillside in brawling cascades. The glint of sunshine on bright, green and translucent crystal sends up the spirit to high-water mark; you have no severe piece of work cut out for the morrow and the day after; you never come home to dinner with cracked back and aching sinews. You may ride the shaggy pony, if you will, along the paths that ought to traverse every well regulated forest. You bring the spy-glass or opera-glass into play, stalk the deer without meaning them injury. You watch the gambols of playful family parties, where the does are tenderly looking after their little ones, and the stags are careless of the coming terrors of August. Every-where on the forest and on the moors nesting and brood-rearing is going on around you, from the eagles and peregrines, again happily preserved to the eyries on the shelves in the clefts of inaccessible cliffs, to the motherly grouse fluttering up under your feet in mad alarm for her scattering covey of cheepers; from the thievish little merlins and Great skua robber gulls, laying their eggs among the heather, to the grebes and ducks on the pools, the sandpipers and the omnipresent ringousels. Then, fishing of various kinds is always a resource, for there are pike and monster trout in the lochs, and speckled troutlets are swarming in every streamlet.—  
From *The World.*

## In Praise of the Highlands.

There is nothing in this world like a month on the moors for health, happiness and innocent exhilaration. There is nothing more certain to stave off the consultation which sends the patient on wearisome voyages round the world, or drives him to cessation of labour and the consequent *ennui* which

dismisses him as surely to the grave by a more circuitous route.

Some people object to the Highland climate. It certainly has not the sunny monotony of the Soudan, or even of Sicily, but really its charm is in its infinite variety. It rains a good deal, no doubt. but the rain does no one any harm so long as he keeps on the move. We confess that one may get tired of confinement to the shooting-lodge when the water is plashing steadily against the windows; more especially when tantalised by a rising barometer, till tempted to take it out of doors, like the Aberdeen farmer, and ask it "whither it winna believe its own een." But life can never be worth the living without the alternations of fear and hope. You look implicitly forward to the ecstatic morning when the moors will be bathed in a blaze of sunshine. We love to be out in all weathers—except when remorseless downpour has made shooting and walking alike impracticable—nor do we know what kind of weather is most likeable. Perhaps that sunny clearing up of which we have spoken, when nature has gone in most effectually for an autumn cleaning, when the heather is steaming in the warmth, and the heat has been drawing up the mists till they hang in fringes and festoons from the waists of the mountains; when distances are so deceptive that you fancy you might see a blue hare on the new-bathed rock a couple of miles away, when each rill has swelled to a torrent, and the torrents are still coming down in spate. Indeed the worst of such a morning as that is the walking, for the plunging knee-deep through the foaming burns and the staggering about as you toil up over the slippery heather roots are apt to tell severely on the back sinews. As for the sport, in the circumstances, the less said about that the better; the old birds are as wild as hawks, and even the young broods are nervously restless; but what else can you expect while the waters are draining off and the weather is clearing up? Damp it may be, below and around, but the air is exhilarating as dry

champagne. You stick to the low beats and come home in high spirits.—*The Badminton Magazine.*

## Angling in the Highlands.

After a few days of exercise in the air of the north, there come times when the angler, who wanders alone after sea-trout down glens and over moors, has a sense of physical energy and strength beyond all his experience in ordinary life. Often after walking a mile or two on the way to the river, at a brisk pace, there comes upon one a feeling of "fitness" of being made of nothing but health and strength so perfect, that life need have no other end but to enjoy them. It is as though till that moment one had breathed with only a part of one's lungs, and as though now for the first time the whole lungs were filling with air. The pure act of breathing at such times seems glorious. People talk of being a child of nature, and moments such as those are the times when it is possible to feel so; to know the full joy of animal life—to desire nothing beyond. There are times when I have stood still for joy of it all, on my way through the wild freedom of a highland moor, and felt the wind and looked upon the mountains and water and light and sky, till I felt conscious only of the strength of a mighty current of life, which swept away all consciousness of self and made me a part of all that I beheld.—By SIR EDWARD GREY.

## The Lochans of Glencoe.

To this day and hour I wonder what tempted me to try my luck fishing in the Lochans of Glencoe. On second thoughts I'm afraid that is not strictly true, for a fishing report in a Glasgow paper of 800 trout caught in a fortnight by two rods—by the way, the weight was not given—decided me, and I left Cairnbann for the wilds of Glencoe.

It is very jolly looking back on these free and happy days spent with rod and camera in the open air, "of all lives the most perfect and best" (are not these Louis Stevenson's words?), when one writes in foggy London, and instead of the strange eerie cry of the curlew and the distant bleating of mountain sheep, the dull roar and bustle of the never ceasing traffic sounds in one's ear.

It is like a dream to think of Glencoe, and that long ride over the wastes of the Moor of Rannoch, terrible even on a midsummer day in its vastness and desolation, seems more like a chapter out of a book one has read, than like an actual experience, it seems so far away and unreal; only the knowledge that a night in the Scotch express would land one at Bridge of Orchy makes me believe in the reality of it. Little wonder the Highlanders fought and bled for their glens; little wonder these glens produced the sturdy, passionate, hardy race of men of whom Neil Munro writes in "John Splendid."

It seemed sacrilege to go merely to fish at Glencoe, there is too much poetry, too much tragedy associated with it, the place was full of memories of the stormy past, the ghosts of dead men seemed to haunt the very air itself, the mists concealed them, formed them, dissolved them. It seemed an impertinence for the casual tourist to penetrate to the grandeur and fastnesses of Glencoe.

Ah well, a daily coach rattles through the glen—thank heaven the winter storms form a barrier which shut out coach and tourists alike—cyclists spin along the rough and lonely roads, but on the hillsides, climbing Ben Cruachan, scrambling up its almost perpendicular rocks, swinging from crag to crag, while far below the mists creep and hover in the crevices and over the distant moors, stumbling down in the rocky bed of a mountain torrent, landing knee-deep in treacherous holes, springing from tuft to tuft of grass across the bogs on the way to the Lochans, it is easy to forget the ubiquitous tourist and remember only that one is in Glencoe, the glen one dreamt of

and about which one wove romances in one's childish days, in a solitude near as perfect as that of the eagle in his eyrie.

What are the few houses in that expanse of moor; they accentuate the solitude, the loneliness of it. The peat reek curls up from the low lying inn of Kinghouse, a mere dot on the dark moor, a modern shooting-box looks down upon the Lochans scattered between Kinghouse and Loch Ba.

In winter, the Lochans are merged into one sheet of water, stretching towards Loch Ba; in summer, they are, some of them, mere ponds dotted in the moor, each with a name, but in all big and little, there are trout, uneducated, greedy, ready to bite. They rose as soon as the fly was offered them, and I don't believe it would have mattered in the least what the fly was, those trout would take any.

I had a very lively time for two hours on one of the larger lochs. The gillie came down to the loch to shove off the boat, very necessary, as some thoughtless being had left it deeply embedded in sand. Then he said he was sorry he could not stay to row, and his tall figure disappeared up the hillside, springing lightly over the boggy land. The loch was certainly the most difficult one on which to manage a boat alone that I have ever been on. It was full of small creeks, large boulders, stones big and little just appearing above the surface of the water, more treacherous when hidden. There was a strong breeze and the boat drifted with appalling rapidity, spinning about like a teetotum. To fish with the rod in one hand, balancing oneself in a tossing boat, making wild grabs at the oar and working it with the other, is very amusing, with just a spice of danger, but it was fishing under difficulties. And the stones—they seemed to possess a magnetic attraction for the boat. I had always thought it a sign of bad rowing to run aground or on to stones, but it was difficult to avoid doing so here. Generally one did not see the stones until one felt them. After an hour of this amusement, and much time spent in getting the boat shoved off, I resigned myself to this novelty of

drifting, or whatever one can call it, and cheerfully let the boat balance itself on the top of the stones at the imminent risk of capsizing while I cast. It saved a great deal of trouble and did instead of an anchor. I was not sorry when at last I saw the gillie waving to me from the shore. "I thought you'd find it hard to manage the boat in this wind, it's got so high," he explained, and glad enough I was to give up the oars. Rowing and fishing are all very well on a calm day when the boat stays in one position and drifts gently, almost imperceptibly over the smooth water, but when a regular gale "from a' the airts does blow" and the boat is invariably driven ashore at the most critical moment, it gets beyond a joke. Even my gillie, who knew the loch well, occasionally bumped on to these wretched stones, causing me a thrill of unholy delight. Boats need to be strong for the wild moorland Lochans of Glencoe.

Three dozen trout was the result of my day's fishing, and had it not been so rough the basket should have been much larger. "You should come here at four in the morning, you'd get grand sport then; they take better then than at any other time."

Unfortunately wind and weather and want of time prevented an early day's fishing. Next day there was a gale that made it useless to attempt it, and the only time I saw the glen at four in the morning was on the day I left. The Lochans shone in the morning sun, streaks of silver in the low-lying dark moors, the mists still hovered over the more distant glints of water, and the air was redolent with the keen freshness of the morning; there was a crispness, a sweetness, only felt in the early hours before the heat of the day, and morning in Glencoe was like a glimpse into another world. The breath of a new life was borne on the morning breeze, the peace of it, the beauty possessed one's soul. Ben Cruachan was veiled in a haze of grey, and mysterious shadows hovered on the hillsides, shifting, moving ever, in strange ghost-like shapes; and up from the low stretch of moors, where the waters gleamed, came

a herd of deer, the fawn slowly following, across the white road they went, browsing on the hillsides on their way, till they were lost to sight on the heights.

At the inn, the gorgeous peacock sunned himself in the tiny garden plot beneath the windows, vying with the flowers in the brilliance of his colouring. At night, when I sat in the low-roofed dining-room with a peat fire blazing, welcome even on a July night, the peacock sat perched on the window-sill, peering into the room, and outside in the darkening Highland cattle stood, their forms dimly outlined, and when I went to the rustic porch, where rods and waterproofs hung, there was a shaggy head with huge horns thrust into the porch, the sensitive nostrils quivering. The spell was unbroken while I stood quiet, but when I moved forward there was a rush, a scurry, a clatter of hoofs, and with flying tails the cattle thundered down the road. And when one knows the ways of Highland cattle, "kittle cattle" truly, one has an unwilling admiration for the men who successfully lifted a drove. It can have been no easy task.

Dogs of all kinds lay about the doors, most fascinating of all, a beautiful deerhound puppy, too shy to make friends and who repelled all advances. The horses fed and munched at the roadside and their snorting and whinnying mingled with the sounds of the burn rushing over its rocky bed down beneath the inn.

It was a night, a morning, to make one glad in the joy of living, in the sensation of life and being. It felt as if the elixir of life were poured into one's veins, coursing wildly through them, every sense keenly alive to the intoxicating beauty, the strange overpowering fascination of Glencoe.—By KATHERINE GRAEMSAY in *The Angler*.

## The Scottish Spring.

The Scottish Spring comes coyly, and in the blighting winds and flying sleet is slow to shake off the garments of heaviness.



But some day she bursts upon you in gay attire and in the brightest blush of her virgin beauty. The braes of the Border are one blaze of fragrant furze blossom. The thyme set thick in the turf breathes balm beneath your footsteps. The first of the swallows are skimming and dipping, the soft air is melodious with the hum of bees, and from the "flocks of the fleecy people" that seem to have huddled out of sight there comes a perpetual bleating.—*Saturday Review.*

### Ben Ledi.

Doone will always be a point of attraction to the traveller on account of its castle and of the Teith, which is here a fine river, and as giving a near and immediate prospect of those Highlands to which his hopes and plans are tending. I know not but that the first view of Ben Ledi in thus approaching it is more striking than any of the ordinary approaches to the Highland border. Though of no very great elevation, since it is not 3000 feet high, it rises in graceful and almost solitary magnificence, broad and blue, the chief of the surrounding hills; thus contrasting more strongly with the open country to the southward which we are leaving, and holding out the promise of scenes yet unexplored, of the landscapes of which our imagination has long been dwelling with hope and of gratification in our immediate grasp. Never at least shall I forget the impression it made on myself, when, after a long lapse of years of absence from this fair land of the mountain and the glen, all the recollections of boyhood on which I had so long and so often dwelt were revived in all their freshness; and the long protracted hopes seemed now at length on the very verge of being gratified. It was a delicious July evening, the bright blossoms of the furze was perfuming the sweet still air, and the cheerful note of the yellow-hammer was resounding from every hedge and bush around. Everything was at peace; and as the sun, long delaying over Ben Lomond,

streamed through its gorgeous attendant clouds of crimson and gold as if loth to quit the lovely scene, brightening the broad side of Ben Ledi and gilding the smoke which rose curling from Callander along the plain, all the dreary past seemed to vanish and I felt for a moment that I was then wandering as I had once wandered among the blue hills and the glassy lakes of the Highlands, when the world was yet new and when life held out a bright perspective of happiness.—Dr J. M'CUCCLOCH, *Highlands and Western Isles of Scotland*, published in 1824.

### In the Scottish Land of Faery.

I was out all night in Tobermory Bay worshipping, pagan-like, the heavenly host; then off at three in the morning, past Ardnamurchan with the biggest and most blazing of morning stars and presently the sun rising up.

I never saw such a scene; we were in a sort of extempore heaven—earth and sky and sea and imagery—and the hills of Morven and the enchanted hills of Skye, Rum, and Eigg, and even Muck, all in unspeakable beauty and strangeness.

The Coolin hills are not to be spoken of with one's hat on. I am for ever dreaming of them and the glorious Coruisk. It was perfect; first gloomy, the ridges hidden by fleecy mist; then they revealed their awful faces and were seen clear against the sky in their wild tragic forms; then shrouded again; and then looking out here and there as if to say "Don't presume; we are all here."

It is a wonderful place for power and a certain weird solemnity; we were quite filled with the glory of the place.—Letter by Dr JOHN BROWN.

### The Scenery of the Scottish Highlands.

There is no uniformity in the Scottish Highlands. With each turn in the wild and stern glens the landscape frames

itself in a fresh and impressive picture. Now there is a rushing cataract in a rocky gorge, and again there is the peaceful shieling of shepherd or gillie on the verdant oasis in the well-protected nook. Now you climb a height or open a vista, and before you stretches the Highland loch in a glittering expanse of silver.—*Saturday Review*.

## A Frenchman's Opinion of the Highlands.

Miss Betham Edwards communicated to the *Leisure Hour* for August 1899 the following letter of a Frenchman in the Highlands in 1786 to an English friend, in French-English:—

“Glasgow, 6th March 1786. I leave the Highlands with which I have been very much entertained, but that is nothing to the Pyrenees and to many parts of our Highlands, no timber wood, but small copse, no cultivation upon a good footing by these poor Highlanders, none of these fine pieces of meadows with small houses and cow-houses and dairies, etc.; on the other side (hand?), no such thing in Europe as those fine lochs, those fine views of the sea which fill up the botom (bottom?) of long valleys and adorn a wild, romantic, and often sublime scenery—which speak to the soul and rise your ideas to the level of their light and pure atmosphere. I have not the time to speak of Loch Lomond (sic), I would tell a great deal about my good friends, the poor but honest Highlanders. I like them, never I saw such civility without the shadow of servility, such plain frankness without the least rudeness, such a vanity to be an old unconquered people without any proudness, such a poverty with such a cleanness, and such contentment. They wish nothing else but that you would leave them alone, and your hellish law about shooting (game laws) takes away from their delight and one of their resources; to ask from them two guineas is to ask that they travel in the moon; you will (wish) to civilise them, they are civilised people; do you pretend (wish) to teach them to be

happy, they want not your so long series of comforts ; a little whiskey, that is all, poor and good people ! They have masters now, and they deserve more than any people to be free."

## Impressions of Highland Scenery on an American Traveller.

The characteristic glory of the Scottish hills is the infinite variety and beauty of their shapes and the loveliness of their colour. The English mountains and lakes in Westmoreland and Cumberland possess a sweeter and softer grace and are more calmly and wooingly beautiful, but the Scottish mountains and lakes excel them in grandeur, majesty, and romance. It would be presumption to undertake to describe the solemn austerity, the lofty and lonely magnificence, the bleak, weird, haunted isolation, and the fairy-like fantasy of this poetic realm, but a lover of it may declare his passion and speak his sense of its enthralling and bewitching charm. Sir Walter Scott's spirited and trenchant lines on the emotion of the patriot sang themselves over and over in my thought, and were wholly and grandly ratified as the coach rolled up the mountain road, ever climbing height after height, while new and ever new prospects continually unrolled themselves before delighted eyes. . . . That mountain road, on its upward course and during most part of the way, winds through treeless pastureland, and in every direction, as your vision ranges, you behold other mountains equally bleak save for the bracken and the heather, among which the sheep wander and the grouse nestle in concealment or whirr away on frightened wings. . . . The eye dwells enraptured upon the circle of the hills, but by this time the imagination is so acutely stimulated and the mind is so filled with glorious sights and exciting and ennobling reflections, that the sense of awe is tempered with a pensive sadness, and you feel yourself rebuked and humbled by the final and effectual lesson of man's insignificance that

is taught by the implacable vitality of these eternal mountains. . . .

Life in Scotland is deeper, richer, stronger, and sweeter than any words could possibly be that any man could possibly expend upon it. The place is the natural home of imagination, romance, and poetry. Thought is grander here, and passion is wilder and more exuberant than on the velvet plains and among the chaste and stately elms of the South. The blood flows in a stormier torrent and the mind takes on something of the gloomy and savage majesty of those gaunt, barren, lonely hills. Even Sir Walter Scott, speaking of his own great works (which are precious beyond words and must always be loved and cherished by readers who know what beauty is), said that all he had ever done was to polish the brasses that already were made. This is the soul of excellence in British literature, and this, likewise, is the basis of stability in British civilisation—that the country is lovelier than the loveliest poetry that ever was written about it or ever could be written about it, and that the land and the life possess an inherent fascination for the inhabitants that nothing else could supply, and that no influence can ever destroy or ever seriously disturb. Democracy is rife all over the world, but it will as soon impede the eternal courses of the stars as it will change the constitution or shake the social fabric of this realm. "Once more upon the waters—yet once more!" Soon upon the stormy billows of Lorn I shall see these lovely shores fade in the distance. Soon, merged again in the strife and tumult of the commonplace world, I shall murmur with as deep a sorrow as the sad strain itself expresses the tender words of Scott:—

"Glenorchy's proud mountains,  
Kilchurn and her towers,  
Glenstrae and Glenlyon  
No longer are ours."

—From "Gray Days and Gold," by WILLIAM WINTER.

## Highlanders and Highlands.

I cannot find words to describe the colouring of the Scottish scenery as I saw it in the summer, autumn, and winter of 1848. There was the deep violet, the azure, and the rosy hue; the most vivid tints given to the landscapes of Italy; the distances mellowing into the glow of sienna; the brilliant greens of many shades and tints contrasting with the richest olive and deep brown. Again at other times there was the cold grey and solemn black of the mountain side, which at the departure of summer and under a cloudy sky gave expression and variety to the fading but highly-coloured fern and dying leaves, which told "that winter had taken hold of them." Nor can I represent as I could wish the magnificence of the sunsets or their effects upon the mountains, especially where the tops were covered with snow.

I can never forget the enjoyment of looking up Loch Vennachar with the sun setting behind Ben Venue. The rosy clouds and golden brilliancy of the sky deepened the purple richness of the graceful mountain, whilst Ben An and Ben Ledi reflected from their heads of snow the gorgeous tints of the heavens. The woods at their base not yet stript of their russet leaves, caught the softened gleam and contrasted well with the dark patches of flowerless heather, the olive green and brown of the ground. The deep shades of the nearer mountains and the well-placed trees and forms of the foreground gave them effect, whilst the lake in silvery blue and with the stillness of a mirror doubled to the minutest exactness all these beauties.

The changes of the atmosphere and, consequently, of the effects on the landscape are very remarkable in this part of the Highlands. It is striking, but not surprising, when we think of the various heights of the mountains, the different temperatures thus occasioned, as well as the innumerable degrees of climate caused by geographical position, the force of attraction

and repulsion acting on the various vapours, and the general and particular influence of the sun and wind.

Sometimes you would see the sun shining (between the hills) on a shower which was falling in the valley, whilst the blackest cloud overhung the summit so heavy as to appear (notwithstanding its steamy look) to be crushing the very mountain. Sometimes of a light and feathery nature the mists would seem to be chasing one another round the mountains. Sometimes more singly they would appear to linger near one spot, or slowly to glide over a favourite haunt; and then again, when all the rest of the heavens were clear and blue, three or four of the most brilliant white and delicate appearance would curl round the peaks of the hills as if to embrace them.

You cannot detach from your mind the idea of animation in contemplating these mists and their effects; and you are continually presented with the notion that they are the spirits of the air and of the dead! Picture to yourself the range given to the wandering of the fancy in a country where the phenomena of the atmosphere is so various and striking. These picturesque and awful appearances serve for similies and metaphors in describing characters and action, and present themselves to the Highlanders as voices from heaven.

Ossian's powerful and beautiful application of these phenomena to the spirits of men speaks its truths to the present as it did to the past; not only giving lessons of morality and gratifying the intellect, but forming also a record of the history of nature in this country, alike striking then as it is now.

"Ghosts fly on clouds and ride on winds," said Connel's voice of wisdom; "They rest together in their caves, and talk of mortal men; of every man but Erin's chief. I fear not death, but I fear to fly; for Fingal often saw me victorious. Thou dim phantom of the hills, show thyself to me. Come, on thy beam of heaven, and shew me my death in thy hand. Yet will I not fly, thou feeble son of the wind!"

Similar ideas still arise. Thus have these ideas been described by the poet and warrior, the King and native of former times. I cannot conceive any one living in the Highlands doubting the authenticity of Ossian, from internal evidence, independently of the correlative proofs of the date of these poems. The marvel would be if there was no Ossian, especially when the chief employment of the bards was to transmit from generation to generation the exploits and the poems of the past.

The Highlanders attached to the memory of their ancestors, delighted in traditions or songs concerning their actions, and religiously maintained an order of men to preserve them. The poetry appears to have been always accompanied by its appropriate music, carrying the hearer back insensibly or forcibly to former times. Like that of the people its character is simple, pathetic, sober, manly, and noble.

Those who are familiar with the Gaelic language tell me it is impossible to conceive its fulness; and the power it possesses, especially on all occasions which move the affections. A gallant veteran, who had returned to the Highlands after having assisted in the conquest of Egypt, when a stranger remarked to him that his regiment had obtained great credit on that remarkable occasion, said, "How could it be otherwise, when our officers told us in Gaelic to remember the honour of our country. Had the same sentiment been given in any other language, it would not have had an equal influence."

I have nothing left but to add in conclusion to these observations, the wish that I may be spared to see again a land so favoured by nature; a people so ancient in race; so primitive, so noble in spirit; one which, whilst it gains the affections inspires respect: nor can I close these lines without a hope that the genius of the Gael Albanich will be growingly appreciated by the Anglo-Saxon, and will flourish with renewed vigour amongst its native hills.—By a Native of South Britain in the *Highland News*.



## The Highland Character.

A writer in *Blackwood's Magazine* in 1836, speaking of the character of the Highlander, says :—

“We love the people too well to praise them ; we have had heartfelt experience in their virtues. In castle, hall, house, manse, hut, hovel, and shieling—on mountain and moor we have known without having to study their character. It manifests itself in their manner, in their whole frame of life. They are now as they were—affectionate, faithful, and fearless ; and far more delightful, surely, it is to see such qualities in all their pristine strength—for civilization has not weakened nor ever will weaken them—without the alloy of fierceness and ferocity which was inseparable from them in the turbulence of feudal times. They are now a peaceful people ; severe as are the hardships of their condition, they are in the main contented with it, and nothing short of necessity can drive them from their dear mountains.

## The Character of the Scottish Celt.

In the course of an article on “The Character of the Scottish Celt,” in the Buenos Ayres *St. Andrew's Gazette* the Rev. J. H. MacNeill, son of the late Mr Alexander MacNeill, of Glasgow and Colonsay, says :—

“There is perhaps an undertone of sadness in the spirit of the Celt, but it is not because his outlook of the world is gloomy. Rather is it from a lively feeling, the delicate sense of touch in a mind that is always being worked upon by those sights of hill and mist and sea for ever intermingling. He has as keen a sense of joy ; but in quietness the notes are sad ones, like those of an idle hand straying over the harp-strings, touching mournful chords and dwelling on strange monotonous melodies.

This is because he feels more than he thinks. His thought at anyrate has never shaken free of feeling. He is part of the

nature that he dwells among, and its touch is upon him always. He has never risen to that view of nature as a whole which means distance, the eagle's flight without the eagle's vision. His world is often the valley set amidst the hills where his home is, or the little bay where the fishers' huts have crept near the edge of the island as they may. But his imagination shrinks from the flight across the ocean breaking at his feet. To him those waters are still the beginning of immensity, tiring and teasing him out of thought. He is thus the absolute antithesis of the Yankee voyager who speaks of the six days' run across the "Herringpond" as one of the most trivial nuisances in life. The Celt never gets on such terms with nature that he can speak with this touch of familiarity of her. He has been near enough her heart to know how complex are the secrets of her disposition; and she remains full of mystery for him, and he full of reverence for her.

Should he be carried into the wider interest of city life, or he himself become a wanderer, he still remains the same in spirit. He has another and a wider outlook but he sees it with the same eyes. He remains a child of feelings still; and of fancies, which are his feelings translated into the imagination; one might also say of instincts, which are thoughts swamped in feeling. Such instincts may be truer than cold thought; in his case they often are. Accordingly, his battles in life are often gained with that overwhelming rush which has brought him victory on many fields and in many spheres. But the errors of such a disposition are dangerous. He is the puppet of his nature. His passions are elemental, and in the sweep of them he cannot realise where they have had their rise. They become for him a power almost as much without as within himself—a fate in which his own life seems inextricably woven with dim forces in the world without. And this fate-dreaming is his undoing. It robs him of the power of action just when action is imperative. Fears become premonitions, compelling their own fulfilment. When he is being carried downwards he

cannot extricate himself to make use of expedients. Thus, in a way, he is unsatisfactory, for the balance of his nature once disturbed flies with too quick a rush. He is, however, picturesque always, though at his best he may not be successful. At his worst he has usually some redeeming touch to save him from scorn, but his worldly ruin is complete.

The outcome of all this is a character intense in feeling, and in the best instances this feeling is attached to splendid principles that he gets more by disposition than by thought. In less happy cases the character is unfixed, floating altogether on his feelings. He is proud, very sensitive to slights, loyal as a friend but equally a bitter and unforgiving enemy. His loyalty and enmity, his virtues and his vices, are usually personal rather than matters of abstract principle. So that while a generous appeal to personal feeling may disarm his hatred, he can seldom be brought to see that it is his duty to forgive on general principles.

The same characteristics are to be found on the lighter side of his disposition. He is richer in humour than in wit. He has a sense of the incongruous in nature and in life, and keenly as he resents being laughed at for his foibles he is often conscious of them himself. His proverbs are the quaint philosophy in metaphor of a people who dwell in the midst of nature, often in solitudes. His poetry is rich in epithets that convey the most delicate shades of tone in its pictures of natural scenery; and in these pictures he delights.

## **The Last Evening in the Highlands.**

Our last evening in the Highlands! We linger regretfully over the words, for this is not our first experience of a long farewell to the bonniest portion of God's creation, the Western Highlands. Long years ago, when in the heyday of youth and hope we bade farewell to the Highlands and set out for the "golden east," the woods and lochs were in the grip of the Ice

King and the wild waves were beating furiously on the shores of the western firths. It then seemed hard enough to take leave of the familiar scenes. On the other hand, was not the world before us? What might we not hope for in the Orient? Might we not look forward in a few years, after shaking the pagoda-tree, to renewing our acquaintance with the Hebrides?

Well! the years have come and gone, but the few years of our exile, as depicted by our youthful imagination, have, alas! lengthened into a long spell of absence from the old country. In the meantime, we have helped to lay beneath the sod in a far-off land many a good man and true, fated never again to "behold the Hebrides."

How our pulse quickened and the blood warmed when, after those years of exile, we found ourselves once more beneath the shadow of the "everlasting hills," saw the tartan again, and listened to the stirring strains of the piob-mohr among the hills and glens. Though, alas! many "kent" faces were missed from the circle of our friends, still, many remained to welcome the wanderer home again.

And now, once more, after an all too brief stay among the lochs and the bens, drinking in all the while a new spell of life and strength from the air of our native hills, the time has again arrived to say good-bye to the bonnie Highlands. This time we are bidding farewell to the familiar scenes on a day in Autumn. If, when we turned our back on the Highlands for the first time, we did so with feelings of regret, how much more has this feeling been deepened and accentuated since; for during the time of our exile we have learned to love with a deeply intensified affection the "land of bens and glens and heroes."

Those who have spent all their life at home cannot possibly realise what the memories of the old country mean to their brethren in exile. Though before his departure to distant climes the life of the young Celt may have been one of poverty and struggle, still in exile all that is forgotten; the sordid is lost sight of, while all that is beautiful, all that is bred of

patriotism and sentiment is indelibly enshrined in the memory of the wanderer. I think I am justified in saying that, whether the exile's lot be cast in the "Far West" or in the more luxurious though more enervating "Golden Orient"; whether Fortune has treated him well or whether he be still struggling manfully up a "stae brae," one thought is uppermost in his heart—that of some day being able to spend, at least, the evening of his days among the hills and glens which he loves so well. The story is told of a Highland gentleman who, after a severe illness, was travelling for his health in the mild climate of Italy, and who was attended by an old Highland retainer of his family. One day, as the laird and his servant were driving through the fertile plains of Lombardy, the master remarked to his servant: "What magnificent fertile land this is! What would you do, Donald, if you were given a farm here?" "Well, Laird," rejoined Donald, "I am not denying that it is a fine country; but if some one gave me a bit of it I'm thinking I wad sell it and buy a wee place in Lochaber." I venture to think that there are many of his countrymen who share Donald's opinion.

How doubly beautiful familiar scenes appear when the time has arrived to take our last look of them! This morning we cast our flies for the last time in the deep, black pool, half surrounded by cliffs from which droop the rowan trees now crimson with clusters of berries; and while we endeavour to lure the finny denizens of the pool, the whaups on the moor, some twenty feet above our head, seemed to be calling "good-bye" in their mournful tongue. Reluctantly we put up our rod at the end of a forenoon's successful angling, for we well knew that though in other climes we might find use for our gun, we had handled our rod for the last time, unless it was fated to be our good fortune again to spend our time in the Highlands. This afternoon we had our last sail on the loch. Sweetly across the water from the opposite shore were borne the strains of the pipes. A yacht had landed a picnic party in

a sheltered bay. They had brought a piper with them, and the air he played was that of "Would I were where Gowdie rins." Let those who sneer at pipe music hear it among the hills and over the water, and then let them, if they can, maintain that there is no sweetness in it! How peaceful everything looked. Far away on the other side of the Sound the white sails of the yachts appeared like so many beautiful sea-birds skimming along their native element. An inquisitive seal bobbed up its human-looking head at intervals at the stern of our boat, while out at sea could be descried the spouting of a solitary whale. The breeze which carried our boat along seemed to bring new life and energy to us. It was hard to think that before another twenty-four hours had passed all these things would be but a memory to us. This afternoon we bade good-bye to the old folk in the clachan which nestles at the foot of the Ben. The good folks' parting wish of "haste ye back again" conveyed to us somewhat of a sense of irony, for we wondered how many years might have to pass over our head ere we again visited these scenes.

Evening has now come and with it the lovely gloaming, and we are now, unaccompanied, breasting the slopes of the Ben to feast our eyes for the last time on the view of the sun setting over the distant Hebrides. Not far from the ground we are now treading mournful scenes were enacted a little over a century ago. A ship which lay in the bay overshadowed by the Ben, on whose sides we are now standing, was embarking the inhabitants of the Strath, who were being deprived of country and home, their erstwhile chiefs having learned to prefer the lordship of sheep to that of their faithful clansfolk. A sorrowful company of young and old men and women were leaving the homes of their ancestors for the "Far West," and mournfully the wail of the pipes resounded for the last time among the corries and glens as the strains of "Lochaber no more" and "Tha til, tha til, tha til, mi tuileadh" were wafted on the evening breeze. "No more, no more, no more, for

ever!" We have at least some prospect of returning after a lapse of years to our native land, but to these poor emigrants the farewell they bade to their Highland home was indeed "for ever!"

The spot which we have chosen from which to take our last view of the Highland sunset lies half way up the side of the Ben. The views it commands are reminiscent of sadness and farewells. At the foot of the Ben lies the little sandy bay from which the poor emigrants embarked when they left the Highland shores for those of the Far West. A little graveyard nestles in a nook at the head of the bay among the birks. As the sun-rays setting behind Barra light up the bay, its sandy shores assume a silvery sheen. A little to the north of where we stand is the country of "Bonnie Prince Charlie," and the spot where the royal fugitive took his last farewell of the Scottish mainland and went "over the sea to Skye" is within our range of view. Still farther to the north the grand peaks of the Coolin Hills are glimmering from amidst the "Isle of Mist" like iridescent opals in the sunbeams. The panorama which lies beneath and around us is altogether suggestive of peace and beauty. The cushie's note comes sweetly from the fir-wood a few hundred yards down the hill. Save for that sound and the mournful cry of the pee-wit on the moor beside us, all nature is at rest. The bracken is just beginning to turn russet, but the purple heather is still in its glory, and the sweet odour of the bog-myrtle perfumes the atmosphere around us. How glorious it all is, and how difficult it is to fully realise that this is our last view, "it may be for years and it may be for ever," of a Highland sunset. To-morrow we shall have laid aside kilt and plaid for the garb of the sassenach. To-morrow morning we shall be speeding southwards through the Sound, the great "Highway of the North," as fast as steam can carry us. To-morrow night will find us in the metropolis of the Empire, and beneath our window instead of the waters of the loch murmuring on the shore, the never-

ending roar of London street traffic will fall on our ears. A month hence we shall be distant ten thousand miles from this sweet and peaceful scene, which will then be but a memory to us in the region of eternal summer and beneath the pitiless rays of the tropical sun.

But it is now time to retrace our steps, for the sun has disappeared like a globe of fire behind the distant Hebrides, so we descend the hill amid the gorgeous lights and shades of the northern gloaming. We are now bidding farewell to the beautiful and poetical side of life for a while, and are on the eve of facing once more the hard and commonplace aspect of existence. And yet, though we are ready to resume our place in the battle of life, we cannot help murmuring as we take our farewell glimpse of the fair scene that, though

“From the dim shieling on the misty island,  
Mountains divide us and a world of seas!  
Yet still our hearts are true, our hearts are Highland,  
And we in dreams behold the Hebrides!”

—FRANK ADAM, Tongkah, West Siam,  
in the *Celtic Monthly*.