

Evelyn Stewart Murray
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THE

HIGHLAND MONTHLY

A MAGAZINE

Forming a Centre of Literary Brotherhood for Scots-Celtic People both at
Home and Abroad.

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DUNCAN CAMPBELL, EDITOR OF THE "NORTHERN CHRONICLE,"

AND

ALEXANDER MACBAIN, M.A., F.S.A.Scot.

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The Highland Monthly.

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No. I.

APRIL, 1889.

VOL. I.

TO OUR READERS.

IN placing the first number of the "HIGHLAND MONTHLY" in the hands of our readers, it behoves us to say, in a few words, what our aims and objects are. The Magazine will, in the main, deal with subjects and interests that are Highland; but, while having this as its leading feature, being a Highland periodical, matters that are of national moment will not be neglected, and topics of general social interest will from time to time be discussed in its pages. It will thus be seen that the "HIGHLAND MONTHLY" is intended to appeal not alone to those who are enthusiastically Highland in their sympathies and leanings, but in a considerable measure to the many who, while wishing well to the Celtic people, their language and literature, prefer, in these literary times, a Magazine that is readably diversified in its contents.

An important department in the modern magazine, when not strictly critical or scientific, is that devoted to serial stories, and in this respect it is proposed that the "HIGHLAND MONTHLY" should conform to the popular

idea. The opening story, "The Long Glen," is from the pen of a gentleman who has lived amid the scenes he describes, and amongst the people whose life he illustrates, and its chapters should, therefore, possess more value and interest than a mere work of fiction. In its other literary aspects, the Magazine will give liberal attention to the literature of the Highlands, always studying freshness and originality in the treatment, so that contributions in this line may prove attractive to every reader. As becomes a periodical that claims the title of *Am Miosaiche Gaidhealach*, the publication of hitherto unpublished Gaelic poetry and tales will be a special feature. The resources already placed at the disposal of the editors in this direction should make the Magazine interesting to all concerned in the elucidation of Highland subjects. Gaelic literature will receive careful criticism; and it is hoped that space may also be found occasionally to deal with books of British and foreign interest, particularly when they have a bearing upon Celtic problems.

Subjects of a more or less scientific character will be treated by men of recognised competency, such as the History, Antiquities, and Folklore of the Highlands, which will be introduced with that frequency, and discussed with that fulness, which their importance demands. Philology, and especially Topography, will also receive due attention.

We shall do our best to advance the interests of Education in the North, advocating, as far as it is consistent with the efficiency and success of the English teaching, the extension of the use of the mother tongue in the Gaelic-speaking portions of the Highlands.

The Magazine will be conducted on lines entirely clear of party-political spirit, having regard to both local and

general questions ; but our policy in this matter is to be the same as that of the greater British monthlies—*audi alteram partem*.

So many promises of support in the form of contributions have been received from leading men resident in, and connected with, the Highlands, that the promoters are confident the programme here sketched will be sustained with success. The rest remains with Subscribers, who have rallied already, it is gratifying to say, in very encouraging numbers. In conclusion, it can only be added that, conducted as it will be, on both popular and scientific lines, free from party politics, and carried on with energy and skill in its business department, the "HIGHLAND MONTHLY," if it will not command success, will, at any-rate, try to deserve it.

COMMUNICATIONS ON LITERARY MATTERS should be addressed to "THE EDITOR, Highland Monthly, 10 Margaret Street, Inverness." The Editor cannot, in any case, undertake to return Manuscript.

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AM MIOSAICHE UR.

THA Miosaiche ur air a chur an tairgse na Gaidhealtachd an diugh. Ciamar sam bith a theid dhuinn, tha sinn a' dol a thoirt oidhirp air ar facal a labhairt ri muinntir ar duthcha o mhios gu mios. 'S c'arson nach deanamaid so? Is cinnteach gu bheil rud no dha ann, air am bu choir dhuinn amharc, air a cheud dol a mach. S i a' cheist a' bheil math dhuinn dol an greim idir? Is tric a chaidh a leithid do ni a ghabhail os laimh roimhe so; 's is tric a chaidh a dheanamh soilleir gum b' eiginn sgur. Cha robh an t-airgiod a' tighinn a stigh, agus mar sin thainig an obair gu crich.

Is math tha fios againn uile air a so, gur h-iomadh ceaptuislidh tha air thoiseach oirnn. Dh'fheudainn a radh air dhoigh eile gu bheil sinn mar sheoladairean air luing, a' tarruinn a mach as a' chaladh, air son ar slighe a dheanamh thar a' chuain. Tha an luchd air bord, 's tha sinn toileach air bathar luachmhor a ghiulan, feudaidd e bhi, thar an t-saoghail gu leir. Ma bhios a' ghaoth soirbheasach, 's gun seachainn sinn gach sgeir a ta air thoiseach oirnn, cha 'n eagal nach dean sinn ar turus gu sona, 's nach bi aoibhneas anns gach aite a dh'ionnsuidh an teid sinn.

Cha'n 'eil math a bhi a labhairt ni's faide le samh-laidhean. 'S co math dol gu bun a' ghnothuich, agus innseadh ciod a tha sinn a' cur romhainn a dheanamh. Tha sinn toileach labhairt ri ar brathairean, 's ri ar peathraichean, mar a b'abhaist do na daoine o'n tainig sinn, 'nuair a rachadh iad air cheilidh anns na laithean o shean. Tha iomadh sgeul ri innseadh fathast a bhuineas gu sonruichte do thir nam beann, agus bu toil leinn iad sin a thional, agus an cur sios an ordugh. Is iomadh fiuran Gaidhealach a dh'eirich anns na glinn, agus a bha ainmeil na linn, aig nach deachaidh a' bheatha riamh fathast a sgriobhadh. Bu mhath leinn so a dheanamh gun dail;

eagal 's gun tig di-chuimhne, mar dhorchadas na h-oidhche, 's nach bi guth tuille mo thimchioll orra. Feuchaidh sinn mar so air carn a thogail an deigh iomadh fir a bha na chliu d'a dhuthaich, agus do na daoine o an tainig e. Anns an ath aite, dhuraichdeamaid eolas a chraobh sgaoileadh air obair a chruith-fhir, 's an talamh, agus anns a' chuan, seadh agus am measg nan reultan anns an speur. Is mor 's is iongantach na nithean a ta air an toirt am follais 's an linn so, 's cha bu mhath gum biomaid aineolach orra. Cumadh neach sam bith a shuilean fosgailte, 's is cinnteach gum faic e gach latha ni eiginn ur a ta cosmhuil ri miorbhuil dha. Chi sinn an t-earrach a' tighinn, agus an talamh a' fas beo a ris. Tha an latha a' sineadh, agus teas na greine a' beothachadh nam foid. Co as a thainig an t-atharrachadh? Direach o laimh an Ti sin a ta a riaghladh gach ni le a chumhachd, aig am bheil ar beatha na thoil, 's a ta 'g ar treoireachadh ann an sith do ghnath. Is ciatach a bhi a gabhail colais airsan, 's air gach ni a ta e ag orduchadh 'sa' Chruinne-Che. Feuchaidh sinn ri bhi ag innseadh o am gu h-am ciod sam bith an sgeul a dh' fheudas a bhi a tighinn a mach mo na nithean so, agus cha'n 'eil sinn a' cur teagamh nach 'eil gu leoir do luchd-leughaidha bhios toileach air aire a thoirt dhuinn. Theagamh gun teid againn air corra rann a chur a mach mar an ceudna, 's cha'n 'eil sinn a creidsinn gu'n do theirig na Baird gu buileach as an duthaich, no gu'n do sguir daoine do a bhi a' gabhail tlachd nan obair. Fear sam bith a' dh'amaiseas oirnn, d'an aithne labhairt mar a rinn Donnachadh Ban agus Ailein Dall, bheir sinn air gun dean e rann dhuinn. a chum cridhealas a chumail a suas, agus ar luchd-leughaidh a chur air an doigh. Agus tha toil againn mar an ceudna, cairdeas a chumail rusan aig a' bheil baigh ri tir nam beann, ged nach urrainn iad an t-scann chainnt a leughadh. Cumaidh sinn Beurla gu leoir riu sin, 's tha sinn 'san dochas gur ann ni's eolaiche a bhios iad a' fas air teanga na Gaidhealtachd. Ged a labhras sinn 's an da chainnt, tha dochas againn nach abair duine sam bith gu bheil sinn a gnathachadh theanganna dubailte.

Sin agaibh beagan do na nithean a tha sinn toileach a dheanamh. Tha rud no dha ann a bu choir dhuinn a sheachnadh. Feumar aire a thoirt nach toir sinn iomradh air cuisean mo thimchioll am bi sinn an cunnart dol thar a cheile. Ma their sinn facal mo riaghladh nan Eaglais, cuiridh sinn daoine an amhaichean a cheile; agus ma bheanas sinn ri gnothuichean na rioghachd, theagamh nach ann is fearr a thig sinn as. Tha fios againn gu'm bi caochladh beachdan am measg dhaoine, fhad 's a mhaireas an saoghal, ach ged a bhitheas, cha ruig sinn a leas tighinn gu aimhreit m'an timchioll. Bitheamaid air ar faicill an aghaidh nan sgeir sin, eagal 's gun deanar long bhriseadh leinn, air a cheud dol a mach as a chaladh. Cumamaid ri nithean mo thimchioll am bi sinn a reir a cheile, air chor 's nach faigh an aimhreit lamh an uachdar oirnn. Cha bu mhath gu'm biodh buaireas am measg nan Gaidheal, 's ann a b' fhearr gun seasadh iad guallainn ri guallainn, mar a rinn ar n-aithrichean anns na laithean o shean.

An dean sibhse mar sin dhuinne, a mhuinntir na duthcha? Tha dochas againn gu'n dean, agus is e sin a tha a' toirt misnich dhuinn, ann a bhi a dol a mach 'nur measg. Mo tha toil agaibh sinn a dhol air ar n-aghaidh, deanaibh sin aithnichte, agus cumaidh sinn air ar turus, le suil ri moran math a dheanamh dhuibh. Sibhse a leughas na briathran so, bheireamaid dhuibh gach uile dheagh dhurachd. Gu ma fada beo sibh, agus ceo as ur tighean.

I. G.

THE LONG GLEN.

PREFATORY NOTE.

THE sketches which are to follow under this title were written a considerable while ago by a Highlander, who, during a period of convalescence from a troublesome rather than a dangerous illness in England, called up the recollections of his youth, and attempted to describe as faithfully as he could the life, customs, and history of an old glen community, just before it was inundated by the waves of modern changes. Reality is only thinly veiled by fictional characters, and the slight permeating thread of story developed itself spontaneously. As it was thought the period described was then too near, the sketches when finished were left unpublished ; but some years ago portions of them, translated into Gaelic, appeared in the *Northern Chronicle*, and seemed to be so much appreciated that the author feels now encouraged to give the whole original manuscript, without material alterations.

CHAPTER I.

SUICIDE AND SUPERSTITION.

“BUT whatever can have come over the to-be-pitied?” muttered the landlady of the Boar Inn to herself, as she was spreading out newly-washed linen on the nice lawn of her garden one fine summer day, when the bees were busy rifling the fragrant flowers, and rushing back to their door-steps with pollen-laden thighs.

“It must be her trouble, surely, that has come back again upon the truaghan,¹ else she would never let her hens and ducks at this hour of the day cry in vain for food, and neglect to open the door to the creatures. The great

¹ Poor body.

fear is on me it must be her trouble. They say that ever since she broke the order of that uncanny priest, she has been expecting her trouble to come back worse than ever. Ach, there has been darkness in her face for days, and wildness in her eyes. She hates to be overlooked ; but it is uneasy I am about her. Who knows but she may die like the minister of Killin and Iain Mac Neachdainn, that were both just choked, because, when they fell on their faces, there was none by to turn them round. I cannot stand the smuain ¹ of that, and I won't either."

"Haoi, Katie!" shouted the landlady, over the garden wall, to her little daughter, who was herding a newly-calved cow on a bit of sweet pasture beside the corn.

"Haoi there!" responded Katie, stopping knitting and crooning, "and, mother, what would you rather?"

"Turn the dubh-bhiorach into the cowhouse, and come thou here."

Having quickly done what she was ordered about the cow, Katie presented herself before her mother, who, hiding her uneasiness, told her to go and ask Ceit Donn if it would be convenient and pleasing to her to give a helping hand at the washing.

In a minute Katie crossed the one-plank bridge of the burn, and stood at the door of Ceit Donn's humble cottage. Her mother, who was watching from the garden, and, in fact, tearing her good currachd ² amidst the bramble and gooseberry cuttings that barbed the top of the wall, saw the little girl pulling the latch, and trying to push the door open. It was not opened for her, nor could she push it open. Then she peeped through the keyhole, gave a loud shriek; and fled home.

"Dhia gleidh sinn!" ³ exclaimed the landlady, "it must be e'en worse than I feared."

She ran forthwith to meet Katie, who could hardly gasp out when her mother came to her at the plank bridge, "As sure as death, mother, she is hanging behind the door, and the door is locked."

¹ Idea.

² Cap.

³ God keep us.

"God keep us, lassie! Go to the tailor and wright—they are the only men about the baile ¹ to-day. Raise the harō ² at every house as you pass."

The landlady herself raised the harō at the two nearest cottages, from which her shouts for aid called forth two old women, who accompanied her to Ceit Donn's door, shaking their heads in feebleness and terror.

"She may be yet living, if we could win at her and cut her down," said the landlady, pushing the door with all her weight and strength, which were both considerable.

But although the latch yielded easily, the door was still held firmly closed by a stout wooden bar, which was let into staples inside the posts.

"I'll go for an axe," said one of the old women, moving off with as much rapidity as trembling legs permitted.

"Smash in the window," suggested the other.

"That is a sense-streak --that is," responded the panting landlady, who forthwith took up a big stone, and smashed in the little four-paned window, frame and all. Alas! when she tried to push herself through the aperture, she fairly stuck in it, and the crone, with much difficulty, only succeeded in pulling her back by the legs just as the tailor, the wright, and half-a-dozen housewives, summoned by Katie's harō, appeared on the scene.

By this time the landlady was purple in the face from her struggles and emotion; but still she had her wits about her more than any other person in the group of hastily assembled people.

"Katie, my darling, get through the window, and lift the bar of the door."

Katie's large brown eyes opened wide in extremity of terror, but when her mother added, "She may live if you make haste," the brave little girl crept with some help through the window, and, pushing aside the hanging body in the trause, ³ she lifted the bar, opened the door, and rushed into the open air.

¹ Tocr.

² Call for help.

³ Inside porch.

Ceit Donn's body was of course instantly cut down. It was still warm, and the neck did not appear to be dislocated. The efforts made to restore animation were strenuous, if not scientific. The tailor opened a vein with his pen-knife; the wright and landlady beat the soles of the feet; others slapped the palms of the hands. Hot flannels, rubbings, whisky bathings, and fumigation by pungent dried herbs, which were burned on flax steeped in spirits, were also included among the traditional means of recovery resorted to.

But all efforts were vain. Ceit Donn had finished her earthly existence most efficiently, and in the most deliberate manner. She decked up her bed with lily-white linen sheets and hangings, laid out her corpse garments all in order, and then suspended herself to the beam of the trause in a most business-like way.

Suicide has ever been thoroughly abhorred by the Highland race as the lowest and worst form of cowardice. Their reply to all such arguments as were advanced by so-called philosophical journals some years ago in favour of what they styled euthanasia, is that anyone who tries to evade his full life trials by self-destruction, is, if in possession of his senses, a sneaking coward, who affronts Deity and dishonours humanity.

That sort of "forced labour" which sentimentalists denounce as a terrible injustice to the inhabitants of Cyprus, existed in the Long Glen down to the early years of Queen Victoria's reign; and when work was at last converted into equivalent money rates, the reform was not received with general acclamation. The tenants and commons of this old-fashioned community preferred to give work instead of road rates. They turned out, and worked energetically at mending and making roads at seasons which suited their other pursuits. They were rather fond of working in communal gatherings. The tenants were bound to cut, win, and send to the castle so many carmoine¹ loads of peats yearly, in proportion to the values of

¹ Peat cart.

the holdings; and these kain peats were not cut on all moors, like ordinary ones, but in one place, not far from the Boar Inn. Old and young mustered strong to the kain peat cutting, which was, in truth, one of the great annual events to which lads and lasses particularly looked forward with hope.

Now, on that unlucky day on which Ceit Donn put an end to her earthly existence, the people of all the Castle barony, with the fewest possible exceptions, were up on the moor cutting the kain peats. It was a grand day, and they were happy, very happy, in the spirit of their minds. For reasons of their own, which, although not discussed, were quite well understood, the young folk dearly liked the foregathering, nor were the old folks' feelings much different; for if they did not dance or play at eun-còr¹ during the dinner hour, they had their old cracks together, and renewed their youth.

When the peat-makers were streaming down the hill-side in a body, and when the shadow of the lofty mountain, which sun-dialed the evening hour of rest, had crossed the river, a boy, sent on purpose, brought them the tale of horror.

It was only a short walk to the inn; and so they all went towards it, both for further information and for consulting together what ought to be done, according to the customs of the fathers, which they always preferred to follow when left to themselves.

There did not happen to be any representatives of Church or State at hand to assume authority in this emergency; and, therefore, when they formed a double circle round two or three of the older tenants, one of the latter, Donnachadh Ban, taking up the word at the solicitation of the others, proposed they should first hear what the people who found the body had to say, and that the wisest in ancient lore should then state what their ancestors did in such cases, so that they might follow in their footsteps.

¹ Odd bird, or play of terze.

This proposal was adopted by a unanimous "So be it."

The landlady, the old women, the tailor, the wright, and also those who had last seen and talked with Ceit Donn, had their say.

There could not be the slightest doubt the poor woman had committed suicide—"Put hands on her own life," the Glen people called it.

But under what circumstances? The communal inquest must have thought the circumstances required elucidation, for several persons intimately acquainted with the deceased from her childhood, were asked if they could throw light upon her unhappy history.

Iain Donn, an aged man, and a distant relative of the deceased, stepped within the circle, and, lifting up his voice, spoke as follows:—

"Friends and neighbours, I have known Ceit Donn, and known about her since her birth, which took place forty-four years ago. Well do I mind the day, for it was the great foy¹ her father gave the whole baile, because, having lost many breast-children, he was so uplifted since another child was given to him in his old age. Oh, my sorrow! if he lived to see this day he would e'en have wished she had ne'er been born. It is surely the wings of mercy that surround human life with darkness. While stars that are aye setting and rising glimmer on the ocean of years behind and present, faint indeed is the shadow of dawn on the years yet to be. It is within the knowledge of you all that falling sickness came upon poor Ceit long years ago; but it may be few of you that learned in what way the sorrow was put upon her. I will lip the truth in justice to the dead, even as if on my oath, and as far as I know it. Ceit was as light of foot and bright of eye as any other young daughter of the glen, as long as her parents tarried. But they died, the father, as it were, this year at the falling of the leaf, and the mother next year at the springing of the root. Thus, ere she was twenty, Ceit was left an orphan, without near kin-

¹ Feast.

dred. She was not, however, forlorn, nor helpless, nor penniless. Having watered her graves with the sincere but summer tears of hopeful youth, the dancing light came back to her eye, and the sunshine to her face. But ochonaree! one mischance, and no fault of hers at all, threw a cloud without a rift on all her coming years in this life, which have now ended so miserably."

"It is of the spell (*seuna*) laid upon her by the wicked Gobhainn (smith), and his wicked wife, that thou wouldst speak about," said Kurstan Combach, a wizened, one-eyed woman of lengthened years.

"Aye, aye, Kurstan, thou knowest all about it; for was it not to my wife and thee the unfortunate lass first revealed the dark sorrow of her life? But let me follow the thread. It is now some thirty years ago since there was a short break, afterwards mended, in the succession of the Macfarlanes, who, as you well know, have been our glen smiths for centuries, son succeeding father for full fourteen generations. When Patrick Gobhainn's life was cut short his son was still an apprentice. So the land got a smith from another glen; and he was a man of evil life, and no great hand at his ccaird¹ besides. His wife and he came both to evil ends; but that is nothing to the purpose."

Kurstan Combach—"Ach, but that it is; for it was heaven's justice. He killed his wife, the villain, although he got off by making out she fell in drink against the fire stone, and that he was not near the house when it happened. Nor was it long after that judgment overtook him, too, for, when returning drunk from St Fillan's Fair, he fell into a milldam, and was drowned."

"Ach, never mind the wicked Gobhainn; go on with poor Kate's story, Iain Donn," said the acting president of the informal inquest.

"Hearken then," resumed Iain. "This Gobhainn had a daughter, and from her earliest years there had been falling sickness upon her. The father and mother, being

¹ Trade.

evil livers, were not liked, but all people pitied the poor lass, who suffered dreadfully, and was not well used at home. Ceit Donn, then a fine healthy caileag,¹ just growing into a fine woman, became kindly and friendly with the smith's Kate; and so it was no wonder, one day when she went her way to the smith with something to be mended, that, having given him whatever it was, she should say to him—'While you are mending it I'll go into the house and see Kate.' She minded afterwards that the man said nothing, but bent over his work, and when he lifted his head his face was of the dubh-liathag (pancreas) colour. The sign was lost upon the lass—the more the pity. She went to the house door. It was closed; and there was a bit branch—she did not know of what plant or tree—sticking out of the key-hole. She lifted the latch, and, to her lifelong sorrow, went heedlessly in, and pushed open the trause door, which was only closed to. She saw nobody in the cearna (kitchen) but the poor troubled lass, who, all her lone, was sitting in the smith's big chair right before a large fire, which was a strange fire, too, the day being very warm, and no pot at all hanging on the crook. When Ceit Donn pushed open the trause door, the smith's Kate, without looking behind to see who was coming in, began waving a green branch she had in her hand, and saying strange words, which have not remained well preserved in the folds of my memory."

Kurstan Combach—"Were not these the words Ceit Donn repeated to us?—

"By the dooms of life and birth,
By the weird² each one must dree,
By the cock beneath the hearth,
One, two, three,
By the mystic soul of earth,
Three times three.
Nameless sorrow seek the door,
Pass from me for evermore."

Iain Donn—"Yea, for sure, such were the words; and the smith's Kate aye kept bowing to clach an teine,³ and

¹ Young girl. ² *Dan* is the Gaelic word. ³ Standing stone behind the fire.

stretching forth her hands as she said 'one, two, three,' and 'three times three.' Ceit Donn looked on like one in a dream until the other lass went through her druidheachd,¹ nor did the latter know who the incomer was before she finished. When she turned round and knew it was her kindly friend, the smith's Kate fairly sobbed, and said—'Ah me! what has brought thee here this day of all days, and this hour of all hours. Is cruaidh an dán—hard is the fate—the live cock is turning into coal beneath the hearth, and, not knowing it was thou, I have said the words of might, and done the things the Wizard of Rannoch told me to say and do. They knew I was all my lone waiting for the footsteps of an incomer, and why did they not keep thee at least from coming in?' And Ceit Donn turned back sick at heart, and saying—'God help me, for much I fear thy sorrow has been passed to me by unholy druidheachd.' For sure it was. She went straight home feeling all the way as if her trembling body could not bear the burden of sorrow put upon her. When she got home, and before she could call in a friend, she went for the first time into her cloud, and she came out of it with a darkened soul, dreading the life before her."

"Was the smith's daughter cured?" asked the president.

Iain Donn—"Yes, after a manner. She was freed from the old trouble, but she fell into a wearing-away, and scarcely lived a year."

There was now a pause for a few minutes, while the inner circle people put their heads together, debating in whispers whether they should ask further questions. Their decision was anticipated, and the question about which they spoke was taken out of their hands by Gregor, a young man in the outer ring who liked to make his voice heard:—

"Is it true that many years ago Ceit Donn was herself cured by the spell of a Lochaber priest, who bound her

¹ Druidism.

never to enter a church any more, and said if she did there would come seven devils to possess her, instead of the one that possessed her before."

Iain Donn replied that for sure Kate went at last to a priest, and got relief for a time. It was not for him to condemn what she did; for sore was her trouble, and many years had she borne it. He could not say the priest had told her never to enter any church at all; but it might be true he had told her never to enter a Protestant church, because ill as the Protestants thought of the Catholics, the Catholics, especially the priests, thought still worse of the Protestants.

The questioner observed that Iain Donn was chewing this part of the story like a quid of tobacco.

Iain Donn—"Very good, then, I'll close my mouth. Let Kurstan Combach lip the sgeul,¹ for she knows it best.

Kurstan Combach—"It must be ten years come next Nollaig (Christmas) when Alastair Macarthur was in the Glen visiting Iain Donn, who is his cousin thrice removed. He then for the first time saw Ceit, who was his kinswoman in the fourth remove, and I told him myself how the sorrow had been put upon her. Now, Alastair, who had married a Catholic wife, and turned half Catholic himself, as it afterwards came out, took his secret opportunity to tell Ceit that he knew a priest who still retained the words of power which confounded the Druids, and drove evil spirits out of possessed persons long ago. And he advised her to go to this priest, and asked her to stay at his house. Ceit then said nothing about this to any of her friends; but she told me afterwards Alastair's words kept pulling her all the winter; and when the spring came she put gold for the priest in her purse, took the path of heath, and off she went. The priest took her gold, and said over her the prayers in Latin with which he declared the holy men of old drove out evil spirits. And whether it was from faith in the prayers or what not, she got relief from

¹ Story.

her long trouble ; but he said to her for sure that the Protestants had not the true faith, and that if she ever entered and worshipped in a church of the heretics, the blessing of his church would surely depart from her, and he could not say the end then might not be worse than the beginning."

"That is to say, he caused her to make a compact with Satan, by which she pledged her soul to obtain a little relief from the body."

Kurstan Combach—"Thy tongue, Gregor Ruadh, is like the clapper of a mill when there is no grist in the hopper. What dost thou know of her sufferings? Who art thou that shouldst presume to judge a soul standing naked before the All-knowing Maker?"

Donnachadh Ban—"But, Kurstan, did she not enter the church on our wet communion day last year?"

Kurstan Combach—"Aye, indeed. Ever from her being to the priest till then, she used to listen in the porch or outside an open window ; but at this last communion, the day being so wet as to stop the tent preaching, she went in with the rest to hear the sermon of Mr Macalister."

"And her going in broke the compact with the enemy : and lo ! the end is worse than the beginning," observed the irrepressible Grigor.

Kurstan Combach—"It is the branks, if branks there were now, that would best suit the fool's tongue. Yet true it is, Mr Macalister's sermon very much unsettled Ceit. It was a powerful discourse, on the text—'For what is a man profited if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul? or, What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?' So much was the fear upon her of having lost her soul, that she declared she would be glad if her old sorrow came back."

"And did it?" asked Donnachadh Ban.

"I am not aware that it did," answered Kurstan, "but sure I am she was never again herself after that powerful sermon of Mr Macalister."

"It is not ours to judge of things within the veil," said Donnachadh Ban. "It is clear, however, she put her hand to her own life; and now let the voice of age declare to us how those who ended in like manner were buried in the olden times; for, verily, before to-day no such death has taken place in this glen within the memory of the living."

Then Angus Maol¹ lifted up his voice and said:—"Only once before to-day has life been taken by its owner in the Long Glen, within two hundred years at least. There is only one cairn gointe² visible outside the churchyard walls. It covers the bones of a self-killed one. I have heard my grandfather, who lived to be eighty-nine, tell that when a young boy he was present at the funeral. It took place by torchlight at night's darkest hour, and the body was silently consigned to the dust. There was no wake, no lamenting pibroch, no tolling of the bell, no prayers; for you must know that although Creideamh na Cuigse (Faith of the Whigs or Associates, meaning Covenanters) was set up before that time, yet the burial customs of this Glen still remained, even down to my own days, much as they had ever been since the Culdees first converted our far away ancestors."

"So it was from of old," added Calum Ciobair, corroborating the other ancient. "Silent torchlight burial outside the churchyard at the mirkest hour of night, no pibroch, no wake, no bell, no prayers, all as different as could be from the burial rites of those who died honourably before God and man."

Donnachadh Ban looked round and asked:—

"Is the old custom in your opinion good to hold?"

"Good it is," they reply.

"Let it then be maintained."

"So be it," all replied.

The carpenter was questioned, and he promised to get the coffin ready in time; and it was therefore resolved the men should assemble at eleven o'clock next night to "lift"

¹ The Bald-headed.

² Doomed or bewitched.

the body, and take it on the "lunnan," or hand spokes, to its appointed place outside the churchyard wall. On a call from Donnachadh Ban, more than twenty people volunteered to bring long torches made of the pitch-laden pine stumps, and "spears" dug out of the peat bogs.

As to the wake, the communal inquest omitted to consider it at all; and this omission was counted a gain by the landlady, Iain Donn, and Kurstan Combach, to whom the idea of locking up the body, and leaving it alone in the dark hut, was simply abhorrent.

Kurstan, when Gregor seemed disposed to raise the question just as the meeting was breaking up, bade him hold his tongue, and not be so zealous to serve the devil. "For it is well known," she unscrupulously averred, "that when a cat which passes over a dead body passes again over a living person, that person becomes blind."

So, as the wake was not forbidden, it was kept in a quiet way. When the evening shadows darkened into night, the landlady, taking one of the big candles made by herself from the wax of her own bees, and only used on great occasions, joined the small group that were keeping the wake. She found them sitting in the cearna, and the door of the little bedroom opened, so that the corpse on the bed beyond was dimly within sight.

Laying down her candle, the landlady opened Ceit Donn's aumry,¹ took a large plate therefrom, on which she placed a small quantity of salt. Without a word spoken, Kurstan Combach, when she first saw the candle, went out with a knife, and came back with a nicely rounded green sod in her hand. By a few turns of the knife, she made a hole in the centre of the sod, which she then handed to the landlady, who placed it on the plate. The big wax candle was then stuck in the sod and lighted. Finally, the landlady, taking up the plate with the salt, sod, and lighted candle thereupon, she carefully placed these symbols of altar, death, preservation, light, and spirit, on the bosom of the corpse within the crossed hands.

¹ Large cupboard.

The "faire,"¹ so begun, was kept up by small relays of old people until the men assembled, lighted their torches, and carried away the body silently to its appointed place.

CHAPTER II.

GANGREL BODIES.

THERE is one day a wedding in the glen. The canny shepherd, Do'ull Grigarach, marries Angus Ruadh's only daughter. Angus and his wife have been both lying in the old Culdee Churchyard for a few years back. The daughter, Kate, as sensible, sonsie, and warm-hearted a lass as ever tossed over white shoulders the gold-red locks of the Caledonians, has sincewisely and diligently kept house for her brothers, five in number; and they, while scattered far and wide in different employments on week days, have usually gathered beneath the paternal roof-tree on Sundays to eat a meal together, to exchange news, discuss family matters, and to get clean stockings, shirts, and mended or newly-made clothes from Kate, who has been to them in the place of a young mother, although she came into the world almost at the end of the long row of boys, and was but a jinking, bonnie-blinking, helty-skelty lassie when the mother died.

Angus Ruadh was a man who saw in his youth many eastern cities and peoples, for he was from the age of sixteen to twenty-three the servant of David Macara, the parish minister's son, who was then a doctor, and a diplomatic agent also, in the East India Company's service, but afterwards the war with Napoleon so excited his martial ardour that he exchanged the lancet for the sword, and died like a true Highland officer at Quatre-Bras. It was only a purpose of matrimony, and the strong pressure brought to bear upon him by his betrothed and his kindred, that prevented Angus from enlisting as a soldier in Dr Macara's regiment when the latter became an officer. In after years, although, to his regret, he had only second-hand informa-

¹ Wake.

tion, Angus was in the habit of describing "the fall of Sir David" just as if he had witnessed it with his own eyes. "You know for sure," he would say, "that Sir David was Colonel of the Ninety-Second when Bonny marched upon Brussels. As was natural, the Highlanders were sent to the front at once, and they met the French at Quatre-Bras. Our plaided heroes were in a field of tall shogal ¹ when Bonny's horsemen came down upon them like a cloud of locusts, or a sandstorm in the desert blinding the face of heaven. 'Form square to squash cavalry,' shouted Sir David. The rye was up to the men's ears, so that they could not see rightly how they were four-cornering. So, as the bochdainn ² would have it, when the square was formed Sir David and many others were shut out of it, and stood just between the front and the enemy, now within an arrow flight. 'Fire,' shouted Sir David, his voice being louder and clearer than ever—and a voice that rolled further than his I never heard. The men did not obey, for they saw they would kill their own colonel if they fired at the foe. So did Sir David, who little thought of life in such a case. Again he raised his voice in great wrath, and amidst the clang and din the whole regiment heard his words distinctly. "Remember the fame of the Gael, my boys, and fire at once." "Cliu nan Gael," they shouted back, and fired. Sir David and those with him fell of course, but Cliu nan Gael was safe enough, and, although the regiment suffered severely, Ney's horse-cloud was dispersed, and Bonny's plans were damaged."

There is a great gathering at Kate Ruadh's wedding. As the bridegroom is from the west country, he has brought no friends except an unmarried brother, who has come o'er moss and moor three good score miles, Scotch measure, to be his fleasgach.³ The bride is in the glen of her birth, where all people, by reckoning many removes back, can prove universal kinship. Her brothers also have many acquaintances; and so almost every house in the glen sends one or more

¹ Rye.² Misfortune.³ Best man.

marriage guests. Penny bridals had long, and properly, too, been put down by the Kirk, but there were customs older than these eleemosynary festivities, and which also survived them, that not merely sanctioned gifts for the foy by friends and invited guests, but made them almost compulsory. When there was a wedding about to take place in castle, or farmhouse, or shepherd's dwelling, the friends and well-wishers went with their eggs, butter, hens, and smoked mutton hams for the inevitable crotain¹ to the foy-house. So it was at Kate's wedding, who indeed felt rather afraid that half the good things presented could not be consumed by the marriage guests. The same custom which made the Highland bridal a sort of co-operative festival tended likewise to make it a large, and now and then perhaps a rather noisy, gathering, when the fag-end waited for the rising of the newly-married pair, and tried to subject the bridegroom to the creeling ordeal.

At the time of Kate Ruadh's marriage, the Kirk, under the rule of well meaning but narrow and short-sighted Evangelicals, frowned upon old Highland sociality and time-honoured customs. But Kate's good-hearted, boisterous brothers were not the men to let their sister's wedding be interfered with by the Kirk police. So they had feasting, piping, fiddling, dancing, songs, and lashes of toddy, and they kept up the fun till daylight did appear.

Of course the dozen or two of children whom relationship or next door neighbourhood ranked among the wedding guests, were sent home to bed before midnight. They improved the shining hours while they lasted by dancing on the green to the piping of Donnachadh Amadain,² and engaging in other outdoor amusements.

Duncan the Fool had scented the smell of the feast from afar, and hastened over hills and through the rivers of several glens to get his share of it. Weddings, fairs, and balls were the poor innocent's great opportunities for good

¹ Barley broth.

² Duncan the Fool.

feeding and pence gathering. He was by long prescription the piper of the youngsters at weddings. They teased him a good deal, but they danced to his music, and that greatly uplifted him. Duncan, in his piping, jumbled reels, laments, and marches so thoroughly together as to produce a genuine bedlam mixture, which, after all, was not without some power and pathos at times, since it was not the braying of mere ignorance, but the music of discords. The abrupt changes and incongruities of Duncan's piping made the children like it all the better, for was it not such fun to dance a jumbly dance to jumbly music! So his piping made the fool a welcome and an expected guest at Highland weddings. Much did he like a big feed, for he was a man cast in a large mould, who at one meal could stow away provision enough for a week of famished rambling. As for strong drink, he liked it to, and could carry a large quantity without being perceptibly affected. Still, drink was not so much appreciated as marrow bones and chunks of meat; which, above all other things in the world, were Duncan the Fool's weakness.

As yet, the parochial boards, poor rates, inspectors, and workhouses, were things to be. With a bit of help from the heritors, perhaps once in fifty years, the Highland Sessions gathered by box or offertory collections, and discipline fines, sufficient funds to keep the destitute and forlorn from death by cold and starvation; and, in truth, if the poor were not kept better than they are now, at a tithe of the expense, they were at least more content and happy in the spirit of their mind, when they claimed charity in the name of God, and not in the name of the law and as a legal right. All the recipients of box aid had liberty to beg for alms within their parish bounds, and they usually gave themselves liberty to roam much further.

The number of paupers in receipt of parish relief and licence to beg was, in comparison with the then population of the Highlands, exceedingly small. But the interdependence of kindred was behind, and the number of

people who received friendly help from those that were not very able to help, and would not by the present law be bound to help, was larger than the number of regular paupers. The reciprocal giving and receiving of help at need, varied by changes of fortune which made the son of the poor father the helper of the son of the man who had helped that poor father, produced social ties that were something like a law and gospel in themselves. Feuds of goodwill and charity, which bound closely, as well as feuds of blood, were results of the clannishness that united whole communities from generation to generation.

Duncan the Fool had been a gangrel body from youth upwards; not so much on account of poverty, for his mother, although a widow, managed to give college education to two remarkably clever sons; but because nothing short of chains and fetters could keep him for more than a week at a time in one place. When he appeared at Kate Ruadh's wedding, he had nearly attained the age of fourscore; and so he had been a gangrel body for upwards of sixty years. He was a public character as far as Skye on the one hand, and Dunedin on the other. One of his clever brothers was appointed minister of a parish in Skye. He was settled there only a short time, when Duncan, with his pipe under his arm, set forth to visit him. Not a word did he say to anybody about his intentions. He did not know the way, but he had an instinct for travelling which brought him safe to Portree. It was winter, and on leaving Portree Duncan was overtaken by a snowstorm, which blinded him and obliterated every trace of road. Strong man as he was, he at length gave up the struggle and stopped. But he did not sleep, and to think was not much in his power at any time. He sought consolation from his pipe, and played what might have, in a dim way, been intended to be his coronach, but which proved his salvation. He happened to get quite near his brother's manse before he gave up the struggle. The moment the minister heard the piping, he knew it must be Duncan, and nobody else in the

whole world, although he had not the least expectation of his coming to Skye at such a time of the year, and such a long distance, when he did not know a foot of the way for a hundred miles and more of it. The minister and his people went out in the snow, and, guided by the sound of the piping, they easily found Duncan and rescued him, but not before his toes were badly frost-bitten.

In Dunedin, Duncan was called "Garth's Fool," because he had for General Stewart of Garth the affection of a dog for his master, and when not on the tramp he was to be usually found at meal times near the kitchen of Garth House. Raeburn painted him, but it is not certain that Duncan appreciated the compliment paid to him. He went annually to the Caledonian meeting, where he got a pocketful of shillings. He never spent a penny, but hoarded like a magpie or raven. He liked to get money, however, and when shillings and pennies abounded in his pockets he went by moonlight to some old wall, or hole in a tree, and hid them away forever. Some of these little hoards have been turned up since his death. So little did he know the use of money that on one occasion, when a new boatman at the Queensferry refused him the customary free passage, far from taking money out of his pockets and offering to pay his fare, he took off brogues and hose in presence of a crowd, and on being asked what he meant to do, replied with the usual preliminary grunt—"Ugh, ugh, I'll just lift my kilt and go troo." It is not necessary to add that after that the ferryman gave him a free passage.

Duncan did not possess the slantendicular wit which is often the gift of persons who are mentally off the square. He was more fool than rogue, or rather he was no rogue at all. Yet he now and then in his simplicity said things which hit hard. Here is one instance. Campbell of Boreland was tried for shooting a man whom he caught breaking into his house at midnight. He was fairly enough acquitted by an unprejudiced jury, but country opinion did

not quite coincide with the verdict, because it was suspected there was jealousy about a woman in the case. Soon after the trial there was a large meeting of gentlemen held about an election or some public purpose. Duncan the Fool assembled himself also, and, as a matter of course, the gentlemen dropped their shillings into his battered hat, Campbell of Boreland gave a larger donation than usual, for Duncan acknowledged it by saying to him in a loud voice and very thankful manner, "Oh righ! 's math nach do chroch iad sibh," which, being interpreted, is, "Oh king! good it is that they did not hang you."

Not only was roaming a necessity of life for Duncan, but he roamed worse by night than by day. He would retire with all solemnity to his barn bed after supper, but perhaps ere morning he was many miles away, and frightening some old woman or other person by being seen standing at the foot of the bed like a substantial ghost in the pale moonlight. He was no thief or burglar, but no bolts or locks would keep him out when he chose to break into a house by night. The dogs seemed to be in league with him, for they never barked at him. Indeed, he and his pipe were on such excellent terms with the whole animal kingdom, that many strange stories were told of the curious power he had over dangerous, wild, and vicious creatures. For instance, it was seen by a whole country side that he rode home from Gaig to Foss on a vicious bull, which had been summarily banished from the forest grazing, because he crowned a series of outrages by goring one of the herds almost to death. Not only did this vicious brute allow the fool to get astride his back, but he seemed very fond of the bagpipe, too; and so Duncan rode triumphantly along, sounding his victory.

Had the Amadan no fear? Yes, of his fellow mortals. He crouched before the rebuke of a child, and burly, big, strong man as he was, no mischief was to be feared from him by night or by day. Did he not fear ghosts? Not more than the living; because, according to popular belief,

he did not distinguish between the one and the other. Robert Stewart, the uncle of old Garth, was an Edinburgh lawyer, who flourished about the year of grace 1780, and who, on his annual visits to his Highland kindred, was very kind to Duncan's people. Some years after the above date, the old lawyer, "Robie Uncle," as his grand-nephews and nieces called him, failed to come to shoot the grouse and to renew old times with ancients of the clachan, who were his parish school companions in the reign of Queen Anne, for the tough old lawyer lived long after the three-score and ten before his spectacled eyes got too dim for business, or his natural strength was much abated. Robie Uncle wrote to the home people, saying that he could not come just then on account of business, and that, moreover, he was a little troubled with the ailments of age. But he sent more cheerful letters afterwards, and his Garth friends believed that he had recovered his usual good health. When Christmas came round, Duncan and his sister Marriad, who was also an imbecile, of a less public and interesting character, were naturally attracted by the Garth kitchen perfume of high festival cooking. They went for their suppers with great punctuality; and one night they astonished the family by rushing breathless into the house, declaring that Robie Uncle was coming up the steep avenue in a grand carriage, and that he had nodded to them as they passed. The front door was thrown open wide, and all the family rushed out to greet the welcome guest. Lo! there was no carriage and no Robie Uncle! The pair of innocents were questioned closely and separately, but they adhered to their story; and everybody knew that they never lied on their own account, and that when told to lie for other people, they always let the cat out of the bag on the slightest cross-examination. By next week's post there came the news of Robie Uncle's demise, which was sudden and unexpected. Duncan to his dying day maintained he saw Robie Uncle in the flesh that night—so as he could not distinguish ghosts from

living people, he had no reason to fear meeting with spirits during his night roamings.

To all men born upon the earth, sooner or later comes the time to die. To Donnachadh Amadain this time came, when his age was nearer ninety than fourscore. General Stewart of Garth had died years before then, at St Lucia, of which island he was governor; and as Duncan did not see him, like the rest of his family, buried beneath the shadow of the ancient yew, he refused for a long time to believe that he was dead, and kept waiting for his return. But at last he got convinced that the General must have disappeared from the earth, since he never returned, and strangers owned his house. When he could no longer roam, Duncan at last came to anchor at the house of his bardic brother the schoolmaster, where he was tended with that unconscious tenderness of affection which characterised the kinship loyalty of the Gael in the olden times, and is not yet—thank God for it—a mere tradition.

The ruling passions were strong in death. There happened to be a wedding in the village when Duncan was *in extremis*. The sounds of the bagpipe reached his dying ear, and, with the usual grunt of satisfaction, he tried to raise himself up, and fumbled for his own chanter. Before he had lost such senses as he ever possessed, the minister of the parish tried hard to get him to think about his soul. Duncan did not feel in the slightest degree interested about his soul; but when the resurrection—rising again—was mentioned, he asked, with sudden vivacity, "Shall we all rise again?" "Yes." "And shall we all gather together?" "Yes, indeed, Duncan, at the great Day of Judgment." On hearing this, Duncan laughed gleefully, and said—"Deelaman! deelaman! I'll see the General again."

Another old wanderer called Seumas Fineanta finished his roamings when Donnachadh Amadain was still in his prime. This Seumas was a handsome giant, who was very particular about paring his nails, combing his hair, and

wearing a clean shirt. The wit of Seumas was caustic at times, and it was difficult to say whether he made hits by chance or design. He was fond of children, and children were very fond of him. When excited by wrong or meanness—for he had high moral perceptions—he could make himself feared, as in strength and courage he resembled an Ossianic hero. Seumas was troubled with a tremendous appetite, which, as he was exceedingly honest, and always roaming the wilds, he could not always get easily satisfied. When some one asked him what was the first wish of his heart? he promptly replied, "To see Loch Tay converted into a basin full of sowens, and the rivers Lochay and Dochart pouring down milk upon it." But, as this wish could not be realised, he tried to diminish his appetite by making a strong decoction of oak bark, and drinking copiously of it. This remedy for a time destroyed his appetite altogether, and brought him to death's door. As soon as he was able to crawl about again some one who met him asked, "And is it true that you have lost your cail (appetite) by drinking the oak bark juice?" "Aye for sure," replied Seumas, "I have lost my cail, and I pity the man who finds it."

The bards and seanachies must have left successors, for among the gangrel bodies were regular roamers, who bowled about from glen to glen singing songs and telling stories as merrily as if the whole world belonged to them. Ne'er-do-weels they perhaps deserved to be called, and yet there was little harm in them either, and they were people who were always sure of shelter and food, and who liked to bask in the sunshine.

Cailleachan na faoidh olainn¹ were not paupers at all. They scorned the name, and were justly proud of their spinning industry. They came round when the sheep-clipping commenced, and, going from fank to fank, gathered as free gifts good bags of the raw material of their industry. Faoidh olainn did not degrade the recipients to the list of

¹ Wool-gift old women.

gangrel bodies. An old lonely spinster or a struggling widow was usually invited to come for wool gifts at first, and, having come once, she came every summer, and much enjoyed her "out."

CHAPTER III.

GOING TO THE SHEALING.

THE Eight Merkland folk are going to the shealing.

The yeld cattle and queys and stirks have been for weeks three miles up the hills, in the care of two herd boys who sleep on fragrant heather in one of the shealing huts, and cook their own food, until the women folk will come and take the management. Some times when the storm rages, and they hear shrieks and wails in the bosom of the blast after going to bed, the boys feel rather cerie, especially if the dogs sit up on their tails and raise a lament, or show fear by rushing whining upon the bed. But, notwithstanding such trials, the boys like the wild, free life, and now they are reckoning on being very merry indeed.

The cows and calves have been sent off, after the morning milking, in two detachments; and now the men and women folk are packing the shealing "arnais,"¹ milk vessels, kirns, cheese presses, and so forth, with bed-clothes, pots, food, and some planks and beams to repair the huts. They pack them upon the light peat carts, which can be taken wherever a horse can go, on no road at all.

Until near the end of last century, the upper, or brae end of the glen, for ten or twelve miles, was forest and shealing land altogether; and there was, moreover, a side glen, some seven miles long, to which the people of the other barony sent their cattle and families. Under the old order of things, going to the shealing meant, therefore, a general migration of women, children, and cattle about the beginning of June. The tenants and their men servants

¹ Furnishing

remained at home, to take care of the crops and secure them; but they ever and anon went to see their people in the heath-covered huts, fifteen, twenty, or more miles away. Although there was much herding to do, the young boys and girls enjoyed shealing life amazingly. So did the grown-up girls, who laboured incessantly at their wheels, until the long daily task of many dozens was accomplished. So did the matrons, although the milking, butter-making, cheese-making, and flax and wool spinning, not to mention cooking and oversight in all things, left them very little leisure. So likewise did the husbands and sweethearts left behind, whenever they were able to pay a visit.

At the time when the shealing system still remained in full force, blackfaced sheep were not yet generally introduced. Cattle, horses, and goats were kept in great numbers. The small, reddish-faced, indigenous breed of sheep still maintained its ground, and yielded good wool, but rather poor mutton. These sheep were hardy animals, but, for all that, each farmer housed his own little flock in dead winter, while the shaggy young cattle had to fend for themselves on the open pastures as long as the grass and heather were not covered with very deep snow. In some respects the system of farming followed by the Glen people for many centuries might be called rude club farming, but it was very efficient for producing the maximum of food for man and beast. It ensured the careful cultivation and sufficient manuring of every bit of cultivable land, and it left for the sheep-farmers, that followed the old set, the green shealings and improved hill-side grazings, which they have been exhausting ever since.

The Glen braes were turned into large sheep walks early in the present century, and about the same time the shealings of the side glen, to which the thirty tenants of the Marquis of Inchaddin, on his Glen barony, used, ever since the Bruce's time, if not before, to send their women folk, children, and cattle every summer, were also put under sheep. With the disappearance of these two great shealing

tracts, the poetry of the Glen life diminished much, and so did the production of food for man and beast. It was in vain that the forester bard, Duncan Ban of the Songs, invoked blessings on the foxes, in the hope that they would keep down the blackfaced sheep. The flocks flourished, and the old system decayed even more rapidly than he presaged.

But the folk of the Eight Merkland, although they had now a large stock of blackfaced sheep, did still, at the beginning of Queen Victoria's reign, keep up the shealing system in a small way. Far up their own proper hills, there is a patch of green grass, sweet to the taste of calves, and excellent rough pasture, on which all kinds of cattle thrive well in summer, but which is of very little use to the sheep in winter. By sending the cattle some three months to this shealing grazing, the wintering for the sheep on the lower grounds is protected from being eaten down to the roots, and herbage on the high pastures which would have been wasted is utilised.

A few days after Kate Ruadh's wedding the airidh¹ migration day comes round; for all communal matters, weather and Sabbath permitting, the same things are done on the same day of the month or moon, year after year. So, after the morning milking, the cows and calves are sent off to the uplands in two bands, under sure control. On the migration day almost all the inhabitants of the two "toons" that hold the hill in partnership go to the airidh, although only two old women with spinning wheels, the herding boys, and the dairymaids remain to be inhabitants of the shealing huts. The old women and the boys are to be in permanent residence there for a couple of months; but the maids go down to the hay harvesting on good days, and return in time for the evening duty at the buailidh.* In fact, as already mentioned, the bigger boys have been living in the shealing huts, and herding the queys, stirks, and horses, for some weeks before this time. The boys

¹ Shealing.

who have gone through this experience, and cooked their own simple food for several weeks, feel warranted to assume vast superiority over the little calf-herds that only come up the hills with the women.

It is a day of noise and bustle. The children are in their own and everybody's way, and try to be everywhere at the same moment ; the dogs, in a similar state of excitement, keep barking, and making senseless little runs about the quiet, meditative, old mares that are being yoked into the light peat-carts, which can be taken where there is no road at all. The packing is done at last. Kirns, cheese-presses, milk vessels, bed-clothes, oatmeal, salt, pots and pans, and crooks, with different sundries, including the indispensable "baigean leasaich," or curiously pickled calf's stomach, which yields the rennet for curdling the milk, are stowed in the carts.

Now it is time for making the start ; but how are the excited children and dogs to be got into marching order ? A *deus ex machina* descends from the oak copse, in the shape of Donnachadh Amadain, who has been watching all the preparations from the beginning like a quiet philosopher. Duncan has been roaming the Glen since Kate Ruadh's wedding. He likes cream and crowdie, and he knows that there will be a cream and crowdie feast at the Eight Merkland shealing this evening, before the people that are to come back say good night to those they will leave behind them. Just when Duncan appeared on the scene, with his pipe under his arm, the children were reduced to a state of quiet, and so were the dogs, by Gilleasbuig Sgoilear, an old man from another "toon," who had come to renew his youth by going with the rest to the only, or next to only, shealing now in the Glen.

Gilleasbuig, whose to-name of "Scholar" was exceedingly well deserved, although he never got much benefit out of his curious and most miscellaneous store of information, knew how to fascinate children, as well as grown people, by his wonderful stories, which, if necessary, he was

able to improvise on the shortest notice. He has held these unruly children quiet and spell-bound for an hour at a stretch by two fairy tales ; but he wishes to recover his own natural liberty, and the moment he sees Duncan, he calls out to him, "Good health to the piper—seid suas."¹ Duncan obeys at once, and, turning his face to the hill, the children and dogs follow him in most orderly procession, and give no more trouble to mothers burdened with the cares of the flitting to the airidh.

Duncan and the children reach the shealing huts long before the carts and the older people. Gilleasbuig Sgoilear who, with two or three others, come a little in advance of the second brigade, is astonished to find Duncan seated on a small mound, busy at some kind of odd work on a shepherd's crook, and the children quietly watching him. He had got a piece of cloth, and stuffed it with moss and heather, then made a close tie round its end, so as to produce the appearance of a round head and short neck, with a fat round body below. He next bound the figure to the crook, and lifting up his work, and surveying it with half-shut eyes, he pronounced it "ro math," or very good.

"And what may it be at all, at all?" asked Gilleasbuig, who had been observing his proceedings for some minutes.

"Domhnan a bheannachadh an fheoir" (a Domhnan to bless the grass), replied Duncan, without hesitation.

"Ah, for sure ! Duncan, hast thou words?"

"Ugh, yes. Make a circle."

The other people were come up by this time, and they thought it rare good fun to make a circle round the Fool, who, standing high on his bit of mound, or tolman, held the Domhnan above his head, at the utmost stretch of his arm, and, to Gilleasbuig's particular delight, repeated words much to the following effect when turned into English :—

Ghair an Doire !²

Be it so,

Where sunlight beams

On men below,

¹ Play up.

² Ghair an Doire, "shouted the grove or derry"—that is, the place where Druidic worship was held.

Where dry lands be
And waters flow,
Let cattle thrive,
And green grass grow ;
Let fishes seek,
In serried row,
River, loch, and shore.

Ghair an Doire !
Peace and store,
Meat, milk, and corn,
And gifts, galore,
Day's golden orb,
Oh, scorch not sore
Blight, rot, and plague,
And winds that roar,
Snow, hail, and flood,
And strife and gore,
Spare hopes and homes—
For evermore
Be off to Ifrinn,¹ wet and frore.

Ghair an Doire !
Be it so !
We say it high,
We say it low,
Facing eastward,
Facing westward,
Facing southward,
Facing northward—
All the puirt ² the winds can blow.

Gilleasbuig (much delighted)—“ Well done, Duncan. It is my thought there is more in thy block of a head than folk suppose. But the words are not Domhnán words. No, no ; they are much older. They are Druidheachd words—that they are air Muire.”

Peggy Bhuidhe (horrified)—“ Keep us all ! It is troking with Satan to be listening to witchcraft words !”

Angus, the shepherd (slyly)—“ Aye, Peggy. It is by the Domhnán that Finlay Combach did his buidseachd.” Is it not well known that in every trouble he used to say to his wife, ‘ Turn the Domhnán ? ’”

¹ The Isle of Sorrow, or Celtic Hell, described in Gaelic as Ifrinn fhliuch fhuar. ² Quarters.” ³ Witchcraft.

Gilleasbuig—"Peggy, thou art a foolish woman; and Angus—well, he is a fox; just look at his red head, and the jink of fun in the tail end of his eye!"

"But whatever was the Domhnán?" asked a middle-aged farmer, who was repairing a hut door.

Gilleasbuig—"What was the Domhnán, indeed! Why, the Domhnán was the patron saint. Every parish had a patron saint before the faith of the Cuigse was established, and the priest went forth with the image of the saint to bless the grass. Domhnán is just the Latin word 'Dominus,' which means lord, that being the style in which the saint was asked to aid the prayers of the people that honoured him as a friend at Court."

Peggy—"Save us all! It is Papistry, and that is worse than witchcraft."

Gilleasbuig—"The patron saint of this parish was an excellent Culdee. You may be sure that nothing representing such a good man, not even Duncan's image, which is not much like a human being at all, can cause any evil to man, beast, or plant."

Angus—"But you said the words were not Domhnán words at all?"

Gilleasbuig—"For sure, they are not Domhnán words. I know what the priestly blessing of the grass was, and I wished to learn whether the meaning of the words used came down from lip to lip, in spite of the condemnation of these things by the Kirk, near three hundred years ago."

Peggy—"And you say there is no harm in black druidheachd?"

Gilleasbuig—"No harm whatever, when it is not black at all. Do you think our heathen ancestors never prayed from their hearts to the All-Father? Duncan, my good fellow, wilt thou tell me from whom thou didst learn the Ghair an Doire words? Try, think, and remember, man."

Duncan could not tell, nor would he even try to remember. Having blessed the grass, he could think of nothing else now but the coming feast of cream and crowdie.

A V I L L A N E L L E.

By MARY MACKELLAR.

WOMAN'S love around us clinging,
When youth's ardour throbs each vein,
Makes us hear the angels singing,

Sweeter than the roses swinging
Fragrant censers o'er the plain—
Woman's love around us clinging,

Low and soft and tender ringing,
Her dear voice, in joy and pain,
Makes us hear the angels singing ;

Deeper gladness to us bringing
Than the autumn's golden grain—
Woman's love around us clinging,

When the evening clouds are flinging
Shadows over daylight's wane,
Makes us hear the angels singing ;

And when death comes to us winging,
Heeding not our sad refrain,
Woman's love around us clinging
Makes us hear the angels singing.

THE REVOLUTION OF 1688, AND VISCOUNT DUNDEE.

By JOHN MACKINTOSH, LL.D.,

AUTHOR OF THE HISTORY OF CIVILISATION IN SCOTLAND.

THE crisis had been long preparing, and when it was seen to be nigh, great excitement arose in Scotland. As the convictions and sentiments of the people had for long been repressed, the rebound threatened to be violent. Although attempts were made to suppress the Prince of Orange's declaration, which was issued in the middle of October, its import soon became known in Scotland. When the Scotch Bishops saw the dark clouds gathering, they assembled at Edinburgh on the 3rd of November, and resolved to dispatch a letter to King James, in which they prayed—"That God in His mercy, who has so often preserved and delivered your Majesty, will still preserve and deliver you, by giving you the hearts of your subjects, and the necks of your enemies."

When it became clear that the King's cause was failing, excited crowds gathered on the streets of Edinburgh, and shouted for a free Parliament. On Sunday, the 9th of December, a number of students, apprentices, and others, appeared on the streets, proceeded to the Cross, and then proclaimed a reward of four hundred pounds sterling to any one who should seize the Earl of Perth, the Chancellor, and bring him there dead or alive.

All kinds of alarming rumours were rife. A report spread that an army of Irish Catholics was on the eve of landing in Galloway, and the people dreaded a massacre. As the army had been sent into England, and the Government had dissolved, there was a collapse of authority.

The people in the western counties assembled in crowds, and took the law into their own hands. They had naturally resolved to purge the Church, and began on the 25th of December. Some of the obnoxious curates had saved themselves by flight, and those who remained were rudely turned out of their manses, ordered to depart and never return to the parishes. Upwards of two hundred of the curates were thus removed.

In January, 1689, on the requisition of a party of the Scotch nobles, headed by the Duke of Hamilton, the Prince of Orange assumed the government of Scotland, and summoned a Convention of the Estates to meet at Edinburgh on the 14th of March. Preparations for the elections were immediately commenced, all parties being anxious to return members to decide the future position of the nation. William assumed the power to dispense with a number of restrictions, and ordered that the members for the boroughs should be elected by a poll of all the adult inhabitants. The Prince of Orange's supporters secured a majority of members, but King James' party mainly relied on the support of the Duke of Gordon, who commanded the Castle of Edinburgh, and on Viscount Dundee, whose energy was well known and greatly feared.

The Convention assembled at the appointed time, and the Duke of Hamilton was elected president. On the 16th of March a letter from the Prince of Orange was read, which expressed his desire that the Convention would settle the religion and liberties of the kingdom in accord with the convictions of the people and the public good. The same day a letter from King James was read, but it was not calculated to inspire any hope in his cause; and his adherents in the Convention were mortified, his enemies vehement, and the sitting closed in a scene of excitement.

The citizens of Edinburgh were intensely agitated as well as the members of the Convention. As the Duke of Gordon had refused to surrender the Castle, it was known that the Jacobites would not yield without a struggle, and

at any moment they might attempt some desperate move. When the Convention met on the 18th, tidings were brought into the House that Viscount Dundee was on the Stirling road with a troop of dragoons, and that he was seen conferring with the Duke of Gordon at the Castle gate. This news threw the members into a state of violent alarm, and Hamilton, the president, started to his feet and cried—“It is high time that we should look to ourselves. The enemies of our religion, and of our civil freedom, are mustering all around us, and we may well suspect that they have accomplices even here. Lock the doors. Lay the keys on the table. Let no one go out but those lords and gentlemen whom we shall appoint to call the citizens to arms. There are some good men from the west in Edinburgh, men for whom I can answer.” The majority of the members shouted assent, and what he proposed was immediately done. The Earl of Leven went out and ordered the drums to be beat, and the Covenanters promptly answered to the call, and mustered in such numbers as overawed all the Jacobites in Edinburgh.

The members of the Convention then prepared to settle the prime point of the conflict. As usual a committee was appointed, and they proceeded to discuss and frame the decisive resolution, which finally assumed the following form:—“That James VII. had assumed the royal power and acted as king without ever taking the oath required by law; and by the advice of evil counsellors he had invaded the fundamental constitution of the kingdom, and altered it from a limited monarchy to an arbitrary and despotic power, and did exercise the same to the subversion of the Protestant religion and the violation of the laws and liberties of the kingdom; whereby he forfeited his right to the Crown, and his throne has become vacant.” This resolution was accompanied by another, which tendered the Crown to William and Mary, and immediately after the resolutions were carried in the Convention, the new sovereigns were proclaimed at the Cross of Edinburgh.

Although the revolution had passed the turning point at the centre of authority, the difficulties and problems which had caused it were not solved. The opposite interests, the diverse convictions and sentiments in religion and politics, which had characterised parties in Scotland since the Reformation, were not satisfied. The deposed dynasty had still many adherents in Scotland, and the new Government found itself face to face with a complicated series of obstacles. The Covenanters were dissatisfied with the way in which the Convention had approached the question of church government ; the Bishops and Episcopal party were bitterly offended and disappointed ; and the leading Jacobites were preparing to assail the new Government by force of arms.

King William had a difficult task in nominating ministers for the government of Scotland. As the leaders of a revolutionary movement always imagine that each of them is supremely entitled to an important post in the new arrangement of affairs, hence whoever the King might appoint, he would offend those who found their own claims ignored. A numerous class of Scotsmen were eager to proffer their advice and service to King William ; and his position as King of Scotland was perplexing, inasmuch as both the Church and Parliament demanded reforms of a radical character. When the Convention was turned into a Parliament, the Duke of Hamilton appeared as Royal Commissioner ; the Earl of Crawford was nominated President of Parliament ; Lord Melville was appointed Secretary of State, and he commanded the confidence of the Presbyterians. But Sir James Montgomery considered himself entitled to the secretaryship, and although he was offered the office of Lord Justice Clerk, he thought it below his merits, and therefore he returned from London to Edinburgh a disappointed man, full of feelings of aversion to the King, and determined to concert plans of opposition to the Government. He gathered a number of kindred spirits around him, and organised a formal and bold opposition, which was a novel feature in a Scotch Parliament.

But King Willian had formed a low estimate of the honour of the Scotch nobles and politicians. He instructed his Commissioner to treat with the leading men who were inclined to opposition, to promise them posts or money, and, in short, to employ direct bribery, if necessary, for the ends of the Government. ¹

Let us turn to the movements of Viscount Dundee since he left Edinburgh. He retired for a short time to his country mansion of Dudhope, in the vicinity of Dundee, and was summoned to appear in Parliament, but he declined. A warrant was then issued for his apprehension; and the Earl of Leven, with two hundred men, marched northward in pursuit of him; but Dundee crossed the Dee, and entered the territories of the Duke of Gordon, and concerted his intended rising.

He then proceeded through Strathbogie, crossed the Spey, and arrived at Inverness on the 1st of May. Here he found Macdonald of Keppoch, one of his allies, threatening the town, and demanding a contribution of money from the citizens. With the advice of Dundee, this difficulty was settled. After receiving communications from Cameron of Lochiel, he resolved to muster his forces in Lochaber. He proceeded through Rannoch to Lochaber, and was soon at the head of a considerable force; he marched onward through Badenoch to Athole. When in Athole he ascertained that the lairds of Blair and Pollock were lying at

¹ The following is a specimen of William's instructions:—"You are allowed to deal with the leading men in Parliament that they may concur for redressing of the grievances, without reflecting upon some votes of Parliament much insisted on last session, which, upon weighty considerations, we thought not fit to pass into laws; and what employment or other gratification you may think fit to promise them in our name, we shall fulfil the same.

"You are to deal with all other persons as you shall have occasion, whom you judge most capable to be serviceable to us, that they may be employed as instruments of taking these leading, or for getting intelligence, or for influencing shires or royal boroughs, that they may instruct their Commissioners cordially to comply with our instructions for redressing of the grievances; and what money or other gratification you shall promise them, shall be made good."

—*Leven and Melville Papers.*

Perth with a troop of cavalry, which they had raised for the service of the Government. He immediately descended upon the city, seized all the money in the office of the Revenue Collector, dispersed the Royal troops, and took their commanding officers prisoners, and sent them to the Isle of Mull.

After this, Dundee passed through the counties of Perth and Forfar, and recruited his body of cavalry. He then marched back to Lochaber, and reached the mustering place, which was in the vicinity of Lochiel's residence, where a considerable force of the clans had already assembled.

Meanwhile the royal army, under General Mackay, were making desperate but unavailing efforts to crush the rising under Dundee. Mackay's first campaign in the Highlands was a failure, and his army narrowly escaped destruction. He left one-half of his force to occupy Inverness, and in the beginning of July returned with the remainder to Edinburgh. Mackay strongly recommended and urged the Government to erect a chain of fortresses in the leading avenues of the country to curb the Celtic inhabitants; but the Government itself was harassed with many difficulties. Although on the 14th of June the Castle of Edinburgh was surrendered, the Duke of Gordon and the garrison received an indemnity, and marched out with their arms and baggage.

General Mackay was intently engaged in training his recruits and filling up his regiments, and preparing for the impending struggle with Dundee. The Marquis of Athole at this crisis was vacillating; hence the district of Athole became an object of importance to the Government, and equally so to the adherents of King James. The Castle of Blair in Athole was held by Stewart of Balloch for King James; and both parties were well aware of the advantages of securing its possession, as it commands the vale of the Garry, and the Pass of Killiecrankie, through which alone the royal army could penetrate into Athole. Mackay

began his march, and reached Perth on the 23rd of July, and there he received tidings that Dundee was already marching through Badenoch.

This intelligence caused Mackay to proceed at once, although six troops of his cavalry had not yet arrived. He left Perth on the 26th of July, and reached Dunkeld in the evening, when he received tidings that the object of his movement was frustrated, as Dundee had already entered Athole, and the inhabitants were manifesting a disposition to join him. But Mackay still resolved to continue his march. Early next morning he advanced toward Killiecrankie; and when he approached the pass, he met Lord James Murray, who assured him that he had left a sufficient force to occupy and secure it, although, when Mackay's advance guard reached the pass, they found no traces of such a force. The only road then through the pass was narrow and steep, and scarcely afforded room for two men to walk abreast. But Mackay entered it, and his army moved slowly, and with extreme difficulty, along this perilous path, and the baggage horses had to be led one by one. When the troops emerged from the pass, they found themselves on a small plain, where they formed and rested, and Mackay proceeded to survey the ground.

As soon as he perceived the approach of Dundee's followers, he proceeded to prepare for battle. His army consisted of three thousand and five hundred men, of which two troops were cavalry. Mackay formed his men in one line three deep, leaving a small space between each division; in the centre of the plain on which his line extended there was a piece of marshy ground, and behind it he placed his cavalry, which might be ready to attack the clansmen in flank after the fire of the line was spent. His line of battle was considerably longer than his opponent's.

Dundee arrived at the Castle of Blair on the morning of the 27th of July, and received tidings that the royal army had entered the Pass of Killiecrankie. He immediately called a council of war. The regular officers insisted that

a battle should be avoided till the arrival of their reinforcements, which were expected in a few days ; but the Highland chiefs were in favour of an immediate action, and Lochiel especially argued that an attack should be made at once, while their men were in spirit, and eager to be led to the conflict. Dundee adopted the latter view, and affirmed that by allowing Mackay to advance through the pass they would gain the advantage of fighting him on open ground before his English cavalry arrived. These reasons prevailed, and it was unanimously resolved to fight.

Instead of marching directly down the vale from Blair Castle, Dundee advanced rapidly along the Water of Tilt, and turned round the Hill of Lude, and took up his position on the brow of the hill, which overlooked Mackay's line of battle. He immediately proceeded to form his men in line, and prepared for the attack. The order of formation was that each clan, however small, formed a separate battalion. Sir John Maclean and his clansmen were placed on the right wing ; Sir Donald Macdonald and his Islesmen were posted on the left flank ; in the centre the Macdonalds of Glengarry and Clanranald, the Camerons, the Irish party, and a small body of cavalry. Dundee's force only numbered at the utmost two thousand ; so his line was outflanked by the royal line, and, in advancing to the attack, some bodies of the clansmen were exposed to a raking flank fire.

The opposing armies had faced each other for several hours, and the clansmen were becoming impatient. About three quarters of an hour before sunset they were ordered to prepare for action ; and Dundee placed himself at the head of his cavalry, and resolved to charge in person, in spite of the remonstrances of Lochiel. The signal to charge was then given, and the clansmen raised a shout which re-echoed afar from the surrounding hills. They advanced down the hill firing their guns, but the royal troops returned the fire briskly, and thinned their ranks ; they advanced until close upon the hostile ranks, then they

threw down their guns, drew their broadswords, and, with yells which rent the air, rushed upon the royalists before they had time to fix their bayonets. The onset was fierce and irresistible, and at once broke the ranks of the enemy, who had no effective means of defence against the strokes of the broadswords, and the royal troops fled down the valley in utter confusion. In a few minutes the Battle of Killiecrankie was fought and won. Dundee fell mortally wounded by a shot, and expired in a few minutes. The victory was complete ; but about nine hundred of Dundee's army fell.

In spite of the disaster, General Mackay never lost his coolness and courage. As soon as he saw Dundee's mode of attack, he ordered his cavalry to charge the clansmen in flank, and in person he led a troop to charge their right flank, and spurred through the thickest of the enemy, but only one single horseman followed their General. When he turned round to observe the state of matters, his army was out of sight ; "in the twinkling of an eye," he said, "our men were out of sight, having gone down pell-mell to the river, where the baggage stood." After some time, he found that he had only about four hundred of his army remaining, some of his men had fled, and two thousand of them were slain or taken prisoners. Having collected the remnants of his army, he placed himself at their head, and retired from the scene of the battle.

His officers recommended a retreat through the Pass of Killiecrankie, but Mackay rejected their advice, and resolved to proceed across the hills towards Strath Tay, and thence to Stirling. He proceeded westward along the banks of the Garry, and at a spot two miles from the scene of the battle, he overtook a party of one hundred and fifty unarmed fugitives of one of his regiments ; he continued his march over the hills which separate the Garry and Tummel from the Tay ; and when day dawned it became manifest that the news of his defeat had everywhere preceded him, as the inhabitants along the route were excited, and the

people of Strath Tay assembled and raised a shout, which so terrified the fugitive party that a number of them, imagining that the dreaded clansmen were at hand, fled to the hills, where they were slain by the country people. The rest of the party would have followed if Mackay and his officers had not threatened to shoot every man who attempted to desert. Mackay and his men reached Stirling on the 29th of July.

News of the defeat of the royal army at Killiecrankie reached Edinburgh the day after the battle, and caused intense consternation among the adherents of the Government. It was reported that Mackay had been killed and his army destroyed, that Dundee was already master of the whole country beyond the Forth, and rapidly advancing to take possession of the capital. A meeting of the Privy Council was immediately held, and orders were issued to muster all the fencible men in the west, and to concentrate all the troops in Scotland at Stirling, to defend the passage of the Forth. Some of the members of the Council proposed to transfer the seat of Government to Glasgow, some were for retiring into England, and others recommended that the State prisoners should be liberated. This ferment continued for two days, but on the third intelligence was received of Dundee's death—an event which was regarded both in Edinburgh and in London as a full compensation for the defeat and destruction of the royal army.

The fall of Dundee was a fatal blow to the cause of King James in Scotland. As Cannon, who succeeded him in command, mismanaged everything, the war languished, and shortly ceased.

Touching the character of Viscount Dundee, the state and the circumstances of the times prior to the Revolution must be remembered, and the active part which he played in enforcing the cruel measures of the Government, left a stain upon his name, which time has not obliterated. On the other hand, historic truth and fairness demand the admission that he was consistent in his adherence to the

Stuart line, and faithfully served his masters. He was brave and daring, well qualified to command the confidence of the Highland chiefs, and to appreciate the clansmen's style of fighting. His energy was amazing. Whether he possessed the higher qualities of generalship may be questioned. If he had been gifted with these he would not have led the cavalry charge at Killiecrankie, for he should have foreseen that, in the event of being killed, his monarch's cause would have sustained a serious blow ; but then his ardour compelled him to enter the thick of the conflict, and he fell in his glory.

ABERDEEN, *February 20th, 1889.*

HOW HECTOR SAW A MERMAID IN LOCH FYNE.

IT was midsummertide when Hector Mac—— met with a mermaid on the shores of Loch Fyne. The splendid night was giving way to the first faint streak of day ; pearly grey, shot with subdued rose tints, heralded the day about to be born : all around the fragrance of bog myrtle filled the air ; and, as he walked between the hazel bushes and the hawthorn, his thoughts were divided between his family in the cottage by the loch-side and those who had gone over the great waters of the Atlantic out to the Far West —pioneers of civilisation, battling with all the difficulties of making a home in a new country ; in fact, his mind was full of the every-day cares of life. He had been to the town of Inveraray to visit a relation, and he was a man of sober habit, and on this occasion had in no way departed from the ordinary rules which he followed ; and, as he lifted his eyes, he saw the waters of the sea, at one spot, cleft by a woman's arms, and her shapely head soon appeared. All that he had ever heard of mermaid tales in his youth rushed to his mind ; and, as he watched, she swept the dark mass of hair of rich brown colour from her eyes. In awe and wonder did he watch this wondrous creature, who seemed, as it were, to rejoice in life and be the embodiment of joyous motion. But with all the feeling of awe and wonder that filled his breast, curiosity at last prompted him to step towards the shore, when, as it appeared to him, the creature in woman's form took fright suddenly, for she plunged into the sea, and he saw no more of her for some seconds, but he could clearly make out her head as it rose from the sea. He came yet a pace or two

nearer. The tales he had heard once more flashed across his mind, but romance gave way to irritation, and he began throwing stones at the creature, who, to his infinite astonishment, after diving many times, addressed him, and bade him be off. He stood petrified with astonishment, but at last began to realise that, though dawn was but breaking, it might, after all, be a woman, and that he had better be off, as the creature bade him! When he was well out of sight, the mermaid came to land to seek her clothes, for *she was the wife of a Glasgow Professor*, who had taken advantage of the lone spot and early hour for a quiet bathe!

ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL.

“NA H-ORDUIGHEAN” WITH THE GAEL IN THE FAR WEST.

FROM January to August, 1872, by arrangement with the Colonial Committee of the Scottish Church, I was engaged on a tour of visitation among the Gaelic-speaking congregations of the Canadian Dominion. The disposal of my time was taken in charge by the Corresponding Committee of the Church at Kingston; the late Professor John Mackerras and Principal Snodgrass, of Queen's College, being mainly responsible for the ordering of my route and time-bill. Their arrangements were admirable. To their kindly care, forethought, and thorough knowledge of the whole wide domains of the Canadian Church, I owe much of the comfort and success of my mission. They thought it best that I should spend the winter and spring months among the Highlanders of Ontario, where a net-work of railways had already made the labour of winter travelling much easier than it was, a few years before, to such predecessors in the field of back-woods missions as Bell, Machar, the elder Burns, and their noble band of brothers. The railway took me all the way to Clinton in the but recently settled district of North Huron. Thence, for rather more than a month, I knew no other vehicle than the sleigh, and our route, sometimes in a blizzard of blinding snow-drift, lay over wintry wastes such as might well remind one of the experiences of Franklyn, Mackenzie, and the other heroes of North-West exploration. In this wide district I thus visited congregations of pious warm-hearted Highlanders, numbering from fifty to four hundred, at Paisley, Eldon, Saugeen, Port Elgin, and Southampton. From Clinton the railway

carried me past Guelph, Paris, and other places of rising importance, to London, from which, as a centre, I similarly visited large and flourishing Gaelic congregations at Glenco, Dunwich, Fingall, and St Thomas. Here I parted with the sleigh for good, for though still the snow lay deep in the woods and on the less exposed clearings, while ten days later all about Niagara Falls the cliffs were bearded with hugh icicles, yet the roads were clear of snow, if also too often deep in slush. When the programme of the Committee brought me to Hamilton, where Gaelic may be regarded as the speech of the Upper Ten, and where we had large and warmly sympathetic Gaelic congregations, I could take as my text "Now the winter is past." I could not say "the singing of birds has begun." The birds were there in myriads—all emigrants of the spring—from the tiny humming-bird, flashing hither and thither in the sun like flights of shining rubies, to the red-breasted robin, whose nest and hurried snatches of song bespeak his near ornithological cousinship to our homely mavis—but they were all too busy to think of idling their time in fruitless music. They had come to work, and work only they mean, for the summer is short, if also full of fat things, and soon they must again take their flight to Dixy. Their one consuming ambition seems only to be to get as soon as possible into the full swing of nidification, as I found them later on, in Quebec, with two nests *pari passu*, one with young and the other with eggs. From Hamilton to Toronto, and thence to Beaverton, on Lake Simco, Thora, and Eldon Junction, we had the railway, broad guage or narrow, all the way, and every day large congregations of enthusiastic Gaelic worshippers. A quiet day's rest at Belville, and a week's kindly nursing by dear friends at Kingston, sent me away, recruited and refreshed, to Ottawa, where a near relative of Kennedy, the Scottish vocalist, led our Gaelic psalms. A Sunday in Glengarry, a busy week in Montreal, and a quiet day of restful, simple service among the few patriarchial Presbyterian Highlanders, whom the metaphorical ice-jam

of the French has left still remaining at Beechridge, across the river, exhausted the first part of my programme. But before entering on the summer's work in the Maritime Provinces, I was, by the kind arrangements of friends, enabled, without any expense to the Colonial Committee, to go West again, so as to attend the Synod of the Canadian Church at Kingston, and the General Assembly of the American Church at Detroit, making also a flying visit to Chicago, where I preached in two of the very few churches that escaped the great fire of the previous autumn. Here, too, though with but a few hours' notice, we had a goodly gathering of Gaelic worshippers.

At the Synod meeting in Kingston I had a new experience, which was also a sort of foretaste of the work awaiting me on the Atlantic Coast. The Sunday covered by the Synodical meetings was observed in St Andrew's Church as an Old Country Communion Sunday. Professor Milligan of Aberdeen preached the action sermon, Dr Marshall Lang of Glasgow fenced the tables, to me was assigned the pre-communion address, the Moderator of Synod broke the bread, and his brother-Moderator of the Maritime Synod, now minister of the North Parish, Aberdeen, gave the after-communion address. Dear friends not a few who took part in that most solemn and very touching service have since gone to their places around the tables that never shall be withdrawn. But there are still in the Church below many Christian hearts wherein the abiding memory of that day of days is deep and warm and holy—a thing of heavenly peace and beauty—as fresh to-day as well-nigh seventeen years ago.

But the word of parting then must change our scene, and close this lingering on a spot, to many sacred, whereof many hearts whispered to their own deep consciousness, "it is good for us to be here." "Arise: let us go hence." In one almost unbroken stretch of two thousand miles, in the land of magnificent distances, the railway carried me from Chicago to Portland, and thence to Shediac, there to

be ferried o'er to Charlottetown, the capital of Prince Edward's Island. My fortnight there was just like a fortnight in Skye. It was Gaelic here, there, and everywhere. We had a big Gaelic meeting on the morning of my leaving. The pipes were playing, the tartan was unfurled, and though we met under the teetotal flag, the eloquence was overflowing. Our Gaelic speeches are unrecorded. But such superfluities of our clannish jubilation as overflowed into English are embalmed in the pages of the *Prince Edward Islander*. The words *Gael* and *Gaelic*, were so largely on our lips that the printer's stock of the letter G was completely exhausted. Beginning with large capitals, the printer had soon to come down to small capitals, thence to lower case, and so down and down to small italic. The sturdy Gael, it must be confessed, makes but a poor figure in print when read off as "*gael*."

But this was no more than a parting episode. All over the island we had almost daily service in Gaelic, and congregations of Highlanders ranging from two hundred to eight hundred. At Charlottetown the principal Presbyterian church was crowded. At Belfast the windows and doors were thrown open, in order that the congregation clustering outside the church might also hear the sermon. The church at Belfast is indeed beautiful for situation. You approach it through an avenue of magnificent sycamores, whose mighty arms meet and interlace overhead. Under the shade of these giants of the forest the exiled Highlanders hold the great gatherings of their summer Communion. My visit was on an ordinary Sunday, but I was shewn the "tent," round which, at the Communion, the vast assemblage gathers. It was a spacious roof, supported on huge upright beams of squared oak, but otherwise open to the elements on its four sides. Thus, the pulpit and the communion table were protected from the weather, while, through the open sides, the great congregation around could hear the word, and see the solemn service at the tables.

My first experience of the "Na Horduighean," among the Canadian Highlanders, as a direct participant and celebrant, was at Barney's River, not very far from Pictou, Nova Scotia. We had no outside service; for the Free Church minister had kindly put his church at our disposal. What, therefore, would have been the usual open-air service was conducted in the Free Church. Though thus shorn of some adventitious interest, the services were very impressive. Both congregations would not number more than about four hundred. But several families had come long distances, and at the tables were many aged Christians, with fond memories of home and the Church of their fathers. In a metaphorical, but still a very real sense, we fell upon each other's necks and wept, as by this foreign stream we thought of home and Zion, and of many a season of profitable communion there enjoyed, in the days that never would return. During the days of the Sacramental solemnities I was lodged with one Adam Mack——, a pious man, but a little close-fisted withal. His wife's name I never knew. She was known only as Eve, and a gentler, kindlier soul I never met. Our fare was simple, and rigidly tectotal. My part of it was somewhat Johannine. It was not altogether locust beans and wild honey. It was only fresh salmon from the river, and wild strawberries from the neighbouring woods. When the work was over, old Adam gave us salt pork for dinner—a hint that it was now time to take the road—but sweet Eve found means of slipping into my hand a beautiful bit of auriferous quartz, a veritable nugget from the river, which is of some considerable money value. She is dead, and the nugget I treasure as a keepsake.

Barney's River Communion was but the beginning of a series of such services among my countrymen, each surpassing the other in interest, and in the number of Highlanders from far and near gathering to the solemnities. Most of these Sacramental gatherings were in the island of Cape Breton, whose mountains and deep inland lochs,

carrying the Atlantic, as by the fingers and palm of a huge outspread hand, into the far interior, vividly reminded me of the North-West Highlands. And over wide districts of the island the people are North Highland to a man. One large district is occupied by Highlanders from Uist, who are known as "Na Huistich." Near them is a large settlement of Barra men, known as "Na Barraich." They are largely of the Catholic Church. There is also a very large Presbyterian population, mostly Highland, connected with the coal mines about Sidney, in the south-east of the island. Being Free Church, and their minister a very influential personage, whose sensibilities it was deemed politic to study in the interest of the much-wished Union (since happily consummated), it was arranged at headquarters that we should carefully avoid anything like poaching in that domain. The scene of my labours was thus confined mainly to the county of Inverness, which stretches along the West and North-West coasts of Cape Breton, from the Gut of Kansa to Cape St Lawrence. In this county the population is comparatively sparse, and among the Highlanders there is a considerable sprinkling of Catholics. But our Communion gatherings were very largely attended. Everywhere we had the full number of weekday services. On Thursday we kept the fast; Friday was for the *Ceist*; Saturday was our day of preparation; and on Monday we held services of solemn thanksgiving. Everywhere, too, we had the "tent," and Gaelic service in the open air, as well as English service in the Church. Everything was in strict accordance with the holy pattern carried away from the dear native land—just as it used to be fifty years ago in the Burn of Ferintosh. Worshippers not a few came long distances, and some of them "went the round," as at home. But they did not travel on foot, with shoes in hand, though most of them had the sprig of fragrant birch, or southernwood, there as here doing duty for scent-bottle. A goodly number of the travellers rode in smart buggies. Not a few were on horseback—a phenomenon never witnessed in the

Upper Provinces. Husband and wife often rode the same steed, the wife picturesquely attired in scarlet cloak and high, stiffly-starched, snowy cap, whose prettily-ribboned edifice was modestly veiled with an outer covering of the finest muslin. In front of the riders was slung their portly viaticum, a large canvas bag, well filled at one end with presents for the minister, and balanced at the other end by similar contributions to the commissariat of the home wherein, during the Communion week, they and many more were to be welcome and honoured guests. Often in this way did we sit down to breakfast and dinner, a company of as many as forty all told. The barns were converted into sleeping rooms for the commonality, men and women in separate quarters. The ministers always slept two a-bed. This arrangement is occasionally a trifle more than embarrassing, but I was always most lucky in my bed-fellow. Once, indeed, I came perilously near disaster; the partner assigned me, while a good teetotaller, being also a proverbial hydrophobist. He was, moreover, very corpulent, and a snorer. But a little delicate diplomacy, with a sort of undignified hurried scamper bedwards, rid me of that nightmare, and stretched me sweetly by the side of one of the most delightful of men and story-tellers.

On Sunday the service in the tent begins at eleven o'clock. The singing is always hearty and solemnly impressive. The line is always recited. "Stilt" and "Martyrs," in the old North Highland setting, are favourite tunes. So also is "Dundee." Often did the singing "bring the lump into my throat," as the rich volume of ever-changing sound swayed hither and thither, like incense of the lips, over the solemn assembly—touching and plaintive at the first, then rising and swelling and wildly rolling up and upwards to the gate of heaven; upwards and onwards like the soaring of the lark, till, with the startling downward sweep of the final cadence, the minor mode suddenly changes into major, and you take a deep breath, waiting for the new burst of holy song. It has often been noticed

that even the horses, picketted as in a Boer zareba all round the congregation, seem to feel the influence of the sacred song, so deeply stirring the warm hearts of their masters. The site of the service in the open air was always well chosen. We met for the most part in some sort of natural amphitheatre ; the pulpit at one end, the rude simple tables, covered with snow-white linen, in front, and the congregation rising step above step, and tier over tier, before you. The horses encircled the congregation, looking down on their masters ; behind the horses was the breastwork of carriages ; and behind that rose the forest primeval. Over all lay the blue open eye of heaven. In such a scene preaching became an inspiration. Only once did I in the tent ever see the preacher with his paper—an old, brown, musty rag, singularly out of keeping and out of place. Nowhere else have I seen congregations so simply and intensely earnest. It is in the open air, and sometimes there is a gust of wind ; but, you can hear the pine needles as they fall on the edge of the forest. Once, in a congregation of some 1200 worshippers, at Broadcove, I saw the people's patience very sorely tested. At first the day was still, close, and sultry. You felt as if you could only lie down on the ground, open your bosom, and pant for dear life. But every man's head was uncovered, every eye centred on the preacher, and his gentlest whisper reached the outmost and uppermost tier of the amphitheatred assembly. Suddenly, with a literal bolt from the blue, the rain came down in torrents. Not a soul in the great congregation moved. As Professor Mackerras afterwards described it, it seemed as if every one was glued to the sod on which he sat. Neither was one umbrella opened. From 12 to 1 o'clock, under a semi-tropical sun, and from 1 to 5, under a deluge of tropical rain, they sat on without a movement. Stranger still, as I was leaving the tent, after six hours' service, the people gathered around me to ask when the evening service would commence !

It is, as has been said, seventeen years ago. Many, very many, of these old Highland worshippers, thus cheering their exile with the Songs of Zion, have since then gone over to the Better Land. But their sons remain, and the sons and daughters of their children. These still speak the old Gaelic tongue. But it is no longer the *lingua sacra* of their home-sick parents. New forces, new aspirations, the conscious anticipations of a great new destiny, the feeling that they are citizens of a rising, mighty nation, with a magnificent future, already ripe to the harvest—all this consciousness of changed times, and a high calling, has taken possession of the young Canadian. Let us hope also that, side by side with this consciousness of his high vocation, there will also be found a place, ever sacred, for the simple piety of his fathers, of which I had so many precious signs and proofs at those never-to-be-forgotten solemnities of “Na Horduighean” with the Gael in the Far West.

DONALD MASSON.

AN OLD INVERNESS LOVE SONG.

WE give below, in the form in which we find it, and without any alterations at all beyond the correction of some obvious mis-spellings, the original text of the Inverness love song which Gillies published, in his Collection of Gaelic Songs and Poems, a hundred and three years ago. The manuscript before us was undoubtedly the one Gillies used and altered, but it was probably twenty-five or thirty years old when he got hold of it. The manuscript collection to which it belongs began to be made in 1756, and although this particular piece is not dated, it looks as old as other pieces dated that year, and to which its style of writing is closely similar. It is safe at anyrate to conclude that it was written not later than 1770. In the manuscript, the second stanza is not marked for chorus as in Gillies's book—the stanzas, indeed, are not marked off at all, and originally there seems to have been no chorus. The poet's name is not given, and nothing seems to be now known at Inverness about his history. Probably the song was far from being a new one when it was first written down. But the nameless poet, whoever he was, must be ranked high among the love-song bards. He poured out this heart-effusion of his before Burns was born, and it is doing Burns no injustice to say that the Gaelic singer was very fit to be compared with him. It can be gathered from the song that the poet lived in one of the landward districts of the united parishes of Inverness and Bona, and that, as a rule, he only visited the town of Inverness on Sundays and at fair times. His adored one dwelt in "Baile-chaolais," that is to say, "the town of the narrows," or "ferry town," which we may conclude to be a descriptive name for South Kessock. The

poet does not clearly indicate his own rank in life, but he speaks of his sweetheart as wearing "silver grass-blades," or silver buckles like grass-blades, in her shoes, and of his having become acquainted with her in her childhood, or budding womanhood, when she was "learning English in the big towns."

DURACHD MO CHRIDHE DHUIT

(From the Malagan MSS.)

Theid mi dh' Inbhirnis
An ceann seachdain o maireach,
Theid mi, gun amharus,
Gu faidhir na Feill-Aindreas.
Bithidh leann air na tulaichean
Is tunnachan gle lan d' e ;
'S na 'm faighinn air son oir e
Gu 'n olainn do dheoch slainte.
Durachd mo chridhe dhuit
Seach nighean tha foi 'n ghrein !
Ciod e 'm bail' am bithidh tu
Nach bithinn is tu reidh ?
Gur binne leam do chomhra
Na smeorach air gheig ;
Gu 'm b' annsa leam bhi 'g ol leat
An seomar leinn fein.
Cha d' theid mi d' an tigh ost',
Far an olar na cruintean,
Gun an nighean bharrunn bhuidhe
Bhi na suidhe cuide rium.
Dhamhsadh i ri fìdhleir,
Is sgriobhadh i le peann,
Cha 'n iarruinn fhein mar storas
Ach pogan is leann.
Chunnaic mi Di-domhnaich
An ribhinn og a 's t-shearmaid,
'Ga 'm maith ga 'n tig na broga

Le 'm feoirneinibh airgid.
'S ioma fleasgach boidheach,
Is ogair deas meanmneach
Tha 'n lan doigh ri do phosadh,
'S nach gabhadh or an geall ort,
'S moch a ghabh mi eolas
Air ainnir oig na feile,
Anns na bailtibh mora,
'S i foghlum na Beurla ;
Ma 'n d' fhaod mi bhi eolach
Air boichead a h-aodainn
Leir i mo chridhe uam,
'S a ris cha 'n fhaigh mi fhein e.
Chunnaic mi Diar-daoin i,
'S i ribhinn nam ban grinn,
Chunnaic mi Di-h-aoine i,
'S i cireadh a cinn.
Leis na ghabh mi ghaol
Air a caol mhala ghrinn,
Gle mhoch an la air mhaireach,
Gu'n d' fhas mi gu tinn.
Cha 'n eil mo chrodh air ailein,
'S cha 'n eil mo lair am preas ;
Cha 'n eil m' fhearann ann am fasaich,
'S cha 'n eil mo chal an lios,
Cha 'n fhaod mi bhi 'n caoirich—
A ghaoil gabh mo leth-sgeul ;
An cron a bhios 's an aodann
Cha 'n fhaodar a cheiltinn.
'S ann am Baile-chaolais
Tha mo ghaols' a chomhnuidh.
Innis di nach fhaod mi
Bhi daonnan am onar.
Le mheud 's a thug mi 'm ghaol duit,
'S nach fhaod mi do phosadh,
Mur furtaich thu le d' ghaol orm,
'S e 'n t-aog m' aite comhnuidh.

Tha corp is gil' n'an eala ort
Ag snamh air bharraibh thonn ;
'S cubhraidh leam blas d' analach
N'an canal is e donn.
A ghaoil na bi g'am mhealladh ;
O ! tha m' anam ort an geall—
B' annsa pog do d' liopaibh,
Na Inbhirnis an geall.
Dh' eirich mi maduinneach
Gle mhoch-thra Di-domhnuich,
Bha mi tamull roimhe sin
Am luidh 'm meadhon seomair,
Chunnaic mis a ghruagach
'S a cuailein mar an t-or oirr',
'S dh' fhas mo chridh' cho aoibhin
'S gu'n leumainn mar an fheorag.

The change which Gillies made in the opening lines—

Theid mi dh' Inbhirnis O,
Seachdain o maireach,

is not marked on the face of the manuscript, but all the other alterations of the original text which were made by Gillies, or his editor, are interlined in a much later handwriting than that of the man who took the song down, probably a quarter of a century before it got printed. The principal interlineations, in a later hand, are—

Gun an nighean or-bhuidh
Bhi air bord cuide rium,

instead of

Gun an nighean bharrunn bhuidhe
Bhi na suidhe cuide rium ;

and

Cha 'n eil mo ghabh'r ann am fasaich

instead of

Cha 'n eil m' fhearann ann am fasaich.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

A LAST CENTURY BAND OF GAELIC SCHOLARS.—There was in 1776 a project on foot for bringing out a complete Gaelic-English and English-Gaelic dictionary. The following was the proposed division of the work :—"The Gaelic-English part—A B C, Mr John Stewart ; D E F, Mr M'Arthur ; G I L, Gleno ; M N O, Mr M'Nicol ; P R, Mr Charles Stewart ; S, Mr M'Lagan ; T U, Mr Dugal Campbell. English-Gaelic part—A, Mr J. Stewart ; B C D E F, Mr M'Arthur ; G H I, Gleno ; J K L, Mr M'Nicol ; M N O, Mr Charles Stewart ; P Q R, Mr Dugal Campbell ; S T U, Mr M'Lagan." The last section, W X Y Z, is left blank. Mr John Stewart, at this time minister of Arrochar, afterwards of Luss, was a son of Mr James Stewart, minister of Killin, the translator of the New Testament. He finished his father's Old Testament work, and earlier in life took down Duncan Macintyre's songs for the press. Mr M'Arthur, in 1776 minister of a parish in Mull, was a Glenlyon man. The late Mr Colin M'Vean, minister of Killin, was a grandson of his. "Gleno" was the good Highlander and good scholar—James Macintyre, Laird of Glenoe. Mr Donald M'Nicol was minister of Lismore and Appin. Mr James M'Lagan, in early days minister of Amulree, was in 1776, as well as long before and afterwards, chaplain to the *Freiceadan Dubh*, or famous 42nd Regiment. Who were Mr Charles Stewart and Mr Dugal Campbell? The latter, whoever he was, appears to have been very diligent in writing down from oral recitation the ancient and modern Gaelic songs of his day.

MAOL-CIARAN.—This individual is, traditionally, said to have been the last of the Picts. Is there a legendary story about him? Ossian, "the last of the Feinne," was one who claimed pity, mixed with admiration ; but Maol-Ciaran seemed only to be able to claim pity, not unmixed with ridicule. There is, however, one instance in which the last of the Picts and the last of the Feinne are put on a footing of equality. The wife of Donald Gorm, "Tainisteir" of Glengarry, in her lament for her husband, who fell at Killiecrankie with Bonnie Dundee in 1689, says :—

Och nan och ! gur mi'n t-Oisein,
'S mi mur choslas Maol-Chiarain !
Tha mo chridh air a dhochnadh,
Mar gu'n goirticheadh sgian e.

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EDITED BY

DUNCAN CAMPBELL, EDITOR, "NORTHERN CHRONICLE,"

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ALEXANDER MACBAIN, M.A., F.S.A.Scot.

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VOL. I.

THE LONG GLEN.

CHAPTER IV.

THE SMEARING HOUSE.

"A PENNY for thy thoughts Diarmad, a laoich."¹
"Mhuire, Mhic-Griogair,"² they are not worth even that small coin. If thou must know, I was listening to the reudan³ drumming away in that old beam behind me, and wondering how and why such a soft-like beastie should make such a big noise. Maybe it has a sort of drum in its body, and beats it to call its sweetheart."

"Ach, for sure, the world is coming to an end, if thy thoughts begin to run upon sweethearts. Why look you, although he is nearly six feet high in his brogues, he runs away from the girls as if they were ghosts and vipers."

"And Ewan thinks he has in face or figure a ball seirc,⁴ like the ancestor of my clan, Diarmad of the brown locks; and that the prettiest and proudest maid at fair or wedding, who looks upon him for the first time, must, because she cannot help herself, flutter to him like a yesterday little-soul (butterfly)⁵ to a shiny cabbage leaf, when sun breaks out after rain. Forsooth! it is much in self conceit to be a giant. Yet, little David slew Goliath. Indeed, giants have never been famous for brains either in Palestine or Albyn."

¹ A laoich, hero. ² By Mary, son of Gregor. ³ Woodmoth. ⁴ Ball seirc — beauty spot, something to attract. ⁵ Anaman de.

“Bhiasd chaoil ¹—thou starveling greyhound—I’ll dip thy nose in the smearing tub to teach thy tongue better manners.”

The last speaker, a gigantic young man of about twenty-five years of age, having finished smearing his sheep, as he concluded his threat, rose from his triangular stool, and with outspread arms rushed on the long lank lad who had so bitingly tongue-wounded him. There were four of them about two tubs containing mixed tar and grease lashed up with water. They occupied a low-roofed fern-thatched out-house, in which stirks were sheltered and fed during winter, but which at present served for a smearing house. The sheep waiting their turn to be smeared crowded around them, now quietly chewing the cud, and now making little rushes and digs with their horns at one another. Those that were finished were turned out off the stools, and the creatures, frightened at the transformation they had undergone, trotted off to their favourite haunts in the hills as fast as their four feet could carry them.

It was a foggy and depressing back-end day. The work was monotonous, and it had proceeded in silence for a long time when Angus Ruadh Macgregor broke the spell by offering Diarmad Mac Iain, the youngest of the four, a penny for his thoughts. Then Ewan Mor, of the clan of Lochiel, was pleased to give and take offence, and, finally, half in fun and half in wrath, to rush upon Diarmad for the purpose of convincing him that giants were not to be trifled with. Diarmad, the son of John, was a long thin lad of eighteen, whose loops and angles as yet justified comparison with the greyhound, although an unformed youth can boast little of the lithe grace of the runner-down of the deer. As the giant rushed menacingly upon him, Diarmad seized on the stick of the smearing tub, and opposed it so deftly to the pit of Ewan Mor’s stomach, that the latter in a moment fell full length back among the sheep, thoroughly astonished at his own downfall. He was

¹ Lean animal.

not a whit hurt by the mishap, nor was his temper much ruffled by the laughter with which Angus and old Rob Macarthur, who had till then been silent, greeted his misadventure. Diarmad neither spoke nor smiled, but with flushed face and kindled eye, rose from his stool, to be ready for further hostilities if required. Ewan, on getting up, which it took him some time to do, as in his smearing clothes and sheep-skin apron he was as heavy and helpless as a sack of steeped barley, took a long wondering look at his late antagonist and smiled quite kindly. He caught a sheep, went back to his stool, and then in a calm philosophical manner began to discuss his surprise :—

“ So the starveling greyhound can turn into a bloodhound ! The bald-headed bodaich ¹ of the smith’s bench understand him. But who could think the dreamer should fight, and that a lad who blushes worse than the girls, and flies from the girls too, should dare to point a tar stick at me ? ”

“ That could I, air m’anam,” ² said old Rob, who looked his full approval of Diarmad’s ebullition of fighting passion. But the lad himself, as if he could not help justifying Ewan’s remarks upon his bashfulness, blushed red to the roots of his hair, and changed the current of talk and ideas by begging Rob to give them a song or sgeulachd. ³

Rob replied that Angus was the man of songs.

Ewan—“ Ach, look you, Angus is afraid of the Session. He is courting an elder’s daughter ; and so it stands to reason he must walk and talk circumspectly, and conquer the Old Adam. Rob, you are an unregenerate sinner, or else you would not be leading Angus into temptation.”

Angus—“ Would not Ewan wish to step into my brogues, if he only could get his big feet into them ? But that he cannot. Come, Rob, give us something to lighten the weight of this heavy day. When the doors will be closed and the candles lighted I’ll sing you a song of love or war, in spite of the beard of the cleir.” ⁴

¹ Bodaich—Old men.

² On my soul.

³ Story.

⁴ Clergy.

Rob—"And to my best thinking it is just that beard which has grown a great deal too long, and the great good it would be to cut it shorter; but who is to use the scissors or razor? Diarmad, dost thou know the 'Breisleach?'"

Diarmad—"I know something about it, Rob. An Irish priest of the days of old wished to write his last will and testament. He was old, and his mind was astray. So in trying to write his will he wrote the mixture of nonsense called the 'Breisleach;' and well it is named, too, for its changes are quicker, and hold less together, than those of a fevered dream."

Ewan—"I have heard the Miller Mor give screeds of it by the kiln fire. It is funny enough, but I should think it worse to learn than both the Shorter and Longer Catechisms with proofs."

Angus—"Come, Rob, give us the 'Breisleach.' I have never yet heard the nonsense verses that are always the comparison for things out of joint and meaning."

Rob—"Ire mhire
Mhairi !
Mo sgeul deurach,
Mo chruaidh dhileas,
An diugh cha leir domh
Bhi ga dhith sin.
Tarruinn chualta
Do chlaoidh mise,
O' n chraoibh thoraidh.
Breac o' n uiridh.
Sac brachadh
Ann an carn guirmein !
'S co chuireadh an teagamh
Mac-'ille-Phedeir
Thighinn air Laideann?"

Rob proceeded for a long time with his recitation in a sustained half-chanting voice. His hearers were kept in a chorus of loud merriment by the wonderful incoherences of topics and images which portrayed in the liveliest manner the maunderings of an insane mind. Rob had to stick to his work solemnly and seriously. He dared not stop to laugh, nor could he even afford to vary his recitative tone,

lest, losing the stepping stones of sound, his memory should stumble and tumble, and become like the Breisleach itself. But the darkening of the door, which also served as a window, brought the entertainment to a premature conclusion. In the aperture appeared the Elder Claon (Claon means squinting), who happened to be passing by on his lawful or holy business when the unhallowed Breisleach words and accompanying laughter reached his ears. The Elder Claon must not be mistaken for Angus's prospective father-in-law, who was by no means averse to the old songs and stories of his country. The Elder Claon admired no uninspired poetry except the hymns of Dugald Buchannan, whose lurid "Day of Judgment" sublimity was very much indeed to his taste. He once rather liked the hymns of Peter Grant, the Strathspey Baptist, whom he personally knew very well, but when Peter, in old age, took a second wife to his bosom, the Elder Claon ceased to admire either him or his hymns; for he was an old bachelor himself, and counted that for merit and mortification.

This good man having been disturbed in his meditations of the higher subjects, not perhaps of the Law and the Prophets, but of the prices of wool and beasts, as a matter of duty stepped to the smearing house door to give a word of rebuke in passing.

"Rob, thy locks are thin and mixed with white. Thy years are not much under threescore. The shadows of life's evening are fast gathering round thee. Why then dost thou cling to vanities, and show a bad example to the young? Thou and I are old men, and in natural course of things near our graves. We should think then of our latter end."

"Well, Elder," replied Rob rather testily, "as we were born to die we were in a sense always near our graves. Yet I have seen you laugh at the Breisleach yourself, and that not twenty years ago either. What earthly harm is in it, can you say?"

"In itself not much, perhaps; but it belongs to the vanities of uncovenanted times. There is much harm in

the songs which excited men to war for the wrong in former days ; and love songs are still worse."

" Yet you enjoyed them both once, and sang them well too—that I remember."

" Oh, Rob, bring not against me the follies and sins of my unregenerate youth. Ever since I received my call from the Lord, and the peace following on that which was at first a sharp tribulation, which weak humanity could scarcely bear, the only bardachd ¹ I have cared for are the psalms of the sweet Psalmist of Israel, and the soul-searching hymns of Dugald Buchannan. Oh Rob, oh young men, we should strive to conquer the Old Adam and to get our souls rooted in the sure hope of the Blessed Life to come—the glorified life of those justified by faith, and foreordained from the beginning to salvation through imputed righteousness."

Rob was silent, and Angus and Ewan looked like penitents, but Diarmad looked the Elder Claon straight in the face, and said :—

" But we have no right to 'boo' the sun out of the sky, or to suppose that the Lord of all is as mean, narrow, and intolerant as are even the best men among ourselves."

The Elder looked pained, but having done his duty, and expecting nothing but evil here and hereafter for the favourite of unregenerate grey-headed Philistines, he turned his face and went on his way without attempting to reply.

At the time of our story many ministers and sessions in the Highlands were waging, with most unreasoning ferocity, war with piping, fiddling, dancing, song-singing, athletic sports, and all amusements in which the unregenerate people of the older times had found enjoyment. Rob Macarthur, although a peaceable, industrious, and good fellow in secular matters, was in religious affairs counted a black sheep, with a scant sprinkling of white tufts. He grumbled *sub rosa*, but did not rebel openly against the fanatical tyranny which was pretty strong in the Glen, and

¹ Poetry.

reigned absolutely in other parts of the Highlands on the eve of the Disruption.

Grumblers and Laodiceans might be permitted to hope, but rebels to the prevalent ideas were marked down as irreclaimable, unless they were miraculously changed into their own opposites. Much to the grief of the Elder Claon, the pious women, and all other fanatics, there was in the Glen a company of old men who tenaciously clung to denounced vanities and ancient customs. These were not numbered among the black sheep—they were relegated to the left-hand fold of the goats. As Diarmad Mac Iain consorted much with these outcasts, who refused to consider themselves outcasts, it followed of course that he also got prematurely into the fold of the goats.

As soon as the Elder's footsteps ceased to be heard, Ewan relieved his feelings by an ejaculation which was pious once, but was now called bad language. Angus completed this once pious ejaculation, by adding words of anathema orthodox in all ages. Rob's face expressed mingled surprise and gratification as he turned to Diarmad and said :—

“And it is at clipping the beard of the cleir thou wouldst be, young man. Ah, Diarmad, these sons of Seruah will be too strong for thee, as they were for David, King of Israel. Dost thou want to be denounced in the conventicles of the pious, and preached at from the pulpit, aye, and a deal sorer, too, than if thou hadst really deserved Session discipline.”

Diarmad—“The Elder Claon and all of them may mean well; but I for one will not submit to their intolerance, or think so ill of the Lord, or even of poor human nature, as to accept some of their views.”

Rob—“It is the dangerous thing, however, to touch the beard of the cleir with thy Philistine scissors. But, come, tell us what is thy opinion of this Non-Intrusion barm that works on our holy people as if they were old leather bottles full of bursting new wine.”

Ewan—"He cannot, at anyrate, think or speak any ill of Angus's father-in-law that is to be; for he is the broadest man in the Session, except Seumas Liath,¹ and Seumas is"—

Rob—"The best man in any of their skins. That much I would say to their faces, minister included. What have they to say against Seumas that they geck at him as if he were a strange bird which had dropped wrongly into their nest, although, for sure, he was in the nest first—aye, before some of them were born?"

Diarmad—"All they can say or whisper against Seumas Liath is much to his credit. He speaks like an honest Gael, and not like a Pharisee. At nearly fourscore he enjoys life, and does not think he ought to groan and excuse himself to the good Lord for daring to bask in the light of the blessed sun."

Angus—"Thou dost with heart defend the old Moderate."

Ewan—"No wonder, for look you, Diarmad is the disciple of the grey-haired carles, and Seumas Liath is their favourite elder. I have heard the good folk speaking of Diarmad, with head shakes and sighs, as a rampant young goat. His own kith and kin fear that he is far from grace; for look you, there is a buzzing whisper, made strong by dark looks, going round the country, that when with the old carles on the Scorners' Seat at the Smith's he dares laugh at Mairi Bhaiche's ululich (howling) for her soul's salvation in church, and makes mocking fun of Duncan the tailor's corpse-wake readings and words. Ochonaree! it is the dangerous person he must be whatever, and it is I who was warned to take care lest he should lead me astray."

Bob—"Ach, indeed, the fear is upon me that Diarmad sits often in the Scorners' Seat—which, for sure, is the bad thing entirely, if we believe those who pretend to know best about all things here and hereafter. Yet, why should there be a scorners' seat in the world at all, if nobody must

¹ Grey-haired.

use it ? Methinks for sure the Black One himself must have some useful work to do ; else why should creation be plagued with him at all ? But let that pass by—I want to know our scorner's real opinion of all this nose-grinding holiness, and, above all, of the Non-Intrusion hullabaloo."

Angus—"Now, Diarmad, pour out the words of knowledge thou hast learned from books or heard from the lips of the old."

Diarmad—"My opinion is of little weight or worth. It is made of soft clay which has not taken stable form, and has not been hardened in the furnace. As to the patronage question, it seems to be required by the true life-law of our Kirk that congregations should be allowed to choose their ministers. But I don't think these noisy Non-Intrusionists go about a right thing in the right way. It is the duty of the State—Cæsar they call it—to cause every law to be carried out until it be changed. Now, laws can only be made and unmade by Parliament ; and yet these Non-Intrusionists are trying to set aside an Act of Parliament by an Act of Assembly. Such a thing cannot, methinks, be permitted without injuring kingdom-rule, and setting up kirk-popery. As for the holiness which gloats over the fore-ordained destruction of the so-called unconverted, which groans at the general cheerfulness of God's world, mingled with suffering, sin, and sorrow, as it may be, and grudges us the light of the sun, the music of birds, and the perfume and beauty of the bonnie flowers that sleep beneath the winter's snow, and in spring and summer offer their thanksgiving—as for this shroud-clad holiness of the gloomy brow, weeping eye, and ranting tongue, I feel sure the old Adam will conquer it in the end, and to my thinking, too, the old Adam's conquest will be richly deserved."

Angus—"Thou art the blackest Moderate I have ever listened to."

Ewan—"Yes, for sure, and what our cleir teach us is that Moderatism is a Christ-denying, God-dishonouring, soul-slaying thing."

Diarmad—"Truly they condemn strongly; but who made them judges? The holiness they preach is one that can only be truly described by their own language of anathema. I cannot bear it. It makes me shiver with repulsion and hot with rage. Now, look you, I daresay the Elder Claon is all he professes to be, and that he sincerely wishes us all to be good after his pattern; but his doctrines rather drive me the other way, and his words just now have so raised my corruption that I think I must plunge into some small wickedness just to make me afterwards fit to be reconciled to goodness."

Rob—"That has been a fine holding forth, but the lastly is a strange one. And what, mo ghille,¹ may be the small wickedness into which thou wishest to plunge just to make thee good again?"

Diarmad—"Just stop and let me think."

Ewan—"Think quickly then and let us know; for sure I am it is Angus who is dying to hear."

Diarmad—"Here for you then. What are the three things which it is not lawful to take, and which honest men may yet take without being much ashamed?"

Angus—"A bird from the hill, a fish from the linn, and a tree from the wood."

Diarmad—"Very well then; let us blaze the river."

Ewan—"That is the beautiful plan entirely. So it is indeed. And, look you, just think of Diarmad putting the tar stick into the pit of my stomach, bearding the Elder Claon, and making such a beautiful wicked plan, all in one day! Why, look you, I do believe the disciple of the carles will be a leader of men in very deed, whenever he will give up being afraid of the girls, which, to tell the truth, is the foolishhest fear ever seen. Why, look you, there is no reason in nature for it at all, and it is not known among the very beasts, but quite the contrary. But Diarmad, mo charaid,² I can tell thee how to get to the other side of it, just as naturally as summer gets to the other side of winter

¹ My lad.

² My friend.

by melting the ice and snow. But there now! I see thou art blushing like a young maiden when first kissed by the lover of her heart, or like that wee flower of the mountains which in early spring shows its crimson face on the edge of the deep snow wreath, and seems to be much ashamed of itself for popping forth its head so soon. Ach, just listen to me, and I'll"—

Diarmad—"Bad end to thee! Listen thou to me. The river is full of salmon."

Rob—"For sure, but are they out in the shallows? The white scales are scarcely copper-tinged yet. I don't think they have commenced to make egg-trenches in the shallows; and you cannot come near them in the linns."

Ewan—"Whatever then is to be done? Diarmad's beautiful plan will come to naught, if we cannot blaze the river when the fathers and masters will be away selling their beasts at Falkirk. That is the best time for the fun, and must we give it up because the frost has not yet been strong enough to warm up the fish to love-making? It is the sore pity!"

Angus—"Poor Diarmad must remain hopelessly wicked for a little longer."

Diarmad—"If it be too soon for the river, we can blaze Lochan-na-larig, which has, I daresay, never been yet blazed since the day it was made. There will be just as good sport with the trout as with the salmon, and it is just a bit fun we want and nothing else. Is my thought your thought?"

Angus—"With all my heart."

Ewan—"And with all my two hearts, if I had them."

Diarmad—"Be moderate. The gift of two hearts was only bestowed on Uilleam Gaelach, whom the bodaich ghallda ¹ call William Wallace."

Rob—"Aye, for sure, they make out every great man of our race to be one of their own kith and kin."

Diarmad—"Ach, there is some excuse for them in the case of Wallace; for you see, although his people were

¹ Lowland carles.

Gael, and continued to be called Gaelach in the land of their sojourning, taking their race name for their sloinne,¹ yet they dwelt before his birth among the men of Strathclyde, who were by that time fast losing their old language, and forgetting that they were Britons, and own cousins of the Gael. But, Ewan, mo laoch, modern giants must do the best they can with one heart. Rob, will you come with us?"

Rob—"Nay, nay; but, for sure, I wish I could too, and that I do indeed. Old age is come upon me with its stiff joints and its feet slow to move. After smearing my number, I feel I need and deserve my rest. Four miles there and four miles back in the dark of night, are not for me. But if, when the time for it come, you blaze the river, I do not say I'll not be with you there. Methinks it would be like jumping back forty years at a bound to the days of my youth."

Ewan—"Very good; and, Rob, on this whole affair, you must keep your tongue within your teeth."

Rob—"Which is just the thing that is impossible for me to do, seeing I have lost all my teeth—bad luck to them."

Ewan—"Let teeth go to the gallows then, but keep your tongue tight within your jaws, and let no one know."

Angus—"I want him to let one fellow know. When you go home to-night, Rob, just give the elder's John, as you are passing their house, a hint of the ploy."

Ewan—"Very good. The elder's John will just complete the band."

CHAPTER V.

LOCHAN-NA-LARIG.

SO it was agreed to do wickedly that Diarmad might be reconciled to goodness.

And, according to their agreement, the three young men that night, after supper, retired, not to bed, as their

¹ Surname.

people supposed, but back to the smearing house, where they lighted a candle held in a cleft stick, whose other end was stuck in the wall, and set hard to work splitting up resinous bog pine for torches, or leusan, three of which were fashioned in no time.

Salmon gaffs and leisters—surviving proofs of the sporting liberties of tenants and commons in the times not long gone by—were to be found in almost every house. The old custom was to let the fishings with the farms. These salmon implements were useless of course for trout killing but Diarmad managed to convert a light leister with a short shaft, into a weapon fit for his purpose, by weaving willow twigs in the prongs down to their barbs.

No jeering or argument could convince Ewan that the sharp iron spade in which he rejoiced to believe was not as suitable a weapon as it was handy. Angus armed himself with the wooden shovel of the potato house, and the elder's John, wisest of them all, crept from the outer darkness into the dim light of the sputtering candle, with a long narrow-mouthed grain creel strapped on his back. He was immediately nicknamed the Hen Pedlar's pony, but that he did not mind a straw, being, as he was, a good-natured, rosy-faced youth full of merriment and mischief, notwithstanding the demure look he could readily assume, when occasion required.

The four issued forth on their marauding expedition, an hour before midnight. Their destination was a tarn or lakelet situated in a pocket of one of the highest ridges of the Grampians, and guarded in close embrace by crowning peaks which usually retained rust-edged wreaths of snow throughout the whole summer.

The long, narrow, whistling, craggy and heath-clad side glen, with its many voiced burns, by which they made their way to Lochan-na-larig, was weird and lonesome indeed at night's dead hour. Although, until past midnight, there should be a moon somewhere behind the dark-rolling clouds, it refused to shed a gleam of its silvery light on the

path of the evil-doers. They had no fear of man before their eyes, but as much could not be said in regard to fear of ghosts.

Whenever sheep, whose rest was disturbed by the unwonted tread of human feet during the silence of darkness, rustled amidst the heather or knocked horns together as if seeking counsel of one another, big Ewan drew a shivering breath, and the elder's John said :—" Uist ! ciod sud ?" ¹ in a loud whisper of alarm. Angus was less sensitive to ghostly alarms, perhaps because more quick to distinguish natural sounds of all sorts. Diarmad did not know very well whether to believe in ghosts, or to class them with the fairies whom he had already banished to the realm of fancy and legendary myth. Ghosts were among the many ideas or things which his mind held in a state of suspension, until he could find means of settling them to the best of his knowledge and ability. He felt he should not like to go alone to a reputedly haunted place at night's witching time ; but he was confident no ordinary spirit would at any time, or in any place, have the boldness to encounter four persons, weighted by the solid teguments of mortality ; and this confidence induced him to play upon the fears of Ewan and John.

As they were nearing the mossy ruins of a long-deserted shealing, where a bloody tragedy had been enacted generations before, Diarmad began to relate, in the pictorially effective manner natural to Highlanders when using their native language, the story of the fair-haired girl who was foully done to death. He told how her false lover, who wished to marry an ugly old woman with a tocher, wiled her out to the black tarn on the moor, and toppled her over a crag into the pool, and how, long after her mysterious disappearance from the shealing, her body was found, through ghostly information, in the sunless water. The murderer, he said, was neither tried nor hanged ; nor was he at first at all suspected ; for it was supposed the girl had

¹ Hist ! what's that.

accidentally fallen in while gathering cranberries. The wicked man, however, did not escape punishment. Wherever he turned his eyes, even in broad daylight, he saw a face unseen by others, which reproached him with a look that froze the marrow in his bones. For years he dared not lie down on a bed, lest he should lose the breath of life—to which he desperately clung—in sheer terror of the vision of murder and drowning that fell upon him when seeking rest like other men, with always increasing horror, and a weight heavier than lead.

Just as the climax of dying confession and hopeless agony was reached, John cried—"Uist! Uist!" in a most terrible or rather terrified whisper, and Ewan laying a heavy hand on Diarmad's shoulder, growled in a voice shaking with fright—"Mhic an Diabhuil,¹ thou hast raised the ghost!" Then, in an altered deprecatory manner, he added—"Good Lord, forgive me for mentioning the evil name, but indeed, indeed, I could not help it. Gleidh sinn!"² There is the noise again! Can the hill be tumbling on our heads?"

Angus and Diarmad laughed heartily. There was sufficient noise heard to be sure, and they had narrowly escaped an accident; but no ghost or evil spirit had hand or foot in the matter. Angus explained the whole commotion by the one word, "goats." The goats used the shealing rock as a citadel of their own, and, on being disturbed, they fled to their place of strength, and crossing a sgairneach,³ without stopping to pick their steps, they set some loose stones rolling, which bounded with sounding noise from crag to crag, and crossed our evil-doers' path too close in their front to be pleasant.

John gave forth a low, prolonged whistle of infinite relief, and hitched his creel comfortably on his back. Ewan was not so easily and instantly reassured. He repeated most inappropriately a stanza or two of Dugald Buchannan's poem of the "Skull," as a charm against ghosts

¹ Son of the Devil.

² Keep us.

³ Heap of loose stones.

and evil spirits in general, among which latter class he was disposed at the moment to include goats ; seeing that they were animals of damaged reputation, owing to unfavourable comparison with sheep in Scripture allegory, and to the Highland superstition which ascribed to the Devil feet like a goat's whenever he made himself visible. Angus and Diarmad irreverently laughed at Ewan's pious exercise ; but most clearly the "Skull" calmed down his nervous excitement ; for, once having gone through the severe ordeal of spiritual terror, he never again seemed to care a bodle for ghost, devil, or goat during the remainder of the night.

It was not long after the goat incident when our evil-doers scented on the keen night air the peat reek of John Macpherson's house. And John Macpherson's dogs must have at the same time scented them, or heard the sound of their voices and footsteps, for they set up a loud barking chorus, which roused their master from his first sleep. John Macpherson was a wrathful man at being so disturbed. He reviled the dogs in most uncanonical language, thinking they were making a noise about nothing, as happened occasionally when they took a fancy for varying the monotony of their lives by a good night's howling, and appeared thereafter to be much refreshed by their performance.

On reaching the house, our evil-doers hailed the old shepherd through the window, showing him that the dogs had a good excuse for their outcry, and letting him know what they themselves were about. John Macpherson, grandfather as he was, declared he felt much inclined to get up and join them in spite of his rheumatism, as he had never been at a blazing of waters before since he was quite a little boy. But, as he turned in bed to get up, his stiff joints warned him they must not be trifled with to please the boyish inclination of which he ought to have got rid long ago. So he wisely compromised the contention between the inclination of his mind and the ailment of his

limbs by resolving not to go to the blazing, and making a bargain with the marauders that they should stop on their return to take a bread, butter, and coffee breakfast with him, and furnish the fish themselves, which bargain was then and there ratified.

On this lofty mountain land John Macpherson, during the summer half of the year, led a lonely life as caretaker of young horses, cattle, and sheep, sent from many farms down the water, to eat the rough grass of the mossy dells, and the sweet herbage of the green corries. John was also a sort of national officer. The common of which he was the caretaker was a drove station, and all cattle and sheep passing backwards or forwards from Highlands to Lowlands were, by immemorial custom, entitled to rest and feeding for a night, on condition that so many pence were paid per score or per hundred. And as the scale of charges had been fixed in very ancient times it was not only reasonable, but very low indeed. The drivers also, on tendering payment fixed by the men of old, but on a higher scale, were entitled to ask for shelter, fire, food, and bed in John's house—which, consequently, being neither an inn nor a shebeen, was to be classed with the ancient hospitals or spittals which were established in early times in desolate places for the good of travelling men and beasts.

Lochan-na-larig received the water of many small streams into its basin, for it was the central depression of the extensive crow-foot wrinklins that marked, with individual character, the top section of a large and lofty range. When our marauders reached the margin, there was a little dispute among them as to whether they should first blaze the little burns flowing into the Lochan, or the big burn, large enough to be called a river, which issued from it. Ewan being a giant of six feet two in his stockings, and correspondingly stout, carried the verdict for the big stream.

So the torch was lighted in the shelter of a peat stack, which stood near the bank of shallows full of fish. Ewan

was the first to step into the water, flourishing his spade as if bent on slaughtering sons of Anak instead of poor trout. The elder's son, shrewdly calculating that most of the fish disturbed by his companions would make direct for the Lochan as a place of refuge, moved forward into the darkness above, laid his creel in a runnel convenient for his purpose, and waited for his prey. Angus deemed it foolish to go into the cold water as long as he could kill plenty of fish from the dry bank. As soon as the torch was fully lighted, Diarmad followed Ewan into the water, and threw the red glare on bank and stream.

For some time the silence of the work of slaughter was only broken by the splashings and ejaculations of Ewan, whose sharp spade cut almost every fish it touched right into two halves. As Ewan considered it a matter of conscience and duty to gather up the fragments of his victims, he lost both time and temper over the work; and the elder's son whispered softly down the stream—"Uist, Ewan! don't frighten the creatures." The prompt and angry reply went rolling back—"Uist thyself, man! and don't talk nonsense. The creatures are as deaf as stones, and could not hear Mons Meg if fired at their nose." Ewan's splashings and slashings, however, determined the fish, which were at first bewildered and fatally attracted by the red glare of the torch, to move in a body for the lochan.

Then John found his patience rewarded by fine hauls. Meanwhile, Angus, always keeping dry shod on the bank, had, with his wooden shovel, killed several dozens without mutilating them in the least. Diarmad's muffled leister also killed well and neatly; but, as he had to hold up his torch in one hand, he found it difficult to secure his slain; and Ewan was too much bothered about his own fragments to give attention to Diarmad's whole fish.

The next reach of the river promised even more satisfactory results in the way of slaughter than the one first tried. A sand bank, which had gathered round big sized stones, divided the water into a double stream. Ewan and

Diarmad waded through pretty deep water to the middle bank, and the cruel, but exciting, slaughter recommenced. It seemed as if the biggest trout of Lochan-na-larig claimed this mid-bank as their own exclusive spawning ground. But suddenly the light went out, and the slaughter ended. As Ewan made a hasty onslaught upon a patriarch of patriarchs that, judging by his size and the regal sweep of his fins, must have been the king of the lochan for ages, he miscalculated the length of his spade, the depth of the water, and the steadfastness of the orbicular stone on which he was standing on one foot. The result of this complicated miscalculation was that Ewan fell headlong into the stream, pulling Diarmad down with him, and that, of course, the light was extinguished. Ewan, to be sure, had this consolation, that the last ray of light showed him clearly the king trout cut cleanly into two; but, alas! the royal fragments could not be gathered up.

Ewan and Diarmad fell into the very deepest part of the stream, where they floundered and sputtered for some little time before they could find a foothold. They frightened, however, many large fish into the basket of the elder's son. On reaching bank Ewan resolutely declared he would have no more blazing that night. He said he was sure he would freeze to death if he did not run immediately to John Macpherson's house as fast as his legs could carry him. So the four turned their faces homeward, and made such a race of it that Ewan panted like a prize ox, and that Diarmad found his wet clothes nearly dry when the old shepherd opened to them his hospitable door.

The old man's table stood ready garnished with cups and saucers, oatcakes and butter. The kettle was on the boil for the coffee-making, and a huge peat fire blazed on the hearth. Willing hands, and deft ones, too—for most Highlanders of that time knew well how to fend and cook for themselves—cut and cleaned two or three dozen fish

which Angus carefully picked from the heap. And the first dozen cleaned, to be followed by as many successive batches as five men with excellent appetites could stow away, were soon fizzing in the frying-pan, duly peppered, salted, oatmeal-besprinkled, and larded with slices of fat bacon. So the breakfast was a great success, and host and guests very much enjoyed it.

Old John was then asked to accept all that now remained of the spoils of the night. He rather demurred, until Diarmad clearly proved it would be an act of charity on his part to rid them of an encumbrance which they did not know how otherwise to dispose of; and until Ewan in eloquent and moving terms described the future pleasures of the palate that would fall to him, if he carefully cleaned the fish, steeped them for a short time in brine, and then hanged them up in bunches inside his big chimley to smoke like red herrings.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

GOLF IN THE FAR NORTH.

IT is a far drive to Dornoch, in Sutherland, to be sure, but when you have a fair offer that, when you do cross the Meikle Ferry, you may have four or five miles of virgin turf to your own cleek, you are willing to stretch a point and go. Besides, it is a wise maxim in the philosophy of Golf to *break new ground*. If you have smashed your dozen sticks, can use your iron, drive a fair ball, and by boldness or strategy defy all kinds of bunker, you may look any Dunn or Morris of them in the face. But if the vices still cling to you or your clubs—and you know it is often the tools and not the man at the end of them whose faults you sing—it is safer to *break new ground*. Your “I topp’d it,” or “I sclaff’d it,” or even stronger language will not always answer. Suggestions of “duffer” *will* occur to your own or others’ minds, and it is sober consolation to be told by your caddie, “Never mind, sir, ye’ll hit the ba’ yet.”

But these are psychological aspects of the subject, which I shall not pursue. Since the boom in new greens, English as well as Scotch, began, I have made it a point to bestow some of my leisure on rival candidates for the palm. A season ago, the breezy downs of Surrey took my fancy, and I paid some addresses to a fair course at Felixtowe, and had no cause to regret that southern pilgrimage.

Last autumn, when the ministers, teachers, and the Parliament House—I write from Edinburgh—had gone in herds, as usual, to Earlsferry, St Andrews, and so on, I bethought me of a golfing cruise to the land of the midnight sun, and with a sackful of implements under my arm, booked for the town of Nairn. I had a game or two on the green there, to which I may refer at another time. It was at the Nairn Games, after my round, that Dornoch

came on the carpet. I there met my friend Horace—not Hutchison, but an honest Edinburgh lawyer. The bright sunshine, the soft air, the glorious panorama of blue hills across the smooth shimmering sea, had mollified me after losing two cherished silvertons among the Nairn furze, and I was dawdling up to the arena of the games, at peace with whins and men, when Horace, and other Edinburgh gentlemen, and London ones too, if the truth must be known, appeared, decked out in broad bonnets and tartan kilts, and strutted up and down, and here and there, like so many Highland chiefs or cock-lairds. I had my clubs on my shoulder, and thought a cad like Horace would disdain to speak to a caddie like me. But, "Hullo! old man," says he, "will you go to Dornoch?" As I had been thoroughly disgusted with the Nairn green, "All right, my Horace!" said I.

We were soon rushing along the shores of the Beaully Firth, amidst scenery rich in mountains, trees, floods, and corn fields; thence through Ross-shire, catching glimpses on the way of Dingwall, the county town, and of Cromarty, where the cruel fate of hopeless decay that sometimes overtakes cities has reached a tragical climacteric; past those placid inland seas which all but unite to make the Black Isle, and into which pour the snows of Wyvis and Mam Soul. I say we "rushed on;" but that is a little flower of "rothorick," as honest John Lydgate would have said, for on this borean railway there is no haste. The route was planned to prevent it, and the county town of Sutherland, to which we are journeying, has been the victim of that rude design. When the snorting steam-horse stands with a gurgling inside at Tain Station, under the shadow of the Angel Hill, where the famous holy shirt of St Duthus was hung out to dry after an Earl of Ross had had his month of it at Halidon Hill, you see a chubby little town on the farther shore of the firth, with a fat steeple on it. You are told that that town is Dornoch, and the architectural excrescence the tower of Dornoch Cath-

edral. "How charming!" you exclaim; "why, it is only five little miles away!" Not so fast, my friend; not so fast. You have some 36 miles of rail and 6 of a gig before you swing your club in the town that thus nestles so cosily on the fringe of the golden shore, and the green verge of Skibo woods. Time was when only a small stream divided Ross from Sutherland down yonder at the Gizzen-briggs, so that, by climbing the branch of a tree on the one side, you could drop a parcel on to the other. But that was before some far-back littoral convulsion heaved up the great masses of barren earth to the south and east, which the Gaels called the Morice-Mor, and Richard of Cirencester *Arce finium Imperii Romani*—in plain English, Tarbetness. Subsequently, it is true the black waters that sped down from the slopes of Benmore through the deep dark Kyles, combined with the surging tide from the east to make the wide streak of silver that now mirrors both the shrine of St Duthac (Tain) and the town of his pupil St Gilbert (Dornoch).

Like renowned Sancho, who was so divergent that I fancy he must have played clubs of some kind or other—albeit that my Lord Shand has only lately introduced golf into Spain—and unlike Caddie Headriggs, I fear I cannot stick to the point. But, after being at Dornoch, one gets impregnated, so to speak, with the Dornoch latitude—for you can there drive at an angle of 45 degrees from eyes front, and yet not be far off the main track. But I shall come to that again. We remarked a few seconds ago that, as you halt at St Duthac's Chapel, it is tantalising to find yourself, as the song about the stars says, so very near, and yet so very far from Dornoch. You may go round by the Mound, which is like going from Edinburgh to Burntisland by Stirling—a very absurd way surely; but then it happens that the Sutherland Railway was projected contemporaneously with certain reclamation projects in a ducal head; and the line, instead of crossing the Kyles at Bonar-Bridge, and hugging the fertile land by the shore, and thus

giving Dornoch a fair chance to live, was twisted round by Lairg, where a noble remnant of God's people eke out a miserable subsistence on the Larger Catechism and oatmeal.

If you would avoid these chastening influences, you may drive from Tain to Meikle Ferry, and be rowed across as dark and stormy a water—the silver streak aforesaid—as the notorious Argyllshire loch where Lord Ullin's runaway daughter was drowned with her sweetheart. It is very annoying, no doubt, to have to take a second fly, but once in a way you will enjoy this varied kind of locomotion. The Meikle Ferry is worth crossing. There, as at Dornoch and Rome, you may contemplate the relics of former grandeur. The “men” of Ross used to speak of the Ferry as if it were Dover or Dublin; and Caithness and Sutherland were just as much a separate kingdom as Fife or Skye. Look at the massive piers! Look at the defunct hostelry, ghostly and whitewashed, where the storm-stayed traveller found warm and welcome shelter, and where Highland hilarity rang out defiance to the blinding drift and the howling wind. Sometimes, too, the ruddy glare within shot rays of light across the troubled flood, and weary, anxious eyes were strained to descry the dancing barque with its precious freight, and its three brave boatmen, who in happier hours could tell of terrible disasters wrought by the three curses of this region—the untamed elements, and revengeful kelpies, and Paul MacTyre—a sort of Paul Jones and Rob Roy in one.

When the golfer reaches Dornoch, he will soon forget the tedium of transport. It is a county town, with five hundred inhabitants. It has a judge, who, one regrets to hear, has joined in a conspiracy to dethrone it as the seat of authority in Sutherland: he does not live in Dornoch, but in the transpontine village of Tain. How he can reconcile himself to this ungracious “procedure,” when it exposes him to the risk of being killed by crofters—for it is here that Hugh Kerr performed his midnight rambles—or drowned

by the water-fiends before-mentioned, many are at a loss to conjecture; but I can account for it on philological grounds. "Tain," according to one school of local scholars, is derived from the Norse "Thing," which signifies the seat of law and legislation. It is therefore very proper that the sheriff, as the judge of the district, should, at the very least, have his sleeping bench at Tain, *alias* Thing. But the Provost and Bailies of the Royal Burgh of Dornoch don't see it; and they and the Fiscal and his depute, the chief-constable, the parochial inspector, and the brace of pastors, consider that their brother the judge, in thus complying with the supposed requirements of derivatives, has given them an ill-merited slap. The judge being a part and pendicle of themselves, or rather they, as the other emblems and adumbrations of power, being parts and pendicles of the judge, he ought to give them the shadow of his countenance to live under.

And so he does on all great public occasions, such as floral fetes and golfing festivals. Golfing festivals? Yes, surely; for since the royal game was introduced here on a small scale some ten or fifteen years ago, the good burghers have given themselves over to the worship of Tammy Morris. What then happens on the occasion of a golfing festival at Dornoch? Public authority in the shape of the officials above-mentioned turns out to welcome the Inverness men, headed by The M'Hardy, and the Wick contingent, led by the Admiral of the Orkneys, the well-beloved Shirra of Shetland. And when all those gentlemen go forth from the artistic pavilion, and scatter themselves over the four miles of velvety turf, far from the sight and sound of other men, is there anything on earth left for them to desire? One is apt to talk hyperbole about this green. I have seen a few courses in my day, and I can say, without fear of a growl from Westward Ho', N. Berwick, St Andrews, or Prestwick, this is no common course. It is like golf itself—it has to be played to be enjoyed, otherwise you would not believe all I might say of it. Dornoch town

is small, and it may be poor—although, curiously, its good folks would starve before they took in (I mean housed) the tribe known to the “reapers” of the south as summer visitors. But some king or other, peace to his royal bones, say I, gave Dornoch a splendid patrimony in the shape of many miles of glorious links, where, if the exigencies of the game or of population should in the future demand it, a hundred holes can be made. You have up-hill and down-dale, and yet no hill or hollow too big; long holes and short holes, and yet not a whin bush or rabbit scrape. Don’t suppose there are no bunkers. There are plenty of them, conventional sand ones, and turfy hillocks, and sweet graves and gullies where the sea flowed ages ago, before settling on its present strand. Yet, you are never appalled by these hazards. At Carnoustie and Prestwick, for instance, the amateur is apt to be put off his chumps by the sloughs and himalayas he has to pound away in the face of. From such horrors there is complete immunity here. And it is essentially a green for a long swipe, too. The turf is fresh from nature’s factory. She has taken a wheen thousand years at the carpet, and it is a trifle heavy; so that, whereas at Musselburgh, when the “leaves are on the table,”¹ you are misled by the keen green into believing that you can drive far, you wont play two holes at Dornoch without that conceit being fairly taken out of you. The putting greens, it is true, are not what they will doubtless be by and bye, but they are singularly faultless for natural velvet. Old Tommy laid them out, and declared that if £50 were spent on them he would make Dornoch the finest green alive. But—to use the words of a judge who once was a keen player, but now alas! wields no club heavier than his trenchant pen²—space would fail to “expiscate the salient features” of a course which is full of charms, from the start on first to the standing-stone which marks the scene of an encounter with the Danes, and on

¹ The local phrase for a keen green.

² Lord Moncrieff, late Lord Justice-Clerk.

which you can almost trace the outline of a horse-shoe, the emblem of Dornoch ; and then on to the end-hole opposite where the last Scotch witch was drowned. The only green with which it can be compared for turf, for comfort, and (what in these days of occidental exclusiveness and oriental extortion—I refer to Musselburgh and Prestwick—is not unimportant) for courtesy and economy is that heavenly stretch of sward on the Mull of Cantyre with the jaw-breaking name. But, if one must compare them, what of the surroundings? The monotonous, lonely shore of the great Atlantic, and just a suggestion of Ireland and the mountains of Jura : that is the sum and substance of Machrahanish, apart from the Links. But here—to say nothing of the endless charm of the unpolluted sea, which is here blue and there green and black, as Colin Hunter paints it—look where you may, if you are not too intent on your ball, you see towering masses of hill cleft by wooded glens. To the north, Dunrobin glistens white against the black-wooded mountain, either in the golden sunshine or in the ivory moonlight ; that is, if you happen to stroll out at night to enjoy a meditative cigar, though the attractions of Morison's are very potent ! Beyond it—Dunrobin, of course—in the blue distance, you have Brora and Helmsdale, and the misty outline of the Ord. To the south, with one sweep of vision, your eye may take in the Inverness-shire hills, Benrinnes in Banffshire, and the Binn Hill of Cullen. Add to which this other pleasure, that your game takes you to sequestered nooks, where, in the brightness of the noontide, you may chase the porpoises that disport themselves in the mighty deep. You may retire at any moment to enjoy a swim. The whole green is your own ; nobody here would think of squabbling about “out of turn.”

There is one disadvantage which, in fairness, ought to be named. Dornoch, like the Southport green, possesses a *calf* ! And the calf at Dornoch is white. As a rule, this animal infests the higher grounds, as if prospecting for

balls on the springy turf. I know not whether it is because the balls are white, and, therefore, proper objects of a white calf's jealousy and attack, or because golf, like cattle, has that kinship with agriculture which all writers have recognised ; but it is incontestible that this calf will not allow a ball to pass without mistaking it for a turnip, and running off with it in its mouth. So, on a sunny day in the end of July (as the novel might read), a junior member of the Scotch Bar, whom I know, but who shall be nameless, might have been seen running after a calf on the Links at Dornoch. He ran as quickly as he ever did between stumps, and at last succeeded, with the appropriate aid of a spoon, in extracting the gutta from the funniest bunker his was ever in. The spot whence it had been carried, of course, could not be found, and (*N.B.*—New Rule) the player plays from the drop. This difficulty, which, I believe, has also arisen on the Lancashire green before referred to, has induced the authorities at Dornoch to erect a post with the image of a white cattle upon it, and the superscription—"Beware of the Calf!"

Au revoir ! Dornoch.

JAMES CRABB WATT.

ATHOLE SONGS.

WE intend to give, under this head-line, a selection of Athole songs, from manuscripts of last century, dating from 1756 to about 1785. We prefer, for various reasons, to begin with one of the latest poems, and to work back to the oldest. The manuscript of "Failte Atholl" is dated 1781. The poem, however, was made in the time of Duke James, who died in 1764. The author of it evidently shared in the anti-Jacobite sentiments of Duke James, and it seems more than likely that he was a man who had served King George, in both hot and cold countries, before he burst forth in praise of his native land.

FAILTE, ATHOLL !

(From the *MacLagan MSS.*)

I.

'Nuair thig gaoth'-a-tuath na deannaibh,
'S ghlaiseas cuan fù leacaibh geala,
'Seoluidh 'n eala 'n deigh na greine
Teachd air cheilidh dh' Albainn alloil.
Teichfidh 'n gabhlan gaoithe speurach,
Roimh ghath loisgeach grein ag geur-ruith,
Sheilg ghrad-dhranntuich feadh nan speur,
'S ni nidein eibhinn ri sgath talla.

II.

'S amhuil astruich buailte, sgithicht',
Le teas greine 's meileadh sine,
Cunnart cuain is grodachd tire,
Teachd do 'n Ghaeltachd ribheach fhallain.
Teichimse, an gabhlan diblidh,
O eoin ghionuich 's aile millteach,
'S nim mo nidein fù bhruaich dhileas,
Nid nam firein a tha 'n Atholl.

III.

Mile failt ort, Atholl bhoidhich !
Miann nam binn-bhard is nan ceolrai ;
'S truagh gun mhacnus-meinme 's gloir
Gu d' mhaìs 's do shogh a cuir an rannaibh.
'S cruaidh dhomh gun a chumhachd neamhaidh
A bh' aig Oisein binn na Feinne,
Chuir do bhuaidhibh ard an ceill
Gu cridhe eibhinn thoirt do d' chlannaibh.

IV.

Tha thu d' luidheadh 'm meadhon Albainn,
 D' aile fallain, d' uisge meinmneach,
 Blasta, soilleir, clannach, toirmneach ;
 Teas cha mbarbh sinn 's cha mhuch gaillionn.
 Tha do shrathaibh taitneach, tarbach,
 Sgeudaichte le feur 's le arbhar ;
 'S treudach, taineach, greigheach, sealgach,
 Beannta garbha 's cluana Atholl.

V.

'S lionmhor eilid is damh siubhlach,
 Le 'n laoigh bhreac a' d' choiribh sughmhor ;
 'S lionmhor boc is maoilseach luth'or
 Cuir ri sugradh feadh do bhadan.
 'S lionmhor coileach dubh ri durduil,
 'S coileach ruadh air sleibhte du-ghlas,
 Lachag riabhach 's geadh ri sgiuchan,
 'S eala chiuil air linn' nam bradan.

VI.

'S aite leinn d' ur choillte cubhraidh,
 'S milis eoin ag gabhail ciuil annt' ;
 'S caomh am fasgadh dhuinn ri dulachd,
 'S maith an dubhra fuar ri teasbhachd.
 'S neonach ard-fiadh chluiche dachais !
 Gleannta cumhann, easa buireach,
 Beannt' ag bagradh speur le 'n stucaibh,
 'S coill ag lub' thar mhalaibh chragaibh.

VII.

An sgeudachadh do bhailte 's luchairt,
 Ealuin ta ag strith ri dachas ;
 'N grinn thigh Bhlaire ta mais' is ionmhas
 Ag toirt cliu do Thriathaibh Atholl ;
 Gharradhna ta arda duithreach ;
 Gharradh blathach measach cubhra',
 Uisge, iasgach, fionn-fhuar, suibhlach,
 'S e gu ol is ionnluid fallain.

VIII.

Na cheann eil' tha craobhach stucach
 Seann Ard-Bhaile Choille-dunach ;
 Is dearbh nach breugaich ainm, is Diucaì
 Ga shior chomhdachadh le crannaibh.
 'S lionmhor teach deagh uasail fheilidh
 Air do shruthaibh clannach, geumnach,
 Leanas dian an samhla gleusta
 Thug deagh Sheumas le ard mhaithibh.

IX.

An sith 's an cuims' tha tamh do dhaoine ;
 Struthas agus dith an cein uadh ;
 Mathas ac' an 'aite faoineis,
 Cuimheas foghluim is e fallain.
 D' ur al tha ag gealltainn eibhnis
 Do 'n deagh Righ¹ 's an tir le cheile ;
 Na robh sliochd air, leis nach caoimhe
 Iad, na caoirich leis na Gallaibh ?

X.

Sona sinn ! a bhith gun eolas
 Air droch bheusaibh bhailte-mora,
 Samhla 's combairl' chiontach, bhronach,
 A bheir doruinn orr' 's dith coduil ;
 Sona nach bheil daoine gorach
 'G earail bharaile nach coir oirnn,
 Chosnadh molaidh dhoibh is storais,
 No chuir cleo air an droch coguis.

XI.

Cuidicheadh an t-ard an t-iseal,
 'S caidricheadh fui sgiathaibh mine,
 Gus am fas e calma fineant,
 'S gu cum sogh is sith na thalamh.
 Faicimid gach sochair ribheach
 Tha sinn mealtainn anns an tir-se ;
 Bith'mid buidheach is beus-liomha,
 Sunntach, miogach, mar na meannain.

XII.

Mar sud iolair threun nan iarmhailt'
 Solaraidh-si blath's is biatachd
 Do h-alach maoth nach fhaod ach sianail ;
 'S bas le pian doibh bhiodh gun chobhair :
 Altrumta le geinteir liath-ghlas,
 'S giulainte air neart a sgiathan,
 Fasaidd calma, luth-mhor rioghail,
 'S glanaidh 'n tir do fhithich 's chlamhain.

XIII.

Gluaiseamaid an ceumaibh ciatach
 An ard-uasail is deagh Thriath dhuinn,
 'S bithidh sinn meas'radh, crodha, ciallach,
 Iochd-mhor, fialaidh ris gach airidh.
 Biodh mar shamhla-beus 's gach ni dhuinn,
 Reult na mais', na stuaim 's na mine,
 'S cha 'n fhag greann-mhorachd ar nianag
 Cridhe 'n cliabh fir 's am bi anam.

¹ Duke James was King in the Isle of Man.

HAIL TO ATHOLE !

I.

When comes north wind in sweeping blasts, and ocean locks 'neath ice-white stretches, the swan her course will steer after the sun, coming a-visiting to Alba of cliffs. The sky-sporting swallow will fly away from the sun's burning dart, fast running to hunt in the air the quick buzzing flies, and to build a wee nest in the eave of a mansion.

II.

Like a stricken traveller I, wearied by sun's heat, and by climatic sufferings exhausted ; from sea danger and land unhealthiness, I come to the beautiful, healthy Highlands. Let me fly, a poor swallow, from birds of prey and tainted air, and make my nest beneath a trusted cliff-brow, like the nests of Athole's eagles.

III.

Athole fair, to thee a thousand hails ! Desire of sweet bards, desire of the muses ; pity it is to be without the genius fit to put thy charms and thy delights in glowing verses. It is hard on me to be without the heavenly power, possessed by sweet Ossian of the Feinne, to give a glad heart to thy children by proclaiming thy high qualities.

IV.

Placed thou art in the midst of Alba. Pure is thy air, thy water is cheer-giving, good-tasted, limpid, ringlet-fringed, and many-voiced. Heat shall not kill us nor storm smother. Pleasant, fertile are thy straths, bedecked with grass and grain crops. Begemmed with flocks and herds of cattle, horses, and deer are the rough bens and green shealings of Athole.

V.

Many are the hinds and swift stags, with their spotted young in thy grassy corries ; many are the agile roe-bucks and their does sporting midst thy clumpy bushes. Numerous black-cocks lift their muffled voices ; many red-cocks dwell on thy dark-grey hill-sides. The brown wild duck and the goose are sibilantly heard, and tuneful swans are on the linn of salmon.

VI.

Joy to me is thy fresh woods' perfume, sweet is the singing of the birds within them ; kindly is their (the woods') shelter in mid-winter time, and good is their shade in summer heat. Rare and wild the landscape's play ! Narrow glens and roaring cascades ; bens threatening heaven with their peaks, and woods o'erhanging rocky brows !

VII.

In the adornment of thy towns and palace, art with nature strives. In Blair's fine house are beauty, treasure, which are fame-giving to the Lords of Athole. Shady are the high-walled gardens; the heated garden is perfumed and fruitful; the water, full of fish, is cool, swift-running, good for drinking and for bathing.

VIII.

At Athole's other end the wood-steep o'erhangs the ancient Capital, the Caledonian Dun, closed in by forests; and sure the name shall never be belied when Dukes are always planting. Many are the homes of hospitable gentlemen upon thy streams of bush-fringed and cow-lowing banks, who follow the example excellent set by good James with his high nobles.

IX.

In peace and modest comfort dwell thy men, who are equally far removed from prodigal spending and hard want. They have what is good instead of what is vain, and kindly learning which is healthy. The young, rising race do promise joy to the good king and the land together. Is it not more desired by him to see children on the land than sheep with Lowlanders?

X.

Happy we to be without knowledge of the big towns, evil morals, and the counsels guilty, mournful, which bring on people ruin and sleeplessness. Happy we that mad-cap fellows are not pressing on us bad opinions, to bring themselves praise or profit, or to put mist-veil on evil conscience.

XI.

Let the mighty help the feeble, fostering him with wings of softness, till he'll grow robust and strenuous to keep peace and plenty in his land. Let us look at each advantage precious we enjoy in this domain. Let us be thankful, well-behaved, hearty, merry like to kids.

XII.

Even so, the sky-ascending eagle provideth warmth and food for its young nestlings, which, without help, could only squeal and die with pain. But nursed in greyish eyrie hold, borne forth on parent's strength of wing, they grow agile, strong, and kingly, and clear the land of gleds and ravens.

XIII.

Let us walk in the laudable footsteps of the high-noble, who is our good Lord; and we shall be temperate, manly, wise, and pitiful, generous to the deserving. Let our moral-guidance in all things be the example of the star of nobleness, of temperance, kindness; and our daughters' charming loveliness will then leave no heart in man that has a soul.

IN WHITEHALL.

HAVING lately had occasion to call, in connection with public business, on a high official whose department is accommodated in one of those modern palatial blocks which line the west side of Whitehall, I was (the great man being engaged) shown into his ante-room, where I really *waited* on the minister, and, if the truth is to be told, waited for a not inconsiderable period. Fortunately, the room possessed a window, which looked out on one of the most magnificent streets London possesses, alive with a busy and bustling throng; and, best of all, brimful, to people acquainted with its history, of associations with the mighty dead, whose names are still, and ever will be, connected with its neighbourhood, though their habitations disappeared centuries ago. Taking up a position at the window, I became for a time oblivious to nineteenth century surroundings. Thoughts of the past rushed in quick succession to my memory; and, knowing from past experience that time was on my side, I thought that, for once in one's work-a-day life, a reverie might be indulged in. Accordingly, looking across the road, one could not fail to remember that there once stood the town mansion of the Archbishops of York, and that there was up-reared the Palace of the greatest of all occupants of the See—a man who, though born a butcher's son, possessed the ideas and tastes, as he attained to the rank, of a prince. In Wolsey's hands, York Place became truly a princely residence, and there he lived and entertained right royally. For the King, his master—for master the poor Cardinal found him one day to be in very deed, under however much delusion, on that point, he laboured through many prosperous years—numerous splendid banquets were there set forth, with masks and mummeries of so gorgeous a sort

and in so costly a manner that it was, says the enrapt Cavendish, "a heaven to behold." On such occasions, Prince of the Holy Roman Empire though he was, he took good care there should be no lack of stately dames or goodly damsels to grace his festive board, and to make meet partners for the gay maskers who, according to use and wont, at such times engaged in the lightsome dance and other disports. Vaulting ambition, however, o'erleapt itself in the case of the ostentatious Cardinal. My Lord's Grace went a little too far for the King's Majesty, and, by the power which made him, he, in a day, was brought down from his high estate. The master was really envious of his servant. Coveting his house, he turned him out of doors, and entering, remained, for the rest of his days, "the man in possession." He took back without scruple all he had given, and, without remorse, caroused in the halls of his friend. Henry the Eighth has been called "Bluff;" he was a good deal more, for he was a man of no feeling; he had the heart of a butcher, and, if he had occupied the Cardinal's position, he would have worked a deal more mischief than did his unfortunate erstwhile favourite. Wolsey, overweeningly worldly though he was, possessed good nature, and his disposition was kindly. Few people saw him depart, for the last time, from out his gate over the way, that gate through which he had so often passed in all the pride and pomp of state; but when the Town heard of his fall, the universal feeling was one of pity. Whitehall, as York Place afterwards became, brings back, however, other memories than that of the fallen Cardinal. Pretty Anne Boleyn, who had a hand in Wolsey's ruin, did not long enjoy her removal to his Palace, for after the lapse of a few short months, light-hearted girl that she was, she was led out of its gate to the scaffold, herself in turn ruined by another, and sacrificed by the insatiable monster she had called husband. Henry made great additions to the Palace, which under him became "The King's Palace of Westminster." In his time was erected Holbein's

famous Gate-House, which stretched right across the road. Canaletto's beautiful representation of that gate and its surroundings still adorns one of the walls of the dining-room of His Grace of Buccleuch, whose stately mansion (the site of which was inherited from the noble family of Montagu) is erected within a stone's throw of the position once occupied by the old gate, which was long ago swept away to meet the ever-increasing requirements of modern London traffic.

But Henry the Eighth and his successive wives, who, to a very slight extent, were ever permitted to regard themselves as queens—on their gaily caparisoned steeds, with their gorgeously attired attendant knights, squires, and runners, have passed down the road for the last time. That poor sickly boy—King Edward the Sixth—lived in the Palace, as did Lady Jane Grey, and also Mary of bloody memory, but of their connection with Whitehall little is known or recorded. With Elizabeth it always was a favourite residence, and it was in her reign “the Palace of Westminster” attained its greatest splendour. Not the splendour alone of mere regal pomp and state, but the splendour reflected from the bright intellects of the gallant men, who, throughout a prolonged reign, surrounded the vestal queen, and shed a lustre about her Court, the brilliancy of which has rarely been equalled, never excelled. It required but a slight effort of imagination to conjure up the figure of the Queen in a rich hooped dress, and huge stiff ruff collar, borne along under a canopy of state. There she comes through Holbein's gate, surrounded by the high officers of her Court, followed by nobles and gentles, by lawyers and clerics, by poets and wits. Now she is received, as she enters the palace, by courtiers who kneel at her approach, and to whose gallantry she makes Queenly acknowledgment. She was flattered, but she liked flattery, and naturally became vain. In the age in which she lived, naturally, perhaps, considering the sex of the reigning monarch, the courtiers by whom she was sur-

rounded assumed romantic airs, and the atmosphere she breathed was charged with poetry and sentiment. Amid the adulation to which she was subjected, is it to be wondered her head was turned to some extent? Occasionally, however, by way, perhaps, of proving her Royal paternity, she could, and did, with considerable gusto, rap out a naughty word, if not two; and, it is whispered, scrupled not at times, with an "Od's bodkins" exclamation, to box the ears of her maids of honour! That she could never forgive a woman, before whose loveliness her so-called beauty paled, and that her cruel malignity was not satisfied until Mary's pretty neck was laid bare to the executioner's axe, we know. That she was a party to the putting to death of a gallant nobleman, on whom she undoubtedly at one time lavished greater regard, if not affection, than sovereigns usually bestow on subjects, we also know. Looking at her, nevertheless, all round, and judging her career as a whole, most people are fain to admit that, though not entitled to the appellation of "Good Queen Bess," she was a great Queen. But whom do we now see riding down Whitehall on rather sorry a steed, whose harness sadly wants looking after? He evidently can ride; and people afterwards, when they came to know him better, said that was about his only manly accomplishment. He stops at the Palace gate; attendants run forward, the crowd huzzah, the horseman looks frightened; he is helped off, but almost tumbles, because, see his sword has got between his legs; as he stumbles forward, he is seen to be weak-kneed. Hearing the cry, "Long live the King," the horseman is recognised as James Sixth of Scotland, now First of England, newly arrived "frae the North," and come to take possession of a mightier kingdom, out of which his predecessor would fain have kept him if she had the power. Glad he is to get indoors, for it is quite apparent he does not like popular assemblies. James found Whitehall more comfortable than Holyrood. The cellar at Whitehall was, at anyrate, fairly well stocked;

and, notwithstanding occasional counter-blasts against the weakness of wine-bibbers, the King of pious memory had the reputation of being a man who took kindly to good liquor. If history speaks truth, when his wife's brother, Christian of Denmark, paid him a visit, there were sad goings on at the Palace, and the cellar was emptied at a rate which would have made Elizabeth's hair stand on end. James, though grave of countenance, could at times be witty, and, though, through George Buchanan's cramming, he became a great pedant, he did at times unbend and became "pleasant of speech," as the chronicler has it, and enjoyed a joke as much as any man, always provided it was not at his own expense. James, in time, really, as well as metaphorically, "*shuffled* off the mortal coil," and gave place to *Baby* Charles, but before he did so, *bon vivant* that he was, he caused Inigo Jones to build that noble Banqueting-house which (now converted into a Royal Chapel) to this day remains to grace Whitehall, and which can be seen from the window out of which I look, by an effort which involves, however, slight craning of the neck and flattening of the nose. Poor Charles had reason to regret the building of that same house, for, after strutting about the kingly stage for some years, declaiming to too great an extent for his own peace of mind about his divine rights, Cromwell actually had him, on his last morning, walked from the Palace of St James' thereto, and led through one of its windows to the scaffold erected in Whitehall, there to die what the executioner was inhumanly ordered to proclaim the death of a *traitor*. Charles was weak, had many absurd notions, and, be it granted, had by his conduct forfeited his right, or, at any rate, shown his incapacity, to fill the throne, but surely his faults did not justify his murder. Of Cromwell's occupation of Whitehall, and of the make-believe and saintly Court His (so called) Highness there affected to set up, one cares not to think, while over the Merry Monarch and his goings on within the precincts of the Palace, a veil

had better be drawn. James, the moody and bigotted, with many of the vices and none of the liveliness of his brother to redeem his character, and make him, even to the slightest extent, what people call "a good fellow," lived there for a time, but ultimately fled, and not a day too soon.

Beginning to think how many years after—ten, I think, it was—the Palace I had been repeopling was consumed by fire, the Banqueting-house before referred to alone excepted, the door opened, and an elderly gentleman, relegated to the ante-room, like myself, was ushered in. This caused me to rub my eyes, to awake from my reverie, and to look through the window-panes at the unmistakable signs of the nineteenth century within my range of vision; and this is what I saw. An Exmoor pony, harnessed to a tiny butcher's cart, driven fast and furiously by a great lubberly fellow, whose proportions testified sufficiently to the fact that he lived on the fat of the land; a huge brewer's dray dragged along by three Flanders horses, big and strong enough to draw an Armstrong gun, if necessary; a prison van, laden with a full cargo fresh from the Westminster Sessions; a plain brougham, evidently betokening a professional owner, even if a well-known medical baronet inside was not recognised; omnibuses, green, yellow, and red, plying from every part of the Metropolis to every other; dashing hansoms, costly landaus, some open, some shut; stately barouches, whose occupants reclined as if to the manner born; a natty little Victoria, containing a pretty little lady, with, by way of contrast, a pug on her knee; a costermonger's go-cart filled with vegetables and pulled of course by a donkey; one of Pickford's vans; a smart spring cart driven by a man in the well-known livery of Day & Martin. These occupied the roadway. Glancing at the pavement, all sorts and conditions of foot passengers were to be seen. Senators who may become statesmen; official people, in whom this neighbourhood abounds; lawyers and wit-

nesses hurrying to and from the Committee Rooms of Parliament, among others some well-kent faces who are interested in the West Coast Railway Bill ; a tradesman or two, who, from their slow pace, tool-bag on back, show that they are not on strike, but are now in their master's service on their way to a job for which they are to be paid by time ; men, women, but few children, some rushing along as if for dear life ; others leisurely sauntering, showing by their gait and from the broadcloth on their backs they are among those who can afford to take life easy ; not a few whose garments are seedy, and whose faces are haggard and pinched ; some who no doubt are starting in the race of life with high hopes, good prospects, and noble resolves ; others whose share in the race is well-nigh over ; some who have succeeded in winning prizes, others who have been beaten and are forced to confess themselves vanquished.

By a curious coincidence a momentary block takes place immediately in front of my coign of vantage, and who should look out at the window of a passing brougham but Mr Gladstone, while on the opposite side of the street strode Mr Arthur Balfour, the Chief Secretary for Ireland. Beginning to think what new surprise might be in store, the door behind me is suddenly opened, my name is called out, and a voice coming, I find on turning round, from a most solemn-looking official, to whom life is or has at some period of his career been full of seriousness, proclaims—" Sir — — can now see you." I withdraw, and am soon closeted with the Minister.

CHARLES INNES.

THE FIRST INHABITANTS OF EUROPE.

A SECOND edition of Mr H. D'Arbois de Jubainville's "Les premiers habitants de l'Europe," has recently been published by Ernest Thorin, of Paris (rue de Médicis 7). De Jubainville is well known to Celtic scholars and to students of philology throughout Europe. His careful and thorough investigations, which are highly valued wherever an interest for scientific research into ancient ethnography and philology is felt, form a corner-stone in the building erected by modern scholarship. The second edition of this important work is presented to the public with the results of an additional research of another twelve years. The improvements on the first issue may be shortly pointed out as consisting in—1, greater preciseness and plainness ; 2, a division of chapters into paragraphs, each of which has a separate heading ; and 3, the addition of notes containing the text of classical sources on which the arguments are based.

The latter improvement will be duly appreciated by those students who, when reading and examining the first edition, at almost every other sentence had to turn to some obscure Greek or Roman author, often not easily to be obtained, in order to verify the statements made ; and Mr G. Dottin, secretary of the editorial staff of the "Revue Celtique," who has undertaken that trying task for the author, deserves most hearty thanks for this excellent improvement.

It is not our purpose to lay before the readers of the "Highland Monthly" an elaborate and exhaustive treatment of so difficult a question, but rather to call their attention to De Jubainville's work, and to invite them to study the subject *à fond* under the lead of such an illustrious guide. At the same time we shall endeavour to offer to

the general reader an outline of the results of the most recent investigations into a question of such great interest.

De Jubainville is an author of eminent learning, and none of his statements is ever made without a thorough consideration of the sources and of what has been said on the point before him. On the question before us he has made a more thorough investigation, and adduced a greater number of classical references than any other writer; but, at the same time, he has put forth some very daring hypotheses, for and against which a good deal may be said, so that it will depend to some extent on the individual views of the investigating scholar whether he will decide *pro* or *contra* De Jubainville's conclusions.

To form an opinion in this important question it is of course necessary, first of all, to take into consideration whether the authority referred to is reliable, and if so, whether he does not write with a special purpose like Tacitus; further, it must be examined whether the evidence given is first or second hand, and eventually what the original sources are, and to what length they can be relied upon. If, for example, Tacitus, as related in *Germania*, chapter 46, was informed that the Helusians and Oxionians were people whose head and face were like those of men, while their bodies and limbs were like those of wild animals, we may safely agree with him that that is fabulous, and on the other hand, when he praises the virtues of the Germanic tribes beyond all measure, he has his set purpose in doing so, but he does not give us a historically true picture of their character; we have therefore to take his statements, to put it mildly, "*cum grano salis*." Again, when Plinius (*L. iv.*, ch. 27) mentions the myth of men who were born with horse-feet, called Hippopodes, or that the enormous ears of the Fanesians had covered their whole body, we certainly shall not be far wrong if we doubt the facts. Tacitus himself (*Annales ii.*, 24) explains some of the causes for the origin of those fabulous descriptions, saying that Roman soldiers, on occasion of the shipwreck of the fleet of

Germanicus, had been carried far adrift to distant islands, and on their return home had given wonderful accounts of what they had seen or imagined to have seen ("visa, sive ex metu credita").

Far be it from us to imply that De Jubainville uses such like evidence to help his arguments, but the above examples, which could easily be augmented, will show that we must not take every word of the classics as matter-of-fact evidence, and that, especially with regard to such remote ages as the primitive inhabitants of Europe lead us to, we must take care to separate fiction and imaginative accounts from truth and history. Thus, it is perhaps rather doubtful whether, on the authority of Lucretius, the Roman poet (De Jubainville, p. 13, Lucretius v., 930-1004), a correct idea of the standard of civilisation in primitive Europe can be formed. However conjectural some of de Jubainville's arguments may be, his work contains a wealth of facts, and such a great number of happy combinations, that, whatever light archeologists may throw on the question, the main structure of De Jubainville's conclusions will certainly not be seriously challenged, and, as we have said before, his work will always form a valuable contribution to the final settlement of that important question.

De Jubainville treats, in the first part of his work, of the Non-Indo-European races, and takes as the most ancient of them the inhabitants of caves, as described in Aeschylus, whom he happily combines with the Cyclops of Homer. The Cyclopien races lived in caves, fed on leaves, herbs, and roots, and at a more advanced period also on acorns. The best known of these races were the Finns, who at one time, together with tribes of a similar civilisation or rather non-civilisation, seem to have been the uncontested masters of Europe. They were superseded by two other more civilised races, the Iberians and the Pelasgians, coming from west and east respectively. The Iberians, according to an old tradition, came from a continent which was separated from Europe by the ocean, and

which was called "Atlantis." The Pelasgians came from Asia Minor, and settled chiefly in Greece, and later on in Italy. It was evident that the two races advancing in opposite directions must one day come into collision. In Plato's *Timæos*, Socrates gives, on the authority of Solon, an eloquent description of this struggle. The victory was gained by the Pelasgians, but the consequences of the same were by no means so disastrous for the Iberians as Plato would make us believe, for although it set a limit to the Iberian advancement, it decidedly did not cause the downfall of the Iberian Empire. In time, however, the Iberians were thrown back further and further by advancing Indo-European tribes, until they finally were reduced to Spain, having at one time held their sway over Spain, Gaul, Great Britain, Italy, Corsica, Sardinia, and the northern parts of Africa, to the boundaries of Egypt. And even in Spain, where they were the very first inhabitants of which we know, they could not live unscathed from the attacks of their enemies. The Phenicians and Carthaginians oppressed them from the sea, and the Ligures, and later on the Gauls, attacked them from the continent by way of the Pyrenees.

Also the Pelasgians in Greece were subdued by Indo-Europeans, namely, by the Hellenes, but they did not drop yet into insignificance, as they played in the following centuries an important part in Italy under the name of Etruscans. The Etruscans were Pelasgians. Even if Corssen's proof of the Etruscan language being of Italic origin, were finally established, it would not necessarily enhance the argument that the Etruscans were non-Pelasgians, any more than the theory of Grimm that Raeti and Rasenna—the Etruscans called themselves Rasenna—were identical names, would necessarily admit the conclusion that the Raeti, who lived north of the Alps, were Etruscans, which in fact they were not.

Among the other Non-Indo-European races the Phenicians and the Egyptians had a noteworthy influence on European civilisation. Centuries have gone by since the

Phœnician settlements in Spain, on the Balearis, and in Greece have been destroyed, since their language has ceased to be spoken, and their ships have stopped crossing the ocean; but one of their inventions, which they handed down to posterity, is still in existence, and has become one of the most important factors in the whole civilised world—their alphabet—while to the Egyptians the invention of the art of writing is due.

The original home of the Indo-European races seems to have been in the north of modern Persia and Afghanistan, in the valley of the Jaxartes and of the Oxus, where we find in our days the cities of Bucharâ and Samarkand, between the mountain ranges of the Hindukush and the Ural. It has recently been supposed that Europe may after all have been the home of the Indo-Europeans, but their superiority of civilisation, which characterises them from their very first appearance in history, can hardly be explained if we do not accept them to have previously been in contact with the Asiatic empires, which, at a very early date, were prominent in arts of peace and war.

The basis of Indo-European society was the authority of the father in his family. The *pater* (probably from root *pâ*—he who protects and nourishes) is not only the protector of the family, but also its master, and if female descent occurs at all with Indo-European races it is certainly a deviation from the rule.

The Indo-Europeans dwelt in houses, into which one entered by a door; they were not nomads, but a settled people. They had conceived the idea of king, and knew what were property and theft. Their chief possessions were cattle. They had horses, cows, sheep, and goats; we find also the dog and the goose in their household. Their food consisted of meat, which they boiled or roasted, of bread or a kind of cake, honey and milk. The cultivation of the fields, however, must have been very primitive; whether they had yet invented the plough is doubtful. They wore clothes, which they made themselves of wool. Of

metals only few seem to have been known to them, but not iron. In ships or barks they roved on the water. They also made pots and vessels. The Indo-Europeans were warriors, the sword, bow, and axe were familiar to them, and they had even fortified places. However, they not only excelled in warfare, but also in the arts of peace. Their system of enumeration was decimal. The year was divided into three seasons—spring, summer, and winter. A month was equal to a lunar revolution. They had also a conception of religion and morality. They believed in an immortal being, and in the immortality of the soul. The Supreme God was that of Heaven and Light—they called him Father—and the Evil Spirit was the Prince of Darkness.

This sketch refers to the Indo-Europeans as forming *one* nation. By-and-bye the Indo-European family separated: part of them from the north of the Hindukush went southward: they called themselves Arians (*Arya*—*i.e.*, faithful, devoted); another part from the slopes of the Ural went westward, and they are the European branch of the Indo-European race, who occupied later on the lands as far north as the Baltic Sea, and as far west as the Rhine, stretching southward to the Danube, and eastward to the Niemen and the Dnieper. The boundaries of the European branch can approximately be ascertained by the growth of the beech tree, the eastern boundary of which would be fixed by a line passing from Königsberg to the Crimea. The distinguishing features of the European branch, as compared with the time of the Indo-European Union, consist chiefly in the greater development of agriculture. The *agro-s* of the Indo-Europeans, meaning pasture land, with the European branch becomes “tilled ground,” and the vocabulary on this topic is greatly enlarged. The domestic animals had no longer the importance of formerly, when they chiefly occupied themselves with pasturage. They knew the sea, and used the salt to spice their food. They still employed stone instruments, together with those

made of metal. They knew, for certain, gold, silver, and bronze.

About the year 2000 B.C. the Europeans separated again, and formed three chief branches, of which the first comprised the Thracians, Illyrians, and Ligurians, the second the ancestors of (1) the Greeks or Hellenes; (2) the Italiotes, who afterwards again divided into Ombrians, Osques, and Latins; and (3) the Celts, who occupied the valley of the upper and middle Danube up to the 15th or 16th cent. B.C., when the Greeks conquered the Balkan Peninsula, and when the Italiotes established themselves in the eastern parts of the valley of the Danube. The third branch was formed by the Slavo-Germanic race, dwelling north-east of the former.

At the dawn of European history we meet with another Indo-European tribe, namely, with the Scythians, but although they played a prominent part on European soil, they do not belong to the European, but to the Asiatic branch of the Indo-European family, and were nearer related to the Iranians or Medo-Persians, as proved by their language. The Scythians were moreover a nomad tribe. They wore trousers, and had a knowledge of iron.

In 401 the Greeks, on the expedition of the 10,000, had met the Chalybes, a Scythian tribe, in the vicinity of Armenia and on the coast of the Black Sea. In consequence of their superior arms the Scythians compelled the agricultural Celts to leave the fertile plains of the middle Danube, which they had cultivated for more than a thousand years, and which their conquerors again changed into pasture land. The Celts moved in two branches westward, the one turning across the mountains of Central Germany towards the North Sea, took possession of north-western Germany, Great Britain, and Ireland; the other, crossing the Rhine, henceforth occupied the land between the Alps and the Pyrenees. The Celts who had been conquered by iron, made use of this fatal metal against their western enemies.

The Thracians, Illyrians, and Ligurians preceded all other Indo-European tribes in the field of history; their first traces are mixed with fables, whose obscurity seems to envelop the most ancient events, as happened in Greece and Asia Minor, in Italy, Gaul, and Spain. The Graeco-Italo-Celtic branch reached its golden age in the times when classical literature and arts were at their zenith. The Germanic era opened about the 5th century A.D. As to the Slavs, nobody knows what fortune the future may have in store for them.

To describe the geographical position and the movements of the various tribes of the European branch, and to give an outline of their linguistic characteristics, and of their progress in civilisation, would furnish ample material for another sketch, treating the Indo-European tribes in particular, which would show the prominent position the Celtic race has occupied in early European history.

For those who wish to study the question more intimately, we add the titles of a few works which are prominent in the literature on early European history:—

Lor. Diefenbach, *Origines Europeae*.

Lor. Diefenbach, *Celtica*.

Casp. Zeuss, *Die Deutschen und die Nachbarstämme*.

F. Lenormant, *Manuel d'histoire ancienne*.

Fick, *Die ehemalige Spracheinheit der Indo-Germanen Europas*.

A. Bertrand, *Archéologie celtique et gauloise*.

Prichard, *The Eastern origin of the Celtic nations* (1857).

J. Rhys, *Celtic Britain*.

W. F. Skene, *Celtic Scotland*.

Duncker, *Geschichte des Altertums*.

W. Deecke, *Die Etrusker*.

Brugmann, *Grammar of Comparative Philology*.

OTTO SIEPMANN.

THE FAUST LEGEND.

The poet—he alone is the magician.

Goethe.

WHENCE came the strange idea, at one time so general, and not yet quite exploded, of leagues formed between men and demons, for purposes none of the best? The fable, or delusion, or whatsoever it may be called, is nearly as old as the existence of mankind. And it has pervaded the minds of people separated from each other by every possible barrier of distance, language, creed, and race. Oceans may have in old times kept tribes apart, as if by an insurmountable wall of separation, but this superstition has laughed at obstacles such as these. It has crossed the broad watery desert, and taken root in the remotest quarters of the world. Nations of the most different casts of thought, and the most unlike each other in almost every respect, have had this much in common, that they thought it possible, by intercourse with evil spirits, to attain some desired end. The precise form which the myth has taken, of course, varies a good deal, but among all these forms there is a family likeness which no one can fail to recognise. In each case there appears the one main element of a bargain proposed by the enemy, namely, that the victim is for a time to enjoy the utmost of his heart's desire, and that at the end of that period he is to lose his soul. Sometimes the proposal is rejected with scorn. At other times the bargain is struck, and closely adhered to on both sides. And in yet another variety of the story, it happens that the tempter, having kept his share of the treaty, is at last cheated by his partner, and that supernatural malice is outwitted by human ingenuity. This, it may be supposed, is the most popular form of the story, as there is a considerable element

of pleasure in the thought of the devil being foiled with his own weapons.

All these dreams have been evolved out of reality. The innumerable varieties of the story have had a foundation of fact. That fact is, the constant struggle between evil and good, and all the fictions to which we have alluded may be called allegories or fables, having for their purpose to illustrate this strife. It is to Scripture that we must look for the truth on this, as on other subjects. Here we find the true version of the story, told in, at least, three notable cases. First comes the account of the original fall of mankind. Let anyone read the third chapter of Genesis, and he will find in it a record of the first bargain made between human beings and the powers of evil. Here is the contract. An act of sin is to be done on the one side, that is the stipulated service, corresponding to the agreement for the surrender of the soul, as it appears in the myths of later ages. On the other side is the engagement on the part of the tempter, that knowledge unlimited is to be the reward of obedience to his behests. Observe that here, as always, the evil power has free access granted him to the presence of his victim, and the latter is allowed to stand the test of the temptation. The will is left free to make a choice, and the adversary can only counsel, he cannot compel obedience. Next comes the history of Job. Not less wondrous is it than the last, yet of a far different kind. Here we find the devil asking and obtaining leave to try his spells upon one who is held up to us as a type of all that is good. The essential difference between the struggle in this case and in the last is, that here the temptation is of a negative kind. Instead of offering some treasure as a reward for submission, he inflicts pain and ruin in order to induce a rebellion against the infinite power of Good. It is just the same adversary as of old, only that now he has adopted other tactics, and fights with other weapons. Last of the Scripture records of temptations is that which is given by

the Evangelists—the three-fold temptation of our Lord in the desert. Again, there is the free access of the spirit of evil to the presence of the righteous One; again he makes his offer, this time it is worldly greatness, all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them. All these he proposes to give in exchange for an act of obedience. Here he has tried to contend against infinite power and infinite wisdom. He is worsted in the encounter, and has to fly in disgrace.

Romancers have started with a basis of truth, and have built upon it a picturesque fabric of fable. And it is not difficult to see the process by which they have been led to the construction of their stories. We have to remember the change that came over the world when the Roman Empire fell into decay. It was a change that proved most favourable for the birth and development of many fictions. The early civilisation of Greece and Rome died away, and the memories of the wise and good men of old were swallowed up in the abyss of years. For something like ten centuries, ignorance reigned over Europe, and formed an epoch that was only brought to an end by the invention of printing, and the revival of civilisation that we know by the somewhat hazy and indefinite name of the Renaissance. The Church grew corrupt, and ceased to be of value as a bulwark against superstition and error. In the whole dreary annals of these dark ages there is just one thing that lends a glow of light to the picture. That is the romance of the Crusades. Few events in the world's history have a greater charm for the imagination than the narrative of the many armed pilgrimages that were made to the Holy Land, for a purpose that commended itself as an act of the highest devotion. The warrior nations of the West were content for a time to lay aside their strifes and jealousies, and to join heartily, and hand in hand, to drive the spoiler out of Jerusalem, and to found a Christian kingdom there. What though the enterprise was hopeless from the first; it still formed a rallying point for the

bravest and best in Europe to turn their arms against the enemy of the faith. And while the Crusades form in themselves an interesting subject of study, they are no less interesting from the connection which they have with the mediæval fictions about which we have spoken. The vast array of Europeans that sped so eagerly to the East must have brought back with them many wild legends told by the sages of Asia Minor and Syria. The Oriental imagination has always been celebrated for the splendidly-fantastic visions which it has called up from the vasty deep. The Arabian Nights Entertainments contain in themselves enough of the marvellous and the supernatural element to serve as a foundation for all the romancers of Europe to build upon. And the pilgrims who escaped death in the deserts of Asia must have brought with them on their return good store of fables such as these.

The rise and spread of the Faust legend may, as has been said, be traced back to ages long before the Wars of the Cross; but there can be little doubt that it was about this time that it assumed the form which it takes in the well-known tragedies of Goethe and Marlowe, and in the *Manfred* of Lord Byron. The prevailing ignorance of the age was another circumstance highly favourable to the spread of the fable. We cannot easily realise what the state of matters was when nearly all the learning in the world was possessed by the clergy, and when many even of them were of the type of Shakspeare's Oliver Martext and Rabelais' Friar John. There were few of the laity who could read or write, or who even thought it desirable to learn to do so. It was supposed that such peaceful arts were only for monks and shavelings, and that they were unworthy of men and heroes. As for the women, their education was chiefly to make tapestries, and to embroider banners, like Elaine of unhappy memory, or, at least, of unhappy fate. Along with these lighter occupations, it was their duty also to learn the rudiments of such rough surgery as was then practised, that so they might be able

to dress the wounds of the knights who fought in their defence. To be skilled in what is now called scholarship, was supposed to be near akin to the black art of magic or necromancy, as well as to afford dangerous facilities for deceptions, such as that performed by Scott's Marmion. This is clearly shown in the well-known lines from that thrilling poem which tells his tale—

Thanks to Saint Bothan, son of mine,
Save Gawain, ne'er could pen a line.

Now, it is easy to see how the story of Faust was evolved in the midst of circumstances so favourable. The real historical Dr Faustus, who lived, or "flourished," in Germany in the 15th century, was probably a very respectable, as well as a very clever, man. Only he was a good deal in advance of his age, like the English "Doctor Mirabilis," Roger Bacon, who was also gravely suspected of knowing more than ought to be known by mortal man. Faustus was long believed to have invented the art of printing, in which, indeed, he may have had a hand, as it, like many other great arts, may have been invented by more than one genius. Could he have foreseen what a strange myth was to make his name famous in future years, what amusement it would have given him. As it was, he must have lived and died without dreaming what an extensive literature was to gather round his memory. He was, it appears, something of a scholar, and, perhaps, was a little proud of it. Living in an ignorant age, he was, of course, set down as a wizard, by those who did not even know what learning meant; and it is very likely that he made no effort to rid himself of the imputation. Then arose the story that he had sold himself to the devil for the privilege of obtaining, for a time, all that he could wish in this world. By and bye he was believed to be attended by a familiar spirit, in the person of Mephistopheles, whose mission was to prevent his charge from ever thinking a good thought, or doing a good action. The fiction, as worked up by Goethe, has, of course, gone

far beyond all that was dreamed of in the original legend, for a poet has the power and the privilege of adorning all that he touches, as the fabled king was able to turn everything that he touched into gold. A good story-teller requires only a hair to make a tether of, and Goethe, like Marlowe before him, has made a fine tragedy out of what was, in truth, a very shadowy basis of fact.

Time and space would fail us were we to enlarge upon all the romances of the same kind that have risen out of the one great central truth that evil is always active, and that mankind find it hard to resist the spell. Circe the enchantress, and the Sirens of old, represent the classical version of the parable. Tannhauser yielding to the attractions of the mystic mount, and Saint Anthony resisting the temptation which is associated with his name—these, and many others of the same kind, are examples of the vagaries of the human mind in giving form to what, in truth, cannot be seen, but only felt. In the traditions of Celtic lore, there is to be found something similar, and Sir Walter Scott has told it in verse, in his *Glenfinlas*, or *Ronald's Coronach*. Even the sage Martin Luther believed himself to have been assailed by the prince of darkness in visible form, though the great divine was able to repel the evil suggestion. It needs not the aid of poetry to prove the reality of the fight that has to be fought. The reality of it is known to all. Superstition no longer makes people believe the stories that once were thought to be true. At least, these are not the superstitions that now possess the minds of men. And it is interesting to trace such legends to their source, and see that they have their origin in what is real, and not merely in the active imaginations of the human mind.

J. M. M.

FAILTE
A "MHIOSAICHE GHaidHEALAICH,"

LINES WRITTEN ON RECEIVING THE FIRST NUMBER OF THE
"HIGHLAND MONTHLY."

FAILTE dhuit a leabhraim ghasda,
'S maith leam d'fhaicinn air do bhonn,
'Chumail suas na cànan bhlasda,
'S tric a thog ar crì' le fonn.

Thoir dhuinn sgeulachd agus eòlas
Air gach seòl is cleachdadh bh'ann,
Anns na linn-tean a chaidh seachad,
'Measg ar sinnsear 'n tìr nam beann—

Cleachdaidhean an ùine ghoirid
Bhios do 'n linn a thig air chall,
'S iad gach là a dol nì's ainneamh,
'S gearr an ùin' 's cha bhì iad ann.

'S e gach Gàidheal nì do 'bheatha,
Aig an tigh, 's an tìrean céin,
'S thu toirt eòlas agus solus,
Do gach aon mu fhine fein.

Guidheam soirbheachadh bhì' n dàn duit,
Ruith do chùrs' gach taobh le buaidh;
'S gu'm bu fada air an làraich,
"Miosach Gàidhealach" an taobh tuath.

Ledaig.

JOHN CAMPBELL.

FAILTE A DUN 'IC UISDEIN.

C EUD mile failte do “Leabhar Miosail nan Gaidheal!” Is e mo ghuidhe 's mo dhurachd e bhith beo, slan, tapaidh, treun fhad 's a bhios a' Ghailig air a labhairt ann an “Tir nam beann, nan gleann, 's nan gaisgeach.” Tha mi 'n dochus nach eirich gu brath dha mar a dh' eirich do gach oidhirp a thugadh roimhe so air cainnt, is cleachdadh, is eachdraidh nan Gaidheal a chumail air chuimhne. Ma ni na Gaidheil an dleasdanas cha 'n eagal nach bi buaidh is piseach air o linn gu linn. Ged is nar ri aithris e feumar aideachadh nach robh na Gaidheil idir a' deanamh an dleasdanaid a thaobh nan Leabhraichean miosal a bha o àm gu àm, air an cur a mach le daoineibh a bha dealasach, agus eudmhor, air son litreachas nan Gaidheal a chumail air chuimhne. Ma dh' fhaodar an creidsinn, bu gle thoil leo gu'm biodh a' Ghailig air a cumail beo. Theireadh a chuid bu mho dhe na thachair riamh rium de Ghaidheil gu'm bu choir a h-uile oidhirp a thoirt air son a' Ghailig a chumail suas; ach ged a theireadh iad so, cha chuireadh iad lamh anns an obair mhath idir. Bha e riamh na chleachdadh aig na Gaidheil a bhith aoidheil, cridheil, caoimhneil, caranach, cairdeil ri an luchd-duthchadh. Bheireadh iad cuid oidhche do neach sam bith a thigeadh nan rathad. Is duilich leam gu feum mi aideachadh gu'n d' thainig atharrachadh ro mhòr air an duthaich o 's cuimhne leam. Is i a' cheisd a chuireas mòran an drasta, “Am paigh e dhomh?” Rud sam bith nach paigh cha 'n fhiach le cuid suim sam bith a chur ann. Tha na ceudan an diugh anns a' Ghaidhealtachd a cheannaicheadh, “Leabhar Miosail nan Gaidheal,” nam paigheadh e dhaibh. Tha fhios agam fhein air a h-aon gu'm paigh e dhomh an Leabhar so fhaotainn gach mios. Tha fhios nach paigh e mi ann an airgid no ann an òr; ach paighidh e mi ann an toil-inntinn. An uair a thig caraid caomh thun mo thaighe,

agus a chuireas mi fhin 's e fhein seachad amfeasgar maille ri 'cheile ann an comhradh tairis, tlà, mu chaochladh de nithean, tha mi meas gu'm bi mi ann am buannachd. Bu choma leam riamh de 'n mhuigean mhosach a shuidheadh 'na onar aig a' bhord 's aig an teine, a' smaoineachadh air a h-uile doigh anns am faodadh e sgilinn a chur ma seach, agus nach iarradh duine 'thighinn latha deug 's a bhliadhna a chur seachad an fheasgair maille ris. Am fear nach iarr a bhith anns a' chuideachd anns am faigh e fiosrachadh, biodh e o latha gu latha a' fas cruaidh, spìocach féineil, gun toil gun tlachd aige 'bhith 'deanamh cuideachaidh le neach sam bith ach leis fhein.

Cuimhnicheamaid mar a dh' eirich do 'n "Teachdaire Gaidhealach," do 'n "Chuaiartear," do 'n "Ghaidheal," agus don "Cheilteach," agus abramaid ruinn fhein nach leig sinne air chor sam bith le "Leabhar Miosail nan Gaidheal" bas fhaotainn le éis mar a leigeadh leosan. Nam biodh Clanna nan Gaidheal ri guaillibh a cheile anns an ni so cha b' eagal nach fhaigheadh an "Leabhar Miosal" air aghaidh gu math. Thug mi boid—agus uige so chum mi rithe, agus tha dochus agam gu'n cum mi rithe gu latha mo bhaiss—gu'n dean mi gach cuideachadh na'm chomus, le m' sporran, leis gach oidhirp a tha na Gaidheil a' deanamh air son na Gailig a chumail suas. Tha fhios agam gu bheil moran eile anns an t-saoghal a tha de 'n cheart bheachd rium; agus tha 'm fiosrachadh so a' toirt orm a bhith creidsinn nach eagal do 'n "Leabhar Mhiosail" fhad 's a bhios a chairdean air chomus cuideachadh a dheanamh leis.

Thug mi fa near gu robh aon ni ann a bha 'deanamh coire mhor do gach leabhar miosail a chuireadh air a chois air son math nan Gaidheal, agus b' e sin mar a bha na Gaidheil a' dol thar a cheile mu nithean beaga, suarach, air nach b' fhiach dhaibh iomradh a thoirt. Tha, is bha, is bithidh daoine a dh'atharrachadh beachd mu mhoran nithean. Ach ged a tha so fìor, 's e bu choir do na Gaidheil, a bha riamh ainmeil air son cho caoimhneil, caranach 's a

bha iad ri cheile, a bhith feuchainn ri bhith réidh eadhon an uair a thachradh dhaibh a bhith 'dh' atharrachadh beachd. Faodaidh daoine co-oibreachadh le cheile ann an obair mhath ged nach biodh iad de'n aon bheachd anns na h-uile nithean. Aon uair 's gu'n toisich muinntir ri dhol thar a cheile mu ni sam bith cha ruigear a leas duil a bhith gu 'n dean iad a' bheag de mhath dhaibh fhein no do neach eile ann an rathad co-chuideachaidh. Ged a tha na daoine uaisle, foghlumte, a bhios a' deasachadh an "Leabhair Mhiosail" a' runachadh anns a' cheud dol a mach nach toir iad aite anns an Leabhar do chuspairean a thogas connsachadh, tha fhios againn gu faod iomadh ni a bhith ann mu nach urrainn na h-uile bhith de 'n aon bheachd. Tha cuid ann agus mur bi gach ni a reir am beachd fhein ann an leabhar no ann am phaipeir their iad nach fhiach an leabhar no 'm paipeir a thogail as a' pholl. Tha na daoine so nam beachd fhein cho fiosrach, cho foghlumte, agus cho coimhionta 's nach ruig neach sam bith eile a leas bheul fhosgladh mu ni sam bith ann an cuir iadsan teagamh. Ach tha 'n sean-fhacal ag radh—"Tha da thaobh air a' Mhaoil;" "Tha seachd seallaidh air a Mhaoil." Ma chuala mise naigheachd araidh, agus gu bheil a' cheart naigheachd aig fear eile car beag air atharrachadh doigh, nach 'eil e pailt cho dualach gur esan a tha ceart agus gur mise tha cearr. Faodaidh an aon naigheachd a bhith air a h-aithris ann am fichead aite, agus air an aobhar sin air fichead doigh. Is e gliocas nan uile talach a' ghille ghlic a dheanamh, 'se sin, a h-uile ni math a gheibh iad a ghabhail, agus a bhith taingeil air a shon.

Tha mi 'n dochus gu 'm bi cairdean an "Leabhar Mhiosail" lionmhor, agus gu'm bi iad uile mar bu dual dhaibh—caoimhneil, cridheil, cairdeil, ri 'cheile mar bu dual do na Gaidheil a bhith. Cuireadh gach neach leis am miann a' Ghailig a chumail suas, a ghualann ris an roth, agus theid mi 'n urras nach eagal do 'n "Leabhar Mhiosail."

MAC UISDEIN.

Dun 'ic Uisdein, Latha fheill Padruig, 1889.

REMINISCENCE OF A JOURNEY TO STORNOWAY,

*Suggested by the batter of the screw as she drove us through
the gale.*

"Thunder batter!"
Drive the "Claymore"
Thro' the Sound of Mull away;
Leaving Sunart
Far behind her,
Ulva's Isle and Colonsay.

Northward steer her!
Past the light on
Ardnamurchan's rocky shore;
Leave the Scur of Eig
In distance,
Isle of Muck and Eilean Mor.

Far to port
The tempest brewers,
Haskeval and Hallival,
Fling their war caps
To the cloud lands.
Like the warriors of Valhal!

Gilds their peaks
The glorious sunset,
Scattering radiance far and free;
Purple gold,
And hues of rainbow
O'er the Islands of the Sea.

"Thunder batter!"
Drives the "Claymore"
Thro' the rushing Sound of Sleat,
Past the gloomy
Gates of Hourn,
Northwards till the currents meet,

At Kyle Rhea
In endless swirl;
Circling glassy round and round;
Breaking on
The rushing wave-line,
With their eddying depth profound.

Fierce the "Claymore"
Plunges onward,
Wind nor tide can bar her way;
Dash the rushing
Tide asunder!
Tempests are the Giant's play.

Past thy Loch,
Most lovely Duich,
As the evening shades prevail,
Where Eilean Donnan's
Castle crowns
The purple hills of Dorniedale.

Beyond Kyleakin's
Sudden narrows
Restless heaves the "Claymore" now,
As the white
Sea-horses meet her
From wild Rona's rocky brow.

Like the Scots Greys'
Charge she fronts them,
Scatters them in warrior glee,
And as midnight
Falls around her,
Anchors safely in Portree.

In the morning
Strong the "Claymore"
Shakes the driving seas away;
"Thunder batter!"
Fierce her engines
Sound the slogan of the fray.

For the north wind
In his eyrie,
Sees her hurl the waves aside,
And in anger
At th' invasion,
Calls his tempests to his side.

Blow ye winds!
And burst ye tempests!
On the war target of "Claymore;"
Yet resistless
Is the broadsword
As it was in days of yore.

Northward, Northward,
Ever Northward,
Sternly hold the vessel's way,
Till with joy
And safety warp her
To the Wharves at Stornoway.

W. G.

NEW BOOKS.

TRANSACTIONS OF THE GAELIC SOCIETY OF INVERNESS:

VOL. XIV. Printed for the Gaelic Society at the *Northern Chronicle* Office. Inverness, 1889.

THE Gaelic Society of Inverness is now in the eighteenth year of its existence, and we have now before us the 14th volume of its transactions. For the last few years these volumes have been issued annually, and in size they are three times larger than those issued during the Society's earlier years. In quality, too, they surpass the early volumes, for a spirit of greater historical and scientific accuracy now pervades the works of writers on Highland subjects compared to what existed a decade and a half ago, and, in the bringing about of this, the Gaelic Society of Inverness has had no small share. The Society has to be congratulated on its success, not merely from a literary standpoint, but also from the standpoint of finance, in thus being able to issue volumes of over four hundred pages, while its subscription for ordinary members is but five shillings. We notice a gentle hint given in the introduction to the richer members of the Society that donations to the publishing fund would be very acceptable. It says—"The size and consequent expense of these annual volumes make a serious drain on the Society's resources, the cost of each copy coming nigh well up to the ordinary subscription; and the committee take this opportunity of thanking one or two thoughtful friends, who sent donations to the publishing fund."

Papers dealing with the history of the Highlands form the leading feature of the present volume. Mr William Mackay, the honorary secretary, gives the raw materials of history in a series of letters, hitherto unpublished, that passed between Lord Lovat, Macleod of Macleod, Lord Loudon, and others in connection with the Rebellion of 1745. Sir Kenneth Mackenzie contributes an interesting paper entitled "Notice of Marriage Contract of 1657, with notes." An important paper by Mr Lachlan Macdonald of

Skaebost bears the title of "Gleanings from Lord Macdonald's Charter Chest." It is illustrated by two *fac-similes* of bonds or covenants, so well known in Scottish history, between the Macdonalds of Glengarry and other Macdonalds on one side and Macleod (first *fac-simile*, 1655) or Cameron of Lochiel (second *fac-simile*, 1744) on the other. Mr Fraser-Mackintosh deals with the "Kingsburgh and Milton Families" of Macdonalds. Ecclesiastical history is represented by Mr Macpherson's "Sketches of the old Ministers of Badenoch," of which we have here but Part I., the portion dealing with the Kingussie and Insh Churches. Mr Macpherson makes his subject interesting by apt quotations from the old Session records. Mr Alexander Ross has a paper on "Old Highland Roads," a subject which he treats with masterly accuracy, and renders extremely readable. The philosophical side of history is represented by the paper which Mr Campbell, editor of the *Chronicle*, contributes on the "Imperial Idea in Early British History," where he maintains that Arthur and Fionn (Fingal) are the shadows or ghosts of the Roman emperors. Mrs Mackellar has a lively and readable contribution on the "Sheiling: its Traditions and Songs."

Science is represented by half-a-dozen papers, dealing mostly with folklore and topography. There are two papers on subjects of folklore: first, a paper by Mr Macdonald, on "Highland Ghosts," and a long paper on "Highland Superstition," by Mr A. Macbain, who classifies and exemplifies the leading features of northern superstition. The Rev. Dr Masson deals with "Popular Domestic Medicine in the Highlands Fifty Years Ago," where the Doctor discusses the very practical and excellent cures and remedies resorted to in olden days, and where he touches on superstitious cures, a phase of the subject to which Dr Aitken adds a note. Rev. A. Maclean Sinclair "Dissects a Highlander Philologically," that is, he shows that the Gaelic names for the parts of the body are allied to the similar names in the other Indo-European languages. It is a happy idea, and well worked out. Topography is always with us, and there are here two papers; one is by Mr Liddall, on "Kinross-shire Place Names," which is marked by a welcome knowledge of the principles of philology, usually so woefully absent in such essays. The other is by Mr Rod. Maclean, entitled "Notes on the Parish of Alness."

Rev. John Campbell, of Tiree, contributes the story of the "Healing of Keyn's Foot," both in Gaelic and English, a story which should be of interest to folk-lorists. A funny Gaelic story comes from the pen of Rev. Mr Macrury, under the title of "Teann Sios a Dhomhuill Oig." Professor Mackinnon has been lucky enough to recover the long-lost collection of Ossianic poetry made by Jerome Stone in Central Perthshire about the middle of last century. Stone made his collection before Macpherson and his "Ossian" were even heard of, and hence came its interest and importance. The Professor has edited it carefully for the present volume, with an introduction dealing with Stone's life and career. It is needless to say that not a line, and but few ideas, are the same in these Ossianic poems as in Macpherson's "Ossian." Mr Carmichael gives a racy translation of the story of "Deirdre," the Gaelic of which he gave in a former contribution. The volume is excellently got up, and reflects great credit on all concerned in it.

THE MONTH.

AN interesting book is soon to make its appearance under the title of "Vertebrate Fauna of the Outer Hebrides," and written by two such competent authorities as Mr Harvie-Brown and Mr F. E. Buckley. It will be profusely illustrated, and will contain descriptions of the physical features and geology of the Western Isles. There will be a special chapter on Fish from the pen of Mr W. Anderson Smith. The edition is to be limited to 400 copies. The publisher is David Douglas, of Edinburgh.

MESSRS LOGAN & CO. deserve well of all Highlanders, both at home and abroad, for their excellent musical publications. Their "Gaelic songs, 17 of the best," with symphonies and accompaniments by Mr Roddie, has rapidly become popular. The original Gaelic is given in this work, with spirited translations by Professor Blackie and others. The new edition of the "Knockie" Highland Airs, first published in 1815, was brought out by Messrs Logan in 1874. They have at present in the press a collection of Highland and Lowland popular songs, which is to have the attractive title of "Lays of the Heather."

THE Education Code for 1889 is newly published, but there is little alteration that can interest the Highlands. The subject of drawing is once again placed in the hands of the Science and Art Department. The position of Gaelic is this: It may be taken as a specific subject in the higher and extra standards; the intelligence of the younger children may be tested in it; a Gaelic-speaking pupil-teacher may be employed to give the younger children bilingual instruction, although, by attendance, the school is not warranted to employ a pupil-teacher; the same pupil-teacher may get his apprenticeship shortened to attend a secondary school with a view to enabling him to compete on favourable terms with his Lowland rivals; and, lastly, he may also be examined in Gaelic and get marks therefor at the examination for admission to training colleges.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

KILLIECRANKIE.—Gaelic words, upon the whole, suffered less from the charter-writers and monkish chroniclers of earlier times than they did subsequently from Lowland lawyers after the Reformation. The earlier writers had generally a good knowledge of Gaelic, which enabled them to spell place-names phonetically for the benefit of those who had not. The later writers, when not guided by old writings, often made havoc both with sense and sound. Killiecrankie is a specimen of the double mauling. The Gaelic name of the pass is Coille-Chreithnich, which means, not the church of some saint as might be expected, but the “wood of Creithnich.” What Creithnich means, deponent does not say. Highlanders never speak of the battle between Mackay and Dundee as the Battle of Killiecrankie. They have called it invariably, from the day it was fought to this present time, “Cath Raon-Ruaraidh,” or “The fight of Rory’s meadow.” In the earlier songs, the scene of the fight, beyond the upper end of the pass, is called “Raon-Ruaraidh nam bad.” It seems, therefore, that in 1689 Rory’s meadow was surrounded by bushy ground, although, compared with Coille-Chreithnich, or the real pass, it was considered open land fit for a pitched battle.

RANNDABO.—What is the meaning of this strange term? Was ranndabo a game of running and chasing, or what in the world was it? Can it be simply “rendezvous” changed in form and perhaps in meaning? In his song against the Union, Iain Lom, the Lochaber bard, says he saw “ranndabo an t-sleibhe.” In the verses in which the reference is made, he is lauding the Marquis of Athole to the skies as an opponent of the Union. Some eighteen years earlier, an Athole poet sarcastically denounced the manner in which the Athole men were got out of Argyle at the Revolution, after having, under the authority of King James, ruled there with a high hand for four years. Was the affair reflected upon by the Athole bard, what the Lochaber bard refers to in his anti-Union poem?

The Highland Monthly.

EDITED BY

DUNCAN CAMPBELL, EDITOR, "NORTHERN CHRONICLE,"

AND

ALEXANDER MACBAIN, M.A., F.S.A. SCOT.

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VOL. I.

THE LONG GLEN.

CHAPTER VI.

BLAZING THE RIVER.

WHETHER John Macpherson followed Ewan's advice, deponent cannot say ; but the evil-doers got rid at anyrate of the proofs of their guilt, and were on their smearing stools at the usual time next morning, looking as fresh and innocent as if they had slept through the whole night in a lawful and prosaic way. The story of the night's adventure was of course poured into Rob's trustworthy ear ; and he laughed until his eyes overflowed at the mishap which interrupted the blazing, and made the memory of it pleasant to all except Ewan, who could not yet see any fun in a headlong plunge which almost drowned him, and which, worse still, prevented him from securing the fragments of the King trout of Lochan-na-larig.

"After being sent to the bottom of that cold pool, with Diarmad atop of me, and after losing the King of the Lochan in such a provoking way, I declare"—said Ewan solemnly—"I cannot have peace of mind again until I kill a big croman ¹ in the river, and bring him to bank too."

¹ Male Salmon.

Rob—"Mo laoch,¹ be of good cheer. It is myself that has the best of news for thee."

Ewan—"And what may the best of your news be?"

Rob—"The salmon are out in the rapids digging their egg-holes, and drawing together in pairs."

Angus—"The frosty nights must be hurrying them into early marriage. Winter weather is a great marriage-maker, as says the Clerk of the Session when jingling in his pocket the heaps of silver he gets for Christmas and New Year proclamations."

Diarmad—"Bad end to Angus; his mind is always running on marriage. Perhaps more marriages take place in winter than in summer, because people in winter have less of useful work to do. What that English hymn says may apply sometimes to winter marriages:—

‘The Devil finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do.’”

Ewan—"Hist then, you two, and don't wrangle about nothing here or there. But, Rob, is it just as sure as death the salmon are out in the athan." ²

Rob—"Yea, as true as death, and no mistake at all. I have seen with my own eyes, through the tangle of a sloe tree fringed with brambles, a pair of them out in Ath-Ghrianaidh. There they were, sure enough, not three yards from the bank, and almost touching the floating roots of a spate-washed alder tree. I could have easily speared the croman, a regular king, Ewan, from the spot where I stood. He was the fine beast, that he was, thick-shouldered, hook-nosed, wable-tailed, and with his white scales only touched with copper, and his back more brown than black."

Ewan—"O dhuine ghasda,³ good is your news. If you will just be our fear-leois,⁴ you will see me kill that very croman for you with my own hand."

Angus—"Wilt thou take thy spade and cut him in two, or choose an axe and only chop off his head?"

¹ My hero.

² Fords or shallows.

³ Fine man.

⁴ Torchbearer.

Ewan—"I tell thee this, and I mean it too—I'll not take mock or scorn from any of thy clan."

Angus (laughing)—Is rioghail mo dhream."¹

Ewan—"Aye, indeed, a Royal race truly! Cattle-lifters, thieves, and outlaws."

Angus—"And if they were forced by oppression to be all that, they were not worse than thy clan, who did the same things without the same excuse. In what respect was Ewan son of Allan or Domhnall Dubh better than Donnacha Ladosach or Rob Roy?"

Diarmad—"Uistibh a ghilleán gorach." Our stupid clan feuds, and snarlings, and jealousies, have been our race-ruin. The nobly-endowed Celtic peoples of Britain and other places have just missed their position and mission through want of union at critical periods of history. But is the doom fixed yet? Who knows? Truly as yet the light shines only on the hill-tops, and who can say what remains hidden in the darkness of the winding glens and rounding corries of the future revelation?"

Ewan—"Rob, as you are near him, poke Diarmad smartly beneath the fifth rib. His mind has gone on the seacharan (wandering), and if you don't wake him up immediately, the Black One for sure will get the advantage of him."

In this way Ewan rather cleverly turned the tables on the monitor; and Diarmad, as if really waking from a reverie, slightly blushed and abruptly asked—

"When are we to blaze the river, then?"

Ewan—"That is coming to the mark with a jerk, like palsied Para Brocair's gun when pointed at a fox."

Rob—"Or Ewan Mor's spade striking straight at the King of Lochan-na-larig."

Ewan—"Oh man of age! Let your wisdom be as your years, and show your discretion by becoming silence regarding Kings, and persons, and things that should not be universally spoken of; or else that croman, the glimpse

¹ Royal is my race.

² Silence, foolish lads.

of which made your mouth water, will never smoke on your table as the captive of my spear and skill."

Diarmad—"I begin to think Ewan must be training for being a bard or an elder—so eloquently does he speak. Although they hate each other, the song-makers and prayer-meeting leaders have much in common. Can either of you guess which of the two Ewan means to be?"

Ewan—"Not one of you three has the gift of the double sight, or the spirit of prophecy. So then let the grain and chaff lie quietly in one heap until you get a sieve and can raise a winnowing wind, which I think will not happen to-day or to-morrow. But look you! let us blaze the river on Monday night, when the fathers and masters, praise to goodness, will mostly be away to Falkirk on the trail of their beasts, and bargaining over noggins of whisky."

Angus—"Biggest of Solomon's sons, thou sayest well. A better night there cannot be. As to-morrow is Sunday, we can make up Lochan-na-larig arrears of sleep by remaining in bed till nine o'clock, which will be still soon enough to let us get to church before twelve."

Ewan—"I don't mean to go to church at all. It is well known—or should be at anyrate—that smearing work so much reduces my strength that I need the full Sabbath's rest to pull up a bit. And look you, also, it is entirely against my principles to risk taking uaimhealan (sheep-ticks) to church with me, and never did I see the heathen plagues worse on the beasts than they are this year. So, look you, I'll lie in bed till dinner, unless I should happen to wake at brochan¹ time, and feel dreadfully hungry—which would be a black misfortune."

Angus—"And having made up Lochan-na-larig arrears to-morrow, we can get up an hour or two before working time on Monday, and make the leusan,² which Rob will hold aloft for us at night with the dignity of a royal standard-bearer."

¹ Porridge.

² Torches.

Rob—"Nay, nay, I must ask to be let off. It was foolish of me to ever think of going with you. The cold water does not suit an old man, and the bailiff of the water is my crony. I must not wrong Do'ull-an-uisge (Donald of the water) by going to the blazing."

Diarmad—"That is hardly fair to me ; for I know they will be wanting to make me their fear-leois ; but it must be turn about, I can tell them."

Angus—"For sure, turn about and fair play. There will be four fords within our range, and as the elder's John is sure to come, everyone will have his turn of the torch. I think it will be best to begin with the Blackwood fords. Do'ull-an-uisge seldom looks that way ; and it is a grand lonely place, where it would be beyond the bounds of reason for other late night watchers to be abroad."

Rob—"I could almost swear to it Do'ull-an-uisge will be snoring—and it is the loudly snoring nose he has—by the side of Mairi his old wife, before you ever get to the Blackwood fords. Fish, game, and the public peace also, are better protected in the Garbh-Chriochan ¹ by ministers, elders, and other religious folk, than by water-watchers, gamekeepers, and constables."

Diarmad—"Very true is that, and a very creditable testimony it is to ministers, elders, and other pious folk. Dreadfully wild and unruly was the state of the hill country of Alba before the Cuigse ² faith and rule gained the upper hand. But these Non-Intrusionists and groaning saints we have now are, methinks, deserting the substance to follow shadows. A little more of credit and confidence, and a little less of creed and confession, would be a real blessing."

Ewan—"Stop him ! He is going again on the seacharan. But, Rob, do you surely think the Water Kelpie will be laid low like a decent man by the side of his old Mairi, and that he will not at all be poking his miserable bit of a

¹ Hill country or Highlands. ² Covenant or associate ; Presbyterian.

turned-up nose through the willows and alders on Monday night?"

Rob—"Ach, surely do I think so; more by token as the hard night frosts have set in. And, indeed, well he may, or think he may, for I believe the river has not been blazed before, in any part of it, for more than a dozen years. That, at least, is what Do'ull-an-uisge says, and surely he is right. I fear me you will be going back to the fish pots of Egypt, and restoring the reign of iniquity on Monday night."

Ewan—"Never mind that a plack. But it is the great comfort to think Do'ull-an-uisge will be sleeping musically, and earning his wages like a good Christian, and not like a perturbed spirit. Look you, people say it is difficult to know one man from another under torch light; but that is not true of me. Ach, not at all, at all."

Angus—"No, for sure, Ewan is as easily known from other sons of men as the one piebald pony in a herd of a thousand Shetland ponies."

Diarmad—"Like Saul, he is by the head and shoulders taller than his fellow men."

Rob—"Like Benmore to the wee Lowland hills, so is he to folk of common height and breadth."

Ewan—"Just stop your neonachas. The old Water Kelpie could neither catch nor hold me. That I know. I am sure he would ken me. And that would be a sore vexation. For, look you, I might get a name for badness which would stick like a burr to a cloak of clo,¹ or a prickly thistle to a cow's touslie tail, when, goodness knows, we are only going out just this once to blaze the river for a bit of daft fun, and nothing else whatever. I pray for honest Do'ull, therefore, a warm bed and happy dreams on Monday night."

The day of rest was utilised for rest and sleep as resolved; and torches were duly prepared, and weapons of slaughter got before work time on Monday morning.

¹ Clo, thick felted cloth.

Angus went to church to hear a strange preacher ; or rather to meet his sweetheart, and to pass the word to the elder's John, who promised to join the others at the appointed hour beneath a trysting tree in the Blackwood—notwithstanding the ghosts. But the dark pine wood, although a fragment of the old forest of Caledonia, and therefore nearly as old as the hills, had, strange to say, no bad name at all for being haunted by ghosts, fairies, or anything uncanny.

Rob undertook to keep watch over Do'ull-an-uisge, whom he reported to be far enough away from the dark pine wood and his face set towards home on Monday evening.

The fathers and masters were at Falkirk, or on the road thither. The very minister chanced to be from home, preaching as candidate for a parish in the regions beyond the Grampians, and there was thus no properly constituted guardian of public morals left in the whole Glen, except Seumas Liath, the very old and cheerfully-disposed elder, who represented the "Moderatism," now fiercely denounced by the ruling party in the Kirk. Of course, great doubts of Seumas's soundness were entertained by the shining lights of the new school ; but Seumas preserved his soul in peace, and had unbounded faith in the goodness of the Lord, and almost equal trust in the honesty of his fellow-men.

The farmers' wives, it must be said, endeavoured to rule daughters and maid servants with more than ordinary strictness, during these interregnal periods. At such a time, flirtation was understood to be totally prohibited ; and, by being a little blind to small signs, it could be complacently assumed that the understood prohibition was effective. But big sons, shepherds, and ploughmen, might not be so ready, in all cases, to submit to distaff supremacy ; and so the distaff was a little afraid of revolt, and usually well disposed to curry favour by graciousness.

Although our blazers were completely emancipated from paternal control for the time being, they fully recognised the necessity for covering their trail, lest their fathers should hear afterwards of their wickedness, and be much scandalised thereby. The precautions which had to be taken against present and future discovery counted at first for part of the fun, but the fun left an after-taste which was not so pleasant.

They met, the whole four of them, beneath the trysting-tree, in the dark giusach,¹ soon after ten o'clock, and, therefore, much too soon to begin operations at once, because the whole Glen was not bound to go to bed before its ordinary time, just to accommodate evil-doing, of which it knew nothing. And, indeed, the only dwelling-house which was within the range of their vision still showed light. So they talked, joked, and laughed, quite free from care, sitting or lying on the long springy heather, thickened with bilberry tufts, and cushioned in the moss of ages.

Angus, more careful of health and personal comfort than the other three, chose for his couch a dry raised hillock, bestrewn with pins of the pine, on which, safe from damp, he stretched himself at full length. But, after a period of comfortable repose, during which he had been in an idly busy, unconscious manner propping about him with his leister, he stopped short in the middle of a sentence, and, with a smothered ejaculation, searched his pocket for flint and steel. A bit of nitrified spuing—or birch tree fungus—laid on the flint quickly caught a spark. The burning spuing was then lightly rolled in a ball of tow, with which they were plentifully provided for lighting the torches. Angus whirled the ball until the tow got into a blaze. An armful of dry heather then gave him light enough to make a quick investigation of his person, and particularly of his legs. The result was highly unsatisfactory.

¹ Pine wood.

"Mille murta!"¹ exclaimed Angus in a distressed and wrathful voice. "Devil take them! I'll be nothing but pimples and blotches before morning."

"Surely," queried Ewan, awed-like, "the vipers have not been crawling about thee and biting thee?"

Angus—"No, thou turnip-head—ants! I am given for a prey to red-coated ants. They crawl upon me everywhere. Who could have supposed a low mound, not many inches above ground level, to be an ant-hill? I thought it was just a broad stone covered with dry dust, withered leaves, and pine pins. Respectable ants build respectable domes, which one knows by night and by day. These are not respectable ants. Rogues, hypocrites, thieves, murderers. Oh! the blood-sucking villains, how they possess me!"

As he poured out his revilings on his persecutors, Angus kept stamping about, flapping his clothes, and shaking himself. Diarmad, who, with much difficulty, refrained from joining in Ewan's roars of far-echoing laughter, said as demurely as under the circumstances he possibly could—"Angus, don't revile the red-coated ants. 'Tis not so long since I was telling thee about the old heathen doctrine of the passing of souls from one body to another. Who can tell but that there may be some truth in it? Man, take care. Revile not these respectable red ants who are proved to be diligent in work by night and by day. How canst thou say they are not animated by the souls of thy ancestors, four times forty times removed, or there and thereabout? The Macgregors have been a red-haired race from the beginning. Thou art red-haired thyself, and freckles go with thy blood. Revile not the diligent ants, for they may verily be thy kindred."

The elder's John—"Aye, and don't kill the creatures in that savage way. Family feuds and bloodshed are the worst of crimes."

Angus—"And don't you chiels come within reach of my grasp, or I'll introduce you to my red-coated kindred

¹ A thousand murders.

by rolling you on the top of their disreputable dwelling, and proggng with the leister to call forth their array."

Ewan by this time was out of breath, and sore in the sides with his loud cachinnations. Pulling himself painfully together, and shaking his head like a palsied giant, with red swollen cheeks, he observed sagely, that it was all a just punishment on Angus for being too dainty, and caring too much for enjoyments of the flesh, such as a drier couch in the forest than any hardy young laoch ought to require. And Diarmad chimed in with Ewan, preaching patience, moderation of language, and control of temper; but Angus was far too much taken up with his ants to pay great attention to his human tormentors. By piling on dry heather and withered pine branches he had now got up a bright blaze, and the idea was working in his head that he could scorch up the army of foes by a fiery purgation. So he pulled heath stems with close bushy tops, set the heads aflame, and flapped himself all over with them. The remedy, however, was only effective in clearing the outside and driving the enemy inside their fortifications. This obliged Angus to make a counter move. Hastily pulling off stockings and trousers, he passed them rapidly back and forward, inside and outside, through the flames, until they gave forth the smell of a singed sheep's head. Probably the rest of his garments would have been put through the same severe ordeal of purification, if the elder's John had not rushed on the fire like a demented being, and scattered and tramped it out ere Angus could sufficiently recover to speak a word of protest.

John's earnest "uist, uist," silenced Ewan and Diarmad's bursts of merriment, and silence being restored, they all heard plainly enough a plish-plash, swish-swash sound ascending from the river, which at once explained John's sudden attack upon the tell-tale fire.

"Do'ull-an-uisge, as sure as death!" said Ewan, preparing for flight.

Diarmad—"No, nor ghost, nor fairies, nor anything frightful. Ewan and John, don't look as if you heard the taghairm."¹

Ewan—"Don't you all hear the noise the body makes crossing through the river."

Diarmad—"That noise is made by bodies carried on four legs."

"True," said Angus, while putting on his clothes without delay. "Ewan and John are right skeared by innocent creatures they have themselves frightened by their fools' laughter."

Diarmad—"Right thou art, Angus; and it is ashamed of themselves Ewan and John should be. But they have not the grace"—

Ewan—"Uist, then! Whatever can it be?"

Diarmad—"Nothing more dreadful than the roe-deer of the island. And they are quite as much afraid of thy loud laughter from an empty cask, or echoing cavern, as thou art afraid of the Water Kelpie; and that is saying much."

Ewan—"Ach, the news is good, although it comes from the biting tongue, which, look you, is not good at all, at all. But is it not now the lucky time for kindling the leus?"

John—"Yes, for sure, if Angus has settled his ants. The Dalmore light has been out nearly an hour. All the glen is asleep."

Ewan—"Let Angus drown his ants. Water is better than fire for the nasty things."

Diarmad—"And that is a good saying, too, although it comes from the foolish tongue, which, look you, is not good at all, but a mill-clapper gone mad."

Angus—"Ochoin, they are yet crawling all over me, na donais!"² The fear is on me I must just drown myself before water will make them give up their ghosts."

Diarmad—"Not a bit fear of that. Here now we are on the river bank, and down there at the elm tree is good

¹ Ghost-call—see "Lady of the Lake." ² The fiends.

depths of water, just where the crooked branch bends over. So, while I light the leus and flourish it to amaze the fish, you Ewan and John take Angus carefully and dip him three times in the pool, feet downwards, just up to the tip of the chin, and not the breadth of a hair further."

Angus—"That would only drive the whole army of ants into my hair."

Ewan—"And if they be driven into thy hair, can't they be driven back again, or just drowned clean where they stand?"

Diarmad—"Oh, Ewan, son of Solomon, wisely hast thou spoken. As I have already said, you two take Angus by the wrists tightly, and first dip him thrice up to the tip of his chin. Then take him fast by the ankles, and dip him thrice head downwards, until the water will reach the small of the leg, and not a bit further. He can very well keep the breath in his body under the water for the short time required, and if the cure be not good call me Amadan."

John—"It is the beautiful plan entirely."

Ewan—"O righ! that it is indeed. And the leus is now burning brightly, and making the swirlies on the top of the water laugh with hurrying glee. So now come Angus, a ruin,¹ come and be dipped like a Christian bairn, or maybe I should say like a Baptist convert, in the mill-dam."

Angus saw the joke was becoming serious. Ewan and John, with mischievous fun dancing in their eyes, were beginning to close upon him, so that they might seize him unawares. Angus, anticipating their strategic movements, strode quickly away from the ominous vicinity of the pool, and walked straight into the shallow water above, saying in a quiet business way—"Forward with the torch. Let the sport begin." Diarmad, with the torch in fine blaze, immediately followed Angus into the water, and passed the word—"Strike the croman (milter), let the euchrag (spawner) go." Ewan and John, relinquishing reluctantly

¹ Darling.

the intention of dipping Angus to drown his ants, ranged themselves in their pre-appointed places in the stream, and the exciting hunt of the salmon, with which the ford was crawling, began in earnest.

For the next hour or two, during which several fords were blazed in quick succession, the wicked fun was fast and furious. The fish were still strong, wild, and in good condition, for the spawning season was only just beginning. Fascinated by the light, and maddened by pursuit, they flashed through the water, now cutting sharp curves, and now crossing each others' paths, describing all sorts of figures, but seldom seeking safety at once in the deep pools whither their foes could not follow them. When the blazing was over, the evil-doers found themselves encumbered with ten fish, all big males, except one euchrag, with uncommonly clean scales, which Ewan had killed in mistake. Tired with slaughter and laden with spoils, the four took the shortest way home; but notwithstanding rapid motion, the keen hoar frost stiffened their wet clothes, and chilled almost the marrow in their bones. Wrapping the salmon in moss and fern, they hid them in the loft of the smearing house, and retired to snatch sleep, until Rob, according to promise, should come to wake them up.

CHAPTER VII.

REMORSE AND GHOST.

ROB was obliged in the morning to resort to physical force to get his young comrades out of bed; and when they assembled in the smearing-house, they looked so downcast and miserable that the old man declared they must have eaten for supper all the possessed pigs which had ever rushed into the water since the beginning of the world.

Diarmad answered Rob's jeering very solemnly—"I'll never have hand in a blazing again. It is downright wicked and miserable work. And, then, whatever are we to do with the Ten Plagues of Egypt up there in the loft?"

Rob—"You'll better let them loose on the unco guid whom your soul detests."

Diarmad—"Oh, man of age, do not hit so sore."

Angus—"And I, too, will never join in such a ploy again. But, believe me who knows, the ants were worse than the frost-stiffened clothes."

Ewan—"Ochoin, ochoin! it is I that is murdered altogether. My throat is sore, and my cheeks are swollen. There is a hot and cold shiver in my whole body. I have no roof to my head. No, none whatever. Sneezing must have blown it off. And, as for my nose, it is just not to be spoken of at all; for it is just running like a ben fountain which is in haste to become a salmon stream."

Diarmad—"But what are we to do with the Ten Plagues of Egypt? Rob, will you be kind enough to take the whole lot of them."

Ewan—"Aye, dhuine ghasda,¹ do take them. It will be the great kindness to us miserable sinners."

Rob—"Me take the Ten Plagues of Egypt! Why, Sheena is as strict in her notions as any member of Session in all Alba. Aye, a deal more strict than some famed watchmen of Israel, who, as long as it was to be got, made no objection whatever to good whisky that had never paid a penny of King's taxes."

Ewan—"But Sheena is with your married daughter, far enough away, and why should she ever hear a word about it?"

Rob—"Aye, man, but you are not married yet. Sheena sends me word our daughter has got a knave bairn, and she herself may be expected home any day."

Ewan—"Rob, you are an old deceiver; for well you know, this being your daughter's second knave child, it must have your name."

Diarmad—"Yes, the good name of the Bruce, which has been well kept up by the Bannockburn clans for five

¹ Good man.

hundred years. Sheena will be sure to wait till after the christening."

Rob—"Ach, I don't know that. She is wearying to get home."

Diarmad—"Still, she is not home yet ; and your Annie is a lassie to be trusted. So you must take, at least, some of these plagues."

Rob—"One, then, just to please you all."

Ewan—"One will not please us at all, at all."

Rob—"Two, then ; but you must all promise to come to eat them. They must be got rid off, scale, and fin, and bone, before Sheena's home-coming."

Diarmad—"Very well, then ; and good be to you. What next, about the eight remaining plagues?"

Angus—"When I go up the hill for white sheep in the morning, I can see John Macpherson."

Ewan—"To be sure. Will you take as many as the poke of your plaid will hold to John?"

Angus—"I'll just take two of the smallest, and no more."

Ewan—"It might be I could take one down to Isbal Chrubach."

Diarmad—"Two, man. Two big ones for Isbal, and that makes six nicely disposed of. Isbal is as true as the steel of an old sword ; and the fish will be a sort of winter meat for the good old creature."

Angus—"Good, he says. Why, some people think her no better than a witch ; and, surely, she is not a favourite with the Session, or they would give her some help."

Rob—"She is too proud to ask for help, and grinds away at her wheel. She has not come of a begging race."

Diarmad—"She has a much better chance of getting into Heaven than a good many favourites of the Session. But, now, what are we to do with the remaining four plagues?"

Angus—"Eat them ourselves, I think. Ask thy mother to give us a big fish dinner to-day."

Diarmad—"Ask my mother! I hardly like to do that. Her mind would be troubled afterwards. But she has been long promising to go on an errand for me to my uncle. I'll step away this minute, scold her hard for breach of promise, and make her go directly. So we'll get her away from the baile for the rest of the day; and then Aunt Seonaid and the lassies will obey orders, and the old folks' stomachs and consciences will not be troubled at all, at all."

By going diplomatically to work, Diarmad achieved perfect success; and the Ten Plagues were got rid of as comfortably and quickly as could be reasonably expected. But the Water Kelpie's musical night sleeps were much disturbed for the remainder of that watching season, through his having unfortunately found, many miles lower down the Glen, the stump of a burnt torch, which Ewan had thoughtlessly thrown into the river.

When those who went to Falkirk returned home, they brought back with them the startling news that a ghost haunted the mountain pass of Lochan-na-larig, and that John of the Hens had seen it.

This John of the Hens was a canny body, who earned his living, and made savings also, by selling needles, thimbles, pirns, and groceries, and buying yarn, eggs, and poultry, in places far away from shops and markets. John owned a pony, which carried his goods in panniers; and he and his pony were well acquainted with many lonely passes and rugged sheep tracks. John, at his late time of life, and after having been so long spared from visitations, was the last person a decent ghost could think of troubling. But now it was the theme of general cackle that a ghost who cared nothing for the proprieties had given John a terrible scare. The Lochan-na-larig pass, moreover, got such a bad name that none of the people returning from Falkirk cared to risk crossing it alone in the dark. But, to be sure, they always liked to go away and come back in social bands, not pledged to eschew intoxicating drinks, although abstemious enough for all good purposes.

Few Highlanders yet dared to doubt the existence of ghosts; although the fierce onslaughts of ministers and Sessions on the poetry, ancient superstitions, and inherited customs of the Celtic race had already banished the fairies from their dancing rings and mound dwellings. The Witch of Endor story, and other Bible references, saved ghosts from banishment, and made their existence an article of orthodox belief.

The only doubt, therefore, was as to whether John of the Hens had, in reality, seen a ghost, or only slept, dreamed, and thought he saw with bodily eyes what he merely saw in vision. The general verdict was strongly in favour of John's strict veracity and strict wakefulness. The ghost story made him something of a hero. Everybody knew him, and everybody wanted to hear the story from his own lips. When notes were compared, it was found that he told the same identical story, without variation, to all inquirers.

John of the Hens came to the Glen on his regular round about a fortnight after he had seen the ghost. Rob, who was an old friend of his, got him to come to the smearing-house with his story, which he told as follows:—

"The night was right dark. It was a length past midnight, but there would be hours yet before the mouth of the morning. And I and my horse Pogy were helping each other to keep the path. And, look you, to keep the path at that place, in such a dark night, was not very easy. If we went a foot too far to the right hand, we would fall into a bog; and if we went a foot too far to the left, there would be a chance of broken bones. So I shogged Pogy off when I thought him coming too near my side, and Pogy stiffened his shoulder against my body when he thought I was keeping him too near the edge of the bog. Thus, we were slowly and carefully getting on to where, if it were only daylight or good moonlight, the Lochan would forthwith come into sight; and Pogy stopped short and snorted. I think he also trembled. Then I looked upward and for-

ward to see what frightened him ; and, believe me or not, sure as death, I saw the crag above the lochan as if flames played upon it. Yes, and it was the black oozy part of the rock that seemed most ablaze. The eagle's nest was a patch of darkness, while bright light danced on the sgeirean¹ above and on the wet stairs below. The light shimmered, wavered, flickered, and cast queer shadows. Greatly was I frightened, and greatly was Pogy frightened, too. We stood still to gaze at the marvel, and our hearts went on pit-a-patting like two eight-day clocks. And as we were gazing—sure as death, it is the very truth I am telling—the light, even in the winking of an eye, went clean out ; and there was nothing at all to be seen but the darker darkness of the hills, and a few stars above in the clo-cloth sky ; and few and feeble the stars were, for much veiled was the face of the night. I thought of turning back upon our footprints ; but Pogy blew his nose, shook his head, as if to get rid of crealags,² and then stepped boldly forward. So I just let Pogy have his way ; and we saw no more strange sights that night—which, for sure, was a blessing. And that is the whole story, and the clean truth, as sure as death ; and if Pogy could speak, he would say the same. But, now, I must say good-day to you ; for Pogy is waiting for his dinner, and will be thinking I have forgotten him.”

When John of the Hens turned his back on the smearing-house door, the evil-doers looked at one another, and Diarmad, starting up from his stool, said decisively, “This will never do ; the man must be told the truth.” Angus said, “Yes, for sure ;” but Ewan was beginning to raise objections, to which Diarmad did not stay to listen. He ran after John of the Hens, found him feeding Pogy, and explained to him, in few words, why on the night in question light was shining on the lochan crags. John was exceedingly pleased to be emancipated from the ghostly fear, on which he had constantly brooded since he saw the

¹ Ridge cliffs. ² Gnats.

light. He voluntarily promised secrecy, and faithfully kept that promise ever afterwards. But, to the end of his life, he continued when asked—and he was asked hundreds of times—to tell the story of the vision, taking care, however, to preface it with the words of caution—“Mind, I don't say I saw a ghost, at all, at all, but I'll tell you what I saw.”

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A GAELIC NORWEGIAN BALLAD.

IN the large gathering of last century Gaelic manuscripts, from which we have commenced to give something every month, we find "Seurlus of Dovre" in three separate collections. We append to these remarks what is undoubtedly the best of the three versions. It is found among Athole and Braemar songs, and must be supposed to have been taken down in that district, from oral recitation, by the writer of the collection, whoever he was, although he added to the inland poems the "Lament of Donald Gorm Tanisteir of Glengarry," by his wife, the daughter of Clanranald, and an elegy on John Garbh of Raasay, who was drowned about 1649. The last piece of all in this manuscript collection is called "An Fhirinn Ghlan," a didactic poem, in the style of Duncan Lothian's proverbs in verse, which Sheriff Nicolson republished in his "Gaelic Proverbs." We have a very strong suspicion that Duncan Lothian was the writer of the collection, and the author of "An Fhirinn Ghlan." This suspicion is strengthened by the fact that the second version of "Seurlus," which came undoubtedly from Glenbriarachan, in the parish of Moulin, and at the top of Strathardle, is, verse for verse, and line for line, the same as the one we use. But, in the second version, some obsolete words found in the first are superseded by words of similar alliterative sounds and altogether different meanings. The text therefore is rendered in parts curiously corrupt, as, for instance, where "saor lamhain" is substituted for "saor lann." The third version is very short and very imperfect. It may possibly have come from the islands, as it is associated with an island song :—

'S tric mo shuil air an linne
 'S air an fhireach is airde,
 'S tric mo shuil air mo dheadhaidh,
 'S e mo roghainn na dh'fhag mi.

The translation of the "Seurlus" ballad is far from being warranted correct. In some places the meaning of old or quite obsolete words is merely guessed at, and the guesses may perhaps be occasionally widely astray. There is, seemingly, some small amount of confusion in the text itself. It may not be absolutely free from the corrupting substitutions so conspicuous in the second version. The subject-matter itself is obscured by a veil of antique mist, which perhaps people deeply learned in Scandinavian lore can still uplift. It is next thing to certain that the Highland reciters of "Seurlus" were in the habit of giving a preliminary explanation of the poem in prose ; but, unfortunately, the men who made manuscript collections of Gaelic poetry, a hundred and more years ago, did not think it worth while to take down the popular *ursgeuls*, or prose explanatory prefaces. In the ancient, and what has come to be called the Ossianic, poetry of the Irish and Highland Celts, Lochlannaich, or Scandinavians, figure largely and often enough, as foreign invaders, foes from the sea, and unwelcome settlers by the right of the sword. But, as far as we know, this "Seurlus" ballad is the only woof and weft Norwegian poem in Gaelic which has come down to us from the distant past in the Highlands, from at least before 1266, when the islands were finally ceded to Alexander the Third. Perhaps indeed it was old, and had gained its permanent footing in Celtic literature, before the battle of Clontarf, fought in 1014, which gave its death-wound to the supremacy that the Scandinavians had been attempting, with great prospect of success, for a long time to establish over Ireland and Scotland. At anyrate, all probability is against the supposition that a purely Norwegian ballad could have been imported, and lastingly embedded in Gaelic popular literature, after 1266. It looks, at first glance, a singular thing that the "Seurlus" ballad should have been transmitted from generation to generation, for five hundred years and more, in the Grampian districts, which the Scandinavians never subdued, while, as far as

known, it had almost or entirely in last century dropt out of the memory of the islanders, whose ancestors had long been under the yoke of the Lochlannaich. There was, however, an ancient connection between Athole and the Caithness, Orkney, and Shetland earldoms, continued down to 1230, or later, which may, peradventure, account for the anomaly. Thorfinn, the great Scandinavian Earl of the North, and ruling colleague of Macbeth, is supposed to have died about 1056. He was a grandson of Malcolm Mac Kenneth, King of Scotland, at whose Court he had been brought up in his boyhood. Thorfinn was, therefore, half a Highlander, and no doubt learned to speak Gaelic at his grandfather's Court. Thorfinn and King Duncan, slain by Macbeth, were cousins-german. Duncan's eldest son, Malcolm Ceanmor, became, on Macbeth's death, King of Scotland; and Duncan's younger son, Madach, was made Earl of Athole by his brother, King Malcolm. Madach married a grand-daughter of Earl Thorfinn, and Harald, their second son, in right of his mother, became one of the co-Earls of Caithness and Orkney, while their eldest son continued the line of Athole. It thus happened that, for more than a century after 1100, there was a close friendly connection between Gaelic Athole and Scandinavian Orkney and Caithness.

While it is considered proper to give the text of the best and fullest version of "Seurlus," just as it is found in the manuscript, it may be observed, in regard to "Dobhair," that in the other two versions it is written "Dour." That spelling agrees best with the rhythm and alliterations of the ballad. In the footnote references, *B* stands for the Glenbriarachan version, and *C* for the fragmentary third one.

SEURLUS AN DOBHAIR.

'S fiarasach an codal sin
A dheanamaid 's na h-uairibh,
Na 'r luidh air lar na leapa
Far an craiteadh na sroil uaine.

O 's taobhaiseach an codal sin
A dheanamaid air luachar leabhar :
Mac samhla sud gu facas
Aislinn Sheurluis an Dobhair.

Lo gu deach Rìgh Lochlainn
A shealg a Leitir-ini,¹
Bha Seurlus og na choi-meachd,
Le dha sheang choin air iallaibh.

'S ann an sin a thuirt an t-og Oscar,²
Leis an eireadh buaidh gach abhaist—
Noise, Mhic Rìgh Lochlainn,
Cia mo chuid da 'n ghleannan fhasach ?

'N gleann am biodh na casuchdaich
Le 'n graidhibh chonaibh luatha,
An gleann am biodh na glais-deirg
An aghaidh nan steud buadha.

Gleannan farsuinn fìor-chomhain
Air an do shuidh og Sheurlus an Dobhair,
Air na tulchaibh sìthe,
Ag eisdeachd na bha fodha.

Rì nuallan nan con ghrad-charrach,
'S rì seol³ nan srathaibh sìthe,
Lion an cabhlan codail sin
Og mhac Rìgh Lochlainn lionmhor.

'N am dusgadh as a chodal
Da og Sheurlus an Dobhair,
Chunnaic e 'n ainnir ghorm-rosgach
'S i tochd an roid na chomhair.

Bha folt buidhe shuas a coir-chleachd oirr',
'S bu ghile a cneas na 'n cobhar,
Meoir chaol air a geal-bhasaibh,
B' fhearr dreach is dealbh air domhain.

'S ann a gheibht' air meoir na h-ainnir,
An t-or air a ghlasadh mar thaileasg ;
Bhiodh na naoi clocha eeangail
Air gach leith amuich da fainidh.

Bha leine ghasda chroch-bhuidh oirr'
Ann teannta ri mu cichidh,
Gu h-eangach oisneach or-bhuidh
D' an t-srol, is brat d' an t-sioda.

¹ B. Leitir Ruin ; C. Leitir Dhithridh. ² B. Air labhairt da 'n og osgarach.

³ B. Ceolan.

An criosan nach fhacas amhailt
Mu coitein uirre 'n ceangal,
Lan do bhuaidh 's do amhailtin
Dh' or 's do chlochaibh ceangail.

Bha deilg chaola nam fail or-bhuidh
Mu bragad geal an teannta,
Air dhunadh mu na coir-chleachdai
'N ionnsuidh a bruit iomlan ;

Bha saorlann oirre 'n coirichean,
Ge b' e chifeadh a dealra
A chiabh amlagach or-bhuidh
Air aon dreach 's an am sin.

An sealla sin a chunna sinn
Do ninghin an Oscair ionmhuinn,
Lion e corp a churaidh sin
Mar ghaoth ri coise cabhlaich :

An sealla sin a chunna sinn
Air sithein cnoc na h-uaille,
Lion e corp a churaidh sin
Mar mhacan an earradh uaine.¹

As na gleannaibh crioth-thruaillleach²
Leig i chuige na seoil sithe,
Le brataibh gasda caol-uaine³
Mu bhragad mhic an righ sin.

Cha lubadh i 'm feur barr-uaine
Air leataobh tulcha sithe,
Gus 'n do sgaoileadh lea'n lamh gheal-ghlacach
Mu bhragad mhic an righ sin.

Sgaoileadh leatha an coirichir,
Leis an laimh nach do chuir i fuidhe,
Am brat amlagach or-bhuidh
Air uachdar Sheurluis an Dobhair :

Bha barr nan ciabh cas-bhuidh
Sgaoilt' air eadan Sheurluis,
'S e thraghadh air osnaich
Pog an coinneadh gach deudaich.

'S e thraghadh air osnaich,
O ! 's ann aic a bhiodh a dheirbhe,⁴
Gu'n d'fhag i 'm faine cloch-bhuidhe
Mu mheur mac Righ na Beirbhe.

¹ B. Ard mhac an earuir uaine.

² B. Craobh-ruadha.

³ B. Fa 'n bhrat ghasda chaol uaine.

⁴ B. 'S an aig gu biodh a dhearbha.

Air mosgladh do 'n gharbh dhearcán,
'S air sealltainn do ri fhainne,
Gu'm fac e 'n ainneir ghorm-rosgach
Gu bord an lochain shaile.

Air buile o thir uile¹
Do og Sheurlus an Dobhair.
Dh'fhag e mhuir fù chreachdaibh
'S a bhall an deach e fuidhe.

Bu luaithe e le lamhaibh
Na sruthan nan seol saile ;
A gheug ur iunnasach
An treis sin an diaidh aine.²

An lo sin doibh gu h-osnach,
'S iad ag iarraidh Sheurluis,
'S ann a fhuair iad e gu docarach,
'S gu' b' fhearr e bhi fù chreachdaibh.

Gu'n snoigheadh a shuil alunn,
Mac Rìgh Ursuinn na Beirbhe,
Mar ghathan na geal geal-ghreine
Ar snoidhea' na lic oire.

Tiucfaidh 'm fiosaiche fireannach
Thainig o Thioraibh an Domhain,³
A d'fhiosrachadh nan garrlannaibh
Bhiodh air Seurlus an Dobhair.

Chuaidh Rìgh na Beirbhe beusaich
An lo sin a d'fhios Sheurluis,
Agus dealbh na saighde saor-bhuadhaiche
A dheanta a chosg fhiabhrais.

B' e bu charadh d' an phill oir sin
An dealbh is mac Rìgh Lochlainn,
Mac samhla bean an fhuil chroch-bhuidh,
'S i tionndadh chuige na codal.

Na 'm faicinse bean t-eugmhais,
'S i 'g imeachd feir an Domhain
Gu'n caithinn air a diaidh
An da chois so chi thu fodham.

Deansa coimhead faicilleach
Air an ubhal sin a Sheurluis,
Am freasdal 's nach bitheamaid
Aon tra as eugmhais a cheile.

¹ B. Bho thuile gu fuirthuile. ² B. Fhaine ; C. An t-sheuna.

³ B. Niar o Earuibh an Domhain.

Mas a h-ionnan da 'n a bhall dhruidheachdach
 'S do fharas an fhaine sheanta,
 A gheug ur iunnasach
 'S gearr gu teachd mo thiomnadh.

Ar imeachd da 'n a bhall sin
 O og mhac Rìgh na Beirbhe,
 Bhreis e curr a chroidhe sin
 Is asna reamhar a chleibhsin.

'S e gheibhte anns na garrlannaibh
 Teas is fuachd is fiabhras.
 'S fiarasach an codal sin
 A dheanamaid 's na h-uairibh.

SEURLUS OF DOVRE.

Feverish is that sleep which we sleep at times, lying on the floor of the bed where the gauzy green robes are shaken.

O ! hurtful is the sleep which we sleep at times, twin-son with that in which was seen the vision of Seurlus of Dovre.

One day the King of Lochlann a-hunting went to Leitir-ini. Young Seurlus in his co-travelling was with two lank dogs in leash.

'Twas then young Oscar spoke, to whom victory rose through every use and wont—"Now, King of Lochlann's son, what share is mine in the small forest glen?"

The glen in which the narrow-chested folk would be with their swift packs of hounds; the glen in which the pale-reds (trolls) would be against victorious steeds.

The wide, small glen and truly deep, where Seurlus of Dovre on fairy mounds sat down, listening to what was below him.

Listening to the bayings of swift-moving dogs, and the air-movements of fairy straths, insidious sleep filled the young son of populous Lochlann's King.

When from that sleep awakening, young Seurlus of Dovre saw the blue-eyed maid coming the way towards him.

Her yellow hair was put up in wavy tresses, whiter than foam was her skin, slender fingers were on her white hands—fairest of colour and shape in the world.

And there was found on the maiden's fingers the gold, locked up like taileasg (draught-board squares), and there were the nine set stones of victory (amber) on each side of the vulture (clasp, or centre figure) of her ring (or bracelet).

A splendid saffron tunic she had on, well tightened to her breasts by cornered gold-hued gussets, formed from gauzy stuff, with robe of silken sheen.

The maiden girdle, free from guile, confined her skirts, so full of conquering power and artful stratagems of jewels set in gold.

The slender pins of the golden (torque) rings tightened about her neck, closing with her flowing tresses, and fitting with her perfect bust.

Upon her (head) there was a splendid crescent, neatly set, if its effulgence one might from the hair discern, for of one colour was it with her wavy tresses.

That sight which we have seen of the beloved Oscar's daughter filled the body of that hero (Seurlus) like wind in the footsteps of a fleet.

That sight which we have seen, on the fairy knoll of nobleness, filled the body of that hero, like the boy of green raiment.

From the glens aspen-wood polluted she let loose on him the fairy spells, by excellent robes of gauzy green about the collar of that King's son.

She would not bend the green tops of the grass, on that fairy hillock's side, until she spread her white-palmed hand about the collar of that King's son.

She (next) in order spread, by the hand which was not under him, a curled (or velvet) robe of golden hue all over Seurlus of Dovre.

The tips of her wavy yellow tresses were spread over the face of Seurlus : what would make his sighing cease would be kissing teeth to teeth.

That is what would make his sighing cease, and, O ! it is she would have the proof of it ; and, sooth, the ring with the yellow stones she left round the finger of the King of Bergen's son.

When the strong dragon (or hero) wakened up, and looked upon the ring, O ! but he saw the blue-eyed maid upon the salt-sea lochan.

In an instant from land altogether (rushed) Seurlus of Dovre. In the place where he sank he left the sea wounded.

Faster was he with his hands than the sea's tide-streamings -- the rare young branch at that time was following the spell laid upon him.

That day they spent sorrowfully searching for Seurlus. They found him in a state unhappy, and he would have been better under war-wounds.

Worn was the beautiful eye of King Ursuinn of Bergen's son, like as the beams of the white, white sun wear the flagstone of the shore.

Brought to him was the true seer, who came from the countries of the world¹ to inspect the spell ornaments (garrlannaibh) upon Seurlus of Dovre.

¹ "The countries of the world" probably mean the Roman Empire. In the *B* copy the statement made is that the seer came "Westward" from the "Eastern provinces of the world."

That day the King of modest Bergen went in search of thee, Seurlus, with the figure of the free-conquering arrow, made to stop thy fever.

And carved on that ball of gold were the figure (of the arrow), and the King of Lochlann's son (with) the semblance of the yellow-haired maiden turning to him in her sleep.

If I saw a woman of thy form walking on the grass of the world, good faith ! I would wear out following her the two feet which are under me.

"Guard with much care that apple, O ! Seurlus, so that we may never be any time without one another."

"If it be alike with the druidic ball, as with the keeping of the witching ring, then, O ! fresh and rare branch, short it is till my end (last will)."

On the passing away of that ball from the King of Bergen's young son, he broke his heart teguments, and the broad, fat ribs of his sides.

The things found in the garrlannaibh were heat and cold and fever. Feverish is that sleep which we sleep at times.

SOCIAL LIFE AMONG THE EASTER ROSS FISHERMEN.

IF the reader will glance at any good map of the north shore of the Moray Firth, among the places named he will find Hilton, Balintore, and Shandwick. These are villages composed exclusively of fishing families, who are entirely dependent on the sea for their living. To the antiquarian, the first and last named villages will, at least, be known by reputation. Tradition has it that they mark the burial place of two of the sons of the Kings of Denmark, who were wrecked on this coast. In the case of the Hilton stone, perhaps I ought to mention that it was removed by the late R. B. Æ. Macleod of Cadboll to his residence—Invergordon Castle—a good many years ago, and that the little house—the “chapel,” as it was locally known—is razed to the ground. The stone, however, is in a perfect state of preservation, and appears to be well taken care of; but I think it only right to put the fact of its being removed from its original site on record, as in recent references to it by archæological writers, it is assumed to be still at Hilton. Although these villages are about a mile apart from one another, yet, in most respects, they may be regarded as one. There are, however, some things upon which they do not think alike.

The fishermen of the three villages as a class are sober, honest, and God-fearing, but exceedingly poor. Poverty has always been, to a greater or less degree, present with them; in fact, it is part of their very existence. Of course, it fluctuates in degree, according to the success which attends the herring fishing. It is upon the herring that they depend for the sinews of war to pay for their boats and fishing gear, and the many other items of extraordinary expenditure connected with the economy of the household. With the exception of the few weeks that the

herring fishing takes them away from home, they are for the rest of the year engaged in line fishing. In this industry they have to contend with a great disadvantage in not having a harbour. In discussing the condition of these people with the late Mr Robert Bruce Æneas Macleod of Cadboll, who had the interests of fishermen peculiarly at heart, he admitted that the villages were established in situations which were quite unfavourable to their existence. They were, he said, exposed to every wind that blew; they were too far from the fishing banks; and they had no harbour accommodation. The first assertion cannot for a moment be gainsaid, but, in the case of the second and third objection, they are scarcely tenable. The chief cause of the impoverished condition of these poor people is the want of good harbours. It is quite true that a harbour of a very unsubstantial character had been built at Hilton about sixty years ago, but it was in such a position that it succumbed to the first great storm. The best of its stones were afterwards carried away, and used in the building of farm offices. I am glad to see that, after repeated endeavours and many years of patient waiting, there is now the near prospect of getting a substantial harbour built at Balintore, the central village.

The villagers at present are compelled to fish in smaller boats than the requirements of the case demand, and it naturally follows that when there is a fresh breeze on, or the least appearance of a squall, they never venture out of port. It must indeed be tantalizing to these less fortunate fishermen to see their brethren-in-trade from the south side of the Moray Firth "beating" backwards and forwards in their tidy crafts, while they are obliged to stay at home in abject misery. When they do venture out the boats have in the first place to be launched from a point considerably above high water mark. This, as can easily be understood, is attended with much extra labour, and by far the heaviest share of it falls to the wives and daughters of the fishermen. The reader will please imagine that he or she is standing

on the spot where the boats are beached. Although the hour is still early, perhaps two, three, or four o'clock in the morning, yet all the villagers are astir. The men can be seen in small groups anxiously discussing the weather. While they are thus engaged, all at once a stentorian shout of "a' mhuir" (the sea) is raised, and in an instant every man rushes to the line rack, where the creel containing the baited line is in a state of readiness. He hoists it on his shoulder, and runs as for dear life to the beach. The women take up the shout as well as the men; it is of equal significance to them. They in the first place make a dart for the "keilkeiach"—a piece of cord about three yards long, which is hung up in a convenient place near the door, and at such an altitude that no little one can reach it. Armed with this they rush after the men to the beach. The first process is to kilt their petticoats above the knee, and then they assist the men to launch the boats. Every boat's crew strives as to which of them hoists the first sail. In the launching process, as soon as the boat touches the water, the men stand back, but the hardy women still rush it forward till such time as the craft is afloat. The next process is to transfer the men into the boat, and this is done by the women, who carry them on their backs. Next the masts, sails, lines, &c., have to be put into the boats by the women. When it is borne in mind that this ordeal has to be gone through summer and winter—all the year round—every person must admit that the women's lot is not by any means an enviable one. But the drenching in the morning is not what they have most to complain of. They have to provide bait for the lines for the following day's fishing, and at certain seasons of the year they have to collect it in Nigg Bay, a distance of about six miles. In the afternoon the boats return to port. The men are landed dry-shod, the gear is transferred to land, the creels containing the lines, and the day's catch, be it muckle or little, are taken ashore, and the boat has to be pulled above high water mark. Often have I witnessed

the women completely drenched, and more than once carried off their feet, and running narrow risks of being drowned. Yet they are never heard to complain, and are never known to shirk this disagreeable work. One thing that accounts for this is the fact that they have been accustomed to it from childhood, and they submit to it as an inevitable fate, from which there is no escape. The boats being berthed beyond the reach of the highest tide, the work of dividing the day's catch is next proceeded with. The whole is collected into one heap on the beach, and is divided by the men into as many shares as the number of the crew, and afterwards lots are cast upon the shares. There are various ways of disposing of the fish. At times a curer settles down in their midst, and buys the haddock and cod, but the whiting and other species are for home consumption, and for sale among the "tuath," or country people. Tain, about eight miles distant, is regularly visited, and the burdens—varying from half a cwt. to one cwt. and a half—are carried by these hardy females with apparent ease.

Of course there are occasional lulls caused by storms. Then is the time for the men to repair their nets and lines, and see to it that the fishing craft is in a sea-worthy condition. The good-wives betake themselves to looking after the internal arrangements of the household, which, during a spell of good weather, receive only scant attention. Their food is of the plainest possible description. Their chief articles of diet are potatoes and fish. They are also heavy drinkers of tea, using it several times a day. They seldom eat flesh—perhaps on the occasion of a marriage or upon New-Year's Day. All the men smoke tobacco, and are thorough believers in the virtue of a dram, although it cannot be said that they drink to excess. All the fishermen of Hilton, and the greater part of Balintore, are adherents of the Free Church, while the Shandwickers are very staunch Seceders, or, as now called, United Presbyterians. So loyal are the Seceders to their own church, that on the

return of those of their number who go to the West Coast fishing, on their first appearance in their own church, they drop a coin into the collection, which makes up, in lump, for the Sabbaths upon which they have been absent. When at home, they never visit a sister church, but are most regular in their attendance at the various diets of worship in their own. Indeed, no class of the community can vie with them in that respect. The Sabbath day is scrupulously observed; no work of any kind is done, and in the case of some of them, they do not even cook their meals on that day, and it is regarded as an unlucky thing to wash dishes on the Sabbath. All the water has to be carried home on the Saturday, the men shave, and there is a general stoppage of work of all kind on the Saturday night. On Sabbath morning a good many of them resort as early as seven o'clock to the meeting-house, where two hours are spent in prayer. They next go to church, and the greater proportion of them sit out two sermons, but every man and woman makes it a point of honour to attend the Gaelic service in the church. A custom is prevalent in the Free Church of Fearn which I never observed in any other part of the Highlands. It is, however, confined to the fishing population of the congregation. A worthy couple walk gravely up to the church door. The female, as a rule, approaches the elder that stands at the plate and presents him with a penny piece. He knows his duty. He, without a moment's hesitation, gives two half-pennies in exchange. Both the man and wife then pass into the church, each dropping a half-penny into the plate with the air of persons who have done their duty. Nearly all the men and women above forty years are, as regards English, illiterate, but they can read the Gaelic New Testament.

As regards politics, and the other social and general questions which agitate the country in other quarters, these villagers entirely ignore them. Not a single fisherman invests a copper in a newspaper of any shade of politics whatever. The merchant, the shoemaker, and the village

baker supply them with the current news. The wives and daughters who regularly hawk fish over the country have always something new to tell; but a story of the scandalous kind, particularly if it refers to some well-known individual, is of more interest to them than if Lord Salisbury granted Home Rule to Ireland on the lines propounded by Mr Gladstone. In stormy weather the men are in the habit of collecting in groups at particular places, and it is there that the current gossip of the day is set forth. In the course of their discussions, they never make an assertion on their own account; they always like to give their authority, although sometimes it is of a very shady description. It is their custom to talk in such a loud tone of voice that a stranger, hearing them for the first time, would naturally imagine they were in the midst of a fierce quarrel; and yet they very rarely, indeed, do seriously quarrel.

Besides the herring and the line fishing, there are other particular things in which they are engaged in the course of the year. A great event is the "ware day," which usually comes round on the 1st of April. Sea-ware is the manure which they use for growing their potatoes. For some days prior to the recognised day, the men congregate at their regular meeting places, and watch one another with the utmost care. They talk of everything or anything but that which holds the first place in their minds. By the time that there is full ebb, very much the same piece of etiquette is observed as when going to the fishing. One of the older men, who is recognised as a leader, shouts at the pitch of his voice, in Gaelic, "To the ware," and in a moment every capable man and woman are seen rushing, hook in hand and creel on back, in the direction of the rocks. As a rule, every householder confines himself to the rocks opposite his own house, and any violation of this unwritten law is regarded with the greatest disfavour. The ware time lasts, as a rule, for three days, and sometimes more. Their next business is to get it carted to the rigs, which they hire from the surrounding

farmers. Potato land is a scarce commodity, and were it not that some farmers regularly let them ground, they would be in very bad case. As a rule, they pay very long prices for this land—£4 or £5 an acre, according to quality—but it is necessary to charge a big price, as a good deal of the rents is never paid.

All the fishermen marry at an early age. The general rule is that a man selects a wife from among his own kith and kin, although some wives have been imported from the fishing villages of Sutherlandshire and other coast villages. A good fishing season always produces a correspondingly large number of marriages. Friday is the universal marriage day among the fisher people. The ceremony is of the simplest possible description, but must be in proper form. Prior to the marriage there is a "raiteach," or covenant night, the following Friday the "ceangal," or contract, and on the third Friday thereafter the marriage. On the night prior to the marriage the ancient rite of feet washing is tenaciously adhered to. A very curious custom is observed in this connection. A lad and a lass, with pail in hand, are despatched to a spring for water for this particular work. One of the conditions is that they must not speak to one another on any pretence whatever, neither are they to speak to any person by the way, and if they are accosted they must not respond. A violation of this law would be the foreboding of an unhappy life between the parties about to be married. For this reason only the most trustworthy of friends can be safely sent for the mystic water. All marriages take place in the manse, about two miles distant. The bride, leaning on the arm of her father or a near friend, is followed by a procession of bridesmaids and young men. They walk in couples. At a short interval the bridegroom's party follows. I had the curiosity to ask why precedence was given to the bride in being the first to leave home for the purpose of being married. I was told by an old woman—"He follows her to-day, but she is to follow him afterwards." A few years ago I remember seeing two couples

from one of the villages named entering the Free Church of Fearn, the first Sunday after their marriage, to be "kirked"—a ceremony to which considerable importance is attached in Easter Ross. Both couples sat out the two sermons, Gaelic and English, which occupied over four hours. No sooner was the "Amen" of the benediction said than a rush was made for the door by the respective couples and their trains. The route regularly traversed was not chosen by either party on this occasion—a circuitous pathway traversed by the local "gentry" was preferred, although it doubled the length of walk. Both parties marched at a very swift pace, and it became apparent that the one set endeavoured to out-walk the other. Being curious to know what it all meant, I asked an old matron, and she replied by saying, "*Nach 'eil fios agad gur e a' chuid chupal a ruigeas am baile a gheibh a' bheannachd?*" "Don't you know that it is the first couple that reaches the village which will get the blessing?" I am not sure whether the couple which reached the village first got any particular blessing, but this I am satisfied of, that they both strove very hard for it. This leads me to say that, although they are, as a class, a very sober and religiously-inclined set of people, they are, on the other hand, very superstitious. Pointing the first finger of the hand to a sailing vessel is considered uncanny; and to even mention the word "bradan" or "salmon," while proceeding to fish for any other kind of fish, is a sure sign of a poor return. I shall not readily forget the reprimand I got from a grave fisherman for innocently, as far as I was concerned, asking a question regarding a salmon net which we happened to be sailing by at the time.

The older men have no clear notion of past facts and dates. If you ask any of them what is his age, he will answer that he was so many years "when the church came out"—the Disruption. And their great epoch of all is marked by the ravages which the cholera made in those villages in the year 1836, when nearly half the population

fell victims to that most terrible scourge. The mortality was so great that coffins could not be provided for the dead, and, in many cases, bodies had to be rudely wrapped in a piece of sail, and buried in the sand-banks in the neighbourhood of the villages. An old carter who lived in one of the villages had a busy time of it then conveying the corpses to their last resting place. Asked how he managed to escape, he said that he never allowed himself to cool from the effects of drink. "In fact," he said, "my stomach was tinned with it, so that the cholera would not dare on me." Be that as it may, he did escape it, and lived for many years afterwards, and often told his experiences of the cholera year. When a death occurs in any of the villages, work of all kind is suspended till after the burial. Every man who accompanies the funeral is supplied with a dram. The coffin is placed on a bier, and carried on the shoulder by turns of about five minutes.

A good many of the younger men are members of the Royal Naval Reserve, and attend the annual training at Inverness. Besides being in receipt of about 20s a week during the four weeks that they are at Inverness, they also receive a bounty quarterly of something like 12s. Another source of revenue is the rearing of pigs. Every family keeps one pig, and, in a good many cases, two, and they are regularly sold at the pig market, held monthly at the Hill of Fearn, which is unique in the north of Scotland as being the only exclusively pig market held there.

These Easter Ross fishers are different from those living on the West Coast and in Sutherlandshire. There they have all, or nearly all, a small plot of ground, upon which they can raise some food for their families. In the case of the Easter Ross fishermen, they have not a square yard that they can call their own.

A great many of the rising generation are betaking themselves to other trades and professions, and many of the sons of fishermen are at the present moment occupying positions of trust in all parts of the world. Few, or com-

paratively few, of the young are taking to the sea as a profession. I will venture to predict that, within fifty years, Hilton and Shandwick will become places of the past. In the case of Balintore, it will endure for a longer period, as it is to have a harbour, which will encourage the younger people to follow their fathers' calling. The inhabitants of these three villages are at the present moment the most poverty-stricken and the most destitute class of fishermen in the Highlands. Yet, in the face of all that, their voice is never heard ; they are law-abiding, they live honestly, and they do not obtrude themselves upon their neighbours.

ALEX. M. ROSS.

THE OLD CHURCH AND CHURCHYARD OF KINGUSSIE (ST. COLUMBA'S).

“Within my narrow bed
Might I not wholly mute or useless be ;
But hope that they who trampled o'er my head
Drew still some good from me.”

The AUTHOR of “Abide with me.”

I.

THE oldest reference to St Columba's Churchyard—as distinguished from the Church—which I have been able to trace is in a Gaelic poem composed, it is believed, fully three hundred years ago, entitled *A' Chomhachag*. “This Poem is attributed to Donald Macdonald, better known by the cognomen of *Dòmhnall mac Fhionnlaidh nan Dan*, a celebrated hunter and poet. He was a native of Lochaber, and flourished before the invention of fire-arms. According to tradition, he was the most expert archer of his day. At the time in which he lived, wolves were very troublesome, especially in Lochaber, but Donald is said to have killed so many of them that, previous to his death, there was only one left alive in Scotland, which was shortly after killed in Strathglass by a woman. He composed these verses when old and unable to follow the chase; and it is the only one of his compositions which has been handed down to us.

“The occasion of the poem was this: he had married a young woman in his old age, who, as might have been expected, proved a very unmeet help-mate. When he and his dog were both worn down with the toils of the chase, and decrepit with age, his ‘crooked rib’ seems to take a pleasure in tormenting them. Fear rather than respect might possibly protect Donald himself, but she neither feared nor respected the dog. On the contrary, she took every opportunity of beating and maltreating him. In fact, ‘like the goodman's mother,’ he ‘was aye in the way.’

Their ingenious tormentor one day found an old feeble owl, which she seems to have thought would make a fit companion for the old man and his dog; and accordingly brought it home. The poem is in the form of a dialogue between Donald and the owl. It is very unlikely that he ever heard of Æsop, yet he contrives to make an owl speak, and that to good purpose. On the whole, it is an ingenious performance, and, perhaps, has no rival of its kind in the language. Allusion is made to his 'half-marrow' in the 57th stanza."

This poem, which extends to 67 stanzas, and is given entire in Mackenzie's *Beauties of Gaelic Poetry*, begins:—

“A' Chomhachag bhoichd na Sròine,
A nochd is brònach do leabaidh,
Ma bha thu ann ri linn Donnaghail,
Cha'n ioghmadh ge trom leat t'aigheadh.”

(Poor Owl of Strone. Sorrowful to-night is thy bed. If thou didst exist in the time of Donnaghall, no wonder if thy heart be heavy.)

In one of the subsequent stanzas, the poet exclaims:—

“Sann an Cinn-a'-ghiùthsaidh' na laidhe,
Tha nàmhaid na graidhe deirge,
Làmh dheas a mharbhadh a bhradain;
Bu mhath e'n sàbaid na feirge.”

(In Kingussie there lies the foe of the red herd (deer); a hand skilful to kill the salmon; powerful was he in the raging conflict.)

In St Columba's Churchyard, although no trace can now be found of the actual grave, there also rests, it is believed, the dust of the celebrated *Forsair Choir-an-t-sith* (the Forester of the Fairy Corry), a native of Cowal, in Argyleshire. This hero was of a branch of the MacLeods (*Mhic-ille-Chaluim*) of Raasay, and, being fair-haired, his descendants were called *Clann Mhic-ille bhain*—that is, the children of the fair (literally *white*) haired man, who now call themselves by the surname of *Whyte*. The forester was universally believed to have had a *Leannan-Sith* (a fairy sweetheart, or familiar spirit), who followed him wherever he went.

Mr Duncan Whyte, of Glasgow, one of the eighth generation in direct descent from the forester, has communicated to me in Gaelic sundry very interesting traditions which have come down regarding his famous ancestor. The particulars thus communicated by Mr Whyte are too lengthy to be quoted here entire, but I give the portions referring to the death and burial of the forester, and the sad fate of his fairy sweetheart, as kindly translated for me, along with the other Gaelic quotations in this paper, by the Rev. Mr Dewar, the scholarly and much-respected minister of the Free Church, Kingussie :—

“In the year 1644 the Earl of Montrose was in the field with an army on behalf of King Charles the First; and the Earl of Argyll had the chief command of the Covenanters’ army. Montrose was burning and pillaging in the North when the Earl of Argyll received instructions to go in pursuit of him. He went with his army to the town of Aberdeen. Montrose fled¹ northward through the counties of Banff and Moray, and up Strathspey. The forester was in Argyll’s army, and the fairy sweetheart, in the shape of a white hind, was always following the army wherever they went. While they were resting at Ruthven Castle some of the officers began to mock Argyle for allowing the hind to be always following the army. Their ridicule roused his wrath, and he commanded the army to fire at the hind. This was done without a particle of lead piercing her hair. Some observed that the forester was not firing, although pointing his gun at the hind like the rest of the army; and he was accused to Argyle. He then received strict orders to fire alone at the hind. ‘I will fire at your command, Argyle,’ said the forester, ‘but it will be the last shot that I shall ever fire;’ and it happened as he said. Scarcely was the charge out of the gun when he fell dead on the field. The fairy gave a terrific scream. She rose like a cloud of mist up the

¹ Mr Whyte’s narrative might lead to the inference that Montrose *fled* from Argyll; but, in point of fact, it would appear the very reverse was actually the case.

shoulder of the neighbouring mountain, and from that time was never seen following the army. It has been believed by every generation since that time that the fairy left a charm with the descendants of the forester, which shall stick to them to the twentieth generation."

According to the *Coronach*, or Lament, composed by his widow, whom he had left behind in the Fairy Corry, the forester was laid in the dust of the churchyard of Kingussie. Let me quote the last eight lines of the *Coronach* :—

"Gur e sud mo sgeul deacair,
 Gu'n do thaig iad 's Taobh Tuath thu ;
 'S ann an Cladh Chinn-a'-ghiùbhsaich
 A rùisg iad an uaigh dhuit.
 'S truagh nach robh fir do dhùthcha
 'Ga do ghiulan air ghuailllean,
 'S nach robh i bean d' fhàrdaich
 'S a' ghàirich m'an cuairt duit."

(That was my sorrowful tale that they laid (buried) thee up in the north. In the churchyard of Kingussie they uncovered the grave for thee. Pity that the men of thy own country did not bear thee on their shoulders, and that the wife of thy home was not there to join in the lamentation around thee.)

While there is every reason to believe that the great majority of those who have for so many centuries been laid to rest in St Columba's Churchyard were descendants of the famous Parson of Kingussie—from whom the Macphersons have derived their name—of many of the graves (as of many graves in other churchyards throughout the Highlands), it may be appropriately said :—

"No name to bid us know
 Who rests below,
 No word of death or birth ;
 Only the grass's wave
 Over a mound of earth
 Over a nameless grave.

• • • • •
 "No matter—trees have made
 As cool a shade,
 And lingering breezes pass
 As tenderly and slow,
 As if beneath the grass
 A monarch slept below.

“ No grief though loud and deep
 Could stir that sleep ;
 And Earth and Heaven tell
 Of rest that shall not cease,
 Where the cold World's farewell
 Fades into endless peace.”

In course of the improvements recently effected in the churchyard, a number of tombstones were found sunk, in some cases, two or three feet beneath the surface of the ground. The probability is that many others have, in the changes and flight of ages, sunk or been covered over to such an extent that there is now little prospect of getting these brought to light. Remarkably enough, not a single Gaelic inscription has been found in the churchyard. In giving transcripts (with bits of descriptive notes) of all the inscriptions I have been able to trace, I begin with the graves to the east :—

I. ROW.

1. HEADSTONE.

Memento Mori.

Here lies the body of Dugal Campbell M'Pherson, aged 14 years, who departed this life the 8th day of August, 1774, and his brother, Lieut. Robert Campbell M'Pherson, aged 27 years, died the 2d April, 1789, sons of Lieut. M'Pherson of Billidmore.

Their lives were short
 The longer is their rest
 God taketh soonest
 Whom he loveth best.

These appropriate lines remind one of the oft-quoted saying of Herodotus—“ *Whom the gods love die young.*”

2. FLATSTONE.

Here lies the body of Lieut. Alex^r. M'Pherson of Billidmore, who departed this life 27th July, 1790, aged 69 years.

Epitaph composed by a disconsolate Widow.

He was just in thought
 In every word sincere
 He knew no wish
 But what the world might hear,
 The pattern of an unaffected mind,
 A lover of peace and
 Friend to human kind.

This Lieut. Macpherson was long popularly known in the district as *An t-Oichear Ban* (the fair-haired officer), and it is to two of his sons the previous inscription refers.

3. HEADSTONE.

Erected to the memory of Lieutenant Colonel Angus Macpherson, H.E.I.C.S., who died at Edinburgh 21st April, 1856.

This is the Colonel Angus Macpherson, long so well-known in Badenoch, who, although rising to high distinction abroad, in the service of the Honourable East India Company, never—like a true Highlander—forgot his native hills. By Deed of Trust, executed by him in 1853, on the narrative “that it is a duty incumbent on all to aid and assist the poor in a proper and judicious manner so far as circumstances will allow, and feeling desirous”—as he states—“to relieve the wants and in some degree add to the comforts of the most deserving and industrious poor of my native Parish of Kingussie and its immediate vicinity, and being aware that many poor and honest parents residing within the said parish and boundary are often unable to give their children such education as may be necessary to qualify them for useful pursuits and purposes of life,” bequeathed a sum of, in all, fifteen thousand rupees to the Trustees therein named and directed.

1. That, under certain conditions, two-thirds of the free yearly interest on the bequest should be applied for behoof of the most deserving poor persons as the Trustees should select, whether male or female, preference being given to those of the name of Macpherson and Shaw, if otherwise deserving.
2. That the remaining third of such free yearly interest should be applied towards the education of ten or twelve poor children, between five and eight years of age, boys and girls, in equal numbers, to be selected by the said Trustees, and whose parents must be of good moral character, and residing within the said parish and boundary, preference being given as before to those of the name of Macpherson and Shaw, if unexceptionable in point of merit and fitness.

“Colonel Angus” expresses, in the Deed of Trust, his sincere “hope that no cause for putting an end to this Trust will arise, but that my intention and design will be

advantageously and happily conducted in all time coming, and that the said children, taking true religion and morality for their guidance, may be a credit to their friends, and become useful Members of Society." The worthy man adds—what is very unusual in such deeds—his blessing, in the following terms:—"And begging my Trustees to accept my blessing, I humbly hope and pray that Almighty God may bless their endeavours and my earnest desire to effect some good."

The original Trustees named by "Colonel Angus" were "Ewen Macpherson of Cluny, Chief of the Clan; Colonel Alexander Macpherson of Kerrow; Major Duncan Macpherson, formerly Collector of Customs, Inverness; James Macpherson, Etteridge" (a nephew of the testator), "and Malcolm Macpherson, Killiehuntly."

These Trustees are now all dead. The present Trustees are Colonel Ewen Macpherson of Cluny, the two ministers of Kingussie, and the two bank agents. Under the *charitable* portion of the Trust still subsisting, eight poor persons each receive about £3 per annum. But, alas! for "Colonel Angus's" design—so far as the *educational* portion is concerned—that the Trust should subsist *in all time coming!* On the alleged ground of "extending the usefulness" of the bequest, that autocratic body, the Educational Endowments Commission, recently laid their sacrilegious hands on the educational portion of the mortification, and transferred the same to the—shall I say, equally autocratic(?)—School Board of Kingussie. Unfortunately, only two descendants of the old Parson of Kingussie happened to be members of that Board at the time, and, notwithstanding their protest, the transference has been effected under conditions which altogether ignore the express injunctions of "Colonel Angus," that a preference should be given to girls and boys of his own clan.

A. MACPHERSON.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

DIARMID'S STONE, NEAR OBAN.

BY REV. HUGH MACMILLAN, D.D., LL.D., F.R.S.E., &c.

THE story of Diarmid has been often told. It occupies a prominent place in Celtic literature. The scene of it is laid in various localities in Ireland and in the Highlands of Scotland ; and so minute is the correspondence between the place-names of these localities and the various incidents of the legend, that it is impossible to identify the original spot. Some regard it as an old Solar or Aryan myth, which travelled westward with the migration of the race from the glowing region in which it originated ; assuming the form of Tammuz on the Syrian plains, the classic story of Adonis among the haunted hills of Greece, and in the Scottish Highlands, the legend of the hero of the boar-hunt, from whom the Campbells, who are called the race of Diarmid, are said to be descended, and in whose honour many poems have been composed by Gaelic bards, and sung by generations of Highlanders.

It is an olden realm, haunted by myths
As vague and dim as its own spectral mists.
Grey cairns of nameless heroes, Druid-stones,
Like the bleached bones of a long extinct faith,
Crown here and there some grassy mound or ridge,
O'er which a clump of white-stemmed birches bend
Their leafy locks, and murmur to the breeze
Sounds like forgotten words of some old tongue.
Only one lowly farm-house meets the eye,
That looks as if it grew out of the moor ;
A flicker faint of human life, oppressed
By nature's frown, and almost blotted out.
The pathos of a vanished people breathes
O'er all the scene. An immemorial calm,
To which a thousand years seem like one day,
Is in the air. Through all the ages dim
No feature of its rugged face has changed.
And all the potent spell of summer noons

Can only win from it a languid smile
Of grassy verdure or of heather-bloom.
Right in the centre of this lonely waste
Stands a huge pillar, twice the height of man.
No tool has ever marred its primal shape ;
A rib of rock from mother Nature's side,
More fitting for the place and incident
Than marble column carved with highest art.
Nature has written on its rough, rude mass
Her mystic runes of moss and lichen hoar ;
Part of that cypher-writing which we see
On moorfowl's eggs, on summer clouds, on leaves
And rocks and freezing waters everywhere,
But which has no interpreter to man.
No other symbols mark its barren page
To tell its story. Those who raised it there
Imagined that the tragic deed, or fate,
Which cast so long a shadow on their lives,
Would never fade from human memory.
Alas for earthly immortality !
No sound however loud reverberates far
Through Nature's aisles ; impartial silence soon
Confounds the thunder's roar and streamlet's lisp
In the deep peace of distance. The great Alps
At the horizon sink into the plain ;
And on the desert's farthest sunset line,
The Pyramids themselves no shadow cast !
And so this pillar fronts the silent years
With its impassive mystery, and seems
A monument of man's forgetfulness.
The morning rays shine on it, but they strike
No speech of music ; and the evening wind
Sighs o'er its dumbness inarticulate.
Its shadow, lengthening with the westering sun,
Is cast each day across the grassy sward,
Where daisies rise and set, and wild thyme takes
Upon its bloom the purple of the hills ;
Times gnomon changeless in a changeless scene.

Like hoar-frost gathering round a leafless stem,
In mimicry of blossoms of the spring,
A legend grey with rime of age has grown
Around this Celtic stone. It takes us back
In fancy to the childhood of the world,

When heaven and earth seemed one, and gods and men
Together shared the joys of love and war.
Long ere the Cross had come to cast its shade
Of sober thought upon the sunny land,
And make man's life more earnest if more sad,
A great king dwelt in Tara's ancient halls,
Who ruled his people with such wisdom rare,
That peace and plenty filled each guarded home.
One daughter, like the sorrel at the root
Of the rough oak, grew brightly by his side,
And shed the halo of her tenderness
Around his rugged life. Betrothed too young
To have a choice, or know the difference
'Twixt her own heart's wish and her father's will,
She gave her future into Fingal's hands,
As calmly as the brook the river meets,
Without a ripple on its placid breast.
He was so noble-looking and so brave,
Renowned o'er all the land for daring deeds,
And for his open hand and generous heart,
He well might satisfy a maiden's dream,
And orb into the perfectness of love
Her crescent life. But Grainne had not yet waked
Out of the sleep of youth's unconsciousness
Into love's mystic trouble. Fingal's name
Made no sweet whirlpool in her quiet heart,
Attracting to itself all hopes and fears.
His presence thrilled no nerve with sudden joy ;
Seemed but a darker shadow of herself.
But one day to her father's court there came
A stranger, from the distant Pictish shores,
Diarmid O'Duibhne ; fairest of all youths.
Upon his brow sat such supreme command ;
And such a look of pride flashed from his eye,
That men forgot his youth, and homage paid
As to an aged chief. The gods themselves
Had loved and dowered him with their choicest gifts.
To helpless things his mood was always kind ;
Children and women from his gracious lips
Heard only gentle words. To Grainne he seemed
A being from a higher sphere. Her heart
At once its master owned ; and all the world
Shone with the radiance of another sun.
Heedless of plighted troth, or friendship's pledge,
The pair lived on the perilous edge of death ;

And danger gave a zest to hidden joy.
And so they dreamed, until the autumn days
Faded in glory on the purple hills,
And Fingal came to claim his promised bride.
From the despair of such a cruel fate,
The lovers fled together to the East,
While Fingal followed fast, and found them where
Ben Gulbain on its lifted brow retains,
Later than other hills, the glow of heaven.
Like the strange calm beneath the mighty leap
Of the fierce cataract, that farther down
Bursts into boiling foam from side to side,
The rage of Fingal, by some magic spell,
Subsided when he saw the guilty pair,
To break out afterwards in deadlier form.
By treachery he sought a safe revenge ;
And challenged Diarmid to a mighty hunt,
Upon Ben Gulbain's shoulders, where a boar,
The fiercest of his kind, had made his lair.
From early morning to the burning noon,
They chased the monster, till at last it fell,
Transfixed by Diarmid's spear, and dyed the tufts
Of heath to deeper crimson with its blood.
Like stranded whale upon the yellow sand,
It lay so huge among the withered fern
That all men wondered. With black envy filled,
The artful Fingal bade the unconscious youth,
With naked feet, the carcase measure well
From snout to tail. And when he this had done,
Made him repeat the act more carefully,
But this time backwacks from the tail to snout.
Ah ! woeful perfidy ! The bristles rose,
Each step opposing as he paced along,
And fixed within his vulnerable heel—
The only part the gods had not made proof
Against the accidents of mortal life—
Their poisonous fangs ; and soon from heel to heart
The deadly venom coursed, and Diarmid fell
In sore convulsions by his victim's side.
Only one medicine death's step could stay—
A draught of ice-cold water, from the well
That pulsed amid the lucid moss, far up
Ben Gulbain's side, brought in the milk-white palms
Of the three loveliest maidens in the land.

They found the maids, and pity lent its wings
Unto their nimble feet. They climbed the hill,
And scooped each one two handfuls from the well,
And guarded with the utmost care the prize.
But all in vain ! The roughness of the way
Spilt many precious drops ; and the hot sun
Drank up the rest, spite of the living snow
That banked it round. And when they reached the foot,
Their empty hands were dry as bleached shells,
Left on the highest margin of the sea.
As leaked the water from the maidens' palms,
So ebbèd the life from Diarmid's veins ; and when
The setting sun had shrunk into a star
That quivered on the highest Morven hill,
And then went out, the hero's spirit fled
Into the land of shades. They buried him,
With all a hero's honours, where he lay.
And cast their stones into his mighty cairn ;
And raised this rib of rock to mark the spot ;
And gave to hill and well and moor around
Names from each incident of that sad day
To keep his memory to all ages green.

TELLING A TRUE TALE.

CAOILTE and Goll, two of Fionn's men, were once out on the hunting-hill, and they killed a great number of stags and deer. In the midst of their hunting, who came where they were but a very old, gray man, who could hardly stand on his feet.

"My good lads," said he, "won't you give some of your hunting to me?"

"Yes," said Goll, "as much as you can carry."

The old man (bodach) immediately took a great big rope out of his pocket, extended it on the ground, and began to put all the game that Caoilte and Goll killed on to it. When he had the burden tied, he said:—"My good lads, now lift this burden on to my back."

"No," said Goll, looking very sulkily; "lift it yourself."

And this was what the old man did. He gave such a sweep to the burden that the wind from it felled Fionn's lads to the ground.

"And now, you dogs," said the bodach, as he went away, "you must be where I shall be to-night."

Right away the bodach went, and right after him went Fionn's lads; and, though Caoilte was the swiftest of the Feinne, he could only keep sight of the bodach, while Goll could only keep sight of Caoilte. At last they came to a very steep hill, and here the bodach disappeared.

"Well," said Caoilte, "he did not go over the hill anyway, for then I would see him between me and the horizon. Let us look at the bottom of the hill."

They did this, and soon found an opening in the hill-side. In they went, and there before them was the bodach, with the big cauldron on the fire, and a whole deer in it.

"Have you come, dogs?" said the bodach.

"We have."

"Well, then, I am going to sleep a while, and, unless you have the deer cooked when I wake, you yourselves shall be my dinner!"

To sleep the giant went, and Caoilte and Goll began to blow the fire; but the more they blew it, the more the fire went out. At last they gave it up in despair, went outside, and laid themselves down. Who came where they were but a little gray-haired bodach.

"My good fellows," said he, "you look very downcast."

"Oh, yes," said they, "and we have good reason for it; for it is likely that this shall be our last day alive."

"How so?"

They told him all that happened to them, and their vain attempt at kindling the fire.

"Come in," said he, "and I will light it for you."

In they went, and the little bodach was not long in kindling the fire.

"Now," said he, "let each of you tell me a true story without lies, and after you do so the deer will be cooked."

Caoilte began his first:—

"I was once down at the sea-shore, and what did I see coming towards me but the most beautiful ship I ever saw. When it came where I was, what was it but the King of Spain's ship, and they were going about trying if they could find anyone whom the slipper of the daughter of the King of Spain would fit. I tried it on, and it fitted me exactly, as if it was made for myself. I thought to myself that, when the slipper fitted me, 'my bread was baked,' but, instead of that, what did they do but throw me into a black hole aboard, and kept me there three days, and without food or drink; and then they threw me a-shore in a strange place. When I got on shore, I began to wander about until I came to a park where there was a lot of pigs. I caught one of the pigs, and made my dinner of it. When I was just finished, who came where I was but the swineherd, and he asked me what business I had to kill his master's pig. He kept me there until his master came;

and then they began to consider what should be done to me. Their decision was that I should be hanged. Then they brought me to the master's house, and all the people of the place were gathered together to get fun at my expense. Just when I was going to be hanged, who did I see coming down a large hill some distance off but a body of men. I knew at once they were Fionn's men. So I told the master of the pigs to stay until these men came, so that they might have their fun as well as the rest. They did so. The men came, and soon killed all the people of the place, and set me at freedom. They had missed me soon after I was carried away, and, searching for me, found me as I have told you."

Goll next told his tale:—

"I was once in a school near the sea-shore, along with other kings' sons and knights' sons. Opposite the school there was a small island. On a certain day, as we got out of the school in the middle of the day, what did we see coming from the Island but a boat. We went out to meet it, and who did we see in the boat but a great big giant, with one very large eye in his forehead. When he saw us, he caught us all in his one hand, and threw us into the boat with such force that he killed the whole lot except myself. He then turned back to the island, and took us all into his cave. He had as housekeeper a young girl whom he had stolen; and he told her to have one of us—the best—roasted when he should waken. The girl came down for one of us, and caught me as being the best of the lot.

"‘You better,’ said I, ‘let me off. Take one of these other fellows, since they are dead whatever.’

"She did this, and had one of the others roasted when the giant awoke. The giant was not long in eating him, and he told the girl that she had not picked out the best; for he was thinking of me. Then he told her to have me roasted when he should waken again. The girl came down and caught me.

“‘Well,’ said I, ‘since the giant is asleep, you and I had better escape!’

“And that was what we did. We went off in the giant’s boat. We were, however, not far from land when we saw the giant coming with a black rope in his hand. He threw one end of it into our boat, and it stuck so fast that we could not loosen it. I then got a hatchet and tried to cut it, but it was of no use. The giant was pulling us nearer and nearer the land, and we were almost in, when I remembered that I had a few silver coins. With these I cut the rope; and no sooner had I done so, than the giant fell backward, and because of his great weight broke his back. So we got away, and arrived safe in our different homes.”

By this time the big cauldron had boiled, and the big bodach awoke.

“Are you there, ye dogs?” said he.

“Yes,” said the little bodach, “and I am here too.”

On hearing this, the big bodach got quite stupid; and they had no difficulty in attacking and killing him. The Bodach Beag (little bodach) then showed Caoilte and Goll their way home, and when separating from them said—

“You may now go home in safety, but I advise you when you are next in the hunting-hill to take care of your deer, and never to offer them to any who may ask for them.”

NOTES.

The foregoing is one of the many “popular tales” that yet, despite J. F. Campbell and other collectors, are floating unpublished throughout the Highlands and Isles. The above one we got from a young man belonging to Eigg, and it is translated literally, and with some of the Gaelic idiom still clinging to it.

The point of interest to students of folklore in this story is that the telling of a true tale causes the cauldron to boil and cook the deer. The only other tale known to us where this peculiar incident appears is a story told in the third volume of the Irish Ossianic Society. In that story, Cormac, under the magic

influence of Manannan Mac Lir, parts with his wife and son for a grief-dispelling fairy branch. After a year, Cormac went in search of his wife and son, and, after many marvels, came to a house where lived a tall couple, clothed in variegated raiment. Here a quarter of a boar was put on a quarter of a log, and Cormac was informed that, if he told a true tale, the meat would be cooked. He declined the honour, and asked the host to tell the first true tale; and, lo! when it ended, the quarter of the boar was cooked. The house-wife told the next story, and the second quarter was cooked; and Cormac himself told the tale of the loss of his wife, and the third quarter was cooked—a quarter for each of them. Cormac now knew that he was dealing with Manannan Mac Lir, King of Fairyland, and he asked, and got back, his wife and son.

The cauldron appears often in Celtic tales. Professor Rhys (Hib. Lect., 256) parallels with the foregoing Irish case the Welsh story of the cauldron of the Head of Hades. It was a discriminating vessel which would not cook food for a coward.

Goll's "true tale" will be found, with considerable variations, told of Oscar in the third volume of Campbell's *West Highland Tales*. The interesting incident of cutting the rope with silver coins appears in this version only, and it forms a very important parallel to the use of silver, instead of lead, in the shooting of witches. The incident of the black rope thrown into the boat, whereby the giant pulls it towards the shore, finds a parallel in the thread-clew of the Island Queen, in the "*Voyage of Maldun*." A man catches the clew, the queen pulls them in, and, to escape, they have to cut off the man's hand.

LITIR O MHEASG AN FHRAOICH.

[GU CEANN IUIL A MHIOSAICHE GHAIHHEALAICH].

A GHRAIDH NAM FEAR,—’S mi tha toilichte gu’n do thoisich thu air teachdaireachd a chur a dh’ionnsuidh luchd-aiteachaidh nan gleann. Rinn mi gairdeachas ’nuair a chunnaic mi an cota gorm’s am bheil e air a sgeadachadh, agus am bad fraoich a ta aige mar shnaicheantas. Chuir sinn failte air co luath’s a thainig e a stigh air an dorus, agus cha robh e ach gle ghoirid a stigh ’nuair a leugh sinn na h-uile facal a bha aige ri innseadh dhuinn.

Ghabh mi fein moran tlachd ’s an sgeul a rinn e m’ an Ghleann Fhada. Tha barail agam co e a ta ag innseadh na naigheachd so, ’s tha mi an duil gu’m bheil fios agam c’ aite am faicear an gleann air am bheil e a toirt iomraidh. Cha robh mi riamh’s an aite, ach tha mi a cur romham mo bhios laithean air an sineadh dhomh gun toir mi sgriob g’ a ionnsuidh, feuch am faic mi na seann laraichean’s an do ghabh mo shinnsirean comhnuidh. Mo tha e’s an dan dhomh so a dheanadh, theagamh gun teid agam air litir eile a chur ga d’ionnsuidh, le fios air ciod a chi’s a chluinneas mi anns a Ghleann.

Is fada o na chuala mi iomradh air Donnachadh Amadan, agus air Seumas Finealta. Bha iad le cheile gle ainmeil o cheann leth cheud bliadhna. Innsidh mi dhut aon naigheachd a chuala mi mo Dhonnachadh. ’S e bh’ann gu’n robh fleasgach og, fasanda, a gabhail a thuruis latha bha ’n sin, air an rathad mhor, aite eiginn eadar Raineach’s Braid Albann. Faicear Donnachadh Mor a tighinn na chomhdhail, le speid neo-chumanta. Air dhaibh tachairt, thubhairt an t-oganach, “Co as a thainig thu, a Dhonnachaidh?”

Donnachadh—“Thainig mi a nuas, fada, fada.” (Cha’n innseadh e’s e beo co as a thigeadh e, no c’aite an robh e a dol).

An t-Oganach—" 'S cean tha thu a dol?"

Donnachadh—" Tha mi a dol a sios, fada, fada."

An t-Oganach—" Ciod an naigheachd a gheibhear agad?"

Donnachadh—" Bha banais mhor, mhor 's an Uachdar. Dh'ol an Ceard Mor, gus an d'fhuair e am bas. Chuir iad mise air falbh g' a innseadh do na Ciuid eile, 's shaoil leam gu'm bu tu fein fear dhiubh."

Thaisg Donnachadh a chuid airgid aig bun craoibhe anns na coilltean am fagus do thigh Ghairt. Cha robh fhios aig duine beo ach aige fein, c'aite an robh an t-ionmhas falach. 'N uair a bha e an glaic a bhais, chaidh a cheist a chur ris ciod a rinn e le a chuid do 'n t-saoghal. "Chuir mi falach e," ars' esan, " aig bun craoibhe, mo choinneadh tigh Ghairt." Cha robh do thuigse aige na chomharaicheadh an t-aite ni bu chinntiche, agus mar is fhrasd a thuigsinn, cha robh doigh air amas air an ionmhas. Bu cho mhath do dhuine dol a dh'iarraidh snathaid am measg shligean na cladaich, agus dol a dh'iarraidh sporain 's cha bhi di chuimhne air 'ainm fhad 's a mhaireas an ginealach a ta a nis a lathair co-dhiubh.

Bu chiatach an saoghal a bha aig daoine 's na seann laithean ud. Theagamh nach robh an t-airgid ro phailte ni 's mo no tha e an diugh fein, ach ged nach robh, bha pailteas do bhathar eile r' a fhaotainn. Bha caoirich ann agus buar—seadh agus bainne gu leoir, le min choirce 's eorna gu saoihir. Mo bha dream uireasbhuidheach ann, bha doigh air cuideachadh leo, 's cha rachadh lan duirn mine a dhiultadh do 'n diol-deirce aig nach robh fardach air a shon fein. 'Nuair a rachadh an ciobair do'n mhonadh bhiodh an gunna na achlais, le spor air a h-ur bhreacadh, 's nam faicadh e an coileach ruadh no a mhaigheach aig asdar urchair, cha robh ach togail air a ghunna, 's bhiodh an t-sithionn aige. Thigeadh an Samhradh, 's rachadh daoine do'n airidh leis an treud. Bu chubhraidh am fraoch, 's bu sholasach an aile a thigeadh a nuas as na beanntan. Bhiodh ceileir aig a bhanaraich, 's i a bleoghan nam bo.

Tha cuimhne agam air feadhainn dhiubh a chuala mi o sheann dhaoine, 's tha an ceol agam cuideachd, ged nach uarainn dhomh an ceol a sgrìobhadh. So mar a bhiodh an rann—

Gaol a chruidh, gradh a chruidh,
Gaol a chruidh mhealla mi ;
Gaol a chruidh chas fhionn duibh
Cheann fhionn duibh bhalg fhionn.

Dh' fhalbh mi le gaol a chruidh,
'S lur nan lur fhagail ;
Dh' fhalbh mi le gaol a chruidh,
Cheann fhionn duibh, bhalg fhionn.

Till an crodh, till an crodh,
Till an crodh, Dhonnachaidh ;
Till an crodh, Dhonnachaidh duibh,
'S gheibh thu bean bhoidheach.

Gheibh thu bean bhoidheach bheag,
Gheibh thu bean bhoidheach ;
Till an crodh, Dhonnachaidh duibh,
'S gheibh thu bean bhoidheach.

Bha rann eile ann a bhiodh aca, mar so :—

Tha mi sgith, 's mi leam fhin
Cul an tomain, buain na rainich ;
Tha mi sgith 's mi leam fhin,
Na h-uile latha a m' onar.

Cul an tomain, beul an tomain,
Cul an tomain bhoidhich ;
Cul an tomain, buain na rainich,
Na h-uile latha a 'm onar.

'S mar sin a sios. Tha daoine ann a nis a their nach 'eil ceol 'sam bith nan leithidean sin. Ach 's an a bheir iad am 'chuimhne sa, na laithean Samhraidh a dh' fhalbh, agus a tha air dèl as an t-sealladh a chaoidh. Moran taing do 'n fhear a ta a cur a sios cuimhneachan air a' Ghleann Fhada. Tha duil agus durachd againn tuille a chluinntinn uaith ann an duilleagan a' Mhiosaiche. Is mise da rìreadh, do mhor charaid,

AILPEIN.

NEW BOOKS.

HISTORY OF THE MACLEODS, with Genealogies of the Principal Families of the Name. By Alexander Mackenzie, F.S.A. Scot. Inverness : A. & W. Mackenzie.

THIS portly, well-got up volume contains the fifth Clan History written by Mr Mackenzie during the last ten years. We have no hesitation in saying that it is the best of the five. On former occasions the author fell back upon the materials which he found ready to hand in local traditions and manuscript or printed documents of, to a great extent, an *ex parte* character. In dealing with the history of the Macleods, he had laboriously to gather his facts and dates chiefly from recently published records, and although family traditions have not been ignored, they have been reduced to their proper proportion. The book is therefore in its general scope reliable from the true historical point of view, and the Genealogies of the principal families of the Clan have been traced apparently—no doubt with the assistance of living representatives—with exceedingly great care. The Macleods were, at the time when they first became known to history as a clan, divided into two branches, respectively called the race of Norman and the race of Torquil. The race of Norman obtained a charter of Glenelg in 1343, and subsequently they acquired Harris and Dunvegan—the latter by marriage. In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries the chieftains of the race of Torquil, who possessed Lewis, were greater territorial magnates than the owners of Glenelg and Harris. But the chiefship precedence seems to have been invariably conceded to the race of Norman down to about the end of the fifteenth century, when the race of Torquil began to claim it for themselves, on the bold assumption that Leod, the eponymus of the whole clan, possessed Lewis, and made it his own name-place, Leodhas, an assumption which the Norse Sagas explicitly contradict. Torquil's race, however, did not know that, and as they supposed their island was the name-place of the ancestral Leod—who flourished not earlier than about 1300—they jumped willingly to the conclusion that of the two brothers, Norman and Torquil, their own ancestor Torquil must have been the elder, since he got Lewis. The race of Torquil, after nearly suffering shipwreck in James the Fourth's reign, flourished greatly

during the first half of the sixteenth century, and rapidly came to wreck and ruin at the end of that century. But several of the cadet houses of the Torquil branch flourish well to the present day. We have already said that chiefship precedence was not denied by the race of Torquil to the race of Norman in the fifteenth century, as it was afterwards. But still the counter-claim was being then surreptitiously formulated. Mr Mackenzie does not refer to a song by Mac Eachag, preserved in the Dean of Lismore's collection, and yet it seems to be more conclusive in regard to the chiefship contention than all the other proofs he has adduced. The subject of this song is John, the son of William, from Clar Sgith, or Skye, who is kept at sea by adverse wind many days beyond the time he was expected to arrive at his father's home. John is styled "the heir of Macleod"—*eiryth v' cloyd*—and his father William gets the chiefship appellation of *m' cloyd* or Macleod. Here is Dr M'Lauchlan's translation of this song :—

Displeased am I with the south wind,
Which hinders the coming of John,
And that he is kept away out
On his way from the North to M'Leod.
Janet's son, of whitest sails,
Well would he like to cross the sea ;
But the south wind will not listen
To John, William's son of swift steeds.
By night or by day as I sleep,
From the beach I see to the north,
The rushing bark of whitest sails,
The bark of him who stays defeat.
This is the fame which every man
Awards to William's son from Clar Sgith,
An ardent, white-toothed, ready youth,
One who for aught he did ne'er mourned.
This is the eighth day without John,
Heir to M'Leod of bluest eye ;
Like him in mien and strength,
To the great house of liberal heart ;
Cheerful he is, does nought conceal,
Such is the fame of sharp-armed John.
In battle day he takes the lead,
Ever ready fame to win.
William's son, my foster child,
Son to Janet, royal her race,
Did I but hear thou cam'st from the north,
All my gloom would disappear.

The John, "heir of Macleod," of this effusion must have been John "Borb," the son of William "Cleireach," and as father and son were both living when Mac Eachag tuned his reed, the date of the song cannot be placed later than 1440. William, the son of John Borb, was not a young man when he fell in the battle of the Bloody Bay, in 1480. Mr Mackenzie says that a daughter of John Maclean, second of Lochbuy, Mull, was the wife of William the Clerk, and mother of John Borb. If that was so, we must conclude that Lochbuy's wife was one of the many descendants of King Robert the Second, for in the song of Mac Eachag, Janet, wife of Macleod and mother of his son and heir, is described as *Seonaid air sliochd an rìgh*, from which we would almost conclude that she was a Stewart, although, perhaps, a Stewart mother would bear out the bard's words, which need not be taken too literally.

Clan histories have considerable historical value, besides being exceedingly interesting to clansmen; but all the clan histories which have yet been written and published fail conspicuously in doing justice to the central authority and to national policy. With few exceptions, all the Highland clans at times deviated into divisive courses, which not only produced local anarchy, but seriously threatened the unity and independence of Scotland. To some extent, the course of clan feuds and clan policies was shaped by the precedent rivalry of Celt against Teuton, and Celt against Norman, allied with the subordinated Teuton. The source of the antagonism was racial, and not only existed but operated most strongly before clans came into existence. Even as late as the end of the sixteenth century, the insular and West Coast clans were divided into adherents of Philip of Spain and of Queen Elizabeth, without much respect or regard for their "native born prince," the Scottish Solomon, who, however, played one set off against the other, and in the end proved himself, with the help of a few loyal chiefs, to be stronger than both. In this history of the Macleods, the guidance of published public records is pretty closely followed, and consequently many errors are avoided. But all clan traditions require to be read in the light of general national policy, and whenever that is done, the central authority will, as a rule, not without exceptions, be found to be pursuing its course, the best way it can, to a laudable national aim and purpose.

THE MONTH.

A MONTH ago (the 29th May) an influential meeting was held in the Town Hall of Inverness, the object of which was to encourage the development of Home Industries in the Highlands. The meeting was convened by Provost Sir Henry Macandrew; Lochiel was in the chair, and there was a large and representative gathering. The Chairman dealt with the wider question of railways and commerce, and the Provost explained the position of the promoters in regard to Home Industries and their scope. The intention was to revive the now almost lost art of people making their own cloth and clothes—to revive the spinning-wheel, distaff, loom, and waulking, with which so much of the old life and literature of the people were once taken up. An influential committee of gentry and commonality was appointed to encourage and direct the good work.

IN connection with the article in our columns this month dealing with the Condition of Easter Ross Fishermen, we may draw the attention of our readers to the series of articles appearing in the *Aberdeen Free Press*, entitled, "To the Black Isle, Easter Ross, and Northwards." The articles are intended to draw the attention of Aberdonian and other tourists to the beauties, resources, and history of the localities named. The writer represents himself as travelling by the Aberdeen steamer, the "Earnholm." We understand that he is a brilliant young Lewis-man who is on the staff of the *Gazette*. The articles, we are sure, will be interesting as well as important.

THE annual meeting of the body of teachers known under the title of the "Northern Counties Schoolmasters' Association" will take place at Dingwall on Saturday, the 1st of June. As the name indicates, the Association represents the Northern counties, and next to the great gatherings of the Educational Institute itself, it forms probably the most important meeting of Scottish teachers

held throughout the country. Mr Copland, Cromarty, is to be chairman, and addresses are to be given by the following gentlemen:—Dr Grant, Keith (Secondary Education); Bailie Ross, Inverness (School Construction and Children's Health); Mr A. Mackay, of the *Educational News* (Free Education); and Rev. Mr Macquarrie, Kilmorack (Local Government and Education).

WE are glad to notice that Mr Fraser-Mackintosh's "Letters of Two Centuries," which have appeared as a series in the *Scottish Highlander* newspaper, are to be published in book form. The letters, of which one is dated in each year of the 17th and 18th centuries, have been all introduced by explanatory and illustrative remarks from Mr Fraser-Mackintosh's pen, and it is needless to say that the letters and the editorial matter throw a good deal of new light, not only on the private history of the families to which they refer, but also on general Highland history during the last two centuries. The idea is a novel one, and the book will form a pleasing addition to the historical literature of the Highlands. The volume will be over 500 pages, and the publishers are A. & W. Mackenzie. The book is issued only to subscribers.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

AN CRUACHAN CEITHICH.—We intend to give next month, from a manuscript of last century, a strange little fairy song, “le bean Mhic Mhartuinn na Leitireach,” which begins—

Ceist nam ban o ’n Chruachan Cheithich,
O Leitir riabhach, dhubh, nan aighean.

Has this song come down among the people of Lochaber to the present day? If so, we should much like to know what is the story connected with it. It certainly shows, on the face of it, that there was of old a story of abduction and glamour by the fairy folk connected with it. The song indeed, without the story, is a bit of mystery in sweetly-flowing poetry. The glow and flow of the little ditty are, indeed, very remarkable. We should think it must have been at one time a milking song, and a lullaby for children, like “Crodh Chailein.” If so, perhaps the chimes of it are still faintly ringing in Lochaber.

ROIBEART GABHA.—Can any Strathardle or Athole *seanachaidh* give us information about Robert Gow—or, perchance, Robert the smith? Robert lived in Glenbriarachan, we suppose, about the middle of last century. He calls the place of his residence Srath-Dhruidh. According to his own account, he had a most interesting conversation with the “Gruagach Sholuis,” in which he catalogued all the popular lore of his time and district. That lore was more extensive and more miscellaneous than some wisacres of this generation may be ready to believe. Along with Ossianic, Battle of Clontarf, and mystic Celtic ballads and legends, it included the war and achievements of King Arthur, and “The Fifteen Tales of the Emperor’s Son.” We shall give Robert’s poem some day, but first we very much wish to get information about himself. We do not think, from the “comhradh” with the “Gruagach Sholuis,” that Robert was a great poet; but he must have been saturated with the popular Highland lore of his day and district.

ANSWER.

KILLIECRANKIE.—In regard to the query which appeared in the *Highland Monthly* about the name of Killiecrankie, Dr Irvine, of Pitlochry, a veteran and venerable scholar, writes to give us his explanation. It may be remembered that the Gaelic name of the pass is “Coille-Chreithnich, the wood of Creithnich.” Dr Irvine explains the name as “Coille a’ Chritheanaich, the ‘wood of aspens.’” He adds that this valueless tree is now removed from the Pass where it could be easily got at to cut it down, but in inaccessible gullies even yet scarcely any other tree is found.

The Highland Monthly.

EDITED BY

DUNCAN CAMPBELL, EDITOR "NORTHERN CHRONICLE,"

AND

ALEXANDER MACBAIN, M.A., F.S.A. SCOT.

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VOL. I.

THE LONG GLEN.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE SCORNERS' SEAT.

"DONNACHA BAN, gu 'm faiceam slan."¹

"Buaidh-larach ort, Iain,² and it is glad I am to meet thee here. And when didst thou come over the hills, and what is new in the Land of the Pines?"

"I came to Alastair's last night, and there is not any sgeul³ from the Land of the Pines except that the Ridire⁴ is very ill. They say the gout has taken his head, and that his mind has gone into a cloud."

"It is sorry I am to hear that."

"And it is indeed the sorrow for the whole Land of the Gael to lose a good master of land now-a-days, for they don't grow so plentifully."

"That is the sorrow. Just look at the Marquis of Inchadin. Was not his father as good a master of land as ever stood in brogues? But lo! you, what is the son? A great Reformer whom they put up in the Parliament House in London to—what did they call it?—move the Address, in the Reform Bill year. Aye, truly, and he is here at

¹ Duncan Ban, may I see you whole. ² Battle-victory to thee, John.

³ News. ⁴ Knight.

home reforming the old tenants of whole baronies off the face of the land ! Yes, indeed, and the forefathers of these old tenants made him and his what they are by the power of their swords."

"He clears out kith and kin, not many times removed, along with the others, I am told."

"To be sure he does that. Then look at the race of Black Charles. They were sadly aggrieved and wronged, it is the many hundreds of years ago, and when their heads were under the wood, they became black and bloody foes to their former oppressors, and to all the opponents of their clan. What would have been the worth of the Inchadin charters if they had not been made good by this fierce sept of the clan? Well, the Marquis has the profit, and the children of Black Charles have the scaith ; they ventured soul and body in building up the greatness of the Inchadin House, and the Marquis pays the long debt of gratitude by sending barda ¹ to men of that race, just like to others."

"Perhaps he knew nothing at all about the old obligations."

"The more the shame to him. What business has a man in such a position not to know such things as hereditary obligations?"

"Oh ! there are no chiefs, or at least very few, now-a-days. It is a matter of highest rent and game."

"Aye, but more of game even than of rent."

"The Inchadin House is now getting very weak in offspring and offshoots. The tree is but poorly shaded by top and branches. Don't you think the prophecy of Bain-tighearna Labhair is about to be fulfilled?"

"You mean that a one-eyed white horse will be able to take the whole House of Inchadin—that is the people of that stock and their belongings—in a peat cart back over Carn-droma?"

"Yes."

"Well, but that is not the end of it. There must be a hope still for the Inchadin House, if prophecy is to hold."

¹ Notice to quit.

"I have never heard but of the white horse prophecy."

"Well, here is another which might be supposed to apply to the late good Marquis, but did not, as can be seen now :—

" ' Unless the surest fates must fail,
As soon as the branch becomes the big tree,
And Britain is troubled from sea to sea,
When prospects are blackest, a man will come,
Wearing the myrtle of Colin of Rome,
Who will chase the aliens,
And rally the Fenians,
And be a high chief of the Gael.' "

"A man to rally them and lead them is, for sure, what the Gael need most."

"Aye, and it is a comfort to hope well, even yet, about the House of Inchadin, for it is one of the great Gaelic Houses, and we have not many of them now."

"Well, our old Ridire has been a real good and kind laird all his days."

"That he has, God be his stay, and his bed be in Heaven! What sort of youths are his sons?"

"As fine lads as ever stept on heather."

"But can they speak the Gaelic?"

"Not much, I fear. You see they were early sent to school in England, and they are now at the great school of Oxford, like your own young laird."

"May Do'ull Riabhach¹ take the great school of Oxford! Why should not the great schools of Dunedin, Glasgow, Kilribhinn, and Aberdeen, do for Scotchmen? The great school of Oxford makes foreigners of our young nobles and lairds. It is the black sorrow to see them rushing to the bad with the swiftness of the wind. But here come Iain Og and other old friends."

The preceding conversation passed between John the Soldier, from the Land of the Pines, and Duncan Bàn, a Glen farmer of good standing and green old age, at the smith's Conversation Bench, which the extra-religious

¹ Speckled Donald, the Evil One.

people in their conclaves called the "Scorners' Seat." In good weather this doubly named resting place, for the old men of the neighbourhood, was a squared pine tree placed at the end of the smithy, but for the convenience of the old scorners, with whom he was hand and glove, Alastair, the smith, kept also a similar bench indoors to which the carles could retire in bad weather.

The Conversation Bench Club always assembled on Saturday. Alastair, or rather his wife, kept the little shop of the place, and to the shop the bodaich wended their way from every direction on the last day of the week to fill their snuff-horns and spleuchans¹; and, after doing their shopping, they adjourned to Conversation Bench for their gossip.

This day Duncan Bàn was the first to arrive, and he found John the Soldier waiting for the gathering. John was the smith's uncle, but not a regular member of the smith's family. He had many kinsfolk, and went a great deal back and forward among them all; but his headquarters were with his sister, the smith's mother, away over the hills.

John the Soldier had well earned his pension from a grateful country by having manfully done his full share of fighting in the war with Napoleon; and he was very grateful to his country in return for the shilling a day, which, as he could add and eke in different honest ways, made him comfortably independent on retiring with medals and clasps from active service.

Although usually a temperate man, and a respectable member of society, this old warrior was at first liable every time he went for his pension to get more or less elevated drinking health and happiness to the reigning sovereign, to the Duke of Wellington, and his own heart-honoured general, Thomas Graham of Balgowan, Lord Lyndoch, and "Hero of Barrosa." On the pension occasion immediately following the accession of Queen Victoria, John the Soldier

¹ Skin pouches—sealskin usually.

and Donald the Sailor—who lost a leg and gained a pension at Trafalgar—went dreadfully on the spree together. Donald had to drown immense grief for the loss of the “Sailor King,” and John, whose chivalrous loyalty was called into exuberant activity by the age and sex of the young girl now come to the throne, thought he could never too often drink—“Long life, happiness, and victory to the bonnie young Queen.” John’s loud rejoicings gave the mourning Donald some offence; but a quarrel was averted, and good fellowship, cemented by the soldier cleverly discovering that he also had cause to drown sorrow in whisky, and that “The memory of the Duke of York, the soldiers’ friend,” would couple nicely with “The memory of the Sailor King.” On their return home with what remained of their pensions after a whole week’s carousal, the veterans scandalised three parishes. They stopped of course at every public-house, and their idea of refreshing themselves was to go on drinking their favourite toasts until they could not see each other. The publicans had great trouble in getting them to move on at all. And when they took at last to the road, John the Soldier sang Gaelic war songs, mostly of Jacobite tinge—a thing quite against his principles when sober—and Donald the Sailor, who was not a bit musical when in possession of his faculties, tacked about taking latitudes and longitudes on the highway, and croaking like a maniac frog some long forgotten naval ballad in praise of a tight little English ship that showed a clean pair of heels to the whole French fleet, and “would bob to nothing on the sea.” This outbreak, however, was quite exceptional. Both soldier and sailor were heartily ashamed of themselves, and resolved not to be so overtaken again. But, knowing the weakness of human nature in general, and their own in particular, they took material guarantees with them on next pension day in the persons of the widowed sister of John the Soldier, and Donald’s spinster one. After a few trials of temptation, which were successfully resisted, the widow and spinster were relieved

from guard, and John and Donald recovered self-control by refraining from exciting toasts and indulgence in memorial griefs.

To return to Conversation Bench, the first to join John the Soldier and Duncan Bàn was Iain Og, whose years were seventy-five, and who needed the help of a crutch on account of his rheumatism. He did not come alone. To-day Gilleasbuig Sgoilear accompanied him. Gilleasbuig was not a regular member of the band of the scorers. He lived far away; but he was often a casual visitor, and whenever he came the sitting was a long one. After Iain Og and the casual visitor, came the three Seanairean (grandfathers) of Craig-Helig, hale and hearty old men for their years, and all regular members of the club, and far better listeners than speakers. Rob Macarthur, with black fingers and nails after six weeks of smearing, followed on the trail of the Seanairean. Lastly came Calum Macalum, a brisk well-preserved bachelor of sixty-five, who, with his old sister, Meg, to keep house to him, was now leading an easy life on the annual income derived from the savings of fifty years of work and thrift.

As soon as the many warm greetings were exchanged, and Calum, the last of the comers, got settled, Iain Og produced a silver-mounted snuff-horn, took his own allowance of the pungent contents, and then passed the horn on to his next neighbour for a round of social pinches.

"My eyes deceive me, Iain, or that is your Sunday horn you have passed to John the Soldier. For sure, after sneezing Sunday, it is I who will be afraid to touch it."

And Calum, who was the speaker, laughed heartily, and the laugh went round as well as the horn.

Duncan Bàn—"John the Soldier has not heard the story. Iain Og, you must tell it as the responsible person, and the owner of the bewitched horn, which played as bad a trick as any performed by that enchanted Balquhiddy horn, which the invisible ghost in the shepherd's house used for a weapon."

Calum—"Yes, Iain, do tell it. Ach, but it was sore good, ho! ho! ho!"

Seanairean in a chorus—"It was sore good, ho! ho! ho! ha! ha! ha!"

CHAPTER IX.

SNEEZING SUNDAY.

JOHN, who was called "Og," or "young," at seventy-five, because his father before him was also named John, and as long as their lives ran concurrently, it was necessary to distinguish father and son by the epithets "old" and "young," began his story without further pressing:—

"Well, friend of the sword, this is just it. My grandson Shonnie, who had just turned eight by some months, did a mischievous thing, when we least expected it, to us old carles who on common Sundays sit all about the communion table, because we like to have plenty room for our stiff limbs and sticks. It was such a trick, and all so simple, too, as we never heard the like of; and oh! what a scandal it created in the whole parish!"

"John the Soldier's and Donald the Sailor's great spree was nothing to it," observed Calum, with a laugh that went round.

"Air m'anam, then it must be the wonderful thing altogether," commented the soldier.

Iain Og—"Indeed, that thou mayst safely swear."

The seanairean were struggling to keep themselves from breaking out with an interrupting chorus of laughter.

Iain Og—"Now, then, keep quiet and serious all of you, if you can, and don't set me off, nor Calum, who, as you may see, is firmly tying up his mouth, he! he! he! Bother it, I must set to it right. Shonnie, the little fellow, likes to poke his nose into everything right or wrong. So one day his mother was using the strong red pepper for cooking or curing, and he must, when her back is turned, go and poke his nose into that. And a sad state he got himself

into, sneezing, shaking, laughing, crying, raging, all at once. And his mother, much as she likes him, was so vexed that she caught him, and nearly cuffed the wee remaining bit of breath out of him. As soon as I saw him getting green-red in the face, and his eyes starting out of their sockets, I got up and rescued the laddie from further punishment. He got into good breath and good humour quicker than one could believe. His mother soon forgot all about the red pepper. So did I. As the upshot proved, so did not Shonnie. Next time I went to church, the wickedness of the laddie was made manifest. It so happened I was in a hurry to leave with the old mother (grandmother) that morning, and that, contrary to custom—a thing on which the young ceard¹ could not have reckoned—my week day snuff-box remained in my waistcoat pocket, while I put my horn, as usual, in the breast-pocket of my Sunday cota-mor.² If I took any pinches on the way and during the forepart of the service, I must have taken them from the week-day box; for it was only after the Beurla (English) sermon was finished, and the shooting gentry, with their stuck-up servants, had gone away, that the sore scandal arose.”

Duncan Bàn—“It was well the Sasunnach people were gone, whatever; for it is the much scoffing they would have had about us.”

Iain Og—“When the Gaelic prayer and psalm were over, and the minister was reading the text, we old men settled ourselves in our places to listen to the sermon, and, taking a good pinch myself to begin with, I sent my Sunday horn on the round. And our noses were surely hungry enough by that time, although Calum's silver box had been once or twice on the round during the English service. Quickly went the horn from man to man. But it did not get back to me again before I was sneezing just out of all moderation; and the others, too, were following as fast as whirlwind my evil example. During the first

¹ Tinker, gipsy.

² Greatcoat.

round or two of sneezes, I suspected no trick. I only thought the snuff was wonderfully alive, and that I must have taken wonderfully large pinches of it. But when I went on sneezing like mad, and saw the others in the same way, I could no longer doubt that a sneezing devil was in full possession of us. Then Shonnie and his red pepper flashed like lightning on my memory. I looked round for my horn to save new victims if I could, being myself, as Shonnie said to the elder, when he asked him what length he was on with his questions, 'far past redemption.' Five or six other carles were then sneezing as hard as myself, while more were just beginning. My eyes were almost blinded, but I managed to catch sight of the bewitched horn in the hand of Seumas Liath, the father of the Session, to whom Rob Macarthur had handed it over the passage. And for sure, Seumas does not at all snuff on week days, but we well know he likes a wee pinch out of a neighbour's box on Sunday to keep him awake, more especially if the sermon be heavy or the day be hot and drowsy, as Sneezing Sunday happened to be. I feared greatly a pinch of the peppered snuff, however moderate, would harm Seumas, not so much in health as in reputation, since all the new lights pretend rather to look down upon him, as if from higher places in the sky. So I rose at once to go out, and, in passing, I snatched the horn from his hand, just when he had tapped the lid, and was opening it for his wee pinch. I got out, I don't know how, for I was a blind sneezing earthquake, and, sitting down on the nearest mound, went on, I don't know how long, shaking and sneezing as if going to pieces, and finding the obair¹ far from easy. All the others who had touched the bewitched horn followed me out in twos and threes; and we shook and sneezed together on the bank by the wall till a child could bind us fast with the pith of rushes."

John the Soldier—"If I live to see pension day I'll drink Shonnie's health next to the Hero of Barrosa's."

¹ Work.

Calum—"Iain Og has not told the whole of the scandal. When he took the horn out of Seumas Liath's hand—and it was Seumas who was the astonished man—the lid of it, as he has said already, was open, and he snatched the horn with a jerk which caused the bewitched snuff to fly out and over the pious women, who always sit behind the pew of the elders, and groan for other people's sins. And the pious women sneezed like mad; and they fanned themselves with their cambric kerchiefs, and that spread the biting dust into the air, for it was the much of it that fell on the poor pious women. And it reached the precentor in his desk, and he sneezed as loud as a trumpet. And all the elders joined in the *luinneag* (chorus), and it was considered a miracle that the minister himself escaped."

Duncan Bàn—"Ho! ho! ho! It was a sight to see elders, precentor, and the female props of the pulpit, all sneezing as if for life, and deil take the hindmost. Never was such a dirdum since the stag, with its branchy antlers, dispersed old Dominie Macarthur's congregation on the Iollaraig."

Calum—"Never, for sure. I was the last of the old men's *pannan* (band) to get out, because, look you, my good dog Bran, which cannot be kept from going to church whatever I do, believed, the amadan, that the people about were doing me wrong, since he saw me sneezing and wiping my eyes. With this *smuain* (idea) in his head, Bran rushed here, there, and everywhere, upstairs and downstairs, through the whole church, barking for a declared enemy. The great fear fell on me he would in no time begin biting legs and arms, and tearing women's bonnets. So, from the necessity of the case, and to get him right away, I put two fingers in my mouth and whistled three as loud whistles as I could give. I forgot for the moment the place and the day, but, with the danger before my eyes, I think I would have done it all the same if I remembered both. Bran was not to be trifled with whatever; but the whistling just crowned the scandal of Sneezing Sunday."

John the Soldier—"It must have been the rarest scandal ever heard of."

Omnes—"It was rare good, ho! ho! ho!"

John the Soldier—"And where was Shonnie? I hope he saw the fun."

Iain Og—"Thou mayst safely swear that. He was in the breast of the loft, looking on as if butter would not melt in his mouth; and I am told he never laughed once until Calum whistled for Bran. That was more than he could resist, for Bran and he are great friends."

Calum—"Aye, that they are."

Iain Og—"His mother was sitting beside him; and this time she never suspected his wickedness, although she puts on him many a blame, and often calls him a naughty boy spoiled by his seanair—which, there is fear upon me, is not the breadth of the world away from the truth."

John the Soldier—"What happened afterwards? I hope you were not too severe on Shonnie, although no doubt he deserved to be 'court-martialed.'"

Iain Og—"Well, then, when we all got home I was that put out, nobody dared speak to me. But just when my son was to begin the reading, and when all were gathered round the teallach (ingle), with their Bibles in their hands, I looked at Shonnie, and asked—'Didst thou put thy mother's strong red pepper into my Sunday snaoisean horn?' The laddie replied readily, and it angered me to see his lips twisting for laughter—'Yes, old father, that I did.' With that his mother gets up and takes out the pepper box, and lo! there was not a pinch of the red pepper in it. He had put the whole lot—and it was not a small one—into my Sunday horn. You may be sure his mother was shocked, and that she said—remembering my former interference—she now hoped I should let him be properly punished, or do it myself. My son said the same, and yet it was clear to be seen that it was hard for him to keep from laughing, although the open Bible was on his knee waiting for the reading. As it

was the Sabbath, nothing more passed that night. In the morning, when I was thinking whatever to do, Shonnie came to me before them all and said—‘I must be whipt by father or you; and I wish to be whipt by yourself, old father.’”

John the Soldier—“He is a laddie that knows what he is about.”

Iain Og—“Aye, indeed, above the common. His father and mother said the whipping must be very real, and must take place there and then. My son handed me his long razor strap, as nasty and harsh a piece of tough leather as could well be cut out of a horse’s hide. I took it, and asked Shonnie if he was not very sorry for what he had done, and very much ashamed of himself for the scandal he had caused?”

John the Soldier—“I’ll be bound, he replied like a truthful little man.”

Iain Og—“Aye, that he did. Instead of blubbering, and sneaking, and seeking to lessen punishment, he replied—‘I am not a bit really sorry at all, at all, old father. And that is the truth; for oh, it was so funny! You must whip me right hard, because I can’t be a bit sorry.’ With that the little fellow broke out into screams of merriment, which so raised my corruption that I seized on him, and whipt him, until his very mother, who is uncommonly hard on Shonnie, said it was enough. It was the sore heart that whipping gave me too. But at the end of it, although Shonnie’s cheeks were wet with silent tears, there was the ghost of a merry twinkle in his eye, and a faint smile on his lips.”

John the Soldier—“The boy is a true young laoch (hero).”

One of the Seanairean—“Tell the soldier what Shonnie did at the questioning.”

Iain Og—“Oh, that was the laddie’s peace-offering. The minister and the elders—each elder in his district—were going round, as they do every year, to try the people in

Bible knowledge and the Book of Questions (Shorter Catechism); and soon after Sneezing Sunday, it came to the turn of our baile. So we gathered, young and old, in Do'ull Chalum's empty barn, and, after prayer and praise, the questioning began. I was sitting with the Dalveich old mother (grandmother) on one side of me, and Shonnie on the other. When the minister put her question to the Dalveich old mother, she just looked at him, nodded her head, and moved her hand to signify that she passed it on like the bad penny. And the minister, who is not hard on old people, said nothing, but looked at me for the answer. And I was preparing to give the answer, quite right, too, when the word was taken out of my mouth by Shonnie, who, in his clear young voice, gave the answer as if reading it from a printed book, without stop or slip. I thought much wonder of this, and was much vexed likewise; but the minister passed on to the person after Shonnie, without making any remark. When the meeting was skailing,¹ and all the women, children, and young men were passing out, while we, the few old men of the baile, were stopping to have a drop of whisky with the minister out of my son's bottle, I seized Shonnie, when passing me, and asked—'Why, then, didst thou do it whatever?' And, giving a bit turn of the eye, he said—'Because you should be let off, like the Dalveich old mother, who is a deal younger, and because of Sneezing Sunday, too.' I told this to the minister and the others when we were taking our drop, lest I should be thought to have forgotten the Book of Questions, and to have put Shonnie up to answer for me. And the minister laughed right heartily; for he is not the gloomy man, at all, but the good fellow, all and entirely, although he may be too fierce about Non-Intrusion, and perhaps a thought too strict about small gleanings of worldly pleasures that were thought no harm of in former times."

Duncan Bàn—"No doubt, the minister is a good sincere man, and the right fine fellow, too, when following

¹ Dispersing, from the Gaelic "a-sgaoileadh."

his own bent. But it is to the noisy and foolish party he has made himself over. Aye, they have exalted the little men, and, worse still, the little women; and these puffed-up imps master their masters, and, far from taking to the innocent employment of making a rope of sand, it is busy they are overturning the Kirk, and bringing all to confusion."

John the Soldier—"My nephew Alastair tells me there is a prospect of your soon losing the minister."

Duncan Bàn—"For sure there is. He went last summer to preach at communions in the far North, and the outcome of it is that he is now offered a parish there, which has, they say, nearly three times the stipend of ours. But I was going to tell something which happened at the questioning of our baile. Among the company of us gathered in Angus Beg's large cearna (kitchen) was John the Drover. Now, before the minister came round, it was well known John was striving hard to learn his questions; and, indeed, he strove hard also many a time before. But for the Book of Questions, John's memory is not worth a dadum,¹ although for songs and the head-marks of beasts, it is just the best memory in the whole county. As evil luck would have it, the minister asked John one of the petition questions at the very end of the book. This was a surprise, and a hard one too, for John had placed himself at the top end of the settle, hoping the minister would begin at the beginning, and ask him a question from the fore part of the book, for he thought he could pretty safely swim as far as Effectual Calling. So, when the minister began at the other end of the company, and, on at last coming to him, asked a question from the very end of the book, John lost grip of the reply altogether, and felt wronged, and angry besides. But a dauntless carle is the old drover. He would not give up without trying to say what he thought should be something near the answer. At last, when he saw the minister's face

¹ Mote, the smallest thing.

clouding, and the young people wanting sore to be allowed to laugh out, he said he could not just then mind the answer, and he shut his mouth, hoping the minister would pass on to the next without more ado. But that the minister did not do. He stopped to exhort and rebuke John in severe words. Then John fairly spoke up, saying he had more to do with cattle than questions in his youth, and that now, however much he tried to learn, his memory would not keep its grip. 'But, John,' said the minister, looking black, 'I fear it is the will rather than the memory which is at fault. I am quite sure thou couldst easily learn a new song.' 'Of course I could,' replied John, 'were it as long as Bendòrain, and with great pleasure too. Songs glide into my memory like water into a linn. But questions are not like songs. They are jumbly things without rhyme or tune, reason or sweetness. Yet I could learn *one* question, and keep grip of it, if you only told beforehand what question you wished to ask. But, come what may, I'll never malt my brains any more by the whole Book of Questions at a stretch.' After that the minister was glad to pass on to the next."

Calum—"And John the Drover was right to refuse to let himself be harried and shown up before young folk."

Iain Og—"So he was ; but I am thinking it is time for us to be now taking our ways home."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ELEGY ON ROB ROY.

GILLIES did not publish the following elegy on Rob, composed at his death and funeral, about 1740, or perhaps a couple of years earlier. We have every reason to suppose that Gillies had access to the manuscript before us, but his reasons for not publishing it in 1786 can be easily conjectured. At that time, and for some time later, Ronald, the youngest son of Rob Roy, was leading a quiet, honest life, as tenant of the Clachan, or Kirkton farm, of Balquhidder. Rob Roy, notwithstanding his devious courses, was undoubtedly popular in the Perthshire Highlands and in Argyleshire, where he was looked upon rather in the light of a chief constable—or sort of uncommissioned successor to Charles the Second's duly commissioned thief-catcher, Sir James Campbell of Lawers—than as a law-breaking cattle-lifter. People felt safeguarded against all cattle-thieves when they paid their blackmail to Rob Roy. His long feud with the Duke of Montrose was put down to his credit, and, considering the injustice he suffered, there was just cause for doing so. His escape from the Duke of Athole's custody followed on what Highlanders deemed a breach of faith on the part of the Duke, and it therefore increased the fame of the daring outlaw. Rob was hospitable and open-handed. He held his wild followers under pretty strict control, and his neighbours had usually nothing but good to say of him. His sons brought deep disgrace, after his death, on the family fame; and so, when Gillies published his "Collection of Gaelic Poetry," he thought it best not to stir the still living embers of discord by publishing the elegy. It is rather strange that the bard does not mention two of the sons of Rob Roy, namely, Ronald, always the quiet, good boy of the family, and Duncan, who was not so good or quiet. On

the other hand, the bard mentions John, a son of Rob Roy, who must have died, like his eldest brother Coll, before the later tragedies commenced. Coll was married, and left a daughter. John must have disappeared young, and left no children, as the very fact of his existence seems to have passed away from Balquhiddy traditions. The silence of the bard anent Duncan and Ronald was due, perhaps, to their not being at home at the time of their father's death and funeral.

BAS ROB RUaidh MhIC GRIogair.

(From the MacLagan MSS.)

'S mi 'm shuidh' air a chàrn,
Ghabh mi mulad, 's cha ghann,
Mu'n sgeul thain' a nall an rathad orm :
Gu'm bheil Roibeart mo ghaoil
Na shin air a thaobh,
'S e mo chreach chuir an t-aog a' d' rathadsa.
Gu'm bheil, etc.

Bha thu tlath ann an sìth,
Bha thu garg ann an strìth,
Gu'm bu cheann air mìle claidheamh thu.
Bha thu, etc.

Gur h-e seobhag an t-sluaigh
Ris an can iad Rob Ruadh,
'S maith thig breacan an cuaich is claidheamh dhuit.

'S maith thig ad agus cleoc
Agus lashrinnin oir
Air do phearsa, 's cha bhosd ri labhairt e.

Bha Colla air thus,
Agus Seumas glan ur,
Agus Iain, 's b' e fiuran flathail e.

Agus Roibeart mo ghaoil,
Bheireadh giubhas a craoibh,
Sud an suaich'nteas nach caochladh datha dhuibh.

Tha do chinne mor fein
Fuidh thruime a' d' dheigh,
Ach mo thruaigh i do cheile mnatha dheth.

Cha toir fidheal no dan
Air a cridhe, gu brath,
Dol a rithisd cho ard 's a chaidheadh e.

'Nuair theid meur air an t-suil,
'Nuair theid an teanga o luth,
Gu'm bi caib agus uir gar feitheimhne.

DEATH OF ROB ROY MACGREGOR.

Sitting down on the cairn, sorrow not small does fill me, about the news that has hitherward come that Robert of my love lies on his side—Oh my loss ! that death went thy way.

Thou wert kind in peace ; thou wert fierce in war, O chief of a thousand swords.

Falcon of the people was he whom they called Rob Roy. Well do the kilted plaid and sword become thee.

Well do hat and cloak with flashings of gold suit thy form—'tis no boast to say so.

Coll was foremost, then young handsome James, and John—princely shoot of the stock was he.

And Robert of my love, who would take the pine from the tree ; that was the symbol which would never change colour to you.

Thy own great clan are under sadness after (losing) thee ; but, woe's me ! thy spouse of it.

Nor fiddle nor song can ever again raise her heart as high as it used to rise.

When finger is laid on the eye, and power has gone from the tongue, the spade and the earth will be waiting us.

A LOCHABER FAIRY SONG.

WE are sorry that we have not yet got hold of the story which ought to throw light on the mystery of the ditty, attributed to the wife of Macmartin of Letterfinlay. We now give the strange little song as we find it, and hope that it will meet the eye of some one able to expound its traditional meaning and history. It may belong to any age between 1550 and 1750, but the probability is, judging by its style of composition, that it belongs to the end of the seventeenth century, which was the era of John Lom, Mary Macleod, and Robert Kirke of Balquhiddar, who, with full faith and minute details, wrote the "History of the Invisible Commonwealth" of fairyland :—

AN CRUACHAN CEITHICH.

LE BEAN MHIC MHARTUINN NA LEITIREACH.

(From the MacLagan MSS.)

Ceist nam ban o'n Chruachan cheithich,
O Leitir riabhach, dhubh nan aighean.

Eile bheag o thu,
I riaguich o,
I u rubh, i o, rinn o u,
O Leitir riabhach, etc.

Far nach luidh leann dubh air mhnaitibh,
Piobaireachd ga'n cuir a luidheadh,
Piob mhor, ga 'n dusgadh roimh latha,
'S a chruit chiuil ag gabhail leatha,
Bhi 'g ol fion o la gu latha.
La dhomhs' air Tom-a-chaolais
Chunnas long le sciopa dhaoine,
Ceathrar air raimh, triuir ag taomadh,
Bean na deire 's i sior chaoineadh,
Leanabh beag air cearb ga h-aodach.
Dh'fharraid mi rithe ciod e b' aohhar?

Thuir i rium gu'm b'fhurasd sud fhaotainn ;
 A triuir mac 's a chuan gun fhaotainn !
 A ceathrar bhraithrean taobh ri taobh orr' !
 La dhomhsa dol d'an bhuaile,
 Chunnas triuir dol seachad suas uam,
 Air am pasgadh 'm breacain uaine.
 Shaoil mi gu'm bu chlann daoine' uails' iad ;
 Cha b' e bh' ann ach balaich shuarach !
 Lean mi iad gu doras na h-uamhuidh,
 'S bha mo bhraithrean fein na 'n suain ann !
 Ghabh iad doibh le seunuibh cruaidhe—
 Dh'fhag iad mise a'm dhiol-truaighe,
 'S mi taomadh m' fhola a lotuibh fuaradh,
 B' iad mo bhasan domh bu chuachan.

CRUACHAN OF MIST.

BY THE WIFE OF MACMARTIN OF LETTER.

Quest of the dames from Cruachan of Mist, from grey and dark-streaked Letter of the heifers.

Eile bheag, o thu,
 I riaguich o,
 I u rubh, i o, rinn o, u.

From grey and dark-streaked Letter of the heifers, where black humours fall not upon women. With piping they are sent to bed, the big pipe wakens them ere dawn, and the harp's strains are co-mingled with it ; and there is drinking of wine from day to day.

One day when I was on Tom-a-chaolais, I saw a boat with a crew of men in it. Four were rowing and three were baling ; in the prow was a woman with hair unbound ; in the stern was another sadly crying, with a little child in a fold of her clothing. I asked of her what was the cause. She answered it was easy to find : her three sons in the sea unfound, and her four brothers side by side with them.

One day when I went to the milk-cows' fold, three men I saw who passed me by. They were wrapped in plaids of green. I thought they must be gentlemen's sons, but they were only common loons.

I followed them to the cavern's door, and there within my brothers were soundly sleeping. They had assailed them with hard spells, and that made me, pouring out my blood from cold wounds, and using my palms for cups to catch it, an object for pity.

DR JOSEPH ANDERSON ON THE SEURLUS BALLAD.

WE have great pleasure in giving the following letter on the Seurlus ballad, from Dr Anderson, keeper of the National Museum, Royal Institution of Antiquities, Edinburgh :—

SIR,—The curious ballad, “Seurlus of Dovre,” printed in the last number of the *Highland Monthly*, appears to be (as you have clearly shown) of Norse origin, and of the Viking time. I take it to be a Celtic version of the lost ballad of “Sorli the Lover,” now known to literature only from an allusion to it in that extraordinary composition, titled by Dr Vigfusson, *Malshatta Kvaedi*, or “The Proverb-Poem,” which is found in the Codex Regius following the *Jomsvinga Drapa*, or “Lay of the Jomsburg Vikings,” and is ascribed to the same author, Biarni Kolbeinson, Bishop of Orkney from 1188 to 1223. In this proverb-poem the author has strung together the proverbial philosophy of his day, the portion preserved containing about one hundred and twenty proverbs. The allusion to Sorli the Lover is one of many references to well-known incidents in popular song and story, which are interwoven with the woof of saws and proverbs forming the ground-work of the poem—such as, “Biarki had a steadfast heart,” “Bronting slept to death at last,” “Thiazi spoke gold,” &c. Apart from the coincidence of the name, the references to the sea which are conjoined with the statement of Sorli’s dying of a broken heart (to which all the other incidents of the Seurlus ballad lead up), appear to me to leave little doubt of the identification. The saw-man says :—

“Never try to match the sea ;
Sorli broke his heart for love ;
Sometimes the sea will moan in a calm.”

It is curious, too, that the proverb-poem has a refrain which has reference to a similar instance of the bewitchment of a King of Lochlann, Harald Fairhair, by the Finnish enchantress, who made

him love her so passionately that he forgot his kingdom and all that belonged to his dignity :—

“The wise man seldom goes astray,
Yet the Fin-woman could craze Harald,
She seemed to him as bright as the sun,
So is it with many a man now.”

But there seems to be a motive in the story of Seurlus which one would scarcely expect to find in the original ballad of “Sorli the Lover.” The place which the King of Lochlann and his son Seurlus had chosen for their hunt has a Gaelic name—Leitir-ini; and “’twas then young Oscar spoke—‘Now, King of Lochlann’s son, what share is mine in the small forest glen?’” They had committed the high offence of hunting on the territory of the Feinne, and it is for this that the punishment falls on young Seurlus, through the enchantments of Oscar’s daughter. He sits down to rest on a “fairy hillock,” and she “lets loose on him the fairy spells,” and completes the enchantment by placing on his finger her ring, with its nine set stones of power. When he awakes, and looks upon this ring, he sees the enchantress far out upon the sea, and plunges in to swim after her, “following the spell laid upon him.” All this, with the counter-charm of the druidic ball, is thoroughly Celtic, and belongs, doubtless, to the recension of the ballad.

J. ANDERSON.

CASTLE GIRNIGOE AND THE SINCLAIRS OF RATTER.

BY MR KENNETH MACDONALD, TOWN-CLERK OF INVERNESS.

THE Bay of Wick is not a comfortable place in a gale, and when shortly after midnight the wind began to rise and the sea to come hurtling in from the south-east, we lost no time in turning out of our warm berths, getting up anchor, and running out to sea. As the tide rose the wind increased, and having got well off the land we made everything snug, and waited for daylight, the Noss Head light meanwhile shedding a bright ray over the dark and stormy waters of the North Sea. At break of day we ran into Sinclair Bay, and dropped anchor almost under the ruins of Girnigoe Castle, well sheltered by the rocky promontory on which they stand from the gale and the tumbling seas outside.

Not much now remains of Girnigoe, but although its building dates back at least a century before the addition to it called Castle Sinclair, more remains of the older than of the more recent building. The exigencies of the life of an Earl of Caithness in the end of the fifteenth century, when the Keep of Castle Girnigoe was probably built, necessitated more substantial masonry than would be thought requisite in the middle of the seventeenth, when Castle Sinclair was added on to its landward side. While enough, therefore, remains of Girnigoe to make its reconstruction architecturally possible, scarcely a trace of Castle Sinclair remains. But, fortunately, it is that of which a substantial ruin remains that is historically interesting. Built on a rocky headland, the perpendicular walls of which are washed on one side by the waters of the North Sea and Sinclair Bay, and on the other by those of a

narrow *Goe*, at the bottom of the deep sheer walls of which the sea waves moan and roar as with a distant echo of the stormy Pentland a few miles away ; flanked on one side by a broad and deep ditch, its Keep separated from the entrance by a moat, cutting the promontory on which the Castle stood in two, and protected by vaulted passage draw-bridge and portcullis, Girnigoe Castle was in its time a Hold of no mean strength. Here was enacted in the sixteenth century the tragedy with which the history of the Sinclairs of Ratter may be said to commence, a history which was closed with another tragedy two hundred years later.

The Sinclairs of Ratter were descended from the third son of John, Master of Caithness, sometimes called Lord Berriedale, eldest son of George, the fourth Earl of Caithness of the Sinclair line. Earl George succeeded his father, who was killed at the Battle of Summerdale, in Orkney, in 1529, and from then till his death, fifty-three years afterwards, he was a prominent figure in Scottish history, and the most prominent one in the history of the North of Scotland. In 1544 he took the Castle of Scrabster on the pretence that he was to occupy it for the Bishop of Caithness, but, having obtained possession, he refused to give it up. For this and other misdeeds he was summoned to meet Queen Mary at Inverness in 1555, and, on his appearance, was committed to prison, first in Inverness, then in Aberdeen, and finally in Edinburgh ; but having made his submission, or appeased outraged royalty with a money payment, he was set at liberty. In the events which followed Mary's marriage to Darnley Caithness took a prominent part. On the night of the murder of Rizzio, he, along with the Earls of Huntly, Bothwell, and Sutherland attacked the Earl of Morton and his followers, who occupied the court-yard of Holyrood Palace, and attempted to rescue the Queen. On the escape of the Queen to Dunbar two days afterwards, she was followed by Caithness, whom she rewarded for his services

by appointing him Justiciary of the North of Scotland, his Commission, which extended over all Sutherland and Caithness, including power to banish and kill and to pardon any crime but treason. The enormous power thus conferred upon the Earl was used, as such power almost always was, oppressively, and for private and personal, and not for public ends. From the date of his Commission of Justiciary till his death, a period of over sixteen years, the history of Earl Caithness is one long record of misuse and abuse of judicial power. But this was not the darkest side of the Earl of Caithness' character. Ambitious, avaricious, venal, unprincipled, and vindictive, his evil deeds might well have been forgotten with the lapse of centuries, and his name only remain on the page of history, but his name and fame are darkened with the foul stain of murder; and, while he is remembered in history, he will be execrated as the perpetrator of a murder so unnatural as to disgrace the most savage people and time. Whether he was, as his cousin, Isobel Sinclair, the actual murderess declared, the instigator of the poisoning of the Earl and Countess of Sutherland, will never be known. All we know of that transaction is that, on the death of the Earl and Countess, the Earl of Caithness, as Justiciary, seized and punished a number of people on whom no breath of suspicion rested, and allowed his own relative, whose guilt was manifest, to escape; and that Isobel Sinclair, who was tried in Edinburgh and convicted of the double murder, but who died on the day fixed for her execution, accused her cousin, the Earl of Caithness, of having instigated the murder, and, according to Sir Robert Gordon, she "cursed him all the time of her illness and even until the hour of her death." Perhaps, too, the barbarous time in which he lived may palliate the crime of executing the hostages taken by his son from the Murrays of Dornoch, when, in 1569, he and his followers burned Dornoch Cathedral, where the Murrays had taken refuge. But neither the rude and barbarous time and country, nor anything which history

or tradition has told of the relations between father and son, will explain away the foul and unnatural murder by George of his son John, Master of Caithness.

It is difficult to say what was the cause of the rupture between father and son. In 1545 the Master of Caithness was infeft in the Earldom of Caithness on a Crown Charter, following on his father's Resignation, the latter reserving his liferent only. At that time, therefore, it is manifest the relations between father and son were cordial enough. Twenty-five years later, the expedition against the Murrays was conducted by the Master; and after burning the Cathedral of Dornoch, in which they had taken refuge—a sacrilege to which Sir Robert Gordon attributes his subsequent misfortunes—he entered into a treaty with the Murrays, and took three members of their leading families as hostages. His father refused to ratify the treaty, and caused the hostages to be executed. This piece of barbarity and perfidy the Master expressed his disapproval of, and it would appear to have led to a quarrel between father and son, for the latter retired to Strathnaver with his own and his father's friend and ally, Y Mackay of Farr. After a time the Earl's suspicious nature was aroused by reports that his son and Mackay were conspiring against him, and, professing to be very anxious for a reconciliation, he invited the former to return to Girnigoe. The Master knew his father well enough to distrust his professions, but Mackay prevailed on him to meet his father, and offered to accompany him. They accordingly proceeded to Girnigoe without escort, and, on their arrival, were met by the Earl. On entering the Castle, Mackay's suspicions were aroused by seeing an unusual number of armed men about, and, suddenly wheeling his horse, he made his escape before the draw-bridge was raised. The Master was, however, seized, put in irons, and consigned to a dungeon in the Castle. Mackay, who, although a man of somewhat turbulent disposition, was a warm-hearted and true friend, did not long survive his escape, for he died within a few months—the

disastrous result of his advice to his friend, the Master having preyed on him to such an extent as to accelerate, if not cause, his death.

The Master of Caithness was never again to set foot outside of Girnigoe Castle. What the prison chamber of Girnigoe was we may faintly picture when we remember that its best rooms were probably inferior to a prison cell of to-day : A small vaulted chamber, without light or heat, and echoing day and night the dull roar of the bleak North Sea as it surged between the perpendicular walls of the *Goe* beneath the Castle walls. Loaded with irons, encompassed with walls of masonry which he could not hope to pierce, watched by no less than three jailors, each watching the other, and all in the service of an unprincipled ruffian holding the power of life and death, could any hope of deliverance have sustained this man in his dungeon from year to year? If so it must have been a slender one. Yet his sufferings did at last touch the heart of one of his jailors—a man whose hand was already stained with murder—and he agreed to aid him in an attempt to escape. How the plot leaked out is not known, but it came to the knowledge of William Sinclair, the Earl's second son, and was conveyed by him to his father, who promptly hanged the unfaithful jailor. The Master does not appear to have been without means of learning what went on within the Castle, and he was soon told of the ill service his brother had done him. Now it would seem as if hope had finally left him, for his next act was one of despair. On the first occasion of his brother visiting him in his cell, he managed, manacled though he was, to seize and strangle him according to one writer, or, if Sir Robert Gordon's authority is to be accepted, "to invade him," so that he died within eight days. How long the Master was allowed to survive this event does not appear. Probably not long. We are told that his father and jailors got tired of their charge, and in March, 1576, after his imprisonment had lasted six years, he died in the dungeon of Girnigoe Castle of starvation.

John had married Jean, daughter of Patrick, Earl of Bothwell, and widow of John Stewart, prior of Coldingham, natural son of King James the V., by whom he had three sons—(1) George, who became 5th Earl of Caithness on the death of his grandfather. He was known in his time as “the wicked Earl George,” and one of his earliest acts on succeeding to the Earldom was to murder with his own hands, and in cold blood, the two surviving jailors of his father. (2) Sir John Sinclair of Myrtle; and (3) Sir John Sinclair of Greenland and Ratter.

With the last named only and his descendants does our story now concern itself. From the time Earl George imprisoned his son misfortune seemed ever to haunt the unfortunate house of Sinclair—the family estates became overwhelmed with debt, it seemed to have become hereditary, as Sir Robert Gordon said, for father and son to be at variance, and so bad had the family's prospects come to look when Gordon wrote, that he spoke of the house and Earldom of Caithness as near “utter ruin,” and “likely to vanish and fall from the surname of Sinclair,” an event which really happened about fifty years after Gordon wrote, when, on the death of the 6th Earl, also a George, the greatgrandson and immediate successor of “the wicked Earl,” both title and estates were claimed, the title assumed, and the estates taken possession of by Campbell of Glenorchy, in virtue of a conveyance by Earl George, who died childless, in his favour. The title was ultimately given up by Glenorchy, and the claim of Sinclair of Keiss, the next heir of the late Earl, conceded, but he succeeded to little more than the honour of representing an ancient house—an experience more than once repeated since then in the history of the Earldom of Caithness, and repeated once more in the last days of May, in this year of Grace 1889.

The Sinclairs of Ratter were not free from the persistent misfortune of the family. Sir John Sinclair, first of Greenland and Ratter, was probably a child when his father was imprisoned in Girnigoe. He had not much kindness

to look for under the roof where his father was a prisoner, and his youth was spent with the Clan Gunn, by whom he was fostered, and whose strong friend he remained until his death, which occurred in 1622. We learn little of him in history. His name appears now and then in connection with one or more of his relatives in accounts of the transactions of the time, but only once is anything told which gives a glimpse of the man's personality. Caithness and Sutherland were at one time found flooded with counterfeit coin, and the manufacture was, with some degree of certainty, traced to a man named Smith, who had for a long time been accommodated in a secret chamber in Girnigoe Castle, where he worked under the protection, and for the benefit of Earl George—the “wicked” Earl. On leaving the Castle he went to live in Thurso, and while there the charge of coining was formally made against him, and the King issued a commission to Sir Robert Gordon, John Gordon of Embo, and Duncan Mackay, to apprehend Smith and bring him to Edinburgh for trial. The two latter proceeded to Thurso with a body of Sutherland men, and secured their prisoner, in whose house they found a quantity of base coin. The jealousy of Sutherland influence, then so strong in Caithness, led to an attempt to rescue Smith, who was killed by his captors to prevent his escape, and in course of the melee John Sinclair, younger of Stirkoke, a nephew of the Earl of Caithness, was killed, and James Sinclair, brother of the Laird of Dunn, another relative of the Earl, severely wounded. At the end of the fray Sir John Sinclair of Ratter, and the Laird of Dunn, arrived on the scene, and the latter was for resuming the fight. This the Laird of Ratter, looking to what had already happened, and the hazard attending such a proceeding, opposed, and the Sutherland men retired. Sir John of Ratter appears to have been an amiable and popular, as well as a judicious man, and Gordon relates that his advice was much relied on by his nephew Lord Berriedale, a young nobleman of great promise, who, unfortunately, predeceased his father, Earl George.

Sir John Sinclair obtained a charter of the lands of Ratter from his brother, the Earl, in 1609, and in 1613 the Earl disposed the lands to John in life-rent, and his eldest son, whom failing, his four younger sons in succession in fee. From the fact that Alexander, John's second son, obtained a Precept of Clare Constat as heir of his elder brother William in 1618, it would appear that John was predeceased by his eldest son. Within a year, John's second son followed his father to the grave, and the succession to the lands of Ratter was taken up by the third son, John (2). John survived his succession about ten years, but he never seems to have completed his title to the lands, for when his brother James, who succeeded him, made up a title, he did so as heir of Alexander, passing over his immediate predecessor John. It appears probable that this John was the author of the pecuniary embarrassments of the family. In 1632 he and his brother James granted a wadset in favour of Sir William Sinclair of Cadboll, at whose instance the lands of Ratter were appraised four years later. A letter of reversion of the appraising was all James Sinclair was able to convey to his eldest son William in 1636, but a few years later—in 1642—when William married the daughter of John Sinclair of Ulbster, he obtained, probably by means of his wife's dowry, a charter from his father and from Sir William Sinclair as appriser, of the lands of Easter Greenland, in favour of himself and his wife. It was not until 1661 that William Sinclair made up a title to the lands of Ratter; yet, in 1650, he conveyed these lands to John, his eldest son, who would then be about seven years of age. Although the conveyance was of the *lands*, the whole right at this time of the titular owner was to the reversion of the appraising, and it was not till 1680 that he obtained anything more.

With John Sinclair of Ratter, who succeeded his father William some time after 4th May, 1663, commences the romance of the Sinclairs of Ratter. For a time it looked as if John was to retrieve the finances of the family, for in

1680 he succeeded in getting rid of the apprising of the lands of Ratter, led by Sir William Sinclair in 1636, but the persistent ill-luck of his family pursued him. In 1692 a decree of spuilzie, for £2000 Scots, was obtained by Neil MacLeod of Assynt, the betrayer of Montrose, against him and Sir James Sinclair of Mey, Murdo Mackenzie of Ardross, Kenneth Mackenzie of Davochmaluag, John Sinclair of Dunbeath, Alexander Graham of Drynie, Alexander Sinclair, notary in Thurso, and about twenty-five others, all of whom were denounced rebels, and put to the horn for non-payment of the debt in 1695. It would be interesting to know what the raid on the Laird of Assynt's lands was, in which so many prominent persons took part, but little more than a guess can be hazarded. From the time of the Restoration until his death, Neil Macleod of Assynt was under a cloud, and was harassed by his enemies and creditors until he was stripped of all he possessed. From the presence of the Mackenzies of Ardross and Davochmaluag, we may assume that the raid was one of those which ended in the lands of Assynt passing into the possession of the Mackenzies, who appear to have been collecting the Assynt rents in 1690. The fact that Macleod of Assynt had been befriended by the Earl of Sutherland would ensure the Mackenzies the assistance of the Caithness Sinclairs. But probably that inducement was not necessary. After the Restoration the laird of Assynt had few friends in the State, and this alone was a temptation well-nigh irresistible to the lawless spirits of the north. Anyhow, the raid took place; became the subject of a Court of Session process; and on 2nd May, 1704, the unfortunate Laird of Ratter was brought from Dornoch, in the custody of a Messenger-at-Arms, and imprisoned in the Tolbooth of Inverness for non-payment of the sum decerned for.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE OLD CHURCH AND CHURCHYARD OF KINGUSSIE (ST. COLUMBA'S).

II.

4. HEADSTONE.

Eⁿ M^cPherson of Lynwilg, also Mary M^cPherson. Died 1830.

I have not been able to trace that Lynwilg was ever possessed in heritage by any of the Macphersons, or to what family this Evan Macpherson belonged. He may possibly have been one of the Macphersons of Ballourie or of Pitourie—said to have been, in their day, the handsomest men of the clan. There is a lament for one of them given in the *Duanaire*, by the late Donald Macpherson of the Advocate's Library in Edinburgh.

5. HEADSTONE.

To the memory of James M^cPherson, late Tacksman of Crubenbeg, who died 28th April, 1804. Aged 76.

A son of this James Macpherson was the late Captain Lachlan Macpherson, Biallid—long popularly called “Old Biallid”—so widely known and honoured far beyond the limits of that district, and whose name is ever mentioned with pride by every native of Badenoch. Another son (Andrew) also held a commission in the army, and latterly acted for many years as factor for the Marquis of Huntly at Huntly, where some of his descendants still reside. “Old Biallid's” remains are interred in the new churchyard.

6. HEADSTONE.

Here lie the remains of Duncan M^cPherson, who died at Crubenbeg, 25 April, 1817. Aged 38.

7. HEADSTONE.

Here lie the remains of J^{as}. M^cPherson, son to Jno. M^cPherson in Crubenbeg, who died 23rd May, 1818. Aged 18.

The *Duncan* mentioned in No. 6, and the *John* mentioned in No. 7, were also sons of James Macpherson, Crubenbeg, and brothers of "Old Biallid."

8. FLATSTONE.

Sacred to the memory of Finlay M'Pherson, Glenbanchor. Died 1825.

A representative of the *old* Macphersons of Biallid—strictly so called.

9. HEADSTONE.

To the memory of James M'Pherson, late in Dalanach, who departed this life 28th July, 1830. Aged 59 years. This last tribute is erected here by their Sons Alexander, Malcolm, Hugh, and James.

On the back of the stone there are the words—

Arise, ye Dead, and come to judgment.

The James Macpherson, mentioned in this inscription as having died in 1830, was married to an aunt of Mr Duncan Macpherson, the venerable "Old Banker," now in his ninetieth year, who, we all hope, may still be long spared to us. Old as he now is, his memory is as fresh as ever. Only the other evening he related to me incidents and events occurring from fifty to eighty years ago, connected with the lives of many who sleep their "last sleep" in the old churchyard, as vividly as if these had happened the previous day.

10. HEADSTONE

Erected to the memory of Lieut. John M'Pherson, of the 78th Regiment, who died at Blaragie, Laggan, on the 19th Sept^r, 1815. Aged 88 years. Also his Relict, Jane M'Pherson, Daughter of John M'Pherson of Invernahaven, who died 17th August, 1828. Aged 75.

A nephew of this Lieut. Macpherson was *Seorsa Mor Dail-fheannaich* (Big George of Dalanach), so well known to the boys of Kingussie thirty or forty years ago. Of a good family, and usually—giant as he was—one of the quietest and gentlest of men, George, when he met any of his old acquaintances at *Feill Chalum-Chille* (St Columba's

Fair), or at any other public gatherings, was prone to indulge—like many other worthy Highlanders—in more than was good for him. As true-hearted a Macpherson as ever trod the heather, George could not, in his elevated moments, brook the imputation on the courage of the clan contained in the *canard*, originated by some wag of the time, to the effect that on their way to Culloden in “the ’45” they had tarried so long at Corrybrough taking *brochan* (Anglice, gruel) as to be too late to take part in the battle. The Kingussie *imps* of the time soon came to know George’s weakness in this respect, and took great delight, when they considered themselves at a safe distance, in rousing his ire by shouting in their native vernacular, *Clann Mhuirich a’ Bhrochain! Clann Mhuirich a’ Bhrochain!* (Macphersons of the *Brochan*, Macphersons of the *Brochan*). Woe betide any of these *imps* on whom George, while his indignation was at fever heat, could lay his hands! When he cooled down a bit, and his wrath became somewhat appeased, he would pathetically exclaim, *Mo thruaighe, mo thruaighe mise, gu ’n deach brochan a’ dheanamh riamh!* (Pity, pity me, that *Brochan* was ever made!) Poor old George now quietly sleeps here with his fathers in the old churchyard. Peace be to his memory!

II. FLATSTONE (OPPOSITE No 10).

AMP . IMP . HEIR . LYES . TE . BODY . OF . IAMES . M^cPERSON .
SON . TO . ALEXANDER . M^cPERSON . YOUNGER . OF . INVERHAVEN .
WHO . DEPARTED . THIS . LIFE . TE . FIRST . DAY . OF . NOVEMBER .
1705 . YEARS . & . OF . HIS . AGE . 13 . YEARS .

It is disappointing that this is the oldest inscription hitherto found in the churchyard. The Macphersons of Invernahaven were of a very old family in the district.

12. HEADSTONE.

Here lyeth John M^cPherson, son to John M^cPherson of Knappach, Barrackmaster at Ruthven, and Ann Macpherson, his spouse, who departed this life June 1746, in the 5th year of his age.

13. FLATSTONE.

Here lyeth Jean M^cPherson, daughter to John M^cPherson of Knappach, Barrackmaster at Ruthven, and Ann M^cPherson, his

spouse, who departed this life March, 1745, in the 15th year of her age.

The John Macpherson of Knappach mentioned in Nos. 12 and 13 was of the Macphersons of Invereshie (now represented by Sir George Macpherson-Grant, Bart.), and was for some years the ruling elder of the Church of Kingussie, of which the Rev. Mr Blair was at the time minister. This John Macpherson died 17th January, 1754.

14. FLATSTONE.

Here lyeth the body of Donald M^cPherson of Culenlean, who departed this life the 26th day of Sep^r, 1742. Aged 56 years.

This Donald Macpherson was of the house of Nuide, and was also one of Mr Blair's elders. In the old Session Records of Kingussie, I find his name frequently mentioned. On one occasion a complaint was brought before the Session by an alien settler at Ruthven against his Highland Janet, on the alleged ground that she had—very probably from incompatibility of temper—failed “to do him ye duties of a married wife,” and it was remitted to Mr Blair and “Culenlean” to do what they could in the way of pouring oil upon the troubled waters. Here is the minute of the Kirk-Session on the subject, of date 25th September, 1726:—

“This day, Donald Rotson, in Ruthven, compeared before the Session, and gave in a complaint before the Session against Janet Grant, his married wife, showing y^e said Janet hath deserted him sometime ago, and that he cannot prevail with her to return to him, or to do him ye duties of a married wife, and entreats the Session would summond her before them, and prevail with her to be reconciled to him, or els give a reason why she will not. The Session considering y^e course that said Janet has taken is a manifest perjury and breach of her marriage vows, and yrfor is ground of scandal and offence, do appoint her to be summoned to next Session: meantime that the Minister and Donald M^cPherson of Culenlean converse with her yr anent and make report.

It is subsequently recorded that the rebellious Janet was ultimately persuaded by the minister and “Culenlean” to return to her disconsolate Donald. Alas, however, for

the vanity of Donald's wishes ! Nearly six years later the long-suffering mortal appeared before the Session, and gave in a petition, showing that the faithless Janet had "deserted him these five years past, not knowing qr she is." Poor Donald's patience had apparently become quite exhausted, and he beseeches the Session "that he might have liberty to marry anoyr." The Session considered the case of such an intricate nature, that we are told they referred the matter to the Presbytery of the bounds ; but I have been unable to trace whether Donald subsequently obtained the "liberty" he so ardently desired.

The following extract from *The Scots Magazine* for May, 1746, indicates to some extent the success attending the efforts of a subsequent "Donald M'Pherson of Culenlean," along with Mr Blair and John Macpherson of Banchor (another of Mr Blair's Elders), as peacemakers after the battle of Culloden, on behalf of some of their unfortunate countrymen :—

Brigadier Mordaunt, with the Royal Pultneys and Sempils Battalions, and six pieces of cannon, arrived at Perth from Inverness by the Hill Road, and met with no disturbance in their march. They burnt some rebels' houses and non-jurants' meeting-houses in the way. Several people of the Parish of Kingussie in Badenoch, who had been seduced and compelled by the rebels to join them, went to Blair in Athole, conducted by Mr William Blair their Minister, John Macpherson of Bencher, and Donald Macpherson of Culenlean, and delivered up their arms to Brig. Mordaunt, submitting themselves to the King's mercy. They were all permitted to return home peaceably.

In the spring of last year the Culenlean grave was opened to receive all that was mortal of another Donald Macpherson—long so well long in the district by the cognomen of *An Gobhainn Caitir*, whose father, *Am Fidhleir Ban* (the fair-haired fiddler), was a son of the Donald of Culenlean who figured in "the '45." At the time of his death last year, our friend, the last Donald, had attained the advanced age of eighty-four years. Many of us will long vividly remember his familiar figure (wrapped in his

Highland plaid), sitting so patiently Sabbath after Sabbath on the pulpit stair, down to within a short time of his death, and listening with such rapt attention to the gospel message.

Donald was somewhat of a character in his way. While living at Ralia, the Rev. Mr Barclay of St Cuthbert's Church (now of Montreal), who officiated with so much acceptance in the Parish Church of Kingussie for two or three successive summers, was greatly interested in Donald and his quaint remarks. On one occasion Mr Barclay expressed his deep regret that he could not go among the people and talk to them like Donald in their native tongue. "Indeed, it's a great pity, Mr Barclay," Donald naively replied, "that you cannot do so; but, you see, *God has not gifted you and me alike.*" Donald had rather a chequered history; and industrious as he had been in his prime, he was obliged, from the force of circumstances, in his declining years—much to his regret—to accept from others the wherewithal to meet his modest wants. And yet, dependant as he latterly was upon such relief for the barest necessities of life, he made a point of saving a mite week after week for the missionary work of the Church. Shortly before his death, Donald sent me for this purpose the sum of 2s 2d, carefully wrapped up in paper. I had great hesitation in taking the money from him, but he insisted. I then asked him why he had made his contribution such an odd sum as 2s 2d. "Well, you see," he replied, "I just counted up what a halfpenny for every Sabbath of the year would come to, saved one from week to week, and there's the money!" In this respect, at least, may it not be said of poor old Donald that—like the widow we read of in Holy Writ—he "cast into the treasury" all that he had?

15. HEADSTONE.

Sacred to the memory of Lachlan Macpherson, Esq. of Ralia, long a Magistrate and Deputy-Lieutenant of Inverness-shire. He was a man who feared God and honoured the King, and, like a true Highlander, was devoted to his Chief. Distinguished for

honesty in all his transactions, and beloved by the Poor and distressed as their sympathising and generous friend. He died June 10th, 1813, at the age of 87, revered by his family and respected by all who knew him. Also to the memory of his Spouse Grace, Eldest daughter of Andrew Macpherson, Esq. of Banchor, who died May 5th, 1793; their son John, who died in infancy: their daughter Harriet, who died March 12th, 1825, aged 34 years. This Stone is erected by Major Duncan Macpherson, Falls of Truim, the last surviving son of the family.

Of this Lachlan Macpherson it is said that on one occasion, when paying a casual visit to his neighbours, the Macphersons of Banchor, a child was lying in the cradle. The attention of the goodwife of Banchor having in the course of "*Ralia's*" *Cèilidh* been taken up with some other household duties, she exclaimed—*Fulaig a' chreadhail, a Lachluinn; theagamh gu'm bi a' chaileag bheag sin na bean agad fhathast.* (Rock the cradle for me, Lachlan; that little girlie may yet be your wife.) "*Fulaigidh mi a' chreadhail gu dearbh*"—arsa fear an Raléith—"ach tha eagal orm gu bheil mi tuilleadh a's sean, ma phòsas mi am feasd, gu feithcamh cho fada air son mnatha." (I'll certainly rock the cradle for you, replied Ralia, but I fear I am already too old—if I ever get married at all—to wait so long for a wife). But moved probably by the bewitching smile with which the sweet little "Grace" no doubt rewarded his "rocking" labours, when she awoke out of her refreshing sleep, wait for her he actually did. When the marriage took place, "Ralia" had entered his 53rd year, while "Grace" had then attained only the age of 16. Unlike the similar union of youth and age in the case of the Lochaber hunter, the marriage—although it endured only for the short period of 14 years—appears to have proved a very happy one. "Ralia" survived his wife for about twenty years, but both now sleep peacefully here together in the one grave "until the day breaks and the shadows flee away."

The famous Mrs Grant of Laggan, in a letter to a friend in 1793, shortly after the death of Mrs Macpherson of Ralia, writes as follows:—

“Your arrival will, I am sure, greatly revive Charlotte, who has mourned immoderately for the great loss we have all sustained in Mrs Macpherson of Ralia.”

In a footnote in Mrs Grant's *Letters from the Mountains*—the first edition of which was published in 1806—it is stated regarding Mrs Macpherson that “this lady was married to a near relation and intimate friend of the minister of Laggan. She was distinguished for beauty and understanding, and died about her thirtieth year, on the birth of her youngest son, leaving eleven children to lament her irreparable loss.” Two of the daughters (Charlotte and Jane), who were greatly respected in Badenoch, sadly perished about twenty-two years ago in the accidental burning, during the dead of night, of their house at the Falls of Truim, to the universal regret of all classes throughout the district. Only two of the eleven children got married, namely, Major Duncan Macpherson of the 42nd Regiment (latterly Collector of Customs in Inverness), to Miss Sheriff of Inverness; and Major Evan Macpherson of the 42nd Madras Native Infantry (latterly of Glentruim), to Miss Birrell, a niece of Sir James Ramsay of Balmain. The present proprietor of the estate of Glentruim (Colonel Lachlan Macpherson) is a son of the above-named Major Evan Macpherson, and a grandson of Lachlan Macpherson of Ralia.

16. FLATSTONE.

Here lyes ye body of Alex^r M^cPherson in PITMEAN, Sone to ye Deceast Malcolm M^cPherson in Glengoyrack, VHO . WAS . SONE . to Malcolm M^cPherson of Ardbrylach, VHO . DEP^R . THIS . LIFE . YE . 15th . DAY . OF . APRYL . 1720 . AND . YE . 56th . YEAR . OF AGE.

This Malcolm Macpherson of Ardbrylach was in 1725 one of Mr Blair's elders. The fact that one of the Malcolm's mentioned in the inscription is designed as “in Glengoyrack” indicates that the numerous houses at the top of the Glen, of which the ruins still exist, were inhabited in his lifetime, and probably for a number of years later.

No dwelling-houses of any kind apparently existed or were built on the site of the present *village* of Kingussie until the sixth or seventh decade of last century.

A. MACPHERSON.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

NOTE.—Since the first paper was published in the *Celtic Magazine*, December, 1887, I have gratefully to acknowledge subscriptions in aid of the fund for the improvement of the churchyard from Mrs Blair, Polwarth Terrace, Edinburgh; Mr Robert Brand, Hebron Bank, Edinburgh; Mrs Curtis, Morningside Park, Edinburgh; Miss M'Bain, Meadowside, Kincaig; Mrs Joseph M'Gregor, Glasgow; L. A. Macpherson of Corriemoney; Mrs Macpherson, Alexanderville, Kingussie; Mr Kenneth Macrae, Edinburgh; and Colonel Rintoul, London, to the extent in all of £8 13s. I regret that the name of Major J. Pennington Macpherson, Ottawa, was inadvertently omitted from the Canadian list of subscriptions given in the first paper. To meet the cost of the proposed tablet in what remains of the wall of the old church, and effect some other desirable improvements, a sum of about £15 sterling is still required. Let me express the earnest hope that this sum will yet be subscribed.

A. M.

LITIR.

[DO'N MHIOSAICHE GHÀIDHEALACH].

MO CHARAID IONMHUINN,—Air a cheud dol a mach, tha agam ri innseadh dhut nach 'eil mi leth thoilichte leis an doigh 's an do chuir thu an litir mo dheireadh a chuir mi g'ad ionnsuidh o mheasg an fhraoich. Tha moran do mhearachdan innte nach do sgrìobh mise riamh, agus tha mi a fagail na coire air na clodh-bhualadairean, dream aig nach 'eil 's e mo mhor bharaill, facal Gàidhlig nan cinn. Feucham fein an cuir thu an duilleag so thugam an toiseach g'a cur ceart mu'n teid i a mach a dh'ionnsuidh an t-saoghail. Tha mi toilcach na briathran a dheanamh ceart, a chum 's nach bi sinn air ar tamailteachadh ann an suilean ar luchd-duthcha.

Racham a nis air m' aghaidh gu sgeul a thoirt air cìod a thachair dhomh o na sgrìobh mi roimhid mo sgeul do 'n Mhiosaiche. 'Nuair a thainig a' Bhealltuinn, chunnacas iomchuidh sgrìob a thoirt do bhaile Dhuin Eidinn, a dh'fheuchainn cìod a bha ri fhaicinn an sin. Tha fios aig an t-saoghal gur h-e sin an t-am 's am bi a chleir a cruinneachadh a stigh do 'n bhaile mhor, coltach ris na rocuis ag itealach gus na nid anns na craobhan uinnsinn. Creididh mi gu dearbh nach 'eil e gle fhurasda dhaibh cul a chur ris an duthaich aig a leithid do am. Thainig an Ceitein, 's tha an talamh air tighinn beo a ris, an deigh cadal a Gheamhraidh. Tha na raointean air fas gorm, agus tha ceol a tighinn o gheugan na coille, co binn 's gun saoilleadh duine gu'n robh na h-ainglean a' cur failte air an t-saoghal. Ach coma co dhiubh, thig am do 'n Ard-Sheanadh a bhi a suidhe, agus is eigin do luchd nan dubh chotaichean triall do'n ionad orduichte. Mar a b' abhaist do na fineachan eirigh 'nuair a thigeadh a Chrois Taraidh 'n am measg, 's ionann 's mar a theid na ministerean an ceann a cheile aig an am 's an coir Parlamaid nan Eaglaisean suidhe. Air dhomh a bhi am shuidhe ann an carbad an rathaid iarainn,

thug mi an aire gu'n robh treud mhor do luchd-teagaisg na Gaidhealtachd a' gabhail an turuise air an aon shlighe rium fein. Theagamh gu'n robh an sgaoth ni 'bu domhalla na bha i aig am so an uiridh, do bhrigh 's gu'n do shuidh an Eaglais Shaor ann am baile mor na h-Alba, an aite dol do Ionmhar Nise, mar a rinn i a bhliadhna gus an am so. Ciamar 'sam bith a bha sin, rainig sinn crìoch ar turuis mo dheireadh. Mo 's e 's gun ruig each mall muillionn, is mor is luaithe a ruigeas luchd-turuis ceann na slighe, 'nuair a bhios an t-each iaruin g' an tarruinn. Bha daoine air fas sgith, 's cha bu luaithe a luidh sinn na thainig cadal air ar suil, agus chaidil sinn co trom 's ged robh sinn 'n ar suain am measg nam beann, le toirm nan eas g' ar cur gu fois.

Thainig a mhaduinn, 's bu mhithich dol a mach a dh' fhaicinn cìod ris an robh an saoghal coltach. Bu chiatach an aimsir a bh' ann da rìreadh. Their daoine le fanoid, nach robh tide mhath ann riamh, far am biodh na ministeirean cruinn. Ach ged a chaidh na seoladairean a sharuchadh 'nuair a bha am faidhe frionasach 's an luing, gus an deachaidh a thilgeil a mach gu beul an eisg, bha seoladairean eile ann a chaidh a thearnadh o'n chuan, do bhrigh 's gu'n robh Abstol nan Cinneach air bord maille riu. Uime sin, bu mhath a shoirbhich leinn aig am a chruinneachaidh. Bha a ghrian a boillsgeadh air latha fosglaidh na cuirte, mar gum biodh i a deanadh aoibhnis gu'n robh cuideachd co urramach air tighinn comhlath. Cha robh craobh anns na liosan aig Sraid a' Phrionnsa nach robh sgeadaichte le eìdìdh an t-Samhraidh, seadh agus cha robh eunlaith nan speur iad fein nan tamh, ach a seinn le ceileir binn, mar gum bu mhiann leo cuimhne a thoirt oirnn air coilltean nan gleann anns an Airde Tuath as an tainig sinn.

Cìod a their mi mo thimchioll na chaidh a labhairt anns a chomh-thional? Theagamh gun abair cuid gun robh e na mhoran iaruin air bheag faobhair, mar a dh' eirich do chlaidheamh bearnach Chloinn an Leistir aig Sliabh an t-Siorraim. Cha'n e sin a their mise co dhiubh,

's ann is coir e 'bhi air ainmeachadh nach robh cuideachd riamh cruinn anns a bhaile rioghail a b' fhearr a sheasadh, n'a rinn an t-Ard-Sheanadh air a bhliadhna so. Cha 'n 'eil math a bhi ag radh morain m' an chuis so, air eagal 's gu'n tig sinn thairis air nithean a ni aimhreit 'n ar measg.

Sgriobhaidh mi a nis dhut rann no dha a rinn seann mhinisteir Gaidhealach o aon do cileinean na h-Airde-an-Iar, 'nuair a bha e aig an Ard-Sheanadh, o cheann da fhichead bliadhna. 'S e bh'ann gu'n d' fhuair e cuireadh gu feisd mhoir, far an robh cuideachd shonruichte do phrìomh dhaoine a bhaile. Dh' iarr na h-aoidhean air an duine choir oran Gaidhlig a ghabhail, rud a bha e gle chomasach air a dheanadh. Toisichear ma ta le seann oran aig an robh am fonn a tighinn a stigh mar so, " I ho ro, I ho ro." Mo dheireadh tha coltach gu'n tug e an aire nach robh an luchd-eisdeachd a' gabhail morain suim do na rannan, agus toisich e an sin, as a cheann fein mar so :—

'S am bheil sibh sgith dheth, a mhuinntir Dhuin Eidin ?

I ho ro, I ho ro.

Mo tha, gu dearbh gun sguir mi fein dheth.

O ho ro i, na i ho ro.

Mo tha, gu dearbh gun sguir mi fein dheth.

I ho ro, I ho ro.

Cha thuig sibh facal dheth le 'r geirid.

O ho ro i, na i ho ro.

Cha thuig sibh facal dheth le 'r geirid.

I ho ro, I ho ro.

Ni 's motha na thuigeas sibh a Ghreigis.

O ho ro i, na i ho ro.

Ni 's motha na thuigeas sibh a Ghreigis.

I ho ro, I ho ro.

Ni's motha na thuigeas sibh an Eabhra.

O ho ro i, na i ho ro.

Ni 's motha na thuigeas sibh an Eabhra.

I ho ro, I ho ro.

'S cha thuig sibh idir cainnt na h-Eirinn.

O ho ro i, na i ho ro.

Thug e sin dhaibh as an cudan, 's theagamh nach robh aige ach an fhirinn. Slan leat.

AILPEIN.

A JOURNALISTIC EXPERIENCE.

IT was one of those dreamy, moonlight evenings which sometimes occur in the closing days of April, that I found myself in a certain ancient and picturesque abbey town, installed as the newly-fledged editor of the *Weekly Clipper*. The narrative of my experiences in that capacity may not be either very lively or very startling, but it will at anyrate possess some interest in so far as it presents the amusing side of country journalism. A sentence with regard to the town itself. It is a place which had its origin in the ecclesiasticism of the dark ages, and is situated in one of those beautiful valleys which the monastic brethren of the tenth and neighbouring centuries knew so well how to appropriate. The fine old ruin of the abbey commands one of the fairest pieces of country to be met with in broad Scotland; and the well-stocked rivers, the rich fields, and the romantic glades yield enjoyments and profit to the inhabitants now, as they did to the monks of old. Few things appeal to me so forcibly as pretty scenery—particularly that sylvan scenery which, as Disraeli said, never palls—and I felt quite captivated with my surroundings; but, as the old proverb says, “every heich has a howe,” and the descent in my instance was the complete shattering of the ideal I had formed *re* the vacant editorial chair.

There is only one anterior episode in my professional life which stands out so clear and well-defined in the mental retrospect. That is the momentous occasion of my first effort with the pen—a sort of literary toss up, as it now appears, which determined the future current of my energies. Poetry, of course, you say! No, *mes amis*, I did not compromise the happiness of the years of discretion by attempting verse. Being, after the manner of the great juvenile majority, a large and voracious consumer of fiction, standard and—generally—otherwise, I conceived the idea

of adding to the national supply ; and accordingly I emerged from the throes—ah, they were awful !—of composition with a little affair in three chapters, which I tremulously and anonymously directed to the kind-hearted editor of the county paper—bless it ! The suspense I endured between the disappearance of that fateful manuscript into the post office and its resurrection in printer's ink was wasting in its intensity. But the recuperating effect of that triumph ! Only those enthusiasts who have blossomed into authorship in their teens can realise the sensation which shot through me at the sight of those two and a-half columns of veritable print. The feeling is *sui generis*, isn't it ? Something runs up the spinal marrow ; the hair makes a spasmodic attempt at the perpendicular, and somehow the laws of gravitation become so relaxed that the mystery of Mahomet's coffin is for the time—while you “walk on air”—solved. These phenomena constitute what I would term—well, “the literary thrill.”

It was with novel and expectant feelings that I contemplated my first editorship. Some former acquaintance with bigger newspaper concerns, and a reverence for the literary *sanctum sanctorum*, led me to picture as the future scene of my labours a fairly-sized, airy, carpeted apartment, furnished with a small reference library, a huge writing table, and at least one comfortable chair, in which the editor, half concealed in the smoke of a fragrant cigar, could luxuriously indite those great thoughts which were to guide the political and social destinies of the community ! Alas ! for the realisation of that gratifying dream. The approach to the office was a tortuous passage leading into a back court, thence into the machine and engine room—with its heavy and ink-laden smell—for which, when the door was closed, there was only one means of ventilation, and that an aperture in the roof, in which a trap stair, leading nearly over the top of the boiler, was fixed. To my consternation I was conducted up this ventilator to my “room,” which, to my farther surprise, was nothing more

than a box, five feet square, in the corner of the type-setting apartment. For my imaginary huge table there was a small desk bracketted against the partition ; for the comfortable chair, a three-legged stool ; for the rest, four bare, green-coloured walls, strongly suggestive of arsenic and headaches. An all-pervading ancient-flavoured smell of amalgamated ink and oil accounted for the pale face of the printer's "devil," who peered over his "case" to get a glimpse of the new and crestfallen boss of the *Clipper*.

The duties of a country editor are many and varied ; in fact, he must be an all-round man, in every journalistic sense of the word, to discharge the function satisfactorily. He has to write the "leaders" on political and local subjects ; do the "scissors and paste" work, and the revising of district correspondence ; do the chief part of the reporting and paragraph collecting ; and finally see to it that printers' errors, which sometimes look so stupid or funny, do not creep into the paper. Fortunately for me, the greater part of these duties could be performed away from the ink-contaminated atmosphere of the printing-house. Many a leading article was written in an obscure breezy knoll overlooking the burn which gave so much freshness to the valley ; but that was subsequent to my first experience, astride the three-legged stool, on a publication night. In order to catch the latest phase of local politics—a General Election was pending—I had postponed the writing of one of my "leaders" till between nine and ten o'clock, when the first two pages of the *Clipper* went to press. It was a "hot ane," as I was told next morning. Had it been calmly phrased that "leader" would have been more remarkable than it happened to be, for it was conceived in an atmosphere saturated with steam, and containing at least 80 degrees of heat, to the sound of the crankiest engine ever invented by man, and the noisiest printing machine, I venture to say, which ever produced a British newspaper. I had scarcely finished the first paragraph, when the boiler, situated almost underneath, began to give off steam in a

manner which suggested a distant earthquake and a near possibility of explosion; then the engineman and his apprentice, after infinite labour, succeeded in getting the loosely-jointed engine to give a wheeze, a grunt, and a bang, and finally to bolt off at a pace which shook the rickety building to its foundations; and when to the hissing of the steam, the thumping of the engine, and the shouts of the attendant, there was superadded the rattle of the printing machine, I felt that I had attained the nearest approach to Hades which it was possible to experience in this mundane existence. That "leader"—I have it before me now—was verily a

Dagger of the mind,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain.

It bristled with adjectives of staggering portent, and threw such a lurid light around a certain class of local politicians that they could scarcely realise their own utter wickedness. The setting of the river on fire, it was hinted, was the only possible event which could surpass that literary performance.

The proprietor of the *Clipper* was a Jewish-looking individual, whose literary aptitude never was known to soar above the distribution of penny papers over the counter. I have not yet mentioned that there was a rival newspaper establishment in the town, nor the interesting circumstance that the two papers were owned by brothers. In a congenial moment, and presuming upon this brotherly relationship, I made friends with the rival editor—a burly north countryman, who subsequently made a name for himself on the daily press. I had not then discovered that there existed a traditional feud between the two journals, exceeding in bitterness "the venom clamours of a jealous woman." Though founded ostensibly on political differences, the public had long ago recognised that it was only the literary phase of a family squabble; and, accordingly, when the periodic fit of attack and reply came on, the

circulation of both papers went up by hundreds, and much disputation took place as to who was having the best of it. As the agitation in the political atmosphere increased, it became evident that the family volcano was approaching eruption. The situation was considerably comic. As the rival proprietors nursed their wrath, the rival editors, *sub rosa*, became firmer friends. On purely professional lines we, of course, regarded ourselves as opponents, but mutually we resolved—and I think sensibly—that, having no interest in the family feud, it should be no bar to our good fellowship. Accordingly, one summer afternoon, while resting on the upper reaches of the river after a successful day's angling, we anticipated matters by planning the newspaper war which shortly ensued, and which kept the community amused, without, I trust, accentuating the family quarrel which it was supposed to serve. Many a surreptitious note of a friendly character passed between us while the war of words was being carried on with a bitterness which eclipsed all former skirmishes; and many a hearty laugh we enjoyed over it in a quiet nook of the old forest, while the brothers were gnashing their teeth at each other, and the deluded community predicted that "those newspaper chaps will do harm to one another."

One of the most amusing of my experiences originated in the rejection of a few verses of "poetry," a species of composition which frequently proves troublesome to editors. The poet of strictly local reputation is generally a tradesman having a "gift o' the pen," who has ascended to the highest realms in literature before learning to construct a decently grammatical sentence in prose. His verses are invariably commonplace, but have a clinking rhyme which, among those who read his effusions—house-wives and love-sick maidens as a rule—is considered the true feature and essence of poetry. The individual who monopolised the poets' corner in the *Weekly Clipper* was a gardener. He affected an intimate acquaintance with the classics; and, in proof of his erudition and intellectual bent,

he exhibited prominently in his front window busts which he labelled Horace and Dante. My advent was naturally an event of supreme interest to the man of rhyme. One sultry afternoon a grotesque-looking figure presented himself at the door of my sanctum as I meditated on my three-legged stool. He was attired in faultless black cloth, with gloves to match, and wore a tall hat of a style slightly out of repute. An umbrella of country fashion gave employment to his left hand, and his right busied itself with one of the mutton-chop-whiskers which adorned his somewhat expressionless face. "Very warm," I ventured to say. "I suppose you have come with an obituary notice; please go——" "I am the local poet, sir," interrupted my astonished visitor, at the same time diving impulsively into the recesses of his coat-tail pocket. "Oh, indeed," I managed to ejaculate. "Glad to make your acquaintance"—a statement I inwardly knew to be false, for I had resolved to purge the *Clipper* of the silly rhymes which had been doing duty as poetry. "I have come over with a poem for your next issue," he said nonchalantly, and with an irritating air of possession, "and as I am very particular about my poetry, I'll call for a proof to-morrow." "Very good," I rejoined, "if the verses are suitable you will have a proof." Suitable! The poet stood aghast for fully a minute, and then, with a ceremonious bow which set the "devil" a-tittering at his back, he descended below with as much dignity as the trap stair would allow even a poet to assume. All that appeared of that bundle of manuscript was a single verse, given as a specimen, and with the remark that the composition was "scarcely up to our standard." I can still recall the four lines:—

The streamlet trickles down its bed,
The trees are waving overhead;
I love to ramble on its banks,
And on them rest my weary shanks.

The snubbing of the poet was the sensation of the week. Among the more intelligent of the community the deed was hailed with satisfaction; but I apprehended that, had

my lot been cast in America, my most judicious plan would have been to purchase a six-shooter, place it on the three-legged stool at the top of the stair, and take my enemies at a disadvantage as they ascended from below. As it was, the irate poet planned a scheme of revenge which gave me an unpleasant half-hour. It was my nightly practice to walk up the valley for a few miles—truly a lovely resort—where the distant murmur of the stream blended musically with the sigh of the oaks and the firs. About a mile from the town the river was crossed by a high arched bridge. It was here the rejected poet, bursting with pent-up indignation, awaited me one evening to administer chastisement. He opened fire with a shower of Billingsgate, then danced around me like “a hen on a het girdle,” called me names and quoted Homer by turns; and finished up the first stage of his revenge by placing his two hands on his knees, leering into my face, and challenging my knowledge of Latin! At this crisis of the interview I began to enjoy the grotesque features of the scene. It was a novel experience, and slightly Yankee in flavour. “I refuse to boast of my classical training,” I replied, “but I will quote you a couple of lines and leave you to supply the name of the author.” And I recited the mnemonic verses by which the students of logic used to commit to memory the moods of the syllogism, beginning—

“Barbara, celarent, darii, ferioque, prioris;
Cesare, camestres, festino, baroko, secundæ.”

The poet scratched his head for a minute, and then solemnly informed me that the lines were from his old friend Horace! Poor Horace, to be libelled thus! An explosion of laughter on my part, a threat to pitch me over the bridge on his, and the opportune appearance of a country policeman round the bend of the road, terminated the episode. After this the busts of Dante and Horace disappeared from the window; the gardener's poetic glory had departed.

Such incidents as these imparted the charm of variety at anyrate to my professional life in the hum-drum country

town. Had space permitted, there were several other characters whom I should have liked to introduce ; and the social characteristics of the people were in several particulars rather interesting, as seen through the editorial spectacles. While professedly liberal in politics, the community was intensely conservative in their ways. The ruins of the ancient abbey seemed the object which welded their affections with the remote past. Even the high Sheriff bowed to this archaic feeling by appearing on Circuit Court days attired in knee-breeches, buckled shoes, cocked hat, and lace frills, and girt about with a sword of antique pattern. The procession to the Court-house on those great occasions was extremely ridiculous. His body-guard comprised cobblers, tailors, and cloth weavers, attired in their "church" clothes, and the indispensable "tile"—which, by their shape, appeared to be a sort of family heirlooms—and armed with rusty flint-locks which had done duty at the time of the Napoleonic scare. Then there was the town officer, who, escorted by a big drum, a fife, and a penny whistle, regularly proclaimed the fair ; the consequential antiquarian, puffed up over his history of the Abbey ; and the intelligent sonsy-looking cobbler, known for his eloquent panegyrics on Burns on anniversary days. With the latter I made a firm friendship, arising out of the discomfiture of the poet who was an object of his unmitigated antipathy. Many a delightful excursion we had with rod and basket on the upper reaches of the river, where the trout were most stupid. We were not always successful in filling our baskets ; and in this connection I plead guilty to a little grudge against him. The water was clear, and the trout shy, and our labours availing nothing, when one of the poaching fraternity, who knew the inside of the prison about as well as the haunts of the stream, came up with a well-filled basket. He made his own flies, and could so exactly suit the palate of the daintiest trout that he was known as the demon angler. In despair, we appealed to his art, and

in a twinkling he constructed a fly which produced a "nibble" the first throw. By this time, however, the burden and heat of the day had damped my ardour, so, when the shoemaker had disappeared round a bend in the river, I made a barter with silver, and having possessed myself of a well-filled basket—it was unsportsmanlike, I frankly allow—I made myself comfortable in a shady nook, to sleep off the weariness of publication night. When my friend rejoined me, I thought I detected a merry twinkle in his eye, though he never alluded to the contents of my basket, beyond remarking that it was a capital one. But in next issue of the Liberal organ I was horrified to read a skit—smartly written, I confess—on "How a certain editor catches his trout!" Oh, thou wicked man of leather! The time ultimately came when greater duties recalled me to the classic precincts of an old University town; and though I obeyed the summons with alacrity, I often reflect with pleasure on my experiences in this bye-way of journalism.

D. N.

THE POSSIBLE :

A SONG.

WE mark the footsteps in the tell-tale sand,
And each tide sweeps these yielding marks away—
Restrews the floor—redecks with lavish hand
With foam and amber-coloured weed. Each day
Fresh shells lie at our feet—beneath our eye—
That haply may unfold some priceless pearl ;
And yon dim sail that we can scarce descry
May be the ship we wait for, and unfurl
The flaming pennant of some argosy,
With wealth of treasure from beyond the sea.

ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL.

June, 1889.

SOME FAMOUS SLEEPERS.

Dulcis et alta quies, placidaque simillima morti.

*Virgil.*His life is a watch or a vision
Between a sleep and a sleep.*Swintburne's Atalanta in Calydon.*

IT is interesting to study the forms that have been taken by the fables of different nations. The scattered branches of the Aryan race have carried with them to all the countries of their migrations, a certain set of national monuments, in the shape of legends, that have descended to our times. Some of these twice-told tales are familiar to everybody, and all of them bear the stamp of a common origin. Far away back in the abyss of antiquity, we find a race of people taking their rise in Central Asia, and spreading thence, in repeated waves of progress, over the whole of what is now the civilised world. Like the Trojan hero, who, having to leave the ruins of his desolated home, took care to bring away with him his cherished household gods, so have they carried to the most distant lands the deeply-rooted traditions of their ancient fatherland. And this is one of the best evidences that we can find, to prove that the peoples of modern Europe can trace their descent all to one common source in the past. One of the universal myths has already been traced in these pages. Another, no less striking, falls to be considered now.

The story of a long sleep is one that makes its appearance in the folklore of all the nations of whom we have spoken. The form which it takes has varied a good deal, according to the temperament of the people in the midst of whom it has been told. The hardy Northmen tell of a mighty warrior, who goes to rest, and sleeps for centuries, after a life of triumphant conflict with the enemies of his country. He is supposed to stay under the spell of enchantment till it be time for him again to rise, to assert

the valour of his arm, and to save the liberties of his people, when they are in danger from a hostile power. These heroes are they of whom Frederick Barbarossa of Germany, Arthur of England, Ogier of Denmark, and Charlemagne of France, may be taken as the types. In the sunny lands of Southern Europe, another turn is given to the view, another light is thrown on the picture. In Greece, the early home of arts and eloquence, of poetry and romance, it is not a warrior that surrenders to enchantment, but a poet or a philosopher, or, as we find it in Christian times, a martyr or many martyrs who thus receive their apotheosis. It is not the victor of Marathon, nor the equally famous hero of Thermopylae, nor even the greatest of all, the Macedonian conqueror of Persia, who gets the honour of a slumbering immortality. Nay, these were not the men of whom the Greeks believed that they were not really dead. Epimenides, the poet-priest of Crete, and Endymion, the gentle, lovable prince of Latmos, were the favourites of the Olympian gods. These are the men who, by popular history, are clothed with the strange attribute of being able to continue in a living state, though buried in sleep for ages, while the busy world toils and frets all around them. If we take wings of fancy and visit the new world, we are met by an old friend with a new face, in the person of Rip Van Winkle. He, the jovial, happy, henpecked, worthless wanderer of the Kaatskill Mountains, takes his tone from the well-known liveliness or "smartness" of the nation among whose people he has his abode. If he be indeed an heir of the old inheritance, and not, as we sometimes think, a modern invention by Washington Irving, he just shows how the family legend has taken root beyond the ocean, and flourished with renewed vigour, after the passage over the stormy Atlantic.

What is the root from which all these varieties of fable have sprung? Doubtless there is a source to which they may all be traced. Or shall we say that there are many things that may have led to the formation of a myth so

romantic and so far spreading? No, the generic resemblance between them all is too striking for that. They may have come down to us from many fountains, as the rivers of our Highlands glens have sprung from hundreds of rivulets among the rocks and heather. But as the mountain streams derive their existence all from the same heavy clouds of the sky, so these ever-living tales of other days have no doubt had their beginning in some distant shades of old world night. Into these we may, without fearing to incur the guilt of sacrilege, venture to enquire.

An explanation which has often been given is, an analogy drawn from the sleep of the earth during the darkness of night, and the rest which nature takes during the cold ungenial winter. This theory is of very old date, it is the key to a great part of all heathen mythology, and it has had the approval of some of the most renowned of poets and philosophers. Adonis, the beloved of Venus, comes to an untimely end, and has to spend half the year in the nether world, returning with new strength and beauty, by the favour of Jupiter, to brighten the earth again. Thammuz, the oriental sun god, receives a deadly blow in the forest, to the grief of all the maids of Syria, who are only consoled when he comes back to earth with the return of spring. Milton has not disdained to perpetuate this allegory, though professing to class his hero with the fallen angels :—

Thammuz came next behind,
Whose annual wound in Lebanon allured
The Syrian damsels to lament his fate,
In amorous ditties all a summer's day ;
While smooth Adonis from his native rock
Ran purple to the sea, supposed with blood
Of Thammuz yearly wounded.

Nor has he forgotten to remind us, how, in the fields of lovely Sicily, the daughter of Ceres was carried off in the terrible chariot that sank into the earth and was seen no more, while the bereaved mother had to beg, as a boon from

the gods, that her daughter might be allowed once a year to revisit her former home.

Not that fair field
Of Enna, where Proserpine, gathering flowers,
Herself a fairer flower, by gloomy Dis
Was gathered, which cost Ceres all that pain
To seek her through the world.

All this is highly poetical, and forms a subject on which it is comparatively easy to rise to flights of the imagination. It is just, to go a little further into the matter, an expansion of the natural belief in the continued struggle between evil and good, and between light and darkness. Here we must pause, for we are perilously near the edge of a problem that has not yet been solved, and that we shall not attempt to deal with. That is to find the ultimate source from which evil springs, and the reason why it is allowed to persistently vex mankind.

To return to the subject, from which it may, perhaps, be thought that we have strayed, we must take care not to be altogether carried away by the summer and winter, or day and night explanation of the sleeper fables. Allegory is a delightful train of thought, but, if we follow it too far, we shall find that it breaks down, like a tired steed after a long day's journey. Even John Bunyan has sometimes to depart from the method of allegorising, and take a rest in the regions of plain narrative. Thus, he conducts us all through *Vanity Fair*, in a series of perfect similitudes, till we are nearly out of the wicked city. At last he has Faithful burnt at the stake (literally, not metaphorically), and then (metaphorically again, we suppose) has the martyr carried away in a chariot, when nothing has been left of him but ashes. Accordingly, we have to avoid the error of looking to a distance for an explanation that may be found close at hand. We do not take a telescope to examine with it the daisy and the violet, and neither should we scan the horizon in the search for what really lies at our feet. To drop the use of similes, then, it

appears to us that the fables about slumbering sages must have had their rise in the well-known tendency of mankind to hero worship. When any man has risen to distinction, whether it be for piety, valour, wisdom, or anything else that is good, it becomes difficult for his admirers to believe that he is subject to the weaknesses of humanity. And the more unenlightened the world is, the less are people disposed to allow the possibility of anything like imperfection in the lives of great men. Ages have elapsed since the departure of the last hero, who has been supposed to be only asleep, and waiting to return to activity at the right time. During these ages the world has grown more learned, more sceptical (in the true sense), and, perhaps, also more jealous of the fame of any one who stands head and shoulders above his contemporaries. It would be hard to convince even an enthusiast that the Duke of Wellington or Napoleon Bonaparte had gone to join the company of King Arthur, Charlemagne, Frederick Barbarossa, and other such paladins in the enchanted halls. Nor would it be easier to make the most ardent politician think it possible that Palmerston or Beaconsfield had, like Epimenides or Endymion, gone to sleep till the exigencies of the State should require their wisdom to save the land from ruin. It may be that the names of Salisbury and Gladstone will never be forgotten; but it is safe to say that, if their greatness is remembered, so also will their littleness. If their virtues, unlike those of Wolsey, live in brass, their failings, again unlike those of the Cardinal, will not be written in water.

Hence, the roll of famous sleepers is finished and sealed. No one can now take up his abode in that dreamy Avalon or Nirvana. Those who have already entered retain their place only because we are all unwilling to give up a picturesque fiction, and to banish the poetic element altogether from the world.

It is easy, then, to see how the stories to which allusion has been made came first into existence. John the

Evangelist was famous for the saintly purity of his life. He lived to an extreme age, and survived by the space of a generation all his colleagues in the apostolic office. And his Master had said, concerning him, what appeared to some who heard it to be a promise of immortality. So it came about that many of the early Christians thought that the beloved Apostle was not to die. For years and years after he was laid in his grave at Ephesus, sleeping well, indeed, after life's fitful fever, it was thought that his sleep was only natural rest. There were those who believed that the green turf over his ashes could be seen to rise and fall with the coming and going of his breath. And the legend of his continued life on earth lingered in the popular faith of Christendom throughout the whole of the Dark Ages. A poem on this subject by John Moultrie is so beautiful that the first stanza deserves to be quoted—

Art thou still on earth a rover ?
Shar'st thou still some mortal home,
Though life's task has long been over,
Tarrying till thy Lord shall come ?
Still unchanged in human beauty,
Breathing still our human breath,
Steadfast still at all earth's duty,
Only free from pain and death.

Hardly less picturesque than the legend of Ephesus (which may possibly have expanded into that of the Seven Sleepers in the third century), is one that Mr Baring Gould records in his *Curious Myths of the Middle Ages*. When the Turks took Constantinople in 1453, the Christian empire of the East fell with a downfall from which it has not yet arisen. At the moment when the Moslem conquerors entered the city, the patriarch of Constantinople was administering the Lord's Supper at the altar of St. Sophia. The reverend father cried to heaven to save the consecrated host from profanation. Instantly a great miracle was wrought. The wall of the church opened, and the celebrant entered, carrying with him the vessels of the sanctuary. Then the wall closed behind him, and there he

remains still, kneeling before the emblems of the Christian faith, and sleeping till the Turks are driven back across the Bosphorus, and St. Sophia becomes again a cathedral. Then he is to rise, shake off his sleep of centuries, and proceed with the duty that has been so long suspended. The worthy man must have dreamed of release when the Russians crossed the Danube about twelve years ago. It is a pretty story, and, if not true, has at least been very well invented.

Some of the forms which the legend has taken in our own country are so well known that they need only be alluded to. Thomas of Ercildoun is imprisoned in Fairy Land, beneath the Eildon Hills—

Some said to hill, and some to glen,
Their wondrous course had been,
But ne'er in haunts of living men
Again was Thomas seen.

So sang Sir Walter Scott in his ballad of the Rhymer. Some other bard is wanted to tell of the company that sleeps in the heart of one of our Highland hills, not far from the Highland Capital. Nor should the adventures of Kirke of Balquhiddy be forgotten. He was one of the latest of whom it was said that he had passed away into the dominions of the Fairy Queen.

Enough of these tales of gramarye. When we go to visit Melrose by the pale moonlight, to ask how the wizard rests in his narrow cell, we shall find that the oracle is dumb. The old order has passed away, and given place to the new. And so ends every delusion at the last.

J. M. MACGREGOR.

NEW BOOKS.

WAIFS AND STRAYS OF CELTIC TRADITION. I. ARGYLLSHIRE SERIES. Edited, with Notes on the War Dress of the Celts, by Lord ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL. London: David Nutt. 1889.

UNDER the happy title of "Waifs and Strays of Celtic Tradition," Lord Archibald Campbell has begun the publication of a series of volumes, wherein he gathers the legends and folk-tales that still are floating among the Isles, or lingering among the glens of the Highlands. Every Celt must be delighted to see another Campbell willing and, what is more, able to follow in the footsteps of J. F. Campbell of Islay, who made Gaelic story and tale known over all the civilized world, and secured for the Highlands a unique position in the study of the world's folklore. Lord Archibald Campbell is worthy to take up the mantle of his predecessor: he shares fully the views of his clansman in regard to the various departments of Highland lore, and he works in the same lines as to matter and method. He mentions, for instance, with approval Mr Campbell's views on the authenticity of Macpherson's "Ossian," and quotes a letter of his, dated July 3, 1881, wherein Mr Campbell shows that he suffered the usual fate of scientific pioneers:—"I am not," he writes, "*thanked for proving Macpherson's Ossian to be his compositions, founded upon old heroic ballads.*" Campbell's *Leabhar na Feinne* practically ended the Ossianic controversy for any one pretending to Gaelic scholarship, and the question has come to be, not whether Macpherson composed his "Ossian," for that is undoubted, but how far it is "founded upon the heroic ballads." We are afraid the extent of the "founding" is incredibly little.

The book contains historical legends, folk-tales, folk-literature in the shape of poems and proverbs, and an interesting article on the war dress of the Celts, by the editor, Lord Archibald himself. The whole is interspersed with introductions and notes, either by the editor or by Mr Alfred Nutt, the well-known folk lorist. Some of the stories are given in the original Gaelic, with translation on the opposite pages, and in every case the reciter, writer, or source is given. The book is beautifully printed and neatly got-up, octavo in size, and extending to a hundred pages.

The first portion of the volume is taken up with legendary stories, under the title of "Craignish Tales." They show the usual amount of bravery, cleverness, cruelty, violence, humour, affection, and devotion, that characterise legends and facts about the days of old in the Highlands. The perspective of the centuries, as they fade away in the distant past, brings these scenes into striking proximity, though separated by years and ages ; and the picture, as a consequence, is one of turmoil, bloodshed, and heroism, with the long days and years of peace and happiness omitted, because traditional memory can retain only what is great or magnificent. This is so evident that one is astonished at Mr Andrew Lang—for it was he, his allusive style and folklore references prove that—saying, in criticising the work before us :—

"To a peaceful citizen like Bailie Nicol Jarvie or Simon Glover, the Highlands of old must have been an awful place. A journey into them, to a commercial traveller, must have greatly resembled a trip among the Masai or into Matabele to-day."

The Highlanders were neither savages nor barbarians ; they were quite as civilized as any rustic community in the West of Europe, to say the very least of it. If clan feuds and occasional violence ravaged the country, the people as a whole were free, and took an intelligent part in them, unlike the slaves of the continental *Jacquerie* or English serfdom ; and, besides, the literature of the people as bard and harpist passed it on, far surpassed any *popular* literature coeval with it. Mr Lang knows of Greek history and legend ; would it be fair to accept the battles and feuds of Homeric or historic times as a test of Greek civilization ? The legend of the Fenian dog "For," affords immense fun to Mr Lang. He was so named because he went "for" every dog he met with, and the allusion to Mark Twain's hero Smiley is irresistible. Such a review would not be complete unless liberal use were also made of Aytoun's "Fhairshon :

" Fhairshon swore a feud
Against the clan M'Tavish ;
Marched into their land
To murder and to ravish.
For he did resolve
To extirpate the vipers,
With four and twenty men,
And five and thirty pipers."

The most important portion of the book is the series of folk and fairy tales given. We are especially glad to see, for the first time in print, the story of "How Michael Scott obtained knowledge of Shrove-tide from Rome." It is told in excellent Gaelic, and, from our recollection of it in youthful days, we think it is also very accurately rendered. The story of the "Good Housewife and her Night Labours" is the best version we have yet seen of this tale: it is the Dunvuilg story of Campbell's second volume (p. 52-3). We have two versions of it beside us—one from Glenelg and one from Lewis. Campbell mentioned a Lewis version as existent in his time, and as Mr A. Nutt is anxious to have it preserved as possibly more original than the rest—so he says in a note to p. 68 of the volume before us—we may give it on some future occasion. Meanwhile, a summary of it runs thus: A woman washing wool expresses a wish that it were cloth; a fairy suddenly appears and offers to make it so if by to-morrow she could guess her name. Terms were accepted. Fortunately the milkmaid heard the fairies at work under Dunvuilg, and the particular fairy foresaid name herself as Ceigleis Uraidh. The fairies came with the cloth, the woman got it after her correct guess, but the fairies could not be got away. An old man near advised the woman to raise an alarm of fire—"Dunvuilg on fire! Dunvuilg on fire!" The fairies rushed out to save their effects under Dunvuilg, and the housewife got rid of them by this ruse. This form of the tale combines the Rumpelstiltskin story of Grimm with the Gaelic formula of cheating the fairies by a false alarm of fire. There are two stories about Bruce, one of which attributes to him the proverbial verse beginning—

"Is math an cócair an t-acras."

"A good cook is hunger."

This is usually connected with the story of Alexander Stewart, Earl of Mar, of Harlaw renown, as Sheriff Nicolson has it (p. 272 of his *Proverbs*); but, like most of these stories, it is connected with different heroes in different places. There is an incomplete but interesting version of the questions put by Finn to Cormac's daughter, when he was wooing her, with notes by Mr Nutt. J. F. Campbell gave an excellent version of these questions in the third volume of his tales, and he gave two Irish versions in *Leabhar na Feinne*. The Stewarts in their collection (date 1804) have a version evidently of more or less Irish origin, and there is a good rendering of the same version in the Maclagan MSS. Lord Archibald concludes his volume with an essay on the war dress of the Celts, a valuable piece of work, illustrated by 14 full page pictures, mostly from the tomb slabs of mediæval Highland Knights. Altogether the book is one we heartily welcome.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

BODHBH DEARG.—This personage first meets us in the mythical legends of the Irish Gael, in which he figures as the son of Dagda and King of the Dedannans. In the "Prophecy of St Berchan," written some eight hundred years ago, a king of Scotland, Malcolm, son of Donald, is called the Bodhbh Dearg. Literally translated, the words in Malcolm's time came to mean, we may be sure, what they mean now—the Red Frightener. The King Malcolm who got this nickname was slain in 964—so it is evident that he did not sufficiently frighten his enemies. Bodhbh—which, for all its consonants, is pronounced very like böve—must originally have been a mythical personification of *sudden* fear, produced by terrifying powers of nature, or scaring unexpected events, sights, and sounds. The word as bodhu—pronounced böwu—is still used, at anyrate, in the Perthshire Highlands, but to express the effect rather than the cause. "Cuireadh mi bodhu air"—"I will put a fright on him"—is what the schoolboy whispers to a confederate, when creeping up behind an unsuspecting mate to give him a bit of fright by a sudden rush, shout, and grasp. "Am bheil bodhbhu annad?"—"Art thou subject to be startled by sudden fright?"—is also a question often heard; and a man who is buying a horse never fails to ask the seller—"Am bheil bodhu ann?" that is, Is he apt to be startled, say by the hollow sound of a bridge, a piece of paper tossed by the wind, the scuttling of roadside rabbits, the flight of scared birds, and such like insufficient causes of fear? Bodhbh in Ireland has now come to mean a scarecrow, or a fairy who delights in frightening men and animals. We should like to know in what other places, besides the Perthshire Highlands, this puzzling old word still exists in the living Gaelic of the people, and what meanings are attached to it. Fuath is another word of a similar description which leads us back to the time when men personified and worshipped the powers and phenomena of nature. Fuath was apparently the Spirit of the Storm.

ANSWER.

KILLIECRANKIE.—Mr Kenneth Matheson, Hon. Secretary of the Celtic Society of Dunfermline, writes to us:—"A very good explanation of the *English* place name Killiecrankie will be found at length in "The Highlanders of Scotland," by Col. James A. Robertson, F.S.A. Scot., page 455. He considers it a corruption of 'Coille-criothnachadh,' or 'The wood of trembling,' the name by which the wooded pass has been known amongst the natives of the locality from time immemorial."

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EDITED BY

DUNCAN CAMPBELL, EDITOR, "NORTHERN CHRONICLE,"

AND

ALEXANDER MACBAIN, M.A., F.S.A. SCOT.

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THE LONG GLEN.

CHAPTER X.

AM FUADACH.¹

WHILE expecting a Crown presentation, backed by a unanimous Call to his northern parish, the minister was innocently led into a scrape, which caused him a great deal of vexation.

On a misty autumnal morning, when potato shaws were turning yellow, and the drowsy bees were murmuring among the red and white blossoms of clover foggage, an elopement party of three women and two men came to the manse, asking that one pair of them should be forthwith joined in matrimony with the blessing of the Kirk. One of the men was advanced in years—an old shepherd from the other side of the hills, who was pretty well known in the Glen. The others were the bride and her sister—nieces of the old shepherd—and the bridegroom and his sister. They had come twenty miles, and so had been during most of the night on the path of the heath.

Now, on getting to the manse, they were much disappointed to be told that the minister was not just then at home, because he had gone early to his little farm on the

¹ The elopement.

further side of the river, to see about the thatching of his haystack, and other things needing supervision—for a very good farmer was the minister. They were invited to sit down and wait his return ; and, indeed, all about the manse, the minister's wife included, were much impressed by the good looks of the bride and bridegroom, and not at all shocked by what they had done. And in the old-fashioned way, the hospitality of the manse was pressed on them, but they frankly said they feared pursuit and interruption, and they were accordingly sent on their way to find the minister, with the manse herd boy to guide them.

They found the minister on his farm field, and there and then the runaway couple were married in presence of the minister's man, the herd boy, and a few persons from the nearest houses.

Elopements were not uncommon. Nor were they condemned by public opinion. Usually a girl that made up her mind to run away to get married broke some chain of unduly exercised authority which ought to be broken. It was so in this case also, but the broken chain had a twist of its own, which was quite exceptional, and which, on being discovered when too late, much troubled the minister. Once upon a time, and that not long before this time either, the old minister of Kilmachaoide, whenever he or his elders knew the runaways, would marry them without "lines," on their promising to pay the proclamation fees afterwards to the Session-Clerk, and a fine to the Session for the Poors' Fund. This practice was peremptorily forbidden by the Presbytery ; but the old minister, who had made a runaway marriage himself, would now and then, when he knew the runaways, brave the wrath of the Presbytery to the last day of his life.

Our couple from the mist had their "lines" right enough, showing that their purpose of marriage had been duly proclaimed in their own Parish Church, for the first, second, and third times, on the preceding Sunday—this being Wednesday morning. And the preceding Sunday was one

of the stormy, wet days on which a runaway proclamation would be likely to pass quietly in a large parish, since the weather, aided by other means, would keep the person or persons who were to be kept "dark" away from Kirk. It was wonderful with what zest and co-operation the keeping dark process was sometimes effected. When it could not be trusted, the bride had no choice but to compromise herself irretrievably, by running off with her man first, and getting the banns then defiantly proclaimed, in face of her indignant parents or guardians. Since the old minister of Kilmachaoide's death, there was no escape from the "banns."

But the couple from the mist had their "lines" all right, and the old shepherd uncle, although not well known to the minister, was a tower of strength, because he was known to the minister's man, and to the people of the Glen generally. Well, the old shepherd's bonnie niece was married to the "hero of her heart," and the party of five turned their faces at once to the hills, and disappeared in the white mist.

They disappeared in the white mist, following the pass that led back to their own country. But they did not follow it long. When they came to the top of the range they slanted away in another direction to the lonely house of that respectable shepherd, far up the heather, where they were welcomed by a piper and a band of lasses and shepherds, who had gathered to make a night of it, and see the young couple wedded and bedded. It was, in fact, necessary in their case that the marriage should be perfected by the avowal of contract before witnesses; for certainly there was a most unusual hitch in the ecclesiastical proceedings, as intimated in the following song, made (in Gaelic of course) by one of the wedding guests, before the night ended, on

CROMBIE'S DAUGHTER.

One lover was dark, one lover was fair;
And whom to choose was the puzzle sair
To Crombie's daughter.

Sheep, home, and cows had the lover fair,
 Than his plaid the dark had naething mair
 For Crombie's daughter.
 Said father and mother—"Take the fair,
 The poor gillie-dubh ¹ must never pair
 With Crombie's daughter."

They're cried at the kirk, betrothed and a',
 "I'll get me new gouns to mak me braw,"
 Said Crombie's daughter.
 "Bedding and airneis ² I'll get them a',
 But faith, the contract's not worth a straw,"
 Said Crombie's daughter.
 "Sure I'll make me a hole in the wa',
 Steal the lines, be off and awa',"
 Said Crombie's daughter.

The gillie-dubh was the true love still,
 She kilted her gown, and off to the hill,
 Did Crombie's daughter.
 The heath she did take with right good-will,
 And the fair man's lines did deftly steal—
 Did Crombie's daughter.
 She cheats the Kirk her wish to fulfil—
 "To lie for my love is nothing ill,"
 Says Crombie's daughter!

The minister was tricked by the "lines" or certificate of proclamation of banns given by the Session-Clerk of the parish to which the runaways belonged. The "lines" were genuine enough, but the gillie-dubh was not the man whose purpose of marriage with Crombie's daughter had been regularly proclaimed on the preceding Sunday. The girl got the "lines" from her fair betrothed, and next night ran off with her gillie-dubh. In other respects, too, she managed matters so artfully that her indignant parents and deceived lover went in pursuit in the wrong direction.

When the faulty religious ceremony—faulty because the gillie-dubh was married in the gillie-bán's name—was made good by promise and consummation, the bride and bridegroom re-appeared professing contrition, and readiness to be rebuked by the Kirk-Session of their parish. But their

¹ Dark lad.

² Furniture, "providing."

sin sat lightly on them, and public opinion readily condoned their misdemeanour. The young woman had schemed the whole affair, and who could be hard on a vivacious, good-looking girl of twenty-two, who had risked all for "the hero of her heart?"

CHAPTER XI.

THE CORPSE-LIGHT WATCH.

THE winter passed, and such a severe winter it was that the people of the south-side, instead of having to go round by the bridge, crossed the river on the ice, when going to church and coming back, for eleven successive Sundays.

In the spring the sgeul¹ came over the hills that a farmer in the next valley, who had many friends in the Glen, was lost, and could not be found dead or alive.

There was not a shadow of cause to suspect voluntary disappearance. The lost man was at the time of his disappearance engaged to be married. He was in good health and comfortable circumstances, and with that foreshadowed light of domestic happiness on his mind, which is perhaps more to bachelors getting on in years, such as he was, than to younger men who cannot know the discipline of self-control and deferred hopes to the same extent. He was finally, although an elder of the Kirk, a man of very cheerful disposition, and quite free from any morbid tendencies whatever.

On a certain day he left his own farm towards evening, with the avowed intention of visiting his betrothed. The intention was carried out. His household thought nothing of his not returning home that night; but when he did not appear next day, his brother and cousins got alarmed and instituted inquiries. It was then discovered that he paid the proposed visit to his betrothed, and left to return home when the night was dark enough, but before it was very late

¹ News.

His road for some distance was by the side of the river, and the river was in flood. It was a lonely way, and in a dark night rather dangerous, but he was well acquainted with it, and although it was the most natural thing in the world to suppose that he stumbled into the river, by missing the path, the opinion of the country was dead against that conclusion.

It was, in short, well known that there was a rival in the case, and foul play was suspected. The rival of the middle-aged elder was a man of younger years and boisterous character. His tongue was an unbridled one, and his hand was ready for a blow whenever his blood was up. It was notorious that he took the rejection of his suit very ill, and swore considerably among his intimate acquaintances both at the lady and the man of her choice. There was no proof whatever that the rejected and the successful suitors met on the night the latter disappeared, but it could, it was supposed, be proved that such a meeting was possible, from what was known of the rejected suitor's whereabouts during the day.

Search was instituted for the body of the missing man. Sure instinct pointed to the river as the most likely place to hold the body, whether the death came by accident or foul play. In case of accident, indeed, there could be no doubt that only the river could be the keeper of the dead. So day after day the river was covered with boats, and searched and dragged with fishing gear and improvised rakes, all the way from the home of the bereaved bride to the loch, a distance of some four or five miles. The searchers wore all the scarlet waistcoats and plaids in two parishes, "to make the water clear." But the body was not discovered. A land search also was instituted concurrently with the water search, and this also yielded no results.

It does not seem that the Gael ever connected the future state of the soul, like Latins and Greeks, with the sepulture of the body. They had no doctrine of continued latent union like the Egyptians; and although Christianity

taught them the doctrine of the resurrection, their proverbs and poetry still retained, down to this century, the colouring of their heathen pre-historic faith, according to which the soul went into its cloud to roll about forever in places more or less near the sun, according to deserts, and the earthly tabernacle returned to the earth from which it sprang. But while, both as heathens and as Christians, the Gael did not think it of great importance, from the religious point of view, what came of corpses at all, or whether they were hid in the earth or the water—from the kith and kindred point of view it was a sacred debt of love and regard for living relatives to see that deceased ones were buried honourably amidst ancestral and clan dust.

Although the vigorous search for the lost farmer led to no discovery, the kith and kin persevered, going over the same pools, and the same bogs and woods, day after day, seeking traces and finding none. The Glen friends of the lost man did their share of this searching work, although the scene of operations was far away. At last they came back dispirited, yet still saying "murder will out."

The brother and cousins of the lost man searched the river again by themselves, and dragged particularly every place at which floating corks or straws indicated eddies. Meanwhile other people were putting their heads together, and overhauling all the traditions of supernatural discoveries of murdered bodies since the days of St Fillan. Finally the weary searchers were advised to set a watch for the corpse-light. The theory, it seems, was that at a certain time after death the corpse-light of a murdered body would be sure to show the place of its concealment if a watch happened to be set. The searchers were ready enough to try any means of discovery, and they accordingly resolved to give a trial to the corpse-light watch. It would appear, however, that the whole chance of its success depended on the lost man having been murdered. But public opinion assumed foul play; and so steps were taken to watch the whole course of the river, and also to place

outside watchers in woods and on heights, during the night on which superstition said the murdered would show revealing light.

A messenger was sent to the Glen to summon a band of watchers from the kith and kin of the lost man—for it was an army of such watchers that the case required. The matter was discussed throughout a wide district for a considerable time before the appointed night, and everything requisite for success, as far as watching was concerned, was carefully prepared. Whether from natural aptitude, or whether the result of clannish habits and communal experience, the Highlanders were then, and perhaps are still, highly gifted with the power of readily organising themselves for anything to be done by a number of people.

The only one in the Long Glen who scoffed openly at the corpse-light watch was Diarmad. In the next parish there was more of open unbelief expressed; but the majority of religious people were believers in supernaturalism, and, in truth, old superstitions relating to dreams, visions, and so forth, were finding a new lease of life among the “unco guid.” From the regions of the North, tales of wonders and prophecies were coming in great force, and vouched for by the holy men who frequented field preachings and communions. No mediæval saint, according to these authorities, was ever more favoured with prophetic gifts than Mr Lachlan Mackenzie, of Lochcarron. As for strange spiritual visions, and wonderful answers to prayers, every “man” had a story to tell.

In those days, moreover, there was a little book in Gaelic widely diffused among Highlanders, which told how the murderer of Grant, the Assynt pedlar, was found out by the “sight” given to Kenneth Fraser in his sleep. Kenneth not only saw the home of Hugh Macleod, who had murdered and robbed Murdoch Grant, the pedlar, but a voice, like unto the voice of a man, said to him in his dream—“The marsan’s ¹ pack is lying in a cairn of stones in a hole

¹ Merchant, pedlar.

near their house." The case was tried at Inverness in 1831 before Lord Moncrieff. The vision evidence, which was apparently accepted by judge and jury, was ascribed in the book to the direct intervention of God, and altogether the opportunity was improved to show that God's dealings were inscrutable, but all tending to the good of men of faith. Hugh Macleod was found out in his guilt, convicted, and hanged, but, through a solemn repentance, he made an edifying end. The wisdom of man was rebuked, inasmuch as what the sheriff, procurator-fiscal, and constables could not discover, was revealed to Kenneth Fraser, the tailor.

The Assynt murder had been the subject of many an Evangelical sermon. The Assynt murder book was written by a shining light among the pious people of the North. It therefore exercised a decided influence in favour of the corpse-light watch. The Black Moderates, on the other hand, told stories about the "death-candles," which were seen marching in procession to the churchyard, just before the snow-slip came down on Duncan the son of Finlay's house, in 1746, and smothered Duncan, his wife, and five children. So the old and the new beliefs agreed for once, and those who objected to the corpse-light watch were denounced as being little better than infidels.

The Glen band of watchers mustered at Duncan Bàn's house, which was situated at the entrance of the pass leading to the required destination. Iain Breac, the wright, was mending carts and peat barrows in the shed, and about Iain's working bench the young men stood and gossiped until the band should be complete. Duncan Bàn and the wright had much to ask and much to say, and time was not pressing, as the muster began long before the appointed hour.

Ewan Mor, Diarmad, the elder's John, and Angus Macgregor, were the last to join, but still they came, as the stone dial indicated, before the shadow passed the hour.

"I thought thou wouldst not come at all," said Duncan Bàn to the unbeliever Diarmad.

"Well, it is a neonachas ¹ thing, but you see one must answer to a call on kith and kin."

"It is the crois-tàrra ² that brings thee out, then?"

"That, and nothing more."

"I think thy grand-uncle, the old minister Macdiarmid, peace be to him! who taught thee some of his Latin and Greek, and left thee his books, must have left thee some queer opinions also. Wilt thou deny the lights of the dead altogether?"

"Yes, in the sense in which you ask about them."

"What is the other sense?"

"The breath of rottenness takes fire in a natural way. Look at the bog wild-fire."

"Well, call it teine sionnachain then; but if it will lead to the discovery of the body all will be well."

"Aye, but one body in a large fast-flowing river is not likely to produce the light of rottenness which a decaying log will give forth in a quiet shallow bog."

"Thy unbelief is such that it may ruin the whole watch."

"Don't be afraid of that. Ewan and the elder's John will be with me, and they have faith enough for a dozen."

"And maybe," said the wright, "that the obstinate unbeliever shall keep the two good believers from running away."

Ewan got into great wrath instantly—"And is it thou who shouldst jeer at people for being afraid of ghosts? I'll tell you a true story (turning to the company). This brave man was once frightened almost out of life by the Eight Merkland tups. Their fold was in want of repairs, and till it got mended, Niall, the herd, without telling it to anybody, shut them up in the churchyard. Now, the wright was coming up the glen with his bag of tools on his back, far on in the night, and the noise he made with feet and tool-bag when passing the churchyard disturbed the beasts, who, after their fashion, rustled into a mob, and knocked

¹ No-sense.

² Gathering cross.

their horns against each other. When the wright heard the rustling and horn-knockings he threw his bag away, took to his heels, and ran as fast as he could to the nearest house, where he said the dead were surely getting up, for he heard the bones knocking together and getting into their places !”

The audience laughed, and the wright admitted the general truth of Ewan’s story, but denied that he threw away his bag of tools.

The corpse-light watch was vigilantly kept, yet no corpse-light was seen. But after a spate, which shifted the sand bank at the river’s point of entrance into the lake, the body was discovered, and it was in a wonderful state of preservation, considering how long it had been in the water. There was a *post-mortem*, and the Procurator-Fiscal held an inquiry, but no trial or any official confirmation of foul play resulted. Still public opinion stubbornly stuck to its own theory, notwithstanding the failure of miracle and officials to reveal the secret of the dead.

CHAPTER XII.

THE WORSHIP OF BAAL.

THE press of the spring work was over, and the people of the Glen were employed at the gart-ghlanadh, which literally means “the clearing of the gart, or enclosed land,” but which practically included repairs of fences, drains, and many other things, besides the clearing of clover fields of stones, and the taking away of dead branches, flood leavings, and all other obstructions to the growth of vegetation, and dangers to scythe and sickle.

People cleared their own rigs and meadows first, and then all the families of the baile turned out together to clear the common meadows, woods, and pastures, and to repair the common dykes, fences, and drains.

Diarmad, with perhaps a score of others of both sexes and all ages, was engaged one day in the common land gart-ghlanadh, when Iain Og's grandson, Shonnie, from the next baile, came running towards them, and screaming while yet at a distance—

"Diarmad, we are going to Dun-an-teine¹ on Beltane Day! We are going to have a Beltane fire and a Beltane bonnach,² and lots of other things."

Now, Shonnie was carrying a basket, from which it was clear he was going to the shop with eggs. But he was swinging the basket forgetful of the eggs, until Diarmad cried to him to take care; and then Shonnie put the basket down, and fairly danced with joy about his Beltane Day plan.

"And who are going to this affair?" asked Ewan, who was raking away rubbish along with Mary Macintyre, his own sister, Jessie Cameron, and Diarmad, for in all common work these four always fell some way or other into the one company.

"I am going," said Shonnie, "and Shemmie Dalveich is going. Our Maggie is going, and Duncan's Maggie is going. I want Diarmad himself, and Jessie, and Mary, and you, and lots more to go."

Diarmad—"It is a crois-tàrra business thou wishest to make of it."

Shonnie—"Yes, and mother is going to give eggs and all things for a right good bonnach."

"It is a stupid faoineis³ all and entirely," said Ewan.

"Thou art stupid thyself all and entirely," responded Shonnie. "What dost thou know about it whatever?"

"Why, this just. You go up in the morning with green branches and flowers to the circle on Dun-an-teine. You pile dry wood, birns,⁴ and anything else to make a quick blaze on the raised mound within the circle. Then, when the fire gets a bit low, you bake a bonnach-inid on it."

"No, it is not a bonnach-inid," corrected Shonnie.

¹ The dun or hillock of fire.

² Cake.

³ Foolish fun.

⁴ Sticks of falaisg or heather burned on the ground a year or two before.

“Well, no, nor anything half so good. By the bonnach-inid you spae your fortune, but this bonnach-bealltainn does not do for anything so good. It is broken into many bits. One bit is marked with a black cross. Ail the bits are put into a poke, and then you each put in a hand and take out a bit, and the one who gets the black cross bit is chased round the circle with lots of noise and slappings, and he gets no peace until he jumps three times clean over the fire.”

Shonnie, with great contempt—“That is all thou knowest! My seanair says that when he was young they went up in the night, and made cake and chased the duine gointe¹ before daybreak. But when the sun was just ready to rise they threw away the raven's feathers they wore on their heads before, and taking flowers and green branches they stood behind the fire with faces to the east, and when they saw the sun they bowed with hand to lip and hand to brow, and said words to it.”

Diarmad—“Eh, laddie! does thy seanair know the words?”

Shonnie—“He says that the Kirk had put down the old words because they were not canny, and that in his time they said only ‘failte’ and ‘ceud mile failte.’”

Diarmad—“It is never the right thing though to cover up the back trails of history. The Beltane and Halloween fires were the great festivals of the Druids. They were certainly sun-worshippers.”

Mary Macintyre—“Did they not think that on Beltane morning the sun came back a conqueror from the yearly fight with the Dragon of the Black Abyss?”

Diarmad—“Yes, yes, that is the only explanation of the Druid creed which remains.”

Shonnie—“But, Diarmad, thou must make words for us, and we'll go up in the night and do it all right.”

Ewan—“It is just the beautiful plan.”

Diarmad—“Especially if we can get old Duncan Bàn and his fiddle to take care of us.”

¹ Fated man.

Shonnie—"That would be best of all. Thou must make right good words, and get old Duncan Bàn and the yellow fiddle. And we'll take our breakfast, mother says, and cook it up there. And we'll go up in the night, and I know every bit of the way. Deeleman! deeleman!"

Jessie Cameron—"If a girl should draw out the black-cross bit of the cake, surely she'll not be expected to jump over the fire?"

Diarmad—"No, no. She will be represented by her champion. If thou shouldst happen to draw the gointe¹ bit, I'll do the running and jumping for thee, Jessie."

Ewan—"And I'll do the same for thee, Mary."

Shonnie—"But dost thou promise to make the words, Diarmad?"

Diarmad—"I should like to get hold of the old words. Well, we are going to the minister's peatmaking the morrow's morning, and I'll see Gilleasbuig Sgoilear. Yes, Shonnie, I'll make some words if I can't get any old ones. They must be rann and luinneag,² for doubtlessly the Beltane hymn to the sun would be liturgical, the Druid priest saying the rann, and the people saying the chorus."

Shonnie—"And we must all learn the words before Beltane day. And, Diarmad, thou must make them soon, soon."

Diarmad—"Yes, for sure. Be off now to the shop and don't break the eggs."

All the Glen, at least most of its population fit for the work, turned out one day early in the season to make peats for the minister. At the gathering this year Diarmad used his opportunity to question Gilleasbuig Sgoilear about the lost words of the Beltane hymn to the sun. Gilleasbuig could not go further than Iain Og. The Kirk, he thought, long before the Reformation, had denounced this too striking remnant of the old worship. What was the meaning of the fountain at the foot of Schiehallion being called "fuaran na h-ighinne," or "spring of the maid," to which

¹ Fated.

² Verse and chorus.

still the young people of three parishes went before midnight on Beltane eve? He thought it meant this, that the early Christian priests, perhaps the Culdees themselves, dedicated it to the Virgin Mary, and told the people to stop there and be blessed, and not to go up to the top of the ben to worship the sun like their forefathers. It was no wonder the words had perished when Culdees, and Romanists, and Reformers had been all determined to strike them out of the people's minds.

"But I have heard words on Dun-an-teine on Beltane Day," said Ealag of Craig, coming up to the bank with her barrow.

"You have, Ealag! And what were they?" asked Diarmad, much interested.

Ealag—"Just let me think a minute. Oh! I remember, they went this way"—

Rìgh an t-soluis,
 Failte!
Rìgh na beatha,
 Failte!
Rìgh a chinneis,
 Failte!
Armunn threunmhor fhuair a bhuaidh
 Air Dearc an dubh-aite,
Armunn aluinn 's or-bhuidh gruaidh,
 Ceud mìle failte!

Diarmad—"Excellent, Ealag. More words, Ealag. Have you no more words?"

Ealag—"I remember no more, and the wonder is that such vanities should stick to my memory so long."

Diarmad—"Who said the words?"

Ealag—"Donnacha Dubh Brocair¹ said them, and made them, too. It was when he was after the daughter of Rob Mor, and I was a little lass then."

Diarmad—"Well, if the words are not old, they still keep a grip on the old story—the fight between Light and Darkness, between Life and Death. We shall have words like them rann and luinneag."²

¹ Black Duncan the foxhunter.

² Verse and chorus.

Ealag—"You! Who may you be?"

Diarmad—"Why, I and a lot of others who are going to give the sun faile on Beltane morning."

Ealag—"Ah me! What have I done! Worshipping Baal in high places! What will the Elder Claon say?"

Diarmad—"There is no harm in welcoming the blessed sun, Ealag. As for the Elder Claon, why look you, does he not make medicine drinks for his sick cows by salt, meal, and three old silver crossed coins, dipped thrice in fountain water?"

Ealag—"Nay, he never dips the old crossed coins in sick cows' drink. It is gath nathrach (serpent's fang) that he dips thrice in the water. They say that gath nathrach has medicine power over things venomous."

Diarmad—"Worse and worse. It is the Elder Claon that should, I think, be delated to the Session. Why, look you, the gath nathrach medicine means the worship of the Old Serpent, which is the Devil."

"Oh people!" exclaimed Ealag, rushing off with her barrow.

Then Gilleasbuig and Diarmad had a long discussion on the heathen faiths of the country in ancient times. Diarmad supposed that the duine gointe lot must have at first meant human sacrifice, but he argued that the victim was not offered to the Sun-God, but as a trap to divert the attention of the Dragon, so that the Sun-God might beat him. And Gilleasbuig thought the serpent worship belonged to the daoine fiadhaich¹ whom the Gael found in the country, and whose last representatives seemed to be the "Uruisgs" and "Glaistigs" of legendary lore.

Diarmad, following Donnacha Dubh Brocair's lines to a certain extent, made liturgical words, which were learned by the others in secret; and it did not take very great pressing to persuade Duncan Bàn that he and his fiddle were both required to look after the young people, and to amuse them. The sacrificial fire was lighted at midnight;

¹ Wild men. In Irish tales Daoine fea.

Duncan Bàn, however, hinted that although the time was right the mode was wrong, since it should have been lighted by *teine-eigin*, or fire obtained by rubbing two pieces of wood together. The *duine gointe* lot fell on the elder's John, who jumped thrice over the fire without suffering detriment. With the dawn cloud-cleaving shimmer, raven's feathers gave place to flowery garlands, and hazel wands wreathed with primroses and anemones. And Diarmad officiating as Druid priest, and all looking to the east, the rising luminary was greeted with the following

BELTANE HYMN.¹

Chorus—Lord of Light, we hail thee !
 Lord of Growth, we hail thee !
 Giver of breath
 And foe of Death—
 Lord of Life, we hail thee !

¹ We take the following paragraph from the account of the Parish of Callander, in the "Old Statistical Account of Scotland," which was written in 1794 by Mr, afterwards Doctor, Robertson, minister of the said parish :—

"*Peculiar Customs.*—The people of this district have two customs, which are fast wearing out, not only here, but all over the Highlands, and therefore ought to be taken notice of, while they remain. Upon the first day of May, which is called *Beltan*, or *Bàl-tein* day, all the boys in a township or hamlet meet in the moors. They cut a table in the green sod, of a round figure, by casting a trench in the ground, of such circumference as to hold the whole company. They kindle a fire, and dress a repast of eggs and milk in the consistence of a custard. They knead a cake of oatmeal, which is toasted at the embers against a stone. After the custard is eaten up, they divide the cake into so many portions, as similar as possible to one another in size and shape as there are persons in the company. They daub one of these portions all over with charcoal, until it be perfectly black. They put all the bits of the cake into a bonnet. Every one, blindfold, draws out a portion. He who holds the bonnet is entitled to the last bit. Whoever draws the black bit is the *devoted* person who is to be sacrificed to *Baal*, whose favour they mean to implore, in rendering the year productive of the sustenance of man and beast. There is little doubt of these inhuman sacrifices having been once offered in this country, as well as in the east, although they now pass from the act of sacrificing, and only compel the *devoted* person to leap three times through the flames ; with which the ceremonies of this festival are closed. The other custom is, that on All-Saints Even they set up bonfires in every village. When the bonfire is consumed, the ashes are carefully collected in the form of a circle. There is a stone put in, near the circumference, for every person of the several families interested in the bonfire ; and whatever stone is moved out of its place, or injured before next morning, the person represented by that stone is devoted or *fey* ; and is supposed not to live twelve months from that day. The people received the consecrated fire from the Druid priests next morning, the virtues of which were supposed to continue for a year."

Druid—Ever young and ever bright,
 Thou com'st with locks unshorn ;
 Victor from the lasting fight,
 With night and Dearth forlorn !
 Praise to the face that ne'er grows old,
 Praise to the heart that ne'er grows cold,
 Praise to the burnished locks of gold,
 Praise from gach aite ! ¹

Chorus—Champion of right,
 All fresh from the fight,
 With the proofs of thy might,
 Ceud mile failte. ²

Druid—When winter shrouds thee dim,
 And hardly peers thy rim
 Above the sea, above the ben—
 What wail the sons of men ?

Chorus—Lord of Light, we pray thee !
 Lord of Growth, we pray thee !
 Giver of breath,
 And foe of Death,
 Lord of Life, we pray thee !—
 Come back with cheering day ;
 Come back and drive away
 The sorrow, gloom, and cold
 That make the young feel old,
 And heroes keep in hold.

Druid—Come back, we cry ; come back, we pray,
 With new-born hope and gladsome ray,
 With flowers and songs and Beltane Day.

Chorus—The vernal hope,
 The Beltane beam,
 Life-powers give free scope,
 And men a brighter dream.

Druid—The quickening ray on soil and soul
 Blends darkest shadows with the whole,
 Till we can say, with latest breath,
 To our dread foe, grim-visaged Death—
 “Come veil thy haughty presence ;
 Though half untold this tale of man,
 Behind thy darkness we can scan
 A life of higher essence !”

¹ Every place, or rather every fire hillock.

² A hundred thousand welcomes.

Chorus—Lord of Light, we hail thee !
Lord of Growth, we hail thee !
With hand to lip and hand to brow,
With bowing head and heart-felt vow,
Giver of breath,
And foe of Death,
Lord of Life, we hail thee !

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MILLIE.

THEY sent me a little picture
From among the Scottish hills,
A baby-girl, whose sweet, soft voice
Their home with music fills ;
And her eyes are wide, wide open,
And her hair like golden threads,
And a wondrous sunshine glistens
Where'er the wee thing treads.

Happy the home that she filleth
With musical accents now,
And happy the hand that playeth
With the curls upon her brow ;
And happy the hearts that hold her
Enshrined as a thing of worth,
For angels linger lovingly
Round about these pearls of earth.

It seemeth often and often
That a soul of higher race
Dwelleth in the tiny nursling
In sweet unconscious grace ;
For the words are words of wisdom
That fall from the ripe red lips,
And we pass them by unheeded,
As the bee the sweet it sips.

Only the heart of a mother
Treasures up the lisping words—
Sweeter for her, yea, sweeter far,
Than songs of the singing birds.
Only the mother remembers,
When the heart grows stern and cold,
The pure and beautiful nature
That welled from that source of old.

Prattle, my bonnie wee maiden,
In thy shelt'ring Highland home—
Prattle, and send me its echo
Far over the ocean's foam ;
For I love thee, little Millie,
As one of the shining band
Who point with their tiny fingers
The way to the spirit land.

M. O. W.

TWO GAELIC POLITICAL SONGS OF
THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

GEORGE, second Marquis of Huntly, after many escapes, and a long pursuit by Middleton and Argyle, with forces of the Scotch Estates, was captured at Dalnabo, in Strathaven, in December 1647, by Major—soon afterwards Lieutenant-Colonel—Menzies, who, in his native district on the Tay and Lyon, is now better known by the nickname of “Crunair Ruadh nan Cearc,” or the “Red Crowner of the Hens.” James Menzies, when a poor orphan boy, was taken by his Chief, and not very distant relative, to Weem Castle, to be brought up as a needy dependent. He looked then after the poultry, and so gained the by-name which his foes in later days threw contemptuously in his teeth, but which to himself was either a matter of pride or nothing at least that could give offence to a self-made man. He got a fairly good education at the parish school of Weem, but when only a mere stripling he went to Germany, and joined the Scots forces there under Leslie. When the Scots Regiments, with their veteran General, were recalled, James Menzies came back with the rest. He had meanwhile seen much fighting and warding, had hardened into tough manhood, and by merit had pushed his way from the ranks into the list of subaltern officers. With the help of his Chief, he raised a troop of horse in his native district, and was appointed its captain. Something there was of the Dugald Dalgetty style of character about the “Crunair.” He lived to extreme old age, and was, towards the end, considered to be very miserly. He married Sophia Campbell, aunt of the first Earl of Breadalbane, in 1649, and about the same time bought the estate of Culdares. The bard, who bewails the capture of Huntly, reflects on his captor by calling him the “Meinearach

tachair," or "The Menzies Wanderer." Stray sheep are commonly called "caoraich thachair" to the present day. In his cool and resolute manner, Menzies, with a handful of troopers, captured Huntly when he was going to bed, and when he had only a few gentlemen, servants, and stray Irishmen about him; but, on hearing that he was taken prisoner, the whole of his vassals in that neighbourhood, with Grant of Carron at their head, took arms to rescue him. They were too late. Menzies had, without a moment's delay, removed his prisoner to the Castle of Blairfindie, in Glenlivet, whence in due time he was sent to Leith. The Marquis of Huntly was beheaded at the Market Cross of Edinburgh, on the 22nd day of March, 1649. The following song was evidently made immediately after the capture, and many months before the beheading :—

GLACADH MHOIR'IR HUNTI LE MAIDSEIR MEINE.

(From the MacLagan MS.S.)

Mhuire ! 's muladach tha mi
Mu gach sgeul tha mi claisdinn,
'S mi bhi teirneadh le braigh' uisge Dhe.

'G amharc luchairt a bhaile,
Agus tur Aber-gheallai,
Gun luchd surd a bhi 'n talla nan teud.

'G amharc aros nan luibhean,
Far am b'abhaist duit suidheadh
Gheibhte aite nan abhall 's nam peur.

Ceann-uidhe nan Gaidheal,
Far an suidheadh iad staiteil,
Gheibhte rodha gach aite dhoibh reidh.

Gheibhte coinnean an lasadh,
An ceann chailleire prase,
Bhiodh do sheomruiche laiste le ceir.

Gheibhte gleadhartaich pheodair,
Cuir air adhaircibh beora
Seal ma's tigeadh tra-nona d'an ghrein.

Uisge-beatha na tairne
Ruaig air chupachaibh airgid,
Mnai uchd-gheal, gruaidh-dhearga cur greis.

'S bochd an naigheachd an Albainn,
Bog-na-gaoithe 'n Srath-bhalgaidh
Air a chlaoidheadh le h-armailtibh treun.

Agus leithid Mhoir'ir Hunti
A bhi 'n laimh an Tolla-budha,
Agus naimhdean na dhuthchannaibh fein.

Moir'ir Hunti 's a marcas
O thur nan clach snaighte,
Far am bu lionmhor laogh breac ri cois feidh.

Ach mu chaidheadh do ghlacadh,
Leis a Mheinearach thachair,
B'e mo dhiubhail a bh'ac is b' e 'm beud.

Fior thosach a Gheamhraidh,
Ann am fochair na Samhna,
Bhiodh do bhoichdan air tionndadh o'n ceil.

An Dail nam both an Srath-thamhuinn,
Aig a bhrothar gun naire,
Bha lamh sgapadh a mhail air luchd-theud.

'S ann an Clachan Chille muice
Dh'fhag sibh'n ceannart gun tuisle,
Marcach greadhnach air trupair mor sreìn.

THE CAPTURE OF LORD HUNTLY BY MAJOR MENZIES.

Mary! 'tis doleful I am about each story I hear, while coming
down the water brae-head of the Dee.

As I look at the town's palace, and tower of Abergeldie, with-
out people stirring in the hall of the strings (or tuneful strains).

As I look on the garden of flowers in which thou wert wont to
sit down, the place where the apples and pears could be found.

Journey's end (or hospitality's station) for the Gael, where they
would stately be seated, and find the best of each place assigned
to them.

In brass candiesticks would the candles be shining : with wax
would thy chambers be lighted.

There was heard the din of the drinkers, quaffing beer from
the horns, long ere the sun reached the noon.

The life-water (whisky) distilled would be silver goblets a-chasing, and ladies, red-cheeked and white-bosomed, would at embroidery be busy!

Sad news 'tis in Alba, that Bog-of-the-wind (Bog o' Gicht) in Strathbogie should be by strong armed forces oppressed.

And that such a man as Lord Huntly should be shut up in a tollbooth, and enemies rule in his lands.

Lord Huntly and Marquis, from the tower of hewn stones, where speckled fawns, many, do follow the deer.

But since thou wert caught by the wandering Menzies, to me misfortune they wrought, and that is the pity.

At the winter's beginning, and near Hallowe'en, thy poor were turned from their reason.

In Dail-nam-both,¹ in Strathaven, with the shameless betrayer, was the hand that would scatter the rent among bards.

'Twas at Clachan Kilmuick you left the steadfast commander, who rejoiced to bestride a bridled war-steed.

The second of our two old political songs is unfortunately a fragment. What makes it very curious is that it seems to be a peace-at-any-price voice from Glengarry, the supposed stronghold, or one of the supposed strongholds, of reckless martialism and blindly-devoted loyalty to the Stuart dynasty. The news from the Border that Duke Hamilton's Scotch army had been utterly defeated at Preston by Cromwell, on the 17th of August, 1648, caused the unknown bard the anxiety which he expresses in the opening lines about his friend, Angus from the Garry, and perhaps also some anxiety regarding himself. He is bitterly angry with Middleton, whom he compares disadvantageously—if we catch rightly the faintly shadowed meaning of the broken last lines—with his own clansman, Alexander, the son of Coll Ciotach, who brought an Irish force to join Montrose, and, according to Macdonald bards, gained almost all the victories erroneously ascribed by Lowland and English historians to Montrose, on account simply of being invested with the showy character of Royal Lieutenant-General. The title of the song—which we print as we find it—is not one word, but three, namely,

¹ "Field of Huts."—Dail-nam-bo, meaning "Field of Cows," seems, from this authority, to be quite a modern corruption.

"Cobhair nan Tori," which means literally "The Help to the Tories." The Scotch army raised under the authority of the Scotch Estates, and led into England by Duke Hamilton and Middleton, to help the English cavaliers and the revolted part of the English fleet, then under the influence of the Prince of Wales, to rescue Charles the First and to restore the Royal authority, would have been very correctly described at the time it was mustered by the phrase-title

COBHERNANDORI.

(From the *MacLagan MS.S.*)

An oidhch' an nochd gur fada leam,
 'S mo bhreacan air mo ghruaim,
 Mu d' dheibhinn Aonghuis Gharanuich
 A dhealaich ruinn Diluain ;
 'S eagal leam gu'n talaidhear sinn
 D' an Olainnt muigh air chuan,
 Ach ma 's e tuille fograidh dhuit
 Thig air mo roibein ruadh.
 Sgrios air Cobhernandori,
 Nach do thionndadh iad 's an tim ;
 Ge mor ar ruith ri Prionnsachaibh
 Gu'm b' annsadh leam an t-sith.
 Chaidh sibh 'n leith air an-sporad
 Le'r Bainn ga cuir am pris ;
 'S cha'n fhoghnadh sud d'an Phrionnsadh
 Ge do cheannsaich iad an Rìgh.
 Claidheamh geur cha ghiulain mi,
 Ga rusgadh as a thruaill ;
 Gu'n tugainn do fhear-saoithreach e
 Chuir faobhair air a thuaigh ;
 Gu'm b' annsa bhi le caibeachaibh
 Ag ruamhradh geig 's a chluain,
 Na stri ri cogadh leith-cheannach
 'S ag teich air feadh nam bruach.

Sgrios, &c.

Tha masladh mor is mi-chliu
 Air tigh'n o'n Chrich nar n-uchd ;
 Ar n armailt air a striocadh
 Le seachd mìle marcach *trup* ;
 Ar ministeirean saoitreach
 Mar bhraighdin min-gheal mult,
 Is oighre nan trì righeachdan

Am priosan an Eilean Uicht.
 Sgrios, &c.
 A Mhidelton nan cuirtean,
 Bu mhor mo dhìom an toiseach ort ;
 Bha thus' anns a Chuirt 'ud,
 'S gu'n duraiginn do chrochadh.
 Cha b' ionann thu 's spailp fhiughantach,
 Nach faighteadh lub na fhocal,
 'S nach biodhadh fuismachd umaide
 Aig udlaiche nan cranna forca.
 Alastair

 Bu mhaith thu la Alt-eirinn,
 'Nuair leum thu feadh nam pìc ;
 Is olc air mhaith gu'n eireadh dhuit,
 Cha 'n eigheadh tu "*Relibh*."

J. M. Oct. 20th, 1756.

Long this night does seem to me, and the plaid is on my frown of care for thee, Angus from the Garry, who on Monday parted from us ; and fear is with me, we'll be wiled out over the sea to Holland. But if further exile should befall thee, upon the hair of my head the rust will fall !

¶ Plague on Cobhernandori, that they turned not back in time ! For all your running about princes, 'tis peace that I would choose. You went rarely in bad spirit to praise up your band ; and to the Prince¹ 'twas not enough they conquered had the King. A sharp sword I shall not wear to draw it from its sheath : I would give it to a working-man on his axe to put keen edge. I would rather be with spades trenching beds in fields, than striving be in foolish war and running behind banks to get away.

Plague, &c.

News of great disgrace and loss of fame has from the Border come, to strike us in the breast ; our army beaten by seven thousand troopers ; our painstaking ministers like soft-white captive wedders ; and the three kingdoms' heir a prisoner in the Isle of Wight.

Plague, &c.

O, Middleton, so versed in courts, great was my dislike to thee from the first. Thou also in yon council had'st a hand, and I could wish thee to be hanged. Unlike thou wert to the worthy prop in whose word no twist was found. About thee there would be no restful subjection for the retiring, lowly hind.

Alastair Thou wert good that day at Auldearn, when thou didst leap among the pikes ; and whether good or ill befell thee, thou wouldst not shout—"Relief."

¹ The Prince of Wales, afterwards Charles the Second.

CASTLE GIRNIGOE AND THE SINCLAIRS OF RATTER.

BY KENNETH MACDONALD, TOWN-CLERK OF INVERNESS.

PART II.

THE prison of Inverness was, however, not the first of which the Laird of Ratter had been an inmate. In the month of May, 1700, he was lodged in the Tolbooth of Tain for non-payment of a debt originally incurred by his father, but after a sojourn of rather more than a year and a-half, he managed, early in 1702, to make his escape, and he remained at large until he was apprehended at Dornoch in May, 1704. In the meantime the Magistrates of Tain, whose Tolbooth was insecure, obtained a Privy Council warrant absolving them from the duty of receiving and keeping prisoners for five years, that they might build a new prison, and authorising them to send prisoners to Inverness. Accordingly, on the arrival of Ratter at Inverness, he was accompanied not only by the messenger-at-arms who had apprehended him, and by a Notary Public, but by the Magistrates of Tain, who appeared at the Market Cross and delivered the prisoner to the keeping of the Magistrates of Inverness in virtue of the Privy Council warrant, as well as of the Caption under which he had been apprehended.

The Magistrates of Tain were apparently not the only persons who were anxious to secure the body of the Laird of Ratter. No sooner was he in prison than one Caption after another was put in force, and creditor after creditor charged the Magistrates of Inverness to keep him in safe custody. On the day he was brought to Inverness, no less than three separate Captions, in addition to the one under which he was apprehended in Dornoch, were lodged with

the Magistrates of Inverness, and from time to time thereafter they were charged by other creditors to detain their prisoner until he paid what he owed them. The responsibility thus imposed upon the Magistrates became more onerous with each Caption of which intimation was made to them; for, in the event of their prisoner making his escape, they were liable to make good the debts for which he was imprisoned. It may well be supposed, therefore, that they would not fail to take every precaution which prudence would suggest, in order to ensure the safe keeping of a prisoner who was not only desperate of relief, but who had already earned a reputation as a prison-breaker, and had subjected the Magistrates of the neighbouring burgh of Tain to pecuniary loss by escaping from their Tolbooth.

To the Burgh of Tain his escape was a very serious matter. The Burgh was already in a state of decay. It had no harbour, and what little trade it had was being carried away by surrounding Burghs of Barony, and by the neighbouring country gentlemen, who, according to a report presented to the Convention of Royal Burghs, traded in "tobacco, salt, iron, and other gross commodities." A great part of the town had been destroyed by fire, and the ruins lay as they fell, for the Burgesses had not the means to rebuild, even were it worth while doing so in a burgh without trade. The Tolbooth and Steeple were falling into ruin, and, notwithstanding the serious pecuniary responsibility incurred by a Royal Burgh with an insecure prison, the necessary repairs could not be made. The Burgesses were oppressed and robbed by powerful neighbours, and the Burgh was reduced to so low an estate that for years it was unable to send a Commissioner to the Convention of Royal Burghs, or to pay the small sum annually payable to the Convention funds. Such was the state of the Burgh of Tain when the crowning misfortune befel it. "One Sinclair of Ratter," a petition presented by the Burgh to the Convention says, "being incarcerated within their Tolbooth several months, did, in April last,

make his escape by breaking through the room where he was, and by false keys to the outer door, and he being arrested by several of his creditors for upwards of £4000 Scots, your petitioners are debtors for payment thereof, which will undoubtedly ruin us unless the Honourable Convention take our case into consideration." The Convention did take their case into consideration, relieved them of their annual payment for a number of years, and of the duty of sending a Commissioner to the Convention, and best of all made them a grant of five hundred merks to assist in rebuilding their Tolbooth and Steeple, and recommended the individual Burghs to give voluntary contributions—which they no doubt did. Wonderful to us this mutual helpfulness and sympathy between the Royal Burghs in that not so distant past! In those days every Royal Burgh was a garrison of which the Convention was the headquarters. A weak Burgh was a reproach and a danger to all, and, at the expense of all it must be strengthened that it might not fall a prey to the enemy outside—the "unfree trader." Thus, then, was Tain enabled, if not to regain prosperity, at least to pay a composition to Sinclair's creditors and to rebuild her Tolbooth and Steeple, so that when, after a few years, another Commission was sent down by the Convention to see whether the five hundred merks had been properly spent, they were able to report that "the Tolbooth and Steeple with the pricket thereof, consisting of six story high, together with a Council House of two houses height adjoining thereto, are finished to the security of the platform and bartisone head of the said steeple."

But the Magistrates of Tain were not disposed to submit tamely to the loss Ratter had inflicted on them by making his escape from their prison, and accordingly in May 1705, after he had been for more than twelve months a prisoner in Inverness, they raised an action against him in the Burgh Court of Inverness for the sum they had paid to his creditors on account of his escape from Tain. The proceed-

ings throw a curious light upon legal procedure a hundred and eighty years ago. The action was for over £600 Scots, a sum which would represent nearly the same value of sterling money at the present day, yet it was brought before the Bailies in the Burgh Court, and conducted without written pleadings or further record of the statements and pleas of parties than was contained in a note taken by the Town Clerk—in short, the proceedings were nearly as informal as those in a small debt action before the Sheriff or Justices of the Peace to-day. The Burgh Court was inside the Tolbooth, and on the day appointed the defender appeared and declined the jurisdiction of the Magistrates of Inverness, on the ground that he was neither a Burgess, Guild Brother, or resider in Inverness, his residence there being by constraint, and that, being kept in prison, he had not the benefit of kirk or market, and it is added:—“Nor was ever there a person thus treated in the kingdom whose circumstances were equal to those of the defender.” To this it was answered that the defender had his personal habitation within the place libelled (“the prison-house of Inverness”) for one year and upwards, and that the restraint he was under was in his own default. The Bailies were apparently in no hurry to pronounce judgment. The question might have been disposed of in a day, but although the defence was stated and answered on 22nd June, it was not disposed of until 31st August. Inverness Bailies in the beginning of the eighteenth century were probably very much what Bailies have been ever since and are now. They could see no harm in talking among themselves about this important lawsuit depending before them—perhaps they even set the precedent of discussing it at a Council meeting. Anyhow they allowed it transpire that they were disposed to sustain the Laird of Ratter’s plea, and the Magistrates of Tain became alarmed for the result of their suit. We can imagine the indignation of the Bailies of Tain on learning that their neighbours in Inverness contemplated so unfriendly a thing as deciding their

case against them, and we may safely assume that a considerable portion of the delay in giving a decision was caused by remonstrances from Tain against the proposed judgment. But Tain did not rest satisfied with mere remonstrances. The Tain Bailies knew their kind, and, resorting to methods which ill-natured people say are still of occasional efficacy where Bailies are concerned, they brought influence to bear from outside. At that time Mr Robert Fraser, advocate, Edinburgh, a Burgess of both Inverness and Tain, was standing counsel for the Burgh of Inverness. Him the Magistrates of Tain found means of approaching, and on 30th July 1705, he wrote to Provost William Duff of Inverness, saying he had seen a letter written by John Taylor (the solicitor who represented Tain before the Magistrates) to Cadboll, saying that "your Bailies would not allow process before your Court against Ratter, and that ye was very backward in the thing, and offered to decline yourselves if he insisted." This he cannot understand. "No judicature," he says, "declines itself where the defender falls in before it as here, Ratter having been many months in your Tolbooth, and may be there all his life. It is my opinion *ye should be so neighbourly to the town of Tain* as to let process go on, the case being most competent to be judged by your Court, and if he pleases he may advocate the cause. . . . This I think reasonable, and what I think myself bound to write to you being Burgess of both Burghs." Had Mr Fraser lived to-day he would probably not have written such a letter, and if he had, its recipient would have put it in the fire. But people looked at things differently then. The Bailies took Mr Fraser's advice, and were "so neighbourly to the town of Tain" as to repel Ratter's plea. Whether Tain gained anything by their complaisance is doubtful. Ratter immediately brought a process of advocacy in the Supreme Court, and removed the proceedings from judges who were influenced by considerations of good neighbourhood. How long the litigation in the Supreme Court continued it is

impossible to say, but the records of the Convention of Royal Burghs show that it was still in progress in 1707, for in that year the burgh of Tain petitioned the Convention in regard to it, asking their countenance and support.

All this time Sinclair remained a prisoner in Inverness. At first he was confined in the part of the prison known as the Inner Tolbooth, an apartment secure enough then, whatever it may have been, or the Magistrates may have pretended it to have been, when Burt wrote some twenty years later, to make escape impossible without outside aid. The apartment was not a luxurious one. It was not even particularly clean, if we may judge from the fact that its occasional cleaning out was accomplished by means of a spade. But its accommodation was the best the prison afforded, and so much better than that of the "vault in the steeple," to which Sinclair was afterwards relegated, as to make him very anxious to be allowed to return to it. In the Inner Tolbooth Sinclair remained for more than three years, apparently without thought of escape. His keepers may well have been excused if, after so long a period of security, they relaxed somewhat of their watchfulness. They received a rude awakening however when they discovered, in February 1707, that their prisoner had for some time been making careful preparations for effecting his escape, and had succeeded in getting three augers introduced into the prison, and concealed under his bed. The discovery was reported to the Magistrates, and, whether or not it be true, as Burt suggests, that these gentry connived at the escape of criminals, they did not relish the notion of losing a civil prisoner and paying his debts as the result of letting him slip through their hands. In fact the Magistrates got a fright, and resorted to the then very unusual course of calling a special meeting of the Town Council to consider the situation. That body, after examining Ratter's fellow prisoner William Grant of Logie, who laid the whole blame on his companion, ordered the two prisoners to be "secured in the steeple, and that they have not the benefit

of fire or candle." To the steeple Sinclair was accordingly removed, and there he remained practically without intermission for at least six years. Not however without attempting to escape. In 1709 his servant managed to get possession of the key of the prison, and "opened the outer door of the stairhead to the Tolbooth, and the laigh door to the steeple, by which he had access to discourse with his alleged master anent the ways and means to his liberation." The servant was in course of getting a second key made by a blacksmith in Petty, when his movements attracted attention, and he was informed by the Council that he would be banished from the town if he was seen near the prison again. From that time onward Ratter appears to have made no farther attempt at escape, and to have devoted himself to writing petitions to the Council and letters to the Magistrates and his friends to mitigate the rigour of his imprisonment.

The room in the steeple where Ratter was imprisoned was probably somewhat more secure than the Inner Tolbooth. It was further from the jail entrance, and probably interposed at least one additional door between the would-be prison-breaker and liberty. But it was a terrible place to confine an old man in. It had no fire-place, no windows, and might almost as well be without a roof. The prisoner's bed clothes were sometimes stripped off his bed by the wind; a shower of rain saturated them, and a snowstorm covered him, his bed, and his cell floor, with a mantle of white. In the severe cold of our northern winter, the poor old man vainly endeavoured to keep himself warm by lying in bed, shivering under all his clothes, both day and night. To add to his misery, he was attacked by a painful disease, requiring for its treatment both warmth and careful nursing, but all the indulgence he could get—indeed, all he dared ask—was liberty to go to the fire in the jailor's room once a day. We get our last glimpse of him in 1713, at which time his imprisonment had lasted nine years. He is still in the vault in

the steeple," without fire or candle, and probably without sufficient bed clothes ; for one of the creditors who has now obtained a Caption against him is William Cumming, Slater, Burgess of Inverness, from whom, at the commencement of his imprisonment, he had hired a bed and bed clothes, a night-cap, a plate, trencher, two horn spoons, and other necessities for two shillings Scots a day, which, not being paid, the articles were removed. He is suffering from illness and cold, and, above all, the weight of his three-score-and-ten years is telling heavily. The living tragedy of the man's life cannot last much longer. His spirit is broken—no more of those fierce protests against the hardship of his lot, and the inhumanity of his jailors ; no more attempts to escape, no more petitions even for relief. He has sunk into a dull apathy, and takes his punishment stolidly as a matter of course. The end is evidently near, and John Sinclair of Ratter, between whom and one of Scotland's most ancient Earldoms there is but a step, is likely to end his life, as his ancestor John Master of Caithness did, in prison—not, however, tragically by the hands of a murderer, but ignobly in a debtors' cell. There is no trace of when the imprisonment ended. The last glimpse of John Sinclair of Ratter in life is in the Inverness prison. In 1718 he was dead—how long before we cannot say—for in that year he is referred to as the late John Sinclair of Ratter in an agreement between his elder son and successor, John Sinclair, then of Ratter, and his second son, William Sinclair of Freswick, the former of whom undertakes to repay to the latter the sum he expended in paying their father's debts. What probably happened is this:—In 1712 or 1713, William Sinclair, Ratter's second son, succeeded under an entail to the estate of Freswick, which had belonged to his uncle David Sinclair, and probably also to his uncle's other means, for David Sinclair died childless, and was himself the maker of the entail under which his nephew succeeded him. William, in all likelihood, took the earliest opportunity of relieving his

father by settling with his creditors. This much we know, that William Sinclair in 1713—probably immediately on his succession to Freswick—wrote the Magistrates offering to guarantee them against loss if they granted his father certain indulgences, that we have no trace of his father in prison after 1713, and that he at some time before 1718 paid his father's debts. We may therefore, with some degree of certainty assume that, after his long imprisonment, John Sinclair spent the last few years of his life at Ratter, among the old scenes and surrounded by the old faces which he must often have thought during the long and terrible months in the "vault in the steeple" he would never see again.

[TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT MONTH.]

LITIR.

[DO 'N MHIOSAICHE GHAIÐHEALACH].

M^O CHARAID IONMHUINN,—Is anabharrach breagh an Samhradh a fhuair daoine air a bhliadhna so. Cha robh a leithid do thiomachd ann o cheann naoi bliadhna co dhiubh. Tha na h-aimhnichean air tioram-achadh, gus nach 'eil annta do uisge ach gann na fhliuchas bonn na broige. Is ciatach an t-side a ta ann air son lomairt nan caorach, agus air son cruadhachadh na moine. Cha bhi an saidhe ach gann air feadh na h-Airde Tuath, rud a bhios na aobhar gearain gu leoir, 'nuair a thig an t-Earrach. Coma co dhiubh, is fada gu sin, agus foghnaidh dhuinn an latha a chaitheadh mar a thig e. Is mor an toil inntinn solus na greine. Chunnaic sinn bliadhnachan, anns nach robh ach sileadh agus seideadh fad an t-Samhraidh, agus bha durachd againn an sin air son turadh agus teas. Biomaid taingeil gu'm bheil an aimsir co taitneach.

Tha drip mhor am measg nam Frangach, air an taobh thall do'n Chaol Shasunnach. Rinn iad ceannairc, 'sa bhliadhna 1789, agus chuir iad an ceann o amhaich an Rìgh leis an tuaith. 'S coltach gu'n robh so na ni a chaidh a mheas leo na aobhar uaille. Uime sin, do bhrìgh 's gu'n do ruith coig fichead bliadhna o am an ar-a-mach, tha iad deanadh Foillseachaidh moire's an ard bhaile. Tha bathar an t-saoghail gu leir cruinn an sin, aig bruaich na h-aimhne ris an abrar Seimh Amhainn, agus a reir 's mar a ta mise a cluinntinn, tha iongantasan gu leoir r' am faicinn an sin. Tuigear ciod an sluagh a ta e a tarruinn do 'n bhaile, 'nuair a ghabhas sinn beachd gu'm bheil cor agus ceud mìle sluaigh a dol a stigh air an dorus gach latha. Cha 'n eil teagamh nach 'eil am Foillseachadh co domhail air a cheud latha do 'n t-seachduin 'sa tha e latha sam bith eile, do bhrìgh 's nach 'eil suim aig an Fhrangach do latha an Tighearna, ni's motha n'a tha aige do chuileig a cluich m' a cheann. 'Nan tugadh e sgriob do Ghaidhealtachd

na h-Airde Tuaith, gheibheadh e fios eile m' an ghnòthuch. Cha dean e sin an da latha so. 'San a ta esan a cumail a shuil ris an Aird-an-Ear, air eagal 's gun tig an Gearmailteach, 's gun glac e baile mor na Fraing, mar a rinn e roimhid, o cheann ochd bliadhna deug.

'S e an t-aon iongantas is comharaichte 's an Fhoill-seachadh, tur mor do iarunn a chaidh a thogail, dluth do 'n amhainn. Cha deachaidh aitreabh co ard ris an tur so a thogail riamh roimhid le lamhan dhaoine. Cha'n fhacas a leithid co dhiubh o na chaidh Tur Bhabeil a leagail, agus tha dream ann a ta a' cumail a mach nach tugadh Tur Bhabeil fein fiaradh a Tur na Fraing. Tha am fear so air ainmeachadh air Eifel, 's cha deachaidh airgid riamh a struidheadh air cho bheag math. 'Nuair a chunnaic mi an drochaid a tha a dol thar aimhne Dhuin Eidinn, thubhairt mi rium fein gu'm b' fhearr an obair a bha 'n sin, no ged a thogadh am Frangach da thur dheug, an aite a h-ain.

Thainig naigheachd mhor a mach 'san duthaich againn fein mo mheadhon an t-Samhraidh. Tha Mac Ille Dhuibh, Iarla Fìf, a posadh nighean Prionnsa Uels. Cha do thachair rud mar so o na phos Marcus Lathurna a Bhana-Phrionnsa, o cheann beul ri fichead bliadhna. Tha'n sgeul ur so a' cur aoibhnis air gach duine a ta g' a cluinntinn ann an Albainn. Tha sinn air fas seachd sgith do na prionnsachan beaga Gearmailteach, aig nach robh do chis Rioghail na chumadh tombaca riu, agus a bhiodh a tighinn a nall 'n ar measg, an toir air Bana-Phrionnsa, a chumadh lon 's eaidh riu. Dh' oilltich mi ris na prionnsachan beaga sin. Is mor is fearr do'n teaghlach Rioghail, ceatharnach Gaidhealach gasda, coltach ri Fìf. Tha mi 'g a mheas mar Ghaidheal le deadh choir, do bhrìgh 's gur h-e sloinneadh Gaidhealach a ta e a giulan, 's gur h-ann o mheasg nan Gaidheal a thainig a shinnsirean. Nam bu leir do bhan fhiosaichean Mhic Bheathain fada gu leoir rompa, dh' fheudadh iad innseadh dha, gun suidheadh sliochd Mhic Ille Dhuibh air Rìgh-chaithir na h-Albainn, co math ri sliochd Bhaincho.

HIGHLAND HERALDRY.

“**H**ERALDRY,” wrote Sir George Mackenzie of Rosehaugh, Knight, 200 years ago, “is that Science which teacheth us to give or know Arms suitable to the Worth or Intention of the Bearer, and Arms may be defin’d to be marks of Hereditary honour, given or authorized by some Supream Power, to gratify the Bearer, or distinguish Families.” It would be difficult to imagine a period in the history of the human race when distinguishing marks of some kind were unknown among men. The earliest and rudest communities—dwellers in caves and huts—must have had some more or less recognised Head, distinguished in some way from his followers, and each commune again must have had some mark of its own, common to its members, and recognised as such by surrounding communes. This we find to have been the case throughout the histories of ancient and modern nations—of Egypt, Assyria, Greece, Rome, the nations of Mediæval Europe, the Powers of to-day ; and this also we find among the existing savage tribes of Africa, among the nomads of Central Asia and the Polar regions, the warriors of the Prairies, and the disappearing aboriginals of Australia.

Such marks, given originally to individuals for valour or wisdom, through time became more and more valuable, and the son succeeding the father felt just pride in assuming the parental distinction, and in handing it down in turn to those who followed him. Hence they became hereditary, serving to distinguish the family for all time coming, or at least until it was extinguished, or absorbed in others more powerful or lasting.

War at all periods and among all peoples, savage or civilised, whether intertribal or international, has ever given

occasion for men to display those qualities which command the admiration of their fellowmen, and deeds of heroism and valour have never ceased to bring to the warrior those distinguishing marks which his actions have merited. The tawny Brave, returning to his wigwam with the reeking scalps of his enemies, is as much the envied of his tribe as the proud possessor of the Victoria Cross is of his comrades ; and Abijah's reception at Jerusalem, after the bloody victory of Zemaraim, could have been no less enthusiastic than that of Napoleon's on his return from Austerlitz, or Wellington's from Waterloo.

Perhaps no species of warfare conduces so much to deeds of valour (as well as cruelty) as that directly incited by religious enthusiasm. The history of the Jews, of the Christians, of the Mahomedans, teems with illustrations. The Crusades especially gave scope for chivalrous actions, which were duly recognised and recorded by some appropriate symbol blazoned on the hero's shield or armour, and easily understood by even the great unlettered of the time. Indeed, the Crusades and the Feudal customs of the Middle Ages may be regarded as the greatest instigators of true heraldry, which accordingly at that period began to be reduced to the strict rules of a science, which defined its principles and limited its use. Its officers were honoured next to the Sovereign himself ; its laws were scrupulously observed ; the honours it conferred were zealously guarded, and a knowledge of the science was an indispensable part of the education of every one entitled to wear its emblems.

In the strife of rival nations such as Scotland and England, the "pomp and circumstance of war" were much enhanced by the brave display of heraldry on banner and pennon and shield ; and neither Lowland lord nor Highland chief would have dreamt of entering the field without his full achievement. It was his record, so to speak, and told all concerned who he was, to what families related, and what honours he had acquired. Thus the gold and black gyrony of eight proclaimed the House of Argyll, as the

crowned heart proclaimed a Douglas, or the three cinque-foils a Fraser. Wherever the Murrays were, there were the three silver rowels on an azure field within the Scottish tressure; the Grants mustered under their three antique crowns, and the Stewarts displayed their fess chequy.

But this was in its palmy days—days of chivalry and romance—when Stirling Bridge, and Bannockburn, and Flodden were fought, and when the tilt and tournament were the engrossing sports of sovereign and subject alike. In the course of time it began gradually to lose its purity; the age of chivalry passed away, and it was no longer necessary to win spurs on the field of battle alone. Pedigree and blood and men of war found the rising tide of trade and commerce too much for them, and their privileges were invaded. The old spirit and the will were there, but the enemy was one they were not accustomed to combat—one that thought so much of itself as to consider that even heraldic honours should be common to both sides. Then came the decline. Coats armorial began to be assumed by all and sundry, absurd and grotesque bearings came into use, old coats were requisitioned by those who had no right to them, quarterings and charges were multiplied to a confusing degree, the authority of the heralds was, to a great degree, ignored, and the dignity of their position was lessened.

But, though degraded and corrupted, it never lost its vitality, and while old families cling with increasing love to their hereditary coats, the rising ones eagerly seek its honours, now, unfortunately, but too easily obtained. Many able works have been written on the subject, and although the heraldic shield is no longer required to distinguish and protect its owner, heraldic art is still a favourite method of ornamenting the castle, the mansion, and the tomb; and the increasing attention given to it as a means of tracing family history, or assisting antiquarian and archæological research, has done much to raise the art of Blazoning towards its ancient standard, and to lesson the perpetration of error.

In some countries the decline was not so swift, nor was the corruption so great, and Robson, in his "*History of Heraldry*," observes that "if in any part of these dominions it has been in a general way more correctly adhered to than in others, it is in Scotland, where they generally possess more evidence to claim the right of assumption, and are more particular in differencing the family bearings." If this can be said of Scotland in general, it may be said of the Highlands in particular, where family history and connections have been carefully noted, and handed down from generation to generation, and where the family pedigree is seldom shorter than those to be found in Jewish records! This trait of the Highland character is not confined to the Chief and the higher members of his house, but is common to all the clan; and the crofter of to-day—the lineal descendant of the vassal of old—has at his finger end more or less of the family history of the heads of the clan to which he belongs, their triumphs, their vicissitudes, their rights, and their wrongs; and whatever estrangement may, through altered circumstances, have been brought about between Chief and follower, never fails to acknowledge him as one whose ancestors led his own forefathers in many a bloody feud, and gained or lost together. Keeping this in view, and the fact that it is only recently, so to speak, that Highlanders have "hung the trumpet in the hall," a few examples of their heraldry—using, for the benefit of the general reader, as few technical terms as possible—may not be uninteresting.

As might be looked for amongst a people having a comparatively short list of surnames, "differencing" of arms, or the altering of, or adding to, a coat of arms to distinguish the chief from others of the same name, has been necessarily much resorted to. For instance, the arms of the Grants, as already mentioned, are three gold antique crowns on a red field, but Grant of Grant alone is entitled to bear this, the other families of the name must add or alter. And so Grant of Invermoriston differences his by

putting a silver "bordure," or border, round the shield ; Grant of Dalvey, a bordure engrailed, and Grant of Monymusk a bordure ermine. Again, the head of the Forbeses bears simply on a blue field three bears' heads (argent), with red muzzles, which the Forbeses of Craigivar difference by placing a silver cross (patée fitchée) between the heads, and the Forbeses of Monymusk by similarly placing a chevron¹ charged with a human heart. Forbes of Culloden also uses the chevron as a difference, but, charges it with three unicorn heads instead of the heart. The Chief of the Mackenzies carries the well-known deer's head on a blue field ; the Kilcoy branch adds a mullet (or rowel) between the attires, and the Rosehaugh branch surrounds the head with two laurel branches.

"Marshalling," or the arrangement of arms by quartering or impaling, is another form of not only distinguishing families, but of showing the connection of one with another ; and here again the limited number of Highland surnames is apparent from the frequency with which the arms of one clan are found quartered with those of others. As examples of marshalling, we may instance the arms of the Mackenzies of Coul, who quarter their own with the boar's head of the Chisholms, through the first Baronet, Sir Kenneth, marrying the eldest daughter and co-heiress of Chisholm of Comar, and the connection is further marked in the crest of this family, which is a boar's head erect, between the attires of a stag. The Campbells of Cawdor, descending from the third son of the second Earl of Argyll, who married the daughter and heiress of Calder of Calder, bore the Calder arms—a black hart's head on a gold field—quartered with those of Campbell and Lorn ; but Sir Hugh Campbell of Cawdor, having married another heiress, the only daughter of Sir John Lort of Stackpool Court, Pembrokeshire, the fourth quarter was occupied by the arms of that family—three gold buckles on a blue fess, and these quarterings form the arms of the present Earl.

¹ A bearing shaped like the stripes on a sergeant's arm.

The quartered coat of the Ogilvie-Grants, Earls of Seafield, is an interesting example of how heraldry records the connection of families. Although Grants, the arms of that clan occupy only the second and third quarters, as Sir Lewis Alexander Grant, eighth Baronet, having succeeded to the Earldom of Seafield through his grandmother, assumed the name and arms of Ogilvie (a red lion passant guardant, imperially crowned, on a silver field), which again were quartered with the black engrailed cross of the Sinclairs of Deskford. This quartered coat of the Ogilvies now occupies the first and fourth quarters of the Seafield shield, taking the place of honour through the superior title.

The bearings of the island and seaboard clans indicate, more or less, their connection with the sea and naval warfare; and the fish, the war galley, and the ship are familiar on the arms of these clans. The Earls of Caithness bear on their first quarter a ship at anchor within the Royal tressure, having formerly been also Earls of Orkney, until that title was surrendered to James III., and annexed to the Crown; and, on their fourth quarter, a ship under sail, for Caithness. The well-known black galley of Lorn has been quartered with the arms of Argyll since the middle of the 15th century, and figures in the arms of many other Campbell families. Macdonald of the Isles—and Macdonell of Glengarry, with appropriate difference—bore an eagle displayed, surmounted by a lymphad or galley, and the galley appears also in the arms of the Gunns, Maclachlans, Macdougalls, Macneils, Mackinnons, Macquarries, Macintyres, certain of the Macleods, the Macphersons, and others who followed the Lord of the Isles.

As already mentioned, the Crusades did much to foster the growth of heraldry as a science, and the Crusaders were fond of augmenting their arms with emblems connected with the Holy Wars. Hence we get the oft-recurring crescents, Saracens' heads, turbans, Moors, cushions, bezants, passion nails, palmer staves, water bougets, crosses,

scallop shells, &c. These augmentations are comparatively rare in Highland arms, as the Highland Chiefs do not seem to have been imbued with the Crusading spirit to the same extent as the Lowland Knights. The Roses of Kilravock, however, bear three water bougets (vessels used to carry water in during long marches, and a common Crusading symbol) ; and Macnab of Macnab bears on a chevron three green crescents. Another family of the Macnabs has the three crescents on a chief,¹ and both use as a crest a savage's or Saracen's head. The crest, however, may more probably have reference to the massacre of the Neishes, on their island in Loch Earn, by the sons of Macnab, who cut off and carried home the heads of their unfortunate victims. Certainly the open boat with oars in the base of the Macnab arms seems to have connection with their achievement of carrying "a boat of their own" over mountain and valley, in order to reach and surprise the sleeping Neishes. The character of the head in this instance might, however, suit either party !

But if the Highlanders did not go Crusading, their martial ardour found vent nearer home, either in combating each other or assisting their Sovereign to maintain the independence of the Kingdom—occasionally, by way of variety, doing the reverse. And, at a later period, when English wars, or clan feuds, or the Stuart cause no longer gave occasion to draw the broadsword at home, we find them, in common with their Lowland neighbours, seeking for military fame abroad, either as welcome aids to a foreign power, or in the service of their country. In both cases there are many instances of Highland arms receiving augmentations for these services in the field—augmentations in every way as honourable as those acquired in earlier times. They generally take the form of an added chief, bearing some charge indicative of the service rendered. Munro of Linderfis, for instance, bears on a chief above the

¹ Chief—One of the principal heraldic ordinaries, occupying, horizontally, the upper part of the shield.

eagle's head of his clan a representation of the Indian hill-fort of Badamy, and on a canton the medal for service at the assault and capture of Seringaptam. Macgregor of Macgregor bears, in the same way, on an embattled chief, a flagstaff issuing from an eastern crown, and bearing the standard of Holkar, and, as a crest of augmentation, two brass guns, in saltire, in front of a demi-Highlander armed with broadsword and pistols. Archibald, great-grandson of Campbell of Duneaves, commander-in-chief during the Burmese War of 1826, was created a baronet, and received, as an augmentation to his arms, a Burmese stockade on a green mount, inscribed with the word AVA in gold letters. He also bears, for services rendered during the Peninsular War, a gold cross and the badge of the Portuguese Order of the Tower and Sword—an order designed to recompense the services of strangers as well as Portuguese during war in support of the country. Further rewards of service are his crest and supporters—the former being a Burmese warrior on horseback, the latter a Burmese chieftain and a Burmese warrior. The gallant Cameron of Fassifern, colonel of the 92nd during the Peninsular War, received a special crest and chief as augmentations to his arms for the splendid service rendered at Arrinerete and Aire; and, after he fell at Quatre Bras, his family were granted, as a further augmentation, two Highland soldiers as supporters. These pictorial augmentations, however, although given as honours, have the disadvantage of forming indifferent heraldry, and oftener mar than improve a coat.

Augmentations were also given by the Crown in recognition of alliances or relationship with the royal family, and generally took the form of the royal tressure.¹ The chiefs of the Macgregors and Buchanans, the Earls of Caithness and of Moray, and the Duke of Sutherland have this distinction. In the case of the last, the tressure was acquired through the 4th Earl having married the Princess Margaret, daughter of Robert I., but was only added

¹ Royal Tressure—The lines, ornamented with fleurs-de-lis, which pass round the field of the Scottish escutcheon.

so late as last century by George I., who wished to reward John, 16th Earl, for his services as a statesman and soldier.¹ Many of the Stuart families also bear the treasure, especially those descending from the Wolf of Badenoch, son of Robert II.

The heads of such Highland families as are entitled to use supporters have naturally, in many cases, associated them with the warfare and sport of the country, and we have acting as such, armed Highlanders, eagles, falcons, wild-cats, hounds, and deer. The first of these has been adopted by, among others, the Macfarlanes, Macraes, Macnabs, and Macphersons; Campbell of Breadalbane, Fraser of Lovat, and Maclauchlan use stags; Murray and Munro have eagles; Buchanan, falcons; the Duke of Gordon Lord Forbes, Colquhoun of Luss, Urquhart, and Macquarrie have hounds; and the mountain cat of the Mackintoshes is used also by the Farquharsons. Maclean is peculiar in having seals, and Robertson of Strowan in having a serpent and a dove—probably in reference to the injunction to be as wise as the one and as harmless as the other.

Savages, armed and unarmed, are also favourite supporters, and are found in the achievements of the Duke of Sutherland, the Earl of Fife, and the Chiefs of the Clans Cameron, Ross, Menzies, Chisholm, Mackenzie, Grant, and Lamond. Mackay (Lord Reay) has a pikeman and a musketeer, representing the men who fought under him in the German wars, in the armies of Mansfeldt and Gustavus Adolphus. The Macgregors, claiming a Royal origin, use the unicorn on the dexter side. The use of supporters is limited to the ranks of nobility, chiefs of clans, and certain others, who have obtained the right as an honourable augmentation to their arms, as in the case of the Camerons of Fassifern, already mentioned.

The mottoes of the Highland families may be grouped into two classes—the religious and the menacing. Of the former there are many, such as, “Dread God” (Munro);

¹ His. High. Clans, Vol. II. p. 276.

"I hope in God" (Macnaughton); "Will God, I shall" (Menzies); "In God is all" (Fraser, Lord Saltoun); "Commit thy work to God" (Sinclair, Earl of Caithness); "Grace me guide" (Lord Forbes); "Salvation through Christ" (Forbes of Culloden). Of the latter class are—"Touch not the Cat bot a glove" (Mackintosh, Macbean, and others); "You must not forget" (Campbell); "I am ready" (Fraser of Lovat); "To conquer or die" (Macneil). The motto of the Mackintoshes is used also by the Macphersons and Macgillivrays, but with the definite instead of the indefinite article—"Touch not the Cat bot the glove." Certain others are of a grimmer type, such as the Macgregors, "E'en do and spare not," and the Murrays, "Furth fortune, and fill the fetters," the euphony of the latter adding a species of savage zest to the sentiment.

The crests, again, reflect the warfare and the chase of the country, and we have daggers and broadswords, castles and towers, and burning rocks as representative of the one, boars' heads and deers' heads, eagles and otters and wild-cats, of the other. The loyalty of some, such as the Buchanans, Macquarries, Robertsons, and Macfarlanes, is expressed by the adoption of the Imperial crown, upheld or defended by armed hand or sword. Others, like The Chisholm, show that by similar means they will defend their own; and a few, more pious, like the Macdougalls and the Macdonalds, display the cross, either to indicate generally their faith in Christianity, or their particular claim to do so as Crusaders.

On the whole, the study of Highland Heraldry is extremely interesting, especially when taken in connection with the history and traditions of the clans. It shows distinct and peculiar features, and has the merit of being as free from gross or absurd detail as that of any country where the science has flourished. There is in the Highland character much to account for this—the martial spirit, the pride of descent, and the dislike (until these degenerate times) of commercial pursuits, together with the influence

of the natural features of their country, all conducing to the growth of that chivalrous feeling so necessary for the maintenance of a system whose palmiest days are past. And to see that this spirit is still living and vigorous, it is but necessary to follow the career of our Highland Regiments, and to glance over the list of those who "For Valour" have become the recipients of the Victoria Cross, or who have been rewarded with the honour of knighthood for distinguished service in the field.

JOHN H. GALL.

PARTING.

N^AE mair to hear the rummle o' the linn,
Nor ever mair to dander roon the brae,
Oh, me! to wander far frae kith an' kin,
It gars my heart stand still wi' wae!
Oh, man! I canna say farewell,
Nor put my hand in thine,
My arms roon thee, nor tell,
Wi' grippit throat, oh brither mine!
My love for thee, nor say farewell.
Wae's me, the hour, the day,
The grief we felt I canna tell;
We'll meet beyond the grave, they say.

ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL.

FINGER-AND-TOE AND OTHER PLANT AND TREE DISEASES.

ANYONE who knows almost anything about plants of any kind, or takes the most general interest in them, knows that they are in very different conditions of growth; some of them are vigorous and healthy, while others are sickly and diseased. As a very natural thing, however, some have a special love and attachment for one tree or plant, and some for another, just as they have a preference for certain other things all over the world, and the objects they have an attachment for are those they know best, and observe most accurately what is right or wrong about them.

I shall endeavour, however, as best I can, to give this subject such a tangible shape and form as not only to expand the thoughts of those already interested, but to convey to others who have no special concern in it such a sense of the importance of the subject as to heighten and deepen their sympathies, and to call forth effort and action, not only to enable them to know and understand the difference between vigorous health and deadly disease, but also to show both how far man's power legitimately extends to prevent or cure diseases, and how far such preventive or curative means are out of and beyond his reach and control.

PREVENTABLE DISEASES—I venture to affirm that there are both preventable and curable means put into man's hands, and others quite beyond his reach, skill, and powers of control.

ROOT, STEM, BUD, AND LEAF—I shall endeavour to limit the scope of this paper to four different branches or parts of the tree or plant, namely—1st, the Root; 2nd, the Stem; 3rd, the Bud; and 4th, the Leaf; and while fully and freely admitting that these branches may again, with

perfect propriety, be divided and subdivided into several more branches or subjects, I have thought it better, for the sake of perspicuity and plainness, not to touch on lateral subjects, as far as can possibly be avoided.

ROOT—I begin then with the root of the plant, which some have not inaptly compared to the mouth of the animal for taking in its food. It is true the roots of a plant also perform other important functions beyond those of taking up food, namely, establishing it in the ground, and anchoring it to the soil. The plant being then considered as permanently fixed, is thus destined to remain in that one place, and under that exclusive condition under which it is placed it must take in just such food, both as to kind and quantity, as is brought within its reach. With the animal it is materially different, for if it dislikes the food presented to it, it may refuse it, or remove to a more congenial situation, so as to secure more palatable food, and thus be enabled to subsist under conditions which a plant could not attain, for it must either subsist upon such food as is brought within its reach, or be doomed to starvation, disease, and death. The plainer and simpler the food of both man and beast is, so much the better for them, and this rule holds good alike both in regard to plants and animals, with this important difference, however, that the whole structure and organisation of the plant is simpler, less complex, and correspondingly less adapted to live upon such a variety of foods as man or the lower animals live on.

PLANT FOOD—Plant food, comprehensively speaking, consists simply of air and water, or gases and liquids. Why then, it may very naturally be asked, do we constantly add to the soil such quantities and such varied ingredients in the form of manure if the plant does not take it in, assimilate, and utilise it? and why expend so much precious money in furnishing the plant with food, if air and water, its real natural food, can equally well supply it? The reason for doing so is simply this—to construct, as it were, an artificial laboratory in the soil for elaborating plant food.

But again, it may be asked, If the food of a plant is simply air and water (the air and water being already supplied by the hand of nature), why add anything more or different from that supplied by the surrounding elements?

The answer again is, that the *requirements* of certain plants, under certain conditions, both as to kind and quantity, are such that the common air and common earth do not sufficiently and properly supply them, and therefore they have thus to be *artificially* supplied.

But the question may be still further pressed—Does the natural soil, when acted upon by the natural elements, always, and under all circumstances, and in all seasons; produce the same results upon the plant?

To this, both observation and experience emphatically answer No! The turnip crop, for example, under the same rotation of cropping, manuring, seeding, culture, and other conditions, is one year good, sound, and healthy, while another season it is quite the reverse. Even a week, a day, or an hour between the times of sowing makes all the difference.

A farmer, for example, sows an acre or so of turnips in the forenoon of a certain day, which braird and come up, and do well at every stage of growth throughout. In the afternoon of the same day he sows a corresponding extent with the same seed, and every other thing the same, except the difference of a few hours between the times of sowing. The afternoon's sowing is all eaten off with a small, dark-brown insect, commonly designated "the fly." Now, the question is, Why did the one sowing succeed and the other fail? Simply owing to the unfavourable state of the atmosphere at that juncture when the tender plant just came through the ground, which is commonly frost. This unfavourable climatic influence, whatever it is, predisposes the plant to the attacks of the fly, which is by many erroneously thought to be the cause of the turnips going off, while, in reality, it is only the effect. The plant, as

already said, was touched by frost, or some other atmospheric influence injurious to it, and the insect came only to perform its beneficent office, by putting out of existence that which nature had already doomed to destruction as unfit to exist.

ARTIFICIAL MANURES—If we ask the husbandman how his artificial manures pay him, he invariably answers—Some seasons they pay well, in others he is doubtful of any good result, and again in others he affirms he would have been better without them altogether, for he is persuaded they did *harm* instead of *good*, by engendering canker, finger-and-toe, and other evils. A farmer, a near neighbour of our's, through a mistake of his servant, gave an acre and a quarter or so of potato ground about £11 worth of artificial manure instead of about one-third or one-fourth of what should have been given. The result was that the potato crop was at least two-thirds greater than it would have been without the extra dose. The succeeding crop was barley, and it was so poor and worthless that scarcely the seed sown came off the ground. It came up beautifully, and looked well till about a foot high, when it became red and brown, rusty, and scarcely grew any higher. The barley crop was again succeeded by a splendid crop of hay, thereby proving that uncertainty and hazardousness of expending large sums of money on artificial manures at a blindfold venture as to the result, and indicating the wisdom of having the soil in good constitutional order, rather depending on that than on forced growth by artificial manures, where the varying atmosphere performs such an important part, making the risk so great. Now, the question is, how are these different results produced under conditions apparently the same, or, at least, with such slight differences as to be practically undistinguishable? The answer obviously is that, while man supplied exactly the same measured quantities of manure, &c., year by year, Providence varied his quantity in the inverse ratio, and thus it is that none can calculate with anything

like reliability as to what the results of manuring his land with artificial manures will be. One season they serve as plant food, while in another season they act entirely in the opposite way, and constitute a virulent poison instead of food. We can analyse the soil, and say with approximate certainty in what it abounds, or in what it is deficient ; but who can lay claim to know or determine in what the rain clouds and atmosphere will abound in this or any other season.

The air, while consisting of but two primary elements, viz., oxygen and nitrogen, might naturally be regarded as a very simple and harmless agent, and not able to perform very great results, either good or bad. This is found, however, to be far from the truth, for there is probably no element in nature capable of exercising such powerful influences on creation, animate or inanimate, as the air is. So much so is this the case that the state or condition of the atmosphere not only produces scarcity or plenty, food or famine, or, indeed, life or death, according as its all-prevailing power is exercised.

The atmosphere may produce those elements which act in harmony with the manures artificially supplied, and thereby thus benefit the plant. It may also contribute elements of which the artificial manures are deficient, or, it may be, altogether absent in them ; and thus, again, good results would naturally flow from the artificial manures supplied, and the farmer be thus comforted and consoled in the belief that the money thus expended had, after all, been spent in a profitable and satisfactory manner. But, on the other hand, when the same farmer has repeated exactly the same operation, the results are entirely reversed or different ; for, instead of yielding good results, he has but partial success, or, it may be, complete failure.

Now, how and why these different and opposite results from what appears to common observers the very same causes ? The causes, though apparently the same, are not

so, but entirely different ; for if the atmosphere and the raindrops had been analysed as well as the soil and artificial manures, it would have been discovered that the causes differed quite as greatly as the effects produced. What then ? Should manuring be discontinued ? Should nothing be done to fertilise and enrich the soil ? Most certainly manuring should be done, and no effort on the part of the farmer should be spared to make the soil fertile ; but how, and by what means it is to be done, is well worth our while to enquire and consider.

DEEP PLOUGHING—Deep ploughing, or, at least, stirring the soil to as great a depth as possible, is a safe practice. Pulverising it is next in importance, if not equal, to deep culture, and many a lea crop would be immensely increased by deeper and more thorough harrowing.

DRAINAGE—If the soil is wet, drainage should be done in order that air may enter, raise the temperature, and carry with it plant food. If the soil abounds in acids (or sour, as it is termed), lime should be applied in the caustic or dry, floury state, to break up the silicates and concrete masses of inorganic inert matter, that the gases may be set at liberty to diffuse and pour forth plant food.

MANURING—As to manuring, the safest and best method is that of applying only such kinds and in such quantities as act *slowly* in feeding the plant. In this country of ours, where the temperature between that of the night and day varies so greatly, it becomes us thoughtfully to consider how best to manure our plants and crops, for if we add such stimulating manures as act too freely upon a plant in a hot day after a cold night, the sap-vessels of the plant become *congested*, and diseases of various kinds are thereby engendered, such as finger-and-toe, canker, &c., in the turnip, cabbage, &c. Manures, therefore, that act quickly are the most dangerous to use, and such as act slowly, the safest ; and this leads us to the inevitable conclusion that natural or slow-acting manures,

as distinguished from active artificial ones, are, for all practical purposes of agriculture, the safest and the best.

THE ROOT—The fibrous roots of plants do not usually, in a direct way, contract disease, but rather constitute the medium or channel through which the plants absorb ingredients that poison them, and, in consequence, the whole structure of the plant, including the smallest fibres of the roots, in turn suffer, if not directly, indirectly.

THE STEM—Next to the roots we shall consider the stem of the plant, which, in the case of trees, may be divided into pith, heart-wood, sapwood, and bark.

THE PITH—The pith in the sapling tree is a very sensitive and vital organ, which, if injured by insects, such as the *hylurgus piniperda* (or pine beetle), the life of the stem or scion is at once destroyed. If we bore out the pith of a young tree or branch before the duranum, or heart-wood, is formed around it, the result is that that part opposite or above where the pith is destroyed withers and dies ; but, if the heart-wood has been already formed around the pith, it may be bored out or removed by any means, without inflicting any serious injury on the stem, branch, or any other part of the tree. The pith of the tree, or of any other plant, might very naturally be regarded as the safest and most secure part of it, for it is so well protected on all sides that it is difficult to see how any injury can reach it. In the sapling tree the pith may be compared to the spinal marrow, or nervous system, which, if injured in any way, not only injuriously affects, but destroys every other organ in the whole structure of the plant. But while this is so in regard to the young and tender plant, it is quite otherwise with the advanced or old tree, in which the pith appears of little or no importance, service, or utility whatsoever, and may be altogether removed ; and yet the tree continues healthy, and growing for centuries, as shown in old hollow oaks found all over the land.

THE HEART-WOOD—The duranum, or heart-wood of the tree, appears altogether insensitive and inert, and is

neither influenced nor affected to any appreciable extent by either cold or heat, nor is it materially, if at all, influenced by the hardest and most intense frost. On sawing wood at the saw mill in frosty weather, the heart-wood is found to be not at all influenced or rendered harder by the frost, while the sap-wood (which is naturally softer than the heart-wood) is in frosty weather very much harder.

THE BARK—The bark of endogenous plants, if they can be said to have bark, as the cocoa-nut and other palms, reeds, &c., is very much harder than that of exogenous plants, or such as grow into trees in our own country. It has been said that when a European wood-cutter begins to fell a tree of the endogenous class, he says to himself—if it is so hard on the surface, what will it be in the heart; but as he proceeds he finds that, though the surface is hard, it has a soft heart, and as hollow as it is soft. The bark of these tropical trees, if they have a bark at all, is much less complicated than the bark of the trees of our temperate clime.

The stem of the exogenous tree is composed of two parts, the one ligneous or woody, the other cortical or barky. The growth of the bark is precisely the reverse of that of the wood; that is to say, it lays on its annual layers from the inside, while the wood is laid on from the outside in zones or rings. If the bark lays on annual layers as well as the wood, how is it that the bark does not become much thicker than we find it on the trees? The reason is that in pines and firs it falls off in scales, and in oaks, elms, &c., it cracks, fissures, and gradually wastes from exposure to the elements. The most tender and vital part of the stem is situated between the last-formed layer of wood and the bark; or perhaps it is the better to say the inside of the inner bark, for if the layer of wood be destroyed or removed, the tree suffers but little, while, if the inner coating of the bark be frozen, or otherwise injured, the plant infallibly perishes, or at least that portion of it opposite, as seen in blister or canker, in fruit or forest trees.

All trees are not equally liable to blister and canker, and why is this? Simply because all trees are not equally provided with a thick cortical bark. Young trees are much more liable to blister in the bark than old ones, simply because their bark is thinner, more tender, and delicate, not having acquired the cortical bark, which alone is their sure and safe protection.

LARCH DISEASE—In the case of the larch blister (a subject that has engrossed the attention of the forester and woodland proprietor for nearly a century), this fact is very clearly demonstrated. In ordinary cases, the larch tree begins to acquire its cortical bark between 12 and 15 years of age, after which no blister takes place. The bark of the tree, after it is 14 years or thereby, hardens and encrusts, and after that takes place, that part of the tree is perfectly safe and secure against blister. The tree, however, so long as it is alive, is growing, and therefore, year by year, making new and tender bark as liable to disease as that formed any previous 14 years.

A tree, for example, is growing at the average rate of 18 inches in height annually, therefore at 14 years of age it is 21 feet high. At 14 years, the lower 18 inches of the stem have put on the corky covering, and the tree is thus safe against further disease, so far, at least, as the lower 18 inches are affected. At 15 years old, the lower 3 feet are safe. At 16 years, 4 feet 6 inches are safe, and so on year by year, 18 inches of the stem each year become *blister-proof*. As with the stem, so also with the branches, for they, too, are liable to blister, as well as the stem, and require their coat of mail too, just as the stem does, and they, likewise, receive it in a corresponding way, and thus become *blister-proof*. All larch trees do not acquire blister, and how is this? Because all trees and plants grown from seed differ in several ways; thus some are hardy, while others are tender. Soil, climate, and atmosphere likewise produce their own respective influences, and thus it is again, that while a tender tree suffers, a hardy one escapes. One

tree is at its critical and vital period of tenderness ten days earlier than another, and if the unfavourable conditions of the atmosphere occur at that vital period, this tree will fall a victim, while that one escapes.

If asked how we know the blister on trees is caused by an uncongenial and unfavourable climate, instead of frost simply, or other causes generally assigned, we answer, because the same tree, in the same position and situation, that contracts the disease does not do so if a glass covering or roof is placed over it. A peach tree, for example, against a wall in the open air will blister, while, after a glass roof is placed over it, the blistering will cease, and the tree recover. The apricot, also a native of Persia, will contract blister in the open air, but not under glass. Apples, pears, plums, &c., all suffer more or less from blister, which is prevented by cover and protection.

I have often thought that, by washing over the stem by a gummy solution, or vegetable oil, such as rain would not wash off, the tender bark of such trees as are naturally liable to blister might be so far rendered proof against it until such time as they acquired their own natural corky bark, which protects them from it.

Deep drainage, an admixture of sand, wood-ashes, or any dry warm materials to raise the temperature by absorbing the moisture around the tree, would all materially help in preventing canker taking place.

Watering plants, with water at different degrees of temperature, produce very different results upon plants. Mr Rust, Eridge Castle, informs me that if you water one camellia with tepid water, and another by the side of it, and alike in every other respect, with cold water, the former will flourish and blossom richly, while the latter will lose much of its foliage, and the blooms be much smaller, and many of them fall off before they come to perfection.

LEAVES—The leaf is that part of the vegetable to which we look for manifestation of life. Light and air, which so essentially influence the vegetable kingdom, act

chiefly on the leaves, which may be compared to the lungs of the animal, but in the vegetable situated externally. The leaf changes whatever passes through it into the substance and structure of the plant. Sound green leaves in the sun give out oxygen, and take in carbonic acid gas; but in the dark or at night they give out carbonic acid, and take in oxygen from the air. Sickly plants, however, do the same in the sun or light as healthy ones do in the dark, namely, give out carbonic acid and take in oxygen.

Leaves perform such an important part in the economy of plant life that without them no fruit will form, nor enlargement of growth take place, and even life itself will flicker and altogether cease, for want of leaves. Leaves have sometimes been cut off to induce fruit to ripen. It may induce it to colour, but it is more likely to foster disease than improve the fruit, either in size or quality.

Leaves that live in the open air have a completely different structure from those that live in the water. Leaves that live in the air have their breathing tubes underneath, while those that live in the water (as the water-lily) have theirs on the upper surface.

To prove the immense importance of leaves to plant life, we may instance a case that occurred under our own observation in 1864. The Birch woods I refer to were at Aviemore, in Strathspey, and were attacked in June and July by a caterpillar, which entirely denuded many of them of their foliage, the result of which was that many of them died from the effects.

We have tried the effects of stripping off the leaves of several other species of trees, and found that it almost entirely prevented them from making growth that season, either lateral or upright. Leaves then, must be regarded of as much and corresponding service to the plant or tree as lungs are to the animal.

MILDEW—Mildew is a disease to which forest trees, except in the nursery, are not very liable; but hedges, especially barberry, and sometimes thorn, are not unfre-

quently attacked. It is the leaf or foliage of the plant that is affected, and when affected, it may be regarded as beyond cure. Mildew is caused by a low temperature, damp atmosphere, and slow evaporation, at that particular stage of growth when the leaf is full of sap. One of the most readily provoking causes of mildew in plants, other than trees, is that of applying cold water to them when the soil and atmosphere are equally cold. As a remedy for this disease just reverse the order of things under which the disease was contracted, raise the temperature, and water with the chill taken off it, and syringe with sulphate of potassium.

HONEY-DEW—This is a disease which, above all others, alarms the hop-grower, for however bright his prospects are to-day, the whole horizon may, and often is, clouded by to-morrow. The gummy sweet-tasted substance found, not only on the leaf of the hop-bine, but also on our roses, honey-suckles, and many other plants, whether growing in the hop-garden, vineyard, nursery, kitchen, or flower garden, is produced by an insect of the aphid tribe. This insect pierces the leaf of the plant with its rostrum, or beak, and from thence flows the sap, which weakens the leaf by inducing it to curl up, and ultimately to die and fall off. The liquid, which tastes like honey, and to which many are induced to apply their tongue, is nothing more or less than the excrements of this green, black, or other coloured insect. The honey-dew, as already said, is the excrements of the aphides, but the provoking cause of the fly's presence is usually that of a hot sun after a cold or frosty night. When the temperature is such, that the difference between that of the night and day is great, the result usually is the presence of aphid. Where honey-dew or aphides appear in the hop-garden, nursery, or such like place, it must simply be endured, as it cannot be cured; but when on single plants in the green-house or cottage window, &c., a good wash with tobacco water, or quassia chips, boiled in rain water, and then strained through a

sieve, and applied by the common syringe, will at once kill the aphid.

THE BUD—The bud of the tree is the womb of the leaf, or embryo scion, and basis of the branch, stem, leaf, and fruit. The bud which forms along with the leaf is mature when the leaf is mature, and when the leaf falls off, the bud may be considered as perfect.

The bud, however, like every other part and portion of the tree, is liable to some form of disease, and is attacked by various insects and animals. Besides insects of various kinds (many of them too small to be observed by the naked eye), birds of different song and feather, as the green linnet, bullfinch, starling, and quadrupeds as the squirrel and field mouse, prey upon the buds, and thereby indirectly denude the tree of its foliage, young wood, or fruit as the case may be. The larvæ of several insects are deposited in the buds of trees, and when this occurs to the leading shoot, the tree is left without a leader, which is a very serious matter when done on an extensive scale in a large forest.

I am but too well aware that some of the theories I have advanced require considerably more proof and confirmation than I have brought forward; but as they are mostly, if not all of them, of such a plain and practical nature, and such as can very readily be either confirmed or confuted by any one, I shall only, in the briefest terms, recapitulate the leading subjects, by way of recalling them to mind, and leave them for the present.

1st—There is first the question of artificial manures, as to how they act in harmony with the atmosphere, or in opposition to it, in producing good or bad results on crops.

2nd—The producing cause of finger-and-toe, canker, and fly, which we have mainly charged against the *cold night, succeeded by a warm sunshine*, in combination with other² aggravating causes, as quick-acting manures and unfavourable conditions of soil.

3rd—Manures as either food or poison, according to the kind and quantity used, and state of the atmosphere while acting.

4th—The tender state of the bark of young trees, rendering them unsuitable to our climate when young; but hardy and suitable when old, and the corky bark is fully developed.

5th—Honey-dew the result of cold, frosty nights, succeeded by a hot sunshine, producing aphides, which puncture the leaf and produce the gum-saccharine matter.

6th—Mildew the result of a damp atmosphere and low temperature while the leaf is full of sap.

7th—The potato blight of 1846, and that of subsequent years, was probably the result of certain unfavourable conditions of the atmosphere; and so are, doubtless, many other diseases to which both man, beast, and the vegetable creation are ever liable.

C. Y. MICHIE.

NEW BOOKS.

ELEMENTARY LESSONS IN GAELIC : READING, GRAMMAR, AND CONSTRUCTION, WITH A VOCABULARY AND KEY. BY L. MACBEAN. Third Edition, Revised. Inverness : John Noble, 1889.

WE are glad to welcome a third edition of this smart little work. The necessity for a third edition proves that increased interest is taken in the study of the Gaelic language, and, again, the edition itself is a great improvement on the former two editions. In fact, parts of it are completely re-written. Altogether, the book is the best of its size and price that we know of devoted to its purpose. It consists of 64 pages : of these only 38 are devoted to grammar, and a third of this limited number of pages is devoted to vocabularies and exercises. Practically Mr Macbean has condensed Gaelic grammar to some twenty-six pages. The result, of course, is that minutiae are passed over, and only the essentials of Gaelic declension and conjugation given, while syntax is only incidentally noticed.

The subject of Aspiration, which is the great stumbling-block to learners in Gaelic, ought, we think, to have a chapter to itself, instead of appearing incidentally in connection with declension and conjugation : for, after all, it is the main peculiarity of Gaelic grammar. The classification of the noun according to declensional form, is a very difficult matter, and Mr Macbean has been, on the whole, neither more nor less successful than his predecessors. His rule that "masculine nouns form their genitive and vocative singular and nominative plural by inserting *i* before the final consonant or consonants," reminds one forcibly of the comic man's rendering of the addendum to every German declensional rule, which runs : "To this rule there are the following 500 exceptions." Mr Macbean's addendum does not help matters very much : "When, however, the last vowel is *i*, no change can take place in the singular, while the nom. plur. is generally formed by adding *ean*." His two rules exhaust but a fraction of Gaelic masculine nouns : nearly all the abstract nouns, for instance, belong to weak or mixed declensions, with a plural in *-n*. His rules on p. 8 are vitiated by the vagueness of the expression,

"many monosyllables in *a* and *o*," "some words in *a* and *u*," "monosyllables in *oi* or *ui* often change," "many nouns in *l* or *le*," &c. The difficulty arises from the fact that Gaelic declension is now but the *debris* of a declension that was two thousand years ago as rich in forms as those of Greek and Latin. Thus, for example, *sùil* (eye), with its gen. *sula*, belonged to the *i* declension which appears in Greek *polis* and Lat. *ovis*; *cath* (battle), with its gen. *catha*, belonged to the *u* declension, as in Lat. *genu*; and so forth. Mr Macbean might have given these nouns in lists; they are not now numerous, for Gaelic declension entered on a uniformising tendency long ago, and now practically could be classified, as the Germans do theirs, into Strong and Weak; the remains of the *o* declension—Mr Macbean's only declension—being regarded as Strong, and the masculine *-u* plurals being regarded as Weak. The other forms could be treated under the head of a Mixed declension, and the whole of them given in two or three lists of no great length.

In the case of the verb, the terms Affirmative and Interrogative are historically and actually indefensible. The former is used when the verb begins its sentence, and the latter when it comes after negative and interrogative particles and all conjunctions (save *ma*). The relative, except in its dative case, has a special form, also appearing after *ma*. The philologists have, in dealing with the Irish Gaelic, invented for these forms the terms Absolute and Conjoint, which represent the facts both from a practical and a historical standpoint. There is one point more that should have been dealt with more fully and clearly. It is the verb *to be*, and its various forms for predicating that one thing is another. This also is a great *crux* to learners of the language. Despite these defects, which are incidental either to Mr Macbean's conciseness of plan or to the state of Gaelic grammatical study as a whole, the work is an excellent one, and should form a good guide to a preliminary run through the language.

DR WHITLEY STOKES contributes to the forthcoming volume of the Philological Society's Transactions a criticism of Prof. Atkinson's edition of the "Passions and Homilies in the Leabar Brecc." The criticism is in Dr Stokes' usual trenchant style, and he points out some blunders in the text, translation, and vocabulary that the Professor has committed. The article, which extends to 32 pages, is full of valuable observations on words—their genesis and meaning. The newest and most interesting derivation that Dr Stokes offers, at least as affecting Scotch Gaelic, is that of the word *tearc* (scanty), which he refers to a primitive form *tersquo*, cognate with Lat. *tesqua* (deserts) from *tersqua*.

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CHAPTER XIII.

DONALD CAM AND OLD JANET.

AS if propitiated by the sportive worship on Dun-an-teine, the Sun-God shone brilliantly for the whole of that May—or rather the rest of it, for the Glen people's first of May was the 12th of that month, seeing that, in regard to Hallowe'en, Christmas, New Year, and Beltane, their ancient Christian, and pre-Christian, festivals, they disregarded Act of Parliament and Almanac, and stuck to the Old Style. It had been a cold, wet spring, and field labour had dragged considerably. A good deal of peat-cutting was always done before the barley and turnip sowing; but this year, owing to the weather, the early part of that working, including the minister's day, turned out rather unsatisfactory. After Beltane the laird's tenants gathered as usual from their several separate hills and mosses to the one hill on which it was customary to cut the kain peats for the Castle. The weather then was so good that three or four days after being cut and spread on the

grianan, or drying ground, which usually was gravelly hillocks, whose heather had been burned, they could be footed, or made into what they called *ducaìn*.

On a certain Thursday in this May the Castle peat-making had been carried on all the forenoon, in such a broiling sun that, at one o'clock, the men who were cutting and the women who were wheeling the peats to the drying ground, and spreading them in long, close rows, not without a suggestion of fanciful designs, were very glad to rest from their labours, and to eat their sober mid-day meal of oat-cakes and milk. After they had dined in sets of families, each by their own *poll moine*, or peat cutting, many of them gathered on the shady side of what to most of them was the common *grianan*, or spreading hillock. Here they looked down through a *feadan*, or narrow hollow between many hillocks, to the wood, which spread upwards a mile or so from the river. Duncan Bàn was there, and so was his yellow fiddle, for the kain peat-cutting was one of the few occasions on which he could, to use Rob Macarthur's words, clip the beard of the *cheir*, by keeping up old customs, and tempting the young to dance to the *Muilcann Dubh* during the rest hour. But to-day he said it was too hot for fiddling and dancing, and nobody indeed was lively, until all at once a thick-set, short man, fanning a bare head with a broad, blue bonnet, emerged from the wood, and the question went round, "Who can he be?"

After a long scrutiny by many eyes, shaded with hands, bonnets, and summer caps, a woman's voice proclaimed that the coming man was certainly Donald the shoemaker, of Craig-an-t-Sagairt, a village just below the Glen pass, and therefore belonging to Kilmachaoide. Donald was well-known to all the grown-up people of the Glen, for he began business by being a perambulating shoemaker. Even yet, when a cow was killed at Martinmas, or a cow, heifer, or horse came to grief, the hide was generally tanned into leather at home, there being always plenty of birch bark available; and next winter the men

of the household converted the leather into brogues, or light summer shoes, a peculiarity of which was that they had to be turned inside out after the sole was sewn on. Brogue-making was now on the decline, although not at all a lost art, because sheep had so much superseded cattle that there were fewer hides to tan, as, in the majority of cases, people killed sheep and goats at Martinmas instead of larger cattle. But Donald was never a brogue-maker, although he had cut thousands for his customers to make themselves. He was a regular shoemaker and bootmaker, whose work, whether strong or fine, could bear comparison with the best produced in towns. Shoemakers, tailors, and flax hecklers were all, in Donald's youth, perambulatory people, who went on their rounds regularly. The shoemakers were the first to become stationary. Perhaps Donald himself was the last who perambulated his district of the Highlands. He gave it up when he married, but always retained a sort of hankering for the old jovial rambling, being a man brimful of songs, tales, and humorous anecdotes.

After many hand-shakings and hearty mutual greetings, Donald the shoemaker was asked what was the *sgaol* from the Priest's Rock, and he replied forthwith:—

"Donald Cam¹—good be to him!—died last night, and I have come up the Glen to-day to arrange with Hugh the Bellman about his grave, and to bid the Glen folk to his funeral, on the day after to-morrow."

Duncan Ban—"And Donald Cam is dead; and was it not indeed hard for him to part with his pigs, and the bit of money he so diligently scraped together? He was surely, in his way, the biggest miser ever seen in the Garbh-Chriochan in our times; and yet, he kept his mother in croft and cow till her death. He must have been forty before he took to the penny-heaping like a religion. I heard it said he was always a most honest servant and a laborious worker; but surely he never was a handy man, except at rearing and fattening pigs—nasty creatures!"

¹ The one-eyed.

Diarmad—"That is a mere foolish prejudice. Pigs are too much despised by Highlanders. Donald Cam, it is said, produced the best bacon in this part of Scotland, and got high prices for it from hotelkeepers and shooting-lodge people."

The Shoemaker—"So he did. Besides the farrow sow, he always had two pigs fattening and two growing. The very last words he spoke were about his bacon."

Duncan Ban—"How was that?"

The Shoemaker—"When he felt the death struggle coming upon him, he happened to cast his one eye on the sides of fat bacon hanging on the deal partition, and he said, in quite a loud voice for a dying man, to Anna Nic Fhearchair, who was attending him, in the presence of all of us who were called in—'Take out that bacon before the *Aog* will go into it'—and it had to be done to give him peace."

Diarmad—"What superstition is that? Is the *Aog* different from death?"

Duncan Ban—"Bas is merely the stopping of breath, or the cessation of the life we know, and the old people spoke of the *Aog* as a terrible being, and the Lord of Death. But don't bother the Shoemaker with thy questions now. Let us hear about the end of Donald Cam. I fear me it was not a very edifying one."

The Shoemaker—"Nay, it was far more edifying than could be expected from such a man. He fell ill about Christmas; but after being in bed for a week got up, and began to look after his pigs again. He became bad again in the latter end of the Faoilteach, and shortly thereafter his ancles showed swelling, and he had to give up the care of the pigs. Whenever he noticed the swelling he said he could not recover, and would not last much longer than six weeks, being, as he was, a man of eighty-five. Then he asked Anna Nic Fhearchair to come and nurse him, and he trusted the care of his pigs to the old weaver's wife. Now that he felt sure of having got the death-summons, he turned over a new leaf, and was quite free with his money?"

Duncan Ban—"He surely must have fallen into a doited state?"

The Shoemaker—"Far from it. He never was sharper in all his life. He took a bit to religion also, and Anna had to read chapters and psalms to him morning and evening. He preferred history and parables and miracles to the Epistles, and for some unknown reason the Gospel of St John was his special favourite. The minister and schoolmaster came often to visit him after he had first sent for them to make his will. But the old weaver's prayers and discourses he could not bear."

Duncan Ban—"I suppose that poor man is off his head again with the Church excitement and awakening movement, as they call it?"

The Shoemaker—"Yes, and worse than he was during the time of the Baptist movement."

Duncan Ban—"Well, he is a wonderfully clever body even in his luns. I remember a good saying of Duncan the Fool regarding the old weaver when off his head before. Duncan happened to be at our house one evening, when in came the weaver, and began to speak like twenty Baptist rousers. I have heard many placed ministers give far more fusionless discourses. But he scandalised Duncan, who confidentially whispered to my wife—"Oh Lord! let us be thankful that we have our reason.'"

The Shoemaker—"That was almost as good as what he said when rescued from death in the Skye snowstorm, thanks to the skirling of his pipes."

Diarmad—"What did Duncan the Fool say then?"

Duncan Ban—"Surely thou must have heard of it? The poor Fool was speechless when taken to his brother's manse; but they gave him whisky, and he soon came out of his mist. On recovering the use of his tongue, the first words he said were—"I would not care in the least for the drifting, were it not for the wind.'¹ But let us hear about

¹ Mar bhitheadh a ghaoth cha d'thoirinn baol air a chathamh.

Donald Cam's end. He has left his savings to his nephew the Drover, of course?"

The Shoemaker—"Yes, but the Drover, who is now in England, selling a lot of Skye cattle, will find a big hole made in the legacy, by sickbed, lykewake, and funeral expenses. Donald Cam went through the whole accounts, point by point, and had the oatcakes baked under his own eye, and the whisky and cheese bought, paid for, and brought into the house a fortnight before he died. The minister was really staggered at the liberal orders about rounds of refreshments at "faire" and funeral, which the dying man gave to me and two other neighbours in his presence."

Duncan Ban—"Of a truth, he must either have changed his nature, or found out his true original nature, before the end. But what are the orders?"

The Shoemaker—"Well, he complained of the rules laid down by the Sessions about 'faire' refreshments, as being too strict, but said it would perhaps be better to hold to them. By the same rules only one round can be given at the house when starting with the funeral, and another at the grave after the burial. Donald Cam got angry with the minister when he argued that this would be quite enough for a distance of ten miles, as well as for one of three or five. He insisted on there being two rounds on the way, one at each of two places which he mentioned, and at which I have to put up trestles for the bier to rest on when I go back. The first resting-place is on the roadside below Seumas Liath's house —"

Duncan Ban—"Surely that is not a fairly divided stage?"

The Shoemaker—"The minister and the dominie both said that. Donald Cam fairly laughed in their faces, saying that Seumas Liath was a good man, whose help he wished to have at his flitting, and that he must not be left behind lifting his hands to the sky as he was at Anna Luath's (swift Ann's) funeral."

Duncan Ban—"Ho! ho! ho! He heard of that story."

A voice from the crowd—"What was the story?"

Duncan Ban—"I'll tell you that. John the Soldier's aunt, Anna, who was called *luath*, because, being a light, tough, springy body, she could beat the whole parish in walking power, happened to die in the house of her niece in the Land of Pines, and so, of course, her body was brought round on a bier by Kilmachaoide to be buried in the Glen churchyard with her ancestors. Swift of foot, sharp in mind, and a just judge for strict honour and honesty was Anna Luath, and both at home and in the Land of Pines she was thought much of. Well, the Land of Pines people carried the bier to the Kilmachaoide boundary, and the Kilmachaoide people then took it up and carried it to our Glen boundary, where it was taken possession of by the Glen young men, in sets of four, according to custom. I do not know what whim of striving jealousy seized on the sets of young men, but they certainly took to fast walking, or what John the Soldier called 'the double,' before they reached Seumas Liath's house. You know how the house of Seumas, from the height on which it is placed, seems to overhang the road, but I daresay you do not all know that the road from the house between the banks to the King's highway is a good deal longer than one would expect to find it. Seumas, in his Sunday clothes, was waiting on the height in front of his house when the funeral came in sight. He turned at once to walk down, but thought he had lots of time, and took it easy. When between the banks, perhaps thirty yards from the highway, the funeral swept past, and he broke into a good trot to catch it. But when he reached the highway bier and coffin, bobbing and glancing in the sunshine on fast young men's shoulders, were just about to disappear at the forward turn of the road, and Seumas, with two or three more in like position, were left behind in a state of amazement. Seumas then lifted his hands and said—'Gu'n gleidheadh Dia thu

Anna Luath. Mar bu luath beo thu, is seachd luaithe marbh thu! (God have thee in his keeping, swift-footed Anne. If thou wert swift when living, thou art seven times swifter when dead!)”

Laughing at a story so characteristic of the genial father of the Session, the company rose to resume their work—the hour of rest being over—and the Shoemaker, declining the invitation of Duncan Ban to stay with him for the night, said he had to get hold of Hugh the Bellman, and to return home that night. He was told that Hugh the Bellman could be surely found a mile or two away, up to the knees or hips in the river fishing with a long pole, having a cleft at the end, for the mussels in which he found the pearls, by the sale of which he made more profit than out of the kirk and graves. One of the young men offered to deliver the Shoemaker’s message, but the Shoemaker said :—“ Aye, but I must see him myself. I want to get a salmon cast or two from him; for I do a good deal of fishing, mornings and evenings, for the shooting gentry, who have no patience for it themselves, and Hugh beats us all at busking flies, although I would defy him to fish rock-pot linns like me with his own hooks.”

Duncan Ban—“ I am not so sure he could not beat you all at that too, if he had patience. Hugh is clever at everything, but a flighty old fellow. Well, good-bye. Thou wilt find Hugh in the water, or bent down below a shaded bank opening his sligeachan” (shells).

The Shoemaker—“ If I come upon him bent over his sligeachan, I’ll give him a fright.”¹

Diarmad—“ You’ll better not do that, if you want to get flies from him. The children themselves know better, when they want a favour from him, than to put the ‘bodha’ on him.”

The Shoemaker—“ Is that start of alarm of his not a piece of acting?”

¹ Cuiridh mi bodha air.

Duncan Ban—"No, indeed; but a real cross. I have heard it said that he got it through his mother being terribly frightened before he was born."

The Shoemaker—"Is that so? Then I'll give him due warning of my approach. *Feasgar math dhuibh.*"¹

Donald Cam's instructions were all strictly carried out; and so he was buried royally, after having closed a long career of labour and scraping frugality, which had latterly degenerated into extreme miserliness. Seumas Liath attended the funeral, and, having heard how the deceased wished him "to help at his flitting," went all the way to the churchyard, although the distance was a long one.

Here we meanwhile pass over the Queen's first visit to Scotland, the great event of the year 1842, in order to notice the death of Old Janet, which took place late in the autumn. She had been called Old Janet for almost time out of memory, first by much younger brothers and sisters, who looked upon her as an aged spinster and a despotic mistress of their father's house before she was much over thirty, and afterwards by all sorts and conditions of people on account of her great age. Old Janet was born when her father, with his younger brother, Black John, and several other Glen youths, who broke loose from authority, were "out" with Prince Charlie. So she was in her ninety-eighth year when she died, and she remained as intelligent as she ever had been to the last. But as Duncan Ban said—"Old Janet was not half so interesting an old woman as she might have been, because she never cared for songs or stories, or anything beyond her daily domestic surroundings. Her memory remained as sharp as her coal-black eyes, but there was not much of anything worth knowing stored up in it." Gilleasbuig Sgoilear, to whom he was speaking, observed that Diarmad, by dint of persistent interrogations, got in roundabout ways many facts and dates from her in regard to Glen persons and events. "But yet," added Gilleasbuig, "she was for years the bug-bear of Diarmad's

¹ Good afternoon to you.

boyish life, because her bachelor brother, the Maor, who was his godfather, persistently plagued the boy in his fun by asking him to marry Old Janet and take her off his hands."

Duncan Ban—"I got my turn of that myself nearly sixty years ago from the fun-loving Maor, and so did you, I should think. Old Janet must have been offered in marriage to several generations of Glen boys all round by her wag of a brother, who, although younger by nearly twenty years, died before her—and yet she was never a marrying woman from the beginning."

Gilleasbuig—"It is strange how long some of the people of that descent live. Here is Old Janet herself dying rather of accidental chill than of break-down of strength, when nearly ninety-eight. Her uncle, Black John of Cul-loden, completed his ninety-sixth year, and his daughter, Bean Dho'uill-ic-Iain,¹ bids fair to live as long as did her father or her cousin, Old Janet. Then, when Janet was ten years old, a great-grand-aunt of her's died—a spinster, too—who, if we are to believe report, was a hundred and three years old. That woman must have been born when Cromwell was in the King's place, and when Monk and English soldiers held the places of strength along the Grampian line and not far from the old line of the forts of the Feinne. Yet, while the lives of a few people of that descent are so singularly prolonged—and always without the memory failing and the eyes getting dim—according to tables of reckonings made by Diarmad and me, from the best information we could get, and indeed most of it was from Old Janet herself, when you take all the people of the descent together, and share their years fairly among them, they are found to have a shorter average life than belongs to either your stock or mine, although our oldest people seldom see over eighty years."

¹ The wife of Donald the son of John.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE QUEEN'S FIRST VISIT TO SCOTLAND.

IT is necessary now to go back from the time of Old Janet's death to the early part of the same autumn.

It is a beautiful Saturday. The sportsmen's guns are loudly reporting deaths of grouse from the hills. The sun shines on Conversation Bench. There is a full muster of the men of age, and Gilleasbuig Sgoilear and several other casual visitors are with them.

The Queen is in the Highlands, and the loyalty of the Gael is overflowing. The distracted state of the Kirk and the low prices for wool and beasts are forgotten for the moment. Clannishness and loyalty supersede all things else.

To-day the old men are expecting to get hold of Diarmad and Ewan Mor, who, because their fathers rent some hill grazings from the Marquis, have been at Inchadin, "boden in effeirs of war," that is, with kilt, plaid, targe, and claymore, to welcome and guard Her Majesty.

Meanwhile they beguile the time with talk about the long ago.

Calum—"How long may it be, according to the printed books, since Charles Mac Charles was crowned King of Alba at Scone, in the time of the Cuigse War?"

Gilleasbuig—"As far as I can remember, it will be two hundred years, all but ten."

Calum—"I am thinking he was the last of our Kings that saw the Highlands. King George, when he was at Edinburgh, did not come to see the hill country."

Duncan Ban—"That was his loss; but a good many Highlanders, gentle and simple, went to Edinburgh to see him."

Iain Og—"Aye, and you and I were among them; but if it had not been for General Stewart of Garth's kindness, I think we could not have seen him after all."

Duncan Ban—"Well, thanks to Garth—the best of Highlanders—we did see him, and king-like he looked, whatever might be the faults of his private life."

Calum—"To go back to Charles Mac Charles, he and his brother Seumas, who was driven beyond seas, were surely the worst of the Stuart race."

Gilleasbuig—"Aye, and their father, Charles the son of Seumas, was not a king who could be justly praised by Scotchmen, although he was in his life and family a good man. His word could not be relied upon, and he treated the land of his fathers and of his own birth like an enemy's country."

Iain Og—"And did not his father, Seumas, the son of Marie, also forget his fatherland when he got the Saxon Crown?"

Duncan Ban—"Nay, that he did not. The mouth report (beul-aithris) has come down to us from our ancestors, who knew him well, because he came among them every summer to hunt the deer in the Drumalban forest, that Seumas the son of Marie was the last of our Kings who spoke the Gaelic and loved to listen to Gaelic songs."

Iain Og—"The mouth report from our ancestors is as you say, and I think they must have liked Seumas the son of Marie very well, although he was no hero; but for sure they say he was not a good King of Alba, after getting the Saxon Crown. Were you not sitting by the side of me at the meeting the other day when the big minister of Clachan-an-diseart told us how Seumas the son of Marie brought back the Bishops, and forced on the Kirk the Black Articles of Perth?"

Duncan Ban—"O yes; I heard the big minister. He is one of the firebrands whom the Non-Intrusionists are sending over the country to make the people drown their reason in their rage. I wish his mission was as good as his excellent Gaelic. He was only telling us one side of the question; and that was just the side which suited the purposes of the present disturbers of our Kirk, who, I fear,

are in their blindness hatching a greater evil to Scotland than would have resulted from the Eaglais Easbuigeach of Seumas the son of Marie. There must have been a deal of good about the last Stuart King who spoke the Gaelic, and loved to hunt the deer of the bens and corries of heath."

Calum—"Well, the old times were full of wars and clan feuds, which we may well hope will never return any more—thank God!"

Duncan Ban—"I am not so sure we ought to be so hopeful or thankful either, for what may not turn out true, and what even, if true, may be bad for our race. The Gael are much fitter for war than for thralldom. In the rough old times, chiefs and clans kept a pretty firm hold of their fathers' land. If Saxons or Lowland carles dared to meddle with them in their glens and hills, why, the meddlers in the end always got the worst of it. The fealty of calpa, and clanship, and fosterage was stronger than death. In the clan high and low stood shoulder to shoulder. Then nobles and chiefs were leal-hearted, brave, hospitable Gael, speaking the language of their ancestors, and living among their people in time of peace, and their natural captains when the crois-tárta went round."

Gilleasbuig—"Here, look you, come at last the young men we are waiting for, Diarmad and Ewan Mor, with their fathers' horses to be shod by Alastair."

Calum—"And art thou still growing like the green bay tree planted by the river side, Ewan Mor mo Cheatharnach,¹ and hast thou thy head and thy heart in the sunshine, Diarmad, lover of the ancient lore and of the songs of the days gone by? And have you been to Inchadin and seen the Queen?"

Iain Og—"Aye, indeed, and what think you of the Queen, and what is her semblance?"

Ewan—"For sure we saw the Queen many times, several days running, and we rowed her boat on the loch, and were out hunting the deer with her married man."

¹ My champion.

Duncan Ban—"And what are your thoughts of the Queen?"

Ewan—"That she is the leal-hearted, kind faced, bonnie Sovereign Lady, for whom brave men and true would willingly go to battle and to death. But you must not think the Queen goes about with crown and sceptre, and glittering with jewels and gold, although it is plenty of both she will have at home."

Diarmad—"The Queen is almost as simply dressed as a Highland farmer's daughter who puts on her new gown and bonnet on the morning of Communion day. And in face and form, height, and colour of hair, she is more like Duncan Ban's granddaughter, Mary Macintyre, than any one else I know. And so thinks Ewan too."

Ewan in his heart believed Mary the dearest, nicest girl in the world, and he blushed scarlet when the fancied resemblance with the young Queen was mentioned by his comrade in the presence of her grandfather.

Iain Og—"Happy be the young Queen; and the faith and swords of the Gael, should she need them, shall never fail her, for sure."

Calum—"For sure they never shall. And is there not good cause? Is she not our true Sovereign Lady? And has she not come all the way from her London palace to see us? And does not everybody say she loves the Highlands already, just almost as much as if she had grown up from her birth in the bosom of the hills?"

Duncan Ban (raising his bonnet)—"God bless the Queen for ever and ever!"¹

All raising their bonnets—"God bless the Queen for ever and ever!"

Calum—"And what about the Queen's married man, and what is his semblance?"

Gilleasbuig—"It is much that must depend on him."

Calum—"Aye for sure. The old Dominie of Kilma-chaoide—peace be to his soul—maintained against minister

¹ Gu'm beannaicheadh Dia a Bhàrinn, gu siorruidh suthann.

and all, that bonnie unfortunate Queen Marie would just have been the good Queen and the happy mother, and turned Protestant to boot, if she had been well married, and to the man of her heart."

Iain Og—"She had to lie, I am thinking, on the bed she made for herself."

Duncan Ban—"Let bonnie unhappy Queen Marie alone, she has dreed her weird."

Calum—"Aye, aye, but let us hear what these young men think of the husband of our present young Queen."

Ewan—"Prince Albert is a fine-looking young flath."¹

Calum—"And there is no bad, back or side, glance in the tail of his eye, and he does not seem likely to run wild."

Diarmad—"No, no. He is far more likely to become an elder of the Kirk."

One of the Scanairean—"And that, indeed, would be the grand thing for Alba and the Kirk."

Gilleasbuig—"But how would Saxon pride stomach it?"

Duncan Ban—"Devil take Saxon pride and Lowland greed; it is too much we have of both."

Calum—"Now, Diarmad, tell us the whole sgeul of the Inchadin muster."

Diarmad—"It has been already told, and better too, by the letters of news, which I am sure have been read and interpreted at most Highland firesides."

Duncan Ban—"But we old men, who had to stop at home when the others went to the muster, wish to hear the story in our own tongue from our own young men."

Diarmad—"What we saw at the mouth of a fine morning was the Marquis's men—among whom were Ewan and I—drawing up in their ranks, and getting their orders and instructions from the officers. It was a goodly sight, and we were divided into tall men and men less tall; but there was not really any little man in the whole array. The tall men wore the clan tartan of the Sio! Duibhne, and the shorter men wore the black and white garb of the followers

¹ Prince.

of the deer. We all had on our bonnets the boar's head and sprig of bog myrtle. And by this time, having been exercised for days, we were well acquainted with sword, shield, and Lochaber axe. And the morning sun shone on loch, hill, field, and wood. And the green and gold flag of Siol Duibhne waved from the Castle tower, the church steeple, and St Aidan's lofty rock. And when the pipers struck up 'Bodaich nam Briogan,' we marched with martial stride; and a sort of war-joy, mixed with love for Queen and country, filled our hearts."

Ewan—"Yes, indeed; I should have liked to march off to another Waterloo or Bannockburn, just without the delay of a minute, if it were not for the good feast that was waiting for us at the Fort."

Diarmad—"Well, after feast and rest we mustered again, and, with pipes sounding and flags flying, marched down from the Fort to the Castle green, which it was our business to guard for the rest of the day. The sides of the road, and much of the Castle green, too, were crowded with men, women, and children, old and young, who had gathered to see and welcome the Queen from many a baile, clachan, and secluded glen. They shouted a little as we passed through them; but their hearts were too full for noise then, and many of their eyes were moisture-dim, just from pride of race, and love of Queen and country."

Duncan Ban—"But besides the green and gold of Siol Duibhne, there would, for sure, be many other tartans of the clans seen that day; and there would be more war marches sounded than Bodaich nam Briogan, which, however, is the very good march, too."

Diarmad—"Well, you see the Queen was coming to be the guest of the Marquis. The host's men were, therefore, in full force, while other nobles and chiefs came with their pipers and a few gillies. They were all in Highland dress. So there were many tartans seen, and many clan pibrochs were also sounded."

Iain Og—"Mac-Cailein-Mor himself was there."

Diarmad—"Yes, and his son and heir, who, although quite a young man, has written a good book about the kirk quarrel advising peace."

Duncan Ban—"I am glad to hear it. There is no doubt that is the good advice entirely; and when all his forefathers did for Presbyterianism is remembered, who in the wide world has a better dualchas (hereditary) right to be listened to than Oighre Mhic Cailein?¹ But I fear the firebrand and madly angry people now would not listen to an angel from heaven."

Ewan—"And the Duke Catach was there with his wife, who is surely the handsomest big lady in the world."

Calam—"Did you see the Ridire Peel?"

Ewan—"For sure we saw him face to face many a time."

Calum—"And what is his semblance?"

Ewan—"That of a badly-washed Lowland blacksmith who feels ill at ease in his Sunday clothes."

Diarmad—"It is Ewan surely who has got the scandalous tongue. When the Queen arrived at Inchadin, the Ridire Peel came with her. He is going the round with her as her Chief Councillor in State affairs. On the Queen's coming, nobody at first had eyes for seeing him. The crowds of country people lined the sides of the Castle avenue in dense ranks, and the fine-looking Irish troopers who formed the escort of the Royal chariot—I suppose because ordered by the Queen—fell behind, and left the people themselves to guard Her Majesty. Prince Albert stood up in the chariot waving his hat, and the Queen kept bowing and smiling with, I daresay, the tear of prideful trust glistening in her eye. And behind, before, beside, and everywhere the shouts of welcome rose and rolled like gladsome thunder. Blue bonnets, both broad and biorach, were thrown wildly into the air. Children shrilly screamed 'failte.' Old women clapped their hands, and lame old grandfathers became brisk and lively enough

¹ The heir of Mac Cailein.

to dance the Tulaichean. The Marquis received the Queen at the Castle door, with his knee bent on his bonnet. Then in a twinkling the flag of Siol Duibhne disappeared from the tower, and the silken Royal Standard was hoisted in its stead. The cannon of the Fort sent forth a royal salute, which startled the deer in their secret places, and woke the echoes of a hundred hills. Down swarmed the crowds, gathered now into one, to the Castle front, pressing close on the Marquis's men, who were drawn up. And, very soon after she entered the Castle, the Queen, with the Prince, Mac-Cailein, the Duke Catach, the Marquis, the Ridire Peel, and many ladies and gentlemen besides, came out through a window-door upon the farra (balcony), right in face of all the people. Then we all went just a bit gloriously mad for the time, and we cheered as our ancestors must have cheered the Bruce after Bannockburn. It seemed as if the Gaelic people had been long dead and buried, and as if the coming of the young Queen had suddenly waked them to new life and hope."

Calum—"Are not people saying the Queen and her married Flath¹ will now be wanting to have a shealing place of their own in the land of the Gael, to which they can come every summer, away from the smoke and dirdum of London?"

Ewan—"Yes, indeed, there's great talk about that."

Diarmad—"And it is likely to prove true talk too; for it is to be seen in her face that the Queen is in downright love with the land of the Gael."

Duncan Ban—"God bless her! And it is the love that will be on both sides. Who knows but that she will make her little children speak Gaelic from the cradle? And who knows but that the very next king will be a Gael in tongue as well as in blood."

Calum—"That would be the grandest gospel ever heard among the hills since the Saxons were beaten at Bannockburn."

¹ Prince.

Iain Og—"So it would be, for sure. And it is the Queen that is by right High Chief of the Gael; and it is the Gael that should be her first defenders, and the guards of her person; for is it not because of her Gaelic blood that she wears the crown of the three kingdoms?"

Ewan—"Men of age, the breisleach is on you all. The Queen's ancestors were the German Guelphs, whom our bards reviled with bitter mockery. The Queen's married man is German too. How, then, can their children be Gaelic?"

Gilleasbuig—"Ewan, there is not a *dadum* (mote) of sense in all that. Even the Guelphs were not Germans, to begin with, but Italians, from that part of Italy which, to Cæsar's time and later, was called 'Gaul on the nearer side of the hills.' So the Guelphs were certainly not Germans, and they were almost certainly Celts of our own race. Then what but her Gaelic blood has made the Queen Sovereign of these realms. When the Stuarts came in after the son of Bruce, it was because of their Gaelic blood, and Bruce himself came after the old kings, because he inherited their Gaelic blood and rights. The Guelphs came in after the Stuarts were driven out, because, being Protestants, they were the next legal heirs of Seumas, the son of Marie."

Ewan—"And if the Guelphs are not Germans, they have for sure become Saxons."

Duncan Ban—"Bad end to the big Amadan? I have heard a book-scholar say that with all their pride the Saxons have never had a king of their own race for eight hundred years."

Gilleasbuig—"It is just the truth. Even Cromwell was not of their race. His mother was of the Stuart clan, and his father's people came from Wales."

Diarmad—"Aye, it is just the truth when one comes to think of it. First they had the long line of French Kings. After them came the Tudors, who were Britons of our own kindred. After the Tudors came the Stuarts. And when

the Stuarts were driven out, because nothing could hold and keep them from ruling contrary to law, and after William, Mary, and Anne, who all died childless, the Elector of Hanover, who was the iar-oe¹ of Seumas the son of Marie, was called in, and he and his descendants ruled according to law."

Duncan Ban—"Aye, aye, it is natural and right enough for thee to uphold William of Orange and the two Electors, for thy ancestors fought on their behalf, and the flag of thy clan was always in the front of their battles. But for all that the Third George, a good man and a good farmer, was the first of the Brunswick line that acquired a just title. My fathers fought against the Electors, but I maintain that since the Stuart line ended long ago, the Queen is now the right heir of Seumas the son of Marie, and the whole regiment of old Gaelic Kings."

Iain Og—"For sure it is the greatest folly in the world to quarrel about finished quarrels, such as the wars of the Stuarts and the wars of the Cuigse. Let us give the peace of the grave to those who once fought on different sides, to Gillesbuig Gruamach, who fought for the Kirk, and of Montrose, who fought for the King; to Claverse, who conquered and fell, and to Mackay, who was defeated and lived; to Mar and the great Mac-Cailein; to Prince Charlie and the Duke of Cumberland"—

Duncan Ban—"To the oppressor of the Land of the Gael! To the brutal Butcher of Culloden!"

Ewan—"The saviour of Kirk and State! The champion of liberty and the Protestant faith! The conqueror of the Devil, the Pope, and the Pretender! The glorious subduer of the cattle-lifting robbers of Lochaber and Moydart!"

Calum—"Ewan, Ewan, it is the black-hearted ceard thou art this day; for to breed foolish contention among old men is what thou art minting at."

Iain Og—"Aye, and he is the bad bird to foul his own nest, too. Was not Lochiel with Prince Charlie; and are not the Camerons a Lochaber clan?"

¹ Great grandson.

Calum—"Go into the smithy, Ewan, and take thee the ord mor ¹ to beat the red-hot gad ² into horse shoes. Alastair is there in the doorway waiting for thee."

Alastair—"Indeed I am not so much waiting for him as listening to the talk. But come away, Ewan. Thou art the proper man to swing the ord mor any day."

Ewan (laughing and disappearing)—"Ach, Culloden was nearly fought again. Well, Alastair, come to the anvil, and let Diarmad stay with the bodaich. We two will make his mare's shoes without his help."

Duncan Ban—"It is the good-hearted fine Gille-Gaelach ³ Ewan is, for all his neonachas." ⁴

Iain Og—"Aye, that he is; and like Macfarlane's geese he loves his fun better than his meat."

Calum—"Math Martainn! (St Martin) he looks, too, as if he loved his meat, and as if his meat agreed with him right well. Look you, the Camerons at a full muster of their clan could hardly find another man to match him in size and strength."

Calum—"He is deeper, too, than one would think. How the big ceard tried to set us by the ears about the Queen's Gaelic descent and the old wars?"

¹ Sledge-hammer.

² Rod.

³ Highland lad.

⁴ Nonsense.

A LENNOX SONG.

THE minister of Arrochar in 1776 was Mr John Stewart, son of Mr James Stewart of Killin, the translator of the New Testament into the Gaelic of the Highlands. Mr John Stewart—afterwards Dr Stewart of Luss—followed in his father's footsteps, and had a principal hand in completing the Gaelic translation of the Bible. It was, moreover, he who, when still a young student, first took down the poetry of "Donnachadh Bannan Oran," for the press. We are not aware that he had any poetic gifts himself, and indeed the subjoined Lennox song, which he took down in 1776, and which evidently belonged to his parish, was probably made a good many years before his settlement there. On the Borders, the substitution of sheep for cattle, in obedience to economic laws, began immediately after the Act of Union in 1707 had just put a final end to Border warfare, and so the Borderers were, fifty years later, far ahead of the rest of the Scotch people in knowledge of sheep farming, and beginning to invade the parts of the Highlands nearest to the Lowlands. The last of the Macfarlane Chiefs of Arrochar emigrated to America in the reign of Queen Anne, and many of his clansmen and former tenants followed him. The property fell into the possession of strangers to the native people, who seized upon the opportunities offered to convert the former holdings—which were not very small—into large sheep farms. The process was carried too far, and had to be reversed; yet, as lately as 1817, the land of almost the whole parish, with the exception of feus, was almost all in the hands of one individual. Soon after that date Arrochar was again divided into smaller farms. So the population, which numbered 466 in 1755, and only 379 in 1791, rose before 1839 to 560.

(From the MacLagan MS.S.)

A Locha Laoimin nan lub,
'S nànn innseag glas ur,
Is ann ort thaineadh muthadh truagh !
Theich do rua-bhuic is t-eoin,
Thosd d'aighir 's do cheol,
Theich do cheatharnaidh 's t-oige uat.

'S diomhair glas Gleanna-crodh,
'S Gleann Conghlais nan sroth,
Gun ghreidh capull air lòn le surd ;
E gun fhleasgach gun oighe,
Gun taine bhreac bho,
Ach Galla-bhodaich, oisg, is cu.

'S leasach neonach air tir
Bhi ga fasach do dhaoin'
A thoirt seilbh innt' do chaoire bhuig,
Da nach du bhi na namh
No na malluchadh dhaibh,
Ach na beannuch' na blas, 's na cuid.

Sin nar fhreagair an triath :—
“Tha iad tarbhach, mo bhriath'r,
Theid mo mhal leo a miad gach la,
Gheibh mi toradh gach inns',
Cluiche, earradh, is biadh,
'S bithidh mi taomadh n'am bhial gu brath.”

'S beus bhi d' choimeasadh fein
Ris na miltibh fear treun !
'S cliuiteach ciocras do bheidh 's do shult
Ach nar thig na fir fhial
Air cheann nam fear fiat
'S beag a chuil 's an d'theid triath nam mult.

Bheir sogh nan innis so uat
Do chail do mhisneach 's do lùs
'S an gradh laiste is du do d'fhir ;
Theid do chaitheadh am meud,
Thair buantachd do threud,
'S bheir e oighreachd do theaghlaich dhìot.

O Loch Lomond of bends and of fresh green islets, a miserable change has come over thee ! Thy roebucks and birds have fled from thee. Ceased have thy song and merriment. Thy sturdy young men and thy maids have abandoned thee.

Lonely is grassy Glencroe, and Glen Conglas of streams, without a herd of mares trampling the meadow ; 'tis without gallant or maiden, without a drove of cows spotted, but with carles from the Lowlands with hogget and cur.

A strange reformation is this of the land, of men to make it desolate, to give right of possession to the soft sheep, which should not be to them (the men) a foe or a curse, but a blessing in warmth and in food.

"Twas then that the landlord replied—"They are profitable, 'pon my word ; through them shall my rent increase day by day. I'll get the fruit of each inch, sport, clothing, and meat, and into my mouth I'll be pouring for ever."

'Tis modesty for thee then thyself to compare with thousands of the men of might ! Fameworthy thy greed for food and for fat ! But when the generous men shall get ahead of the mean men ; small shall be the corner for the lord of the wedders.

The delicious fare of these inches will take from thee thy appetite, courage, and suppleness, as well as the burning love due to thy men. Thy spending shall increase beyond the profit of thy flock, and of thy family's estate it shall deprive thee.

TURUS DHOMHUILL BHAIN DO 'N EXHABITION.

FACAL AIR AN FHIACAL MAR A DH' AITHRIS E DHOMHSA
E AN LATHA 'THAINIG E DHACHAIDH.

FHIR mo chridh, teann a nall, agus suidh ri m' thaobh air a' chnoc o'n a tha 'm feasgar cho briagha 's cho blath, agus innsidh mi dhuit naigheachd nach cuala tu fhein, no duine a thainig air do dhaoine a leithid.

Mar a tha fhios agad fhein, tha Seumas mo mhac 'na ghille-buthadh ann an Glasachu o chionn choig bliadhna; agus cha'n ann a chionn gur e mo mhacsa e, ach is ainneamh gille og a tha cho glie 's cho deanadach ris. Bha duil againn ris dhachaidh am bliadhna mar a b'abhaist; ach chuir e fios dhachaidh nach tigeadh e idir o 'n a bha toil aige na h-ioghnaidhean mora a bh' anns an Exhabition fhaicinn. Anns an litir thuirt e mar so:—"Feumaidh sibhse, athair, tighinn a dh' fhaicinn na h-Exhabition uair-eiginn mu 'n duinear i; agus ma bhios mo mhathair air chomas tighinn air an astar cha bhi mi toilichte mur tig i maille ribh. Cuiridh mi fhin airgid ugaibh a phaigheas am faradh air bhur son 'nar dithis, agus a cheannaicheas aon deisealachd a bhios a dhith oirbh. Agus ma 's math leibh aodach ur fhaotainn gheibh sibh e an uair a thig sibh. Tha fhios agam gu'n dean an t-aodach a th' agaibh a' chuis gus an ruig sibh mi fhin. Feumaidh an dara h-aon dhibh tighinn, mur urrainn sibh tighinn le cheile; oir tha toil agam gu faic sibh na h-ioghnaidhean mora a th' againn anns a' bhaile so am bliadhna. Cha robh a leithid riamh roimhe ann, agus tha mi creidsinn nach bi a leithid ann ri 'r latha-ne."

An uair a leugh mi 'n litir do 'n mhnaoi thuirt i—"Faodaidh tusa dhol do Ghlaschu ma thogras tu. Is mise

an te nach bac thu ; ach cha'n fhag mise an larach so ri m' bheo. Foghnaidh leamsa na chi mi 'dh' ioghnaidhean ann am baile Steornobhaigh, an corr uair a theid mi ann aig àm nan orduighean. Gu cinnteach ceart tha ioghnaidhean ri 'm faicinn ann an coimeas ri mar a bha 'm baile an uair a bha mise 'nam chaileig."

"Ma ta Mhairi," arsa mise, "cha 'n e sin a's fhearr dhuit ach a bhith deanamh deiseil air son an turuis ; oir tha fhios is cinnt agamsa gu'm bi Seumas anabarrach toilichte mi fhin 's tu fhein fhaicinn ann an Glasachu. Tha fhios aige gur fheairrde sinn le cheile sgrìob a thoirt do 'n bhaile mhor. Mar a thuirt e fhein an uiridh an uair a bha e aig an taigh, tha sinn mar gu'm biomaid fo bheul cleibh anns a' chuill iomallaich so de 'n Ghaidhealtachd. Falbhadh no na falbhadh tusa falbhaidh mise, air neo 's e nach bi mi air chomas an taigh fhagail."

"Ach," arsa Mairi rium fhin, "nach math a tha fios agad nach urrainn duinn an taigh fhagail le cheile? Feumaidh mise ma dh' fhalbhas tusa an aire a thoirt air an da mhart 's air a' bheagan barra th' againn. Agus rud eile dheth, ma dh' fhalbhas mise comhladh riut theid mathas an da mhairt a dholaidh, agus cha bhi ìm no caise againn anns a' gheamhradh. Is olc a thig thu fhein as aonais spìolag de 'n ìm 's de 'n chaise leis a' chupan tì."

Cha dubhairt mi 'n corr rithe. Dh'aidich mi ann am inntinn gur ann aice fhein a bha 'chomhairle a b'fhearr. Nis, cha 'n ann a chionn gur i mo bheansa i, ach bha i riamh turail, toinnisgeil. Is iomadh latha 'bha feum agam gu'm b'aithne dhi rud a dheanamh, agus rud a riaghladh. Tha sinn le cheile cho doigheil ri dithis a th' anns duthaich. Da uair 's a' bhliadhna tha cnapach math bocsa 'tighinn dhachaidh o Sheumas loma lan de na rudan a shaoileas e a tha feumail dhuinn. Tha eorna, is coirce, 's buntata 'fas dhuinn fhin. Mar is trice theid mi fhin moch no anamoch a mach air cul a' chleite leis a' gheolaidh, agus gheibh mi na dh' fhodhnas a dh' iasg. Taing do Dhia, cha 'n 'eil èis sam bith oirnn eadar da cheann na bliadhna.

Chaidh mi thar mo sgeoil a charaid. Rinn mi deas gu falbh aig an am a dh' iarr Seumas orm. Ach feuch sibhse nach e sheall roimhe. Bha fhios aige gu robh Ban-righ Bhreatuinn gu tighinn a dh'fhaicinn na h-Exhabition, agus bha fhios aige mar an ceudna gu robh meas mòr agam fhin riamh air a' Bhan-righ. Chuir e 'n dara fios ugam ag radh mi bhith cinnteach gu'm bithinn ann an Glasachu an latha bhiodh a' Bhan-righ ann a chum gu faicinn aon sealladh dhi.

Air feasgar Diluain dh'fhag mi 'n taigh air dhoigh 's gu'm bithinn ann an Steornabhagh ann an am. An uair a rainig mi 'm baile bha Bata na Smuide aig an laimhrig, agus ghrad chaidh mi air bord. Bha mi sgith gu leor an deigh na coiseachd, oir bha togail do laimhe anns a' mhaileid a bh'agam an crochadh air a' bhata ghlas air mo ghualainn. Mar a bha 'm fortan an dan dhomh ghrad chaidh sios fo rhum, agus thug am fleasgach speisealta, og, a thachair rium ann an seomar nan daoine uaisle, a' mhaileid as mo laimh, agus chuir e ann an aite tearuinte i. An sin thuirt e rium gu'm b'fhearr dhomh a dhol a laidhe. Chuir e fhein leaba bheag air doigh dhomh, agus chaidil mi cho trom ris a' chloich gus an robh e naoi uairean 's a' mhaduinn. An uair a dh' eirich mi bha 'm biadh air a' bhord, ach ma bha b'e sin am biadh a bh'air a dheasachadh, 's air a chur an ordugh gu snasail. Ghabh mi fhin na thainig rium dheth. Cha 'n ann a chionn mi fhin 'ga radh, ach cha bu gheocaire riamh mi. Ach gu cinnteach ceart bha da no tri de gheocairean air bord an latha ud. Shaoileadh tu dìreach gu'n itheadh iad na bha de bhiadh air bord a' bhata leis a' choltas a bh' orra an uair a shuidh iad aig a' bhord. Chuir iad a leithid a dh' ioghnadh orm 's nach b'urrainn domh mo shuil a thogail dhiubh ach corr uair. Cha chluinneadh tu ach, "Stiubhart," thall, agus, "Stiubhart," a bhos aig na fir. Bha mi toilichte nach bu Ghaidheil iad.

Bha sinn greis ann an t-Strom mu 'n d' thainig an t-each-iarruinn. Thachair duine coir rium a mhuinntir

Inbhirnis a bh' air a thurus dhachaidh as an Eilein Sgiathanach, agus thug sinn greis air comhradh ann an cainnt mhilis, bhlasda, nam beann. An uair a chualas sitrich an eich-iarruinn, thug a h-uile neach lamh air faighinn deas. Thoisich iad ri ruith a null 's a nall feuch c'aite am faigh-eadh iad cuil anns an suidheadh iad. Thuirt mo charaid á Inbhirnis riumsa nach ruiginn a leas cabhag sam bith a bhith orm, agus gu faighinn aite maille ris fhein. Coma co dhiu, mu dheireadh thall fhuaradh aghaidh an eich-iarruinn a chur ri Inbhirnis. Agus gu cinnteach ceart, cha b' e sin am furasda. Dheanadh e de phuthaill 's de shianaill rud a bheireadh air d' fhalt eiridh o d' cheann. Falbhaidh e 'n coinneamh a chuil a cheart cho luath 's a dh' fhalbhas e 'n coinneamh 'aghaidh. Dh' olc no dh' eiginn gu'n d'fhuair iad chaidh aca mu dheireadh air toirt air stad anns a' cheart bhad anns an robh toil aca, agus ann an da mhionaid cheangail iad cho math ri fichead carbad ris an earball aige. An uair a fhuair e cead falbh rinn e sitir 's e 'n duil nach robh aige ach a chasan a thoirt as mar gu'm biodh fiadh. Ach a bhalaich ort, 's gann a bheireadh e noideadh a ionad na'm bonn. Thuirt mi fhin ri m' charaid gu robh eagal orm gu'n do cheangail iad tuilleadh 's a' choir ris an earball aige. Stad thusa ort tiotadh beag agus chi thu gu falbh e cho aigeannach ri searrach. Mar a thubhairt b' fhior. Ann an coig mionaidean bha e cho luath 's gu robh 'n cridhe air chrith agam a h-uile tiotadh gu rachadh e 'n coinneamh a chinn le creig.

Bha duil agam gu faighinn uine ann an Inbhirnis gu dhol a dh' amharc air caraid dhomh a tha fuireach anns a' bhaile; ach bha 'm baile cho trang an latha ud le daoine a bha dol do Ghlasachu mar a bha mi fhin. Mur b' e cuideachadh mo charaid bha mi air m' fhagail an oidhche ud ann an Inbhirnis. Fhuair an duine coir dhomh cuil bheag anns an do shuidh mi. Bha mi anabarrach toilichte gu robh mi ann an cuideachd dhaoine air an robh coitas a' mhodha, agus na h-uaisle. Gu cinnteach dhearbh iad gu robh iad mar sin mu 'n d' rainig iad Glasachu.

Eadar a h-uile rud a bha mi 'faicinn 's a' cluinntinn bha m' inntinn air a togail air a leithid a dhoigh 's nach robh guth air acras. Ach mu dheireadh thall bhuail e mi gu laidir. Bha fhios agam gu'n do chuir a' bhean biadh anns a' mhaileid airson an turuis; ach bha gne de naire orm teannadh ri itheadh bidh am fianuis na bha 's an t-seomar maille rium. Mar gu'm buaileadh tu do dha bhois ri cheile, thoisich iad thall 's a' bhos ri lamh a thoirt air na maileidean a bh'aca, agus ri gabhail an dinneireach. Thog so mo chridhe, agus gu bhith anns an fhasan, ma b' fhior, thug mi lamh air mo mhaileid fhein. Cha robh duine 's an t-seomar bu choltaiche ri bhith 'na dhuine uasal na mise, fhad 's a dheanadh deagh aodach, agus deagh mhaileid a' chuis. Comhladh ris gach rud eile, chuir Seumas ugam maileid ris an canar anns a' Bheurla, *Gladstone bag*. A bhalaich ort, nam faiceadh tu mi a' toirt lamh air, 's 'ga fhosgladh shaoileadh tu gur e fear baile a bh'annam. An uair a dh'fhosgail mi 'mhaileid bha ann an sin, air a phasgadh suas gu grinn, glan, ann am paipeir, aran, is im, is caise, agus placaid loma-lan de 'n stuth laidir. Ann am inntinn thuirt mi fhin—Mo luaidh ort fhein a Mhairi: bu tu fhein com na h-uaisle riamh. Is mi dh'fhaodadh a radh gur mi fhuair an deagh bhean an latha fhuair mi thu. Bha fear roimhe ann a thuirt, "Is math an cocaire an t-acras; 's mairg a ni tailceis air biadh; Fuarag eorn' an sail mo bhroige, biadh a b'fhearr a fhuair mi riamh." Tha so gle mhath; ach cha'n 'eil teagamh nach cuir deagh bhiadh saod agus sunnd air iomadh neach.

Fada no goirid gu'n d'thug sinn air an rathad rainig sinn Glasachu mu dheireadh. Thug mi 'n aire gu robh carbad is carbad 'g an ceangal ri earbull an eich-iarruinn anns a' h-uile aite an robh e stad air an rathad. An uair a rainig sinn Glasachu bha deich thar fhichead de charbaid, air a' chuid bu lugha an ceangal ris an earball aige. A mhic chridhe, an uair a stad e 's a thoisich na daoine ri bruchdadh a mach as na carbaid, shaoileadh tu gu robh a h-uile duine a bha 'n Alba cruinn, cothrom comhladh, air a'

bhad. Bha 'n aon chabhag air a h-uile duine riamh. Ged a bhiodh toil agam seasamh far an robh mi cha b' urrainn domh. Dh'fhalbh mi an rathad a bha cach a' falbh. An uair a rainig mi 'n t-sraid sheas mi, oir cha robh fhios agam ciod an taobh air an d' thugainn m' aghaidh. Bha fhios agam gu robh Sheumas 'g am fheitheamh; ach bha 'n t-aite cho dumhail le sluagh 's nach fhaiceadh e mi ged a bhiodh suilean air a h-uile taobh de 'cheann.

Cha robh mi fada 'na m' sheasamh aig oisinn na sraide an uair a thainig Seumas air mo chulaobh, 's a thuirt e— “Bhur beatha do Ghlasachu, 'athair. Tha mi ro thoilichte bhur faicinn; ach c'arson nach d' thainig mo mhathair comhladh ruibh?”

“Ma ta, laochain,” arsa mise, 's mi breith gu teann air laimh air, “ma tha thusa toilichte mise fhaicinn, tha mise pailt cho toilichte thusa fhaicinn. Cha b' urrainn do mhathair an taigh fhagail, agus ged a b' urrainn, cha'n 'eil toil sam bith aice tighinn do 'n bhaile so. Ach air an t-saoghal co as a thainig na bheil an so de shluagh? Cha chreid mi fhin nach 'eil a h-uile duine ann an Alba anns a' bhaile so a nochd.” “Is fhurasda aithneachadh, athair,” arsa Seumas, “gur ann air ur thighinn do 'n bhaile mhor a tha sibhse. Cha 'n 'eil sinne ach a' cur umhail gu bheil am baile ni 's trainge na b'abhaist dha bhith.”

Thug e mhaileid as mo laimh, agus chuir e staigh i an an carbad eircachdail 's a dh' fhoghnadh do Shir Seumas coir nach maireann, an latha b'fhearr a bha e riamh. Chuir e mi fhin a staigh roimhe, agus an uair a thuirt e facal no dha ris an oganach speisealta a bha na shuidhe air toiseach a' charbaid, chaidh e steach comhladh rium, agus dhruid e'n dorus na dheigh.

IAIN.

[RI LEANTUINN].

AN ANCIENT CHARTER.

BY THOMAS SINCLAIR, M.A.

DOCUMENTS without date, if their value is lessened by this fact, have a peculiar claim on the inquiring faculty; and it is chiefly to draw the attention of those locally as well as generally learned, that the following undated charter by an Earl of Ross is submitted for discussion. It is beautifully written on parchment, in the caligraphy, it would seem, of the fourteenth century, when the invention of printing had not yet taken away the extraordinary care expended in writing by the monks and other scribes. The original is in the possession of Mr Charles Bruce, ex-bailie of Wick, Mount Hooly House, who is the holder of many other antiquarian valuables. Its Latin text may be translated thus:—"To all who shall hear or see this charter, William, Earl of Ross, wishes eternal salvation in the Lord. Let your entirety know that I have given, granted, and, by this my present charter, confirmed to Hugh, entitled of Delgeny, and his heirs and assignees, a davoch of the land of Lochslin, for his homage and service, to be held and possessed by the said Hugh and his heirs and assignees of me and my heirs, in fee and hereditie, freely, quietly, fully, peaceably, and honourably, in all its right bounds, in wood and plain, in meadows and pastures, in moors and marshes, in inns and mills, and all other easements, commodities, and liberties, as well not named as named, of the said davoch of land of Lochslin, belonging and in any other time appearing to belong to it by use and wont, reserving to me and my heirs the fishing of the lake of Lochslin, if it happen to me and my heirs to place saleable and other fish in the same lake, he and his heirs returning to me and my heirs annually one pound of cumin and three pence at the feast of Pentecost, for all

other exactions, customs, and secular demands which from the beforesaid davoch of land of Lochslin belong at any time to my heirs, and can be exacted and demanded, doing thence the public service of the king whatsoever relates to the said davoch of land of Lochslin, with three courts for my heirs. I, indeed, William, Earl of Ross, and my heirs, will warrant, quiet, and perpetually defend against all men and women to the said Hugh and his heirs the said davoch of land of Lochslin, with all and singular its easements and liberties. In testimony of this matter, I have appended my seal to these presents before witnesses: Sir Hugh Ross, our son and heir; and the discreet men, Mr William Lindores, the chancellor of the church of Ross; Mr the dean of the same church; Mr Walter Sibbald, the treasurer of that church; Mr Andrew, rector of the church of Kincardine; Sir Maurice, our chaplain; Mr Oliver, the clerk; Mr Philip Ruthven; Mr Malcolm Moore; Mr William, his son; Mr Peter Marshall, and many others."

That Hugh of Delgeny is Hugh Ross, one of the Earl's relatives, seems clear for many reasons; Delgeny being itself often the scene of gifts of charters, as their dating tells, by the ancient Earls of Ross. The payment of cumin at Whitsunday, with the small sum of threepence, was a feudal device to preserve the superiority of the land, and not to allow it to be blanch or quite free from payment, which was all but the highest form of tenure. Cumin is biblically familiar; but at that period of Scottish history it was as well known as a gold or silver currency. It is a dwarf plant from Asia Minor, like fennel, with a hot, aromatic fruit, and was used for medicinal or cordial purposes. To attend so many courts a year formed one of the most usual clauses attached to the gift of a charter, and three were the number necessary for Hugh Ross's davoch after, it would appear, the death of the granter. But the details of the document have much the usual local and other points of curiosity. To those acquainted with the district, and with the history of the persons mentioned,

these may be fruitful of suggestion. The present search is chiefly to find a date for this remarkable stray charter.

It is not difficult to understand how the parchment found its way to Wick, because Mr Bruce is proprietor of some tenements in that town which formerly belonged to George Sinclair of Mey, son of George the Earl of Caithness who died in 1583. Many title-deeds followed these houses; and as the Rosses of Balnagown were intermarried with the Caithness family, and various properties kept changing from Sinclairs to Rosses, and *vice versa*, in the northern counties, the charter fell to the chest of the Mey family, the latest holders of the earldom. William, the last and sixth earl of Ross of the Ross name, died in 1371, leaving an only daughter and heiress, Euphemia Ross, who married Sir Walter Leslie. The Leslies became earls of Ross. No doubt this charter was given by one of their predecessors, the Rosses. The only William, Earl of Ross, who had a son, Lord Hugh Ross, as mentioned in the charter, before this date of 1371, was the fourth earl, who died 3rd July 1328. Of him a good deal is known. He was taken at the battle of Dunbar in 1296 by Edward the First of England; and in May of that year he is a prisoner in Windsor Castle, as can be seen in the papers about Scotland in the London Record Office. He chose the side of the English ruler soon after, and was one of those to whom King Longshanks sent royal letters notifying peace, of date 16th February 1303-4. In December of the same year he had the gift of a black horse at Dunfermline from King Edward, the cost of which was 35 merks. He was appointed Lieutenant of the Guardian of Scotland, John of Brittany, the Earl of Richmond; and he did all he could to check the success of Robert Bruce, who was making great headway in 1306, which the death of Edward I. in 1307 aided still further. The state of Scotland is graphically shown by a petition of Earl William of Ross and his son Hugh, this or the next year, written in French, the court language then of England. It is addressed to Edward

II., and describes the expedition of Robert Bruce to his country with from 13,000 to 15,000 troops. "Bruce wasted the borders of Caithness next Ross," and caused great losses to the Earl, insomuch that he says he was compelled to make a truce till Edward should come to his succour, his only hope being in the English King. It is possible that Caithness is here used in the extent of the diocese, which included Sutherland. The Earl had a grievance also. William, Earl of Sutherland, swore faith to Edward I., and when the Earl of Sutherland died, Aylmer de Valence gave the ward of the county to "John, our younger son." John Ross could not raise the relief or taxes from the county, and his father petitions that Edward II. may support them to get their dues by force. He had the Isles also from Edward I., but Lachlan Fitz-Alan, no doubt an Englishman, refuses to pay the rent. The Bishop of Moray had been accusing the Earl of Ross, and demanding damages for wasting in his territory while he had been a rebel. This the Earl repudiates. He also asks to take the fealty of the Earl of Sutherland, and to be paid his expenses for bringing Sutherland to King Edward's peace. Lord Hugh, his son of the charter, petitions Edward II. and his council for his lands of Avoch in Ross-shire, granted to him by Edward I. Sir David Berkley had received them in gift from Lord Hugh, but Robert Bruce now held them, and the petition was that they should revert to Hugh. It is probable that Edward II. had little power at this time to make answer effectually. On 13th December 1307, setting out for Boulogne, in France, he sent a letter to the clergy of Scotland to keep the peace there for him by all their influence. A letter to the nobles, of date next day, inculcates obedience to the guardian of Scotland already noticed. William, Earl of Ross, Lord Henry Sinclair of Roslin, Reginald the Cheyne of Caithness, Hugh son of the Earl of Ross, were among the nobles thus addressed. On May 26th, 1308, Edward II. thanks Reginald the Cheyne, and ten other Scots, for their faithful service to him and

his father. William, Earl of Ross, he instructs to remain north till midsummer. This was written from Westminster. In connection with the Earl's truce previously, it is interesting to note that in June 1308, Edward II. allows the sub-guardians of Scotland, who were six in number, each with forty men-at-arms, to take truce from Robert Bruce, as from themselves and not from him, the king, but no truce was to go beyond Pasques or Easter. On 31st October 1308, William, Earl of Ross, gave fidelity and homage to Bruce at Auldearn, thus closing what may be called the English chapter of his life. In the *Acta Scotiæ Parliamentorum* may be seen a fac-simile of a document signed 5th February 1283, by him and his son Hugh; his seal being three lions rampant, and his son's, several crosses with other devices, both seals in green wax. They sign an answer to the French King about Scottish affairs from St Andrews, 16th March 1308, "David Barclay" being another of the many signatures. In 1330 Hugh is Earl of Ross, as the resignation by him under this title of the advowson of Philorth shows, his father having died two years previously.

Knowledge of some or of all the other names in the charter might set the point, as to the granter, finally at rest; but, meantime, what has been indicated may be held as some footing gained. A related matter of curious interest is what the Earls of Ross, and their kinsmen Rosses, had to do with Caithness, where this document found, and still finds, its home. There is a charter among the MSS. of Sir Patrick Murray by Walter Leslie, who married Euphemia, daughter of the last Ross Earl, to Hugh Ross of Kinfauns, of the lands of Reay and Dunbeath, in the shire of Caithness. The lands of Reay included Sandside, Borlum, Isauld, Milton, Davochhow, Shurery, Stemster, and others. Andrew Berkeley or Barclay resigned the lands, and Hugh Ross was to hold them on the same terms as were stated in a charter given by William, an Earl of Ross, to John Barclay, the father

of Andrew. Hugh Ross's charter is dated at Tain, St Catherine's Day, 1380, with witnesses, Alexander, Bishop of Ross ; the Abbot of Fearn ; Mr William Dingwall, Dean of Ross ; Sir John Sutherland ; Sir Robert Innes ; Sir Richard Cumming or Comyn, Knights ; William Ross, Nicholas Sutherland, Adam Urquhart, Alexander Murray, Hugh Munro, and many others. This gift was probably a peace-offering by Leslie to a male relation of his wife, so as to secure the earldom of Ross for himself. There are similar transactions of his recorded. The position was by no means an easy one to secure ; the prejudice, and often the law, being in favour of male successors of the name. There can be no doubt that it was his wife Euphemia Ross's Caithness lands which he thus gave away. Her father William, the sixth and last Earl of Ross with the Ross surname, Justiciary of North Scotland, had married first Isabella, daughter of Malise, Earl of Stratherne, Caithness, and Orkney. Dunbeath and Reay lands were her marriage portion. Magnus, Earl of Caithness and Orkney, who signed the letter of independence to the Pope in 1320, had no male successor ; and Malise, Earl of Strathearne, by marrying his heiress presumably, secured the three earldoms. Ard of surname held Dunbeath and Reay lands before the Berkeleys, and probably also through a marriage to a daughter or relative of Magnus. The Sinclairs secured the earldoms of Orkney and Caithness by marriage in the Malise family, and the Earls of Ross secured Dunbeath and Reay lands similarly, as already shown. In 1379, the year before Leslie's charter to Hugh Ross, Henry Sinclair, Baron of Roslin, was appointed Earl or Prince of Orkney by the King of Norway ; but he held the right and property of it previously, through the Malise connection. In the national treasury accounts at Edinburgh, of date January 1367, the assize returns (£10) of the county of Caithness are credited to the Sinclairs of Roslin, so that their connection with that district must have been much earlier than is usually

thought. The royal family was also intermarried with the Malise ladies; and their scions are almost inextricably mingled with the Rosses, Sinclairs, Leslies, and Macdonalds of the Isles, as Earls of Caithness, Ross, Stratherne, &c. No chapter of Scottish history is at once dimmer and more promising, and these general references indicate how. Henderson did not know of the 1380 charter of Dunbeath and Reay, the well-known one of 24th October 1429, being "supposed," he says, "to be the earliest writ extant concerning these lands." Walter, the first Leslie Earl of Ross, died in 1382, and was succeeded by his son Alexander, who had no son, but an only daughter, Euphemia Leslie. Alexander's sister, Margaret Leslie, succeeded her, marrying Donald Macdonald, Lord of the Isles. Walter Leslie's widow, Euphemia Ross, married Alexander Stewart, Seneschal of Scotland, Earl of Buchan, the fourth son of King Robert II.; and he became Earl of Ross in her right in 1382. On 25th July of this year the King granted him, at Inverness, the lands in Caithness of Dunbeath and Reay, lands in Sutherland, &c. She had no children by this marriage, and he was so unkind to her that he was bound under a penalty of £200 not to maltreat her. He died in 1394, and her son, Alexander Leslie, became Earl of Ross and proprietor of the Caithness lands and others. His wife was Isabella Stewart, daughter of the famous, or infamous, Robert Stewart, Duke of Albany, the Regent of Scotland, uncle to James I. Their heiress, Euphemia Leslie, gave the earldom of Ross to John Stewart, Earl of Buchan, 15th July 1415, her mother's brother and son of the Regent; she becoming nun, and, it is said, dying of poison. Donald of the Isles had fought the battle of Harlaw in 1411, by way of asserting his rights. A whole train of miseries continued to attach themselves to this historic Scottish earldom of Ross. But the present purpose forbids further such incidental illustration of a charter which cannot but have remarkable attraction, especially for the northern counties of Scotland. David

Stewart, son of Robert II., was Earl of Caithness about 1373, and the above Alexander probably also held the title. In 1431 Alan Stewart, a member of the royal family, was Earl of Caithness when slain at the battle of Inverlochy, fighting against Donald Balloch, brother of Alexander Macdonald, Lord of the Isles. It is easy to understand James the First's interest, during the early part of his reign, in Inverness and the far north, in the light of his kin's titles and properties. But to clear up the position fully would require special facilities of investigation and large space. To complete the history of the lands in Caithness, once belonging to the Rosses, it may be added that Alexander, Earl of Ross, gave Dunbeath and Reay to Alexander Sutherland on his marriage to Mariota, the Earl's sister, in 1429. In 1507 the lands had passed to Alexander Innes of Innes, and in 1529 Alexander Sinclair, brother of John, Earl of Caithness, had a royal charter for the same lands to himself and his wife, Elizabeth Innes. The lands left this Sinclair family in 1610; Lord Forbes, Lord Reay, the Inneses of Sandside, Macdonald, the Duke of Portland, Pilkington, and a Mey branch of Sinclairs, holding them at various times and in various portions. Their curiously well-known history can be traced for more than five centuries, without any noticeable gaps, such as nearly always obscure estate histories.

THE BROKEN LIGHT.

A HIGHLAND LEGEND.

“O H! husband, the darling is feverish and ill,
And she seems to get worse every hour,
Her case calls aloud now for medical skill,
Then haste for the doctor, this duty fulfil,
With all the despatch in your power.”

’Twas evening, and darkness was fast coming down,
The wind whistled dreary and wild,
When the father set forth, over moors rough and brown,
Some seven or eight miles to the nearest small town,
The doctor to fetch to his child.

At the town he arrived and the doctor’s abode,
Nor lingered his feet by the way ;
But he just was too late, as the housekeeper showed,
For the doctor had gone a long distance abroad,
And would not return till next day.

No choice had the man but to turn him about,
And homeward to plod his way back.
The highway he traversed with footstep yet stout ;
The last window-light in his view was put out
As he turned up the rough moorland track.

With the pathway familiar, he kept up his pace ;
The flat heathy hill he has crossed ;
But at length having reached a bewildering place
Where cross-ways and sheep-tracks, confused, interlace,
His path he has suddenly lost.

And the lost path again he is baffled to find :
The night is dark, eerie, and late ;
He stumbles o’er hillocks and stones as if blind,
While a spirit of petulance enters his mind,
And he recklessly rails at his fate.

“What a misery,” he mutters, “it is, to be sure,
That children should ever turn sick ;
And when fathers the toil of long travel endure
That the doctor should not, with a safe, certain cure,
Be ready to come to them quick.”

As, grumbling and fretful, his limbs he still plies,
And onward still flounders and veers,
His own cottage light in the distance he spies ;
And now close at hand—can he credit his eyes?—
A strange, gliding taper appears.

And soft o'er the grass and the rushes it passed,
Its colour was blueish and pale ;
Though seemingly shining, no radiance it cast ;
Its motion was guided as slow or as fast
As his whom it led up the vale.

But the man, being vexed at his comfortless plight,
And eager alone to get hence,
In foolish impatience he struck at the light
With his staff, crying, " Curse you ! get out of my sight,
Nor mock me with empty pretence !"

But the light neither shrank from the rash mortal's blow,
Nor vanished it out of his view ;
But his blood through his frame begins chilly to flow,
And trembling and fear seize upon him, for, lo !
Now instead of one light there are two !

And, calm and persistent, they gleam, and they glide
The awe-stricken traveller before ;
They pause not, they wane not, they wander not wide,
But on to his cottage precede, side by side,
And abrupt disappear at the door.

By his poor, anxious wife he was there at once met,
With anguish in voice and in look—
" Oh ! husband, and is not the doctor come yet ?
But an hour ago Willie, our other dear pet,
The dreadful disease also took !"

Two days o'er that cottage and watchers so wan
Their sickly effulgence have shed,
Then (who shall Heaven's purposes challenge or scan ?
To submit and adore is the wisdom of man)
In that cottage two children lay dead.

R. H. C.

CASTLE GIRNIGOE AND THE SINCLAIRS OF RATTER.

BY KENNETH MACDONALD, TOWN-CLERK OF INVERNESS.

PART III.

OF the second John Sinclair of Ratter we know little. He lived during the troublous times of the eighteenth century, but he does not appear to have taken any part, at least any prominent part, in the historical events of his time. He was married to a daughter of Sir Patrick Sinclair of Southdun, by whom he had one son, William, who succeeded him in the estate of Ratter, and who afterwards became tenth Earl of Caithness. Whether the fortunes of the family of Ratter were improved during the lifetime of the second John Sinclair it is now difficult to say. The burden of debt which kept the first John Sinclair a prisoner in Inverness was, as we have seen, got rid of for a time, but how it was ultimately discharged does not appear. The family continued to hold a good position in the county, and when, some time after the second John Sinclair's death, his son became a claimant for the Earldom, his claim was supported by the bulk of the gentry in the county.

Alexander, the 9th Earl of Caithness, died on the 9th December, 1765, without male issue, his only child being the Countess of Fife, who succeeded to his personal estate. Earl Alexander was predeceased by all his brothers, one of them being John Sinclair of Murkle who was a Lord of Session under the title of Lord Murkle, and none of them left issue. Shortly before his death, the Earl executed a Deed of Entail, by which he devised his estates to himself and the heirs male of his body, whom failing to the second son of his daughter, Lady Fife, whom

failing to George Sinclair of Woodhall, one of the Senators of the College of Justice, and his heirs male of line. Under this Entail the whole heritable estate belonging to the late Earl was taken, on Alexander's death, by Sir John Sinclair of Stephenson, a nephew of Lord Woodhall, a gentleman who was in no way related to the entailer. The motive, whatever it was, which induced Earl Alexander to devise his estates away from the title, would doubtless have caused him to alienate the title also had he been able; but it had already been proved in the history of the Earldom of Caithness that the title could not be thus transferred, and the Earl did not repeat the error of his ancestor by attempting to put the title past the rightful successor to it.

But who was the rightful successor? This question was to give rise to years of litigation, and in the end to be wrongly decided. In Earl Alexander had died the last representative of the eldest son of John, Master of Caithness, and the successors to the Earldom had to be found among the representatives of John's younger sons. The rival claimants were James Sinclair of Broynach, who claimed through the second son, and William Sinclair of Ratter, who claimed through the third son of John. The contest took place, in the first instance, in the Court of Session, on competing petitions for service. The proceedings extended over a long period of time, and it appears from documents in the Advocates' Library, that for Sinclair of Ratter alone there were no less than 96 witnesses examined. Sinclair of Broynach would seem to have been very unequally matched in the contest. His family had fallen upon evil days, and he himself was married to the daughter of one of his tenants. Mr Riddel, in his book on Peerage Law, says that on that occasion James Sinclair "laboured under every disadvantage, being himself poor and destitute, without any interest in Caithness, the scene of operations, or having sufficient legal assistance, while his opponent, besides being a gentleman of fortune, possessed both in a high degree;" and in the

claim of Sir James Sinclair of Mey to the Earldom of Caithness, in 1791, Sir William Dunbar said that James Sinclair of Broynach was then of low degree, and not in gentlemen's company. The result of the long and unequal contest between Ratter and Broynach was that the former was served heir male to Earl Alexander, and the latter for the time retired from the field.

The hitch in the Broynach claim was the want of evidence that David Sinclair of Broynach, the grandfather of the claimant, was married to Janet Ewen, the mother of the claimant's father. The Court, by preferring Ratter's claim and serving him heir in preference to Broynach, who was descended from the elder branch, practically branded the Broynach family as illegitimate. James Sinclair did not accept his defeat cheerfully, but he was without means and without friends ; and although, unknown to himself, he was the victim of a mean and disgraceful fraud, he had to give up the fight, at least for the time, and leave his opponent master of the field. He obtained a Cadetship in the East India Company's service, and sailed for India very soon after the decision of the Court of Session.

On achieving his success in the Court of Session, Sinclair of Ratter presented a Petition to the Crown, claiming the Peerage. On the Petition being referred to a Committee of the House of Lords, it was ordered to be served on James Sinclair, and on this being declared impossible on account of his having sailed for India, it was ordered to be served on his Agents. This was done, but they did not appear—probably they had no authority to do so. Sinclair of Ratter's Petition being thus unopposed, there were two courses open to the Peers in dealing with it—they might order him to prove his claim by calling witnesses and laying documents before themselves, or they might accept the result of the Court of Session contest as sufficient evidence of Ratter's right. The former course is the one now invariably adopted. Claimants to Peerages have not merely to prove their own relationship in

presence and to the satisfaction of the Committee of Privileges, but to prove that all possible claimants nearer than themselves are extinct. Had this course been adopted with Ratter's claim, he would have had to prove the illegitimacy of Broynach, and this he might have found as difficult with an exacting Chairman of Committee as Broynach found it to prove his legitimacy in the Court of Session. His Petition would have been heard from time to time, and delayed from year to year, either for further evidence or in the hope that time would remove or solve some of the difficulties created by the absence of absolute proof, until at last, after the lapse of perhaps a quarter of a century,¹ the House of Lords felt it safe to come to a resolution. Had anything like this happened with the Petition of William Sinclair of Ratter, that gentleman would never have been Earl of Caithness. The Lords, however, adopted the other course—a course which, it may safely be predicted, will never again be taken in disposing of a Peerage claim. They made no independent enquiry, but, trusting entirely to the evidence led before the Court of Session, and the result arrived at by that Court, found that Ratter had made out his claim to the Peerage, and they adopted a resolution to that effect on 7th May, 1772. William Sinclair, who thus became 10th Earl of Caithness, was married to a daughter of John Sinclair of Scotsclader, by whom he had four sons—John, William, James, and Alexander. He died in 1779, and was succeeded by his son John as 11th Earl.

In 1786, James Sinclair of Broynach, who had by that time attained to the rank of Captain in the East India Company's service, returned to Scotland. His object in going abroad was to acquire means to renew the contest, and when he returned he was no longer a poor man. He lost no time in challenging the son of his old opponent, and although the Earldom was for a time beyond his reach,

¹ The Petition of the present Lord Lovat's grandfather was pending for about thirty years.

he might at least succeed in rehabilitating his family name. Almost immediately on his return he made a startling discovery. A gentleman in Caithness informed him that very soon after the close of the previous contest, fourteen years before, a near relative of the 10th Earl had stated in conversation that he knew that David Sinclair of Broynach and Janet Ewen were married and their children legitimate, and not only so, but where evidence of the marriage could be found. The information thus obtained led to a search being made in the Records of the Presbytery of Caithness, resulting in the discovery that in the year 1700 the Rev. Arthur Anderson, an Episcopal clergyman, had been charged before that Presbytery with celebrating irregular marriages, among the marriages specified being that of Broynach and Janet Ewen. A proof led before the Presbytery left no doubt that this marriage among others had been celebrated by Mr Anderson, and he was deposed. A search was also made in the Records of the Parish of Olig, where Broynach resided, and there further evidence of the marriage was found.

This evidence had it been forthcoming in 1770 would have ensured James Sinclair's success and the defeat of his opponent, but its existence did not come to the knowledge of the former, although, if the fact is as stated in a note on the Session papers preserved in the Advocates' Library, its existence must have been known to Ratter. The note, apparently written by Broynach's Counsel, says "the Presbytery record was carried to the House of Ratter, and there means were used to prevail on Mr Oliphant (the custodier) to destroy or put it out of the way." There seems little doubt indeed that the fact of David Sinclair's marriage and the existence of the evidence of it were known to William Sinclair of Ratter and his friends during the contest for the Earldom, and that they contrived to suppress the evidence. If so the transaction was an utterly dishonourable one, and reflected little credit on those who were parties to it. Even the

scrupulous Mr Oliphant would appear to have been a party to the deception; for, although he would not put the Record out of the way, he seems to have been content to conceal its existence from the person most nearly interested in its production.

On obtaining this information, Broynach appealed to the House of Lords against the decision pronounced by the Court of Session fourteen years before, but his appeal was too late, and was refused. He thereupon, in 1787, raised an action of Reduction in the Court of Session against the Earl of Caithness, whose title to the Earldom he refused to recognise, and whom he designed in the Summons as "John Sinclair, Esq., now of Ratter, assuming and taking upon him the title and dignity of John Earl of Caithness." In the pleadings in that action, the whole story of Broynach's poverty and friendlessness during the previous contest, and of the unequal conditions under which he fought for the Peerage, is told. The pursuer, the Case says, was a very unequal match for Mr Sinclair of Ratter. That gentleman was a man of fortune and influence in Caithness, and spared no expense on the occasion; he had the best assistance in the course of the proof, being attended by his agent from Edinburgh, and a number of gentlemen of fortune in the county, his friends and relations. On the other hand, the pursuer, then a very young man, was alone, having no money to procure the necessary assistance, and no person present fit to advise him. The Case then proceeds to narrate that as soon as the pursuer's circumstances permitted he returned from India to Britain with the view to follow forth his claim, and that, having in prosecution of his purpose proceeded to make enquiries, he discovered the evidence already referred to of his grandfather's marriage. The entries in the Presbytery and Kirk-Session records are quoted, and reduction is sought of the service of William Sinclair of Ratter as heir male of Alexander, 9th Earl of Caithness. In the Case lodged for the Earl of

Caithness the facts stated for Broynach are not disputed. The document dwells upon the gross impropriety into which the pursuer had fallen in calling the defender "John Sinclair, Esq. of Ratter," and not "John, Earl of Caithness;" and it is added that, were not the defender unwilling to state any objections which might have the effect of delaying a final judgment in the case, he might justly insist that no procedure could follow on such a Summons, but the Court, it is suggested, should, out of respect to the constitution and law of the land, ordain the pursuer to amend the Summons.

The Cases for Captain Sinclair and the Earl are dated 25th and 27th July. 1787, and there apparently, so far as the Court of Session was concerned, the matter ended. On 11th January, 1788, Captain Sinclair died without issue, and in him died the last representative of the second son of John, Master of Caithness. The Ratter family were now the rightful representatives of the Earldom of Caithness, and John Sinclair was *de jure*, as well as *de facto*, Earl of Caithness. But in little more than a year John was also dead, and with him the line of the third son of John, Master of Caithness, became extinct—the last Sinclair of Freswick, the only collateral branch of the Sinclairs of Greenland and Ratter, having died in 1784. Mr Riddell, after mentioning the death of Captain Sinclair, says that by an extraordinary fatality, John Earl of Caithness died *suddenly* the very next year, under "circumstances too affecting and notorious to be particularised," and in a footnote he says of John that "he was a gallant officer with promising prospects, but had hardly attained the meridian of life, which lamentably closed the 8th of April of that year, to the regret of *one* especially." The story thus hinted at in Mr Riddell's book is told more fully in the privately-printed *Reminiscences* of the late Mr Joseph Mitchell, of Inverness. That gentleman says:—

"John, the eleventh Earl, was a captain in the army. In 1789 he visited London. He there mixed in society, and was

distinguished not only as the representative of a noble and ancient house, but as a peer of graceful bearing and manly beauty. In the course of his sojourn in the great city he paid his addresses to, and won the affections of, a Miss Dehenny, the only daughter of a rich city merchant. Her father, when consulted as to their union, although no doubt gratified at the prospect of his daughter being elevated to the rank of a countess, naturally enough considered it advisable to make inquiries as to the means of the noble Earl. His lordship's explanations were that, although his estates in Caithness were not of much value, he possessed besides these a valuable property in the county of York. Mr Dehenny, with the prudence of a careful parent and man of business, thought he might as well make inquiries about the Yorkshire estate, and the answer was that although the Earl of Caithness had looked at this property on his way south, and talked of purchasing it, no purchase had been made. The old gentleman was very indignant, and upbraided the Earl for his disingenuous statements and attempted deception. The Earl, being a proud man, felt the truth of Mr Dehenny's rebuke, and, in a fit of insane remorse committed suicide. The young lady, his affianced bride, was thrown into the deepest distress by this sad event. Nothing would console her, and she ever after rejected other proffered suitors. Mr Dehenny, her father, in due time died, leaving his daughter his accumulated fortune. Miss Dehenny's affections were fixed; she never could be induced to forget her lost lord, but constantly mourned his sad fate. In her distress and grief she wrote to Mr Trail, the Earl's brother-in-law, begging she might be allowed to adopt one of his daughters, being a near relative of her affianced lord. She undertook to train up and educate the young lady in the best manner, and to bequeath her the fortune which was then to her of little value. Mr Trail and his wife, Lady Janet, consented to this arrangement, and placed their eldest daughter under her care and training. In due time Miss Dehenny died, and Miss Trail, then an old maid, became the possessor of the Dehenny fortune."

Thus died the last of the Sinclairs of Ratter, a family whose history, begun with a murder, ended in a suicide. The crimes of Earl George were bringing their retribution. Twice since the death of that Earl had the estates of the Earldom of Caithness gone to a stranger. The line of the "wicked" Earl had become extinct in Earl Alexander, and now, in little more than the space of one year, the two next families nearest to the Earldom had become extinct. Truly, if Gordon's prophecy had not been already fulfilled,

it seemed very near fulfilment. Of the four sons of the Master of Caithness the representatives of the three eldest were extinct. The descendants of the fourth son of the man who was murdered in Girnigoe Castle alone stood between the family and extinction, and one might well at that time be tempted to say that the line of Earl George as well as that of his murdered son was fated to become extinct. But it has not so turned out. The family of Mey, representing the fourth son of the Master of Caithness, succeeded to the Earldom in 1789, and held it until the death of the late Earl a hundred years after, and probably they are entitled to hold it still. But once more, although the title and dignity of Earl of Caithness remains to the name of Sinclair, the ancestral estates go to a stranger.

The gale which sent us into Sinclair Bay has gone down, and our sails are again spread to the breeze. The wind freshens with the rising tide as we steer for the stormy Pentland and the further Orkneys. In front, through the haze, looms distantly the bold rocky headland of Duncansbay, to the left lies the silvery strand of the bay we are leaving, to the right the white-crested waves of the North Sea are running before the breeze, while behind, standing sentinel over the steep dark walls and surging waters of the Voe, the ruins of Castle Girnigoe are a silent monument of a past as irretrievably gone as its own pristine strength. On every side Nature looks as she may have done on that day three hundred odd years ago, when within the walls of that gloomy Keep, now a mere wreck, a father's hand did his son to death. But how much is all else changed. The iron hand of Feudalism has been lifted off the land, and comfortable homes, surrounded by crops of waving grain, now dot the landscape where before there was nought but peat-hag and rock. The artizan has replaced the armed retainer, the art of war has given place to the arts of peace, pillage to commerce, the feudal keep

has fallen into ruin, and its place has been taken by the mansion-house, the feudal lord has disappeared, and his place in the social economy been taken by the successful merchant. And not the least of the changes affects Girnigoe itself. For nearly two hundred years it has been deserted to the sea-gull and the bat; for a hundred years even its ruins have ceased to belong to an Earl of Caithness. And now, last of all, time has brought an Earl of Caithness who has no place in the county from which he takes his title, and of which his ancestors were virtual sovereigns.

THE PIONEER SPORTSMAN AND TOURIST.

THE Sheep Farmer, the Sportsman, and the Tourist, are all of very recent appearance in the Highlands, but little of their origin and early history is accurately known. It would be very difficult to say now who stocked the first sheep-run north of the Grampians. About 30 years ago an old Mr Blake was a well-known figure in Inverness in the autumn months, and he was usually pointed out as the first man who took shootings in the Highlands; and it is usually believed that the admiration for Highland scenery and the tourist were creations of Sir Walter Scott. The discovery of the first sheep farmer I must leave to more fortunate seekers, but the history of the first sportsman and tourist is recorded, and the record shows that he was combined in one person, and was considerably older than either Sir Walter or Mr Blake.

The record is a journal, written by Colonel T. Thornton of Thornville-Royal, in Yorkshire, of a visit which he paid to the Highlands in 1784, for the purpose of enjoying the scenery and of sport, and published in London in 1804. The book is rare, for although a somewhat diligent searcher of catalogues for books bearing on the history of the Highlands, I never heard of it until within the last few weeks, when in a conversation with Mr Felix Mackenzie of Forres he mentioned it. He is fortunate enough to possess a copy, and by his kind permission I have perused it, and am allowed to give an account of it to the readers of the "Highland Monthly."

Colonel Thornton was the son of a Mr William Thornton who is mentioned in Hargrove's History of Knaresborough as having, on the outbreak of the Rebellion in 1745, raised a company of soldiers and marched at their head "against the rebels in the mountains of Scotland."

It was probably in consequence of this exploit that Colonel Thornton, the subject of this notice, received part of his education at one of the Scottish Universities, and formed friendship with several Highland gentlemen. About ten years before the date of the journal he paid a visit at Castle Grant, and in 1783 he paid a short visit to Badenoch for the purpose of sport, living during the time he was there in tents. This visit appears only to have whetted his appetite, and he resolved next year to pay a longer visit, and his preparations were on an elaborate scale. He hired the house of Raitts from Mrs Mackintosh of Borlum, with grass and other provisions for 20 horses, and he provided himself with a camp equipage suitable for four or five gentlemen and their attendants, with two boats, the "Ville de Paris" and the "Gibraltar," with every requisite for sport of all kinds, provisions for three or four months; and he engaged Mr Garrard, a rising artist, to accompany him and take pictures of the scenery, and of the wild birds and animals of the chase. The camp equipage, boats, &c., were put on board a ship at Hull, to be conveyed to Forres, as the nearest convenient port for Raitts, and having seen the vessel sail on the 4th of June, the Colonel and Mr Garrard started on the land journey, which they made in a gig with two horses, driven tandem. The journey was made by way of Edinburgh, Glasgow, Loch Lomond, Loch Dochart, and Taymouth, to Dunkeld, and thence by the Highland Road to Raitts, where the party arrived on the 10th of July, and were received by Mrs Mackintosh and her family, and by Captain Mackintosh of Balnespig, an old acquaintance, who came to arrange matters for the Colonel. The transport of the baggage from Forres was a more difficult affair. Exclusive of the boats, about which there was considerable difficulty, and which ultimately came on carts also, a train of 49 country carts was employed, and these did not arrive at Raitts till some days later. From the 10th of July till the 26th August the party resided principally at Raitts, but made excursions

to Loch-a-Eilan, Loch Ennich, Loch Laggan, and Loch-Va, near Aviemore, at the last of which they encamped for a day or two; on 26th August the camp was pitched in the upper valley of the Dulnan at the foot of Knock-Franguish for the purpose of grouse shooting, and there they remained until 17th September, when the camp was struck, and they returned to Raitts, where, with the interlude of a visit by the Colonel to Gordon Castle, they remained until 4th October, when the return journey commenced.

The Colonel was a keen sportsman, and describes with great zest the various descriptions of sport in which he engaged. He fished a good deal, but his favourite fishing was trolling for pike. He describes fly fishing for trout as a rather trifling amusement, but singular to say, although he occasionally caught salmon when trolling, and often fished for them with the net, he never mentions the noble sport of salmon fishing with the fly, and does not appear to have known of it. He fished for pike also with what he calls fox hounds, large floats with hooks attached to them, and which we should now call trimmers, and with what he calls trimmers, and which appear to have been some peculiar sort of bait. In fishing for pike he was very successful, and in Loch Alvie he caught one pike measuring five feet in length, and weighing 47 lbs. He had several casts of hawks, and indulged much in the sport of hawking, now almost unknown, and he shot all sorts of wild fowl. He was very anxious to shoot a roe, but although he made many efforts he did not succeed until he reached Moy Hall on his return journey, when he shot one. The method of driving roe does not seem to have occurred to him or the keepers who accompanied him, and the plan they adopted was to try to walk up the animals or to stalk them. Stags are mentioned several times as having been seen, and rifles were among the sporting appliances, but there is no mention of any of the party having gone in pursuit of them. Grouse shooting from the time it commenced was of course the absorbing sport, but it was not

practised with the eager avidity with which sportsmen now go at it, nor had Colonel Thornton been seized with the craze for large bags which now possesses sportsmen. He was content to trudge for a day after his dogs and consider himself well off if he got 20 brace, and he seldom records so big a bag. Birds seem to have been as numerous then as they are now, but to have kept more to the higher grounds. At one place the Colonel says "the game on these moors is innumerable. For a mile long and not half a mile broad I saw at least one thousand brace of birds." "Ptarmigants," as they are called, were tolerably numerous on the high hills, and cairvanes or white hares are mentioned. Black game were not numerous, and appear to have been very wild, and the Colonel had difficulty in getting a cock for Mr Garrard to sketch. Some of the difficulties attending sport in those days, the present generation who have grown up in the use of breech-loaders and gas-tight cartridges will hardly realise. The powder frequently got wet and had to be dried, and the Colonel on one occasion congratulates himself on his wisdom in drying it himself rather than trusting the operation to a servant. How the drying was accomplished he does not mention. On a windy day he mentions that he had had three miss-fires for every shot owing to the wind blowing away the priming, and at another place he records that he had given up for the season the use of a double-barrelled gun, remarking that after all double guns were toys.

The daily details of sport became, however, monotonous, and one turns from them with interest to note what the Colonel has to say about the people among whom he lived, and the condition of the country. The Colonel was a rich man, and he evidently moved in the very highest society in London; and when he was in Scotland, he paid visits to the Duke of Gordon and the Duke of Argyll. What strikes one first, therefore, is the number of residents in the district with whom a man of this class was able to associate—enter-taining and being entertained on terms of social equality.

The Colonel was plainly a good fellow, but he was also a refined and punctilious gentleman, and had there been any want of refinement in the society in which he moved in Badenoch and Strathspey, he would certainly, I think, have mentioned it. There is throughout the book, however, not even a suggestion that the people he associated with then were different in any way, except as to outward surroundings, from those he was accustomed to meet in London—and he more than once remarks that he found some of the Highland gentlemen very well-informed men.

On going to church on the first Sunday after his arrival at Raitts, he remarks on the small number of people there, as compared with what he had been accustomed to on his previous visit, and, on enquiry, he found that this arose from emigration; and this emigration, he says, was largely among handicraftsmen such as shoemakers and carpenters. The parish minister was Mr Anderson, a Lowlander, who had learned to preach in Gaelic, and gave a "well-delivered sermon." However well delivered, the sermon does not appear to have been rousing, for the Colonel remarks that it appeared to him that the men went to church to eat tobacco, and the women to sleep; and he ventures to affirm that a tax on sleeping females would produce a pretty revenue for the parish.

In more than one place the Colonel, who evidently was fond of good living, enlarges on the advantages of the Highlands in the matter of the necessities and the comforts of life. He says "everything for the comfort of life may be had in the Highlands at least nine months in the year, superior, if not to all, to most countries. Nature has given to the face of the country a large proportion of barren heath, but in the valleys every luxury of animal food, and that of the most excellent kind, abounds during most of the winter months. Indeed, the mountain cattle are too fat in summer, and, with little attention and some expense, might no doubt be enjoyed during the whole winter, as

they suffer less from the snows than is imagined ;” and he makes some severe animadversions on the slowness of the natives to make use of their advantages, remarking that he had never seen fresh-water fish at any of their tables. He remarks that the table of Mr Grant of Rothiemurchus was like his estate, the most enviable in the world ; adding that he had added to every other luxury, “roebucks, cairvanes, hare, black game, dotterel, white game, partridges, ducks, and snipes ; salmon, pike, trout, char, par lumpreys, and eels, all which are in abundance upon his estate.” That the Colonel had no mean idea of good living may be judged from the following bill of fare of what he calls a “purely accidental” dinner, to which he invited some friends in his camp on the Dulnan :—

A Hodge-podge.
Remove.
A Roast Pike of seven pounds.
Sauces.
Greens. Reindeers’ Tongues. Potatoes.
Chickens.
Second Course.
Loin of Mutton.
Black Game and Partridge.
Currant Jelly, Capsicum, Elder, Garlic, Vinegars.
Powderade and Char.
A Carving.
Biscuits, Stilton Cheese, Cheshire Butter.
Goats’ Milk.

After this dinner, a long evening was passed, and the guests—the Laird of Skeene and Capt. Macpherson, Invereshy—left the camp at half-past two—let us hope they reached home in safety.

The monotony of sport and jovial dinners and suppers with gentlemen was sometimes pleasantly interrupted by the society of ladies and whist parties. On one occasion Colonel Thornton “had the honour of four gentlemen and three very handsome ladies to dine with him.” One of the ladies was a Miss A. Macpherson, “a really very healthy fine girl, perfectly easy and affable,” and he remarks that, having again introduced himself to her in the Scotch way,

he found her less coy. The Scotch way of introduction, he explains in a note, was "by saluting or, in plain English, kissing her." Another very interesting interruption to sport was caused by an invitation to be present at the rejoicings of the Clan Macpherson on the passing of the Act restoring the forfeited estates. I do not know that any other report is extant, and I cannot do better than give the Colonel's account to your readers in his own words. The date was the 18th September, and the place where the entertainment took place was at Pitmain, the old coaching stage before Kingussie was built:—

"On our arrival, we found a large party of gentlemen already assembled, and the area full of the lower class of the Clan of M'Pherson. Other gentlemen were likewise continually ushering in from all parts, some of whom came above sixty miles, so happy were they to testify their regard for the present possessor of the estate: in short, no words can express the joy that was exhibited in every countenance. The ladies, too, not that I think it singular, seemed to me to enter more heartily, if possible, into the joys of the day than the men. The *toute ensemble* made this meeting interesting enough. At most public meetings there are some discontented mortals, who rather check than inspire mirth: the case here was quite the reverse. With that perfect innocence which abounds in the Highlands, joined to the clannish regard, not totally removed by luxury and knowledge of the world, every individual added something and exerted himself to promote the common cause.

At five o'clock, dinner was announced, and each gentleman, with the utmost gallantry, handed in his tartan-drest partner. The table was covered with every luxury the vales of Badenoch, Spey, and Lochaber could produce, and a very substantial entertainment it was: game of all kinds and venison in abundance did honour to Mr Maclean, who supplied it. I had no conception of any room at Pitmain large enough to dine one-tenth of the party, but found that the apartment we were in, though low, was about fifty feet long, and was only used, being a malt kiln, on such occasions. When seated, no company at St James's ever exhibited a greater variety of gaudy colours, the ladies being dressed in all their Highland pride, each following her own fancy, and wearing a

shawl of tartan ; this, contrasted by the other parts of the dress, at candle-light, presented a most glaring *coup d'oeil*. The dinner being removed, was succeeded by a dessert of Highland fruits, when, I may venture to say, that "George the Third, and long may he reign," was drank with as much unfeigned loyalty as ever it was at London ; several other toasts were likewise drank with three cheers, and re-echoed by the inferiors of the clan in the area around us. The ladies gave us several very delightful Erse songs, nor were the bagpipes silent ; they played many old Highland tunes, and, among others, one which is, I am told, the test of a piper's abilities, for, at the great meeting of the pipers at Falkirk, those who cannot play it, are not admitted candidates for the annual prize given to the best performer. After the ladies had retired, the wine went round plentifully, but, to the honour of the conductor of this festive board, everything was regulated with the utmost propriety, and, as we were in possession of the only room for dancing, we rose the earlier from table, in compliance with the wishes of the ladies, who in this country are still more keen dancers than those of the southern parts of Britain. After tea, the room being adjusted and the band ready, we returned, and minuets being, by common consent, exploded, danced with true Highland spirit a great number of different reels, some of which were danced with the genuine Highland fling, a peculiar kind of cut. It is astonishing how true these ladies all dance to time, and not without grace ; they would be thought good dancers in any assembly whatever. At ten o'clock the company repaired to the terrace adjoining to the house, to behold as fine a scene of its kind as perhaps ever was exhibited. Bonfires in towns are only simple assemblages of inflammable matter, and have nothing but the cause of rejoicing to recommend them ; but here, the country people, vying with each other, had gathered together large piles of wood, peat, and dry heather, on the tops of the different hills and mountains, which, by means of signals, being all lighted at the same time, formed a most awful and magnificent spectacle, representing so many volcanoes, which, owing to their immense height, and the night being totally dark and serene, were distinctly seen at the distance of ten miles. And, while our eyes were gratified with this solemn view, our ears were no less delighted with the different bagpipes playing around us ; when, after giving three cheers to the King, and the same to Mr Pitt, &c., we returned

into the ballroom. At one, I withdrew, took some refreshment, and then returned home, highly delighted at having passed the day so very agreeably."

On the whole this very entertaining book leaves the same impression as that which is derived from the perusal of Mrs Grant's letters from the mountains, that Badenoch and Strathspey were in those days somewhat of an Arcadia. But there was doubtless another side to the picture. Colonel Thornton remarks that within the ten or twelve years which had elapsed since his former visit to Castle Grant, luxury had made great progress, and the simplicity of life and manners was disappearing, and the following needs no comment—"Went and saw Fonness. . . . Here the tenants on the estate had been delivering their annual quota of peats, which from the quantity of time and labour required in casting, drying, manufacturing, and finally loading the same makes this a very severe tax on the poor people sufficiently oppressed without it ; but there is no redress."

Of the scenery of Scotland, and especially of the Highlands, Colonel Thornton was an enthusiastic admirer, and in his descriptions of it he often breaks into verse, which is apparently his own. A number of Mr Garrard's sketches are reproduced in the volume, and those of Loch Lennich, Loch Laggan, and Loch-an-Eilan are particularly good. They are certainly, I think, the first sketches that ever were taken of these beautiful lakes. In naming the sketches there has been some confusion and transposition of names, but the lakes are easily recognisable.

The return journey was made by way of Moy and Inverness, and thence by the Great Glen to Fort-William, and Inveray, and on by Glasgow to the English lakes. Inverness is fully described. It then contained about 11,000 inhabitants, and the principal business is said to have been the spinning of thread and making linen and woollen cloth for home consumption, and cording and sacking for exportation. The linen manufacture is said, however, to have been the most considerable, and to have

saved the town about three thousand pounds a year, which used to go into Holland. Much of this business is said to have been carried on in private houses. The country in the immediate vicinity of Inverness was well cultivated, and luxuriant. The scarcity of corn in the surrounding country is, however, illustrated by the statement that wherever there was a patch of corn it was common to start a number of domestic fowls like a covey of partridges, the birds having travelled miles, and when started flying away for long distances crackling like wild geese.

The Colonel put up at the Caledonian Hotel, which he describes as a modern looking building with comfortable rooms and a good landlord. And he mentioned that he missed, by a few hours, some gentlemen, the only ones who were in Scotland on the same plan as himself. These persons seem to have come to the country to shoot seals. On the way to Fort-Augustus the party overtook a very civil Highlander whom, by his appearance, they took to be a comfortable farmer. They asked him whose estate they were on, and he told them it was his own, and they were much surprised on further conversation to discover that this gentleman was almost totally ignorant of the English language. At Fort-Augustus they met the Duke and Duchess of Gordon, who were on their way south across the Corryarick, and the stay in the Highlands was ended by a visit to the Duke of Argyle at Inverary.

The Colonel appears to have returned to Badenoch for several years. From a letter which Mr Mackenzie has recovered, it would appear that he was there in 1789, and I found that he still lives in the traditions of Badenoch and Strathspey, and that there are many recollections of his friendly and jovial intercourse with the natives. At Lynwilg some ruins are pointed out as those of a house which he built or commenced to build, but the written record closes with the year 1784. I part with it with regret, and venture to suggest that a re-print would be welcome to all who love the history of the Highlands.

H. C. M'A.

NEW BOOKS.

MEMORIALS OF ARGYLESKIRE. In Five Parts, with Appendices.

By ARCHIBALD BROWN, Greenock. Greenock : James M'Kelvie & Sons, Greenock. 1889.

THIS book is a monument of intelligent and laborious antiquarian research, by an Argyleshire man who felt anxious to "rescue from oblivion some incidents in the annals of his native shire, which were being distorted, overlooked, or forgotten." Exclusive of the appendices, it is divided into five parts. The first of these, which contains five chapters, deals with the earliest times till the year 843. The second part has only two chapters, and the period which they cover is that between 843 and 1056. In part three, which also contains two chapters, Mr Brown examines into the origin and history of the old families of Argyle. In part four, he treats of the age and origin of Ossianic poetry, and particularly of the Macpherson controversy, and the valuable Glenmasan manuscript, which has preserved for us the exceedingly interesting valedictory song of Deirdri to Alba, as it was recited in the thirteenth century. The fourth part contains ten chapters. All these four parts are highly controversial. The fifth, which is chiefly informative, we like best of all. In four chapters it traces to Argyleshire the early pioneers of Scottish Gaelic literature and translations. Perhaps scant justice is done to the Gaelic literary labours of Kirke of Balquhidder, Stewart of Killin, and the remarkable school of disciples which their labours and example inspired. Dugald Buchannan, although born after his teacher's death, was as truly the disciple of Kirke, in regard to his Gaelic erudition, as if he had sat at his feet. To the later school of James Stewart of Killin belonged John Stewart, Luss ; Alexander Stewart, Dingwall ; M'Arthur, Mull ; and Armstrong, the dictionary maker. James Maclagan, a native of Logierait, who

was minister of Amulree as early as 1756, and had then, with the assistance of ministers, teachers, and literary gentlemen, began to gather the manuscript collection of ancient and modern poetry from which Gillies got his book of songs, more than a hundred years ago, and from which our readers are still getting, and to get, a great deal that Gillies was unable to use, might be called the contemporary rather than the disciple of James Stewart, although, by marrying his daughter Catherine, he became the translator's son-in-law. As chaplain of the Black Watch for a long period, and afterwards as minister of Blair-Athole, Maclagan assiduously used his good opportunities to add to his collection, which went on increasing almost till his death in 1805. Mr Brown is no believer in the authenticity of Macpherson's "Ossian," but that does not prevent him from acknowledging the impetus which that production gave to Gaelic literature, and research into Celtic antiquities. But, after making all allowance for the just claims of other districts, precedence must be allowed to Argyle in regard to printed Gaelic, and sacred literature in that language. What Carswell began was vigorously carried on by the Synod of Argyle in the Covenanting period, until interrupted by the proscription and persecution of the era of the Reformation. At the Revolution the interrupted work was renewed, and carried on to the beginning of the present century.

Mr Brown is in a very controversial mood throughout the whole first four sections of the "Memorials." Father Innes is the only writer on Scottish affairs for whose authority he has much respect. With some of his iconoclastic criticisms we can at once agree. We think, for instance, that he is right in asserting the Danes were the "Fionn," or "fair strangers," and not the Norwegians, as has been supposed by Mr Skene and others. The general name for the Scandinavians—*Lochlannaich*—did not come from the Scandinavian peninsula, but from the district west of the Elbe, which, in the time of Cæsar, was to a large extent inhabited by the Celtic Belgæ, who probably sent forth at an earlier date the swarms of wandering Scots, so prominent in our early history, to Britain and Ireland. We believe with Mr Brown that the scene of the battle in which the Danish King, "Ivar O Ivar, was killed by the men of Fortren, with a great slaughter about him," was in Cowal, and not on the banks of the Clyde. The supposi-

tion that the battle was fought in Cowal is, considering the known circumstances of the case, very likely in itself, and, by his knowledge of local names, Mr Brown seems fairly to prove the supposition true. Mr Skene has done more than all preceding or succeeding writers put together to reconstruct Celtic history out of many fragments, but, of course, he must now and then be mistaken in identifying particular scenes of conflict. In respect to the place names found in Deirdri's valedictory song, Mr Brown is surely wrong in claiming them all for Cowal. Supposing that the valedictory song, as an addition to the epic story of the Children of Uisneach, was made by a Cowal bard, and written down in the thirteenth century by a Kilmun monk, why should the bard and the monk feel precluded from taking in Glenetive and Glenorehy? They would know that, according to the songs and traditions constituting the epic, the wanderings and memorials of Deirdri and her companions extended widely over Alba. Mr Brown is to be praised rather than blamed for magnifying the Argyle Kingdom of the Scots: for Mr Skene and his school have certainly made too little of it, and unduly magnified the Pictish Kingdom. Neither are we disposed to blame him much for magnifying his native district of Cowal *versus* the rest of Argyle, but he makes a poor show of argument in behalf of the Deirdri valedictory song. Mr Brown is most audacious, when he has a theory of his own, in explaining away whatever contradicts it. A small instance of this occurs in his finding an outlet in Cara-sgeith, near Dunaverty in Kintyre, to disprove the general interpretation of the entries in the Chronicles that the sons of Ronald, son of Somerled, fought with the men of Skye—or Sciadh. He uses the same explanation for dissociating Weymundus Bishop of Man, or Malcom M'Heath of the Gaelic writers, from the Church of Skye, and connecting him with South Argyle. This, and things like them, however, count little in comparison with his direct contradiction and utter repudiation of the statement of Tacitus and Adamnan in regard to the Druids. Having made up his mind, without regard for stone circles, traditions, and folk-lore, that there were never proper Druids, like those in Gaul, in Britain or Ireland, he found it an easy thing to believe that Tacitus was imposed upon by Paulinus, who told him a false story, and to impute downright imposition to Adamnan about St Columba's

journey to Inverness, and particularly his dealing with Broichan the Druid. King Brude cannot be set aside altogether like Broichan, but he and his conversion are put into a small corner. Notwithstanding dogmatism on insufficient basis, and want of consecutive, well-digested presentation of admitted and disputed historical facts, we hold the "Memorials of Argyleshire" to be a suggestive book, and well worthy of the attention of all persons interested in Celtic literature and Scottish history.

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EDITED BY

DUNCAN CAMPBELL, EDITOR, "NORTHERN CHRONICLE,"

AND

ALEXANDER MACBAIN, M.A., F.S.A.Scot.

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THE LONG GLEN.

CHAPTER XV.

BANNING THE MARQUIS.

EWAN, appearing from the smithy with a grimy face, which he forthwith begins to wash in the burn, says : — "And what may the men of age be at now?"

Calum, laughing—"For sure it seems to me we are just banning the Marquis."

Ewan, knowing well how to touch the sore—"The papers of news much praise the Duke Catach and the Marquis. They are both Liberal Reformers. And the Marquis is also an elder and a Non-Intrusionist."

Duncan Ban "Air m'anam!"¹ it must be the black mockery that a man should, in the Parliament house and public places, call himself a Liberal Reformer and what not, and that, pretending to speak up for the rights of the people, he should be to the people committed to his own charge what the wolf is to the fold!"

Calum—"It seems to me that those who speak so often about the rights of the 'people' mean by 'people' the cantankerous Dissenters, and what is worse, the blackguards of towns."

¹ On my soul.

Duncan Ban—"Was there a voice raised by the Whig letters of news or by his own ministers of the Kirk excepting the one Black Moderate, to expose this false Liberal and unworthy elder, who loves to grind the faces of the poor, and to banish hundreds upon hundreds of better people than himself from their native hills, and what had been the homes of their forefathers from the youth of the world?"

Diarmaid—"The base falsehood of the letters of news, and the betraying spirit of ministers under the rule of these noisy Non-Intrusionists form indeed the black cloud which is rising and spreading fast over the whole land. I think the Marquis has the patronage of ten or twelve churches, and to these churches Non-Intrusionists are on every vacancy exclusively appointed by the Liberal patron, contrary to his father's better custom. Now, when at the beginning of his evictions he put out twenty-six reeks in one barony and ten in another all in one day, how many of the twelve stood up and rebuked the manifest oppressor in the name of the Great Head of the Church to whom he and they professed fealty and obedience? They were, except the Black Moderator and honest Donald Mackenzie, dumb dogs without a bark or bite. And the Liberal letters of news kept always flattering and praising the wealthy go-ahead Reformer! This was not the case outside Cataobh when the dead Duke and Duchess Catach were doing their clearing work. The Kirk then had a voice, and it was sounded in deep indignation over all the land. It stirred Highlands and Lowlands, and forced the oppressors to make some atonement by building fishing villages for those who did not follow Lord Selkirk to the wilds of America, but preferred at all cost to cling to the skirts of their native land. In outward seeming the Kirk is now much stronger than she ever was, and in the belief of the majority she is so holy as to be almost above humanity; but she has in the Highlands no uniting living soul, and no protecting and rebuking voice. All that has been sacrificed to bitter strife and arrogant priestly demands. Heavy is

the fear upon me that these noisy Non-Intrusionists who have done great harm already, are now driving the Kirk upon a rock of the raging sea. And if the Kirk be driven on that rock and go to pieces, Alba will then no longer possess a proper national voice, and the last shadow of independence must quickly disappear. So, what is yet to come may be much worse than anything which has already come to pass."

Ewan—"But have my ears not heard thee say that there was some excuse for the Marquis?"

Diarmad—"No doubt. Thy ears being good long ones could not mislead thee. There was this excuse for the Marquis that on some parts of his large estates the people had become too thickly placed, just through the mistaken kindness of his noble father, who made 'rooms' out of the old well-planned farms for all men who had served in his three Fencible Regiments. The want of coals in the Highlands and the vapour mills of the south were also, before he succeeded his father, putting an end to the earnings of the women by spinning wool and flax. And it was an uncertain way of earning rent, year by year, to send the young men forth to make or mend roads, and to cut the crops of the bodaich Ghallda."

Duncan Ban—"It is the wig of tow thou hast put at last on what should have been a sound discourse. Don't try to find excuses for the Marquis. How can it be said the crowded places were becoming unmanageable when he had a big desert about his castle, which, as we know, was once a populous and fertile parish. But if he thought the people too thick, and had no wish to restore to the use of men the desert about his castle and the deserts made for sheep, why did he not do like the noble Douglas, Lord Selkirk, to whom the Gael are the more everlastingly obliged because they had no claim upon him at all, although their fathers and his grand ancestor fought shoulder to shoulder for Scotland's independence long ago. Why, I ask, did not the Marquis like a noble chief lead

forth the surplus people to new homes himself? Would that not be more to his credit here and hereafter, than to treat them just like vermin, all entirely forgetting that every bit of parchment title to his big estates which he now uses for oppression, had been made good by the swords of the oppressed people's ancestors, for him and his! He could have bought cheaply or got for nothing any quantity of wood-lands in Canada, or grass-lands in that other new country—what is it called?"

Calum—"You mean Australia."

Duncan Ban—"Yes, that is it. And if he bought or got wild lands and settled a swarm from his estates on them, he might well hope for the blessing of God and the praise of man; and gratefully too would the swarm so planted out by him pay him back the cost with full interest. But choosing to be a little great man among strangers who care nothing for him, and to spend his time and money in London giving himself the name of a Liberal, he oppresses his own people at home, kith and clan included; and so the tears of grey-bearded men, bidding farewell to the beloved hills of their race, and the low wails of broken hearts, will assuredly fall heavy upon him here and hereafter as the curse and doom of Almighty God."

Iain Og—"Nay, nay, hold, hold. Take a pinch out of my Sunday horn and compose yourself."

Ewan—"The Marquis did not look ashamed of himself or a doomed man the other day when he walked among the crowds on the green, or stood in front of his armed men. He looked as proud as an eagle with face to the sun. And although not very tall he is a fine man too in the Highland garb and arms. For sure he looks the great chief whatever you may say."

Duncan Ban—"He looks the great chief! That I know quite well. He is not a stranger to my eyes. I feel all the more angry with him because he has thrown away his opportunities. He is, I know full well, a man of whom the Gael would have been very proud had he chosen to be a

great chief among them, instead of what he is. And where can the shadow of an excuse be found for him? His father—peace to his soul, and peace his soul must surely enjoy—was a great chief, and wished his only son to be the same. He did not send the lad—and a finer lad could not be seen—to the great school of Oxford to be turned into a Saxon foreigner, but to the great school of Glasgow, where he got the training of a Scotchman. The old Marquis at his death not only left him his large estates free from debt, but much saved money besides. His income is more than any man can justly spend on his own living and pleasure. He is childless too, and therefore has nobody to save money for. What then is there to prevent him from being the noble and generous chief, except perversity of nature and this cursed Liberalism which has taught him to speak for the people in public places, and to oppress his own people at home?”

Calum—“Perhaps he will repent and change even yet.”

Duncan Ban—“Repent and change, quoth he! It would be the good news if he did. But the fear is on me that an elder of the Kirk, and a Non-Intrusionist to boot, is far beyond any chance of repentance, more especially since he is praised abroad, and lives in a desert when at home. No, no, Reformers of his kind are people who never reform themselves. And the children of the Gael have no papers of news, and no ‘Comhairle cinne.’¹ They make their lamentation in empty places that have no echoes. The very Kirk, which used to be a bield, is now beginning to betray them most basely.”

Diarmad—“Yes, for sure; but although the Non-Intrusion uproar is far from good, and is indeed likely to lead to great evil, because it is rank rebellion against existing law and kingdom-rule, yet it is much to be wished that patronage should be done away with by Act of Parliament, in proper manner, and that congregations should be allowed to choose their ministers.”

¹ Council of race.

Iain Og—"They would at least have not the same reason to be dumb and to fawn upon patrons."

Duncan Ban—"You and I, Calum, remember old Moderate ministers who, without screaming always about the unction of Grace and ridiculous godliness or pretending to be too holy to see the ground on which they trod, never feared to raise their voices on behalf of the oppressed, and never failed to rebuke the patron like any other man, when he deserved the censure of the Kirk."

Calum—"For sure; and a good many of the nobles and lairds who were Kirkmen at first went over to the Eaglais Easbuigeach, because they would not stand the discipline."

Duncan Ban—"Be that as it may, the gossellers we have now torment small sinners and flatter big ones like the Liberal Non-Intrusion Marquis, who is deemed a prince in their Israel. Can we believe the troubling spirit in the Kirk to be from the Good God when we see the worst oppressor in the land placed high in seats of honour by those who order the doings of General Assembly and London Parliament?"

One of the Seanairean—"The Whigs and the Marquis are now, at anyrate, out of power in London; and I am glad they are."

Duncan Ban—"So am I, and yet it is only a few years since we all voted, against the will of our own laird, to get the Marquis sent to Parliament instead of the fine old Tory warrior who was our member before. And why did we vote for the heir of Inchadin?"

Iain Og—"Why, to be sure, because he was a Gael and the son of his father."

Duncan Ban—"Aye; it was not reform here or reform there, but because we hoped he would be a great chief of the Gael like his father, whenever he succeeded to the noble inheritance of his House."

Iain Og—"It is the deceived men we were all entirely."

Calum—"And much good has reform done to the children of the Gael."

Duncan Ban—"Good, indeed! It has done us endless harm, of which as yet we only see the beginning. These praised-up Reformers are the very people who are the first to make deserts; to place sheep on ruined homes; to send barda¹ to clansmen and kith and kin; to muzzle their ministers; to cause their creatures to be appointed elders; and to fill Kirk and State as full of contentions and confusions as if Conan and the Devil were together let loose upon mankind."

One of the Seanairean—"Will the Ridire Peel, think you, set matters right?"

Duncan Ban—"Pooh! he will have neither the power nor the will. He is a Saxon, and what does he know or care for the Highlands or Scotland either!"

Iain Og—"But our members should make him know and care."

Diarmad—"Most of them are of the other party. Lord Brougham, who knows Scotland well, but is given to mischief, has misled the English Whigs, and the young man called Gladstone has misled the English Tories. The Ridire Peel's Edinburgh advisers are, if possible, worse advisers than even Lord Brougham or the renegade Scotchman, Mr Gladstone, who hopes the ruin of our Church will make the Episcopal Church supreme—which is the vainest of vain dreams."

Duncan Ban—"Our Reformers, who are reforming the Gael off the face of their fathers' land, have the law on their side, and Lowland carles and Saxon sportsmen see no harm in what provides big sheep runs for the one, and game deserts for the other. So the evil example set by the dead Duke and Duchess Catach and the living Marquis will be imitated by others. It will pass from land-master to land-master, as the bird from bush to bush, or the yawn from person to person."

Iain Og—"Oh! prophet of evil, may your words never be fulfilled!"

¹ Notice to quit.

CHAPTER XVI.

IN THE SHADOW OF THE DISRUPTION.

THE minister went away to his new northern parish in autumn, when the gloom of a great national calamity was already darkening the sky of Scotland.

The popular rulers of the kirk, asserting the ecclesiastical supremacy, which they subsequently styled "The Crown Rights of the Redeemer," had by the Veto Act committed a Papal encroachment on the State, and the State, represented by the Court of Session and the House of Lords, had not only repelled that invasion, but had also vigorously retaliated and threatened—inferentially at least—to reduce the self-governed and popularly-constituted Kirk of Scotland to the same political servitude as the Crown controlled, patronage-trading, and aristocratically-constituted Church of England.

In the course of the struggle mutual railings and recriminations so increased the heat of men's minds that even the most reasonable people became, on the disputed ecclesiastical subject, mad partisans of the one side or of the other. Through the speeches of leaders, through formal acts and proceedings, and through inflammatory manifestoes and pamphlets issued by authority, the Kirk claimed, in virtue of divine commission, the right of setting itself above the law; and this was the same claim which Pope Hildebrand established many centuries before, and which Protestants supposed the Reformation had knocked on the head. The ingenuity and researches of lawyers and judges on the other hand furnished the guardians of State pretensions and the friends of civil rights with decisions, precedents, and theories, which, fully applied, would leave the Kirk without any real self-government or spiritual liberty at all.

Everybody was partly wrong, and yet everybody was partly right. As nobody would listen to reason, and each

side went in for all or nothing, settlement by sensible compromise soon became impossible ; and the Devil triumphed in the double guise of champion of religious and civil rights.

The rulers of the Kirk were indefensibly wrong, inasmuch as they tried to practically cancel an Act of Parliament regarding civil and patrimonial rights by an Act of Assembly. Had they applied to Parliament for the abolition of the Act of Queen Anne restoring patronage, they would have been right in policy, and acting legally within their proper spheres. Although neither Whig nor Tory statesmen paid the smallest attention to the fact, yet fact it was that Robertson-Melville feudalism could not be long preserved in the Kirk after the corresponding feudalism in things civil and political had been abolished by the Reform Bill of 1832.

The judges, alarmed at the logical, although, perhaps, not practically inevitable consequences of the Papal supremacy claim of the Kirk, and prejudicially enraged by the revilings with which they were at first unjustly assailed, strained the law rather violently by interpretations more ingenious than sound, and by the use of English and foreign maxims and precedents, which were not fairly applicable. They also revenged themselves on their unscrupulous assailants by interlarding their judicial speeches with deliberate insults and elaborate provocations.

The Moderate minority in the Assembly showed themselves to be men possessing more common sense than the hot-headed majority when they opposed the adoption of the Veto Act on the ground of its being an illegal usurpation. But all the good the Moderates could do was ruined by their incapacity to adapt their policy to the actualities of the case. Throughout the years of struggle, and long afterwards, they clung fatuously to the system which prevailed when congregations had no rights nor choice, and when their will and wishes could, with perfect impunity, be trampled on by masked Jacobite patrons, and by

riding committees commissioned to supersede recalcitrant Presbyteries, and to settle presentees with the high hand.

The Scotch laity never really wished to assert the supremacy of the Kirk over the State, nor were they misled by the sounding phrases in which hot-headed ministers wrapt up Papal claims. But, out of every thousand of the laity, 990 at least hated patronage, and heartily wished to get rid of it by any fair means. Many of the Non-Intrusion ministers, on the other hand, dreaded popular election, and desired to preserve patronage in a modified form, and in a form, too, which would transfer influence from the patrons to themselves as long as they managed to appear to be the people's guides, counsellors, and friends. The people were very far from foreseeing that the anti-patronage struggle would produce disruption, and that thereafter Scotland would politically be given up bound hand and foot to infidel-making Radicalism, checked by the extreme Puritanism of the "Men of the North."

Lord Melbourne was too complacently ignorant of Scotch history and Scotch feelings, as well as too ignobly fond of putting off the settlement of troublesome questions, to introduce spontaneously a bill for abolishing patronage in Scotland, and giving just compensation to patrons. He was, moreover, keenly alive to the danger of alarming and alienating English patrons and ecclesiastical dabblers in Simoniacal transactions. And, indeed, "the Christ's crown and covenant" wreckers of the Scottish Kirk, with the help of insulting enemies in ermine, had so thoroughly committed themselves to the extreme principles of old Pope Hildebrand, that long before the ease-and-pleasure-loving Premier understood what the row was at all about, extrication by legal means was nearly impossible, seeing the battle-cry on both sides was "all or nothing." It was not for either popular election of ministers or co-ordinate jurisdiction that the clerical Non-Intrusionists were striving. To all intents and purposes, they went in for dominant irresponsible authority and Protestant infallibility the moment their usur-

pation was checked by legal decisions. They consequently rushed on from one Papal position to another, making settlement as impossible as they possibly could, and eagerly invoking God's help while diligently doing the Opponent's work.

When Sir Robert Peel succeeded Lord Melbourne, the Tories obtained a good opportunity for "dishing" the Kirk Ultramontanes, and detaching the majority of the laity from the Whig connection. To the last moment such a Patronage Abolition Bill as that which Lord Beaconsfield's Government passed thirty-one years later would have more than satisfied the laity, and reduced the Disruption to a few clerical firebrands and a small secession of urban people, who mixed up prayer and praise with platforming and political anathema. Sir Robert Peel was too pre-occupied with financial, Irish, and Corn-Law questions to make an intelligent study for himself of the Scotch turmoil, so puzzling to all Englishmen, and with which Lord Melbourne had not chosen to meddle, although most of the representatives of Scotland were of his party, and possessed his ear. Sir Robert's Scotch official advisers were not in a fit frame of mind to give good advice; for their mouths were full of revilings, and their eyes blinded with the dust of battle. His English supporters, alarmed at the outrageous form which Spiritual Independence had assumed in the Veto Act usurpation, and subsequent disobedience to the law, were much more inclined to adopt a repressive penal policy than one of conciliation and material concession.

If anyone ventured to predict in 1842, that, thirty-two years later, a Conservative Government would confess and expiate the blundering and missing of a great opportunity by Sir Robert Peel, who can doubt that the unlucky prophet would, by the Tories, be classed among traitors, and by the Whigs among liars and rogues?

Altogether unsurpassable and inimitable is the irony of history, of which there was a beautifully dramatic exhibition in 1874, when the Conservatives all of a sudden

became enthusiastic patronage-abolitionists, and Free Churchmen felt so aggrieved at this politic Conservative move that they began to curse at large, and to clamour loudly for immediate Disestablishment, just because at long last the people of Scotland were to have complete power and freedom to elect, by congregational voting, the ministers of the National Church!

In November, 1842, the Non-Intrusion Ministers, who sat as members of the last Assembly, were, by the few who pulled the strings and made the puppets dance, summoned to a solemn convocation in Edinburgh. The avowed purpose of this convocation was to threaten the Government with wholesale secession—in short, with the destruction of the Kirk—unless the State capitulated unconditionally, and the whole claim of spiritual supremacy was conceded. But the wire-pullers, who gained popularity, power, and undeserved repute from the agitation, and who personally would rather gain than lose by secession, had another object in view, which was not to be proclaimed from the house-tops; and this object, forsooth! was to get the weaker brethren to compromise their freedom of ultimate decision irretrievably. Although couched in rather seemly and ambiguous terms, the ultimatum to the Government in reality demanded the legalisation of the Veto Act usurpation, and the reversal of a long series of judicial decisions, involving multifarious civil rights and personal consequences. By unscrupulous tactics, including something like actual imprisonment in the Convocation Church, and treacherous assurances to the country ministers that the Government *must* yield to the ultimatum, the weak-kneed brethren were driven to subscribe their names to the high-pressure menaces on which the leaders had set their hearts, and to which many quiet, loyal men who, unfortunately, went to the clerical gathering in hope of better things, and who were foredoomed to heavy sacrifices in case the Government refused to be frightened into complete surrender, assented with heavy hearts, but simple trust in the goodness of the cause and the protecting help of God.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE PARISH VACANCY.

IT was soon after this clerical convocation, and when, therefore, the shadow of the Disruption was condensing into a darkness which could be felt, that the elders of the vacant Glen Church called the heads of the families together to consider what steps, if any, should be taken to obtain an acceptable presentee. The Veto Act was condemned by the Civil Courts, and declared to be null and void. It was upheld, however, by the ruling party in the Church, as if God had given it to favoured Scotland as a precious addition to the canon of Holy Scriptures. There was a feeling in the glen that, if possible, a settlement should be compassed that would steer clear both of the Scylla of ecclesiastical despotism and the Charybdis of Civil Court intervention. The simple plan proposed was to pass between the rival powers by securing congregational unity beforehand, and petitioning for the appointment of a man approved by all.

The patronage rested in the Crown, and the two last ministers had been successively appointed through Inchadin influence, but with full popular approval. The step taken by the elders was according to precedent, as well as particularly suitable under existing circumstances. The meeting was a full one, and it was resolved, with absolute unanimity, to send a petition to the Government, through the member for the county, praying humbly that a certain gentleman should be appointed. The man thus honoured was an earnest probationer of excellent character and fair attainments, who, no doubt, was very evangelical in his leanings, but had not, so far, mixed himself up in the Non-Intrusion business. It was with a grudge, indeed, that the extremists consented to petition for him, and to refrain from proposing the name of a young firebrand to the meeting.

The Glen elders, before calling the meeting, consulted with their former minister, and he advised them—wisely and well—to propose the name of the quiet probationer, who to most of them was a perfect stranger. Those of them who happened to attend church that day had certainly a solitary opportunity of hearing the young man preach, when he officiated for their old minister the Sabbath before the latter was loosened from his charge. Those who then heard him, however, had no idea that he was being brought forward in the character of nominee and successor. But they should have guessed it. The Non-Intrusion minister who in those days happened to get translated usually appointed his successor, either directly by commendation and mandatory advice, or indirectly by working through elders and personal adherents, who determined the choice wherever the sheep were permitted to select their shepherd by grace of the patrons. So in many parishes in which the legal patronage, during the troubled period, fell into a sort of abeyance, the out-going Non-Intrusionist minister introduced a Non-Intrusionist successor as naturally as the preceding rhyme in “The House that Jack built” introduces the one coming after.

The gentleman commended for selection to the Glen people was certainly one who was unlikely to set either Kirk or State on fire. Although of the right brand in the opinion of the elders and former minister, the brand did not go deeper than the surface of the skin, and with time and experience it would be almost sure to rub off. The parishioners, upon the whole, believed that a good choice was made for them, and as there was no time to lose, before it would be necessary for the Lord Advocate to act, unless he allowed the right of appointment to lapse to the Presbytery, they made all haste to sign and send off their petition.

In a fortnight or less an unfavourable answer was received. The advisers of the Crown believed in counter-threats to the Non-Intrusionists, and in a harsh use of the patronial power. It was one of the most surprising things

in the history of the closing year of the conflict how the Scotch advisers of the Crown allowed passion to blind them to such an extent that they persuaded themselves and informed the Government there would be no disruption at all, beyond the secession of a few noisy agitators who would be less mischievous on the outer side of the hedge. This utterly erroneous view of the situation hardened into an article of official faith, and helped most prejudicially to increase disruptive forces, by driving half-hearted Non-Intrusionists into the vortex. In consequence of this mistaken notion, the Crown patronage towards the end of the struggle was exercised with defiant disregard of reasonable representations of congregational wishes, except in the rare cases in which influential Tory gentlemen benevolently interfered, and were able to vouch for the Tory proclivities of petitioners and the persons for whom they petitioned. Unfortunately there was no such Tory gentleman at hand to mediate for the Glen folk, although they were politically more Tory than Whig, and the great majority of their £50 rent farmers had, at the late election, voted for the Tory candidate, in the firm belief that a Peel Ministry would steadily defend the Corn Laws—which belief was in a few years later scattered to the winds.

The refusal of the Government to grant the reasonable and seasonable boon of peace and compromise which they had humbly and unanimously prayed for, made the Glen folk sullenly angry and downcast. It created among them for the first time a determined Disruption party. Till then the highest-pacing Glen evangelicals thought the Edinburgh clerical convocation had gone quite in the wrong direction, and believed the proper way to rectify Kirk affairs was not to secede or peril all on the Veto Act scheme, but to defeat every Parliamentary candidate for a Scotch seat who did not pledge himself unreservedly to strive to modify patronage effectually, or to abolish it root and branch, giving compensation to the patrons, if no other means would avail for restoring concord between Kirk and State. Immediately

after the rejection of the petition a denouncing spirit was let loose among those who deemed themselves the spiritual guides of their less gifted brethren and sisters. They began to hint that the Kirk was poisoned and corrupted, soul and body, beyond the healing power of human medicine; and to doubt whether God would care to save such a barren, half-withered tree by recreative miracle. Odious comparisons were instituted between the policy of Sir Robert Peel's Government and the traditionally anathematised policy of Charles the First, Laud, and Strafford. Thanks chiefly to an aggressive speech by the Whig Lord Brougham, the House of Lords got to be described as consisting of a pack of false Saxon loons, who were traitorously stealing their ancient rights and liberties from the Scotch people. The hollow but grandly sounding phrases of the Ultramontane agitators were now accepted as a new Solemn League and Covenant. Driving the Gideonites to the mountains, and smiting the Amalekites hip and thigh, became popular comparisons. At prayer meetings long political harangues were addressed to the Almighty. "Effectual Calling" yielded place to effective partisanship. The former anxiety about securing the salvation of souls by the help of the Holy Ghost, and the converting power of the Word, now transformed itself into a more ardent desire to resist, baffle, and conquer by any means the supposed enemies of Christ's Crown and Covenant rights—among whom, of course, was Mr Gladstone, then the rising star of reactionary Tories and High Churchmen, and perhaps the only member of Sir Robert Peel's Government who thoroughly studied, but in no spirit of sympathy, the demands of the Non-Intrusionists, and pronounced them inadmissible.

It was perhaps only natural and inevitable that English Statesmen should fail to understand the intelligence, the persistence, and the pride of the Scotch people; but they did not fail to bring all these into full play during the closing year of the struggle by their policy of "firmness"

in general, and the use of the patronial rights of the Crown in particular. The agitators, who, with the vanity of injured Popes, and the vindictiveness of pampered demagogues, were diligently working to bring about the collapse of Scotland's last and greatest national institution, felt glorified. The enemy played into their hands, and they took care to give the enemy scope, by stirring congregations to send up petitions on behalf of presentees acceptable to themselves, which they knew would be refused. Every refusal was a gain, for was it not a fresh grievance, and a thing to be fiercely denounced from pulpit, platform, and tent over the whole land? The ministers and elders, who were now committed irretrievably, and so rendered incapable of taking a wide, generous, patriotic view of the situation, worked assiduously, and with only too much success—thanks to Governmental stupidity and the self-blinding passion of the Scotch advisers of the Crown—to get the people similarly committed to the renunciation of their birth-rights.

Although nobody said it out clearly, it was perfectly well understood that the presentee appointed by the Crown must be vetoed, whatever his gifts, and however good his character. Even on Conversation Bench the refusal to give effect to the petition was unanimously condemned.

Duncan Ban struck his stick into Alastair's cinder heap, and declared it a burning shame that Saxon Lords should be allowed to trample, by their unjust and insulting decisions, on the small fragment of Scotland's independence, which had survived the Union and the brutalities of the Butcher of Culloden.

Iain Og expressed deep contrition for voting with the Tories in the late election, and the Seanairean expressed their adoption of his sentiment by a chorus of three groans.

Diarmad thought the impolitic use the Government made of the Crown Patronage everywhere the certain precursor of the Kirk's ruin; and his language of condemnation assumed a dark prophetic tinge.

Upon the whole, in December, 1842, the skein had become so tangled that the impatient people thought cutting it the only thing feasible. But even then—aye, down to the very eve of the Disruption—an offer by the Government to abolish patronage would have satisfied the rural population, and enabled the ministers, who were entrapped at the clerical convocation, to retain their churches and manse without loss of character or self-respect, and with the approbation of their congregations.

It was not to be. The wire-pullers were triumphant, and determined to pull down the grand National Church, whose sworn servants they were. To figure as martyrs for Protestant Ultramontaniam was the height of their poor ambition. Their preparatory work was cleverly accomplished. Chalmers, the greatest man of whom the Church could boast, was caught in a net, and the country ministers were shut up in a trap, from which nothing short of the abolition of patronage could set them free.

But, misled by blind Scotch advisers, and influenced by Anglican ignorance and misconceptions, the Peel Ministry never thought of handsomely pricking the fast-swelling Disruption balloon by the sharp blade of a Patronage Abolition Bill. Sir Robert Peel and his able colleagues—including Mr Gladstone—never realised before the explosion, the force, and volume of the force, which their policy of “firmness” had done so much to generate and condense. But, for six months before the Disruption, the shadow of the coming catastrophe was daily darkening upon the sight of the Highland shepherd tending his flock on the hills of heath, and upon the sight of the Lowland ploughman following his horses in the clayey furrow of the fertile carse.

THE BATTLE OF THE PLAINS.¹

BY DR J. MURDOCH HARPER, QUEBEC.

O FATE ! what shadows flit within the pale
Of memory's maze, as seeming near, the wail
Of heroes' hopes, spent in the rage of war,
Brings echo from the past a-seeming far !
How pause we on the verge of living joy
To scan the mirth and woe of life's alloy
Writ red on history's page—a tale ungrate
Of glory's prowess born of tribal hate !
Athwart these plains, where armies erst have fought
In short-timed strife, we still would glide in thought,
To read heroic day-dream in the forms
Of gathering clouds, arrayed for battle-storms—
To watch the flash that livid gleams on death
While roars its thunder o'er the torrid heath.
Is that the pibroch of the Celtic braves
That calls contending kinsmen to their graves ?
Are these the shouts of liberty that guide
To slavery a budding nation's pride ?
Adown the hollow there may still be found,
Near by an obscure pillar, helmet-crowned,
The spot revered, where Wolfe victorious fell,
Within the sound of Montcalm's dying knell :
'Twas yonder up the slope, in full array,
While yet the scene was one of doubtful fray,
He saw, through haze of death, his trusty Celt
Rush at the foe : 'twas here his great heart felt
At once the greatest mortal joy and pain,
Soul-wrung with victory as he passed within.

* * * * *

Abreast the lines the hero fell, in the thickest of the fray,
And he whispered near him not to tell, till victory crowned the day :
As he lay upon the greensward slope, with anguish in his eyes,
His soul still bounded, winged with hope, to grasp ambition's prize.

¹ By the victory gained by the British over the French troops on the Plains of Abraham, in the immediate neighbourhood of Quebec, the Canadas were for ever lost to the French Monarch. The Commanders of both armies—Wolfe and Montcalm—died on the field. The battle was fought on the 12th of September, 1759.

A patriot trained, his king he served : his courage never paled :
 Against his feeble body nerved, his spirit never failed ;
 If he felt his race its goal had found, for him was glory's gain
 In the hopes that still dared hover round his battle-field of pain.

A moment's thought for those he loved in the dear old English
 home,
 And then again his longings roved to sift the cannon's boom :
 Will he die before the victory assured is in his ears,
 To sound the valedictory of his earthly hopes and fears ?

Ah ! no, for stands a messenger with tidings from the plain,
 Whose troubled smile is harbinger of joy repressed by pain ;
 For he knows his general's dying fast, whate'er the news he bears,
 And his heart, with sadness overcast, his zeal restrains with tears.

Yet stooping o'er the prostrate form to catch the hero's eye,
 He tells how fast before the storm, they run the musketry :
 " Who runs ?" the general quickly said, though no fear was in his
 face,
 For of nothing was he e'er afraid, unless it were disgrace :

Besides, he knew his men were brave, tried veterans in the field—
 From Louisbourg victorious wave that seldom thought to yield :
 And when the soldier knelt to tell how the foe it was that ran,
 " So soon !" was all that feebly fell from the lips resisting pain.

" Send Burton," and he breathed again, " to check them in retreat,
 To guard St Charles's bridge and plain, and make secure defeat :"
 Alas ! 'twas duty's last behest, in faintest whisper sighed,
 For death his soldier-victim pressed and would not be defied.

But now to him death had no sting, though his years had been but
 brief,
 For he knew his deeds would joyous ring to soothe a mother's grief :
 " Now God be praised," his last words came, " for happy do I die ;"
 And those around him knew his fame was immortality.

And still the centuries love to tell of victory's glorious sheen,
 That gilds the plain whereon he fell, to keep his glory green ;
 For his renown is England's might that finds her own the fame
 Of those who death have dared in fight, for the honour of her name.

* * * * *

With speed of light, as on the silvered plate
 Of photographic art, the tints innate
 On fancy's film, begrimed with battle-breath,
 Group animate around the hero's death.
 Across the gorse-clad plain, in dawn's faint light,
 We still would see the prelude of the fight,

And breathless watch the panoramic view
Of red-array on battle-field anew.
Behold the invader's columns press the edge
Of slopes worn headlong near the river's sedge !
With nature for defence on further side,
The left battalion, steeled with veteran pride,
Turns to the field, for no defeat prepared,
Till fate and death its courage tried have dared.
From neighbouring woods, a galling fire declares
The foe astir ; and then the message nears
They're on the march—a band to reach St Foye,
While three divisions o'er the plains deploy.
At first, attack disturbs the British flank,
As tribute-claims it draws from every rank ;
But Townshend and his men, with speed of wind,
The aid desired for comrades wavering find,
While still their general's friendly voice rings out
To re-assure brave men with valour's shout.
And now we see, as fancy's freaks behoove,
In lights phantasmic, French and British move,
To meet in middle shock, not far a-field,
Where prowess overpowered by fate must yield.
The French, yet heedless of the stern advance
Of kilted silence, soon the strife commence ;
Their fitful volleys on the British lines,
But mark the wounds which marching courage tines
By filling up the breach, at duty's call,
By daring death's demands as comrades fall.
The havoc's great ; yet, never wavering led,
The British cohorts march with fearless tread,
Nor fire a shot, howe'er their wills rebel,
Till at command their every shot can tell.
But when the word goes forth, the vale is filled
With thunderous fire a nation's pride hath drilled
To time its volleys in one musket roll,
Against defeat that flouts its own control.

* * * * *

What strange eclât to us that volley brings
As through our souls becalmed its booming rings !
We hear its echo through the aisles of time
And hallow it with requiem-thoughts sublime ;
While yet we see the stricken Frenchmen reel,
As Celtic cheers a British victory seal.
The dreadful rout three waves of fire complete,
Till down the slope it moves with hurrying feet,

To crowd the wailing streets of old Quebec,
 And breathe a moment from the battle's wreck.
 'Twas then, with Wolfe and Montcalm stricken down,
 A failing cause was fought by fate alone ;
 'Twas then, when France, o'ercome, the field forsook,
 The empire of New France, decaying, shook.

* * * * *

'Twas in the rear the hero fell, a victim of defeat
 That weeps to sound a brave man's knell, a brave man in retreat ;
 When he saw his wavering army fly across the smoke-girt plain,
 His great heart heaved a bitter sigh, though his soul defied the
 pain.

There ran confusion like a tide at full ebb down the slopes,
 As the fragments of a soldier's pride lay shattered with his hopes—
 Those hopes which, bright as early dawn, had cheered him in the
 morn,
 Now dragged by defeat and drawn beneath the feet of scorn.

'Tis true his men had braved the storm of British musketry,
 As, at his word, they dared re-form, before they turned to flee ;
 But nothing could a victory urge o'er lines that never swerved,
 Whose front drove back the battle's surge in face of death unnerved.

'Twas as he rode by panic's flank to reassure retreat,
 That, pressed by death's chance bolt he sank at anxious duty's
 feet ;
 Yet, stricken down, his only thought was how the tide to stem,
 As from his bier he vainly sought a lost cause to redeem.

Even when the rout found rest at last from the galling musketeers,
 His orders issued thick and fast, to calm his followers' fears :
 Though wounded sore he gave no heed to what betokened death,
 For he felt his country's fate had need of a patriot's latest breath.

At last when told his end was near, 'twas then he found relief,
 " I shall not live the doom to hear of a city wrung with grief,
 'Tis God's hand presses on the town, perchance He'll set it free,
 Besides, the foe hath high renown that claims the victory."

And when De Ramesay sought his couch to urge a last behest,
 No tremor throbbed the hero's touch as the soldier's hand he
 pressed ;
 " To France the fair be ever leal, whatever may betide,
 Soil not her lilies when you seal a treaty with her pride :

" Our foe is generous as brave, nor will our faith betray,
 He'll never make New France a slave, though victor in the fray ;

This night I spend the last on earth, communing with my God,
The morrow's sun will bring me birth within His high abode."

"So God be with you all," he said, as he chid his comrades' tears,
And turned with pain upon his bed, still undisturbed by fears ;
And soon from earth there passed a soul as brave as France hath
seen,

And as the centuries onward roll his fame is fresh and green.

* * * * *

And now the knoll that deadly conflict saw
Is strangely crowned with emblem of the law
That curbs the human passions, finding vent,
Though not in war in ways unholy bent.
In summer from the tower the eye may rest
Upon the fields by war and nature pressed
Aloft in gravel-beds and grassy knowes,
Whereon the lowing kine the greensward browse ;
When winter comes with polar storms in train
To cover with its fleece the drowsy plain,
Beneath the wreathlets of the snow-flake sea
There sleeps the mingling peace of destiny,
That calms beneath its storms the whilom foes,
Who, fiercely fighting, clarified their woes,
Till liberty assured had crystallized
The bitterness of strife in friendships prized.

MERMAIDS AND BIRD BRIDES.

Under the bowers,
Where the ocean powers,
Sit on their pearly thrones,
Through the coral woods
Of the weltering floods,
Over heaps of unvalued stones :
Through the dim beams,
Which, amid the streams,
Weave a network of coloured light :
And under the caves,
Where the shadowy waves
Are as green as the forest's night.

Shelley.

ONCE upon a time, when the world was young, there lived, on the eastern shores of the blue Mediterranean Sea, a youth, who, like many of ourselves, longed for knowledge, and did not know where to find it. He had heard the tales of the Attic poets, but to him they seemed like the fancies of dreamers—the idle singers of an empty day. Then came the restless desire to visit foreign lands, and to learn what the sages of the East had to tell about the questions that vexed his soul. To Egypt his footsteps first turned. There he met the priests of Osiris and Isis, and perhaps explored with them the recesses of the pyramids, that were, even in that early age, twenty-four centuries ago, monuments of an antiquity still older. From thence to Arabia, to Persia, and even across the Indus to remote Hindostan—all these lands he visited in quest of light. His eager desire for knowledge carried him to regions that were, to his country, and in his time, almost as much unknown as if they had been in another planet. By and by he learned in his travels that the fortunes of mankind were linked in some occult way with those of the lower animals. So he returned to Greece with a new light upon the destinies of human beings. He was the first who took to himself the title which means simply “a lover of wisdom.” His name was Pythagoras, and it will not be forgotten yet a while.

Delusions die hard. Few things are more wonderful than the vitality of error that springs from imperfect knowledge. We laugh at the fancies of Pythagoras about metempsychosis and the transmigration of souls, and yet their echoes meet us almost at every turn in the regions of popular tales. Of course the stories that the wandering Greek brought back from the East were a great deal older than his time. They were told by the Brahmans of India long before a stone of Athens was built. But it was he that first brought them to Europe, and it is with his name that they are chiefly associated. The account given in the Book of Genesis of the serpent, that, by the exercise of the power of speech, brought mankind to ruin, was never forgotten in the darkest ages of the world's history. It made its way into every country where human beings dwelt, and of course was largely altered in its travels. In all probability it was the original groundwork of all the tales that are told of the influence exerted by the lower creation over the lords of the creation. And this may serve to show how the later varieties of the story have taken such deep root in the minds of men. The delusions would have vanished long ago had they not been founded upon truth.

The first appearance which the transmigration myth makes is not at all attractive either to the intellect or to the imagination. It is not pleasant to think of human life being renewed after death, in the form of the creatures that we regard as inferior, because wanting in the gift of reason. But let us see how the idea is worked out in later ages. As the world grows older, many things that at first were harsh and forbidding, grow first interesting and then beautiful. Time seems to smooth the asperities of some things as the fierce heat of a summer day is toned down to the cool fragrance of dewy evening. So it has come about that one of the most picturesque of fables, has grown out of what in itself was one of the dullest and least sentimental of fictions. The whole series of Mermaids and Undines has been evolved out of the Oriental belief in transmigration, only

that the romance of the Middle Ages has beautified it with light from the magic torch of imagination. The genius of memory, in the words of the Poet-Laureate, steals fire from the fountains of the past, and with it makes the present glorious. Upon the foundation that was laid in darkness there has risen a structure like the most gracefully finished Gothic spire which has been built, stone by stone, upon the rude mass that lies in the clods of the earth below.

Perhaps the most interesting form that the legend has taken is that of the existence of mermen and mermaids. The great unsearchable deep has always been looked upon with awe and wonder. It is hardly possible, even in these days of advanced knowledge, to keep from thinking of what may lie concealed under the waters that present such an impenetrable barrier to all enquiring eyes. Where it is so hopeless to seek to enter, the imagination has full scope, and imagination has certainly been busy enough with the mysteries of the sea. The ocean lies around us all, and to most of the people of Europe it is a familiar object. It is crossed every day in the year by seamen from all nations, and yet it holds in its grasp the secret of all the riches that it contains, and we can only guess at what lies in the depths below the silvery waves. Now comes fancy to supply what is wanting to fact. The Geni of the Arabian Nights could in a moment of time build a palace with alternate blocks of silver and gold. The enchanter's wand has done the same in building an empire far away down in the regions of coral and pearl. A stately fabric has risen—a castle not in the air, but in the water. It is the kingdom of the Mer folk, with palaces more splendid than mankind has ever seen. All the riches of the upper world are not equal to those that are possessed by the inhabitants of the caves of ocean. But there is one human treasure that is denied to the dwellers in that submarine Elysium. They have no souls, and cannot look for immortality. The princes that sit on their red gold thrones in the heart of the sea, may laugh and play for hundreds of years in their cool,

shady hails, but then comes to them change and departure—they part, not to meet again. Sometimes the story is of a beautiful maiden of the sea, who has heard that there is just one chance for her to get a share of the most precious of gifts. By marrying one of the inhabitants of the earth, and joining her fate with his, the treasure of a human soul will be given her, and along with it a share in the immortality for which mortals hope. The earnest desire is awakened in her to visit the world that is so full of cares and sufferings that are unknown in her native home. Many pains fall to her lot in the effort to gain her object. Perhaps her purpose is achieved by winning the love of some gallant youth, but an untoward fate mars her fortune, and separates her from the destiny for which her efforts have been so eager. The union does not take place, but, as a reward for her patient endurance of evil, and her steadfast resolution not to return evil for evil, a distant hope is left to her that immortality may yet be her portion. But it only comes after tempests of sorrow have blown over her head, anguish of a love that has been rejected and cast off, disappointment of separation from the friends of childhood without gaining the stronger affection that has been sought. This is the parable that is told by Hans Andersen in his version of it, which is so full of the deepest pathos.

We have to thank Matthew Arnold for what we may call the converse of the story. Whoso has read his idyll of the forsaken merman, has read not only an exquisite poem, but also an interesting rendering of a popular fable of old standing. It is a fine illustration of the poet's art that, in reading it, we feel as if the events were possible, and even real. He would indeed be dead to the power of imagination who could hear of the sorrows of the forsaken king of the sea, and remember at the same time that the whole was but a dream. An airy nothing has been caught in the net of fancy, and brought down from the clouds to be invested with a local habitation and a name. One of the earth's

maidens has become the bride of a prince of the ocean. The union has been happy, and children have been born to the strangely-matched pair. A time comes when a power that cannot be resisted draws them apart. As the queen of the sea sits placid and calm, far away from the strife of the world, there comes to the depths the sound of a distant bell, ringing in the people to worship at Easter time. The spell of years is broken, and memory asserts her place. The happy wife and mother calls to mind the white walled town, and the little grey church on the windy shore. There her kinsfolk are at prayer, and anon comes the thought of her poor soul in danger, while tarrying in the sand-strewn caverns, cool and deep. Her husband bids her go and say her prayers, and then return. She smiles, and goes up through the surf in the bay, but returns not, for the friends of other days lay hold upon her, and the thought of those she has left is only as a dream. The forsaken merman and his children wait for her return, but wait in vain. They know not whether it was yesterday or a year ago that they became desolate, for time is not measured with them by the coming and going of night and day. But they rise from the deep, and go to seek their lost one. From the stones of the churchyard they look up the aisle, through the small leaded panes. There she sits by the pillar, but has neither eyes nor ears for anything except the solemnities of the day—

Dear heart, I said, we are long alone ;
The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan.
But, ah, she gave me never a look,
For her eyes were sealed to the Holy Book.
Loud prays the priest, shut stands the door.
Come away, children, call no more.
Come away, come down, call no more.

And so the merman is left to mourn his loss. His partner on the throne of the sea has gone back to old associations, and her old pursuits. In her native town she sits at her wheel and sings joyfully in the light of the sun. Yet, at times, there comes a thought of the past. The

spindle drops from her hand, and the whizzing wheel stops turning. Then goes she to the window, and looks with searching eye over the sand, and at the sea.

And anon there drops a tear
From a sorrow-clouded eye,
And a heart sorrow laden,
A long, long sigh ;
For the cold, strange eyes of a little mermaid,
And the gleam of her golden hair.

So ends the romance. It is almost with an effort that we shake off the impression that the thing is real, and not a triumph of the imagination over reason. He was wise who said that we were such stuff as dreams were made of. The dream, at times, takes us away from our surroundings, and makes us live among echoes and shades, till the realities of life drive away the mists of enchantment. Then we remember the nineteenth century—the daily round, and the common task.

In the tales that were wont to be told during the long winter nights in northern lands, there comes in another variety of the same touching story. This time it is a bird of the air that takes the form of a beautiful woman, and consents to wed one of the hardy Vikings of the days of old. Here we see how busy the imaginative faculty has always been among our old antagonists, the Norsemen. No doubt the circumstances by which they were surrounded did a good deal to awaken and strengthen it. Living, when on shore, in the midst of the most wildly grand scenery of fells and fiords, and among the stormy winds and waves when at sea, they could scarce help being strongly moved by feelings of awe and wonder. They saw the wild birds hovering over the sea, with unwearied wing, or dashing down into the waves like spirits of the deep. These graceful creatures, whose white plumage contrasted so pleasantly with the blue sky, were likened to the fairest of the daughters of men. The poets have often taken the swan as the typical form with which to compare the

inspirers of their muse, and the conception is most appropriate. So appropriate is it, indeed, that imagination goes a step further, and finds a possibility of the winged wanderers of the skies turning into human form. A solitary Rambler by the shore meets a party of maids of the most enchanting beauty, disporting themselves where they think they are safe from human ken. At sight of him they utter a shriek, change into the form of sea birds, and fly away. One is left behind, for the hero has captured her, and been captivated by her. For a time she has lost the power of taking wings and joining her companions in their flight. Her life with the partner to whom fate has given her, is full of happiness while it lasts. But it always comes to an unexpected end. In an evil hour the husband shoots an arrow that kills a sea bird, one of the kindred of his wife. Then her old nature revives, and, in spite of her own wish to remain, forces her away. With a cry of agony, she changes from human form into that of a bird, and flies away to seek her friends and companions of old. Her earthly connections are left sorrowing, and the thoughtless act of a moment becomes the cause of their grief for the rest of their lives.*

There is yet another form which the legend takes—one that adds an aspect of terror to the poetry of transmigration. In the forests of Germany, long ago, the belief was general in the existence of the Were Wolf. That was an object of dread that appeared by daylight as a woman, and at night changed into a wild ravening monster, tearing in pieces the deluded wight that loved her only a little while before. It was said of her that, when in human form, her beauty was transcendent, and yet that there was a look of deadly cruelty in the gleam of her eyes and the dazzling white of her teeth. Still it was her fortune to charm the heart of some venturesome hunter, who wedded her with eager haste, only to find out his mistake when the fangs of the wolf were rending his throat. Similar to this is the Russian story, in which the hero is a handsome young man,

who, on his marriage day, changes into a bear, and disappears into the wood, after killing his bride in the most savage way. This forms the plot of the most tragic tale by Prosper Merimee, which is much too long to be even epitomised here. And Dr Wendell Holmes, that most delightful of authors, has given us his novel of "Elsie Venner" to show how the belief in these animal affinities has shown itself in the western hemisphere. In it we read with interest, if not exactly with delight, how the life of an innocent girl was marred by her relationship to one of the most hateful of the hated serpent tribe—the *Crotalus*, of whom we have heard by the terrible name of rattlesnake.

In our own country we have, as representing the same class, the *Each Uisge* of the mountain tarns. He is the evil destiny that lurks unseen in the black depths of the waters, only sometimes coming out to do a great wrong. When he rises for a while to graze at the water's edge children come to look at his comely shape, and to admire his glossy sides. After a while one ventures upon his back, then another, and perhaps several others, for his back lengthens, so that however many he carries there is always room for more. Then the evil of his nature breaks out with terrible fury, he plunges into the sullen lake, and the victims of his guile are never seen or heard of more. This, we may remark, reminds us of the fate of the fair Europa, when she incautiously allowed herself to be carried off in a somewhat similar way.

With each turn of the kaleidoscope the picture takes a new form. Starting in the distant East, in the dewy dawn of memory long ago, the fable has made the tour of the world, and has left traces of its presence everywhere. It has survived the rise and fall of some of the greatest nations that have ever had an existence, but it, too, must vanish, notwithstanding its venerable antiquity. In the meantime it serves as a subject of interesting study and research.

J. M. MACGREGOR.

COMHRADH

EADAR AN GRUAGACH SOLUIS & ROIBEART GABHA
'N (GLEAN-BRIATHRACHAN) SRATH-DHRUIDH.

(*From the MacLagan MSS.*)

GRUAGACH SOLUIS.

Umh amh, umh amh.¹

ROIET. GABHA.

Umh amh ! umh amh !
Ni 'm bheil do Ghaidhlig ach léamh ;
Is waith a dh' aithn'in air do chraos,
Gu 'n itheadh tu staoic amh.

Cia dheanadh am beannuchadh soimeach
A mhealladh nan daimeag ?
Cuim am biodh² Bard nan ullag
Gun a bhalg air a dhronnaig ?

Innis, a Ghruaguich Sholuis,
Treis air Forus nan treun-fhear ;
O 's ostalach³ thu air gach slighe,
Is an diot a dhlighim sceula.

GRUAGACH.

Cha ghlas orm-s' a cheist a chuir thu,
O 's ann agam tha bun gach fios ;
Is mi macan a's lia sceula
Thainic do shiol Ebh' a nis.

Ni 'n d' thainig do shiol Ebha,
As eag-mhais fir-leaghadh leabhair,
Ni 'm mo a thig am feasda
Aon fhleascach a's fiosraiche meamhoir.⁴

ROIET. GABHA.

Glor ea-coir an cead uair
Uatsa gu'n cualadh mise,
Dhamh-sa gu'm bu cheim dana
Dol a dh' iarruidh sceula dhiot-sa.⁵

¹ Is e tarruing toitein throi' 'n ghriosuich & a bheoil mu'n seach.

² Is iongnadh leom bard—a bhi gun bhalg. ³ Eolach.

⁴ Meamhair, meamhoil.

⁵ Dh'easan ?

Ach fiosruichidh mi d' an fhleacach,
O 's ann aige tha fios an Domhain,
Cionnus a leaghadh le marbhuibh ¹
Eachdruidh fhoirbhidh mar bha meamhoir ?

Cogadh Artuir agus euchd :
Aisling Sheurluis an Dobhair :
Cia meud rìgh o thus Dònain
A threabh comhla an Domhain ?

Cuig sceoil dheug Mhic an Impir
Innis ann ceann a cheile :
Seachd Iongantais Chluain Mhic Diarmaid,
Comhairle Bhriana 's na Cleire ?

Tuath De fa mheud an comuis
No co chuireadh fìi thalmhuinn :
No co shloinneadh air Balcan
Iasgach Eas nan trì Balbhan ?

Aon Mhac Morna gun sonus, [sanus ?
Cionnus a mhealladh leis Gormla :
No cia ghabhadh le neart aon duin,
Fionn mor Baoisge na Borluing ?

Mac Rìgh sin mo Imeachd Mhic-Cumhail, ²
No Fear ³ Ulain nach gann ;
Faoile ⁴ Ailp an deadhuidh Art,
Le Dail Art an deadhuidh bhrathar.

Innis o Ruathar Chuchuluinn
No Fear Ulann nan ceud snaighibh, ⁵
Mar mheur ag tional ag eir'idh ⁶
Nach biodh ach eir'idh na onar.

Innis mu theaghlach Ghart,
Mac Rìgh sin Imir-ghath-mudha :
Innis, a Bhlad a mhio-bhlais,
Ard earlachd sin mhic Dobhair. ⁷

Innis o chur an Iughar
Iomad seul lughach is cóiril, [caireal
An eirich iad o bheirte ⁸ cumhach
'S iad fìi ludha Chlanna-toireal ?

Cath Chluana-tarbh cred fa 'n tugann,
Ta dail chuige 's lan cho-threm ;
Eimhe Mhurcha 'n deis a shluaigh, [luaidh
Innis fein a Ghruaguich Sholuis.

¹ Marbh ?

² Mhic Cumhaich. ³ Fhear, Fir. ⁴ Faol, patience ? ⁵ Snaidhe.

⁶ This seems corrupted. ⁷ Mhic Gomhair ? ⁸ Bheartuibh ?

Innis, a Ghruaguich Sholuis,
 Caruidheachd Chaoilte 'n deadh ruith ;
 Tional anfhuilt a bha scaoilte
 Co taoine ¹ re Fini feadhradh.²

Innis sceul gairid Oisein,
 Is sceul fada na Feinne,
 Is sceul Fhinn Mhic Cumhaill,
 Is sceul Mhic Trubhaich ³ Mhic Treun-mhoir.

Innis o Chuairsteach na Banaiche Brice,⁴
 No Ceile Ifgide lèithe,
 No siubhal Mhic o Ghlun-dubh
 No Tri Runa Fear na Feinne. [fir

Innis o chinn fear no fiuran
 O rinn cuth cruban no cohart ;
 Innis a bhlad na Pleide [bleide
 Innis fein o thus an Domhain.

Ma tharladh thu bhi gun seanchas,
 Fhir leis nach b' ionmhuinn binneas,
 Le d' ⁵ Dhàn Tuatadh gun tuigse
 Measg nan Du-bhodach innis.

Ma tharlas thu bhith air ain-eol
 'S thu bhi dh' eas-bhuidh baile glinne,
 Innis o d' bheirtibh turuis ⁶
 Sceul do thubuist ⁷ innis.

CONVERSATION BETWEEN THE GRUAGACH SOLUIS AND
 ROBERT GOW IN (GLENBRIARACHAN) STRATH-DRUID.

(*From the MacLagan MSS.*)

GRUAGACH SOLUIS.

Umh amh ! umh amh ! ⁸

ROBERT GOW.

Umh amh ! umh amh !
 Thy Gaelic is but slobberly ;
 'Tis easy to know from thy open mouth
 That thou would'st eat a steak of flesh raw.

¹ Tanaidh. ² Dark. ³ Trathaile.

⁴ Banaighe bric. Do Dhan tuata. ⁶ Bheirte tursa.

⁷ Dhu-shuai Dhunaidh.

⁸ While he was drawing a meat chop through the fire, and his mouths (lips?) were twisting.

Who would make the calm blessing
For deceiving the slatterns ?
Why should the Bard, of handfuls of meal,
Be without a bag on his back ?

Tell thou, O Gruagach Sholuis,
For a while about the deeds of the mighty ;
As thou art a way-farer on every road,
It is of thee I would beg a story.

GRUAGACH.

No lock upon me is the question thou hast put,
Since I have the root of every information ;
I am the youth of most manifold tale,
Who has come of Eve's race now.

There has not come of the race of Eve,
Unless, maybe, the book readers,
And, furthermore, never shall come
Any young man with better informed memory than I.

ROBERT GOW.

The loud boasting, in the first place,
From thee have I heard :
To me it was the bold step
To go seeking a story from thee.

But first I'll ask of the young man,
Since it is he who has the knowledge of the universe,
How could be read by the dead
History perfect like the remembered ?

The war of Arthur and his achievements,
The vision of Seurlus of Dovre :
How many kings, from the beginning of Donan,
Inhabited the world together ?

The fifteen tales of the Son of the Emperor,
Tell thou one on the head of the other,
The seven wonders of Cluan Mhic Diarmaid,
The council of Brian and the clergy.

The Tuath-De in the largeness of their power,
And who could put (them) under the ground,
Or who could style upon Balcan,
The fishing of the waterfall of the three dummies.

Sole Son of Morna without good luck !
How deceived by him was Gormla ;
Or who could take by one man's strength
Great Fionn Baoisge of the Borluing ?

Like unto that, about the Travelling of the Son of Cumhal,
Or of the men of Ulster, not the few ;
The generosity of Ailp after Art,
With the waiting of Ailp after his brother.

Tell from the rough onset of Cuchullin
Or the men of Ulster of first hewings,
Like a finger a-gathering, at rising,
Which would not be rising in loneliness.

Tell about the family of Gart,
That son of the King of Imir-ghath-mudha ;
Tell, thou sorner insipid,
That great misfortune of the Son of Dovre.

Tell, from the sowing of the Yew,
Many a good story and pleasant ;
Would they rise from beneath the powerful spell,
When under the blasphemy of Clan-toireal ?

The Battle of Clontarf, why was it fought,
Why mustering unto it and full fair play ?
The crying of Murcha after his people,
Tell thyself, O Gruagach Sholuis.

Tell, O Gruagach Sholuis,
The artfulness of Caoilte, the good runner,
Gathering the hair which was scattered,
As thinly as "Fini feadhradh."

Tell the short tale of Oisein,
And the long tale of the Feinne,
The story of Fionn, the son of Cumhal,
And the story of the son of Trubhach, son of Trenmor.

Tell from the Circuit of the Speckled Banaiche,
Or the spouse of Ifgide Grey,
Or the going of the son of Glun-dubh,
Or the three desires of the men of the Feinne.

Tell from when grew grass or sprout,
From when dog crouched or barked ;
Tell, alms-seeking sorner,
Tell thyself from the World's beginning.

Shouldst thou happen to be without language-gift,
Man to whom there's no delight in music,
With thy song shapeless and unreasoned
Among the black carles—tell us.

If thou shouldst happen to be astray
And to be without a glen dwelling,
Tell from thy manners of travel
The tale of thy misfortune—tell.

THE HOME OF THE ARYANS.

THE problem which at present vexes the world of ethnologists and linguists, is, Where did the Aryan race, the linguistic parent of the nations of modern Europe and of Persia and India, have their original home, or motherland, from whence they radiated to their present countries? Where, in brief, was their Eden? For this new problem has usurped the place of the older question as to the locality of the Garden of Eden. Gaelic, which the Celtic enthusiasm of a generation or two ago claimed as the language of Eden, has a filial interest in the present enquiry as to the Home of the Aryans; and the purpose of this short paper is to ask what light Gaelic, and the wider range of Celtic, can throw on the subject.

If we find the same words with the same meanings in Sanskrit, Persian, Greek, Latin, Slavonic, Teutonic, and Celtic or Gaelic, we are not going to say that all these words are either borrowed from Gaelic or descended from it. A little scientific patience will show that each of these languages is, as it were, a dialect of some mother tongue spoken in some definite place and time. A study of Gaelic itself will disclose the fact that it was not always as it is; that its present words are but the stumps, so to speak, of a highly developed organism; that it had terminations and inflections much on the same lines as Latin, but it lost them, or greatly modified them in the course of time. The further back we go in the history of the Aryan languages, the more highly inflected we find them; that is to say, the more cases, numbers, genders, tenses, and moods they have. The Aryan parent language had therefore many inflections—more than any individual language which has been developed from it, more even than Greek or Sanskrit. This fact itself ought to betoken a fair degree of civilization, to say the very least of it, among the primitive Aryans.

The comparison of a few words from the separate languages will show the method and the facts on which linguists depend in proving that there was an Aryan or Indo-European mother language, and that the Aryans, possessed a certain civilization, and in investigating the question as to where the original home of the Aryans was. If the same word with the same meaning appears in any European languages, and also in any Asiatic-Aryan tongue, then the idea or object represented by that word must have belonged or been familiar to the original Aryan people. A word or two is taken from the leading facts of nature.

FAMILY RELATIONS.

Sanskrit *bhrater*, Lat. *frater*, Eng. *brother*, Gaelic *brathair*; and many other such words, for the family relations were well and minutely marked.

DOMESTIC ANIMALS.

Eng. *hound*, Gaelic *cu* (*coin*), Lat. *canis*, Skr. *cvan* or *svan*; also, similarly, words for cows, sheep, goats, and horses.

WILD ANIMALS.

Eng. *wolf*, Gaelic *foal-chu*, Lat. *lupus*, Skr. *vrika*; also the bear, otter, and beaver; the serpent, worm, mouse, and hare.

BIRDS.

Eng. *goose*, Gaelic *geadh*, older *geis* (swan), Lat. *hanser*, Skr. *hamsa*; also duck, raven, quail, and crane.

HOUSE AND HOME.

Eng. *door*, Gaelic *dorus*, Lat. *fores*, Skr. *dvar*, *dur*; also words for house, town, path, ship, and oar.

HOME OCCUPATIONS.

Eng. *needle*, Gael. *snathad*, Lat. *neo* (I spin), Skr. *nah*; also words for sewing, weaving, kneading, cooking; for wool, meat, bone, honey, mead, and some others.

TREES AND PLANTS.

Gael. *darach* (oak), Grk. *drys*, Eng. *tree*, Skr. *dru* (wood); also words for birch, beech, reed, hemp, and flax.

AGRICULTURE.

Eng. *waggon*, Gaelic *feun*, Lat. *vehiculum*, Skr. *vahana*; also for yoke, wheel, axle, plough, sowing, field, and mill. There were, at least, two kinds of grain, likely more.

SEASONS, WEATHER, &c.

Eng. *summer*, Gaelic *samradh*, Skr. *sama*; Gaelic *geamradh* (winter), Lat. *hiems*, Skr. *hima*; also words for spring, snow, ice; for rain, thunder, sun, light, and others.

THE SEA AND WATER.

The English *mere* and Gaelic *muir* find their counterparts only on European soil; these words fail in Sanskrit. But words for water, river, and flowing, such as *abainn* of Gaelic opposed to the Panj-*ab* of India (Five-river country), exist.

WEAPONS.

The dissimilarity of names in the various languages for weapons is very great. Words in one language signifying bone, wood, or stone in another may signify weapons of metal—as the Greek *doru* (a spear) is allied to Skr. *dru* (wood), Zend. *dru* (spear).

METALS.

Eng. *ore*, Lat. *aes* (bronze, copper), Skr. *ayas*. This is the only general word, for otherwise the names of metals differ widely in the respective languages. Iron and bronze are supposed to have been unknown, or, if known, not largely used. Max Muller finds that the Aryans had gold and silver, and a third metal represented linguistically by Eng. *ore*.

GOVERNMENT.

Gaelic *rioh* (king), Lat. *rex*, Teutonic *reik*, (Eng. *-ric*, *rich*), Skr. *rajah*; also words for right, law, and a few others.

BODY.

Eng. *nail*, Gaelic, *ionga*, Lat. *unguis*, Skr. *makha*; Eng. *tooth*, Gaelic *deud*, Lat. *dens*, Skr. *danta*, and words for body, head, foot, navel, knee, arm, right (hand), nose, brow, eye, tear, heart, liver, spleen, and others.

MIND.

Eng. *mind*, Gaelic *meanma*, Lat. *meus*, Skr. *manas*; also for memory, will, knowledge, perception, belief, &c.

THE NUMERALS.

Eng. *hundred*, Gaelic *ceud* or *ciad*, Lat. *centum*, Skr. *catam*. The first one hundred numerals are the same in all the Aryan languages, but the word for a thousand differs in the different groups.

RELIGION.

Gaelic *dia* (God), Lat. *deus*, Skr. *deva*, and many words which in one language signify facts of nature (such as Lat. *ignis* fire), in another mean a god or hero, or some personality (as *Agni*, the fire-god, in Sanskrit).

While the civilization of the Aryans was by no means the idyllic one which was pictured for them by the linguistic enthusiasts of a generation back, it does not follow, however, from the above scanty indications that they were the shivering savages which some modern linguistic ethnologists wish to make of them. They *must* have had the animals, objects, and circumstances mentioned above, but they *may* have had much more; and as a matter of fact they had much more. They were somewhat nomadic, though considerably settled as well, for they practised some agriculture. But they were great warriors and conquerers, and they swarmed off from their Aryan home to subdue the world, a feat which they accomplished. They had a genius for conquest—for establishing their law and order over other people, and for imposing on that people their languages and customs as well. We may also argue from the fact that the aristocracies of old Greece and Rome were inclined to fair-hair amid a dark population, and from the further fact that the conquering Celts and Teutons were also fair-haired and large of body besides—we may argue then that the Aryans were a tall fair-haired race, full of the energy and vitality characteristic of sanguine temperaments and blond or sanguine complexions.

We are now in a position to grapple with the question of their original home. This home must have been cold, as the full vocabulary for snow and winter shows; two seasons—summer and winter—are distinctly marked, and we may add spring, but not autumn. All parties are agreed that the Aryans came from a cold or temperate climate. The next thing is to consider the fauna and flora; the domestic animals of modern Europe are well represented, practically all represented—only such comparatively modern acquisitions as the cat being absent; the wild animals are also European; the wild animals characteristic of Asia—the camel, the dromedary, the tiger, and the lion—are all conspicuously absent. The flora may be claimed as European; the prominence of the beech tree, which is not found east of a line drawn from Königsberg to the Crimea, is strongly in favour of Europe, though it may be allowed that otherwise the flora is Asiatic as well. So far our argument places the Home of the Aryans in Western Europe, north of Italy and Spain, possibly also north of France. And this is the view that has commended itself to many within the last few years. Professor Sayce, supported by some German and Austrian authorities, places the original habitat of the Aryans in Scandinavia. The finds in the “Kitchen-middens” of that country, says Dr Penka, answer exactly to the animals and other accessories which we argue the Aryans to have possessed, and the barrows and tombs of prehistoric Scandinavia yield the bones and skulls characteristic of the modern Scandinavians, and they again answer to the ideal Aryan in personal appearance, especially in the fair colour of the hair.

In opposition to this, the old view has been that the Aryan mother country was in Asia, near the sources of the Indus and Jaxartes, whence they spread over Bactria and the neighbouring regions and then broke up into two or three divisions, one of which stayed in Asia and the other, or others, moved westward and took possession of Europe.

This view owes its origin to the primitive character of the Sanskrit language, which was supposed to be more like the parent Aryan than any other of the sister tongues, whether Greek, Latin, or Lithuanian. The purer the language, the nearer it is to its original source, and hence, it was argued, Sanskrit cannot be far away from the original cradle of the Aryan race. This position of pre-eminence given to the Sanskrit has lately been assailed, and Greek is now being accorded the place of honour which the Sanskrit held in the views of the earlier philologists, the fact being that both languages in their several ways preserve very many valuable forms and features of the ancient Aryan, more so than any other of the sister languages. The argument from the preservation of primitive purity is, therefore, evenly balanced as between Europe and Asia—Greek and Sanskrit—the old school and the new.

But, the old school say, all historic invasions and irruptions of peoples have been westwards from Asia into Europe, like the Huns of the fourth century and the Turks in the Middle Ages. They follow the sun, as it were. But we actually find the Celts and the Greeks going east in historic times, and we may add also the world-conquering Romans: we do not find any of them coming westward. Only in Asia do we find the Persians reverse the eastward course in their invasions of Greece. Again, the great mass of Aryans live in Europe, and have lived there as far back as history sheds a ray of light. Is it not better, then, to look for the cradle of the Aryan people where most of them dwell, and where they display the greatest vitality and have reared the highest civilisation the world has yet attained to? On this point, the balance is strongly in favour of Europe; and there is no evidence that Teuton or Celt ever sprung from Asia; they appear first in Western Europe, and this is yet their chief habitat. Greeks and Romans had traditions which went to show that they were not autochthonous or native to the soil of Greece or Italy; and the Greeks can be traced coming

southwards and conquering the land they afterwards held, sending their colonies eastward to Asia, southward to Africa, and westward along the Mediterranean coasts.

Can Gaelic or Celtic throw any light on this subject? This is the question with which we started. The headquarters of the ancient Celts, as Mommsen points out, was France, from whence they passed into Spain and Britain, or flowed eastwards in two main streams, the one north of the Alps, and the other, as Livy says, across them into Italy. They settled in Lombardy, and at the head of the Adriatic, about four centuries before the Christian era. When they came to Britain is unknown; there is no evidence on the point at all, but the Celts of Gaul possessed England at the beginning of the Christian era. The Belgæ who lived on the opposite shores of Gaul crossed over and occupied Britain, as Tacitus suggests; their tribal names and language were there when the Romans came into Britain. Celts occupied southern and eastern Scotland as well, evidently belonging to the same Gaulish stock, and they were known in later times as Picts. These Picts seem to have belonged to a previous immigration of Gaulish Celts, for in Bede's time their language was different from the ordinary British or Gallo-British. The difference, however, might be accounted for by the degeneration of the British from contact with Latin, from which it borrowed an immense vocabulary. This change of vocabulary, with consequent and concurrent degradation in grammar, is sufficient to account for the difference between Pictish and old Welsh or British. In any case, on the crucial points of phonetics Pictish agrees entirely with Welsh, and differs equally markedly from old Gaelic. The word *peanfahel* in Bede and the place names of Pictland, with their *abers* and *pets*, go to prove this.

The Gaelic-speaking branch of the Celts cannot be traced on the Continent at all, although some of the Gaulish dialects may have been more Goidelic than others, as the form *Sequani* would suggest; for the main and testing

difference between Gaulish (and British) and Gaelic, old or new, is that Celtic *qv* is changed in Gaulish to *p* and in Gaelic to *c*; compare Gaulish *pempe* (five) to Gaelic *coig* both for *qvenque* or *qenge*. The original home of Gaelic is Ireland; from Ireland it spread eastwards with the conquering Scots, who subdued Western Scotland and "infested" the shores of Western England in the time of the famous Pictish and Scottish invasions which lost the Island to the Romans in the fifth century. The Scots effected a temporary settlement in Wales and Cornwall, for there we find the sepulchral inscriptions they left cut in Ogam characters on their tombstones. In Scotland, however, their conquest was permanent and ever extending, until at last they supplanted the Pictish language, though not the Pictish people. No certain trace of the Picts appears on the West coast of Scotland north of Kintyre, where Ptolemey places his *Epidii*, which seems to be the Pictish equivalent to Goidelic *Egidii*, the later *Eochaid*, or "horseman." We are, perhaps, entitled to conclude that the west and north of Scotland was inhabited, at the time of the Gaelic immigration, by a non-Aryan race; while the whole country south of the Firths of Forth and Clyde, and the east coast generally, were all in the possession of the Picts.

The Gaelic-speaking Celts were at the beginning of our era practically confined to Ireland; that was their home, and they cannot be traced outside of it at that or any earlier period. True, their own traditions point to Spain as their place of origin and the cradle of the Milesian or Gaelic race. This tradition has been pooh-poohed by linguists and ethnologists, who generally hold that the Gaels first colonised Britain and then were pushed to its western and northern extremities and to Ireland by the immigrant Gauls. Nobody has yet shown that any trace of Gaels exists in Britain anterior to the period of the Picts and Scots invasions of the fourth and fifth centuries. Our argument appears to make the Gaels aboriginal to

Ireland, and if they are the aborigines, and as they are Aryans, then Ireland is the home of the Aryan race! This argument is as good as many that are seriously put forward to prove the Hindoo-Koosh or Scandinavia as the cradle of the Aryan race. All that we want to show by our argument is that Ireland is the fatherland of the Gael, and that we do not know, at present, how the Gael ever got there, for he is found there at the dawn of history, and he is working eastward from it as his basis of operations. And they say themselves that they came from Spain some seventeen centuries before our era. We thus see that the Gaelic somewhat darkens counsel in regard to the home of the Aryans; it would claim Ireland as at any-rate included in the Aryan motherland, and, indeed, Ireland may not have been far away from the original Aryan centre; for the migrations and movements of races before the beginning of the Christian Era seem to point to Western mid-Europe as the *officina*, or birthplace, of the powerful Aryan tribes which spread southward to the Mediterranean and Africa, and eastward to India, many centuries before Christ, and which now hold in their hands the destinies of the world.

IN CALLART.

HOW beautiful and fair to see
Is autumn's golden glory ;
It streams upon the sunlit sea
And on the mountains hoary.
Its breath has touched the summer woods,
So fragrant, rich, and mellow ;
And with the varied hues of green
Are mingled brown and yellow.

The braken on the brae is red,
More purple is the heather ;
The summer roses, sweet and fair,
Have faded altogether.
And the sad breeze, that wails the death
Of all the summer roses,
Blights the white lily on the lake,
On which its breast reposes.

The fruit is ripe on hip and haw,
On juniper and bramble ;
And merry children to the woods
Go on a nutting ramble.
In clusters 'mong the sereing leaves
The rowans bright are glowing,
And honey loads the balmy breath
That kissed the reapers mowing.

From oak and ash and silver beech
The leaves are softly falling ;
The birds, all silent, go in flocks,
Their mates no longer calling.
Their work is done. They've reared their young,
Their year of wedlock's over ;
They'll sing their new loves in the spring
Among the early clover.

For ever restless on the wing,
Skim kingfisher and swallow ;
They with the trout dispute the flies
On pool and sedgy shallow.
The brook runs with a deeper voice,
The murmur of the river
Seems like the prelude of the song
That joy from life will sever.

The withering grass speaks to the heart
Of hopes that all have faded ;
The lowering clouds of sorrow tell
Of all life's sunlight shaded.
And though so beautiful and bright
The autumn hues are blended,
They whisper of the winter nigh,
And summer glories ended.

The rosy light has passed away,
And autumn's golden glory
Is shimmering faintly on the sea
And on the mountains hoary.
And though with winter's frosts and snows
Our lives be overtaken,
Around the brightly glowing hearth
Our joys will re-awaken.

And Hope will spread her beauteous wings—
Our weary hours beguiling—
Where heather-bells and flowerets pale
Are on the snow-wreaths smiling.
And thus we'll while the hours away
With many a song and story,
And look again for summer bowers
And autumn's golden glory.

MARY MACKELLAR.

September 14th, 1888.

TURUS DHOMHUILL BHAIN DO 'N EXHABITION.

FACAL AIR AN FHACAL MAR A DH' AITHRIS E DHOMHSA
E AN LATHA 'THAINIG E DHACHAIDH.

[AIR A LEANTUINN].

FADA no goirid gu robh sinn air an rathad rainig sinn an taigh anns an robh Seumas a' fuireach. Bha e suas ri deich uairean 's an oidhche. B' e sin an taigh ; bha e h-uile troidh cho ard ris a' chaisteal. Ciod a th' agam air ach gu'n d'fhas mo chasan sgith mu'n do dhirich mi na tri staidhreacan. A bhalach ort, an uair a chaidh mi steach do 'n t-seomar bha ann an sin bord cho cireachdail 's a chunnaic duine riamh air a lionadh le biadh is annlunn, direach mar is minic a chunnaic mi aig na seana mhnathan coire an latha bhiodh iad a' buain na moine, no an uair a thigeadh coigreach thun an taighe. B' ann as a' Ghaidh-ealtachd a dh' fhalbh bean an taighe, agus tha e coltach gu robh i anabarrach caoimhneil ri Seumas. O 'n a bha fhios aice gu robh mise a cheart cho Gaidhealach ri fad moine chuir i am bord an ordugh anns an doigh ghairbh Ghaidhealaich. Bha i cho cridheil 's cho caoimhneil rium 's ged a bhiodh i eolach orm o rugadh i.

Cha robh mi coig mionaidean 's an t-seomar an uair a thainig i steach agus botul air sgornan 'na laimh, agus thug i dhomh loma lan na glaine de stuth cho math 's a dh' ol mi riamh. Tha mi 'g radh ruit gu 'n d' rinn e feum anabarrach dhomh. Eadar straidhlich an eich-iaruinn, agus glaodhaich is capraid an t-sluaigh a bha tachairt oirnn aig a h-uile ceann uidhe aig an robh sinn a' stad, cha mhor nach deach mo cheann troimhe-a-cheile. Ach chuir an dram stoldachadh air mo cheann agus saod air m' inntinn aig an am. Cha do bhlais Seumas air deur de 'n

stuth laidir o chionn choig bliadhna, agus gu cinnteach tha mi fhin ro thoilichte dheth air a shon so. Cha 'n e h-uile fear do 'm bheil e sabhailte a bhith idir 'g a bhlasad anns a' bhaile mhor.

An deigh dhuinn ar suipeir a ghabhail gu math 's gu ro mhath shuidh sinn greis mhath anns an t-seomar a' comhradh mu chaochladh nithean. Mu dheireadh chaidh sinn a laidhe. Chaidil mi cho trom ris a' chloich gus an robh e dluth air naoi uairean 's a' mhaduinn. Bha 'm biadh air a' bhord, agus shuidh sinn aige. Cha bu luaithe a bha sinn deas na ghrad dh'fhalbh sinn a dh'fhaicinn na Ban-righ.

Tha 'bhuth anns am bheil Seumas ag obair air aon de na sraidean troimh 'n deach a' Bhan-righ, agus ghleidheadh aite dhomhsa ann an aon de na h-uinneagan far am faicinn sealladh. An drasta 's a rithist, an uair a chiteadh fear de na marcaichean a bha cumail an t-sluaigh o bhristeadh a mach troimh 'n challaid a chuireadh suas air gach taobh de 'n t-sraid, a' tighinn mar gu'm biodh e fhein 's an t-each air a' chuthach, leigeadh a' ghraisg a leithid de ghlaodh asda 's gu saoiladh neach gu leagadh iad am baile m' a cheann. 'S ann is breagha leamsa nach do blodhradh earann de na bh' anns an eisdeachd. Mu dheireadh thoisich glaothaich is bualadh bhas nach cuala duine riamh anns an t-saoghal a leithid. Tha mi cinnteach nach d'rinneadh a leth uibhir de ghlaodhaich an latha 'thuit ballachan Iericho. An sin nochd marcaichean nach fhaca mise no duine eile riamh an leithid. Bha ceann-aodaich orra a chuireadh ioghnadh ort. Na'm bheachdsa cha bu cheann-aodaich bhreagha iad idir. Ach tha e coltach gu'm b'e sid am fasan. Obh! obh! ach an gaol a th' aig muinntir a' bhaile mhoir fhein air a bhith anns an fhasan. Ach 's e chuir a bhile ris a' chuis na marcaichean air an robh na clogaid oir, agus na cotaichean breaca buidhe. Air na dromannan, air na cliathaichean, 's air na broillich aca bha stiallan a dh'aodach oir! Tha mi smaointean gu'm bu mhath am tortan dhomh fear de da cotaichean. A bhalaich ort, cha

'n urrainn mi cainnt a chur air na chunnaic mi fhad 's a bha mi 'nam shuidhe anns an uinneig ud, agus ged a b' urrainn, cha tiginn gu crìch mo sgeoil gu latha Bealltuinn. Ach co dhiu, an deigh na marcaichean thainig carbaid, cuid le da each, cuid le ceithir eich, agus cuid tha mi 'n duil, le sia eich. Mu dheireadh, nochd an carbad anns an robh a' Bhan-rìgh choir fhein. Ach ma nochd, rinn an sluagh iolach a chluinnteadh seachd mìle air astar. Cha b' urrainn mi cumail orm ni b' fhaide. Thog mi mo ghuth, 's bhuail mi mo bhasan gus an robh gaoir de theas anns na dearnachan agam.

An uair a bha i mu choinneamh na h-uinneig anns an robh mi thug i suil an rathad a bha mi, agus thug i noideadh beag air a ceann rium. Feuch fhein a nis nach robh sin caoimhneil dhi? Cha 'n fhaca i mise no duine a bhuineadh dhomh riamh roimhe. Cha b' i fhein cuid de na tuathanaich, 's de na h-uaislean beaga eile a th'air feadh na Gaidhealtachd, a theid seachad ormsa 's air mo sheorsa gun urad 's an latha 'mholadh dhuinn.

"Ma ta, 'Sheumais," arsa mise 's mi tionndadh ris, "cha d' thug droch ghnothach o 'n taigh mi. Ghabh a' Bhan-rìgh beachd orm am measg na bha de shluagh mu'n cuairt nan uinneag gu leir, agus thug i noideadh de ceann domh."

"O athair," arsa Seumas, "nach sibh a tha fada air ais? Cha do ghabh a' Bhan-rìgh dad de bheachd oirbh ni 's mo na ghabh i ormsa. Bha i noideadh ris na h-uile neach mar a b' fhearr a b' urrainn di."

Ach tha mise cinnteach gu'n do sheall i orm dìreach ann an clar an aodainn: canadh Seumas na thogras e. Ged is e Seumas m'aon mhac-sa, agus ged a tha e cho dleasdhanach d'a pharantan ri mac mathar a tha beo, cha 'n 'eil e buileach saor o'n ghalair a th'air a' chuid mhoir de dhaoine oga an latha 'n diugh. Tha duil aig daoine oga an latha 'n diugh gu'n d'fhuair iad gliocas an domhain gu leir. Bidh iad a dh'atharrachadh beachd mu'm bi iad cho sean riumsa, ar neo tha mise gu mor air mo mhealladh. Neo-ar-thaing nach 'eil paipearan-naigheachd agus leabh-

raichean gu leor aca 'ga leughadh ; ach an uair a thig iad aghaidh ri aghaidh ri cuisean is gnothaichean na beatha so, chi iad an uair sin nach 'eil iad ach mar fhear a' falbh air a leth chois. Tha e ro fheumail a bhith leughadh ; ach tha e pailt cho feumail gu'n cumadh gach neach a shuilean agus a chluasan fosgailte, agus gu'n gabhadh e beachd ceart agus glic, o latha gu latha, air gach ni a chi agus a chluinne. So mar a dh'fhoghlum na seann daoine a bh'ann ri linn m'athar 's mo sheanar an gliocas a bh'aca. Ach chaidh mi thar mo sgeoil mar is minic a rinn mi.

Cho luath 's a fhuair sinn a mach as a' bhuthaidh dh'fheuch sinn ri ar n-aghaidh a thoirt air an taigh. Cha robh sin furasda dhuinn, oir bha 'n sluagh cho dumhail anns a h-uile sraid air an d'thug sinn ar n-aghaidh. Mu dheireadh, mar nach d'iarr an sealbh oirnn, dh'fheuch sinn ri rathad a dheanamh dhuinn fhein troimh 'n t-sluagh. Cha deachaidh sinn fada air ar n-aghaidh gus am faca sinn gu'm bu cho math dhuinn tilleadh an taobh as an d'thainig sinn. Ach ma bha e duilich dol air aghaidh cha b'e tilleadh dad a b'fhusa. Bha 'n sluagh a sior dhumhlachadh gus mu dheireadh an do thoisich moran diubh ri glaothaich aird an claiginn gu robh iad gu bhith air am mort. Bha mi fhin ann an droch staid gu leor, ach bha mi cumail orm cho math 's a dh'fhaodainn ; ach mu dheireadh b'eiginn domh teannadh ri gearainn mar a bha cach. An uair a chuala Seumas agus dithis de chompanaich gu robh an deo air thuar a bhith air fhasgadh asam, thoisich iad air iad fhein a dhinneadh troimh 'n t-sluagh, agus air mise a tharruinn leo. Ghabh mi eagal uair no dha gu rachadh iad fhein is cuid de 'n t-sluagh an amhaichean a cheile. Air ghaol ceartas a thoirt dhomhsa bha iad coma cia mar a phutadh 's a dh'fhaigeadh iad a h-uile neach a bha 's an rathad orra. An uair a bha sinn air thuar a bhith a cunnart thachair gu'n d'thainig laigse air te de na mnathan, agus a chum aile de'n ghaoith a leigeil da h-ionnsiudh sgap an sluagh a bha timchioll oirre o cheile, agus bhruchd iad a nall far an robh sinne. Shaoil mi gu robh mi mach

as an t-saoghal, agus ghlaodh mi aird mo chlaiginn. Chlisg Seumas agus na balaich eile gu robh mi gu bhith marbh air an lamhan, agus a mach a ghabh iad leam. A dh'olc no 'dh'eiginn gu'n d'fhuair iad thug iad mi beo, slan a mach as a chuideachd; ach ma thug, cha robh agam ach an com de 'n chota a bha ma m' dhruim. Cha 'n 'eil fhios agam fhathast cia mar a chaill mi 'n t-carball aige. An uair a chunnaic na balaich gu robh mo chnamhan 's mo chraicionn slan, bha iad toilichte gu leor. Rinn iad gu leor de ghaireachdaich mu shracadh a' chota. Bha mi cearta coma aon uair 's gu'n d'fhuair mi mo bheo as a' chuideachd. Thuirt Seumas, 's e gu sracadh a gaireachdaich a h-uile uair a shealladh e orm, gu robh mi anabarrach coltach ris a' choileach stubach a th'aig Anna Bhig. Tha Seumas is Anna, mar a tha fhios agad, gle mhor aig a cheile. Is iomadh uair a chuir e dhachaidh leth phunnd ti 's da phunnd shiucair uice anns a' bhocsa againne. Bha eagal air Seumas mu dheireadh gu faodainn a bhith 'fas sgith de na bha e fhein is cach a' deanamh de spors dhiom, agus thuirt e, "Coma leibhse, athair, is e cota ur a 's fhaisge dha." "Cha 'n e," arsa mise; "seall an seana chota 'th' air an dreineasach uaine sin a chaidh seachad orm an drasta 's e puthail 's a' gaireachdaich a' magadh orm. Na'n robh e agam air a' bhogaich mhoir chuirinn an coinneamh a chinn ann am poll moine e. Esan am beadagan, a' magadh air duine coir sam bith 's gun fhios am bheil ann fhein ach an t-Eirionnach." An uair a chunnaic na balaich gu'n d'fhas mi cas thug iad gu gaireachdaich. Thuirt Seumas mu dheireadh, "'S e tha mise 'ciallachadh gu faigh sibh cota ur an aite an fhir a shracadh." Bha fhios agam gle mhath gur e so a bha e ciallachadh ged nach do leig mi dad orm. Is fhada o 'n a chuala mi am facal.

Am bheil fhios agad gu'n do chuir e dragh air m' inntinn mi bhith cho fada air ais 's gu'n do ghabh mi mi-thlachd air son a bhith deanamh spors dhiom?

Coma co dhiu, rainig sinn an taigh. Dh'fhosgail Seumas bocsa, agus thug e mach deise o lar gu mullach

cho math, 's cho eircachdail 's a chuir mac mathar a th'anns an Eilean Fhada riamh m' a dhruim. An uair a chuir mi uman i hha i mar gu fasainn innte. Thuirt Seumas rium—

“Meal is caith i
'S paidh an t-annsa,
'S tilg a nall an t-ath-aodach.”

So rann a bha riamh o 'n is cuimhne leam, agus fada, fada, roimhe sin, air a radh ris gach neach a gheibheadh ball a dh' aodach ur. Nan canadh tu e ri boirionnach gun phosadh bha coir aice pog a thoirt dhuit, agus nan canadh tu e ri firionnach, no ri mnaoi phosda, bha coir aca dram a thoirt dhuit. Thuirt Seumas, “'Nis, athair, ged nach ol mise dram tha mi 'ga thagradh mar mo choir a chionn gu'n dubhairt mi ribh e; agus bheir sibh dram math a' bhean-an-taighe, 's a dh' fhear-an-taighe, agus olaidh sibh fhein fear eile air an slainte. Gheibh sibh botul anns a' phreasa.”

Ghairmeadh a steach fear-an-taighe, agus bean-an-taighe, agus an uair a mhol iad an deise mar a dh'fhaodadh iad deanamh, thuirt mi ri bean-an-taighe gu robh mi tuig-sinn gu robh botul de stuth na Toiseachd anns a' phreasa, agus gu'm bithinn 'na comain nan cuireadh i air a' bhord e, o 'n is i a b' eolaiche 's a' phreasa na mise. Rinn a' bhean choir so gu h-ullamh, ealamh, casgaidh. Dh' ol iad air mo shlainte, agus an sin lion mi dhomh fhin a' ghlaine gus a h-ol air an slainte-san, agus thuirt mi :—

“Slainte le deadh dhurachd dhuibh,
Bhur cridhe sunndach, slan;
Bhur taigh gun bhoinne snidh' agaibh,
'S bhur ciste mhine lan.”

Chord so ri bean-an-taighe anabarrach math; ach cha b' urrainn fear-an-taighe dad a dheanamh dheth o nach robh e air eadar-theangachadh gu Beurla. Thug Seumas ionnsuidh air seadh nam facal innseadh dha, agus bha e 'g radh gu'n do chord na thubhairt mi ris gu gasda. Innsidh mi dhuit mar a tha, cha ghabh moran de na bheil na Gaidheil a' labhairt eadar-theangachadh idir. Chuala mise

duine a bha araon glic agus foghlumte ag radh so. Tha mi cinnteach gu robh fios aige air mu 'n dubhairt e e. Is iomadh fear a tha feuchainn ri nithean a dheanamh nach aithne dha dheanamh, agus is ann diubh oidhirp a thoirt air brìgh is blas an orain Ghailig a chur air an oran Bheurla.

IAIN.

[RI LEANTUINN].

HINTS ON DEER-STALKING.

TO a person unacquainted with the nature of the wild red deer, the stalking of them at first sight may seem an ordinary matter. Most of us probably have in our youthful days stalked such "small deer" as hares and rabbits, and have found no great difficulty in doing so. It is not until one aspires to higher game, and has for the first time tried to stalk red deer, that one begins to realise its difficulties, and to learn that it is only by great patience, perseverance, and exertion that he can succeed. The requisites for success in deer-stalking are so totally different from those in ordinary sport that there are many sportsmen who know little about the matter, and depend entirely for their success on the capabilities of the man who stalks for them.

In order to become a successful deer-stalker it is necessary to know something of the nature and habits of the deer. I shall, therefore, briefly notice a few things about deer and their ways which are absolutely necessary for sportsmen to know. Of all wild animals, none are possessed of such an acute sense of smell, sight, and hearing as red deer. They can get the "wind of"—or "wind"—a man at a great distance, and their sight is proportionately extraordinary. The slightest unusual object attracts their attention. Hinds keep a sharper look-out than stags, and generally in a herd of deer they are the first to give the alarm; for they are exceedingly sharp, and if they see anything unusual and are not sure of it, they will continue feeding but keep their eye on the object, every now and then raising their head suddenly to see whether it has altered its position or appearance, and if not, to make sure, they will often come round so as to get the "wind" of it. Where there are a number of deer together it is much more difficult to get near them, as there are always several o

them in different positions on the look-out. When disturbed, by getting "wind" of the sportsman, they go off much quicker than if they had seen him, as they are uncertain where he is or how far he is off. But after getting sight of him they stand two or three times, thus giving a good chance for a shot. The better the condition the deer are in the more wary they are, and a plump yeld hind is more difficult to stalk than any other. Milk hinds are easily distinguished by their calves being with them as a general rule. Calves follow their mothers for two or three years. Yeld hinds are darker in colour, but it requires a practised eye to detect them at a distance by their colour. When disturbed, deer always go "up to wind;" hinds generally go first and the stags follow.

With these brief indications of the nature and habits of deer, which, it is hoped, may be of use to young sportsmen, I now pass on to deer-stalking itself. Deer-stalking may be divided into three stages; the first thing is to find the deer, the second is to get near them when found, and, last but by no means easiest, to kill the deer when one gets up to them. In the first place, a good telescope is a *sine qua non*. The direction of the wind is ascertained, which decides the direction the sportsman takes. Then a spot is chosen which commands a good extent of ground. From there the sportsman scrutinises thoroughly the places where deer are likely to be. They are easily seen, if they are feeding; but in the middle of the day, when they lie down, possibly only all that is visible may be the antlers of a stag or the ears of a hind, circumstances which require a practised eye. The sportsman then marks well the spot where they are, and fixes on a rock, stream, or land-mark near them, so as to guide him at a distance, for he may have to go a mile or two round. If, after proceeding some way, he cannot make out with exactness the place where he saw them, it is better to go back again to the same spot and again take the bearings, even though one has to go back a long distance, for the deer may meanwhile have

changed their position. The ground between the sportsman and the deer is to be carefully scanned, so as to avail oneself of any inequalities of surface that may exist, such as a knoll or a hollow or something like that. This will save the tedious work of crawling on one's stomach or advancing inch by inch on one's back, resting on the elbows and drawing oneself forward by the heels, things which are necessary when the ground is very even and plain. The sportsman must be sure to have the wind in his face. In a corrie or where there are a good many high knolls the wind is continually changing, so that it is necessary every now and then to stop and ascertain the "set of the wind." There are several ways of doing this, but the most simple is to throw some bits of grass in the air, and the direction of their fall will decide the direction of the wind. If one has to move in sight of the deer, he must keep his eye on them, and, when a deer looks up, he must not move from his place or position, however tedious or difficult it be, until the deer begins again to feed or looks another way. Above all things the sportsman must not hurry; deer may be stalked in any position they may happen to be in, providing one is willing to take sufficient time. It is better to wait an hour or two till they are in a better feeding place or till they rise and begin to feed, if they are lying down, than to disturb them and allow them to give the alarm to other deer that may be on the ground. If one has a man to stalk for him, one must attend implicitly to every signal and whisper that the stalker gives, following him as closely as one can, and keeping the body in any position that he takes but fully lower.

A stag's antlers are a great guide in stalking, for they can be seen before the stag can see the sportsman; but as soon as the ears of the hind are seen, the hind is able to see its foe as well. When one is near enough to shoot, as near as the ground permits, he must raise his head cautiously from the place of concealment, and it is not to be withdrawn unless one is sure the deer are still

undisturbed. They will not notice the crown of one's head appearing over a knoll or a rock, if one remains perfectly still. Care must be taken in cocking the rifle or even taking it out of the cover ; this must be done without making a noise ; for on a calm day the deer can hear the clicking of the lock or the rustling of the cover at a great distance. Now, a cover for the rifle is a necessary thing, to keep it dry after crawling through bogs and such like places, as well as to keep the sun off the barrel and thus avoid consequent reflection and the glancing of the rays of light.

If the deer are lying down it is not advisable to fire, for firing at a deer lying down is not a "good chance." When everything is ready, the sportsman, in these circumstances, gives a low whistle, as if it were a long way off ; and the deer will rise up leisurely, giving time for a steady shot. Every sportsman has his own favourite position for firing, and those who can fire steady from the shoulder have a great advantage, for it is far the surest and most convenient way of shooting. A rock makes a good rest, if one puts his cap or something soft upon it and lay the rifle above that again. When the sportsman has singled out his quarry, he must endeavour to get a broadside of the deer ; for that is the easiest shot and the best target one can have. He should aim just behind the fore-shoulders, and low down, if one is close. A deer standing side-ways is not an easy shot, but, if it is hit at all in that position, the shot is sure to be fatal. Unless shot through the neck, spine, or fore-legs, a deer will generally bound away apparently unhurt ; but he must be followed with the eye or with the telescope, and if not alone, he will be found to break away from the rest and perhaps stagger and fall, or perhaps lie down when out of sight.

Deer, if they do not see the sportsman or do not know where the danger is, will often stand after going a short way, when one shot has been fired ; so that it is well not to fire too quickly the second time. In stalking deer on ground on which there are sheep, it must be kept in mind

that the sheep have to be stalked too ! For immediately deer see sheep on the move they also begin to look-out and may take the hint and depart. A hare running away or a grouse getting up also disturbs them ; but if they do not see the sportsman, and he remains quiet, they generally do not go far. Unless one has a large extent of ground, deer-hounds are not of much use, as they disturb the ground so much ; they do more harm than good, except occasionally to let slip after a wounded deer.

THE FEINNE.

TO clash of sword blow
On our rounded shields,
We chant the war song,
Sweeping to our doom ;
Through Death we enter
The Elysian Fields ;
Our star-steered galleys
Surging through the gloom !
At sunrise, fall we
On our bended knees,
Hands locked in prayer,
And pray we die,
Mid trumpet blare,
Feinne-like, in fight,
Claidh mhor in hand,
Sword dashed on sword,
And foot to foot,
With deep drawn breath,
Man locked with man,
In throes of Death—
In some red battle
By the shore.

ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL.

NEW BOOKS.

THE PHONETICS OF THE GAELIC LANGUAGE: WITH AN
EXPOSITION OF THE CURRENT ORTHOGRAPHY AND A SYSTEM OF
PHONOGRAPHY. BY MALCOLM MACFARLANE. Paisley: J. and R.
Parlane.

MR MACFARLANE'S excellent book ought to be of great assistance to learners of the Gaelic language, for it sets forth in a clear, concise way the system of Gaelic orthography now current, and shows by illustrations of the human mouth and throat how the various sounds are produced, and the peculiar modification of ordinary English sounds necessary in the articulation of Gaelic. The book will be most welcome to students of language both in this country and on the Continent; for Mr Macfarlane treats Gaelic phonetics in an intelligent and thoroughly scientific spirit. He has done for Gaelic what Mr Sweet has done for English.

The first half of the book deals with the sounds of Gaelic as they are in themselves, as they may be phonetically represented, and as they are really represented by the present alphabet. Mr Macfarlane has managed to construct an excellent set of phonetic types by the use of turned letters and capitals; any printers could reproduce his specimen phonetics. This is more than can be said for the system which the German philologists have lately started, where letters have all sorts of cedillas, circumflexes, accents, and dots attached to them, and, as a consequence, the ideal forms adduced and the derivations offered can only be reproduced by special types and at great inconvenience.

Mr Macfarlane is strong in phonetics, but not in philology, which he has as much eschewed as possible, and we think wisely. The grouping of sounds and words, which he deals with in

chapter iv., can be explained well only on historical principles, that is, by considering the development of the language, and that means philology. The sounds *ia* and *ua* are not modern developments of *e* and *o*: they exist in old Irish, twelve centuries ago, but northern Scotch Gaelic has extended the province of at least one of them—that is *ia*, for long *e* or *eu*, where it pronounces *beul* as *bial*, *ceud* as *ciad*, &c. The reason is that these words all originally ended in a stem with a broad vowel which is now lost, but which leaves its mark on the proceeding vowel. Thus *ceud* is originally *cento-n*, then *cēta-n*, and now *ciad* in the North, for the *a* has gone back and affected the *e*.

On the evolution of sounds Mr Macfarlane has some very acute observations. In Gaelic every consonant that originally stood singly between two vowels is aspirated, if it be an aspirable consonant, and the same rule applies to the initial consonant of the second of two closely connected words. Most feminine nouns originally ended in a vowel; hence they aspirate their adjective. The *n* which ends so many Gaelic inflections and words is very puzzling in its action at times, even when historically considered. Windisch remarks of old Irish—"If *th* comes to stand directly after *l*, *n*, or *s*, after suppression of the preceding vowel, then the aspiration does not take place," that is to say, *t* (and *d*) remain as *t* (or *d*). Compare *teine* (fire), old Irish dat. plural *tene-laibh*, which now is *teintibh*, for *tene-jthibh*. Similarly *mo nighean dubh* is explained by pre-historic *ingena duba* run into *ingen(a)-duba*. The first member of a compound noun aspirates the second, and, thereafter, the principle is extended to one noun governing another, the only exceptions being when *l* or *n* precedes. Hence we not merely have *Clann Domhnuill*, but also *S'ol Chaluim*, although the latter is a masculine noun. All these principles are elaborately exemplified in the Gaelic article. The particle *cha* stands before past tenses for old *ní-con* or *ní gu'n*, and before presents and futures for *ní-co-no*, and hence arises the different aspiration or non-aspiration, according as *cha* ended in a vowel or consonant. Mr Macfarlane's remarks on so-called euphonic *h* would be more intelligible if it were explained that *h* always stands here for a lost *s* or *t*. The

preposition *le* ended originally in *t* ; it is in fact *leth*, and its *t* may come back before any vowel whether broad or small. A system of Gaelic phonography ends a book of great merit and originality.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "HIGHLAND MONTHLY."]

CELTIC SOCIETY OF DUNFERMLINE.

St Margaret's Hall,
Dunfermline, Sept. 23rd, 1889.

SIR,—Colonel T. Thornton is quoted in your issue of this month, page 378, as follows, viz.:—"The bagpipes played many old Highland tunes, and, among others, one which is, I am told, the test of a piper's abilities, for at the great meeting of the pipers at Falkirk, those who cannot play it, are not admitted candidates for the annual prize given to the best performer."

Wishing to know what tune was referred to, I applied to Messrs J. & R. Glen, musical instrument makers, Edinburgh, as high authorities, and received the following reply:—"As to the test tune, we consider it a pure fiction. The Falkirk meetings only lasted three years, 1881-2-3. Mackay, in his *Pibroch Book*, would have mentioned the test—if any had existed—in his accounts of the various competitions. We have nearly all the plans of the competition, and nothing of that nature is in them. We have also seen the first advertisement of the competition at Falkirk, and it contains no such condition as a test tune. We are quite sure it is a piece of sensational writing."—Yours faithfully,

KENYTH MATHESON, Hon. Secy.

The Highland Monthly.

EDITED BY

DUNCAN CAMPBELL, EDITOR, "NORTHERN CHRONICLE,"

AND

ALEXANDER MACBAIN, M.A., F.S.A. SCOT.

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THE LONG GLEN.

CHAPTER XVIII.

BEAN AIR SEACHRAN.

ON a very dark night, about Halloween, Ewan Mor met with a droll misfortune, and gained fame by figuring in a ballad. Ewan was not at first grateful for the honour done him. He suspected Diarmad of having had a hand in the cooking of the ballad, which was one of those rhymed effusions that formerly were often turned off by a company sitting round the winter fireside, or resting on the lee-side of a peat bank during the dinner hour. Each person that could contributed a verse, and lo! the thing was done immediately. But the poetic exercises of previous generations had been banned by the new religious school, and this ballad was deemed a grievous scandal by the Elder Claon and the pious sisterhood. When Ewan heard of their vexation he took most kindly to his ballad notoriety, and freely forgave the makers.

In the coterie of the "unco guid" the rhymed scandal was attributed to the club of the Scorners; but when Ealag, specially commissioned to ferret out the facts, began to question Diarmad, that young man seriously pretended

to believe that Ealag herself and Meg of Camus, assisted by the other sisters, were the concocters. They were holding house to house prayer meetings among themselves, and Diarmad argued to Ealag's face the strong probability of their indulging in co-operative ballad-making as an agreeable change. Ealag plied the sisters with Diarmad's chaff until she made some of them who had secretly tried hymn-making quite uncomfortable.

But, whoever the authors, the ballad went round among saints and sinners. It cannot be translated into English very satisfactorily, but the following attempt contains the substance of it :—

CRUAIDH-CHAS OIHDGHE.¹

The biggest man in all the Glen,
Perhaps in all the shire,
Is Ewan Mor, and you must know
The ² Ciotach is his sire.

To Caoide's clachan Ewan went
To fetch a piggie home.
He put the beast into a poke,
The poke upon his ³ drome.

When home he turned his face at night,
Such blackness hid the sky
That not a tree, or rock, or hill
Appeared to mortal eye.

Feeling his way by foot, by staff,
By groping everywhere,
He reached at last St Mungo's fount,
And horror seized him there.

"⁴ Bean air Seachran!"—fearful cry!
Rang from St Mungo's ⁵ Kil.

"Bean air seachran!"—Ewan ran,
But fell into the rill.

The pig and poke, from off his back,
Rolled o'er the wall-like bank.
The poke it rolled, the piggie squealed,
Till in the linn they sank!

¹ Hard trial of a night.

² Left-handed man.

³ Back.

⁴ A woman lost or on the wandering.

⁵ Churchyard.

Then Ewan prayed, and Ewan groaned,
With twisted ankle sore.

“Bean air seachran !”—voice of woe !
Rang shriller than before.

Along the road, by great good luck,
Came by a sturdy tar ;
Who did not fear with man, or beast,
Or ghost, to go to war.

“Oh ! who is this big drunken man ?
Get up ye lubber, ye.”

“Oh ! bless your soul, ye jolly tar,
But this is only me.”

“And who are you ?”—the tar enquired.
Then Ewan told him right—
His name and patronymic, too,
His hurt, and dreadful fright.

The tar ho-ho’ed ! the tar ha-ha’ed !
“A ghost in Mungo’s Kil !
I’ll slay the ghost, and eat it, too,
And that with right good will.”

“Bean air seachran !”—sounded clear,
And gave the tar a start ;
But, bless you, not a touch of fear
Came near his manly heart.

“Ho, ghost ahoy ! your colours show ;
Who, in God’s name, are ye ?”

“I’m not a ghost, but woman lost :
I’m Peggie of Auchree.”

“How got you there, in Heaven’s name ?”
Quoth she—“I cannot say.
I kept the road until I met
A wall just every way.”

“The door is wide where you got in ;
By that get out”—said he.

“I dinna ken how I got in ;
But door I cannot see.”

And Ewan laughed, and straight forgot
His twisted ankle sore.

“Come, jolly tar, you’ll rescue Peg,
And find for her the door.”

But where's the piggie, where's the poke?
The knowing ones will say.
The Water Kelpie them had got,
And claimed them for his prey.

The biggest man in all the Glen,
The jolly tar, and she,
Made out the change-house ere the morn,
And called for barley bree.

And Do'ull Gow, with grimy hands,
Seized on the ankle sore;
And with a pull, a twist, a snap,
'Twas right as 'twas before.

The pig and the poke did not go into the maw of the water Kelpie, for they just escaped that fate by the breadth of an alder bush, which kept them from falling into the linn. Do'ull the Sailor, who was the general rescuer on the occasion, went in search of piggie with the first dawn of day, and brought it safe and hungry enough to the little change-house, where Ewan had to remain until a cart was sent to fetch him home, for although the old bone-setting smith, Do'ull Gow, settled the dislocation with perfect success, Ewan did not get liberty to use the injured foot very freely for several weeks.

The ballad tells the story pretty correctly, but perhaps not very clearly to people ignorant both of Gaelic and the locality. In plain prose, Ewan was sent on several errands to the village of Kilmachaoide. When there he met about dusk a man who had promised to send his father a seven or eight weeks' pigling as soon as he had one ready. He told Ewan there was one ready then, and induced him to take it home with him in a poke on his back. The night was dark enough when Ewan left the village, and he found it so pitchy dark in the wooded pass that he lost much time in feeling the way step by step.

Peggie of Auchree was a spinning woman who did not belong to the glen, but used now and then to be sent for by house-wives who had much wool or flax on hand. On this black night she was passing, just when Ewan was get-

ting out of the wood, from a house where she had finished her task near supper time, to another house a mile and a half further up, where she was to begin a new spinning job next morning. But, not being well acquainted with the country, and the night being dark, when she came to the division of ways, she followed the lane leading into the old burial place, or Kil of St Mungo, instead of the highway. The Kil is round, and is surrounded by a high wall; but at this time the old gate had fallen to pieces through age, and it had not yet been replaced by a new one. Peggie felt round and round for an opening. She did not know where on earth she had got to, or how to get out; and so she began to cry out dreadfully, just as Ewan reached St Mungo's Well, less than a hundred yards below the Kil, "Bean air seachran," that is "A woman on the wanderiug," or "A woman lost," as the words might also be translated. And Ewan, much frightened by such a voice from the dwelling place of the dead, when running away, fell, and dislocated his ankle. It was near midnight when Do'ull the Sailor, returning home with his pension and three sheets in the wind, rescued the ghost and ghost's victim from their unpleasant dilemmas. It was not without pain and trouble, notwithstanding the help the sailor and Peggie gave him, that Ewan managed to limp on to the change-house. The old bone-setting smith's house was near, and the sailor soon brought Do'ull Gow to his patient, and Do'ull Gow, an adept in the art, was not long in giving Ewan great relief. Then Ewan was free with his money, and there were no closing hours for public houses in the Highlands at the time we are speaking of. So, to tell the truth, Do'ull the Sailor and Do'ull Gow sat up till morning; but Ewan, who was forbidden to drink, was allowed to sleep in peace.

CHAPTER XIX.

AN LUADHADH.¹

The snow was lying deep when, on a December day, the face of which was hidden by white ² cranreuch haze, Ewan and Diarmad went up the hill to look after their fathers' sheep. They searched the gullies and highest corries for animals which might have been overtaken by the sudden snow-storm. But no smooored victims were found; and having gathered stragglers, and left the whole flock where the long heather could be reached with the least nose-digging trouble to the hungry animals, and where bushy banks and rocky duns broke the bitter blast, they descended on the house of Ewan's father, Seumas Cameron, who was also called "Ciotach," because he was left-handed.

It was not the Ciotach's dwelling-house the young men entered first, although they were certainly ready enough for a good kail and potato dinner after their hard day's work in the snow. Ewan, who was in the habit for years of teasing his friend about his unaccountable shyness towards the younger portion of the other sex, beguiled Diarmad, before he suspected a snare, into the cart-shed, from which on this day the carts were banished, because a luadhadh or blanket fulling was on hand. The wide entrance of the shed was veiled like a tabernacle with webs fresh from the loom and the wash-tubs.

As soon as he was drawn within the screen the victim of bashtulness understood the ordeal before him, and saw there was no retreat. In fact, next minute a dozen bare-armed maidens, led by a fun-loving widow and a fat, merry spinster on the wrong side of fifty, closed upon him and laid him helplessly on the blanket web which they were fulling on the cliath of wattles. On each side of the cliath they

¹ The waulking or fulling.² Hoar frost.

ranged themselves, and began drawing the web back and forward—time being kept by a chorus song. This wattle rubbing, with due help from soap and water, gave the blankets thickness and softness, and the bleaching was afterwards perfected on the heather and thyme bordering a mountain burn.

In vain did the captive struggle to get free. The blanket moved swiftly back and forward with its sides well held up and over, whenever he made the least attempt to tumble off the cliath. He knew the ordeal would be prolonged until the wattles rubbed him into a state of wholesale soreness, unless he captured one of his tormentors and kissed her on the cliath before them all. The merry spinster was custodian of his head, and the widow fairly fettered his feet by a fold of the web. He was entitled to have his arms free.

“Come now,” said the spinster, whose name was Marie Chiar, “let us sing the luinneag of Duncan Ban of the songs”—and off she started with:—

“Togamaid fonn air luadh a chlòlain ;
Gabhaidh sinn ceol as orain mhatha.
Hò rò gun togain,” &c.

Although profane songs were much condemned by the spiritual guides of the Glen, at least ten musical maiden voices, aided by Ewan's deep bass, took up the chorus after every two lines of recitative crooned by the spinster.

Till of late years the Glen folk had been always accustomed to sing chorus songs at all kinds of common work, such as shearing, reaping, waulking, &c. But at the beginning of the nineteenth century revivalists, who afterward by turns gathered and split up their converts into small bands of sectaries—the pioneers of Highland dissent—scowled blackly at profane music, and banned without compunction the amusements of unsanctified times. Evangelical kirk ministers and their male and female disciples followed in the footsteps of the older Separatists—although there was no love between them—and sweep-

ingly condemned "old world vanities." They succeeded to a large extent in silencing the living voice of the Celtic Muse by decidedly black-marking every person who dared to produce a poetical effusion which did not assume the form of a hymn embodying extreme Calvinistic doctrines, and threatening sinners with eternal dippings in brimstone. But the Celtic passion for poetry and music was too strong to be altogether suppressed. It smouldered on, and ever and anon flashed up into rebellious flames.

Diarmad did not know it at the time, but a fact it was, that his tormentors were made ripe for mischief by having been themselves tormented by holy women and deprived of luadhadh hilarity during the fore-part of the day. When Ewan and Diarmad appeared among them they gladly and defiantly seized upon the chance for instituting the fun proper to a waulking bee.

Merrily was the web with the captive therein tossed from side to side of the cliath and lifted and lowered in harmony with the chorus. And having got over the first surprise, and found it vain to struggle for liberty by getting off the cliath, the victim endured his droll ordeal so quietly that the spinster, occupied with her song, relaxed her vigilance, and inadvertently came within the reach of his free arms. So it came to pass that the croon stopped in the middle of a word, because in a moment the spinster lost both voice and legs. With a sudden spring and strong tug the captive had pulled her on the cliath as the hostage for his liberation. But, after an instant of struggling and wriggling, Marie neatly escaped from his hands, and tumbled over the other side of the cliath like an elastic ball, while vigorous preventive means kept Diarmad from tumbling along with her. While, amidst laughter and glee, Ewan's young sister, Jessie Cameron, was helping the spinster to her feet, she suddenly lost her own. In the twinkling of an eye she was the captive's hostage, and, being slim and safely graspable, Diarmad earned his liberation, and became a free brother of the luadhadh guild. Ewan

vigorously declared that his bashful friend had now got his footing among the women, and would never be put on by any of them ever more.

No sooner were Diarmad and Jessie off the cliath than the troop of girls, headed by their commanders, lifted Ewan with a mighty effort off his feet, and laid him triumphantly on the groaning cliath. The croon and chorus recommenced, and as Ewan was not immediately successful in catching the captive he wanted, the fun was at its best when a little neat middle-aged woman's face, surmounted by a fringe of short grey curls and a very white currachd, peeped with a highly scandalised expression through the outer screen. The face and appurtenances belonged to Ealag of Craig, who had, by mishap, given Diarmad, at the minister's peat-making, words concerning the worship of Baal in high places. Poor Ealag! that slip gave her no end of vexation, for when she heard about the scandal of Dun-an-teine she had to shut her mouth as a party implicated, and to keep the Elder Claon from stirring in the matter by letting him know indirectly that there was a charge of worshipping the Old Serpent to be made against himself by the rebellious sinners, if he gave them the smallest provocation.

When the face and appurtenances pierced the veil, the spinster, in spite of clear conscience and sound heart, hushed her croon, and evidently quailed before the reporteress of the holy conclave. The girls, drooping long eyelashes and shaking loose locks into the semblance of order, put on a "Let us worship God" face as quickly, if not as naturally, as possible. Ewan, lying in the blanket with a foregone determination to make Mary Macintyre and none other his hostage, did not immediately perceive the efficient cause by which the roaring fun was interrupted. But, lifting up his now unobstructed head, his eyes fell on the vision that pierced the veil, and he ejaculated in a whisper, which reached further than he intended, "An Trotag Thrabhach air m' anam."¹

¹ The Sandpiper on my soul.

The nickname used by Ewan was that by which little Ealag was generally called behind her back by the foolish young people, who made up for severe repression before the directors of life doctrine and conversation, by some private irreverence of speech. It was a nickname that admirably suited Ealag's bobbing-and-trotting ways, and her prying inquisitiveness. Among those with whom she now liked to associate, and for whom she performed *con amore* the onerous duties of newsgatherer, detective, and sentinel, the Effectual Calling of poor Ealag was cruelly doubted. No valid proof could be adduced that she had ever gone visibly through the settled orthodox process of conversion. Her best claim, such as it was, arose from her being the daughter of an elder whose hoary head went down to the grave in honour and peace, and of a sister who was a conspicuous proof of revival grace, and who died not long ago in the odour of sanctity. Something might be said for Ealag on the ground of her willing services to the good cause; but as the merits of good works without faith were reprobated as a snare of the Devil, the less said on that head the better. The young graceless people, who looked upon Ealag as the spy and tale-bearer of the "unco guid," had no doubt whatever that for mischief and story-telling she would have to undergo severe after-death purifications. But that was not at all Ealag's own opinion. She worked so zealously in her vocation that she thought if she sometimes made out corrupt human nature to be a little worse than the reality, the error of judgment, being on the safe side, was one which zeal converted into a merit. In her small corner of the earth the Trotag had in fact made herself so busily important that the pious people themselves would hardly dare to quarrel with her if they felt ever so much disposed. Her face was not long nor sad. She did not groan a bit, but she, on the contrary, found no little enjoyment in the detected or suspected sins of others, and even in the flaws and shortcomings of the "unco guid" themselves. At church she paid small atten-

tion to the sermon because she was fully occupied in watching young men and women to see if speaking glances passed between them. She was by no means consciously given to falsehood. Her power among the good was indeed chiefly derived from the general correctness of her observations and the shrewdness of her surmises. She seemed by supernatural telephone to hear the smallest whisper of bashful love breathed hastily into a lassie's ear, and, according to Ewan Mor's opinion, she could see behind as well as before her, and her eye could pierce the thickest darkness as easily as a rifle ball a thin board. She was a restless creature, who trotted and bobbed from house to house brimful of gossip, which rapidly gathered in volume and variety as the ambulation proceeded. As she knew everything, she was not ignorant of course that she was called Trotag behind her back. The nickname irritated her ten times more than any doubt about her Effectual Calling. Ewan's ejaculation reached her ear, and it made her very angry.

"And this is the way you are going on?" said Ealag, lifting hands and eyes in solemn protestation, and imitating the tone of a celebrated Revivalist of the North. "This is the way you take the advice of those entitled to advise, and who in my own hearing this day warned you against the vanities, and worse than vanities, of luadhadh games, and romps, which the Kirk has condemned, along with penny-bridals, dancing balls, and other evil gatherings by which religion used to be dishonoured and immortal souls to be ruined. And, oh! is it not the shame to see a woman older than myself, and, like myself, a single woman, too, standing at the head of the cliath, while there is at the other end——" Trotag suddenly reined in, for she knew the widow did not fear her, and now that she took in the whole situation, she felt a little afraid of the widow ripping up the vanities of her own youth, and a kinship tie, to which she was as true as steel, made her also very unwilling to quarrel with Diarmad, scorner and worshipper of Baal as he might be.

"And what wouldst thou say of me?" echoed the widow, with arms akimbo and a cloud upon her usually sunny face.

There was no reply, and the widow went on—"I ask Diarmad, because he is learned in the knowledge of books, whether the old fun and luinneag are not better at a luadhadh than psalm-singing and the cold kail of old sermons made hot again? To me the gloom of your new religion—for it was not the religion of our youths I am sure—seem as much out of place at a luadhadh as dancing in a church, or singing a coronach at a wedding."

"And to me also," said Diarmad promptly. "Why should Death and the Grave and the Worm be always thrust upon us? Surely the wise man wisely said there is a time for everything."

"In the midst of life there is death, Diarmad."

"In the midst of death there is life, Ealag."

"Thou art in my opinion becoming a downright heretic."

"Well, you see, Ealag, I don't think you quite understand my meaning, and to be frank with you, I don't care the snap of my fingers for your opinion of my opinions."

"It is not from thee that I should like to hear the words of scorning. For in this country, after thy father, art not thou the head of my kith and kin?"

"Well, Ealag, that is true. But you must not push me hard; for if it should fall to me to lay your head in the grave, it is on a sharp stone I may place it if you provoke me too far in your lifetime."

Diarmad laughed, and so did the others. Trotag softened visibly under the touch of clanship, but still she turned away, saying, with a frown at the quailing spinster, "I must tell the people who sent me what you are doing."

Diarmad turned after her, declaring he would go with her and speak for himself.

"The pigs are through the warp," said Ewan, giving his head a dolorous shake. "Who may be in the house, Jessie?"

"The elder, who was to come for his wife, will be there by this time."

"Pooh! the elder's wife is right enough, and he is good himself for an elder. Any more?"

"Oh! dear, yes. Annie of Dalmore and Kirsty of Strone, and Meg of Camus have been about all day—the more the pity!"

"Goodness gracious!" exclaimed Ewan in downright consternation, for female saints, next to ghosts, were the beings he most dreaded and avoided. "Goodness gracious! all the woman holiness of the parish. Trotag in a rage and Diarmad having the mire chatha (battle fury) on him! As sure as death there will be a dreadful hullabaloo."

Trotag will not like the stone under her head," said the widow. "It is Diarmad who knows how to deal with her."

"I thought he was always right shy and bashful till to-day," observed Mary Macintyre, giving Jessie and the old spinster an eye-shot right and left."

"Ha!" said Ewan, "you girls never understood him at all till to-day, just because you could so easily make him blush, the silly fellow. I got him in here without letting on that there was a luadhadh, just to get that foolish bashfulness rubbed off."

"And the cliath has rubbed it off beautifully," remarked the old spinster, now recovering from the effect of the vision that pierced the veil.

Ewan was advised to go into the house to his dinner, and to bring back a faithful report of the proceedings. But although half-famished, he declined to venture in until there was time for the storm to burst and blow over. He proposed that, as the pigs were through the warp, they should resume the luadhadh song and game, so as to have compensation for inevitable exhortations and rebukes. This reasonable proposal was no sooner made than carried out; and Ewan, who never tried to leave the cliath when the Trotag interlude gave him the opportunity, was long tossed about and jeered at before he was allowed to capture

and kiss Mary Macintyre, in accordance with his secret intention from the beginning—which, indeed, was as well understood as if he had printed it in capital letters.

CHAPTER XX.

A SCORNER AMONG SAINTS.

DIARMAD followed hard upon Trotag's heels, but in her hurry she did not seem to notice he was close at her back. On entering the house, remembering her duty to religion and her audience, she cried, while sitting down on the nearest empty chair—"Oh what a scandal!"

The house-wife, who was placing dinner on the table for the two young men from the hill, turned sharply round, but when she saw Diarmad's face behind Trotag she did not put the intended question. The holy women were having a sewing bee with one side of the *cearna*¹ all to themselves, and old Seumas and the elder were on the other side talking about wool and market prices, and shaking heads over the snowstorm. Diarmad joined them, and, facing round upon Trotag and the pious women, said sternly—"Say what was the scandal."

"What is wrong with thee, Diarmad?" asked the house-wife.

"What is the matter, Ealag?" asked one of the sisterhood.

"They were singing profane songs, and at cliath tossing and kissing when I looked in; and I am sure it was no thanks I got from them."

"And what hast thou to say, Diarmad?" asked the elder in his session manner, but with a suspicion of a smile round the corners of his mouth.

The sisters looked solemnly from the accuser to the accused.

"What I say is that all men and women must be young

¹ Kissing.

before being old, and that when young they are perfectly entitled to enjoy innocent amusements. Ealag comes saying 'Oh, what a scandal!' and you all look as if something horrible must have happened. Well, I'll tell you all there is to tell, and, although it is very little, yet it is more than Ealag saw. About an hour ago, and just at the mouth of the night, Ewan and I, coming down from the hill, entered the luadhadh shed. The women folk in a moment carried me off my legs, and laid me on the cliath. They then commenced to sing the luinneag of Duncan Ban of the songs, which I have no doubt everyone here knows quite well. I caught Marie Chiar, and got her on the cliath, but she slipped out of my fingers like a ball of soap. (Here the house-wife, house-man, and the elder's wife broke out laughing, nor could the elder refrain from joining). I daresay she was angular and graspable when the elder and she were young (more laughter), but there is no keeping, holding, or kissing her now on a rough cliath and rolling web. (This was said in a mournful, injured tone, which quite upset the elder, and rather demoralised Anne of Dalmore, the least stiffly-starched of the sisters). Well, then, when I lost Marie, by great good luck, Jessie happened for a moment to come within the longest reach of my arm. I was not such a claothaire¹ (looking the house-wife in the face, and seeing no sign of displeasure) as to lose the chance. So, by a great stretch, dart, and pull, I grasped her fairly by the waist, dragged her on to the cliath, kissed her, and earned my liberty. They then seized on Ewan, and he was being put through the same process, and had not yet caught a hostage, when Ealag popped her head through the screen—and if you don't mind, Ealag, it is the sharp stone will be under that head at last—and began to preach like the Domhnullach Mor from the North, when his voice issuing from the hillside tent is powerful enough to be heard on the other side of Loch Tay. But, look you now, was not the preaching foolishness when there was no occasion for it at all? Why, if you come out to the shed now, Ealag and all

of you, we will go through the whole performance again with the greatest pleasure, and the luadhach custom will be properly kept up."

The house-man seemed stunned at the young man's audacity, and the house-wife and the elder's wife showed manifest approval, while the sisters were too troubled about the weakness exhibited by Anne of Dalmore to lift their testimony as they ought to have done. When Ewan was got in to his delayed dinner the atmosphere was quite serene, and quite a different subject was under discussion.

Trotag, having done her duty conscientiously, felt herself wounded in the house of her friends at first, but, whether it was the threat of that sharp stone or an unregenerated weakness that did it, the fact was certain that in the end she laughed with the laughers, and slapped Diarmad on the back in pretended reproof, but real approbation.

Ewan ate his dinner most contentedly in solemn silence, but Diarmad had to eat and talk as best he could because he was forced to be the opposition on the new subject started by the man of the house, just to change the conversation at a suitable break.

"And hast thou heard, Diarmad, about the new minister the Queen's advisers are sending us?" asked old Seumas.

"Not a word. And who is the man?"

"It is all in the papers" answered the elder, "and a letter has come to the session saying the presentee is coming to preach to us the Sunday after next. His name is Charles Stuart, and they say he comes from Arran."

"Well, there can be no objection at anyrate to the man's name, and the place of his birth."

Kirsty of Strone—"And why should there not? The Arran Gaelic is not so like ours, and I daresay the man was a smuggler."

Diarmad—"You are thinking of the minister we once got from Arran, and who was a smuggler when a boy, but was he not the good man and minister."

Anne of Dalmore—"A brand snatched from the burning."

Meg of Camus—"A proof of the power of redeeming grace."

Kirsty of Strone—"A burning and a shining light. But who is this man that he should be compared to such a servant of God? This man is just a Black Moderate."

Anne of Dalmore—"And it is the black worldly heart he must have to take, like a hungry wolf, the place refused to the man chosen by the people."

Meg of Camus—"A man you may be sure who will not lift his nose from the paper."

Kirsty of Strone—"And, as that blessed man, Mr Logie, said of the Achterarder presentee, a thief and a robber, who does not come into the fold through the door, but steals over the wall by the ladder of patronage."

Diarmad—"And pray by what ladder did Mr Logie himself and mostly all the Non-Intrusion ministers climb over the walls of their churches?"

The Elder—"Well, no doubt by the ladder of patronage; but it is only through the late encroachments on the liberties of the Kirk that the full evil of the system has come to be revealed."

Diarmad—"The encroachments were not first began by the State, and they are not all on one side yet."

The Elder—"Was not Bolingbroke's Act restoring patronage, an encroachment by the State, and a wrong to Scotland?"

Diarmad—"Granted; but I was speaking of the present quarrels."

The Elder—"They arose out of Bolingbroke's Act."

Diarmad—"True; but here was the mistake that the rulers of the Kirk, instead of going to Parliament to get Bolingbroke's Act repealed, began themselves to do what was not in their power, and to encroach on Cæsar's proper domain."

The Elder—"Dost thou think Parliament would abolish Bolingbroke's Act?"

Diarmad—"Yes of course if we worked and waited. Indeed, if the thing had rightly been gone about, it might have been accomplished by this time. It is work for the electors of Scotland, and not for the General Assembly."

Kirsty of Strone—"That is the way you all talk at the Seat of the Scorners."

Meg of Camus—"You Black Moderates should have gone to hear Mr Logie expounding the rights of the Kirk."

Diarmad—"But Mr Logie did not object to patronage when he was presented to a parish."

Anne of Dalmore—"And if the people had the free right of choice it is Mr Logie that would have the refusal of many parishes."

Meg of Camus—"Aye, for sure. And what a wonderful gift he has for soul-refreshing samhlanan (similes and parables), by which he makes the darkest texts of the Word so plain that a child can understand their deep meaning."

Anne of Dalmore—"For sure, I think of the rod of Moses striking the rock in Horeb when Mr Logie is explaining by samhlanan the deep meaning of a text that yielded to me only a surface meaning before."

Diarmad—"He has certainly an extraordinary gift for ingenious similes and comparisons; but he lets his gift lead him into shaking bogs too often."

Meg of Camus—"Art thou not afraid to be finding fault with such a man of God?"

Diarmad—"Not in the least. Truth is truth, earth is firm, and Heaven is just. Fault-finding! Why, indeed, if the sheep should choose the shepherds they must certainly judge them too. It would do Mr Logie a vast deal of good if he wrote out his sermons from beginning to end and carefully kept his nose to the paper until he learned to bridle his weakness for improper comparisons."

Chorus—"Improper. Oh!"

Diarmad—"Yes, improper, unedifying, and sometimes laughable."

Anne of Dalmore—"Prove thy words."

The other sisters—"Yes, prove them."

Ealag watched quietly, and looked very much as if she secretly sided with the scoffer, who was the young chief of her kith and kin, and threatened to put her head on a sharp stone amidst ancestral dust.

The elder said nothing. The Ciotach smoked his pipe, and clearly the elder's wife and the housewife enjoyed the Scorer's audacity. The two, in fact, had unfavourable private opinions anent some of Mr Logie's samhlachan, and they turned with unconcealed approval to hear Diarmad's reply. It came at once:—

"You ask me to prove a thing which is openly and notoriously known. I daresay all of you heard the sermon he preached from our tent at last communion. I ask you if his comparisons about mother's love and mother's milk were not indelicate and scandalous. Why, he scarcely stopped short of going into matters that should belong to doctors, howdies, and nurses. Then, at the Killaolain communion a really clever comparison led him into the eye of a quagmire." Here the elder, who, as well as Diarmad heard the sermon in which Mr Logie stepped into a verbal trap of impropriety on the back of a comparison between St Peter's faith when he denied his Master and the weights of a clock, stopped the narrative by admitting that Diarmad on that matter was right.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BARON BAILIE COURT AT BALROBERT,
INVERNESS, 1677.

THE estate of the Baillies of Dunean, at its best, was large, compact, and beautifully situated. It extended from the old road by the Leachkin to Glen-Urquhart and the parish of Kirkhill at the west, to the parish of Daviot at the east, thus including both sides of the valley of the Ness, and the salmon fishing. Bounded by Kinmylies and Abriachan on either side, two small portions next the burn of Dochfour were excluded, viz., Dochfour, properly so called, and Wester Dochgarroch and Dochnalurg. The portion called Dochfour was held on wadset up to 1770; while Dochnalurg and Wester Dochgarroch were feued in 1606 to Alexander Maclean, fifth of his family, and known as Allister-vic-Coil-vic-Farquhar-vic-Eachin-vic-Tearlaich. Alexander acquired Easter Dochgarroch shortly afterwards from Dunain, thereby consolidating his estate of Dochgarroch. The Baillies, for at least two generations, were settled in Dunain prior to the grant of the Castle lands to the family of Huntly, and are said to have settled in the North as early as 1452. This is probable, but no authentic reference is preserved prior to the year 1534, when the name of Alexander Baillie of Dunean, as Sheriff-Depute of Inverness, is found. Col. John Baillie of Dunain, in his manuscript of 1790, puts the above Alexander as the third of the family. The first document extant connected with Balrobert is a sasine, dated September, 1571, in favour of Alexander, fifth of Dunean.

The charter or precept on which this sasine proceeds bears to be dated at Edinburgh, 15th August, 1571, and to be granted by George, Earl of Huntly.

Within the next forty years the Dunain estate further included Dochcairns, Dochnacraig, Torbreck, and Knocknagail.

The document after given is interesting, particularly to those living in Inverness and neighbourhood, as one of the few extant records of Bailie Courts held within the parish. The number of defendants called is singular. If every tenant on the Estate of Torbreck were now called the number would not exceed three. It is particularly to be regretted that the several residences of the defendants are not given, as these would doubtless show many names now unknown. Any one going towards Bunachton, by way of Essich, will observe numerous green patches indicating ancient habitations on the Muir of Coille-vor-na-Skiach, without however, a stone standing. The farm of Balrobert, as now known, is chiefly modern reclamation, so that it is probable the bulk of what must have been a numerous population would apparently have dwelt beyond the Ault Mor.

Tradition has it that the Robert after whom the name, was Rob Mor, younger son of the first Baillie of Dunain, who settled there. This is highly probable, being found a recognised name in 1571.

There is also the tradition that the original biggings of Balrobert stood at the place of late years called Upper Torbreck. The last name is not found in any of the older titles, but that it was a place of some consequence is shown by the fine old elm trees which still remain.

The amounts of fines are quite disproportionate, a pound Scots then being nearly equivalent to a pound sterling at present. When it is known that, up to the beginning of this century, almost the whole of the Leys, with Balrobert, Knocknagail, Upper Culduthel, &c., &c., was one great stretch of whins and broom, it seemed hard to deprive the people of the privilege of cutting even a "besom" of broom without authority.

A Court holden at Balrobert, the 12th day of November instant, 1677 years, by Alexander Baillie, Fiar of Dunearn, Torbreck, and Balrobert, Knocknagail, and others, belonging to the said heritor, James Fraser, in Dundelchaick, his bailie; Hector Fraser, Notary Public, his clerk; and William Maciver, officer.

The suits called, the Court lawfully fenced, as use is, that day Duncan Shaw, being pursued by his said master for cutting of green woods, green fail, and divot, the said Duncan Shaw, being present, confessed to be guilty thereof, fined in ten pounds Scots.

Alexander Macwilliam, being pursued for the like, and present, confessed cutting of green fail, fined in five pounds.

Donald Davidson, accused for the like, confessed cutting of green woods, being present, confessed, fined in five pounds.

James Mackintosh, accused for the like, freed by his oath, and absolved.

James Mackintosh, present, and accused for cutting green wood, fail, and divot, confessed the hail, wherefore fined in ten pounds.

William Macgeorge, present, accused for the like, confessed, fined in ten pounds.

William Buy, present, accused for the like, confessed, fined in ten pounds.

Donald Papist, present, accused for the like, confessed cutting of green woods only, fined in five pounds.

Francis Yeaman, accused for the like matter, being present, confessed, fined in ten pounds.

John M'Cay, present, accused for the like, confessed, fined in five pounds for cutting green fail and divot.

John Macallister-vic-Ean, present, accused for the like matter, confessed, fined in ten pounds.

Robert Falconer (smith), present, accused for the like, fined in ten pounds.

James Macgeorge, shoemaker, present, accused for the like, fined in ten pounds.

Donald Macfinlay, present, accused for the like, confessed cutting of green fail and divot, fined in five pounds.

William Macintyre, miller, accused for the like, being present, fined in ten pounds.

Finlay Maciver, *alias* Miller, found guilty of the like, fined in ten pounds.

Donald Macwilliam-vic-George, being absent, fined in five pounds.

James Macgeorge, being found guilty of wrongful meddling, and taking away from his master a certain tree from his house without leave asked of his master, the said James, being present, confessed the same, wherefore the said bailie fines him in five pounds.

Francis Yeaman, found guilty of wrongful meddling, and taking away from his master a fir tree without his master's consent, confessed, fined in five pounds.

It is enacted and ordained that any person or persons whatsoever that in time coming shall happen to cut any part, or the worth of one bisson, of their master's broom, without their master's consent, shall be fined three pounds Scots *toties quoties*.

It is enacted that whatever tenant shall fail in payment of his custom wedder after the ordinary term of payment, being sufficient, and remain without paying the same for the space of a fortnight after the due time of payment, shall pay one dollar for each wedder yearly. And each person that fails in payment of his custom capons or hens after the term of payments used and wont, to pay their master one-half merk for each capon, and a groat for each hen yearly.

(Signed) JAMES FRASER, as Bailie and Judge.

(„) H. FRASER, Clerk.

OLD ATHOLE SONGS.

II.

IN the Maclagan M.S.S. we only find two of the songs of Alexander Robertson, Bohespic, respectively named "The Day of the Head of Lochfyne" and "The Enemies of the Tenants." In his recently published "Memorials of Argyleshire," Mr Archibald Brown says:—"After the Earl of Argyle escaped to Holland, from the sentence pronounced against him in 1681, the Marquis of Athole was appointed Lord-Lieutenant over the County of Argyle, and held his Court at Inveraray, during which time a refugee sings the wail—

"Cha taobh mi na srathàn,
 Cha bhi mi ga'n tathaich,
 Fhad 's a ghleidheas Fir Atholl am mod.

"The Marquis of of Athole and his followers seem to have kept within bounds until Argyle was caught and beheaded in 1685. Afterwards the Highland hosts were let loose over this district, and plundered from the Campbells and their followers everything that they could seize upon, from their flocks and herds down to the pot-crooks. The depredators engaged in this pillage were the Marquis of Athole and his retainers, including Struan Murray, and Stewart of Ballequhan, the Duke of Gordon's men, the Mackays from Strathnaver, the Stewarts of Appin, the Macdonalds of Glencoe, the Macronalds of Keppoch, the Camerons of Lochaber, the Mackenzies of Lochalsh, the Macleans of Lochbuy, Torloisk, Coll, Brolas, and Ardgour; the Macalisters from Tarbert, and the Macduffies from Islay."

We owe the following copies of originals, now kept in the British Museum, to the obliging kindness of Lord Archibald Campbell:—

"Commissione.—The Marques of Atholl, Lord Privie Seall, Lord Lewtenant of the Shyres of Ardgyle and Tarbet, to the Laird of Ballachen.

"We, John Marques of Atholl and Tarbet, Forasmuch as his Majestie by his Commissione of Lewtenance under the great Seall of the Kingdom of Scotland daited — Hath nominated and appointed us his Maties. Lewtenant within the sd. shires with power as in the sd. Commissione is at more lenth contained, Lykeas the Lords of his Maties. privie Councill by ther Commissione daited the twelfth day of March last by hast ordered us to Levie fyve hundreth men and to send them into the sd. shires for securing the peace thereof. And we being carefull according to our dutie to annswer the sd. trust reposed and comited to us, and being confident of the conduct, courage and Loyaltie of Patrick Steuart of Ballachane, Doe hereby nominate and apoint you Comander of the said fyve hundreth men, with power to appoint captaines and other inferior officeres for whom you shall be answerable, and to march with them to the sd. shyres of Ardgyl and Tarbit, and to keep them in good order and discipline and to punish all disobedientes and delinquents under your comand according to the Law of armes, and to seize all suspect persones, declaired fugitives, and intercomuned persones, and in caise of resistance in ane hostile maner to kill and slay them. And generalie you are to obey and execute such orderes and Instructiones as you have already receaved or shall receave from his Matie, or his privie Councill or us from tyme to tyme, Requiring heirby all the officeres and . . . souldieres under your comand to give all dutifull obedience to you as their Chief Comander as they will answer upon ther highest perill, and in caise ther be any appeirance of ane insurrectione or rebellione in thes shires we hereby give you power to call out for your assistance all of the surname of M'Lean, M'Donald, M'Dougall, M'Neill, and other Mackes within the said shyres, whome we heirby require to obey you as they will answer upon ther highest perill.

"Given at Dunkeld the sixth day of April, 1685.

"ATHOLL."

"We, John Marquess of Atholl, Lord Leifftenant of Argyle and Tarbet, fforasmuch as we find it necessary for his Maties. service and the p(eace) of the sd. shyres of

Argyle and Tarbet that ther be certane number kept in arms in the same, and being confident of the loy(altie) conduct and courage of Patrick Steuart of Ballachen to command the sd. men, Therfor we heirby grant powers and commissione to the said Patrick Steuart to keep in armes the number of five hundred men and to appoint officers over them (for?) whom he shall be answerable; and to seaze, apprehend, and in caise of resistance to kill all reb(els) theifes robbers within the sd. shyres, and (execute?) such instructiones as you shall receave from his Maties. privie Councill or us from tyme to tyme; and for doing qr. of this pnts. shall (be) warrant. Subd. at Inverary the 3d June. "ATHOLL."

"Instructions be the Marques of Atholl, Lord leifftenant of the shyres of Argyll and Tarbet, Be virtue of his Maties. Commissione of Leavtenancie and warrand from his Maties. privie Counsell to him.

"To the Laird of Ballachan.

"1. You are to march to the shyres of Ardgyl and Tarbet with five hundred men, whom you are to command.

"2. You are to keep them in good order and discipline that noe prejudice be done to the country.

"3. You are not to remain above three days together in one place, but to march from place to place, and to usse all meanes to get intelligence of all strangeres, vagabonds, declaired fugitives and intercomuned persones that be in the county, and to seaze their persones and imprisone them, and in caise of ressistance to slay and kill them.

"4. You are to have spies one the sea costs to bring you notice when any strangeres come ashoare, and particullarlie when any comes from Irland.

"5. You are to disarm the wholl inhabitants of Ila, Collansa and Oransa and Jura.

"6. You are to seaze all powder and lead and ammuni-tion wherever you can find it.

"7. You are to assist and to see that the workmen that comes from Edinburgh doe their duty in demolishing of the houses. The houses that you are to demolish are the Castele of Carrick, and the Castele of Ilangreig in Cowell, the Castle of Dunstaffnidge in Lorne, the Castle of Craiginish, the Castle of Duntroone, Castle Suine, Kilberie, Tarbet, Skipridge, all in the division of Ardgyl; the

Castle of Saddell in Kintyre, and you are to cause the countrie people next adjacent to be assistant to demolish the houses.

"8. You are to desire Craigenteron to goe alongs with you to se some of the housses demolished, and Galachylie to go alongs with any pairtie you sends in to disarme Isla, and the rest of the Ilands in your Instructions. But upon oath you may give back to the Maclaines in Jura ther armes, that you may doe the same to Galachylie, his freends and followeres in the Ilands.

"ATHOLL."

"All the Macs" had to be called out. The only gleam of success which fell on Argyle's ill-starred invasion was the capture of Ardkinglass Castle, and the defeat of the Atholemen at Lochfynhead. Now, is this affair the subject of Alexander Robertson's song? General Buchan's share in it, and the "spoiling letter" sent to Edinburgh, prove, we think, that the Bohespic bard is singing about the abortive attempt to invade Argyle in 1689, and the collapse of the Jacobite insurrection at that time. This song seems to have gone also by the name of "Ranndabo," or the "Rendezvous." The Lochaber bard, Iain Lom, in a song praising the Marquis of Athole for opposing the Union, states that he saw "Ranndabo an t-sleibh," which we suppose means the meeting of "the Macs" and the Atholemen at the Head of Lochfyne, in 1689, when they were forced to retire, because their Commander did not wish to let them fight.

LATHA CHEANN LOCH-FINE.

LE ALASDAIR MAC DONNACHA MHIC THEARLAICH
AM BOHEASBUIG.

(From the *Maclagan MS.S.*)

Latha Cheann Locha-Fine,
Is sinn nar sin air an leacainn,
Ar Commandair ag amladh
Dh'inn ar naimhdean a ghlacadh !
Thug sinn seachdain gar 'n ionnsach,
Dol a a dh'ionnsuidh Ghilleasbuig ;
'S ann oirne bha 'n t-angar ¹
'Nuair a thionndadh sinn dachaigh.

¹ Ambgar.

Na'm biodh sinn uile cho deonach
 'S a bha Mac-an-toisich ¹ an toiseach ;
 'Nuair a rainig e 'n garadh
 A Rìgh ! bu laidir a sheasamh.
 'Nuair bha trup nan each bana
 Tigh'nn a nairde o'n chaisteil,
 Bha Mac Coinnich ag griosach—
 "Fhir ud shios fan air ais uainn."
 Latha Cheann Locha-Fine, etc.

Bha Mac Coinnich na Dalach
 Gle thoileach 's an uair sin,
 Air a chlaidheamh a tharruing
 Dol a bhuidhinn a chruadail,
 Le shaighdeare laghach
 Air an tagha mu'n cuairt da—
 Dheanamh fuil air Mac Cailein
 'S a thoirt sgaradh bochd truagh air.

Bha fear Inbhir-Slanai
 Air a ghainmhich na sheasamh,
 An deigh ghunna a thaomadh
 Ann an aodann nam marcach,
 Sgiath bhallach air uilinn,
 Claidheamh fuileach na dheas laimh,
 Paidhir dhag air a chruachainn -
 Dol a bhualadh Ghilleasbuig.

Bha Mac Uilleam Mhic Sheumais
 Lan ardain is tailceas,
 Nach d' fhuair e gu raidhe
 Earraghael a ghlacadh ;
 Na'm faigheadh e gu chomairt
 Dheanta gnothuch am fheascair—
 Chuireadh saighdeire maoim orr'
 Gun chommandair, gun chaiptein.

Na'm biodh agam an t-aite
 Bh'aig na staitich bu treasa,
 Chuirinn saighdeirean aotrom
 Air an sgaoil air an leacainn ;
 Bhiodh sgiath air gach taobh dhiuth
 Nach fhaidte dol as doibh ; ...
 Bhiodh trup nan each mainmneach
 Cuir nan eanchainnean asta

¹ From Mar.

Na 'm bu mise fear-ordugh,
 Air luchd nan goiseidin glasa,
 Dheanainn croich agus cord dhoibh,
 'S bheirinn ordu bho 'n Mharcus ;
 Chuirinn facal commandair
 An laimh an Aonghais bu ghlaise ¹
 A cheann a chuir air an fharadh
 An fhir is aird thug dhuinn masladh.

Ach an Seanailear Buchainn,
 Bh' ann ar cuideachd 's an am sin,
 Chuir e sgaoil anns an latha
 'S thug e reabhadh d'an Traitear ;
 Chaidh litir a mhillidh
 Leis fein do Dhuneideann—
 An lamh a sgriobh i le peana
 Mile beannachd uam fhein di.

Bha sinn uile nar luaine
 Dol a thualag air cais-bheart,
 Sinn na'r luidh' air an leacainn,
 'S sinn ag feitheamh nam marcach ;
 Bha sinn ullamh gu teine,
 'S gu iomairt nan glas-lana—
 Fios a thaineadh mu dheireadh
 Dol gu'r ceirinnin dachaigh !

THE DAY OF THE HEAD OF LOCHFYNE.

BY ALEXANDER, SON OF DUNCAN, SON OF CHARLES,
 IN BOHESPIC.

The Day of the Head of Lochfyne, when we couched on the hillside, and our commander was keeping us from capturing our foes ! We got a week's training marching towards Gilleasbuig, and great was our rage when we had to turn home.

O that we all had been as eager as Mackintosh was at first. When he got to the garden, O, King ! strong was his standing. As the troop of white horses was coming up from the Castle, Mackenzie oath-shouted — “ Men below there, keep back from us.”

The Day of the Head of Lochfyne, etc.

Mackenzie from Dal in that hour was right willing his sword to unsheathe and rush to win in the struggle, with his fine, select soldiers gathered about him, to draw blood on Mac Caillein, and inflict woful loss on him.

Inver-Slany's² goodman (or laird) on the sand was a-standing, after pouring his shot in the face of the riders ; bossy shield on

¹ The Provost.

² Balquhider.

his elbow, bloody sword in right hand, pistols a pair on his haunches, ready for striking Gilleasbuig.

The son of William Mac Seumas was full of fury and scorn because he got not conquered Argyle for a three months' raiding. If he had his desire they would have fought in the evening—the soldiers would have thrown foes into panic without commander or captain.

Had I the high place of statesmen of might, I would have spread out on the hillside the soldiers light-marching, a wing on each side so they could not escape, then brains would be scattered to the troop of proud-stepping steeds.

Had I been the ruler o'er the men of grey gorgets, gallows and cords would I make, get command from the Marquis, and pass the strict order to the hand of Angus the palest, on the ladder to place the head of the man who to us had caused dishonour the deepest.

Ach, General Buchan, who was then in our company, parted that day's fighting, and warning gave to the Traitor. The letter of mischief went with himself to Dunedin. To the hand that wrote it with pen, a thousand blessings from me.

We all were a-bustling to throw off brogues and stockings, couched on the hillside a-waiting the horses. We were ready to fire and to ply the keen steel—and the word came at last to go home to our quarters !

FORTUNES OF THE RATTERS.

BY THOMAS SINCLAIR, M.A.

IT is a grateful task to pay tribute to the three able articles, entitled "Castle Girnigoe and the Sinclairs of Ratter," recently contributed to the *Highland Monthly* by Mr Kenneth Macdonald, Town-Clerk of Inverness. That they have an extremely practical interest since the death of the young Earl of Caithness, especially as to who has now the proper right to the northern earldom, adds to their general historic value. Indeed, they go far towards completely proving that all the earls, since the death of Alexander in 1765, have been usurpers, some of them wittingly.

Before discussing so novel a view of the immediate situation of the Caithness peerage, which would preclude the Aberdeen banker of the Durran family from the title, it is necessary to follow the account given of the Ratters, two of whom were among the usurping earls of this latest information. The first of them, Sir John Sinclair of Ratter knight, was the third son of John the Master of Caithness, who died 15th March, 1576, in the dungeon of Girnigoe Castle, after being imprisoned from September, 1572, by his father, George, the fourth earl. Mr G. M. Sutherland, in the *Celtic Magazine*, mentioned authentic ancient documents for this period of the imprisonment instead of Sir Robert Gordon's seven years.

Similar exaggerations are found in everything Gordon writes of the Sinclair family. His father made escape from being the ward of Earl George, which was a high feudal crime. He was also his son-in-law. The ward, when of age, divorced the earl's daughter. Marrying again to the divorced wife of Bothwell, of Queen Mary notoriety, his

second son by her, Sir Robert, the historian, took up the feud between the two families with more than even the usual bitterness of that period. To vindicate the fifty-four years' rule of George, the fourth earl, both over Sutherland and Caithness, against his malicious attacks is by no means difficult, Mr Sutherland having himself, by aid of his legal knowledge, almost completed the case in George's favour. Yet it is the other day only that some writers, on the occasion of the death of the Earl of Caithness, paraded Gordon's scandalous lying as truth, quite unconscious that they were following the lead of a person of proved untruthfulness, and of mortal malignity as to the Sinclairs of Caithness. It is a pity that Mr Macdonald has in his articles also accepted so much as he has done on such authority, even for introductory purposes. In his advocacy of the Earl's character, Mr Sutherland unfortunately admitted that the Master was murdered in the dungeon, but of this there is no proof whatsoever, and least of all is there any reason to believe that his father aided or wished for his death. There is enough of material to show that if the unfortunate Master of Caithness died in the dungeon it was a natural death, and further, that if imprisoned there at all, and not in the upper portion of the castle, it was after the manslaughter of his brother William, supposing that this also is not an invention by Gordon, who is the source of all the so-called traditions on the subject. Mr Sutherland's dangerous assumption that the "murder of William Sinclair by the Master in the dungeon was the cause of his own death very soon afterwards," is totally met by the fact that William's lands of Canisbay and others were in possession of his brother George, as his heir, at least a year before the death of the Master, for which reference is given to the printed Register of the Great Seal. Two years after the event, the clergy gave a pension to the Earl for "zeal towards the glory of God," in collecting the Church's rents among other things meritorious; and this does not accord with such stories as those of Gordon about doing his son to death in

a dungeon. But the theme will by and bye be treated at length on State records and other faithful documents. The Ulbster family, who are descended from an illegitimate son of William, had a tradition that Earl George and the Master, his eldest son, were both seeking in marriage a Euphemia, the only daughter of an ancestor of Lord Reay, and that the Earl, to aid his own suit, imprisoned the son. There is no doubt that both were free to marry at the time of the imprisonment, the Countess having died in 1572, and the Master being divorced while in prison because of adultery with a Thurso woman, Rorison or Gunn. Another thing is also known, that the Earl had imprisoned at least one relative before, namely, his natural brother, David of Dun, chamberlain of the bishopric of Caithness. For this he had a Royal remission or pardon in 1565. It is possible that he was of the temper to incarcerate his son, not for love business, but for secular or saving reasons. In that period, if the Master had, as said, hurt his brother to the death, though after some days of lingering, the crime would have been called slaughter, the punishment of which was capital, no matter what the rank. To keep his son in prison—the Earl being justiciary—was the only way of prolonging the Master's life. The Earl's enemies were able to give quite another colour to the matter, and it is possible that tenderness for his son kept his mouth shut. There is much more of this kind of considerations available to clear up the so-called tragedy, much better thought of as a mystery, which may now be unveiled on the strength of real information. How tradition, with all its uses admitted, intensifies and falsifies was recently well exemplified by another Caithness tale, which made of Patrick Sinclair of Brims Castle, in the eighteen century, a double Manfred; cold narrative as told by Henderson in his "Caithness Family History," stating the fact to be that he was, justly or unjustly, blamed for the death—to hide their shame—of his unmarried cousin. Girnigoe Castle stories will diminish likewise on close inspection, if not altogether disappear

There may have been a brothers' quarrel, but it is very probable that a death after an interval of several days was from quite other reasons than a personal struggle, if this ever at all happened. The earldom's heir may have died in the dungeon, but there is no reason to consider that his father did him wrong. As to murder, the most contrary desires were those which prevailed. The Ulbsters' account in Galt's "Entail" may be the right one, that his death was owing to the carelessness, neglect, and ill-doing of the officials of the castle left to guard and care for him while the Earl was an active Privy Councillor in Edinburgh. But too much has already been said on a subject not very directly related to the fortunes of the Ratters, the descendants of the Master's third son.

It is possible that Gordon's other scandal tale of the poisoning of the Earl and Countess of Sutherland by Isobel, cousin of the Earl of Caithness, in Helmsdale Castle, could not bear the light of modern science to be thrown upon it, though that the lady was tried at Edinburgh and died before her execution may be true. Accusations of slow poisoning and of witchcraft were at that time, and much later, fatal to innocent people. The historian admits that some days occurred before the death of those supposed to have been poisoned at dinner; but what poison would operate in such a manner? The fatality of food in wrong condition is well known to the modern newspaper, and often after lingering illness. Poison, at one sitting, so to speak, does not thus act. Gordon is manifestly as superstitious as his contemporary, King Jamie, and malice and superstition can breed strange children. Has anyone ever seen this case in national or law records? Pitcairn, who was fond of such romantic tragedies, has nothing of it in his book on criminal trials in Scotland. But enough of Sir Robert Gordon's fictions about Caithness and its dominant family, whom he personally wronged again and again. The point now is to follow Mr Macdonald's facts regarding the Ratters, and to supplement them with fresh material.

Of Sir John of Ratter we learn more in history than Mr Macdonald thinks. With his brother George, the fifth earl, he took a principal part in the reduction of Kirkwall Castle in 1615, which had been occupied by Robert Stuart, the natural son of Patrick, Earl of Orkney, in the State struggle, which ended by the decapitation of Robert and Earl Patrick. Pitcairn has full details of the expedition. Sir John of Ratter was left to quiet the country, and to hold the castle, after the Earl of Caithness went to Court to report his success. To him the task of demolishing the castle was to have been given, but another did what would have been an unpleasant duty, the building being the erection of one of his own ancestors. There is a good deal of knowledge of Sir John in a contract between the fifth earl and his uncle, George, Chancellor of Caithness. This document will shortly be published, and it throws light on the Girnigoe mystery, and on some of the persons related to it.

The succession of Sir John's three sons to Ratter lands is illustrated by an inventory of about forty documents, of the charter and bond kind, to be found in a volume of printed law papers in the British Museum, containing the proof of 1767 by William Sinclair of Ratter, when claiming the earldom of Caithness. It is not necessary to fasten on John, or indeed upon any of the brothers in particular, the origin of the pecuniary embarrassment; for their father had only a small property; given him, as one ancient record says, to "aid him towards a living." The brothers James and John borrowed for their sister's dowry £3000 from Sir John, son of George of Mey, then the wealthiest family; and Sir William of Cadboll being another of the Meys, it is easy to see how he came to have Ratter lands mortgaged to him, and afterwards appraised. William, the son of James of Ratter, was a creditor of the Meys in 1692, when, at the instance of the Cuninghams, to Jean of whom he was married, they were made bankrupts and their estates sold.

It is of William's son, John of Ratter, that the pathetic tale of the Inverness imprisonment for debt is told; and, being married to Elizabeth, daughter of Sir William of Mey, it is probable that the financial troubles, for which he suffered so severely, came to him partly through connection with the liabilities of that family. But fortunes were small then, and estates were often lost and gained. Mr Macdonald does not mention John of Ratter's petition from the vault of the steeple of Inverness, nor the fact that it was at the instance of Alexander Rorison, merchant, Thurso, for a debt of £1400 Scots, that in May, 1700, he was confined within the prison of Tain. The petition and explanatory matter appeared some years ago in an Inverness newspaper, and subsequently in the *Northern Ensign*, Wick. But an unexpected addition is afforded, not by the fact well known, that Neil Macleod of Assynt obtained a decree of spuilzie or wasting for £2000 Scots against Ratter and Sir James of Mey in 1692, the year of Mey's bankruptcy, but that on 2nd May, 1704, Ratter was imprisoned in the tolbooth of Inverness for not paying a portion of this debt. Neil was the betrayer of Montrose, and it was surprising, to say no more, that he found himself successful, but it occurred in the time of William and Mary. If Mr Macdonald would publish the list of some thirty persons denounced rebels in 1695 about the affair it might greatly help to get at the rights of the matter.

His guesses as to the raid on Assynt can be supplemented with facts. In a legal paper written in 1738, consisting of 22 pages, there is a full narration of the methods by which Macleod was dispossessed of Assynt, and of the hardships which he suffered from the Earl of Seaforth, the Mackenzies, his clan, and from the Sinclairs of Cadboll or Mey, with others of the name. The country of Assynt suffered a series of raids. In 1646, while Neil Macleod, its laird, was a minor in the house of Seaforth at Braen, Seaforth ordered his men to fall upon Neil's castle. They made great havoc, burning the habitations of 180 families,

and carrying off 3000 cows, 2000 horses, and 7000 sheep and goats. No redress could be had by Macleod. In 1654 again, when General Middleton was making his last struggles against Cromwell in favour of Charles II., Lord Seaforth made great depredations in Assynt. He destroyed wine and brandy, which Neil bought out of a ship then on the coast, besides other commodities, to the value of 50,000 merks. He carried off 2400 cows, 1500 horses, 6000 sheep, and burnt or destroyed many houses. This was three years after Neil's betrayal of Montrose, when he was fair game for his enemies. But he brought his case before the English judges who then ruled Scotland, and claimed that Middleton admitted giving no orders to Seaforth to lay Assynt waste. Seaforth defeated the process by proving that Neil was in arms against Cromwell. At the Restoration Neil tried to prove an *alibi* as to his betraying Montrose, he being, he said, 60 miles from the spot where "that barbarous cruel action" occurred.

The truth is Neil was long in debt to Seaforth by cautioning and apprising, and ejection from his Castle of Ardbrack, and the lands of Assynt, was obtained against him in 1671. Neil violently opposed giving up the castle, though commanded by writ in the king's name, and a commission of fire and sword was granted against him and his people in July, 1672, the commission to execute it being Lord Strathnaver, Lord Lovat, Fowlis, and others. It was for aiding this expedition that Ratter had to pay the penalty of imprisonment in Inverness Prison, when the Court of Session, in 1692, gave Neil £2000 Scots of expenses and damages to be paid by the defenders, and further damages as particulars of more losses came to hand. In 1672 a body of men to the number of 2300, of whom a large number were from Caithness, and commanded by Sinclairs, "invaded," as Neil calls it, Assynt, and "committed most horrible barbarities," till the whole country was destroyed. But Seaforth showed Neil, who came to him under a protection, a certificate that he was acting under

commission according to law, and allowed him 15 days to consider an offer for his estate. Instead of accepting the proposal, Neil decided that it was not safe to return to his Castle of Ardrack, and set out for Edinburgh, carrying his charter-chest with him. To follow the words of the paper, "Seaforth being apprehensive, it seems, of the consequence of Assynt's going to Edinburgh, immediately entered into correspondence and concert about the matter with the Laird of Mey. The consequence was that Assynt, being driven by unfavourable winds to the Orkneys, the Laird of Mey, with a body of men, seized him there, to be sure under the notion of an outlaw, and, by commission from Seaforth, stripped him to the shirt, robbed him of everything, particularly of his charter-chest, with all the writs and evidents belonging to his family and estate, and carried him to the Castle of Mey, where he was kept prisoner in a vault. Thence he was conveyed prisoner under a strong guard to Tain, and at last to Braen, Seaforth's house. In Braen (to which place the charter-chest was brought, as was afterwards proved in the process of spuilzie) Neil was detained many months prisoner in a vault in most miserable circumstances, still threatened with worse usage if he would not agree to sign a blank paper probably designed for a disposition to his estate, which was, it seems, the great thing to be procured from him by all this bad usage. At last Neil was brought south to Edinburgh, where he arrived after being in 13 or 16 prisons, and in the end he obtained the remission formerly mentioned."

It was in 1674 that Neil had this remission, chiefly for daring to defend his castle against the King's writ. But that he was an outlaw is clear, and the commission must have somehow gone beyond its limits for him to have obtained in 1692 a decree of spuilzie against upwards of thirty of the leaders of the 2300 so-called invaders of Assynt. Though in poverty, Neil commenced in 1679 and 1680 a process of reduction against Seaforth, which was stopped because he had then no title in his person to the

lands of Assynt, and because he was at the horn, and therefore without standing in the court. Then he raised a process of spuilzie against Seaforth, Sinclair of Mey, Sinclair of Dunbeath, and others. Seaforth, who was the successor of the Seaforth already mentioned, denied having the charter-chest personally, and was freed from the charge of spuilzie. The damages of 1692 therefore fell on the Sinclairs and others. The decree of spuilzie and its damages Neil gave to his nephew and heir, Captain Donald Macleod of Geanzies, who pursued for payment.

Cadboll also became the property of one of these Macleods; Geanzies formerly belonging to the Sinclairs of Dunbeath, and Cadboll to the Sinclairs of Mey. It is in this connection that the secret of the Sinclairs ceasing to be Ross-shire lairds is to be found. Sir William Sinclair of Mey and Cadboll was married to Margaret, daughter of George, Earl of Seaforth; and this explains his interest in seizing Neil and his charter-chest. He was best known as Sheriff of Tain. The Bailliary of Tain was the property of the Sinclairs of Mey from 8th December, 1584. On 30th October, 1585, at Stirling, the King confirmed a charter of Robert Innes of Innes and Cromy, by which, for fulfilling a contract of date Overhall of Cromy, 8th December, 1584, he sold to George Sinclair of Mey, Chancellor of Caithness, and third son of George, the fourth earl, and to Margaret Forbes, his wife, daughter of Lord Forbes, the lands of Plaids, Pitnellie, Pettagorte, Ballnatie, Ballacharie, Skardie, with the mill, Toren, the Bailliary of Tain, Ross-shire. At Holyrood the King, on 11th December, 1592, gave a charter to William, son and heir of George Sinclair of Mey, of the lands of Little Kilmuir, the Dief near Cadboll, Our Lady's Chapel, the Linkland, Our Lady's Well, the Haven, Our Lady's Port, and peats from the moss of Fernie. This William, afterwards knight and baronet, was the grandfather of the Sir William who seized Macleod. The relations which the Sinclairs held to Tain is illustrated from the *Acta Scotiæ Parliamentorum*, where the town supplicates

Parliament in 1649, as a "poor, decayed burgh," that in last September, Rose of Kilravock, with 100 foot and 35 horse, quartered on them 4 days and nights; that they granted a bond to him for three months' maintenance, by the advice of Sir John Sinclair of Dunbeath and Geanies and of Sinclair of Dunbeath; and would the Parliament let the burgh free from payment? Tain gained the relief asked for in their supplication. Cadboll and Mey were apprised as early as 1664, for £12,356 13s 4d; but Mey did not pass from the Sinclairs, though only by the intervention, about 1694, of their relative Viscount Tarbat, son of Lord Seaforth.

The Macleod decree culminated a series of financial difficulties inextricably knitted with the fortunes of the Ratters. Some original documents related to these points will shortly be published. Meantime, nothing very definite can be stated of what was a perfect *embroglio* of bonds, apprisings, cross-charges, and every form of legal obligations, one above another. A clue may, however, simplify the whole matter; and, no doubt, the Macleod business played a considerable part in the imprisonment of John Sinclair of Ratter in Inverness. He would almost seem to have been chosen to be the scape-goat of all his Caithness relations. But perhaps too much has been said on this for present general purposes. It may be interesting to add that the Robert Fraser, advocate, Edinburgh, who unduly wished to favour Tain against John of Ratter, was long the member of Parliament for Wick. Mr Macdonald is unable to give a date to the death of John, and hopes that the last few years of his aged life were spent at Ratter, "among the old scenes and surrounded by the old faces;" but in the Ratter legal proof of 1767 he is mentioned as dying in 1714, and his son, William of Freswick, was petitioning in 1713 the Inverness Magistrates for indulgences from some of the frightful severities of his prison life; so that the probability is that his last moments were those of a debtor in prison and not of an honoured laird in Caithness.

It is of the doings of William Sinclair of Ratter, grandson of this unhappy prisoner, in securing for himself the earldom of Caithness, that most account has to be taken ; and there cannot be too much acknowledgment of the effective addition of information on the theme given by Mr Macdonald. Nothing could be more complete proof, from documents in the Advocates' Library, and from other unprejudiced sources, that William ought never to have been Earl of Caithness, and that Captain James Sinclair, H.E.I.C.S., grandson of David of Broynach, was the proper heir. The fullness of knowledge is remarkable, and of a pertinent value quite unknown since the end of the contest in 1772, when William became earl. A thing of direct interest is that the descendants of David of Broynach, brother of John, Earl of Caithness, are not at all likely to be extinct ; and it is among them that a new earl has to be sought now, the Mey earls being so only because they were next heirs after the Ratters, both branches, it seems, usurpers of the rights of the Broynachs. In a paper lately contributed to the *Northern Ensign*, David of Broynach had three sons and a daughter by Janet Ewen. David, Donald, and Janet's names, being recorded, are certain. The fourth is at present doubtful, but the parish registers could discover the name and sex, both of which are not as yet known. Henderson, in "Caithness Family History," has the following remarkable note :—"By Janet Ewen, who was his servant, David of Broynach had two sons, David and Donald, and two daughters. David, the eldest son, enlisted as a soldier, and married Margaret More or Mackay, by whom he had a son, James, who resided in Reiss" (the claimant against Ratter), "and John, who was alive in 1767. Donald Sinclair, David's second son, went to sea, and married, and had a son and five daughters, who were all dead in 1767 except one named Anne, who married Alexander Millis, merchant in Banff. Janet Ewing was buried in the Old Kirk of Olig, under Durran's seat." It would seem as if it were the daughters except one who

are referred to as all dead in 1767, and Donald's son may therefore be well represented in Caithness. But, even if this son was also dead in 1767, there is the other statement, which demands investigation, that there were three sons. The third may have descendants among whom the rightful heir to the earldom of Caithness is now to be found. The parish registers at the Register House, Edinburgh, can settle this point, especially those of Olrig, Thurso, and Wick parishes. It is one of the Durran family, under whose seat Janet Ewen was buried, who is considered the rightful earl, being of a branch of the Mey late earl's family ; but it is probable that this persecuted woman of the people shall yet obtain her right and justice as the ancestress of earls, and as the true married wife of David Sinclair of Broynach, Earl John's brother.

To aid this new inquiry the writer advances some curious traditions which have been very persistent among his own section of the Sinclair family. About 1855, in particular, his grandfather, John Sinclair, in Reiss, then 75, told him, as a boy of 12, that his descent was from the Sinclairs of Isauld. Now, Isauld came into the possession of the Murkle and Broynach family in 1723, and, as Isauld was a barony, they must have gone thereafter by the title of the Sinclairs of Isauld. The Earl Alexander who died in 1765, was one of them, about the succession to whose title the contest between William of Ratter and James in Reiss took place. The father of John Sinclair in Reiss, mentioned above, was James, born in 1742. He was chamberlain to Sinclair of Harpsdale, provost of Wick (who was the uncle of Sir John of Ulbster, the agriculturist and statistician), and he appears in the Wick parish register frequently as "James Sinclair in Sarclet." My grandfather said that Harpsdale's third wife, Helen, one of the Lybster family, was a near relation to my great-grandfather ; and the Lybsters are known in their consanguinity to the Murkle-Broynachs, or, as they were called later, the Isaulds, Sir James Sinclair of Murkle being the ancestors of the Lybsters by an

illegitimate son. The rumour always has been that this James in Sarclet had rights to a high position, and that the Ulbsters knew it, and accordingly favoured him specially, even to losing the friendship of Earl Alexander, who repudiated the descendants of his uncle, David of Broynach, as illegitimates. A decision in favour of Ratter, in 1772, put the stamp of illegitimacy, though falsely, on the Broynachs, then the only representatives of the Isaulds; and any relationship to that family would naturally not be much published on such understanding. That James in Sarclet accepted the decision is to be inferred from the tradition of his grand-daughter, now 83, who heard that his descent was illegitimate. The new discoveries change all this. It can easily be imagined that the Broynach or Isauld descendants, after Captain James's gallant struggle for his rights, had neither will nor means to continue the fight on his death in 1788.

James in Sarclet was probably the son of Donald mentioned in Henderson's note, or a son of the third son of David of Broynach, whose name has yet to be discovered, but who may have been a "James in Ulbster" of Wick Parish Register. In Sarclet there were families of exactly the Broynach names, James, Francis, David, John, Alexander, and Donald, which is at least cumulative evidence. Till Mr Macdonald's facts appeared, this descent had many difficulties which now depart. The tradition of Isauld descent had led in other, but wrong, directions, namely, to the Asseries, an illegitimate branch of the Murkle-Broynach Isaulds, and to the oldest Dunbeaths, who were holders of Isauld early in the seventeenth century. But the latest discovery that the Broynachs were the Isaulds of my grandfather's reference puts all other theories aside. The consequence from this, if it can be substantiated by documents and good evidence, is clear, namely, that the descendants of James in Sarclet have a true claim to the earldom of Caithness before the representative of the Durran family, or any other member of the Meys. If a

nearer heir can be found, it will only be among James in Sarclet's immediate relations, the Isauids and their descendants, supposing any exist outside of James's direct offspring, which is not probable, as nothing is known of other Isauid representatives. Should careful search substantiate James in Sarclet as the only representative with living descendants of David of Broynach, the present heir to the earldom is David Sinclair, my father's elder brother, a rich farmer near Geelong, Australia, who is married to Catherine Sinclair, a grand-daughter of William Sinclair of Freswick. His brothers' names are Alexander, James, John, Francis (which are specially Murkle-Broynach names), and George, who was named out of his own family, after Sir George Dunbar, Bart. of Ackergill.

These hints are only aids to investigation of the serious documentary kind, but they may be allowed to be at least encouraging towards further research. Edinburgh and Caithness are the localities where the final conclusions can be arrived at ; and it is fortunate that the subject is opened to public discussion before the Aberdeen banker, who might be made Earl of Caithness, could have an additional disappointment to the loss of the Mey estates belonging to the last earl.

“THE STUDENT” OF NATURE AND
SCIENCE.

L O! ye who reverent students be,
Who sit with silent and adoring mien
Before each masterpiece of God ;
What vistas open of the worlds unseen !
What virgin snows, by man untrod !
Receive the truth on bended knees :
Beyond the jewelled breastplate of our world,
Beyond the burnished mirror of our seas,
Beyond the splendours that we see unfurled—
Are Isles of Peace !

ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL.

JAMES STUART OF KILLIN.

[NOTE BY DR DONALD MASON.]

THE following fragment of MS., in the handwriting of Mr Stewart's son, Dr John Stewart of Luss, the translator into Scotch Gaelic of the larger portion of the Old Testament, was found among the papers of the late Dr Alexander Cameron, of Brodick. How it came into his hands I have hitherto been unable satisfactorily to trace out. But there is a clue which, it is hoped, some reader of the *Highland Monthly* may have it in his power to follow back successfully. The editor has good reason to believe that Dr Cameron, in one of his book-hunting raids among the old book-stalls of Dublin, lighted on a mass of manuscript and proof sheets, more or less closely connected with Dr John Stuart's work of Bible translation; and among these MSS. in Dr Cameron's collection there is one, at the top of the first page of which stands the following address apparently in Dr Stuart's handwriting:—

Mr John Stuart, merchant,
upon Alston's Key,
Dublin.

Who was this Mr John Stuart, of Dublin? What, if any, was his relation to the Stuarts of Luss? Perhaps some member of the Perthshire family of Alston-Stuarts may be able to throw light on these queries, in which all students of our Scotch Gaelic Bible are deeply interested.

Be that as it may, we cannot be too thankful for this graphic picture of Mr Alexander Stewart's simple, studious, and pious life, so tenderly etched in by the pen of his accomplished son, and successor in the great work, which gave the Highlanders the Word of God in their native tongue. The position of a Highland minister in those

times was one of blessed repose, and of quiet but mighty influence. There were then very many who, in lonely Highland manses, devoted much of their time, as Mr Stewart did, "to reading, study, meditation, and prayer." But few were privileged to leave behind them such a memorial for all time as, in our Gaelic New Testament, enshrines the memory of the pious and studious minister of Killin; nor were there many of whom the hand of filial affection has left us so charming a picture as this fragment, written many years ago, presents to a new generation of his grateful countrymen.

Of Dr John Stuart himself, the writer of this biographic fragment, and of his family, I am fortunately enabled to give the following reminiscences, which have been kindly gathered for me by the learned and courteous incumbent of his old parish of Luss, the Rev. Duncan Campbell. In the next number of the *Highland Monthly* I may return to the subject.

"The Manse, Luss, October 17, 1889.

"I am sorry that I am able to give you so little of the information you ask about Dr Stuart. When I first came to Luss, thirty-seven years ago, there were some old people who liked to speak about Dr and Mrs Stuart; but they are now almost all dead, and even traditional reminiscences have nearly died out. I heard something about botanical discoveries, and some quaint stories concerning the absent-minded old student. Mrs Stuart, much younger than her husband, was a notable manager, the doctor and adviser of the whole parish. And, as the Highland inns were then on a smaller scale than they are now, she was the entertainer of most of the tourists, so much so that the innkeeper spoke of removing his sign-board and setting it up over the manse door. Lord Ormidale, a native of the parish, called here shortly before his death, and told me that when he was leaving the parish he was sent to bid good-bye to his minister, Dr Stuart. While he was speaking to me he was sitting at the dining-room window, where he then sat with Dr Stuart, who, as he was well able to do, was giving him many good advices. Lord Ormidale looked toward

the door, and said :—‘ I think I can see the door open, and Mrs Stuart, with the stateliness of a duchess, announce—Dr dear, Mr Wilson, better known as the author of *The Isle of Palms*.’ Dr John Stuart, D.D., F.R.S., son of Mr Stewart, minister of Killin, born at Killin, 1744, successively minister of Arrochar, Weem, and Luss, died May 21, 1821. Susan Macintyre, his spouse, daughter of Dr Joseph Macintyre, minister of Glenorchy, died at Blarannoch, Arrochar, July 7, 1846, aged 77. Both buried in Luss Churchyard. They had one son, Joseph, who, after a short ministry, died minister of Kingarth, Bute ; buried there ; and three daughters. The eldest, Elizabeth (Betsy), was married to — Maclagan, Aberdeen, a cousin of her own, had three daughters, who grew up, but died young. The second daughter, Christian, died April 7, 1844, aged 44 years ; buried in Luss Churchyard. The third, Jemima, wife of Mr Alexander Brown, Blarannoch, died at Helensburgh, April 12, 1872, aged 66 ; buried in Luss Churchyard.

There is a substantial four-sided tombstone, with a well-merited tribute, to the memory of Dr Stuart’s services, especially in the translation of the Scriptures into Gaelic, erected by his sorrowing son :—‘ *Filius Mœrens Hoc Patri Carrissimo Monumentum Posuit.*’ And on two other sides there are inscriptions to the memory of Mrs Stuart, and to the memory of the two youngest daughters.

A bit of glass is a fragile thing ; but whilst all the happy family who once occupied Luss Manse have passed away, and I think without leaving a representative, a pane of glass remains in a window of the kitchen with the name of the youngest daughter, Jemima Stuart, written on it with a diamond. I would have been greatly pleased if I could have answered all your queries. If you would like to have a copy of the inscription to Dr Stuart’s memory I shall be glad to send it to you.—I am, dear sir, yours truly,

DUNCAN CAMPBELL.

MEMOIR OF MR JAMES STUART, MINISTER OF
KILLIN.

The late Rev. Mr James Stuart, minister of Killin, was born in Glenfinlass. He studied at the College of St. Andrews, and was settled minister of Killin in the year 1737, being the third minister of that parish since the Revolution. His charge was a most laborious one, his parish being 28 miles long, and from 6 to 8 miles broad, with a population of about 2350 souls. His Parish Church was at Killin, but he had other two places of public worship, one at Ardeonaig, on the south side of Loch Tay, and the other in Strathfillan, 17 miles distant from Killin, in which he preached alternately every third Sunday. In the year 1775, he was relieved from part of that service, by Lady Glenorchy's mortifying a sum for the support of a minister in Strathfill, and the late Earl of Breadalbane's granting him ground for a glebe; and afterwards provision was likewise made for the support of a minister at Ardeonaig. In the year 1780, Mr Stuart's son, Patrick, was ordained his assistant and successor; but owing to his infirm state of health, his father derived not that aid and comfort from him which otherwise he was so well qualified to afford. Mr Stuart devoted much of his time to reading, study, meditation, and prayer. As his memory was great, he hardly ever forgot what he read, if in the least interesting. His knowledge, therefore, was very extensive especially in divinity, history, and *Belles Lettres*. He was long in the habit of reading every morning a certain portion of the Old and also of the New Testament, and so well was he acquainted with every remarkable passage in each of these, and the chapter and verse in which it was to be found, that he was often called by his friends "a living Concordance." As he was an eminent preacher, especially in the Gaelic ladguage, the Society in Scotland for Propa-

gating Christian Knowledge, considering that no part of the sacred scriptures had as yet been translated into that language, though the only one spoken and understood by a great proportion of the Scottish Highlanders, requested he would translate the New Testament into Gaelic, with a view to their publishing it. Accordingly he undertook to execute that work with all the expedition which a proper attention to other duties would permit. He translated not from our English version, however much he, in general, admired it, but from the original Greek, which he understood well. When he had completed the translation, the M.S. was all revised by the pious and learned Mr Fraser, minister of Alness, who communicated to him many useful remarks. In the year 1767 the work was published at Edinburgh, and was well received by the public. It led many to read and study the Gaelic language who formerly paid no attention to it. Before that time the Directors of the Society had, in a great measure, imbibed the sentiments of His Majesty's Ministers after the Rebellion of 1745, that Gaelic, as well as all the peculiar manners of the Highlanders ought, if possible, to be abolished; and they gave positive injunctions to their schoolmasters to teach their scholars to read only English books, though they often did not understand a word of them. The impropriety of that conduct was, in strong terms, pointed out by the late Dr Samuel Johnston, in an excellent letter he wrote to Mr Stuart, which, with his consent, was afterwards published in some of the Magazines, and proved one great means of leading the Directors to give immediate orders to their schoolmasters to teach their scholars to read books in Gaelic as well as in English, and to translate the one into the other. A second improved edition of the said Gaelic Translation of the New Testament, under the care and superintendence of Mr Stuart's eldest son, John Stuart, minister of Luss, was published in the year 1796, and a third in 1813.¹

¹ Dr Stuart, minister of Luss, son of Rev. Mr Stuart, minister of Killin, was employed by the Society in Scotland for Propagating Chaistian Knowledge^c

Mr Stuart was blessed with good health, had the use of all his faculties almost unimpaired, and continued to discharge the public and private duties of his office till three or four months before his death, which took place on 30th June, 1789, in the 89th year of his age, and 52nd year of his ministry. In praise of his character, as a man and as a minister of religion, too much, perhaps, cannot be said. The leading features thereof are well delineated in an epitaph for him written by the late Mr Ramsay of Ochtertyr, a gentleman who knew him well, and had a high esteem for him. Along with this I send you a copy of it. When a proper stone can be got, it is still intended that, with very little alteration, it shall be inscribed on it, and

in translating the greater part of the Old Testament into the Gaelic language. The Translation was printed in four parts—the first containing “the Five Books of Moses,” was published in the year 1783. The second, containing the eight following books, was published in 1787. the third, containing the next nine books, was published in 1801. The fourth part, containing the Prophets from Isaiah to the end of the Old Testament, was translated by the late Dr Smith, minister of Campheltown, and published in the year 1786, and a new edition thereof, under the care of the Rev. Mr Stuart, minister of Dingwall was published in the year 1806. Before the translation was published, it was carefully revised by such gentlemen in different parts of the Highlands as were reckoned best qualified for the task. The translators had the satisfaction to find that in every part of the Highlands the version of the Old as well as of the New Testament met with the approbation of the best judges ; and the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, met in Edinburgh in May, 1816, were pleased to order that in the meantime it shall be the only Gaelic Version used in any Highland Church or Chapel within the Established Church. But as the Gaelic Bibles hitherto printed are of too small a size for the pulpit, in order to remedy that evil, the Society determined to publish immediately a good quarto edition of the whole Gaelic Bible, chiefly under the care and superintendence of Dr John Stuart, minister of Luss, and Mr Alexander Stuart, minister of Dingwall, with the view of improving which the General Assembly appointed a Standing Committee, consisting chiefly of clergymen well skilled in the Gaelic language, to revise the work as it is carried on, so that when it is completed it may be adopted as a Standard Version of the Sacred Scriptures, having, like our excellent English Version, the sanction of public authority. The General Assembly, met at Edinburgh in May last, approved of the diligence of the Committee, and also of their Report. The work is now in the press, and will be printed with all the expedition which the nature of the undertaking and the health of the editors will permit.

that it shall be erected in the Churchyard of Killin to his memory :—

Memoriæ sacrum
 JACOBI STUART,
 Apud Killin, &c.
 Amoris operâ indefegsâ, &c.,
 Sive enim in via loquebatur,
 Sive e suggesto, &c.
 Familiam amicasque et fati and movi
 Exemplo suo placide docuit.
 Ultima canente tuba
 (Canet etenim mortuique resurgent)
 Præ pastore pio ac fideli
 Quantuli minuti philosphi,
 Vel Caesares orbis terrarum domini !
 Obiit pridie Calend. Jul.
 A.D. MDCCLXXXIX.
 ÆT. LXXXIX.

Translated—

Sacred to the Memory of
 Mr JAMES STUART,
 Minister of Killin for 52 years.
 A man of truly useful popularity, &c.
 Then at length afflicted with an asthma,
 And ceasing nnwillingly from the pastoral cares,
 By his example he meekly taught his family and friends
 How to suffer, and how to die.
 At the last trump
 (For the trumpet shall sound
 And the dead shall be raised),
 How poor a figure wili minute philosophers
 And mighty kings, once Lords of the universe
 Make in comparison
 Of a pious and truly faithful pastor.

SUNSET ON THE MOORS.

WE climbed the hill together, and we stood
Knee-deep in purple heather
Looking westward, to the sun
Just lying in his glory,
Beyond the mountain hoary,
Like a god of fabled story,
When his earthly course was run.

We climbed the hill together, and we looked
Where all the light went purple.
In the valley far below
A silver lake was lying,
'Neath alders gently sighing,
O'er water-lies dying,
In the gold and purple glow.

We climbed the hill together, and we bent
Our heads in silent worship.
Yet I ne'er could tell thee why
Our hearts were filled with sorrow,
As if our life did borrow
A long and dreary morrow
From the glory of the sky.

We climbed the hill together : ah, my God !
The sunlight glinteth ever
When the moors are all aglow,
And the purple light still streams
Fair and pure as love's young dreams,
Where the silver water gleams
As it did long years ago.

M. O. W.

TURUS DHOMHUILL BHAIN DO 'N EXHABITION.

FACAL AIR AN FHACAL MAR A DH' AITHRIS E DHOMHSA
E AN LATHA 'THAINIG E DHACHAIDH.

[AIR A LEANTUINN].

CHA deachaidh mi mach as an taigh air an fheasgar ud tuilleadh. Bha Seumas agus na spalpairean oga eile a bha maille ris air son mo thoirt a mach air feadh a' bhaile anns a' mhionaid ; ach thuirt mis riu gu'm b' mhath an sealladh a dh'fhear sam bith ann an aon latha an sealladh a chunnaic mise, agus iadsan, agus miltean air mhiltean a bharrachd oirnn an uair a chunnaic sinn sealladh de 'n Bhan-Rìgh. Coma co dhiu an uair a dhorchhaich an oidhche dh'fhalbh mi a mach air feadh a' bhaile a dh'fhaicinn nan ioghnaidhean a bha cho pailt anns a h-ulle taobh air an tugainn m' aghaidh. Mar onair do 'n Bhan-Rìgh bha na miltean do bhrataichean de gach seorsa air feadh a' bhaile. Mhothaich mise dhaibh an uair a chaidh mi mach 's a' mhaduinn ged nach tug mi iomradh orra gu so. Anns an oidhche cha 'n fhaicte sealladh ceart air na brataichean, 's air na h-aodaichean de gach dath leis an robh ballachan cuid de na taighean air an comhdachadh. Ach mu 'n d' thainig deireadh na seachduin fhuair mi sealladh gu leor dhiubh.

Bha sraidean a' bhaile mu ochd uairean san oidhche a cheart cho soilleir 's a bhiodh iad air latha geamhraidh. Bha aon bhuth mhor faisge air an drochaid mhoir, agus bha cunntas mhiltean de chruisgeanan beaga an crochladh sheorsachan soluis aca ga thoirt seachad. Dh'innseadh dnomh le urra chinntich gu robh corr is fichead fear-ceairrde fad seachduin cho trang 's a b' urrainn daibh 'a cur nan cruisgeanan an ordugh. Bha moran eile air feadh a'

bhaile a rinn mar a rinn fear na butha so, ged nach robh na soluis aca cho lionmhor no cho maiseach. Cha 'n urrainn domh trian de na chunnaic mi an oidhche ud aithris dhuit. Tha 'm feasgar a' tighinn, agus feumaidh mi feuchainn ri sgeul aithghearr a dheanamh dheth.

Annas a' mhaduinn an uair a dhuisc mi 's a ghabh sinn ar biadh, dh'fhalbh mi fhin, agus Seumas, agus fear an taighe, 's bean an taighe, 'nar ceathrar do 'n Exhabition. Thuirt Seumas gur e fhein a bha 'dol a chosg oirnn o 'n a dh'fhalbhamaid gus an tilleamaid dhachaidh. Cha do rainig sinn a leas ach gann ceum coiseachd a dheanamh. A mhic chridhe! 's ann an sid a bha 'n sealladh! An uair a rainig sinn cha robh againn ach a dhol a steach air na dorsan cumhann, oir phaigh Seumas an cuineadh. Ma bha sraidean a' bhaile dumhail le sluagh an latha roimhe sid, 's ann a bha 'n dumhlachadh aig na dorsan cumhann le daoine ag iarraidh a steach. An uair a chaidh sinn a steach dh'earb is dh'aithn mi ri Seumas gun e ga m' leigeil as a shealladh ar neo nach fhaigheadh e am measg na cuideachd mi ri bheo shaoghail. A bhalaich ort, bha mor-ioghnaidhean an t-saoghail gu leir ann an sid cruinn, cothrom, comhladh. O nach deachaidh mo cheann-sa 'na bhoil mu 'n d' thainig beul na h-oidhche, cha 'n 'eil guth agam ri radh. Faodaidh tu mo chreidsinn an uair a their mi nach 'eil anns an t-saoghal duine a b' urrainn beachd ceart a ghabhail air gach ni a bha ri 'fhaicinn an sid ann an uine bu lugha na mios. Bu chiatach an sealladh an aitreabh thaighean a bh' ann le 'n tuireadan arda, maiseach. Ged is e fiodh gun lochdradh a bh' anns a' chuid bu mho dhiubh, bha iad ag amharc anabarrach math o 'n taobh a muigh. Ach cha 'n 'eil duine sam bith nach fhaodadh a bhith toilichte leis cho fìor mhaiseach 's a bha iad 's an taobh a staigh.

Thug sinn an toiseach ceum socrach troimh na taighean gu leir, agus chunnaic sinn sealladh dhe gach na iongantach agus maiseach a bh' anna. Choisich sinn a null tha na drochaid a rinn iad air a' Chelbhin, agus gabh sinn ceum

air an socair mu'n cuairt air na rathaidean reidhe, boidh-each, mor thimchioll na pairc. Chuala mi fhin fuaim dluth dhomh a chuir 'nam chuimhne uair a chunnaic mi each a' teicheadh le cairt ann an Steornabhagh, agus thug mi suil an taobh o'n d' thainig am fuaim. Ciod e bha 'n sin ach rud ris an can iad *Switch-back Railway*. A bhalaich ort ! rachadh an carbad an dara uair suas an aghaidh bruthaich cho cas ri cliathach an taighe, agus an uair eile rachadh e sios an coinneamh a chinn air an taobh eile de'n bhruthach, cuimhnich thusa, bha e 'falbh leis fhein cho luath ris a' ghaoith, aon uair 's gu'n tugadh na fir a bh' aig gach ceann de'n t-slighe upag dha. Chuir an rud a bh' ann a leithid a dh' ioghnadh orm 's gu'n deachaidh mi suas an rathad a bha e. Thoisich Seumas air mo bhrosnachadh gus a dhol ann, ag radh nach robh duine sam bith a b' fhiach duine a radh ri nach robh dol ann. Thuitt mi nach rachainn ann am muigh no mach, agus nach robh ann ach obair dhaoine gun cheill a dhol 'na choir. Thuirt bean-an-taigh, a' bhean choir, gu rachadh i fhein ann nan rachainnsa ann maille rithe. Ged nach robh agam oirre ach eolas da latha, bha mi ro mheasail oirre, agus air ghaol a toileachadh dh'aontaich mi dhol ann. Cha bu luaithe shuidh sinn ann na mach a bha e. Rinn mi greim bais air an aite-shuidh 's mi 'n duil gu robh mi 'dol direach an coinneamh mo chinn do 'n t-siorruidheachd. Leis an t-sitheadh a bha roimhe dh' fhalbh an ada dhiom ; ach cha ruig mi leas a bhith 'gearain o nach d' fhalbh mo cheann na broinn. An uair a rainig sinn an ceann eile, thug na ceatharnaich a bha 'toirt na h-upaig dha orm a dhol a steach ann agus pilltinn an taobh as an d' thainig mi. Cha robh mi cho gealtach a' pilltinn. Thug mi tainig do'n Fhreasdail a chum beo mi. Ciod a th'agam air ach ma bha 'n truaighe air an each-iaruinn, gu robh na seachd truaighean air an each-fhiodha.

Gu fortanach cha d' eirich dad do 'n aide. 'Nan d' thainig ormsa dhol am measg na bha sid de shluagh ceann-ruisgte bhithinn air mo narachadh.

Thuir Seumas rium an uair a fhuair sinn a mach as an aite chroiseil ud, "Tha mi cinnteach, athair, nach bu mhisde sibh deur beag a ghabhail a chuireadh saod oirbh."

"Ma ta, laochain," arsa mise, "nan deanadh e feum dhomh tha mi gle fheumach air rud eiginn a chuireadh saod orm. Cha robh mi riamh ann am bheatha cho dluth air a' bhas 's a bha mi anns an aite chroiseil ud. Cha b' e cas an cunnart anns an robh mi, ach chaidh mi nam bhreislich cho mor 's nach b' urrainn domh aon fhacal urnuigh a chur suas."

Ann an uine ghoirid rainig sinn far am faigheamaid ar diol de bhiadh 's de dheoch de gach seorsa. Cha robh sinn ach gann air suidhe mu 'n bhord an uair a thoisich an aon cheol cho briagha 's a chuala mi riamn.

"Ciod e an t-inneal-ciuil a tha sid? Cha 'n 'eil mi 'n duil gu'n cuala mi riamh a leithid," arsa mise.

"Sid agaibh an t-organ. Is cinnteach gu'n cuala sibh iomradh air roimhe so ged nach cuala sibh air a chluich e gus an diugh," arsa Seumas.

"Ma ta, Sheumais, 's fhad 's cian o chuala mise mu 'n organ. Nach b' e fear a thainig o theaghlach Chain do 'm b' ainm Iubal a rinn a' cheud organ? Is iomadh uair a bha e 'cur ioghnaidh orm gur ann o Chain a thainig na goibhnean agus an luchd-ciuil. Is cinnteach mise nach cluicheadh Iubal air an organ cho math sid. Tha sinne, Sheumais, cho math dheth ris a' mhadadh ruadh an uair a bha e 'g itheadh mal na pioba, tha biadh is ceol againn."

An uair a chuala mo bhanacharaid choir mar a thubhairt mi, rinn i gaire cridheil, agus thuir i, "Tha 'n urram agaibh fein a Dhomhuill Bhain."

Thug sinn an sin cuairt air feadh na h-Exhabition. A dhuine, ciod e an sealladh a bha 'n sin! Mar a thuir mi riut cheana, cha aithrisinn trian de na chunnaic mi ged a bhithinn a' bruidhinn uime gu latha buidhe Bealltuinn. Bha mnathan a' sealtuinn a' sniomh 's a' cardadh ann, agus a fighe bheanuagan. Is iomadh snath caol a chunnaic mise, ach cha 'n fhaca mi leithid an t-snath ud riamh.

Gun fhacal breige, cha 'n fhaicinn ceart e gus an do chuir mi orm na speuclairean.

Bha cuid a' deanamh bhrog, is bhonaidean, is adachan ; bha cuid a' fuinne an arain, 's a' deanamh nan rudan-milis ; bha cuid a' clo-bhualadh leabhraichean de gach seorsa ; bha cuid a' fighe nan aodaichean, agus nan ribinean agus nan aodaichean buird, moran ioghnadh orm. Bha aon duine 'na sheasamh aig gach beairt, agus ged a bha snaithean de gach dath a smaoinicheadh tu ann, thigeadh snaithean leo fhein 'nan am fhein, agus rachadh iad a steach do 'n bheairt 'nan aite fhein. An cuala thu mu nì riamh cho iongantach sid ? Mu dheidhinn na bh'ann de dhealbhan 's a dh'iomhaighean air an gearradh a cloich 's a marmor, cha ghabh e innseadh. Shaoil mise an uair a chaidh steach do 'n t-seomar anns an robh iad gur i bean Lot a bh'ann an te de na h-ìomhaidhean. Bha moran innealan de gach seorsa ann nach robh mise 'tuigsinn ciod e am feum a bh'annta. Bha beairtean-innleachd de gach seorsa fo 'n ghrein ann, air son a bhith 'cur loingeas air falbh air muir, agus oibrichean de gach seorsa air falbh air tìr. Co a chunnaic mi ann ach mo charaid, an t-each-iaruinn ? A bhalaich ort, 's ann air a bha chulaidh. Chitheadh tu d'fhaileas as na cliathaichean aige. Nach e 'dh'fheudas ? Cha dean e car latha 's a' bhliadhna, agus neo-ar-thaing mur cumar glan e. Is docha gu'n deachaidh e do 'n Fhraing am bliadhna gus gu faiceadh na Frangaich cho briagha 's a tha e.

Bha anabarr innsridh ann—buid, is cathraichean, is beingeachan, is leapannan, is lar-bhrait, is sgathain cho mor ri stuadh taighe, is soithichean creadha de gach seorsa. A dh'aon fhacal, bha ioghnaidhean an t-saoghail gu leir ann, agus an corr ged a theirinn e. Cha 'n 'eil uine agam air a' bheag tuilleadh ainmeachadh ; ach cha n-urrainn mi gun iomradh a thoirt air a dha no trì de nithean eile.

Mar a tha fhios agad, tha mi ro dheidheil air ceol. Cha do thuig mi riamh car son a bha na ministearan cho fada na aghaidh. Bha buidheann de luchd-ciuil cho math

a chluicheadh 's a th' ann am Breatunn, 's anns a' Ghearmailt, a' cluich a h-uile latha, 's iad nan seasamh ann an crothaidh. Bha de 'n or air an seacaidean 's air an ceann-aodaich na deanadh beairteach earrann mhor de mhuinntir na duthchadh. Bha feadain chama, bhuidhe aig cuid giubh, agus feadain dhubha le bannan airgid aig cuid eile. Ach ceol a b' aille nan ceol a bh' aca cha chuala mise riamh.

Sheas sinn ag fuaran boidheach a bha faisge air an drochaid, agus mhol mi an t-uisge, agus thuirt mi nach fhaca mi riamh uisge bu shoilleire na e. Ach thuirt Seumas—"Deanadh sibhse foighidinn gus eadar so 's deich uairean a nochd, agus chi sibh nach e sin dath a bhios air an uisge. An uair a thig greis de 'n oidhche toisichidh na Sithichean a th' anns a' chnoc so ri caitheamh an uisge 'na sput do 'n iarmailt, agus cha 'n 'eil dath a chunnaic duine riamh nach cuir iad air."

"Bi samhach, a bhlaoghastair bho chd," arsa mise; "cha robh mise riamh cho faoin 's ga'n tugainn geill do na naigheachdan faoinne a bha 'n sluagh ag aithris mu na Sithichean."

Cha robh air so ach so fhein. Thainig an oidhche gun fhios domhsa; oir bha m'aire air a tarraim a dh'ionnsuidh na bha mu 'n cuairt orm. Bha beachd aig Seumas c'uin a theannadh Tobar nan Sithichean ri cur as a chionn, agus o'n a b' e fhein bu cheann-snaod oirnn nar triuir, bha sinn 'g a leantuinn ge b' e taobh a rachadh e. Cha robh sinn fichead slat o'n Tobar an uair a thoisich e ri cur as a chionn. Mar a thubhairt Seumas b' fhior. Cha robh dath a chunnaic duine riamh nach robh air an uisge. Bha 'n t-uisge a' leum air uairean cho ard, tha mi creidsinn, ri tri fichead troidh. Bhiodh cuid dheth buidhe, 's cuid dheth uaine 's cuid dheth dearg, 's cuid dheth gorm 's cuid dheth de dhathan iongantach eile air nach urrainn dhomh-sa ainm a chur. Cha robh mi 'g radh diog. Shealladh Seumas orm an drasta 's a rithist fo 'n t-suil. Mu dheireadh thuirt e—"Nach math a tha na Sithichean a'

dol ris a nis, athair?" "Is math gu dearbh, ma 's iad a th' aig an obair," arsa mise. Ciod a th' agam air ach gu robh sri chruaidh a' dol air aghaidh ann a' m' inntinn eadar creideamh agus as-creideamh a thaobh na dh' innis Seumas dhomh mu na Sithichean, agus na bha mi 'faicinn mu choinneamh mo shul. Thug mi 'n aire ged a bha 'n t-uisge ag atharrachadh dhathan gu robh 'n t-uaine ni bu trice na dath sam bith eile. Agus chuala mi riamh gu robh tlachd ro mhor aig na Sithichean de 'n uaine. Mar ceudna, tha e air aithris nach d' fhairtlich ni riamh air na Sithichean a dheanamh ach sugan gaineamhich. Cha mhor nach d' aidich mi aig an am gur iad a bha cur an uisge as an cionn; ach tha mi nis a' creidsinn nach robh lamh sam bith aig ni no neach mi-nadurra anns a' chuis. Ma bha na Sithichean ann aon uair, c'aite an deachaidh iad?

Suas mu naoi uairean thoisich feadhainn ri losgadh urachraichean do 'n athar. 'S e peilleirean teine a bh' aca anns na gunnachan. An uair a bhiodh na peilleirean teine so gu math ard anns an iarmailt, bha iad a' spraidheadh, agus a' falbh nan cuarsgagan as a cheile, 's ag atharrachadh a h-uile seorsa dath. 'S e rud cho mor 's a chuir a dh' iognadh orm 's a chunnaic mi fad na h-uine.

Sheas sinn ag amharc an t-seallaidh so gus an d' thainig an t-am dhuinn a bhith 'dol dhachaidh. Theab nach fhaigheamaid carbad no carn a bheireadh pios de 'n rathad sinn. Rainig sinn an taigh mu aon uair deug; agus tha mi 'g radh riut nach robh mi oidhche riamh cho sgith 's a bha mi 'n oidhche ud. Chaidil mi cho trom ris a' chloich gus an robh a' ghrian an aird an athair an la'-r-na mhaireach.

Fad na seachduin a bha mi 'n Glasacho chuir mi seachad a dha no tri a dh' fheasgair anns an Exhibition leam fhin. Dh' fhas mi mu dheireadh seachd sgith de na h-uile rud a bh' ann, agus rinn mi deiseil air son tighinn dhachaidh. Dh' fhag mi aig ceithir uairean 's a' mhaduinn, agus bha mi ann an Steornabhagh mu dheich uairean.

Ged a bha an t-anamoch ann bha'n oidhche tioram, soilleir, agus chuir mi romham gu'n deanainn an taigh dheth mu 'n rachadh norradh air mo shuil. O'n a bha duil aig Mairi rium cha deachaidh i laidhe gus an d' rainig mi. Bha 'm biadh air a' bhord, agus an coire 'goil, agus cha robh aice ach an t' a chur an tarruinn. Dh' fhosgail i am preasa, agus thug i mach am botul, 's thug i dhomh deadh lan. Gu cinnteach bha feum agam air an deigh na cas-choiseachd a rinn mi a' Steornabhagh. Ghabh sinn an sin an ti, agus chaidh sinn a laidhe.

Feumaidh mi radh gu 'n d' fhiosraich mi mor-chaoimhneas o gach neach ris robh gnothuch agam fad 's a bha mi o'n taigh; ach cha do thachair aite rium a chord rium cho math ri mo thaigh fhin. Cha mo a chuireas mi neach fo'n ghrein an coimeas ri Mairi—cha chuir m' aon mhac ged is mor mo ghaol air.

'S e taobh mo theine 's bean mo ghaoil,
'S e taobh mo theine feine;
Cha choimeas mis' aon ait' san t-saogh'l,
Ri taobh mo theine fein.

IAIN.

COURTESIES OF OLD HIGHLAND CORRESPONDENCE.

IN looking over some MS.S. belonging to the last century, we came across some interesting cases of repartee and humour, which took place in the correspondence between some of the old Highland Chiefs. The correspondence, be it observed, was carried on and written in Gaelic. At the end of the 17th century, Gaelic letter-writing was quite common. "It was customary in the country for gentlemen and ladies to correspond in Gaelic." The following interchange of courtesies took place between the first laird of Coll, the famous John Garbh (15th century), and Clanranald, or Mac Mhic Ailein. Clanranald thus writes to John Garbh:—"Cuir ga m' ionnsuidh coig salldruichean eorna, ar neo—ar neo—" (Send me five chalders of barley, or else—or else—!). To this polite request, John Garbh made answer:—"Cha 'n' eil agam-sa do dh' eorna ach na dh' fheumas mi fein, agus ma thig—ma thig—" (I have not of barley but what will suffice for myself, and if thou comest—if thou comest—!).

The old Highland Chiefs also lashed up each others' fury by insulting language before matters came to blows, just as the ancient Gauls used to do. The following correspondence is said to have passed between Macdonald of the Isles and the head of the Campbells:—

MAC CAILEIN.

Tha mi eolach anns gach ceird ;
Le h-aoire ni 'n claidhte mo cholg ;
Ge b'e bheireadh mach m' fhearg,
Bhiodh e dearg mar dhril nan ord.

MAC DHOMHNUILL.

Ni 'm b' usa buntainn ri m' shamhuils'
'S mi mar cheann nathrach 's teang air chrith ;
'S mi mar eisg an deis a bearraidh,
'S beist air buin a h-earra dh' i.

Which, being translated runs thus :—

Mac Callum More writes—

I am skilled in every art ;
With satire my rage cannot be allayed.
Whosoever arouses my wrath
Will become as red as the sparkles from the hammer.

Macdonald replies—

Not easier is it to deal with my like ;
I am like an adder's head and its tongue a-quivering,
Or like the eel after docking of its tail,
Or like a beast when its tail is cut off.

The reference here to satire, and indeed the whole force of the verses, belong to the belief common among the Gael of old, that bards could satirise a man in such a way that personal injury was caused to the individual, such as blotches in the face, and such like. The two Chiefs are here represented as boasting that they are skilled in satire and spell and all uncanny arts. It reminds one of Glendower's boast in *Shakespeare*—" I can call spirits from the vasty deep." And Glendower was a Celt.

NOTES.

WE are glad to see that a new edition of the late J. F. Campbell's "*Popular Tales of the West Highlands*" is being issued. The enterprising firm of Gairdner, Paisley, are the publishers, and they issue the book in monthly parts of one hundred pages. The original work was published in four volumes, and four parts of the new issue make a volume of the old edition. The price of each part is one shilling, and thus, a work of the highest value to the student of folklore, and of the utmost interest to all Gaelic-speaking people, is now within the reach of all, instead of fetching a fancy price as hitherto, and being difficult to get even at that same.

THERE are many other popular Gaelic tales which have been published since the appearance of J. F. Campbell's book in 1860-62, but they are scattered throughout various publications—in the *Gael*, in the *Celtic Magazine*, even in the French *Revue Celtique*, not to mention the more ephemeral columns of the weekly press of the Highlands. These tales could easily be gathered together, and would form at least a volume of equal size with any of Mr Campbell's four, and also of equal importance. We would suggest that Mr Gairdner might issue such an additional volume, and confer a further boon on the folklorist and the lover of Gaelic literature.

MR CATHUL KERR, of Aberdeen University, has translated into Gaelic a short portion of the memoirs of the Rev. James Fraser of Brea (1659 A.D.) It is the portion wherein Mr Fraser tells of his Conversion, and extends in Mr Kerr's Gaelic to some twenty-three pages. Mr Kerr has done his work admirably; the Gaelic is racy and fluent, and the orthography is all that could be desired. We hope Mr Kerr will continue his good work, and that the public will heartily support his preliminary effort. The title of the pamphlet is "Creidimh Ann An Dia."

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "HIGHLAND MONTHLY."

DEAR SIR,—The article, "Castle Girnigoe," is most interesting to a Caithness man, now in Australia, and it would still further be entertaining to know how Castle Girnigoe got into the hands of the Dunbar family. First Sir William Dunbar Dunbar, afterwards Lord Duffus, then Sir George Dunbar, and afterwards Duff Dunbar, and now, who is the heir? Of course it may come out before the history of Girnigoe is completed. We have only seen, as yet, up to the August number. Wishing your journal every success.—I am, Dear Sir, yours truly,

JOHN LAIRD.

GLENCOE, SOUTH AUSTRALIA,
18th August, 1889.

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THE LONG GLEN.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE PRESENTEE.

THE Crown presentee came at the appointed time, and preached his trial sermons. It was a foregone conclusion on the part of the great majority of the congregation that he should be vetoed—"whatever." To those who were so determined, it was a disappointment that they could not accuse him of keeping his nose to the paper or even of being a man of inferior preaching ability.

Although it was the last thing the leaders should like to confess, none of them could help feeling that the presentee was decidedly superior to the man for whose appointment the glen had unanimously petitioned. But matters were now come to such a pass throughout the whole Church that to call a man "presentee" was enough, in five cases out of ten, to ensure his condemnation.

Yet there was much wavering, too. In the glen, notwithstanding the rejection of the petition, Mr Stuart made such a favourable impression that the leaders needed to bring much prayer-meeting and other pressure to bear on weak, hesitating brethren and sisters, who, if left to them-

selves, would sign the call and spoil the game. Even Ealag was more than half recalcitrant, and it was not easy to keep her silent.

In after years a great outcry was made against the alleged tyranny of a few landlords who hesitated to grant sites on which to build Free Churches cheek-by-jowl with the Parish Churches ; but that very limited tyranny was a trifle not worth mentioning compared with the real and general precedent tyranny by which peaceful and law-abiding people were, contrary to their will, driven step by step out of the Church of their fathers.

In consequence of the parish being vacant, this tyranny was exercised in the glen partly by the elders, but chiefly by the holy women, and by a knot of young men who found it much easier to qualify for ecclesiastical importance by effective partisanship than Effectual Calling.

The quiet settlement of the Crown presentee would clearly prejudice the Disruption movement as far as the glen and perhaps some of the adjoining parishes were concerned ; so it was clearly a thing that could not be permitted. The independent party was small, and it was composed of old members, who, on this church question, were deserted by their middle-aged sons and daughters, and of a few unregenerated young people, who took the bit between their teeth, but who had no potential voice, as they were not yet communicants.

Although the independent party was not strong, it only needed a chief "of light and leading," such as a good resident Presbyterian laird would have made, to attract to itself the host of waverers who were being hard driven in the direction opposite to their wishes. But no such chief was then to be found, and the want of him paralysed the hands of the anti-Secessionists ; among whom, in truth, there was not a man who did not ardently desire the abolition of Patronage by Act of Parliament.

While the glen anti-Secessionists were reviled as "Black Moderates" by the other side, they were looked upon as

half rebels by the Edinburgh leaders of their own party ; who, flattering themselves with the pleasant hope of a complete break-down of the threatened Disruption at the last moment, folded their hands in blissful repose, and, except by issuing some pamphlets which worked mischief, neglected the many means readily available for counteracting the demagogic agitation and driving on the other side. Was there a single parish in the land in which an anti-Secession association could not have been formed, and in which it would not have clipped the flapping wings of Disruption ? In farm-houses and cottages the real gravity of the situation was fully understood, and it was with sinking hearts that those who feared the unhinging of society, and wished to save the Kirk by the abolition of Patronage—the only possible salvation measure then—saw the Moderate minority and a Tory Government diligently, yet all unconsciously, helping the magicians who were conjuring up the Disruption storm.

On a dull, cold, winter morning a band of old men, with a few representatives of the younger generation, were waiting at the smithy for the ringing of the church bell. Duncan Ban was there, of course. So was Calum. The three seanairean were shoulder to shoulder, as they had been all their lives. Iain Og was absent through illness, but his place was filled by a short, stout farmer from the distant braes, who seldom meddled in matters political or ecclesiastical. The younger men were the smith, the wright, Ewan Mor, and Diarmad.

What were they gathered together for ? This day the people of the glen were summoned to assemble in the church at twelve o'clock, before the Presbytery of the bounds, to sign the call to the presentee or to object to his settlement.

The wright, a clever, caustic individual, who had not till now bothered his head about Kirk affairs, was, so to speak, in the act of addressing the House when two of the Veto party, on their way to church, made an incursion on the anti-Veto conclave. They were evidently surprised to

find the wright among the Moderates, and Gregor, one of the two invaders, asked him tauntingly if he had become an apostate?

The wright retorted sharply that he thought all the apostates, with the First Apostate at their head, were on the other side. He added in a lower and more serious tone:—"I have been born, baptised, brought up, and married in the Kirk of Scotland, and I will die in her communion, come what may."

"So will I," and "So will I," said each of the small band, young and old, in quick succession.

"The presentee, however, will be vetoed to-day by a great majority," said Gregor, who was one of the effective partisanship young men. "We have taken care of that."

And his sleek companion, with a downcast look, improved the opportunity by adding:—"It is a pity you did not all come to the meeting held the other night, for truly might it be called a time of refreshing from the Lord."

Diarmad—"And you did really then call upon the Lord before counting the Veto-folk?"

Gregor—"Yes, assuredly. Everything was done solemnly and in order. Suitable addresses were given" (he gave one himself, of which he was proud) "and a letter of encouragment and advice from Dunedin was read and explained."

"And for sure," added his companion, "it was a high privilege to join in the Elder Claon's opening prayer. It was with great unction and earnest desire that he did supplicate the Lord to guide our steps and to help us to forward His cause in Alba and throughout the world by loudly lifting our testimony on behalf of Gospel Freedom and Righteousness, and against black Erastianism."

Diarmad—"Aye, I thought so. You called upon the Lord, but you did not give Him a right of veto. Before asking heavenly guidance you were quite resolved to take your own evil guidance. What have you to say against this man that you will not have him for a minister?"

"He is not of the right sort, and he is being forced upon us," said Gregor.

"And there is no proof that he has ever received the unction of Grace or a call from the Lord," added his companion.

Duncan Ban—"You cannot deny that he is a more clear-faced gentleman and a better preacher than the thick-lipped man for whom we all petitioned."

Gregor—"He is on the wrong side, and that makes a great difference."

Duncan Ban—"So you would veto the Apostle Paul, if acting on his own advice regarding submission to the Powers that be, he came to us with a Crown presentation in his pocket?"

Gregor—"No fear that Paul or any Apostle would ever come with such a paper."

His Friend—"To suppose such a thing at all is a great sin."

Diarmad—"If there be any sin, it must be in supposing that there should not any longer be room and liberty for two opinions on things on which men have differed from the beginning, and on which they are likely to differ to the end."

Duncan Ban—"And, Gregor, who may be this friend of thine, that is so ready, on his own authority, to notch down a new sin on his tally-stick.¹ I know him not, and yet he does not seem to be altogether a stranger to my eyes."

Gregor—"This is Seumas Cinneideach, our new shoemaker, who has got the croft and house of the old greusaich² at Camus. I think you must have known his father, Alastair an Iomain."³

Duncan Ban—"Know Alastair an Iomain! Faith, I had good reason to know him. He stole a pair of hose from me, and he afterwards narrowly escaped getting hanged for sheep-stealing in the North. I'll tell you the story——"

¹ Tamhlorg.

² Driver of sheep and cattle.

³ Shoemaker.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE VETO.

GREGOR and his friend quickly turned out of the smithy, and went on their way without waiting to hear Duncan Ban's offered story. The latter chuckled—"Yon was a bad blow on the nose to the greusaich with the unction of grace and the face of his father. But it was too bad to hit him so hard. Gregor should not have tempted me by bringing up the bad father's name in such a provoking way, just as if I ought to own friendship with the man that stole my hose, and was the worst thief in the Highlands."

"Perhaps," suggested the wright, "Gregor did not know the story about the man's father."

"Pooh-pooh, he knew it fine. His own father was a witness in the sheep-stealing case, and Gregor must have heard him tell the story many a time. Gregor is of good stock, and he is not a bad fellow himself, for all the buzzing of this veto bee that has got into his bonnet. But what is the world coming to when the son of one crochaire¹ and the grandson of another sets himself up as a teacher of Israel."

"He is a converted man, and has the unction of grace," suggested Diarmad.

Duncan Ban—"Conversion and unction of grace here or there, I would much rather trust a man with three honest forefathers at his back than the best washed convert of the Baptists—biggest sin-washers going—that ever stepped out of the mill dam, if I knew that his forefathers were accustomed to get into branks and prisons."

"The Wright—"There's the first bell. It is almost time to be moving. We are a weak band, only eight communicants and a few adherents. Well, worse-signed calls have been held good; but, for sure, it will be a poor thing against the veto of a hundred and twenty communicants."

¹ Rascal.

Duncan Ban—"They'll not have so many as that. They have failed, as we also have failed, to persuade the old women, aye and many of the younger ones, to come before the Presbytery. The foolish creatures think it something awful to stand up in kirk to say 'yea or nay,' before the cleir in meeting assembled."

Diarmad—"Almost all the old women, and the full half of the young ones, are, in their hearts, on our side, although the elders, she-saints, and prayer-meetings folk have brow-beaten them out of their courage and senses. If the reckoning were to be taken like the Government-numbering of the people by papers left to be filled in at every house, the voting would be very different from what will take place at the church to-day. Aye, and secret voting, or what they call the ballot, would give us a good majority."

Duncan Ban—"It is just astonishing and lamentable to think how the will of the Gaelic people, both men and women, is bending like a willow wand to the bidding of Dunedin intermeddlers, and their fiery-cross emissaries."

Diarmad—"But the Non-Intrusionists both here and everywhere have only too much courage—of a sort."

Duncan Ban—"True for you—of a sort—but it is of the wrong sort whatever. It is not the courage of the man who would stand up alone for the right against all the world. It is not the fealty of kith and kin that taught people to fight shoulder to shoulder because blood is thicker than water. It is just the stupid courage of the Miller Beag's twenty sheep which all got drowned by jumping off the plank bridge into the boiling linn after their leader, the blind old tup."

Calum—"And the worst of it is that the authorities are equally blind."

"Aye," said the farmer from the Braes, "the authorities are just as provoking as Iain Ruadh was at the fair, when he tried all round to get a man to fight with him, and at last knocked down the constable because he wore a japanned hat!"

Diarmad—"Indeed it is God's truth that, by the faults of both sides, things have come to such a pass as to bind the committed men to break up the Church for their own credit, and in a manner for the honour of the Scotch name, unless even yet the Government will extinguish the whole quarrel by abolishing Bolingbroke's unfair Act."

The Wright—"Much as I hate their work, and fear its consequences, I should myself feel it as a disgrace to my country if the Non-Intrusionist ministers should now compress like a bag of tow."

Duncan Ban—"Mille mollachd!¹ that is the black truth. A sore disgrace it would be to all Alba if these rampageous Bulls of Bashan were now to go on their knees in the glaur² for the sake of keeping their manses and their stipends. But the poke-pudding Saxons will not find them to be so fusionless as their ministers. No, indeed, if they are foolish enough to demand a slice of the moon they have the courage to jump into the linn for its shadow at the risk of limb and life."

Calum—"Yet they will ruin the Kirk all the same, and the Saxons and their bishops will be main glad of that. Are not our mad ministers asking for the same Kirk-power for which the Cuigse asked and fought long ago?"

Diarmad—"Our civil liberties are now safe enough, unless we begin to betray them ourselves. And there are no intruded bishops to be got rid of; but it may be said, upon the whole, that the Non-Intrusionists stand in the brogues of the most intolerant section of the Covenanters."

Duncan Ban—"And brogues of untanned skin they were, whatever. Why don't they, like the Cuigse, take sword and shield to defend the Kirk, instead of making haste to ruin her altogether by running away?"

Calum—"We have got to better times. War and bloodshed are over in our land, thank God."

Duncan Ban—"And again I tell you, Calum, that your thanksgiving is great foolishness. You think there will be

¹ A thousand curses.

² Clay—mud.

no more wars. That I don't believe, because without wars now and then to clear them off the vermin of Adam's race, boasting all the time perhaps of unction of grace, would eat up the better people. Man, wars without bloodshed are the worst wars of all. Lawyers' pens create more misery and mischief than drawn swords in brave hands fighting for a good cause. This Kirk quarrel is itself a sorry, bloodless war, full of malice, venom, and uncharitableness, in which the mad ministers, amidst the yelping of curs, are about to save themselves from the black disgrace the authorities are forcing on them by ruining the Kirk of their fathers."

Diarmad—"And the Kirk is our last and greatest national institution; the only one left through which we can still raise the voice of an unconquered people."

Duncan Ban—"To my thinking, although some of my forefathers fought on the other side, the Cuigse did far better than running away. They betook themselves to sword and shield, and fought stubbornly for the Kirk and the rights of Alba as they understood them."

The Wright—"However that may be, it is now full time for us to go to the gathering."

When soberly pacing the short distance between the smithy and the church, the stout farmer from the Braes astonished his companions by declaring it to be his firm intention to protest for remead in law if the Presbytery proceeded under the Veto Act, which the Civil Courts had declared illegal. He had got the formula of protest correctly committed to memory from a newspaper, and as he was more stubborn than clear-headed, it needed all the influence and eloquence of the others to dissuade him from his purpose. He gave in, however, when it was shown to him that, from the circumstances of the time, it would avail nothing to make such a protest, since the object of the vetoers was simply to hang up the case till the meeting of Assembly in May, when it was expected the disruptive forces would be let loose.

The bell that day was rung in a most mournful manner

by old Hugh the Bellman, who wished much to sign the call, but was under irresistible pressure to go with the majority.

The church was well filled, although many of the female communicants did not put in appearance. The people occupied their usual seats. Fixed resolution was legibly written on their faces, but a shade of sorrow prevailed over all, which on not a few countenances deepened into gloomy darkness.

Before the business of the call was proceeded with, the Moderator went into the pulpit and preached a short sermon. The members of Presbytery, both ministers and elders, found ample accommodation, and the convenience of a table for the clerk, in the square pew of the Session. The sermon, of course, referred to the business of the day, but, considering that the Moderator was a Non-Intrusionist, he succeeded very well in divesting his remarks of party spirit. He was a good-looking, pale-complexioned young man, with a voice that sounded like a silver bell. This clear sounding voice was then and afterwards a great misfortune to him, since it was held to be destitute of the unction of Grace. In very truth, the young man was more gifted with intellect, culture, and business talents than with revival enthusiasm and fanatical intolerance.

After sermon, the Moderator descended from the pulpit, took his seat at the head of the Session table, and the Court was formally constituted. Then the call and relative documents were laid on the table, and the parishioners were invited to come forward and sign. So far nothing was said about the Veto Act—which was the thing uppermost in everybody's mind. The objectors observed with alarm that, owing to the unaccountable absence of two ministers of their party, the Presbytery was equally divided—just as many Moderates as Non-Intrusionists. No doubt the Moderator had a casting vote in case of equality, but in such a situation of difficulty and legal responsibility how could much reliance be placed in a man whose voice lacked the unction of Grace?

As soon as parishioners were invited to come forward to sign the call, the little band of twelve advanced from the nearest pew, where they had been sitting together, and signed one after another in deep silence. Then came the turn of the objectors. But there was a short pause, and it was evident to all that the Moderator hesitated to assume undivided responsibility for defying the declared law of the land, by using his casting vote to give his side the majority for proceeding under the Veto Act. After some conversation, the Moderator seemed very willing to accept a compromise suggested by the leader of the other side, which would enable the opponents of the presentee who were communicants to come forward and get their names recorded as objectors who at a future stage would produce their objections in writing. This plan was on the point of being adopted unanimously when, just in the nick of time, one of the absent ministers—a man of solid build and with a long nose—entered the church, and at once the faces of the objectors relaxed and broadened with smiles. The newcomer would have no compromise, no evasion. Nothing short of a substantive motion to proceed according to the Veto Act would suit his martyr zeal. That motion he instantly made, and carried by a majority of one. Then the objectors, elders, she-saints, effective partisanship young men, and the host of the over-persuaded and morally coerced people, black-balled the presentee of the Crown very thoroughly.

So the parish was kept vacant until the meeting of the Disruption Assembly, and as it chanced, by what then came to pass, for a long time afterwards; and thus the sure desolation of the glen church was satisfactorily secured beforehand.

On the 18th of May, while the name of the Moderator with the Graceless voice was found in the list of country ministers who sacrificed cosy manses and comfortable stipends to their sincere, however mistaken, principles of ecclesiastical supremacy, the name of the “substantive

motion" man was conspicuous by its absence. A few weeks later his sudden revolution on his own solid axis was thankfully recognised by his being translated to one of the best livings in the gift of the Crown; and for the remainder of his days so far was he from objecting to Patronage that he managed indirectly to exercise a good deal of it himself.

CHAPTER XXIII.

FIDDLING AND OMINOUS BELL-RINGING.

THE fiddler of Kilfaolain was a pupil of Neil Gow. When at his best, many good judges who knew both thought his bow-hand equal, if not superior, to his celebrated master's. The composing gift, however, did not fall to his share, and although his spirited play put fire and mettle in the heels of noble lords and ladies gay, as well as in those of common people, it could not be said that he ever attained more than local fame.

With that he was perfectly content, and indeed he prospered well in his vocation as long as the old social life of his district lasted. But while still in his fiddling prime—that is to say, not much over fifty—the old small gentry who had kept ancestral lands and holds for, in many cases, unknown generations, began to disappear. Several houses, by fatalities of war or want of heirs, died out entirely. Others had lived beyond their means, and were sold out. The Inchadin estate grew into a principality through the annexation of adjoining properties by purchase, marriage, or legal heirship—oftenest by purchase. The old Marquis was in his day the great man among a host of country gentlemen. He lived almost constantly on his estate, and kept up the old social customs and gatherings. His son took to new ways and evictions. He was great at desert-making, and lauded among Non-Intrusionists; but the fiddler of Kilfaolain loved him not.

Still, the fiddler could have put up with professional loss in high quarters had the commoners continued to patronise him as of yore. He was, in his way, a good, sober, God-fearing man, but he hated the religious revivalists of all names and colours, for they nearly ruined him professionally and, what hurt his feelings ten times worse, catalogued fiddling among the Devil's snares.

In the Disruption year the fiddler of Kilfaolain was now a very old man. He was, like most men of his profession, a little of a roamer by nature and more by habit; for in the good old times he seldom remained at home for a month at a stretch. In the evil days that came upon him professionally, when lairds disappeared and fiddling and dancing were forbidden to the people by ministers and sessions, his absences from home became few and far between, and mostly confined to summer. But this winter he got restless and irritable at home, and at last made up his mind to take his fiddle under his arm and cross the hills on a visit to his old musical pupil and good sympathising friend, Duncan Ban.

The Kirk quarrel and all things pertaining to it made him almost tired of living longer in a world with which he was not at all in harmony. And there was a special grievance of a curious kind that irritated him beyond measure. Before becoming Neil Gow's pupil he took first lessons in his favourite art from a neighbour's son who was blind. The blind fiddler afterwards married and had a son; but when the son was born the mother died. The boy grew apace, and soon was able to guide his blind father, the Fidhlear Deora, up and down the country to balls and weddings, where his services were required. He was a very bright lad, and friends began to say that he should be kept to his books instead of being, as it were, led into temptation as his father's guide. The Fidhlear Deora all the more heartily assented to this view of his friends because he wished to marry again; but he asked—What was to be done? At this time the fiddler of Kilfaolain

was nearly at the top of his profession, and he interested himself greatly in little Do'ull Deora. So he and others put their hands in their pockets and set little Donald up as a pedlar. Donald, who was very persevering and talented, justified the help given him by thriving in business and in learning. He extended his peddling to dealing in flax yarn, then spun in great quantities in his native district, and by this dealing he made a tidy bit of money long before he was out of his teens. The next thing which happened to him, and changed his whole career, was falling under the influence of what was first called the Missionary Revival, at the end of last century. He became a sort of local preacher, while still continuing both his book studies and commercial pursuits. In a short time the Missionaries divided into Independents and Baptists. Do'ull Deora stuck, for the time, to the Independents, and went to Homerton to study under Dr Pye Smith, where he learned to throw the living inspiration of his native Gaelic into eloquent English. But, after a time, Independency did not suit him. He rejoined the church of his fathers, and after completing his University course, with high honours, was licensed as a probationer. He was next employed as tutor in a highly-connected country gentleman's family, and employed his opportunities so well that the sole daughter of the house eloped with him. There was a raging storm at first, but the ex-pedlar and son of the blind fiddler was a man of independent mind and one who steadily made headway by his own merit. His wife was a proud earl's grand-daughter, but she never had cause to repent of her choice and moon-light flitting. Her husband rose rapidly in public estimation and public influence, and her relatives learned not only to tolerate him but to be proud of him.

The fiddler of Kilfaolain had rejoiced with all his heart in the successful career of his blind friend's son. What was then his feelings when he found his great Principal of a Northern College perambulating the Highlands as one of a deputation of Non-Intrusionist agitators! Was he not

reported to have said that he would rather lay his head on the block than yield the principle in dispute? The fiddler of Kilfaolain felt stabbed at the shrine of his idolatry, and so he thought he would just go and have a talk with Duncan Ban about the Principal's going astray and the general degeneracy of an age which did not duly appreciate a good bow hand and which turned its back upon old ways.

The day, for winter, was a fair one, when he left home ; but before he got to the top of the hill pass it began to snow heavily, and by the time he reached the corner of the pine wood it was a blinding storm. This was the luadhadh storm already mentioned, and at the same time that Ewan and Duncan were working among the sheep on one side of the larig valley Angus and Duncan Ban's son were similarly employed among those on the other side. The old fiddler lost his way, which was no difficult thing to do, since the track, at no time very clear to strangers' eyes, was totally obliterated by the heavy fall of snow. He wandered into treacherous bogs and broken ground, seeking a way out of the wood and finding none. Then he felt the greatest difficulty in keeping moving on, and finally he sat down on the sheltered side of a big juniper bush, overcome by utter exhaustion and drowsiness, but still dreamily conscious that if he stopped he would never get up again.

Angus, or rather Angus's dogs, found him before it was too late. He was conveyed to Duncan Ban's house in a comatose state, but warmth, whisky, and food made him himself very soon. Next morning, however, it was discovered that his toes were slightly frost-bitten, and although the damage was not great, it was enough to lame him thoroughly for several weeks. At first he did not care for that. Duncan Ban sympathised with him fully about Do'ull Deora. And when the two old men drew forth their fiddles and played to a cearna full of ceilidh people, after the giuthas or bog-pine flame was lighted, they were as happy as kings and diffused happiness around them.

Ewan Mor, during this musical period, developed a gift for fiddling which astonished himself more than anybody else. Diarmad tried his prentice hand, but found he had not the gift.

The heavy snowstorm yielded after a fortnight to thaw on the lower grounds, although it kept yet a firm grip of the mountain passes. The old fiddler, still very lame, began now to fidget about getting home. He was, however, persuaded to stay another week, and promised that Angus, who was bound to go to look at the hoggs which were wintering far away, would convey him safely down the glen as far as Kilmachaoide on the back of his host's brown mare.

On the eve of the trysted day unfortunately another fall of snow occurred, and the March wind drifted it fiercely. Still the old fiddler would not accept further invitation to stay out the storm impediments; and Angus could not put off his journey. So they started just before daybreak, when the wind was low after having for a while blown itself to rest, and when the star-bespangled sky bore witness to the setting in of keen frost. It was dim dawn when they reached the church bridge. There they got into a narrow place between walls, the exit from which was most thoroughly blocked up by a wreath of snow higher than the mare's head. What was to be done? The old fiddler's hands were muffled in gloves and mittens; and, after trying, he declared he could not hold the reins and keep the restless mare quiet while Angus went to the smith's for spades and help to cut a passage through the wreath. Angus then led the mare into the sheltered enclosure about the church, and tied the strong rein, as he thought, securely to the bell-rope end. But, in the bad light, he made the tie above the ring, or in some other way the bell-rope itself was insecure.

The mare, after being for a little very quiet—for patience was not usually her greatest virtue—made a tug of investigation, and the bell forthwith voiced out loud and

far upon the still frosty air. Angus by this time was with some difficulty getting Alastair and his man out of bed, and finding spades and shovels. Louder and louder rang the bell. The brown mare in truth was frightened out of her wits by the result of her first experiment. She began to pull and dance with a will. The old fiddler clung desperately to mane and saddle, and the bell startled the rising and risen population for miles round. Hugh the Bellman was among the first to hear it, and off he set to ascertain the cause of such an unheard-of event. He gathered a tail of followers as he ran to the church, and he was the first on the ground.

There was quite a crowd gathered in a short time, and Angus only regretted that he had not first thought of ringing the bell himself instead of letting the mare find out the best way for summoning quick assistance. The strange bell-ringing was accepted for an omen. Hugh, when running to ascertain the cause, had said in his haste that the Devil was ringing the bell, and the pious people who had the power and will to fulfil the augury, accepted the bellman's theory, and improved upon it, as a sign that desolation was proclaimed and Ichabod written on the walls of the now doomed place of former parish worship.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CONLAOCH MAC A' CHOIN.

EDITED BY MR HECTOR MACLEAN.

DO chuala mi fad o shean,
 Sgeul do bhoineas ri cumha
 Is trath dh'a h-aithris gu trom,
 Ga ta e mar ainnis oirnn.

Clanna Rughraidh nam brath mall,
 Fa Chonchoir is fa Chonaill ;
 Do b' urlaimh oigfhir air mhagh,
 Air h-urlar Choigeimh Uladh.

Ga thigh ni thainig le gean
 Fa uile laochraidh Bhanbha :
 Cath ag faghail aon uair eile,
 Dar dh' iomain Clanna Rughraidh.

Thainig chugainn—borb a fhraoch—
 An curaidh crodha, Conlaoch ;
 A dh' fhiosnadh m' ar claraibh grinn,
 O Dhun-Sgathaich gu h-Eirinn.

Do labhair Conchobhar ri cach,
 Co gheibheamar chon an oglaich,
 Do bhreith beacht nan sgeula dheth,
 Gun teachta le h-euradh bhuaidh ?

Gluaiseas Conall, nior lag lamh,
 Do bhreith sgeula de 'n mhacain ;
 Air dearbh taruinn do 'n laoch,
 Ceanghailear Conall ri Conlaoch.

Nior ghobh an laoch le lamhach
 Chonaill fraoich forranaich ;
 Ceud d' ar sluagh do cheanghladh leis—
 Ioghnadh a's buan ri aithris !

Chuireadh teachtair gu ceann an con,
 Bho h-ard-righ eagnaigh Uladh,

CONLACH, SON OF THE CU.

TRANSLATED BY MR HECTOR MACLEAN.

I 'VE heard from very old times
A tale which belongs to sorrow ;
To relate it sadly it's time,
As, of us, it is required.

The Clanna Rury of mature judgments,
Offspring of Connor and of Connell ;
Gallant were their youths in the field,
On the plains of Ulster province.

None joyfully had come home
Of all the warriors of Banva ;
In a battle fought another time
The Clanna Rury were victorious.

There came to us—haughty his rage —
The valiant champion, Conlach,
To reconnoitre our beautiful plains,
From Dun-scathaich to Erin.

Conchovar spoke to the rest—
“ Whom have we got for the youth,
To obtain knowledge of his news,
And not to be refused ? ”

Connell moves, whose hand was not weak,
To get his story from the stripling ;
By the sure pull of the warrior,
Connell was bound by Conlach !

The warrior did not halt with the handling
Of Connell of furious wrath ;
A hundred of our host were bound by him—
A wonder to recount which is lasting.

A messenger was sent to the Chief of the *Con*
From the wise high king of Ulster,

Gu Dun-dealgain ghrianaich, ghloin—
Seann dun ceillidh nan Gaidheal.

Bho 'n dun sin do luadhar leinn
Do dh'eangnamh nighean Fhorgain ;
Thigeas gnìomhaidhe nan saoradh seang
Gu rìgh faoilteach nam fearann.

Dh'fhiosraicheadh sluagh Uladh uaine—
Thigeas Cu na craoibhe ruaidhe ;
Mac deud-fhionn—a ghruaidh mar shugh—
Nìor eitich teacht d'ar cobhair.

Conchobhar.

“Fada,” ars' Conchobhar ris a chu,
“Bhathas gun teacht d'ar cobhair ;
As Conall suireach nan steud meara,
An cuibhreach as ceuda d'ar sluagh.”

Conall.

“Deacair dhomhsa bhith am bruid,
A fhir a chobhradh air caraid.”

Cuchulainn.

“Nì 'n reidh dol an eangnamh a lainne—
Eise le 'r cheanghladh Conall.”

Conall.

“Na smaoinich gun òl na aghaidh,
A rìgh nan gorm-lann graineil !
A lamh chruaidh gun laige ri neach,
Smuainich air t'òide, as e 'n cuibhreach.”

Cuchullainn nan san lann sliom,
'Nuair a chual e tuireadh Chonaill ;
Do ghluais e le treine a lamh
Do bhreith sgeula de 'n mhacamh.

Cuchulainn.

“Innis dhuinn, air teachd a' d' dhail,
A raic, an tu nìor ob teughbail ?
A shlios reidh an abhraidh dhuibh—
Fhios t'airm ? co do dhuthchas ?”

Conlaach.

“Do m' gheasaibh air teacht bho m' thigh
Gun sgeula dh'innseadh a dh'aidhe ;

To Dundalgin, sunny and fair—
The old prudent dun of the Gaels.

From that dun of which we speak
Of the prudence of the daughter of Forgall,
Comes the doer of courteous relief
To the generous king of the lands.

The men of green Ulster were asked—
The *Cu* of the Red Branch comes :
White-toothed son, his cheeks like red berries,
Refused not to come to our succour.

“ Long,” said Conchovar to the *Cu*,
“ Wert thou in coming to our succour,
And Connell, lover of brisk chargers,
In bonds, and a hundred of our host !”

Connell.

“ Hard is it for me to be a captive,
O ! man who could aid a friend !”

Cuchullin.

“ Easy it’s not to meet his feat sword,
He who has bound Connell.”

Connell.

“ Don’t think of not going against him,
O ! king of the hated blue-blades !
O ! firm hand, not weak ’gainst anyone,
Think of thy foster-father fettered !”

Cuchullin of the charmed smooth blades,
When he heard the wail of Connell,
Went, with his strength of hands,
From the youth to obtain his news.

Cuchullin.

“ Tell us, come to thy encounter,
O ! Prince, wouldst thou shun conflict ?
Smooth form of the black eyelashes,
Knowledge of thy place ? Who are thy kindred ?”

Conlach.

“ Of my spells coming from home,
Not to tell a tale to a stranger ;

Na 'n innsinn do neach eile,
A d' dhreachsa dh' innsinn gu h-araidh."

Cuchullainn.

"Comhrag riumsa is eigin duit,
Na sgeul a innseadh mar charaid ;
Gabhsa do rogha a chiabh lag
Ni ceillidh tigeil am' chomhrag."

Conlaoch.

"Ach na bhitheadh gun tigeadh 'n ar ceann,
A h-onnchu àidh na h-Eireann !
A lamh ghaisge an tus troid !
Mo chliu bhith an nasgaidh agad."

Iomaineadar chon a cheile,
Ni ta 'n comhrag banamhail ;
Am macan gun d' fhuair a ghuin—
An daltan cruaidh, lamhach.

Cuchullainn as comhrag cruaidh,
Do bha 'n la sin fo dhiombuaidh ;
A ! aon mhac do mharbhadh leis—
An t-saor-shlat chalma, chaomh ghlas !!

"Innis duinn," arsa Cu nan cleas,
O ta am feasta fo 'r n-ailleas,
T' airm as do shloinneadh gu lom ;
Na teirig a dh' fholchainn oirnn.

Conlaoch.

"Is mi Conlaoch mac a Choin,
Oighre dligheach Dhun-dealgain ;
Is mi 'n run dh' fhagas am broinn,
As tu aig Sgathaich ga t' fhoghlum.

"Seachd bliadhna do bha mi shoir,
A foghlum ghaisge bho m' mhathair ;
Na cleasa le 'n do thorchradh mi,
Bha dh' easbhuidh an fhoghlum orm.

"Thoir thusa leat mo shleagh
Agus buain an sgiath so dhiomsa ;
'S thoir let mo chladheamh cruadhach,
Lann fhuair mi air a liomhadh.

Were I to tell to another,
To thee I would certainly tell."

Cuchullin.

"Fight with me thou must needs,
Or, as a friend, must tell thy story ;
Take thy choice, O ! weak youth ;
To encounter me is imprudent."

Conlach.

"But let it not be thought of,
O ! valiant leopard of Erin !
O ! heroic arm in attack !
That my fame were thine for nothing."

They rushed towards each other,
The fight is not womanly ;
The stripling received his death-wound—
The foster-son, hardy and active ?

Cuchullin and strenuous fight
Were that day without success ;
Ah ! his one son was by him slain—
The noble, brave, fine, green spray !

"Tell us," said *Cu* of the feats,
"Since thou art ever in our power,
Thy place and thy name precisely ;
Do not conceal them from us."

Conlach.

"I am Conlach, son of the *Cu*,
Lawful heir of Dun-dalgin ;
I am the secret left in the womb
Whilst thou wert with Scathach learning.

"Seven years was I in the east
Learning war feats from my mother ;
The feats, wherewith I've been slain,
Were wanting in my training.

"Take thou with thee my spear,
And pull this shield off me,
And take with thee my steel sword—
A blade which I received polished.

“Thoir mo mhallachd gu m’ mhathair,
O ’s i chairich mi fo gheasaibh ;
'S a chuir mi an lathair m’ fhuluig ;
A Chuchullainn, b’ ann le d’ chleasaibh.

“A Chuchullainn, chaoimh, chrios-ghil,
Leis am brisear gach bearn ghabhaidh ;
Nach amhairc thu, as mi gun aithne,
Cia meur mu’m bheil am faine.

“Is olc a thuigeadh tusa uamsa,
Athair uasail, ana-meinich ;
Gur mi thilgeadh gu fann, fiar,
An t-sleagh an coinneamh a h-earlainn.”

Smaoineas Cuchullainn nuair a dh’ eug
A mhac an dreach do chumhadh ;
Gur smaoin nar bhreig faoilte an fhir,
Do threig a chuimhne ’s a cheudfadh.

A airmidh ri corp a choin
A chumha ’s beag nach do sgar,
Ri faicinn an culthaobh a’ ghlinne
Gaisgeach Dhuine-dealgain.

Cuchullainn.

“Na mairinns’ as Conlaoch slan,
Ag iomairt air chleasa an comhlan ;
Chuireamaid cath formadach, treun
Air fearaibh Alba agus Eireann.

“Dh’ iath umam ceud cumha,
Mi bhith dubhach ni h-ioghnadh ;
O m’ chomhrag ri m’ aon mhac,
Mo chreuchdan a nochd is iomadh.”

“ Bear my curse to my mother,
As ’twas she who laid me under spells,
And who brought on my suffering—
O ! Cuchullin, ’twas by thy doing.

“ O ! comely, white-belted Cuchullin,
Who breaks every knot of danger,
Look, as I have lost my vision,
On which finger the ring is.

“ Ill wouldst thou understand from me,
Noble, stubborn father ;
That I did throw weakly aslant
The spear directly endwise.”

Cuchullin thought, when died
His son, in the hue of sorrow ;
Reflection truly was the hero’s joy :
His memory and sense forsook him.

His honour from the body of the *Cu*
By his grief was nearly disjoined
On seeing at the back of the glen
The warrior of Dundalgin.

Cuchullin.

“ Were I and Conlach living and sound,
Playing at feats in battle,
We should win a strong enviable fight
Over the men of Alba and Erin.

“ A hundred griefs have environed me,
My being sad is no wonder ;
From my fighting with my one son
My wounds to-night are many !”

NOTES TO THE BALLAD OF CONLAOCH MAC A' CHOIN.

Bhoineas for *bhuineas* in Islay. *Forranach*, fierce; *Forranach*, an oppressor, a destroyer—O'Reilly. *Gobhaim*, I lessen or diminish—O'Reilly. *Chon* for *chum* in Uist.

Uladh, genitive plural of *Ulaidh*, Ultonians. It is a people's name, not a territorial one, and, according to Dr Whitley Stokes, signifies bearded men, from *ula*, beard. Ulster is formed from the Gaelic name by adding *ster*, a contraction of the Norse *stadhr*, a place.

"*Dun-dealgain*, Dundalk, was originally applied, not to the town, but to the great fortress, now called the moats of Castletown, a mile inland. There can be no doubt that this is the Dun-dealgain of the ancient histories and romances, the residence of Cuchullin, Chief of the Red Branch Knights in the first century. In some of the tales of the 'Leabhar na h-Uidhre,' it is called *Dun-Delga*, but in later authorities *Dun-Dealgan*, i.e., Delga's fort; and, according to O'Curry, it received its name from Delga, a Firbolg chief, who built it."—"Joyce's Irish Names of Places," first series, p. 278.

In the "Wooing of Emer," translated by Professor Kuno Meyer, *Archæological Review*, p. 73, it is said of Forgall:—"Forgall himself, too, hard is it to tell his many powers. He is stronger than any labourer, more learned than any druid, sharper than any poet. It will be more than all your games to fight against Forgall himself. For many powers of his have been recounted of manly deeds," said Emer to Cuchullainn. In the Dean's, Fhorgaill is corrupted into Orginn.

Gniomhaidhe, an actor, an agent, a doer—O'Reilly. *Saoradh*, deliverance. *Seang*, prudent, courteous, stately; subtle, subtile—O'Reilly. *San*, which in O'Reilly denotes "holy," is the nearest word to the original *sann*. *Rac*, a king, of which the vocative is *raic*, is the nearest word to *raig*, in the original *Ric*, a king, a prince—O'Reilly. In Llwyd's "Comparative Vocabulary of the Original Languages of Britain," and p. 140, we have Rex, Ir. Righ + breas, rak, F. F. stands for O'Flaherty. *Aoidhe*, a stranger—O'Reilly. *Onnchu*, a leopard.

Nasgaidh. *Tarm*=*do airm*, thy place, occurs twice in the original, and is not a mistake for *t'ainm*, thy name. *Airm*, denoting place, occurs both in O'Reilly and in Llwyd. The quatrains 24, 25, 26, 27, are from Gillies's variant; also 30 and 31.

Airmidh, honour, is found both in Llwyd and O'R.; so *arrum* in the original is nearer to *airmidh* than to *urram*.

Emer, the daughter of Forgall, after many adventures, became the wife of Cuchullainn. The ring mentioned in Gillies's variant is explained in "The Wooing of Emer," *Arch. Review*, June, 1889, p. 301:—"Cuchulaind and Aife went on the path of feats, and began combat there. Then Aife shattered Cuchulaind's weapon, so that his sword was no longer than his fist. Then Cuchulaind said—'Ah,' cried he, 'the charioteer of Aife and her two horses and her chariot have fallen down in the glen, and have all perished.' At that Aife looked up. Then Cuchulaind approached her, seized her at her two

breasts, took her on his back like a shoulder, and carried her with him to his own host. Then he threw her from him to the ground, and placed his bare sword over her. And Aife said, 'Life for life, Oh, Cuchulaind.' 'My three wishes to me,' said he. 'Thou shalt have them as they come from thy breath,' said she. 'These are my three wishes,' said he, 'thou to give hostage to Scathach, without ever opposing her; thou to be with me to-night before thy dun; and to bear me a son.' 'I promise it all thus,' said she. It was done in that wise. Cuchulaind then went with Aife and slept with her that night. Then Aife said that she was with child, and that she would bear a boy. 'I shall send him this day seven years to Erin,' said she, 'and do thou leave a name for him.' Cuchulaind left a golden finger-ring for him, and said to her that he should go and seek him in Erin when the ring would fit his finger; and that Conla was the name to be given to him, and told her that he should not make himself known to anyone, that he should not go out of the way of any man, nor refuse combat to any man. Thereupon Cuchulaind returned back again to his own people, and came along the same road."

Banbha, an ancient name of Ireland.

"The Red Branch Knights of Ulster, so celebrated in our early romances, and whose renown has descended to the present day, flourished in the first century, and attained their greatest glory in the reign of Conor Mac Nessa. They were a kind of militia in the service of the monarch, and received their name from residing in one of the houses of the palace of Emania, called *Craebh-ruadh* (Creeveroe), or the Red Branch, where they were trained in valour and feats of arms. The name of this ancient military college is still preserved in that of the adjacent townland of Creeveroe; and thus has descended through another medium, to our own time, the echo of these old heroic times." —"Joyce's Irish Names of Places," first series, p. 90.

O'Reilly defines *Cu*, "a moth, an insect that gnaws clothes; a dog, a grayhound; a champion, a hero, a warrior." Here are three words different in meaning—homonyms; the second, which signifies dog or hound, is cognate with the Latin *canis*, and is Aryan or Keltic; the third is seemingly pre-Keltic.

Cuchullin is called a king in the ballad of Conlach, and also in that of Garbh Mac Stairn:—

"I give a king's oath on it,"
Handsome men of Erin,
That I will not go into my ship
"Without homage from Cuchullin."

To which Cuchullin replies—

"I give another king's oath,
It is what the high armed Cu spoke,
That thou shalt not take my homage on sea
While I am myself in life."

Here, be it observed, Cuchullin calls himself king. Among a hundred which Major Conder gives of Hittite or Kheta words, *Ku* is given as signifying king —(On the Early Races of Western Asia, by Major C. R. Conder, R.E., Journal of the Authr. Ins., Aug. 1889). *Au*, king—Accadian *uk* and *ku*; Susian *ku*

king; Manchu *chu*, lord. *Kur*, mountain—Accadian *kur*; Medic *kurkha*; Lapp. *kor*; Tcheremiss *korok*; Gaelic *corrach*, steep. *Aker*—Etruscan *ager*, field; Chagataish *kir*; Lapp. *ager*, field. *Lul*, *lel*, chief—Akkadian *lala*, *lul*, *lil*, ruler; Kunic *luli*, chief. Compare *Lulach*, the name of Macbeth's son—*Mac Lulaich*, a Gaelic surname, and *lulgach*, a soldier. *Nazi*, prince; Susian *nazi*, prince—*Nais* or *Naois*, the name of a hero celebrated in old Gaelic romances.

These are a few Turanian words out of many others which are related to Gaelic words, and that linguistically to the pre-Keltic races of Ireland and Scotland. The manner in which *Cu* is used in such names as *Cu-chullainn*, *Cu-Uladh*, Cu of Ultonians; *Cu-Connacht*, Cu of Connaught; *Cu-Midhe*, Cu of Meath; and *Muir-Chu*, Sea-Cu, clearly points to king or chief as the true meaning

H. MACLEAN.

FOR LOVE AND THE PRINCE.

A STORY IN FOUR CHAPTERS—By D. NAIRNE.

CHAPTER I.

“Under the pine tree hoary,
Their talk is of love and glory.”

Ancient ballad.

THEY made a pretty picture, fit subject for the brush of a Millais—the grand old pine tree, a perfect monarch in the natural forest which clad the hillside, its enormous trunk and great twisting arms denoting the growth of ages; the Highland maiden, a queen in her way among the women kind of the Glen, her face and form eloquent of a life of health and freedom; the shaggy collie stretched lazily on the heather, blinking inquisitively at its well beloved mistress, as if in search of some explanation of her thoughtfulness and this visit to the trysting tree while the day was yet too young and busy for thoughts of love. Her eyes lingered dreamily on the still waters of Loch Arkaig, which lay below in a picturesque setting of autumn tinted trees. Away beyond, the alternating peaks of a rugged mountain range, the highest of them showing that the first snows of winter had already fallen, filled in a scene of impressive grandeur; but the girl's meditations were obviously far away from the charms of nature, and her expression was a shade too sad even to suggest the romance of love.

Let me introduce my heroine as she leans carelessly against the massive fir, a tartan plaid thrown loosely about her. She is Helen Cameron, only daughter of a trusted clansman who has followed Lochiel and the Prince to do battle for a cause which has already entered upon its desperate phase. Helen's garments at once associate her with the lowly clachan and the peat fire; but true nobility

has been found there as well as in ancestral halls. There is an individuality and a natural grace about this humbly clad girl which have marked her out among the womankind of the country side. It is not a pretty face and a handsome figure alone which have attracted so many well-to-do wooers to Ewen Cameron's little cottage up the corrie. Those luminous eyes, and that finely arched brow, half concealed by a wisp of dark auburn hair, are indicative of intelligence, and her spirit—she comes of a valiant race—and charm of manner enhance, as many a gallant has told himself, the bloom of her opening womanhood. Who could guess the number of brave hearts that heaved a despairing sigh as they said farewell to Helen *laghach* on that historical April morning, and marched off with the Cameron men?

It had begun to be whispered in the Glen that Cupid's arrows were not destined to have much effect on the heart of Helen Cameron.

“Wild as an untamed bird of spring
She sported 'mid the forest ways.”

And, while agreeable to all, seemed to find enough enjoyment in life without courting the pleasures of love. But this verdict of despairing and love-sick swains and critical mothers was not so true as was outwardly apparent. The problem of her young life had already opened; Cupid had been busy in that quiet way of his, and she had already been startled by the discovery that she loved. Whom? There was Ian, rich, as the world then wagged, and the most importunate of wooers; and there was Black Donald, a more ordinary mortal, from a worldly point of view, but handsome, frank, chivalrous, brave—brave? Reared among valorous Camerons, and educated in the traditions of a powerful and victorious clan, Helen had been much concerned at Donald's remaining at home, tending his frail, old, widowed mother, and the cattle and sheep, while the flower of the Lochiel manhood had followed the Prince.

It was inexplicable to her, and she had pondered much over the circumstance in secret.

Helen had come to the pine tree in response to a secretly-conveyed message from Black Donald that morning, and she was curious to know what he—who might have looked, but had never hinted of love—might desire of her. She half dreaded the interview. What if he, skulking at home while his fellows fought and bled against the enemies of the Prince, should broach to her the subject of love! She would scorn it! And yet; “Ah, Donald!”

The low exclamation was uttered, as if involuntarily from the heart, just as a boat shot out from under the alder trees on the opposite side of the loch. It contained a solitary rower, and, with vigorous strokes, it was directed towards the shore below the pine forest. Helen’s abstraction now vanished, and she watched the progress of the boat with kindled eye, while a faint blush deepened the colour of her cheeks. A finely built, comely fellow, dark, and slightly bearded, sprang lightly ashore, and, with springy step, ascended the hillside towards the fir tree. As he approached the soft expression which had stolen into Helen’s eyes gave place to an appearance of calm reserve, and it was left to the collie to extend to the new comer a welcome, which he did with much jumping and a joyous bark.

“Quiet, Tearlach,” cries Helen, with more concern than the incident seems to warrant, and she blushes as the youth catches her eye with a quick, inquisitive glance.

“Hail to you, Miss Helen,” he says gaily, “and pardon good Tearlach, for you see dogs have the natural habit of giving honest expression to their feelings, unlike us superior beings—an inconvenient virtue sometimes, eh? I allude to sport, of course,” he added, as if apologetically.

What could he mean, thought Helen; what could he know of her mother’s jealous watchfulness? of her own secret love? She was conscious that the old dame harboured a suspicion, arrived at by that

feminine intuition which seldom makes a mistake where love is in the question, that Black Donald, if he only asserted himself, might become a dangerous rival to her favourite Ian.

"You seem in good spirits this morning, Donald Cameron," said Helen without a smile; "the old mother must surely have recovered of the rheumatics, and the cattle have not been straying at milking time."

This was said with a perceptible curl of the lip, and Donald's brows contracted at the raillery. But his displeasure was concealed from his fair tormentor, for at the moment a sound in the forest caught his practised ear, and he observed a woman's form disappear in a clump of trees.

"The old mother is indeed inordinarily well in this fine weather," he rejoined, looking Helen frankly in the face, "and will thank thee for thy kind enquiry, Helen—*laghach*," he added, smiling.

"Is that all thy errand, Donald Dubh; the day is not far spent, and work there is to do before the hour of milking."

"Nay, Helen, I have a message of greater import. Have you heard aught of the Prince and our kinsfolk to disturb thy temper this morning? I doubt me you have got the news already, because I must admit you have raced me of late with the tidings of the battles."

"I have none but good news," she said quietly.

"Ah, then proceed, for mine will not sweeten thy temper, I am afraid."

"'Tis but that the fight goes prosperously I can say, and that the Camerons are bearing themselves bravely in the field, as their fathers did before them. Mother has heard that Ian of the Loch has been personally thanked by the Prince, and promised reward."

She flashed her eyes on Donald as if to catch the first signs of the impression her words made. There was no betrayal of feeling beyond a slight firming of the lips.

"That will no doubt be pleasant news—for some people," he said, with a flavour of bitterness in his tone.

"The only pleasant thing I have to tell thee, speaking for myself, is that I obey a summons to-day to join the Prince's army; and God grant that I may be in time to blunt my claymore on the heads of his enemies."

"And what of the old mother and the cows," Helen asked, with a levity she was far from feeling.

He looked steadfastly in her face, his eyes flashing—such a dignified mien could not spring from a craven heart, thought Helen, and a thrill of pleasure mingled with a fear of her own outspokenness, shot through her.

"Helen Cameron," he said calmly, "you know not my position—you may learn it some day and feel sorry for your words—and I cannot tell it to you. I am no coward—mark what I say, *chaileag laghach*—no coward. I go gladly to strike a blow for what may be a failing cause, and that may be worth two given while it was a successful one."

"Failing cause! Fie! Has the Prince not marched into England, and his enemies fly before his victorious army," exclaimed Helen with animation.

"Fie! say I too; for thy news is old after all. Heard you not that the Prince is in full retreat from England—whither he should not have gone, the council say—and the King may have three armies of larger force in pursuit. It does not look well."

"It is grief I feel to hear it; but there are brave men with him, and I fear not for the cause. And you leave to-day; I am"—she was about to say glad, but stopped abruptly with a look of confusion.

"It is no doubt a matter of indifference to you," he said looking away; "still I wished to say good-bye to so near a neighbour, and to hear you say 'God speed.' You have not been so kindly to me of late," he added, with a soft inflection in his voice.

Helen bent her eyes on the ground, and there was silence for a moment.

"We were friends once," it was his voice again, "and I wish to tell you that my friendship has not changed. Nay,

it has come to be more than friendship, Helen ; it is now—love.”

He spoke with emotion, but there was no trace of pleading in his voice, as if he had no hope, but found relief in the confession. Helen looked up, and though she spoke bravely, there was an unwonted twitching of the mouth, and a suspicion of moisture about her eyes.

“You have made no special claim to my friendship, Donald Dubh, and what claim had you ; and what inducement had I to bestow favour upon thee ? Would it be that I might stand beside thee amongst the women and welcome back the warriors when victory has been won and another is our king ? I know not what reason may have made thee stay at home ; I pray it is a good one ; and I bid thee God speed.”

“You are glad I am going ?”

“I am always glad when a Cameron does his duty.”

“Then farewell, Helen ; may God keep thee, and grant great happiness to thee and to thine. I say no more of love—good-bye.”

“Stay, Donald !” and there was feeling in her voice, “forgive me for being unkind, for I would have none go to the wars with a reproach upon their lips. I wish thee well,” she said falteringly, “and a safe return.”

Helen, the idol as well as the despair of his heart, in tears ! Could it be possible that she loved him—the thought crashed through his brain with the force of an overwhelming discovery, and the words came of their own accord—

“Oh, Helen, may not I fight for thy love as well as for the Prince ?”

“Mar sin bitheadh,” she said in a low voice.

“A token ?” he cried.

“A twig of the pine,” she said retreating, and snatching a sprig she kissed it and threw it at his feet, then bounded like a deer through the forest followed by Tearlach.

Donald followed her with his eyes as one entranced, picked up the twig, kissed it, and wended his way down the hill with light step and throbbing heart. What a change, he mused, since he paced the same heather but a few minutes before—from quiet despair had evolved the exulting hope of winning Helen for his wife! Helen reached the cottage breathless and flushed, and scarcely as yet comprehending what had passed. She proceeded to discharge her household duties with an assumption of calmness she was far from feeling under the inquisitive gaze of her mother.

“You have stayed long in the forest, daughter,” was the only remark the latter made, “and Tearlach must have met a friend, for he barked not as he does after game.”

Helen knew from this observation that her mother had been on the alert, but it never occurred to her that she could have witnessed what had occurred under the pine tree.

“Tearlach is always roaming in the forest,” Helen replied as she prepared to go to the milking.

CHAPTER II.

‘Mid valiant strife there’s done a deed of woe ;
His sword is bloody afore he strikes the foe !

THE fateful day of Culloden dawned raw, chill, and threatening, as if capricious spring had resolved upon one final indulgence in wintry weather. On “the moorland wide and waste and brown,” “far and near, and up and down,” lay the Prince’s army, or rather a portion of it, of half-famished and scantily clothed, but gallant Highlanders, the most of them stretched upon the damp heath in the deep slumber of exhaustion, a number endeavouring to warm their chilled bones at smouldering fires.

As the streaks of dawn broadened, gaunt, unkempt figures rose wearily from among huddled groups of sleepers

and stalked off in quest of breakfast ; but the majority remained, content in their dejection to rely upon the miserable pittance of food which a disorganised commissariat could afford. It was a depressing sight the encampment of this victorious army presented—an army victorious in the field but thoroughly defeated by adverse circumstances and disappointments ; and the depression was deeper than mere apperances conveyed.

While devotion to the Prince still animated the hearts of the gallant warriors, there was a cheerlessness about their demeanour, as if they had become the victims of a dim, ungrasped prescience of evil. The chiefs were sullen. How could they be otherwise ? A council of war had been held, the first since when, at Derby, on the eve of retreat, the Prince had declared he would no longer ask or accept the advice of the chiefs ; and the result was further disagreements. The prudent counsel to retire the Highlanders to their native fastnesses had been discarded, and everything was to be risked upon that bleak expanse of moor, where cavalry and artillery, in which the advancing enemy were grandly equipped in comparison, could best do their butchery. Such was fate, aided and abetted by “idiot generals.”

The desponding tendency of things was deepened as the belated surprise expedition came straggling in from Nairnwards, a mass of footsore and disheartened men, who threw themselves exhausted on the heath, muttering dolorous replies to the eager enquiries of their comrades. While the force were yet far distant from the enemy, who were to have been pounced upon and routed at the murkiest part of the night, drums were heard beating to arms, and no resource was left Lord George Murray but to wheel his men about and rail at destiny.

Among a group who, with many Gaelic colloquialisms more emphatic than graceful, were endeavouring to fan into flame the flickering embers of a fire on the lee side of a drystone dyke, was Donald Duhh. Much chagrined to

find, when he joined the army at Stirling, that the battle of Falkirk had been fought and won the previous day, Donald, eager to distinguish himself, was one of the first to volunteer when the expedition to Nairn was announced. Now he was one of the most disappointed since it had turned out fruitless. Despairing at last of obtaining warmth, Donald lay down under the shelter of the wall to rest his tired limbs, and soon forgot his troubles in sleep—perchance in dreams of fair Helen.

Ian of the Loch wandered restlessly about the moor, his brow darkened and his mood thoughtful. In his aimless strolling he came upon the prostrate form of Donald, and drew up with a start. His rival! A fierce expression suffused his features, as, with a swift glance around to assure himself he was alone, he positively glared at the sleeping man. The contrast between the two men at this moment was a striking one—the frank, handsome face of Donald, the shadow of a smile—a reflex of happy dreams—hovering about the mouth; Ian, less favoured in visage, his eyes aflame, his whole demeanour indicative of jealousy and hatred.

“And so, Donald Dubh,” he muttered, “thou hast been skulking after a girl, whilst thy clansmen fought and bled? Secret service for the Chief! Bah! Watching a shadow, a thing that could do no harm. ’Tis thine own secret service thou hast been after, Donald Dubh, playing the lover; but I’ll be a match for thee. Ay, I will; if a bullet does not pierce thy false heart.”

Ian strode away, his hands clenched, and a curse upon his lips. He had been told on the previous night of the meeting of Helen and Donald under the pine tree, by one of a small party who had arrived in Inverness from the Lochiel country to receive and give tidings of loved ones. The message came from Helen Cameron’s mother; and there was the cruel addendum, “May the fate of battle aid thee.”

Messengers came hurrying in with the news that the King's forces were on the march, and soon the camp was in a state of excitement and bustle. Hundreds of weary, hungry men were rudely awakened from what was to be their last rest before they slept the sleep of death upon that same heath. The enemy! Before the prospect of battle the wants of nature were forgotten. The condition of claymores, broad swords, and flint locks was seen to with more cheeriness than had been displayed for many days, as the drums beat to arms, and the pipers, stationed far and near, played the gathering tunes of their clans. Messengers, on foot and mounted, rushed to Inverness and hither and thither gathering the warriors for the coming struggle. The Lovats and the Macphersons had not arrived, and of a truth the Prince sorely needed all the military strength he could muster.

Stationed in the right wing—next to the Athole brigade—which was under the command of Lord George Murray, the Cameron men, though their ranks had been grievously thinned by the sword and the ravages of disease, still looked a formidable body to reckon with, as they paraded under the eagle eye of their valiant and honoured chief. It was an imposing array that met the sight of the King's troops as they debouched on the moor. And knowing by reputation, if not by actual experience, the hurricane nature of the Highlanders' onslaught, not a few English knees trembled as they took up their positions, and were presently reminded by their officers of their previous exercise in the best mode of turning aside the strokes of the Highland broadswords.

But even under the excitement of pending battle the prescience of evil lingered among the Highland host; and this feeling, engendered by the general drift of circumstances, was increased when the whisper went through the ranks that the Macdonalds were grumbling ominously at being relegated to the left wing of the line, instead of the right, which they claimed as their hereditary privilege.

"I like not the look of things," said Black Donald, as he stepped into the front rank of the Camerons.

"Not so pleasant as love making in the pine forest," hissed a voice in his ear, and looking round, he perceived that Ian of the Loch was stationed behind him.

"Ah, it's thou, Ian," replied Donald quietly, "well, with all thy bravery, and that is much, they tell me, thou canst not be keener than I am to measure swords with yonder enemy; but I say our chief is surely right, that to fight in the open against odds, and a thousand horse to boot, is but to court death."

"The Prince is confident of victory; that is enough for *my* taste," said Ian with a sneer.

While yet they spoke, the boom of cannon rang over the moor, and as the well-directed shot tore through both lines of the Highlanders, many gallant men fell. Cries of pain filled in the short succeeding silence. The small and ill-served ordnance of the Highland army made but ineffectual response; and, noting as the duel proceeded, that the King's troops were having the best of the encounter, a clamour arose in the Cameron ranks to be led against the foe sword in hand. Lord George Murray, pale and excited, rode along his division, noting the temper of his men, and the tendency of the battle. He had apparently resolved upon the forlorn hope of close combat.

The critical moment arrived; on every hand the Highlanders began to "scrug" their bonnets, preparatory to drawing their claymores and broadswords, the while muttering deep threats of vengeance, for the losses had already been severe.

Unobserved, as he thought, Donald at this juncture drew from his bosom a simple sprig of fir, kissed it passionately, and thrust it back again.

But even amid that scene of death this little pathetic incident did not escape the jealous eyes of Ian, and a murderous look demonised his face as he drew his steel.

The order to advance sounded shrilly above the roll of cannon and the rattle of musketry. There was an instant's pause, for a shower of sleet, which had been falling, at that instant developed into a terrific blast. The Highland army received it full in the face. It seemed as if the very elements were trying at the eleventh hour to beat back the Prince's thousands from the field of doom. Then through the snow came a hail of death-dealing bullets.

"Woe to us," exclaimed Donald, as a gallant comrade sank at his side to rise no more. "Woe to us; we are fighting Heaven and the Devil too."

With a *roar* of mingled rage and defiance, the Camerons, Lochiel brandishing his claymore as he led impetuously on, rushed in the human avalanche at the foe. As they neared the steady ranks of the troopers, and got within a zone of denser smoke, another volley riddled their ranks. Instead of checking the advance, the slaughter only made the Camerons' onslaught more terrific.

Donald Dubh fell; but, alas! no enemy's bullet had inflicted the gaping wound. 'Mid valiant strife it was a deed of woe!

Ian leapt over the fallen man with a demoniacal yell; his sword was blood-stained ere he had struck one blow for the Prince!

With a fury indescribable, the Camerons threw themselves upon the troopers, and they reeled; there were clashings of steel, shouts of vengeance, hoarse imprecations, heart rending cries of pain, mingled in one awful sound of conflict. Ian fought as he had never done before; his broadsword flashed to right and left of him, and with each flash went a life. Fight on brave Ian; thy rival in love lies low indeed, and in thy maddened brain fair Helen beckons thee under the pine tree!

From that scene of butchery, from among heaps of writhing bodies and rivulets of blood, emerged the Camerons, a mere shadow of their former strength; but with the undaunted Lochiel still at their head, they rush blindly on.

Ian keeps close to his chief, who advances between his two brothers, who are, like himself, as yet unscathed. Suddenly, a dreadful shower of grape crashes through the attenuated ranks, and more than a half of the Camerons wither away. Lochiel is down! For a second his brothers and a few surviving Camerons glance around. They see no hope; nothing but carnage and death. One or two, excited into unreason by the slaughter, and the sight of their prostrate chief, rush forward to meet certain death; the others follow Lochiel to protect him as he is borne quickly from the field. Among the latter is Ian, his sword dripping with blood, his face haggard and bleeding.

"Thou did'st well, Ian; I saw thee," said Lochiel faintly, catching sight of his clansman.

Ian said nothing, but his heart quaked, and he scanned apprehensively each wounded man that was borne past him.

[TO BE CONCLUDED IN NEXT ISSUE.]

A SONG.

I.

HANDS locked, the lovely hours go sweeping round,
As waves through some deep channel newly found;
So fleet of foot, they scarcely touch the ground
To rhythmic measure—music without sound.

II.

And there are days our memory holds dear—
Moments that bring heaven's radiant portals near,
With strains the listening soul alone can hear
Mid trumpet call of duty, stern and clear.

III.

Like dancers, swift the years are whirling by!
Some pass with laughter; other, passing, sigh
And beckon as they pass while we draw nigh—
Drawn in—and follow, follow till we die.

ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL.

ON THE SIMILARITY OF NORTHERN FOLK TALES.

“ On the sea, to the west of Heligoland’s rocks,
An island floats on the sunny waves ;
But should a sailor come near
The clouds sink over it,
And hide the beckoning shore,
So that none may see it.
Only in thought the coast-dweller hies
To the West, to the beautiful Fairyland.”—*Welhaven.*

THE Scandinavian fairies are very like our own—some of them are good and some mischievous, while not a few are deliberately wicked. In Chr. Asbjørnsen’s “Norwegian Folk and Fairy Tales”¹ there is more than one story which so closely resembles Campbell’s “Popular Tales of the West Highlands” that it reads like a translation of the same. Take, for instance, the tale of “The Heartless Giant,” and, with very few alterations, we have “The young King of Easaidh Ruadh ;” the incidents are identical—the princess and the giant whose heart is in an egg, also the three grateful beasts ; but instead of the hawk, the falcon, and the otter, we have a crow, a salmon, and a wolf. This incident is a very common one in folk tales ; we meet with it again in Austria, in Ruskin’s legend of Styria.² It was from an earlier edition of Asbjørnsen and Moe that Dasent made his collection of “Popular Tales from the Norse,” published in 1859.

In Asbjørnsen’s tale called “The Cormorants from Udröst,” there is a description of the same mysterious western land on which rests the foundation of Campbell’s story, “Nighean Rìgh fo Thuinn.” We are told that sometimes the fishermen find bits of straw or barley clinging to

¹ “Norske Folke og Huldre-Eventyr,” Copenhagen, 1879.

² “The Black Brothers ; or the King of the Golden River.”

the steerage of their boats, and by this they know that they have sailed over Udröst or one of the other fairy isles. This particular one is situated beyond the island of Röst or Roost, and is not far from Vaeröe, an island to the north-west of Norway. A poor fisherman, named Isaac, loses his way in a sea fog and comes suddenly upon Udröst, where he is hospitably entertained by a little, old man in a blue jacket with a long beard. After remaining there some days, he is taken out fishing in a boat by the little man's three sons, who are three cormorants, and who always choose the roughest weather for a sail. After spending a happy time on the island, Isaac returns home to his wife and children, and from that day forward he meets with such good luck in his fishing that he soon becomes a rich and prosperous man.

Some of these fairy islands are inhabited by peasants who live just like the rest of the world—by farming and fishing—although, of course, they possess all good things in greater abundance. There is a legend about Oslög and Sigurd which tells how they went to live on an island inhabited by the fairies, where they were waited on by invisible beings.¹ This same Sigurd of the Volsunga Saga is the Siegfried of the Nibelungen.

When Ogier the Dane was a hundred years old he was taken by Morgue the fay to the island of Avalon, "hard by the terrestrial paradise," where he dwelt in the company of King Arthur, Oberon, and others. Ossian, too, lived in the Tir na'n Og for no less than three hundred years, after which period he returned to seek his friends, but no sooner did his feet touch mortal ground than he became an old man, and his beard trailed to his feet. There is no end to the legends connected with this myth, and the names by which this earthly paradise has been designated would in themselves fill a volume. Some called it the Isles of the Blest; in the Highlands it is usually known as Tir na'n Og, the Land of Youth; and in Ireland, Hy-Brasail. In

¹ Keightley's "Fairy Mythology."

"The Water Babies" Charles Kingsley calls it Saint Brandon's Isle.

In Highland folk-lore there was once a young man who went to sleep on the "Island of Peace," and awoke to find himself quite old.¹

The fairies live there, and all agree that it is a happy place. There is an old Irish saying about it that you will get happiness for a penny there: "Gabhaidh tu an sonas aer pighinn." Some say that it is divided into three islands—the isle of the living, the isle of victories, and the land under the waves; also, that it never appears except as a forerunner of national misfortune.² Moore alludes to it in several of his poems:—

"That Eden, where th' immortal brave
Dwell in a land serene—
Whose bowers beyond the shining wave,
At sunset, oft are seen."

Also in the one beginning "When the cold, clear eve's declining" and "Of all the fair months that round the sun." The latter is the legend of the good saint O'Donohue, who may still be seen riding on his white steed over the Lake of Killarney on a May-day morning, followed by youths and maidens strewing flowers in his path, accompanied by the sounds of sweet music. The crests of waves are called "O'Donohue's white horses" by the Irish boatmen, and perhaps it is to them that we owe the name of "white horses," which is almost universal as applied to the waves on a stormy day.

Giraldus Cambrensis, in the twelfth century, wrote the account of a "Phantom Isle" seen in Ireland; but the belief is by no means the monopoly of the Northern nations, for we read of it in the "Arabian Nights," and to this day there exists a tradition in Greece of a city which was once swallowed up by an earthquake and is still visible below the waves. The ancient Greeks believed in the

¹ Robert Buchanan, "In the Hebridean Isles."

² W. B. Yeats, "Fairy and Folk Tales of the Irish Peasantry."

"Happy Isles," and said that the Beryl was able to guide them there.¹ The Beryl stone is the emblem of hope. "Neptune . . . always among the Greeks typified by the horse, which was to them as a crested sea-wave, animated and bridled."²

We find the same account concerning the origin of fairies in Norway as in the Highlands; they are the fallen angels doomed to live on earth until the end of the world. The following conversation is about a Huldre or Hill-lady:—

"But where have you seen her, Matthias? Do you believe that the Hill-people really exist?"

"Certainly; should I not believe the holy Scripture?" he replied. "When our Lord overthrew the wicked angels some of them were cast into Hell; but others, whose sin was not so great, were allowed to live on earth, in the air, and under the sea; that I know for a fact. Besides which, I have both heard and seen them myself in the woods and fields."³

Matthias goes on to relate how, as he was returning home late one night, he saw a large red building leaning all to one side with crooked doors and windows; this was a house belonging to the hill folk.

Red seems to be a very favourite colour with the fairies in all countries. In Norway they live in knowes like the Highland fairies, and many a time have they been seen by moonlight raised on red pillars.

Red worsted is a safeguard against evil spirits:—

"Rowan ash, and red thread,
Keep the devils from their speed."

The rowan tree, moreover, is especially connected with fairy lore; the name is derived from the Danish rön, Swedish rünn, and from the old Norse runa, a charm;⁴ Old Irish and Gaelic, luisreag, a charm; also called the

¹ Edwin Arnold, "Lotus and Jewel."

² Ruskin, "The Queen of the Air."

³ "Norske Folke og Huldre-Eventyr."

⁴ Thistleton dyer—"Folk-lore of Plants."

crabha-chaoran or fuinnseach coille, the wood enchantress. Many are its virtues :—

“That precious fruit, so richly red,
Did suffice for a man’s nine meals.
A year it added to man’s life. ¹

How it was made to suffice for a man’s nine meals is not explained ; the berries are sometimes made into tarts and jelly, but we do not know of any other way in which they are used as food. There is a rowan tree in the story of Diarmaid and Graidhne, and it is considered lucky to have them planted near the doors of houses.

Green is also the fairies’ colour, but, as we were told in the Highlands, “it is just a superstition that about the fairies being dressed in green, and those who have seen them themselves say that they will dress in any colour they please, like other people.”

But this is a subject about which there is great difference of opinion, and we cannot get the authorities to agree about the colour of the hat and jacket worn by them ; in the Island of Sylt the jackets were red, but William Allingham says :—

“Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together ;
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl’s feather !”

In Ireland there is a tradition that the fairies are the old heathen gods whom men had ceased to worship, and another Norwegian belief is that they are the souls of wicked persons who have died impenitent, and are doomed to wander on the hills until the day of judgment. The Jews believe them to be the offspring of Lilith, the first wife of Adam. All agree that they have but a faint hope of salvation, but there appears to be some doubt whether or not they are subject to want and death the same as mortals. The peasants of Normandy have a tale about a little fairy who was killed by a fall from a window, and buried by her

¹ Cameron—“Gaelic Names of Plants.”

heart-broken husband in a rose, and the poet Blake saw a fairy's funeral on a rose-leaf! Children born on a Sunday who have found the four-leaved shamrock can see the fairies without being seen by them.¹ It is curious that the shamrock should play a part in Norwegian folk-lore, but it may be an interpolation on the part of the editor.

The hill folk are for the most part harmless little people like the *daoine sithe*, and, if left alone, they will not hurt anybody. The Niss takes up his abode in houses like the Brownie. He is rather fond of playing mischievous pranks, but, beyond this, he does no damage except under serious provocation. The Draug is a specimen of water-kelpie. He sings the fisherman's death-psalm under the waves of the sea. The Trolld is a far more terrible individual. He is a giant both big and ugly who can assume the form of a three-legged cat, or a black raven, or an old woman. He would doubtless eat little children, and cause no end of misfortune if there were not always a Jack the Giant Killer, who appears at the right moment, to destroy him.

Changelings are also common in Norwegian folk-lore. The fairies were constantly running away with babies and replacing them with their own offspring. This they did partly because they coveted mortal children, and partly because they intended that their own should profit by the exchange.

There was once a changeling, who lived near Tiis Lake in Zealand, who could run up walls like a cat. In order to get rid of him a whole pig was cooked, and put into a black pudding, and given to him to eat. When he saw it he exclaimed—"A pudding with a hide! a pudding with eyes! a pudding with a tail! Three times have I seen a young wood by Tiis Lake, but never anything like this!" And with these words he ran off.²

The Irish have an infallible way of discovering if a child is a changeling. They lay it on the fire with this

¹ Asbjörnsen—"Norske Folke og Huldre-Eventyr."

² Keightley's "Fairy Mythology."

formula : " Burn, burn, burn—if of the Devil, burn ; but if of God and the saints, be safe from harm." Then, if it be a changeling, it will rush up the chimney with a cry.¹ Another method, according to Crofton Croker, is to boil some egg-shells, at the sight of which it will cry out in astonishment, " I've been fifteen hundred years in the world, and I never saw a brewery of egg-shells before ! " And when the imp has made good his escape, the real child will be found sleeping peacefully in its cradle. This resembles the tale of " The Smith and the Fairies." ² Asbjørnsen has a story of a fairy changeling who was called " the mumbling goose egg " (Mumle Gaaseæg), because, while he was being hatched out of the egg, he mumbled, " Herring and porridge and pudding and milk, herring and porridge and pudding and milk." He had a voracious appetite, and devoured the meals of five people without being satisfied ; but no violent means were necessary to get rid of him, because, as soon as he found that he was not wanted, he wisely walked off and entered the service of the king. He fought with a wicked trolld, and became another Jack the Giant-killer.

These are but a few specimens of fairy lore, culled from many sources. There are several other Norwegian tales equally worthy of notice in Asbjørnsen's collection alone, of which perhaps the best is " To the East of the Sun and the West of the Moon," for which see " Popular Tales from the Norse," but no translation could possibly equal the beauty and simplicity of the original.

MAB MERION.

¹ W. B. Yeats—" Fairy and Folk Tales of the Irish Peasantry."

² Campbell—" Popular Tales of the West Highlands."

RACHEL.

SHE was fair, as men count fairness, with wondrous deep dark eyes,
Those wells of truth or perfidy, where woman's empire lies ;
Where men's souls are marred or mated by one magnetic thrill
That flashes forth in majesty, subservient to her will.
She was young, with grace unconscious in every rounded limb,
And watching every dainty pose, the strong man's grew dim.
His mind no longer ruled him, he was hers for weal or woe ;
He staked his cherished freedom on one adventurous throw,
And straightway bound him henchman—was his kinsman's bond and thrall—
Nor recked the years nor counted cost where she was all in all.
And, as the story telleth us, so swiftly sped away
Those seven years of servitude for love seemed but a day ;
So well the strong man cherished his winsome Syrian flower,
Whose youth and perfect loveliness were all her wifely dower.

But as the years sped onwards, and the mother-love grew strong,
She murmured in her waywardness, as though Leah did her wrong—
“Give to me children or I die ; why should this bliss be thine ?
Why should thy little children's arms about thee gently twine ?
Our husband loveth *me*, and *thou* art but his wifely slave ;
Hast thou forgot his anger at the gift my father gave ?
Thou speakest not, poor abject, for thou know'st thy words are vain—
They cannot give thee Jacob's love nor rend his heart in twain ;
Yet art thou blest, poor fool, maybe thy well loved first-born son
May prove the promised seed, and wear the crown that he hath won ;
And I may weep in agony, despite my husband's truth,
For thou art placed by baby hands above my perfect youth.
Oh ! God, and must I bear it ? Oh ! Saviour hear my cry —
Give me, oh Lord, a little child ; oh, hear me lest I die !
And man shall write me childless, and a curse on Jacob's race,
For whom the God of Abraham hath left no hope of grace.”

God heard the fretful wailings of the lovely, wayward wife,
And granting twice her heart's desire, she yielded up her life ;
Just wailing forth in agony, “O, son of this my sorrow !”
Then sinking back in death, she slept a sleep that knows no morrow.

M. O. W.

STUDIES IN GAELIC.

PRE-HISTORIC GAELIC.

THE Gaelic language spoken in Ireland in Cæsar's time would have been as unintelligible to the modern Gael as Latin is to the uneducated Frenchman. The degree of unintelligibility would be the same in those two cases, and the cause of it is exactly the same. French is descended directly from the Latin of Cæsar's time; there is not a break in the continuity of its descent; there is not a point of time at which we can say "Here Latin ends and French begins." Now Latin is a highly inflected language—with a complex declension and conjugation and a cumbrous syntax. The French has few inflections, and an easy syntax; its words have got stripped, curtailed, and condensed when compared to their ancestral Latin. Who would think that French and English *age* came from a Latin *ætaticum*, a derivative of *ætas*? Yet the steps can be followed and the changes proved, which resulted in such a deterioration as the crushing of a four-syllabled word into a monosyllable. Swift thought, in an ironical moment, that only the philosophers of Laputa were capable of improving their country's language by beginning "to shorten discourse by cutting polysyllables into one." The French peasants have done it.

In like manner the highly inflected and polysyllabic Gaelic of Cæsar's day has been cut and carved by time into its modern form, where consonants disappear as with a puff of the conjuror's breath, and the goal of the language would appear to be, as one of its admirers once lamented, a series of vocalic grunts and "ochs" and "pechs." An example will make this more patent. The following sentence is given in three different stages of Gaelic—first in modern Gaelic, then in old Gaelic—from

the Book of Deer, and, lastly, a rough attempt is made to put it in the Gaelic of Cæsar's day. The sentence is—"Drostan and another man came from Iona, as God revealed to them, as far as Aberdour, and Bede the Pict was King (Mormaer) of Buchan before them, and it is he that gave them that town in freedom for ever from King and Thane."

MODERN GAELIC.

Thainig Drostan mac Cosgraich agus fear eile a h-I, mar dh' fhoillsich Dia doibh, gu ruig Abardobhair, agus bu Bhedhe Cruithneach rìgh Buchain air an ceann, agus is e thiodhlac doibh a' chathair sin an saoire gu brath bho rìgh agus bho thoiseach.

BOOK OF DEER (ARRANGEMENT CHANGED).

Tangator drostán mac cósgreg agus fer ele áhí mar-roalseg díá dóibh goníc abbordobóir agus bédé cruthnec roborí búchan aragínn agus essé rothidnaíg dóibh ingathráig sáin insære gobráith órlíg agus óthósec.

GAELIC OF CÆSAR'S TIME.

T-anancontor Drostagnos maqvos Coscrecos oncess(u) viros alios ex Ivi imbar ro-svolnessecis Dēvos do-ibis con-incont Adberon-dubri oncess Bedaios Qvritenecos ro-bove rīx Buchanos are esan qvindo oncess est sios ro-tīd(?)-nance do-ibis sindin castrecen sosin in sovirii co brātun au rīgi oncess au tovessaci.

It is unnecessary again to warn the reader that the above Cæsarian Gaelic is nothing but a philological restoration, and that it is correct only in spirit. No Gaelic monument or document exists till five hundred years later; but Celtic names, and Celtic monuments with inscriptions belonging to Gaul in Cæsar's time and subsequently, exist; and these, with the help of Old Irish phonetics, enable us to form an idea of what the Gaelic of that time may have been.

That the Celts had a literature in Cæsar's time we know from two sources. We know from Cæsar himself, who tells us that young men, in training for being Druids, remained

for twenty years under tuition, and learned a great quantity of poetry by heart. If poetry existed, literature existed. Again, we can reason backwards from the wealth of Irish literature that the early Celts had an extensive literature, both prose and verse. The poetry learned under the Druids was not allowed to be written down; they thought, Cæsar says, writing impaired the memory. But the real reason evidently was that writing was a comparatively recent art, and a foreign art as well. The old literature and the old doctrines had been carefully handed down for ages by the memory of trained men, just as in India the grand old Sanskrit literature was similarly handed on by oral tradition for hundreds of years, till at length it was consigned to the greater security of writing. So the Druids and learned men of Gaul did not consign their literature to letters, although they were able to write, and, for ordinary purposes, made use of the Greek alphabet. They, doubtless, borrowed the Greek letters from the Grecian colony of Massilia, founded about 600 B.C. The Greeks themselves had borrowed this alphabet from the Phœnicians, and the Romans had adopted and adapted theirs from the Greek. Indeed, there is only one European alphabet which is really indigenous to Europe, and that is the Ogam alphabet of the ancient Gaels. It was invented in the British Isles.

The present day Irish alphabet, to which the patriotic Irishman clings with such national and irrational fervour, is but a descendant of the Latin cursive writing of the fifth century, as that writing was developed in Gaul. This cursive writing was "uncialised," or written like capitals separately, and this style was transferred to Ireland in the days of St Patrick, where it has flourished ever since, and from whence it penetrated into England to form the Anglo-Saxon alphabet.

The Ogham monuments have been, and still are, the puzzle of the linguist and the antiquary. They are all sepulchral monuments, and are found in the south of

Ireland, chiefly in Waterford, Cork, and Kerry, in South Wales, in Devon and Cornwall, and in Eastern Scotland—Fife, Aberdeen, Sutherland, and the Shetland Isles. They are easily cut upon stone, for they consist merely of a series of strokes. M. H. De Jubainville ironically remarks about Oghams: "This alphabet was invented by the ancient Irish to save stonecutters the trouble of learning to write." It is suitable only for stone-cutting; it is easy to inscribe, but it may come, if carelessly done or if the stone is much weathered, to be very difficult to read. The inventors doubtless had the Roman or Greek alphabet as their fundamental guide. The Ogham characters, with their equivalents in Roman letters, are as follows:—

b, l, f, s, n;	h, d, t, c, q;
m, g, ng, z, r;	a, o, u, e, i.

It is a proto-telegraphic system; so many strokes for each letter, above, below, or through a stem line. The stem line is generally the edge of the stone on which the inscription is cut.

The Ogham inscriptions belong to the fifth and one or two subsequent centuries. They are couched in Gaelic, so far as they have been deciphered as yet. The name of the buried person is in the genitive case, and, as a rule, some patronymic definition of him is added. The form *maqi*, genitive of *maqos* or *maqas*, son, continually recurs. This is the pre-historic form of modern *Mac*, genitive *mic* for *maic*. An example or two is given in order to show what old Gaelic words looked like in the 5th century, and what the state of inflection was. Thus:—

Sagramni maqi Cunotami

"(The stone) of Sagramnos son of Cunotamos."

Maqi Deceddas avi Toranias

"Of the son of Deces O' Toranis."

B usccos maqqi Caliaci

"Of Bruscos son of Calacos (chanticler)."

Cunanettas m(aqi) mucoi Nettasegamonas

"Of Cunanes son of the son of N."

Tria maqa Mailagni

"Of the three sons of Maolan."

Ovanos avi Ivacattos

"Of Ovan O' Eochaidh."

We see that the genitive singular of nouns ending in *os*, the Latin and Greek second declension, ends in *i*, and the genitive plural in *a(n)*, as in *tria(n) maqa(n)*; and further the genitive singular of nouns of the consonantal declension, the third declension of Latin and Greek, ends in *as*, more rarely in *os* as in Greek. The fact is that about the beginning of the Ogmic period terminal *o* in Gaelic had become or was becoming rapidly a more dulled sound, better represented by *a*. Thus the *os* of the *o* declension (2nd declension of Latin and Greek) is *as*; *magros* of primitive Celtic has become *magvas* by the fifth century. The primitive Aryan *os* was also dulled in Latin to *us*. Another interesting fact to note is that the terminal *s* of the genitives and consequently of the nominatives was not yet lost. Hence we note the dulling of terminal *o* to *a*, and the preservation of final *s*, though there are signs of its being in process of falling away.

These two facts which we have noted receive further confirmation from old Irish and modern Gaelic. Terminal *a* in disappearing leaves a regressive effect on a previous *i*, and in modern Gaelic on a previous *e*. Thus, Celtic *viros* (man), proto-Gaelic *viras*, Old Irish *fer*, Gaelic *fear*, where the *a* in disappearing has broadened the *i* of the previous syllable into *e* or *ea*. The Celtic *eqvos* (horse) gives proto-Gaelic *eqvas*, and this again is our *each*, with the *a* appearing in the previous syllable. Again the preservation of *s* terminally till comparatively late in Gaelic—later than in spoken Latin—is proved by the presence or absence of aspiration in the initial consonant of the next word. For all single consonants, save *l*, *n*, *r*, if flanked by vowels, are aspirated

in Gaelic; *mater* (mother) becomes *mathair* in Gaelic. This principle holds true between two or more words which make up a grammatical complex or phrase. If the first word ends in a vowel, the initial consonant of the next is aspirated. Feminine nouns, for example, of the first declension ended in *a*, and hence they aspirate their adjectives. Thus *bean shean* (old wife) is for *bena sena*, which, run together, gives *bena-sena*, and the *s* being vowel-flanked is aspirated, whereas *duine sean* stands for *dunias senas*. This *s* appears as the so-called euphonic *h*; as *na h-ingnean* (the nails) is for *sinda-s-ingiones* for *sindas ingiones*. Many words in old Irish have this *h*, if they begin in vowels. The *s* itself appears before certain consonants, such as *c*, *t*, *m*, and *n*, especially in Gaelic, and linguists have called it prosthetic *s*. It is merely the terminal *s* of the previous word, thus preserved long after its disappearance from its natural position at the end of the foregoing word.

We shall conclude this paper with a paradigm of proto-Gaelic and proto-Celtic declension. The Gaelic and old Irish are given in the first two columns.

O stems, Latin 2nd declension.

Fear (a man).

<i>Gaelic.</i>	<i>Old Irish.</i>	<i>Proto-Gaelic.</i>	<i>Proto-Celtic.</i>
S. N. fear	fer	viras	viros
G. fir	fir	virī	virī
D. fear	fiur	viru	virō
A. fear	fer n-	viran	viron
V. 'fhir	a fhir	vire	vire
D. N. da fear	fher	virā	virō
D. " "	fheraib	virabin	virobin
P. N. fir	fir	virī	viroi
G. fear	fer n-	viran	viron
D. fearaibh	feraib	virabis	virobis
A. fir	firu	virūs	virōss
V. 'fheara	a fhiru	virūs	virōs

A stems, Latin 1st declension.

Cas, a foot ; Latin *coxa*.

S. N.	cas	coss	cossa	coxa
G.	coise	coisse	cossēs	coxēs
D.	cois	coiss	cossi	coxē (?)
A.	cas	coiss n-	cossin	coxin
V.	a chas	a choss	cossa	coxa
D. N.	da chois	dí choiss	cossi	coxē
G.	da chas	dá choss	cossō	coxō
D.	da chois	dib cossaib	cossābin	coxābin
P. N.	casan	cossa	cossās	coxās
G.	cas	coss n-	cossan	cozan
D.	casaibh	cossaib	cossābis	coxābos
A.	casan	cossa	cossās	coxās
V.	a chasa	a chossa	cossās	coxās

Consonant stems, Latin 3rd declension.

Nathair, viper ; Latin *natrix*.

S. N.	nathair	nathir	natrix	natrix
G.	nathrach	nathrach	natracas	natracos
D.	nathair	nathraig	natraci	natraci
A.	nathair	nathraig n-	natracen	natracen
V.	a nathair	nathir	natrix	natrix
P. N.	nathraichean	nathraig	natraces	natraces
G.	nathraichean	nathrach n-	natracan	natracan
D.	nathraichean	nathrachaib	natracabis	natracebos
A.	nathraichean	nathracha	natracēs	natracēs
D. N.	da nathair	da nathraig	natrace	natrace
G.	da nathair	da nathrach	natracō	natracō
D.	da nathair	dib nathrachaib	natracabin	natracebin

NEW BOOKS.

A GROUP OF EASTERN ROMANCES AND STORIES, FROM THE
PERSIAN, TAMIL, AND URDU. BY W. A. CLOUSTON. Glasgow: W.
Hodges & Co., Bothwell Street, 1889.

IN these days, when a cataract of fiction is streaming daily from the press, whether in the ambitious form of the three-volume novel, or of the "shilling shocker," or of the penny novelette—beloved of housemaids—it is a positive pleasure and relief to turn to the more artless romances and stories of an earlier or another stage of civilisation. A popular tale from J. F. Campbell's Collections, or an Eastern Romance from Mr Clouston's varied store, is intrinsically worth tons of the ordinary literature turned out for the amusement and edification of the modern readers of fiction. A healthy and breezy life is presented to us in these tales; the imagination soars aloft on the wings of the morning, and we live among other interests and other ideals than those of our own grosser time. The public owe a debt of gratitude to men like Mr Clouston, who place before them in handy and attractive form the best specimens whether of primitive or eastern literature.

The present volume contains four main romances, besides several short pieces given under the title of "Persian Stories." The first two romances, entitled, respectively, the "History of Nassar" and the "History of Farrukhrúz," are from the work of a Persian writer of the 17th century; and the first shows that Fate or Destiny is paramount in human affairs, and so long as fortune frowns, all the efforts of men to better their condition are utterly futile. The second romance shows that the favourite of Fortune always succeeds. The third romance—"The King and His Four Ministers"—is in a favourite eastern form: tales are told before the king to show that he must not act rashly against a minister who seems to have wronged him deeply, and the faithful minister is at last justified in sight of the king. It is an Indian story. The fourth romance is that of the "Rose of Bakawali," a Persian story, full of fairy and demoniac action.

The style of the Persian stories is extremely picturesque and figurative. To say "the man agreed" or "complied" would be too tame for an eastern, and we have, "He drew the hand of obedience over the eyes of compliance," or "Lighted the lamp of acquiescence in the assembly of compliance." There are many interesting customs and beliefs which appear in these tales, but we must content ourselves with mentioning only one belief which is also paralleled on Celtic ground. The Indian story of the "King and His Four Ministers" opens with a king on the throne, whose rule was so just that "during his reign the cow and the tiger amicably quenched their thirst side by side in the same pond, and the kite and parrot laid their eggs in the same nest as though they were birds of a feather. The women never deviated from the path of virtue, and regarded their husbands as gods. Timely rain refreshed the soil, and all Alakesa's subjects lived in plenty and happiness." The idea that a specially just and generous king brought physical benefits upon his land at the hands of the unseen powers appears more than once in the Irish romances.

Mr Clouston has added valuable notes to the translations—notes marked by his usual learning and research. The introduction contains a short re-statement of his views as to the spread of such romances and tales. He believes that they were invented in definite times and places and transmitted to other nations by borrowing, and he makes India the chief centre from whence the stories radiated. This view cannot be discussed in a line or two of a review, but we think that no one has done more to make it plausible and acceptable than Mr Clouston.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE SINCLAIRS OF BROYNACH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "HIGHLAND MONTHLY."

SIR,—In connection with the discussion now going on in your columns regarding the succession to the Caithness peerage, it is but right your readers should know that the Sinclairs of the Black Isle have always claimed to be descended from Donald, second son of David Sinclair of Broynach, by Janet Ewen, and that, consequently, for good or for ill, they have, ever since 1788, been the true representatives of the old Earls of Caithness, whose main branch had died, as well as sold out, in 1765. It is well known that Donald Sinclair, as a seafaring man, traded in his day with most of the ports in the Moray Firth, and with the village of Avoch amongst the rest, and it is very probable that his bones rest in the old picturesque churchyard of that little fishing town. But, whether this be so or not, it is certain that his son and representative, William, settled down in the parish of Avoch before the middle of the last century, and that he married there, and had a considerable family, all of whom were buried in the forementioned churchyard.

Donald Sinclair, William Sinclair's eldest son (so called after his grandfather), when quite a young man, took the farm of Munlochy, on the Kilcoy Estate, which he continued to occupy until 1793. A younger brother of Donald's about the same time took the holding of Slaga-Charn on the said estate. Donald, on account of a habit he had of talking about the claims to the earldom of Caithness, was nicknamed by his neighbours "Lord Sinclair," and the tenant of Slaga-Charn was nicknamed the "Sheriff," or "Shirra," from the playful fancy that, when "Lord Sinclair" succeeded to his own, his younger brother should be made the Sheriff of Caithness. Curiously enough, the descendants of the Slaga-Charn Sinclairs are called "Shirras" until the present day.

Donald Sinclair married, and had three sons—Charles, John, and James. Charles died unmarried; John married,

but died without leaving any family; James married, and had a numerous family, several of whose descendants live until the present day.

In 1793, Donald Sinclair and his family removed from Munloch to the farm of Moredun, on the same estate, where he eventually died. The farm of Moredun was occupied by James Sinclair and his family for many years. James was esteemed a very worthy man in his day, and, although there are fifty-four years since his death, his memory is still fondly cherished by all who knew him. He seldom spoke about his descent from Donald Sinclair, the seafaring man, but every time he had occasion to go with a funeral to the Churchyard of Avoch he took great pains to point out to his eldest son the various Sinclair tombstones in the place, those buried under each, and the descent of the family, of which he was chief, from the Sinclairs of Broynach.—I am, yours, &c.,

SIGMA.

P.S.—I may mention that all the Sinclairs of the Black Isle were from the beginning strict Episcopalians, and that James Sinclair, Moredun, was the first of them who conformed to the Church of Scotland.

THE CREST OF THE CLAN DONNACHAIDH, *i.e.*, OF THE DUNCANS AND ROBERTSONS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "HIGHLAND MONTHLY."

DEAR SIR,—In issue No. 5 of the *Highland Monthly*, Mr Gall, in his very interesting contribution on "Highland Heraldry," explains that the crest of the Robertsons (*i.e.*, a hand upholding a royal crown) is significant of their loyalty in upholding the Imperial Crown. This may be quite correct, but I must confess that, from what little research my limited opportunities have enabled me to make upon the subject, I have formed a different, and what, to Duncans and Robertsons, must appear a perfectly feasible, though rather more flattering, conclusion, *viz.*, that the crest represents the fact *that the crown was once held by the ancestors of the clan.*

To support this conclusion we have (1) the fact that both Smibert and Skene claim a royal origin for the clan, and (2) the fact that the contentions of these authors seem to be borne out by the crest itself, for, following the crest back to the very origin of all old crests, who, may I ask, in ancient times, decked his own, and his charger's, head with such an emblem, who did not at the time hold, or had not previously, either himself or his ancestors, held the crown? Take any dictionary or encyclopedia explanation on the subject of crests in support of this latter conclusion.

The point at issue is this—Is the crest of the Clan Donnachaidh emblematic of the idea that the hand *upheld* or *once* held the Royal Crown? I must confess that the idea of the *upholding* does not recommend itself to me—that was but the duty of every loyal subject, high or low—for then this crest would seem to lose the distinctive and special origin and meaning which all the *old* crests are supposed to have had. Webster, my only handy reference, says of a crest that it is “a device commemorative of some incident in the history of a family.” If, then, this is correct, and it is corroborated by several other authorities on crests which I have consulted, the adoption of this emblem by one of my ancestors would imply either that his kindred were, or had been, a very disloyal lot, or that there was so much disloyalty around that the then chief of our clan adopted the emblem as a political necessity; at anyrate it ought hardly to be considered an incident in the family history of the Duncans, that they were loyal to the throne of their ancestors.

I shall be glad if some conclusive evidence can be thrown upon this subject. Perhaps Struthan himself will kindly help us over our difficulty.

I enclose my card, and have the honour to be, Sir, yours faithfully,

A MEMBER OF THE CLAN
IN FAR CATHAY.

CANTON, CHINA, *October, 1889.*

P.S.—Any information on the above subject, or that of the clan generally, will be very gladly received by the writer, either privately under kind care of the editor, or through the medium of the *Highland Monthly*. Will anyone assist in tracing the connection between the Camper-

down Duncans and the Robertsons of Strowan for instance? They are both Perthshire families, and undoubtedly spring from the same cradle near Blair-Athole. What was the crest of the Camperdown Duncans prior to the episode in their family history related in Burke's peerage edition for 1854, which led to their adoption of "a dismantled ship" as their crest, about 250 years ago now?

We must conclude that the crest of the Clan Donnachaidh was in 1451 the same as it is now, for it was at that remote date that Smibert says of the then chief that "he also received the honourable *augmentation* to his arms of a naked man manacled under the achievement with the motto 'Virtutis Gloria Merces.'" What the motto was (if any) previous to this it would be interesting to know.

THE HOME OF THE ARYANS AND THE HOME OF GAELIC.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "HIGHLAND MONTHLY."

SIR,—The article in your October number on "The Home of the Aryans" makes the startling statement that "the original home of Gaelic is Ireland," whence "it spread eastwards in the 5th century." It is also assumed that "in Scotland the conquest of the Scots from Ireland was permanent," and that "they supplanted the Pictish language."

It is moreover assumed that "the Gaelic-speaking Celts were at the beginning of our era practically confined to Ireland, and not to be traced out of it at that or any earlier period," and "nobody has yet shown that any trace of Gaelic exists in Britain anterior to the 4th century."

I propose to prove—

(1) That the Caledonians, Picts, and Gaels in Scotland are identic; (2) that the only part of Scotland conquered from Ireland was Argyleshire; and (3) that Gaelic was spoken in Scotland prior to the 4th century.

1. The campaigns of Agricola against the Caledonians began A.D. 78. The first mention of the Picts is by Eugenius A.D. 296. Again in 309 he mentions "Caledonii et alii Picti."

2. Both Innes and Pinkerton agree that the Scots were too weak to conquer the Picts. In fact the victory of Ungust proves the absurdity of the theory. The succession of Kenneth M'Alpine was more probably a peaceable one. Both Gregory and Skene support this view.

3. When Ida, the Anglo-Saxon king, dispossessed the inhabitants of Scotland south of the Firth of Forth, the names of many places remained unaltered. These names correspond with similar words in other parts of Scotland, and are indeed the same language as the Gaelic of to-day.

While refraining from any amplification of the above proofs, I would refer for a full treatment of the subject to "The Geal of Alban," by Col. James A. Robertson, F.S.A. Scot.—Yours, &c.,

KENYTH MATHESON

(SEANACHAIDH).

CELTIC SOCIETY, DUNFERMLINE,
19th November, 1889.

NOTES.

A SERIES of interesting and excellent articles are at present appearing in the *Scotsman* from the pen of Professor Mackinnon. They deal with the history of Old Irish and Gaelic literature, and especially with the MSS. which contain it. The first article appeared on the 19th October, and dealt with the Norse invasions and their effect on Gaelic. The second article (Oct. 22) dealt with the Continental MSS., the third (Oct. 26) with learning among the Gael, the fourth (Oct. 30) demonstrated the unity of old Gaelic literature, which Scotland can claim as well as Ireland; the fifth (Nov. 2) dealt with the position and peculiarities of Scottish Gaelic, the sixth (Nov. 7) reverted again to the MSS. of Ireland, the seventh and eighth (12th and 16th Nov.) give a valuable account of the Scottish Gaelic MSS. in the Edinburgh Advocates' Library. These articles are extremely valuable, and are written in excellent style—popular and scientific at once. We hope the Professor will soon see his way to issue them and his other *Scotsman* contributions of former years in a more permanent form.

The Highland Monthly.

EDITED BY

DUNCAN CAMPBELL, EDITOR, "NORTHERN CHRONICLE,"

AND

ALEXANDER MACBAIN, M.A., F.S.A. SCOT.

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VOL. I.

THE LONG GLEN.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE DISRUPTION.

ON the 18th of May, 1843, the venerable Church of Scotland, most reformed of all the churches of the Reformation, and strongest of them all in national character and acceptance, was riven from top to bottom. The event was deplorable enough, both in regard to cause and effect, but the heroism of self-sacrifice and fidelity to convictions at any cost surrounded it with a halo of glory. On that day 470 ministers, with a fervour truly Scotch, left their livings and departed from the Church of their fathers nurture and ordination.

"Thank God for my country!" exclaimed the Episcopalian Lord Jeffrey—who was too bitter a critic to be much of a maudlin sentimentalist—"there is not another land upon the earth where this deed could have taken place."

Assuredly the deed was nobly done. But the causes and means which led up to it were not very creditable to either Church or State. Its results also, notwithstanding

much that must be truly described as grand and good have proved most disastrous to Scotch nationality, and severely shaken the credit and endangered the stability of the Reformation. The sacrifice made by the Disruption ministers on the altar of conviction, astonished a material age, and raised his country's fame immensely in the opinion of every patriotic Scotchman at home and abroad, whether he approved or disapproved of the cause for which the sacrifice was made. But so great a schism for a cause which, by patience and simple political effort, was easily removable, made far-sighted Protestants distrustful of the permanence of all their oldest and best organisations; and anti-Protestants were encouraged to take the aggressive strongly now against hostile communities which were in a state of continual flux, and expended their energies in internecine feuds.

The Glen for many weeks after the Disruption had no public worship at all, either in connection with the "Residuary" or Free Kirk. The Presbytery of the bounds lost more than half its ministers on the 18th of May, and very soon after one or two of its remaining ministers were appointed to better livings elsewhere. The loaves and fishes had come in for redistribution in a great heap. It was no longer a case of six candidates for one vacant living, but of six vacant livings for every one candidate worthy of appointment. The dramatic sacrifice on the altar of conviction was irresistibly attractive to the generous unformed minds of unselfish, uncalculating, imaginative youths. So the Disruption not only swept away the popular moiety of the beneficed clergy, but also the enthusiastic and energetic section of the theological students.

The outed ministers of the Presbytery of the bounds, and their elders and congregations, had for weeks after the Disruption too much necessary work to do at home, getting temporary preaching places, finding lodgings for manse families, and canvassing for Sustentation Fund subscrip-

tions, to bestow any thought on the spiritually destitute condition of the Glen. Mr Stuart, the vetoed presentee, on receiving the offer of a better living, gladly relinquished his right to the desolated church to which he had been previously presented, but of which he had never got possession. The few remaining ministers of the Established Presbytery could not be in many places at the same time; and so they chiefly confined their attentions to their own people, and let the vacant churches be closed for months.

It was generally supposed that the Glen people were all out with the exception of the numerically insignificant band that signed the Crown presentee's call; but no practical test of separation was applied till towards the end of July. Several of the prominent Free Church leaders were tenants of the Liberal Marquis—now a ruling elder in the new body—whose wholesale evictions had so much excited Duncan Ban that he always took to banning him whenever his name was mentioned. Even now, with the blessings of the Disruption Assembly on his head, the Marquis was planning a fresh series of evictions. One or two of the Glen Free Church leaders, and a great many of the rank and file, were tenants and crofters on the estate of the young Laird, then studying at Oxford. The lad's estate was under the control of three trustees—neighbouring Highland lairds all of them—who during a dozen years of good nursing had paid off debts and placed many thousands to the young heir's credit.

The trustees knew their countrymen too well to think of trying to either persuade or compel those subject to their territorial influence in religious matters. Where the laird or noble proprietor was a resident landlord, and a member of the National Church, the influence of his natural leadership extended often to ecclesiastical matters also; but it was always enough to provoke Highland blood, to suggest that a man not of the National Church could lord it within her borders. The grievance of patronage would not have been half so grievous if so many of the patrons had not declined

to belong to the church whose ministers they claimed the right to appoint.

Rumour strongly asserted that the young lad at Oxford was less wise, as he was less experienced than his father's trustees. He did not know his native country, nor the character of his countrymen. He was brought up among those reactionary Tories, who were then trying, with an immediate success that involved heavy future disappointment, to recover, by pressure of territorial power, the political supremacy of which the Reform Bill had deprived them. The Laird's Maor or ground officer used what chances he possessed to produce mischief between landlord and tenant. The Maor was given to tippling and improper language, and, without meaning much evil, he aggravated the Free Church people, and scandalised the Moderate minority, by loud talk and threats which, as subsequent events seemed to show, were not altogether without the sanction and authority of his young and ill-informed employer.

The leaders of the Glen Secession knew perfectly well that their waverers could not be entirely trusted until they severed themselves completely from the old church by communicating or affiliating in the new. They therefore, although the customary day was still far off, began immediately after the Disruption to take steps by asking several popular ministers to come to make the first Glen Free Church Communion a striking success.

From the early days of the Reformation the Communion *rota* in Highland parishes, and in many Lowland ones likewise, was arranged with a view to secure chances of favourable weather for pilgrimages and field preachings, and to encourage the inhabitants of groups of parishes to congregate to each others' Communion in circular order. The Reformation abolished the Christian year of Roman Catholic times; but the parish saints' days remained as secular fairs, and the Communion days came in the place of annual pilgrimages to holy shrines.

The Sacramental Fast-day, shifted back from Friday to Thursday so as to have nothing in common with the Pope, was originally no doubt meant for penitence and mortification of the flesh; and, as such, it was strictly observed by some old Covenanters. But it seems to have been from the beginning observed in the Highlands as a day for preaching and feasting. In the Glen it was always a day on which ministers, elders, and people, after fervid sermons, soberly and decorously feasted on lamb, chicken, and new potatoes, washed down with a moderate allowance of whisky. The Secessionists saw that this year the Communion would have to be shorn of its accompanying preaching days, since there was neither church nor manse, and the ministers of renown in the Land of the Gael, whose services, after much correspondence, had been secured, could only promise Sunday work, as they were overwhelmed with similar engagements.

The word passed from man to man, and especially from woman to woman, six weeks or more before the time fixed that the first Free Church Communion would be held on a heath-clad piece of ground near the deserted church on the usual Communion day, which was always the third Sunday of July. And in due time the women folk "redd" up their homes, and aired their best dresses; and lambs and chickens were fattened, so that the established customs might be sustained, and friends and guests from a distance suitably entertained.

The news that the Free Church Communion was about to be held on the Laird's land, in close proximity to the deserted church, made the Maor very angry. And, his anger being heated by too much whisky, he went forthwith to Do'ull Uilleam, the farmer who granted the use of his pasture to the Free Church leaders, and, not only remonstrated with him, but threatened, in the name of the young lad at Oxford, that, unless the promise was recalled, he would lose the farm as soon as his lease, which had not

much time to run, should expire. Do'ull Uilleam remonstrated in return, saying that it was wrong for the Maor to use the Laird's name in such a manner, and showing that the spot being central had been selected for the convenience of the people, and not with a view to exasperate either landlord or Maor. But the Maor refused to be pacified. He said it was a cursed impertinence on the farmer's part to promise the place for such a purpose without the Laird's sanction or his. Do'ull Uilleam then got angry too, and said nobody in the wide world, except the Maor, thought the Laird had the smallest right to interfere with the man who paid rent for the pasture in the legal use of it, and, as for an Episcopalian and a beardless boy, besides, interfering in the religious affairs of Presbyterians, it was not a thing to be tolerated.

Do'ull Deora did not lay his head on the block, or go out, as both friends and foes expected. He executed a strategic movement at the last moment, and retained his Principalship at the expense of popularity and consistency. The fiddler of Kilfaolain did not heartily rejoice over him as a stray sheep recovered for the fold, and as for Duncan Ban, he never afterwards respected anything about the man except his Gaelic scholarship, which he thought only second to that of Norman Macleod—"Caraid-nan-Gael" one of his greatest heroes.

The Elder Claon died before the 18th of May. Like Moses, he only saw the Promised Land from the top of Mount Pisgah. He bore his short but painful illness with uncomplaining fortitude, and went down into the Valley of Death saying, "Death where is thy sting, grave where is thy victory." If his views were narrow, his faith was strong, and in earlier times he would probably have been canonised.

CHAPTER XXV.

TAMING THE BULL.

MUNDANE matters did not come to a stand-still in consequence of the Disruption, which with all its fervour did not produce the millennium, but rather strife and bitterness even among men of goodwill.

It was a great event for the Glen and the fanciers of high-bred Highland cattle far and wide when the Castulnam-Fiann stock came to the hammer.

The owner, one might say the creator of this celebrated stock, died some years back, and as the lease was now on the point of expiring, the executors were disposing of the cattle by public roup, the incoming tenant being as usual bound to take the sheep stock over at a valuation.

A fold for the sale was fenced in close to the steadings and in front of the homestead. There was a great gathering of people round the fence, but the judge of the sale, the auctioneer, the clerk, the executors, and some of the gentlemen who had come from a distance and were guests at the house, occupied places within the enclosure. Bread and cheese and whisky drams circulated freely among the bidders, and those who were not bidders as well. The sister-in-law and housekeeper of the deceased breeder had a host of servants and neighbourly assistants cooking and attending to the duties of a general dispensation of hospitality in the house.

Among the neighbourly assistants were Jessie Cameron and Mary Macintyre. The latter happened to be sent out to the auction fold towards the end of the first day to ask the chief executor when the gentlemen could come in to dinner, and some other questions respecting the hospitality arrangements required for the occasion. Mary was brought up among cattle all her life, and she thought nothing at all of stepping past the wild looking but in reality very timid

pair of shaggy long-horned queys which were then under the hammer. In fact, she pruh-pruhed to them as she passed, and they turned their formidable faces towards her with bovine looks of thankfulness. Ewan, who with others was giving friendly help to the manager and herds, was in charge of the queys, which were disposed of and driven out while Mary was still taking instructions from the excutor at the auctioneer's stand. Just as she turned away towards the house gate of the fold—which happened then to be crowded by a number of people half in and half out of the enclosure—a three-year-old bull with horns of the widest dimensions and a shaggy hide was, with much pushing and some shouting, driven hugely against his will into the fold by the lower gate. Mary did not concern herself about that, for she stopped on her way to speak over the fence to some one to whom she had orders to deliver from headquarters. Besides, it must be confessed that both she and her gossip were much amused, and their watchfulness in regard to matters inside the fold was withdrawn, by the struggle between Ewan and his queys outside. The animals had never been introduced to the public notice of mankind before, and they absolutely declined to follow the narrow way to their green field because they saw a crowd of strange people between.

But meanwhile it was more than time for Mary to get away from the fold ; and Ewan, bothered as he was with the bashfulness of his queys, and their awkward manner of showing it, was one of the first to see the coming danger, and he did not hesitate to shout out his alarm. But the warning came too late—the black bull had already, with a rush and loud bellow, proclaimed war with mankind. He was driven into the fold by people who were strangers to him, and they used violence too. He had from his infancy been tended affectionately, and almost worshipped like an Egyptian Apis, by the herd who had ever the care of him in lonely Fingal's Glen. Which of his race was ever more petted than he ! Had not the herd's children been his

playmates, and had not the dogs been taught to respect him, and never to fasten their teeth in his tail? And was he now to be goaded by strangers, and to be stared at by a crowd of enemies? Such thoughts may or may not have passed through the black bull's thick head. But whether they did or not, he took very little time for reflection. After straightening himself, pawing with his fore legs, and kicking his hind ones, he took a sullen survey of his surroundings with eyes whose red staring balls were fringed with fierce fences of rough hair; and then in a twinkling lowering his head and lifting his tail he rushed at the auctioneer's stand, but only hit the clerk's table, which he upset with the clerk huddled under its fragments. Then with a thundering roar, the raging animal chased the flying people within the fold before him. Some leaped the fence, but most ran to the upper gate, and among these was Mary Macintyre, who, in her pink jacket and striped petticoat, was, as Ewan thought, more likely than anyone else to draw upon herself the blind vengeance of the mad creature. The bull was already almost within tossing and goring distance, when the outside ring, now crushed back on the fence by the escaped, terrified, and terror-creating queys, was cleaved asunder by a projectile that could not be resisted. And this projectile was Ewan, who vaulted, with a mighty spring, over the high fence, and throwing himself on the bull's neck, seized him by the long horns as he was passing in full career. The onlookers held their breath, and ceased to wink their eyes. An instant of confused struggle, and then beast and man went down with a heavy thud, and the cloud of dust raised by the struggle and fall for a moment prevented the crowd from seeing whether man or beast was uppermost. Next instant, however, Ewan was seen sitting on the bull's neck, and ruling him by his long horn as a boatman rules his boat by the rudder.

A great shout of joy and gratulation was raised. But when he got time to think of it—and that was not until he saw Mary Macintyre joining the women in front of the

house, who had watched the affair with beating hearts and gasping breath—nobody was more astonished at his victory than Ewan himself, unless it might be his prostrate foe, with whom he was now striking up confidential relations and sudden friendship by soothing words and gentle patting. "Shoot the beast," was the cry among some who had been much frightened. "Put a ring in his nose," said the chief executor, wishing to save such a valuable animal—the pride of the herd—from being converted into inferior beef.

An old gentleman-farmer, who had come forty miles to the sale for the sole purpose of bidding for this identical animal, and none other, got up to Ewan, and began to stroke the bull's neck, and to suggest to Ewan that he should stand between the conquered animal and the humiliation of a ring in the nose, which, he felt sure, would make him vicious and untrustworthy for the rest of his days. Ewan readily agreed with the great breeder and knower of beasts. So when the manager and others came with ring and rope, they were told to keep off, and the tamer of the bull shouted from his seat on the shoulder of his late antagonist—"Clear the cro.¹ Keep outside, and keep quiet the whole lot of you." This order was obeyed, and Ewan, being left alone with the bull, rose from his seat, and keeping a good flanking position, encouraged the bull to get on his feet also. The bull gladly obeyed, and after shaking his hide free from the dust of strife, became as quiet and gentle as he used to be in Fingal's Glen with the dogs and children of the herd.

He was sold for a good price; but not by any means for such a price as he would have fetched if he had not damaged his character. The old yoeman breeder was the purchaser, and to the end of his life he used, with great glee, to tell how it came to pass that he bought so cheaply the pride of the Castul-nam-Fiann herd. And the bull, long before he closed his honourable career, owned a great necklace of gold and silver

¹ Cattle fold, kraal.

medals, won at cattle shows, and was the sire of many descendants that have kept up his fame to the present day.

Ewan received vast credit for his prowess and philanthropy. The prowess was genuine enough, but it was not for mankind in general, as represented by the endangered crowd, but for one girl in particular that Ewan risked his life. He felt, therefore, that he was accepting praise under false pretences, but how could he undeceive the lot of grateful people, and say he never thought of being their rescuer at all? He likewise was generous to the conquered, for he maintained that the bull would have prevailed if the disadvantage of unequal ground had not helped to trip him up.

By taming the wild bull Ewan got over the ridicule attaching to the St Mungo Kil adventure, although, to speak truly, he saw nothing ridiculous about it, and was not ashamed to confess belief in ghosts and fear to meet them anywhere. In regard to strength, the pre-eminence of the biggest man in the Glen was admitted, and boasted of by all the Glen people. But there were many young men from other parts present at the sale who wished to test him in athletic sports, and as the sale continued for two days, and the evenings were long, a competition between the Glen young men and the stranger young men was resolved upon. Now Ewan beat all at the caber and putting the stone, but a stranger was first at throwing the hammer, the elder's John coming second. A stranger was also first in the racing, Diarmad coming second. Duncan Ban, who looked on and felt vexed at the strangers being allowed to beat the Glen youths at anything, cried out when the leaping was going on, and three strangers were taking the lead—Pooh-pooh? these are only foolish things; try the bodach, which was the test in the Feinne's day for youths who wished to be numbered among heroes.

The bodach was a slippery round stone that had to be lifted on a pedestal some three feet high. It was near the ruins of one of the round towers called "Castulan-nam-Fiann," or "Castles of the Feinne," and the saying was

that in ancient times every young man who wished to be enrolled among the Feinne was first called upon to prove his strength by lifting the bodach. It was certainly a severe test, but knack helped strength, and the lithe man succeeded frequently where the heavy strong man failed. It is questionable whether Duncan Ban acted fairly towards the strangers, for he knew perfectly well that practice had made many among the Glen youths perfect in the art of raising the bodach with apparent ease. "But everything is fair in war," was Duncan Ban's maxim, when the credit of the Glen had to be fought for. The strangers accepted the challenge, and were hopelessly defeated. There was not one of them who succeeded that evening in lifting the bodach stone fairly from the ground, far less in placing it on its pedestal. Six of the Glen youths were put forward against the six strangers who had the courage to accept the test, and every Glen youth performed the feat with seeming ease. So the final victory remained with the Glen, and Duncan Ban was highly delighted.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE MAOR ENLIGHTENED.

AS Calum and Duncan Ban were going for their snuff on a Saturday in the month of July, shortly before the first Free Church Communion, the Maor overtook them, and forthwith began to bluster and threaten that the Laird, when he came of age, would do this and that, and make the Free Churchmen on his estate suffer. Knowing well how staunchly they opposed the Disruption movement from first to last, the Maor fully expected sympathy and assent from the two old men. In very truth, he much desired sympathy and support; for he found himself quietly sent to coventry by the Free Church tenants on his master's estate, and bitterly tongue-bitten by the pious women and

effective partisans on the Marquis's land. What was still worse he was just beginning to suspect that he possibly deserved his punishment; and he consequently wished for words of external approbation to rid him of that uncomfortable suspicion.

Calum, as a matter of course, and Duncan Ban, with a strong effort of self-restraint, listened silently to a long monologue, half accusation half explanation, which was well garnished with oaths and cursings. In this monologue the beardless Laird figured as an omnipotent offended deity, and the Maor as the ready executioner of his sovereign will, while Do'ull Uilleam, the disobedient farmer, and the whole Free Church squad were freely consigned to perdition as enemies of Laird and Maor, who required the punishment of eviction in this life, lest by some trick they should jink the Devil beyond.

Great was the Maor's disappointment when he gathered from solemn silence that the old men did not coincide with him. He therefore got angry both with them and with himself. And he was foolish enough to ask pointedly for their opinions. Calum replied softly that it was a great pity the young Laird's name should get mixed up in the kirk quarrel, especially as he was only a lad yet, and not a Presbyterian at all—which also was a great pity. The Maor, very ill satisfied with Calum's view of the matter, pressed hard for Duncan Ban's opinion, and the old man gave it, as Calum afterwards deserved, "hot and fat as the first burst of the haggis."

"From what you have just told us it is my sad opinion you have already worked more mischief for the young Laird—poor misguided lad!—the tenants, and yourself also, than you will be able to undo all your life. And indeed, may God grant I may be quite mistaken."

"Mile Mollachd!—What do you say? The young Laird means to be master of his own property. That is not a strange thing, is it? Indeed, all the land-masters are banding together to prove to all the world that they are masters—and quite time, too, they should do so. Tenants that

disobey their masters need not therefore expect to keep their farms when their leases run out. What the Devil have I done? Nothing but what was right. I warned Do'ull Uilleam the Laird might not approve of his letting this Free Church Communion be held on his cow pasture. What business had he to promise it before he first spoke to me, that the Laird might be consulted? It was cursed impertinence. Let him take the consequences. I have told him that the Laird will be master of his own in a short time when leases run out—the Devil take him."

"And he refused, in spite of your threats, to break his promise to the Free Kirk folk in regard to lending them the use of the bit heather for a day?"

"Devil take him! That he did with fire and fury. But he'll repent of it in a day to come, air m'anam!"

"Has he ever failed to pay his mal (rent), plack and bawbee, on the mal day all the long years he has been tenant?"

"Well, no. He is a punctual payer."

"And uses the land well?"

"Well, yes. But, Devil take him, that is not the question."

"Och man," answered Duncan Ban, "it is the black sorrow that you do not keep from meddling beyond your right, and stick carefully and thankfully to tree-planting, drain-making, wood-management, tenants, and kains, with toddy-drinking to boot, which are all your work, and for all of which you are well fitted—that must be confessed. Do you think now that lords, lairds, factors, and jaunty maoran can warrant the salvation of tenants and commons at the Day of Judgment?"

"I have not said or thought anything of the kind."

"Well, then, what business have they to meddle with the way in which these people seek to make their souls? If, indeed, the lords and lairds tried to make their souls in the Kirk of the country a right of community would entitle them to some say and influence."

"The rights of property belong to the land-masters."

"Aye, well do we know that, and much have the Marquis and others ventured to abuse these rights. But what have the rights of property to do with matters in which the poorest men have as much at stake as the richest? Every peat you throw on the fire throws out its own reek."

"That has nothing to do with Do'ull Uilleam's misconduct in granting his pasture near the Kirk to the spiteful Free-Kirkers without the laird's consent or mine."

"Man, it is glad and proud I am to hear that Do'ull Uilleam put down his long brogue on your miserable threat, and crushed it like a black churchyard beetle. The world is all before him, and he is the good farmer and thriving man. Where can you find a better tenant? And why is he threatened with the loss of his farm? Because he dares to call his soul his own. Oh shame, shame on the black heart into which the mean thought ever entered!"

"Devil take me, do you think—"

"I think," grimly interrupted Duncan Ban, "the Devil is likely to take you without being bidden."

"Mile Mollachd! What I want to ask is this reasonable question, had Do'ull Uilleam any right to promise the pasture without the Laird's consent?"

"Every right in the world. He pays his rent, and the pasture is his to make any use of it he likes, which is not forbidden by the lease or the law; and neither lease nor law forbid Free Kirk Communion."

"But when the lease will end the laird will have every right to do what he likes with his own land."

"Every right of law, for sure. But, man, are not such things as justice and goodwill to be kept in view by the owners of the land? All rights are not written on paper and sheepskins; the highest of all are only written on men's hearts. The Laird can turn off Do'ull Uilleam at the end of the lease. But will it be right for him to turn him off just because he calls his soul his own? Do'ull's people have been in this Glen for many centuries."

The Maor—"What the Devil has all this to do with the Laird's rights?"

Duncan Ban—"Maybe nothing as things go nowadays. This young Laird of ours is the third of his race who has owned this estate. They have had it, the three of them among them, for barely sixty years. They are for sure a short-lived race, and their generations come quickly on the top of each other. The family from which they inherited held it for eighty years, and before then there was a socharach (generous) family that owned the whole Glen for 250 years, which is almost since it was first 'counted out' to any man by the kings who owned it from of old. The generous family, whose memory is still treasured, lost the Glen by a great misfortune, and the folly of one man. And what think you happened when the Glen was about to be sold? All the tenants having secretly put their heads together, and come to the same resolution, went to the ruined laird and offered to give half their stocks to redeem his debts. But he did not accept the offer, because he did not see how they were ever to be repaid. It is to that old family that the Glen owes enclosed fields, head-dykes and plan and purpose for making the most of the land both arable and pasture."

The Maor—"Mile donas! What do I care for all this old-world stuff?"

Duncan Ban—"Do you think if the need arose the present family would be offered for ransom the free-will gift of half stocks?"

The Maor—"Of course not. Calpa-cinne and feudal relations have long died out. Landlords when farms fall in can do what they like with their own. Tenants are protected by their leases, and if they offer higher rents than they can get out of the farms, that is their own look-out."

Duncan Ban—"Is not Do'ull Uilleam entitled by his lease to make any use which the law allows of his cow pasture?"

The Maor—"Well, let him look to himself at the end of his lease. That is all I say."

Duncan Ban—"And it is a deal more than you ought to say. Poor young Laird!"

The Maor—"Why poor young Laird?"

Duncan Ban—"Poor young lad! Is cruaidh a dhàn—hard is his fate."

The Maor—"Whatever may you mean?"

Duncan Ban—"I mean that a cruel wrong was done to the boy when he was sent to the great school of Oxford to be brought up as a foreigner in creed, language, likings, and thoughts. I mean also that it is a black misfortune for him to have you for his eyes and mouth in the Glen just at present. Then also he has so much to make up."

The Maor—"A hundred thousand devils! What has he to make up, ye cursed bodach of the disrespectful tongue?"

Duncan Ban—"The truth may not be what you call respectful, but yet it is the truth that shall stand. The Commandment threatens that the sins of the parents will be visited on the children to the third and fourth generation; and we see the proofs of that visitation every day. The young Laird is only the third generation, and, poor laddie, he has much to make up. I have paid rent to every one of his race who ever owned this estate. What sort of man, think you, was his grandfather? A light horseman—so fast indeed that he must have got his horse where the witches get their broomsticks from. He drank like a fish; gambled like a madman; spent his substance among harlots; scattered money like dust in all debaucheries; and finally got his second wife and the mother of his heir out of the play-house. But that was just the best thing he ever did. She was the good wife, but it could not be said that he was the good husband. The little lady had a warm Irish heart and a bonnie, blithesome face. She also spoke the Gaelic of Erin, and her sunny smile, kindly words, and good deeds, soon made her the pride and delight of young and old. Her husband's folly and wickedness, however, spoiled a young life, which better guided or left to itself would have

been useful and beautiful. He drank, gambled, and raked, until he had not a crossed coin with which to scare the Evil One. Then his creditors obtained legal hold of the estate for his lifetime; and they pounced upon it just as ravens, carrion crows, and magpies come down on the carcase of a braxy sheep. The moment the leases given by the former family died out, these creditors disposed of the farms to the highest bidders, at public roup, for the next seven years if the ne'er-do-weel Laird chanced to live so long. The old tenants, cleaving with all their hearts to the homes of their forefathers and the hills of their youth, kept out the strangers by bidding above them, and binding themselves to pay rents which they could never expect to get out of the holdings. So high indeed were the rents run above the prices for cattle, sheep, and the yarn spun by the women, that for the next seven years men, women, and children worked harder than slaves, and fared worse than begging tramps. The poor tenants having spent all their own small savings, borrowed money from friends, and sent out as many sons and daughters as they could, all over Alba, to serve and work, so that with their wages they might help to pay the rents. It was surely no sin for people so bestead to hope and wish that the ne'er-do-weel Laird should die, so that the oppression of the ravenous creditors might end, and the little lady and her boy might bring back light, liberty, and hope before they altogether broke down in black despair. But, although he was a burden to himself and a shame to the land of his birth, die he would not for a wearisomely-long time. The seven years ended at last, and the farms were roup'd again. This second time, however, few strangers came forward to bid against the old tenants, because great pity for their hard case prevailed far and wide throughout the Land of the Gael. So the second term of bondage was rather lighter than the first. It was shorter, too; for, at the end of five years, the ne'er-do-weel Laird died at long last, and you may safely swear no tear of grief was shed on his grave. But he had seen the little lady dead and buried

before him. Their son, the father of the lad now at the Great School of Oxford, was our next Laird. A kind and just Laird he was; for the warm heart of his mother had been given to him, and he inherited none of his father's failings, except over-fondness for drink towards the end. With the good reductions the new Laird made in the rents, and the good rise in prices caused by the war with France the tenants recovered their courage, and drew a long breath of relief, like people feeling thankful for a wonderful escape from drowning. The new Laird married a good and pretty Highland lady of true Gaelic descent, and she spoke beautifully the Gaelic of the West. It was well off we thought ourselves, and did we not indeed heartily hope and pray they might long live happily in our midst. But it was not to be. Husband and wife died quite young, and their little boy was left to the care of others. Poor boy, taken away in infancy from home and people, he has been brought up in the Church of England, although his father was a member of the Kirk of Scotland to his dying day. But that misfortune could have been covered by a good Highland plaid, if they had not sent him to the Great School of Oxford to be made a foreigner of, all and altogether. The laddie has not had fair play. And you, his Maor, and all others, who would help bad education to lead him astray, will, for sure, have much to answer for, both in regard to him upon whom a burden has come by birth, and in regard to the tenants who have scarcely yet had time to forget the sore sufferings of the days of bondage; aye, and of the late bliadhnachan cruaidh (hard years between 1835 and 1841), when you know full well the trustees, much as they wished it, could not give us the abatements granted to neighbouring tenants."

The Maor, to whom much of this was a revelation, had nothing to reply. He went away rather repenting, but resolved all the same not to show repentance, and not to give his young master the benefit of knowing Duncan Ban's view of the case.

S O N G.

QUEEN MARY AT HER NEEDLEWORK.

MY fingers' witchery that weds
To silk or linen flow'r and tree,
Quaint mimicry of things that be,
My little realm in threads !

Wherein I may enjoy at will
The green of leaves, the red and white
Of rose and fleur-de-lys that blight
Of winter cannot kill.

Nor all the frosts the hearts that freeze,
Who work me cruel wrong to-day,
They nip my liberty away,
And yet they leave me these !

Alas ! undimmed thro' far-off hours,
May live, while life itself must fade,
These dainty trifles, woman-made,
Of satin rich with flow'rs !

Then judge me not by pictures rude,
Or books that err, but image thou
From needled bloom and sprig and bough
My hapless womanhood.

For each wrought blossom drank the dew
Of tears, and every leaflet scrolled,
And with each knot of shining gold
A sigh was woven too !

My fingers' witchery that weds
To silk or linen flow'r and tree,
Quaint mimicry of things that be,
My little realm in threads.

THE OLD CHURCH AND CHURCHYARD OF KINGUSSIE (ST COLUMBA'S).

"O lay me, ye that see the light, near some rock of my hills ! let the thick hazels be around, let the rustling oak be near. Green be the place of my rest ; let the sound of the distant torrent be heard."

Ossian. —]

THIRD PAPER.

THE LOSS AT GAICK.

II. ROW.

17. HEADSTONE.

Sacred to the memory of James M^cPherson, Spirit Merchant, Edinburgh, who died in Kingussie, 23rd July, 1824, aged 31 years. He was esteemed by all who knew him—beloved and regretted by those to whom he was bound by the ties of blood or connexion. This stone is erected by his Widow, Ann M^cPherson.

THE father of this James M^cPherson—Farquhar M^cPherson—was one of the last residents at *Breathath*, within a distance of about two miles from Kingussie. This Farquhar, who was well known and highly respected, acted for many years as one of the elders of the parish, and died at a very advanced age at Ardbrylach, about the year 1840. It is from the never-failing *Fuaranan*, or Wells, of the good old people of *Breathath* now so long gone to their rest—of whose primitive dwellings no traces now remain but the stones—that Kingussie, through the energy and enterprise of its inhabitants, now enjoys such an abundant supply of the purest spring water.

18. FLATSTONE.

Sacred to the memory of Captain John Macpherson, Balachroan, late of the 82nd Regiment, who died 2nd January, 1800, aged 76 years.

This is the famous Captain John Macpherson, so well known in the vernacular as *Othaichear Dubh Bail-a-*

Chrodhain, whose death by a lamentable accident while on a hunting expedition in the Forest of Gaick during the winter of 1800 forms an epoch in Highland chronology.

The fact that Captain Macpherson had been employed in the unpopular duty of recruiting, and that he perished in such a manner, gave rise to the wildest and most improbable fictions. He has been made the hero of one of the *Legends of the Black Watch*, although, in point of fact, he never served in that regiment at all. "At times on the returning Eve of Yule," so the legend concludes, "those who have been belated in the Forest suddenly find themselves in the midst of an invisible company of roisterers, whose laughter, shouts, imprecations, and impious songs fill the poor loiterers with affright; for, though the voices seem close to the ear, no one is visible, and these unearthly bacchanalians are supposed to be the spirits of the doomed Captain and his companions. On other occasions screams, yells, and entreaties for mercy—wild and thrilling and heart-rending, with the hoarse, deep bay-ing of infernal dogs—are swept over the waste on the wind. But since that terrible catastrophe on Yule Eve, 1800, none pass willingly through the Forest of Gaick alone." "Whether or not," says the Rev. Mr Muir of Morningside Church, Edinburgh, in a recent very graphic and interesting sketch of Kingussie, "this superstitious dread exists, or ever existed, I have not met with any of its victims. But undoubtedly Gaick is a place calculated to impress the imaginative mind."

"O solemn hilltops 'gainst a summer sky!"

—it is thus a recent visitor, the authoress of "*Aldersyde*," has expressed the thoughts which the scene awoke in her—

"O purple glory of the heather-bells!
O mystic gleams where light and shadow play
On verdant slope and on the yawning gorge,
Where in wild mood the mountain cataract
Hath leaped and eddied in its rocky bed!
O mountain loch! set like a lonely gem,

Thy breast a mirror of the majesty
Which hems thee in. How changeful is thy mood !
Now gleaming placid like a silver sea,
Now fretting with thy waves the pebbly shore,
As some rude winds caress them ! Ye give to me
A deep, strange, fearful joy. Ye make me raise
To heaven a heart full fraught with silent praise !”

As distinguished from the *Othaichear Dubh* or *Black Captain* of popular tradition, let me give the following sketch of his life, compiled from reliable sources, as narrated in a little pamphlet, now out of print, published some years ago by Mr Archibald Cameron, Kingussie :—

Born at Glentruim, in Badenoch, in 1724, Captain Macpherson was the second son of Alexander Macpherson, of the ancient house of Phoiness, the oldest cadet of *Sliochd Ghilliosa*, whose reputed chieftains were the Macphersons of Invereshie, now represented in the person of Sir George Macpherson-Grant, Bart. His mother was a daughter of the well-known house of Aberarder, representing the famous *Sliochd Iain Duibh* Macdonalds of Lochaber. Sprung from these Houses, it may be said of him, in Highland fashion, and with perfect truth, that the best blood of Badenoch and Lochaber ran in his veins. Both houses furnished the British army with many distinguished officers, and, inheriting all their martial ardour, *Iain-dubh-Mac-Alastair*, as he was then called, in course of time, though then well up in years, also obtained a commission. His military exploits have not come down to us, nor have we heard that he saw much service abroad, but be this as it may, certain it is that he attained to the rank of captain, and was employed for several years in his native district on recruiting service. This duty, oftentimes a disagreeable, always an unpopular one, Captain Macpherson discharged with so much judgment and success that of the number of his recruits, from the superabundant population, no less than seventy are said to have become commissioned officers. He had the less difficulty, no doubt, in the matter of selection, from a fact mentioned by a contemporary writer, “ that the genius of the

people" (*i.e.* of Badenoch) "is more inclined to martial enterprise than to assiduous industry and diligent labour requisite to carry on the arts of civil life." But fond mothers always will lament pet sons, albeit otherwise useless, who, willingly or unwillingly, don the "red coat," and the *Othaichear Dubh*, the first recruiting officer they had seen, other than the Chief, reaped more than the usual measure of opprobrium. He has been accused of atrocities in this respect that are as incredible as they are unvouched, a good example of which is the anonymous clerical forced recruit otherwise so microscopically described in the following passages of a romance which appeared in a Highland magazine some years ago :—

"On one occasion going to Church in his native Strath, on a pleasant Sunday afternoon, the Captain found himself within a few hundred yards of the place of worship, walking immediately behind the reverend gentleman who was to preach there that day. He was a young man of prepossessing appearance, and in the handsome black suit in which he was attired was the very model of a real Highlander—five feet ten inches in height, proportionally stout, erect stature, well-defined limbs, and square shoulders, above which was a finely-shaped head, with glossy dark and curly hair. 'You are too fine a figure,' muttered the Captain to himself, 'to be dressed in black clothes. A red coat would set you off to greater advantage, and I shall be much disappointed unless you have a red one on your back before long.' The Captain went to Church, but derived little benefit from the earnest and impressive discourse delivered by the young preacher, for his mind was wholly absorbed with a different theme, and every time the preacher turned his massive chest in the direction of the Captain, his determination to enlist him at whatever cost increased."

The writer of the romance from which the preceding quotation is made, with the view apparently of heaping more contumely upon Captain Macpherson's memory, would have us believe that the parson was "the only son of a poor widow," and that, notwithstanding her piteous tears and entreaties, the Captain never rested until he attained his object by throwing "a shilling into the minister's bosom." "The young minister," it is added, "was soon

marched off to Edinburgh, where the Depôt of the 42nd Highlanders"—a regiment be it remembered with which the Captain never had any connection—"was then stationed. Being honest, pleasant, obliging, and, with all his other good qualities, an excellent scholar, the minister soon rose to the rank of lieutenant, and he was thus enabled, though a soldier, to keep his mother in easy circumstances all her days."

The result in the long run of the alleged forcible enlistment of the handsome and well-proportioned parson did not, it will be noticed, turn out so very unfortunate for himself and his mother after all. But the whole narrative given by the writer referred to is simply one of the most recent specimens of the utterly absurd and fantastic stories manufactured and put in circulation regarding the *Life and Death* of the famous *Black Captain*, which, in point of exaggeration, and travesty of the truth, throw completely into the shade even Colman's well-known story of the "Three Black Crows." Captain Macpherson, had he been able or inclined to set aside all laws, divine or human, was still under the observation of, and amenable to, the opinion of his fellow-countrymen, among whom there were then many gentlemen—in the truest and every sense of the word—the very souls of honour, who would not have brooked injustice to the meanest of their clansmen; but there is not a single instance known of his ever having forfeited the good opinion of any of their number. On the contrary, as we shall presently show, many of them have, fortunately, left written testimonies of an entirely different character.

In 1777, Captain Macpherson married a lady belonging to one of the oldest and best families in the district, of his own clan, by whom he had a son (afterwards Colonel Gillios Macpherson) and two daughters, all of whom are still fondly remembered in Badenoch, and spoken of with the greatest admiration and respect. The amiable and accomplished Mrs Grant of Laggan, in one of her letters,

incidentally mentioning one of those daughters, characterises her as "elegance, vivacity, and truth personified"—a graceful and truthful compliment equally applicable to the other daughter, who died not very many years ago. The following inscription on a tablet erected in the Parish Church of Kingussie in memory of Captain George Gordon McBarnet—a son of one of these daughters, and a grandson of Captain Macpherson's—speaks also for itself :—

Sacred to the memory of Captain George Gordon McBarnet, 55th Regiment Bengal Native Infantry, who, being attached to the 1st Bengal European Regiment Fusiliers, fell at the assault of Delhi on the 14th September, 1857, aged 33 years. Few among the many heroes slain on the soil of Delhi will live longer in memory; young, gallant, and gifted with the noblest qualities, mental and personal, he fell when he could least be spared. Could soldier ask a more glorious death. In token of the love they bore their comrade, this tablet is erected by his brother officers.

Eventually retiring from the army, Captain Macpherson betook himself to agricultural pursuits, and so successful were his improvements on the primitive modes of tillage then prevalent, that the more unsophisticated of the aborigines attributed the surprising results to nothing less than supernatural agency. Hence the foundation of the more modern story of the supposed *Contract* with the Prince of Darkness. Spreading sand on an adhesive and unproductive soil, and so reaping an abundant crop, was looked upon as a feat worthy of Michael Scot himself, so often in their mouths. More congenial, however, was the pursuit of the chase, a recreation in which the Captain frequently indulged through the liberality and courtesy of the princely Gordons, and in which he had no rival, excepting perhaps his cousin *Iain Dubh* of Aberarder, equally famous as a hunter of the deer. In his old age his passion for it cost him his life; and this brings us down to 1800, the date of its occurrence—an epoch, as already mentioned, in Highland chronology.

The story of *Call Ghaig*, or the *Gaick Catastrophe*, has been often told by divers persons of divers conditions,

imbibing a particular hue or colour from each particular reciter. The version now submitted is that given by a contemporary resident in the district at the time, well acquainted with the parties who perished, and who many times received from those by whom their bodies were found a relation of the circumstances, which he personally confirmed by visiting in the ensuing summer the scene of the destruction :—

“The glen which formed the principal feature of the range of hills in the forest of Gaick lies about a dozen miles south of the Spey at Kingussie. Its hills are smooth, steep, and bare, and such sheer declivities that the glen in great snowstorms is subject to terrific avalanches, by which the deer sometimes suffer : and upon one occasion a herd of ten stags were suddenly overwhelmed in sight of a celebrated deer hunter and gentleman of the Strath, who was stalking them at the moment when the rolling volume of snow descended the mountain and buried them in its bosom. Some years afterwards, by an awful catastrophe of the same kind, when on a hunting expedition in the same glen, he himself, the party by whom he was attended, several fine deerhounds, and the house in which they lodged, were swept away on the night of a tremendous hurricane, in the first week of January, 1800. The persons who thus perished were the leader, Captain John Macpherson of Ballochroan, and four attendants, Donald Macgillivray, John Macpherson, Duncan Macfarlane, and another man named (James) Grant. Several other persons had been appointed by Ballochroan to accompany him, but they had been prevented by various causes ; and upon the morning preceding the disaster, the rest had set out for the forest without them, and intending to remain for some days, had taken up their lodging in a stone-built hut used as a forest lodge, and which stood immediately under one of the long bare slopes above described.

“The night upon which the event happened was terrifically stormy, even beyond anything of the kind remembered in that high and mountainous district ; yet as the forest hut was substantially built, and the party well supplied with provisions, their friends felt no anxiety for their safety until the third day after the tempest. When, however, they did not then return, alarm was excited in the Strath, and four or five of their friends set out in search of them. Upon reaching the glen, they discovered that the house had disappeared, and upon approaching its site a vast volume of snow at the foot sufficiently explained their fate. Early in the next day all the active men in the country assembled and proceeded to Gaick, and upon digging into the snow where

the house had stood, the dead bodies of four of the party were found in the following positions :—Ballochroan lying in bed upon his face ; Grant and John Macpherson, also in bed, with their arms stretched out over each other, and Macgillivray in a sitting posture, with one of his hands at his foot, as if in the act of putting on or taking off his shoes. The body of Macfarlane was not found until after the disappearance of the snow, when he was discovered a considerable distance from the house. This was accounted for by the supposition that he was standing when the avalanche came down, and thus presented to the rolling volume, had been carried away in the general wreck of the building, of which nothing was left above the foundation stones ; while the beds of the rest having been only heath spread upon the floor, were protected from removal by the base line of the wall. With the lost body, the course of the devastation was found strewn along the foot of the hill, the stones of the house were carried to the distance of three or four hundred yards, and a part of the roof and thatch for nearly a mile ; the guns were bent, broken, and twisted in every possible shape, and by some their extraordinary contortions were attributed to electricity ; but the cause was sufficiently explained by their having been mixed with the stones and timber of the house when in rapid motion, for the building was constructed in a substantial manner, the walls having been of stone four feet high, and the area divided in the centre by a strong partition ; such a weighty mass of materials rolled down with so much violence, and for such a distance, would satisfactorily account for the state of the guns intermingled amidst the ruins. The destruction of the forest hut was not the only catastrophe of that terrible night ; part of an adjacent sheep fank, and of a poind fold at Loch-an-t-Seilich, about two miles distant, were also swept away ; and from the south side of Loch Erricht an immense body of earth and trees was carried across the ice to the north shore, where it is still to be seen, at least a quarter of a mile distant from the place from whence it was torn."

Here was matter for speculation, and now it was that the Captain received his fame. Gaick, wild and remote, *Gaig dhubh na'm feadan fiar*, had an evil reputation of old as demon-haunted, for was it not here, at *Leum na Feinne*, that the wild and profligate Walter Comyn, centuries before, was torn limb from limb by two infuriated witches in the shape of eagles ; here that the deluded hunter, sheltering in his bothie when mist and darkness encompassed the hills, met a similar fate at the hands of his unearthly paramour ; and here, coming down to more

recent times, that the more familiar *Muireach Mac-Iain* (another noted Macpherson hunter, who married Phoiness's daughter), first met the famous "Witch of Laggan," a single hair of whose head could shear the strongest beam of oaken timber asunder like cheese! Need we therefore wonder that at a place in the people's minds always so associated, the startling occurrence above narrated should have been ascribed to more than natural causes, and that, discussed in every hamlet and at every fireside in Lochaber, Strathdearn, Strathspey, and Badenoch (all sharers in the disaster), the story in every form of exaggeration should have become extensively diffused? A judgment! yea, a judgment! was now the cry of the bereaved mothers and sweethearts of the Captain's least fortunate recruits, who found a willing exponent of their views in the person of a rhymster, of the name of Mackay, whose verses on the occasion have, consequently, obtained extensive circulation, and the honour of being frequently reprinted. In the words of the writer above quoted—"The awful character of the destruction in Gaick immediately excited superstitious imagination, and in a short time it was exaggerated into a supernatural romance. By some the house was said to have been torn to pieces in a vortex of thunder and lightning, launched by the vengeance of heaven against sinners; by others it was attributed to a whirlwind raised by the devil for the same chastisement; while the detention of those who were prevented from accompanying the lost party was ascribed to dreams, warnings, and other supernatural interpositions to save them from the wrath to come." Fertile imaginations, a natural love of the marvellous, and lapse of time have accomplished the rest, until now with the multitude there is no greater *bogle* in the Central Highlands than *Othaichear dubh Bail-a-Chrodhain*.

Having recapitulated and discussed the Captain's reputed misdeeds wellnigh to weariness, we shall now draw on more reliable sources of information than the so-called "popular traditions," for materials whereby we may be enabled to form a juster estimate of his character.

The famous Manse of Laggan, in which for so many years lived the celebrated Mrs Grant, was only a few miles distant from Ballochroan, and the respective families were on friendly and intimate terms. This lady, writing to a friend a few months after the occurrence at Gaick, says :— “ I will not distress you with particulars of the death of your acquaintance. It was a wonderful occurrence, and shall be explained hereafter. He took a romantic fancy of going to hunt deer in the desert hills for a Christmas feast which he had projected. He and three or four attendants, sheltering in a hut, were surprised at night by something like a whirlwind or avalanche ; in short, they were buried in the ruins of the hut. You can have no idea what a gloom has overspread us. *Mr Grant was always partial to him.*” Mr Grant’s pronounced partiality for Captain Macpherson would lose half its value without the following delightful glimpse the gifted and devoted wife has given us of the character of that husband. She says of him :— “ With a kind of mild disdain and philosophic tranquility he kept aloof from a world for which the delicacy of his feelings, the purity of his integrity, and the intuitive discernment with which he saw into character, in a manner disqualified him—that is, from enjoying it ; for who can enjoy the world deceiving or being deceived ?” Judge, then, if this good parson, this refined and cultivated gentleman, living in his close neighbourhood, and on terms of the greatest intimacy with him for a quarter of a century, could have been always partial to Captain Macpherson had he been the wicked person he is, in popular tradition, said to have been.

Of the Captain’s contemporaries and associates was also “ Ossian ” Macpherson, for whom he negotiated the purchase of several lairdships in the parish, amongst them the ancient patrimony of his (the Captain’s) own family, beautiful Phoiness, an oasis in the surrounding desert. Amongst persons of a humbler condition of life who had opportunities of knowing the Captain, there was no one of

his time knew him better, or who, for so long a period, came into more familiar contact with him than the bard, Malcolm Macintyre, less known in Gaelic poetry than many who had not a tithe of his genius. In the Captain, whom he had often attended in the chase, poor Callum, in his many troubles, lost a warm and constant friend; and he nobly repaid his obligations in an elegy unsurpassed in the Gaelic language—a loving tribute, which came, unmistakably, warm and welling from the very depths of the grateful poet's heart. This lament (fifteen stanzas of which will be found in the *Duanaire*) is too long to be given here entire, but the tender prelude to this song of sorrow will give some idea of the strains which succeed. He commences:—

“S beag ioghnadh mi 'bhi dubhach,
Air feasgar, 's a' ghrian le bruthach :—
Bheir mulad air suilean sruthadh,
'Se 'n Nolluig so thionndaidh chairt-dubh orm,
Cha bi 'n éiric an àit an udhair,
Ged a bhithinn gu bràth ri cumha,
'S nach tig thu 'chaoidh slan le d' bhuidhinn,
A dh'imich do Ghàig nan aighean.”

So soothing his sorrow with his own sad song, the bard presently and suddenly recalls the Captain's deeds done in the body, and so vividly are they present to him that he actually seems to be addressing his living benefactor. Strengthened and inspired by the visions of his rapt fancy, the hitherto languid and melting strains of his harp are exchanged for the bold and exultant rush of

“Chan fhaca mi bàrr aig duin' ort,
'Dhireadh nan càrn 's nam mullach,
'Mharbhadh nam fiadh 's a mhonadh,
Tharraing nan lann, 's bu ghuinich.
Bhualadh nan dorn 's a' chunnart
Labhairt aig mòd¹ 's tu b' urrainn;
'Dh-aindeoin no dhèoin bu leat buidhinn
Anns gach cuis am biodh morachd 'us urram.”

¹ For many years previous to his death, Captain Macpherson acted as a Magistrate of the County of Inverness.

Anon, o'ermastering grief again resumes her sway, and the trembling fingers respond to the touching pathos of

“Oid’ agus athair an fheumaich,
 ’Choibhreadh air aircich ’s air éignich !
 Na ’m b’urrainn mi dheaninn lèich dhuit
 Ghleidhinn cuach-ìoclaint na Féinn’ duit,
 Thug Fionn Mac-Cumhail á h-Eirinn ;
 Thogainn a rithist o’n éug thu.
 Bhiodh Bail-a-Chrodhain fo éibhneas,
 ’S do mhaithean ag òl do dheoch-réite.”

Which in cold-blooded English would, baldly and literally, run somewhat as follows :—

Fosterer and father of the needy !
 Succourer of the hungry and distressed !
 Thy leech, if I could, I’d make me :
 I’d find thee the healing-cup of the *Feinné*
 That mighty Fingal brought from *Eirinn*;
 From Death I’d then reclaim thee.
 In Ballachroan gladness should reign then,
 Thy peers drinking thy welcome-cup.

Again, how beautiful in expression, how utterly unlike the praise of a venal bard, the two concluding lines of another stanza, in which, as if standing on the Captain’s grave, and taking a last sad leave of him, he sums up all that he had previously uttered, exclaiming in accents to which further speech is denied

“Ite chorra sgéith do chinnidh
 Nach d’rinn riamh dé ’n t’saoghal cillein !”

Elsewhere he speaks of death as cutting down

“Am flùr ’s an gràinne mullaich” (of his clan).

And so he goes on, until the wail dies away in a solemn supplication to the Most High, for the sake of the blood that had been shed, to have mercy on the souls of the departed.

We cannot more fittingly or becomingly conclude this imperfect sketch of Captain Macpherson than by quoting another eloquent tribute to his memory, from the pen of his clansman and countryman, the late Captain Lachlan Macpherson, Biallid, so widely known and honoured far beyond the limits of Badenoch, to whom reference has been made in a previous paper. "Old Biallid" speaks of the Captain from personal knowledge; he was intimately conversant with all and every detail, current opinions, traditions, and actual occurrences in which that unfortunate and much misrepresented gentleman figured; and this is what he, so well entitled to a respectful hearing, says of the *Othaichear Dubh* of popular tradition, as given in the *Lays of the Deer Forest* by John Sobieski and Charles Edward Stuart, published by the well-known firm of William Blackwood & Sons in 1848:—

"The memory of the *Captain Dubh* is still retained among his clan with deep regret and regard. By the few yet living intimates of his friendship he is esteemed as a man who, in mental and bodily qualities, had few equals, and no superior in the Highlands; kind, generous, brave, and charitable, full of noble patriotism for his clan, and, if a formidable opponent, none ever sought his aid, or conciliated his enmity, without receiving prompt assistance and immediate reconciliation. His purse as well as his talents was ever at the service of the poor, the oppressed, and all who stood in need of assistance; and often he suffered considerable losses in supporting the rights of those who were unable to maintain their own. Active, intelligent, and superior in all things, he was a dangerous enemy, but an unshaken ally; and the most bitter foe had only to seek his amity, and he immediately became his friend. His mind was full of generosity, kindness, and sensibility; and if he had faults, they were the errors of his age, and not of his own heart. In his latter days, his liberality in assisting others embarrassed his own affairs; but in every trial his conduct was distinguished by honour and integrity. Amidst his misfortunes he was deprived of his wife, after which he went little into society, but in his old age spent many of his days, like the ancient hunters, alone in the hills of Gaick or the corries of Ben-Aller, with no other companion than his 'Cuilbheir' and 'his grey dogs.'

Such was one of the last true deerstalkers of the old race of gentlemen—a man who, if we lived a hundred years, we should not see his like again.”

“The shout of the chase he heeds not,
The glad voice of morning he hears not ;
In his sunless and starless bed
Nevermore shall the battle-cry rouse him.”

A. MACPHERSON.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Note.—In addition to the contributions notified in previous papers, I have gratefully to acknowledge subscriptions in aid of the fund for the improvement of the Churchyard from Mrs Alastair Clark, New Zealand ; Sir H. C. Macandrew, Inverness (a worthy descendant, on the maternal side, of a good old Badenoch stock—the Macphersons of Pitichirn) ; Mrs Turnbull, The Elms, Edinburgh ; and Mrs Whitehead, Edinburgh, to the extent in all of £2 9s.

A. M.

A SONG.

(This is reprinted, because in last number it was spoiled by uncorrected
Printers' errors.)

I.

HANDS locked, the lovely hours go sweeping round,
As waves through some deep channel newly found;
So fleet of foot, they scarcely touch the ground
To rythmic measure—music without sound.

II.

And there are days our memory holds dear—
Moments that bring heaven's radiant portals near,
With strains the listening soul alone can hear
Mid trumpet call of duty, stern and clear.

III.

Like dancers, swift the years are whirling by !
Some pass with laughter ; others, passing, sigh
And beckon as they pass while we draw nigh—
Drawn in—we follow, follow till we die.

ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL.

FOR LOVE AND THE PRINCE.

A STORY IN FOUR CHAPTERS—By D. NAIRNE.

CHAPTER III.

So, so ; these are the limbs of the plot—

Henry Eighth.

IT was in the waning hours of a glorious summer day—the sky one uninterrupted expanse of blue, the atmosphere, everything, at perfect rest. With one accord, as it seemed, the forces of the universe had paused to do homage to Nature in one of its grandest and most beautiful moods. The shadow of the mountains, as the sun dipped under their storm-torn crests, was beginning to creep over Loch Lochy, and its waters lay calm and unresponsive, untroubled by the ghostliest of zephyrs. It was a scene such as brought involuntarily to the lips the heaven-inspired salutation, “Peace on earth and good will towards men.” And yet, at that very moment, these pregnant words were finding absolute mockery in the Great Glen and its off-shooting valleys.

Away to the left a column of smoke suddenly shoots up above the trees, followed by dancing, ruddy tongues of flame ; it means the ruin of a home, the melancholy celebration of Culloden Moor. Round the shoulder of the hill, Achnacarry House, the paternal mansion of the undaunted Lochiel—now roaming the mountains a fugitive—stands a roofless, charred mass amid a luxuriance of lovely foliage ; and, with horror be it written, the “Hanging Tree”—in chestnut grove, close under the shadow of the ruined pile—of old time reserved for caterans and thieves, bears the lifeless body of a stalwart and honest-hearted Cameron, whose only crime has been self-sacrificing devotion to his revered Chief, and the cause he had espoused.

But, hark! the tramp of armed men sounds abruptly from below, and, presently, a considerable party of the King's troops emerge from Loch Arkaig valley, and make their way in compact order along the side of Loch Lochy. Not a word is spoken by the soldiers. Evidently the officer in command has a mission to perform ere the day is done, for he presses forward, as if impatiently, at the head of his men, with drawn sword and stern countenance.

No sooner does the tramp of the soldiers become hushed in the distance, than a haggard-looking kilted figure creeps stealthily along the brow of the hill, in the darkest part of the wood, following the direction the Duke of Cumberland's men have taken. It is Iain of the Loch! After a while he approaches one of the great oak trees, the stumps of which still testify so interestingly to the antiquity of the forests in the Lochiel country. It stands more in the open, and, from the one big limb which has not crumbled away, an extensive view of the Glen below can be obtained.

What a strange, haunted-looking appearance the erstwhile bold and haughty Iain presents, as he places his musket against the tree, and leans there himself wearily, and thoughtfully. There is an aspect of sullen and hopeless rage in his face, and the expression is deepened into repulsion by the matted hair, the unkempt beard, the sunken cheeks, and the general indications of neglect and hardship his person presents. His feet are bare and his clothes torn and soiled, for the pursuit has been keen, and Iain has had to keep all his wits about him to escape the vigilance of the soldiers—finding a bed as best he might in the forest or up the corrie, and a bit and a sup when opportunity tardily offered.

"They should be there now," he muttered, rousing himself, and forthwith beginning the ascent of the tree. This was an easy matter, owing to the extremely gnarled state of the old trunk, and the number of young shoots which seemed to find life in its decay. From his perch Iain had in full vista the western part of the loch and the

adjoining lands. On the latter, where the wood ceased and the pasture was green, stood an apparently deserted homestead, the chimneys being smokeless and not a sign of animal life visible. It was upon this isolated abode that Iain concentrated his gaze, for it was his home. He well knew the errand of the soldiers, and that, ere night fell, the home of his childhood, which he had only visited by stealth since his return from the campaign, would be a heap of smouldering ruins. Iain strained his eyes still more as the sharp bark of a dog broke in upon the stillness, and his teeth set firmer as the troopers debouched in the open and prepared to surround the doomed house.

"Ah, Callum! faithful Callum! you there yet," said Iain aloud, his features relaxing under the influence of a kindly memory. "No flocks are there for thee to tend now, no hand to caress thee, poor Callum." He spoke tenderly, even tearfully, as recollections of many free and joyous days on the hills with his favourite collie came upon him. "Give the villains a piece of thy mind, Callum," he added, as the barking was renewed, "and a taste of thy teeth should they meddle thee—thy master longs for both, but cannot dare the chance."

While the officer and several of his troopers disappeared, apparently to search the domicile for fugitives, papers, or valuables, or perhaps all three, Iain, with many muttered curses, varied by railings at the fate which had overtaken him, watched others carrying straw from the stackyard and throwing it in at one of the windows, to speed the impending conflagration. In a short time a faint wreath of smoke curled up into the calm air, then a volume burst out radiant in sparks as if from a volcano, and in a few minutes the house of proud Iain of the Loch was one mass of seething flames.

"A thousand curses upon thee," he said in a hoarse whisper, as, averting his gaze, he proceeded slowly to descend the tree. "And yet, why should I curse the villains?" he asked himself, taking up his musket and lean-

ing heavily upon its muzzle. A period of solitude, for of late he had preferred to seek safety alone among the hills, had already given him the habit of listening to the subdued expression of his own thoughts. "Why curse the Duke and his vile crew when they did me, Iain of the Loch, a rebel, the service he most desired? Ha, ha! The devil did his damned butchering work well after the battle—did it well. Not one of the wounded escaped death, so they tell me—not—one—escaped; he even roasted them in a barn! *He* cannot live to accuse me of my—treachery. It was but a dream, a mere dream, I had last night as I slept in the corrie and the wind blew strangely among the birches—Donald Dubh cannot live."

Iain paused, and a queer scared look came into his eyes as they took in the dark places of the forest, where the trees looked weird in the gathering gloom. "It was but a dream," he said in a louder whisper; but the assurance did not appear to dispel the forebodings of evil which had assailed him, and his face was even more dejected than before as he left the shelter of the oak tree and trudged wearily up the hillside.

It would be difficult to say whether Iain had become more a victim to his conscience than to an apprehension that his fellow clansman, whom he had deliberately sought to slay in a frenzied moment on the battle-field, might by a fortuitous chance still live. With all his valour—it was admitted even by those who confessed to an undefined dislike to the man that a braver never followed his chief to the field—our fugitive had a large element of superstition in his nature; and dreams which, when they related to others gave him no concern, moved and unnerved him strangely when they applied to himself and his affairs. He had dreamt that Donald, with a great bloody gash disfiguring him, was in fiendish pursuit, and that just as he was being caught, Helen—*his* Helen—appeared upon the scene and mocked him in laughter, which was caught up by a thousand demons as the fatal stroke descended and—he awoke, quivering with fright!

What pass had it come to, assuming that Donald Dubh was stark and still, and decaying in the trench in which so many valiant Camerons had found their last resting place? Absolute worldly ruin now stared him in the face; he might be captured any day by the troops who were hovering about the glens and passes eager for blood money; if captured, farewell to all earthly possibilities, for he must die a traitor's death. And fair Helen, what of her; ah! she for whose sweet sake he had not stickled at a murderous deed? What of the grand wedding he had conjured up as the natural sequel to victory and reward? There had resulted nothing but defeat and despair; naught but danger before him, and a ghostly fear haunting him—so felt unhappy Iain as he sought a refuge for the night far from beautiful Loch Arkaig, and from the scene of his terror-inspiring dream. But he was a man of some cunning, and, as already proved, of desperate resource in desperate circumstances.

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It had been a sultry day, and a singularly dense haze which hung over Loch Arkaig, curtaining off the neighbouring mountains, had acted like a veil to hide the gathering storm. All at once it broke over the valley in tremendous thunder rolls, which appeared to shake the very hills as the volleys echoed and reverberated among their peaks, while the lightning played in bolts and more rapid coming flashes with dazzling brilliance and sense-awing grandeur. At the height of the storm, a woman crouched under the spreading branches of a tree in the forest, seeking safety where the danger was greatest, just as the dumb beasts do which graze in the fields. Animal and human impulses often agree, particularly among the unlettered, where the moral elevation is low pitched. There was a tremendous crash, and, not a hundred yards away, a stalwart fir was rent to the roots and scattered about in splinters; but the woman sat still with chattering teeth and a face pale with terror. It was Helen Cameron's mother! She had been returning from an interview with

Iain of the Loch, in a remote part of the forest, when the thunder cloud burst with all its fury.

"Woe, woe to me," half moaned, half shrieked, the unnerved woman, as the thunder cloud seemed to hurl itself with terrific roar and rattle against the mountain which the forest partially covered. "Mercy! Oh, wicked Iain, why did I promise thee to betray him? Heaven is taking vengeance upon us for that oath—oh, woe is me, Iain—woe, woe it is to us."

As she crooned this conscience-stricken dirge, the storm disappeared with parting murmur. The gloom speedily dissipated, and Mrs Cameron, still pale with the fright of the terrible atmospheric display, rose and proceeded with shaky step in the direction of her cottage, yet some distance away. Helen was waiting her mother on the door step; but no trace of the conscience-quickenning ordeal she had passed through was observable on the aged woman's countenance as she greeted her daughter. Conscience had merely effervesced for a few minutes through the rare opportunity physical terror afforded.

"Come in, my child," said Mrs Cameron quite gaily, "for I have news to whisper to thee, news which must indeed be whispered into thine own ear."

"Good news, mother?"

"Aye, daughter; Iain said it was good."

"Good news, with our Chief and his men hunted like the beasts of the field; with their homes smoking in ruins; with the graves of Culloden filled—good news amid all that wickedness and evil? Why, mother dear, the Prince must surely have escaped."

The old woman winced; the tenor of the observation, and the amount of feeling thrown into it, were evidently not exactly to her liking.

"The Prince, alas! has not escaped, daughter. Och, och! its Heaven help the Prince, I'll be saying. If that only be good news, a long wait is before thee, thy mother is afraid; but why should the news not gladden thee? Thou hast heard not; come hither, child, till I whisper. It

is a great secret, Iain says, and can only be told to trusted folks of the Clan Cameron. Thy mother is one, I hope, and as for daughter mine, she worships the name of the Prince. Bend down thine ear, and listen ; so,—*Ere the sun sets thrive, Prince Charles will be seeking refuge at Loch Arkaig !*"

"The Prince, mother !"

"Aye, child, the Prince ; and thou shalt see him, too a sight thou hast longed for, eh,—as Iain says ? Perhaps he'll talk to thee. Ubh, ubh ! what honour there is in store for Helen *laghach*. But the better part of the secret is yet to tell. What ? I knew Iain's news would rouse thee from the moody ways which have seized upon thee this while. Just this, daughter, that thy old mother—none else—is to prepare food for the Prince ; and, mark me, its thou that must carry it secretly to his hiding-place in the woods."

"Ah, mother, has it indeed come to this ?" exclaimed Helen in a pathetic voice ; and her eyes glistened.

"To what, Helen ?" asked Mrs Cameron, looking up with surprised enquiry.

"That the dear Prince, mother, he whose rightful inheritance is a throne, for whose sake the bravest men of our clan have been taken away in blood ; he so chivalrous, so victorious, so unfortunate—it has come to this, that he is so very poor, so oppressed by his enemies, that a peasant girl must needs feed him in the forest. *Mo thruaighe !* Woe is me."

Helen's strong sympathy for the Prince, mingled with a fondly cherished memory of one whom she loved, and who had not returned from Culloden, quite overcame her—she wept.

"Hush, Helen—daughter ! Behave not so when the Prince stands in need of kindly deeds, and not the tears of women. Who knows but that the Duke's men may be spying about and listening—they came with cat's tread, do'st remember, that night they searched the cottage. I have something yet to tell thee, so dry thine eyes, child, and behave as the brave maiden the clan knows thee to be.

Iain, the brave Iain, has been warned to make arrangements for the Prince's comfort, and he wishes to consult thee to-night under the pine tree."

"Not there, mother; I could not bear another tryst there," said Helen in wavering tones.

"Then he'll take thee somewhere else, child; 'twill be for his own safety," said Mrs Cameron, feeling nettled by this pathetic allusion to the missing Donald.

Without a word Helen turned slowly, in a pre-occupied manner, to the peat fire, and, unheeding her mother's further prattle, gazed silently and wistfully into the embers. The bloom of her cheeks had perceptibly faded since the day when, in the glow of love-making, she parted with Donald Dubh under the pine tree. She had been sorrowing deeply—for whom? Let the sprig of fir, worn daily in her bosom, answer.

Iain had been cunning in his narrative of Donald's fate, perceiving shrewdly, though to his own demerit, that the news would cut deep into the girl's heart. "He fell," he said, with well feigned sadness, "with his face to the enemy, fighting for the Prince as bravely as a Cameron could do."

That one false sentence, uttered with the heart of a scheming blackguard, commended Iain to Helen's favour; and though she mourned for her lost lover with all the intensity of a newly-confessed affection rudely blasted by death, she had begun, aided insinuatively by her mother, to entertain kindly feelings towards the heretofore despised rival. Helen admired bravery: Iain had truly been heroic in the Prince's battles; she pitied the scattered homeless fugitives: such was Iain, and particularly in the quest of the soldiery; her heart—what woman's does not?—liked steadfast devotion: Iain was devoted to desperation.

And so it happened that between the gloaming and the mirk, when lovers steal out of doors, and Nature chimes dreamily in with romance and phantasy, Helen found herself alone in the vicinity of the great pine tree, for the first time since she embodied her farewell to Donald in a simple sprig of fir. Her thoughts were beginning to frame

the sad problem of what might have been, when a low whistle attracted her attention, and, turning round, she perceived Iain some distance away under the dark shadow of a fir.

"Helen, dear Helen," he said in so hoarse and passionate a whisper that Helen paused abruptly in her approach, "pardon, I pray thee, my rude ways; the soldiers are scouring the hills, and I have but a minute to stay. Some treachery is surely abroad. Helen, I have to say but this—that I love thee! What more can I say? Aye, it is this: if I can flee the country, Helen, with the money—with some spoils of battle—wilt thou leave this cursed land with me? They have burned my home, they thirst for my life! Helen, by the love I bear thee, wilt thou go?"

As Iain spoke the passion of love, the jeopardy of his situation, the misery of his circumstances, the very pitiableness of his appearance, seemed to have conspired to lend force to his appeal. Helen listened with a heart which throbbed with sympathy for the fugitive—here was bravery, ruin, love, condensed into a frantic supplication; and she could help or at least comfort him.

"Answer not till to-morrow at the sunset, Helen," he said pleadingly, as she hesitated; "do not dash away hope, I implore thee, at a single blow."

"It is to-night I'll answer thee, Iain of the Loch, and my answer is—I'll go with thee," said Helen heroically, her feelings quite overcome by the very pathos of the situation. "But hush," she added in sudden apprehension, as an unwonted sound broke upon the stillness of the forest, "the soldiers!"

Moving cautiously forward until she commanded a view of the pasture lands betwixt the forest and the loch, Helen started back with dismay, for a detachment of the soldiery in extended order had actually begun the ascent of the hill with the evident intention of scouring the forest.

"Treachery—fly, Iain, fly!"

"God bless thee; farewell," whispered back Iain as he disappeared with the swiftness of a deer among the trees.

L E A H.

“**T**HOU did'st not love me, Jacob, and yet I bore the pain,
 And waited with a lingering hope that sang a joyous strain,
 And told me of a happier time when thou should'st rightly learn
 The patience, truth, and constancy that in my bosom burn.
 'Twas all in vain ; my sister's form is fairer than the flowers
 That bloom and blush about thee in the scented morning hours,
 They speak to thee of Rachel, and thy heart gives back the strain,
 And I long, and watch, and weary, and the watching is in vain.

“ Full oft thou chidest Rachel, but for me thy measured tone
 Rings ever with the self-same sound that turns my heart to stone ;
 The children greet thee, and thy smile is beautiful to see,
 And I look on in agony ; there is no smile for me.
 Thou lov'st them well, and oft thou seek'st thy lineaments to trace
 In the soft and tender beauty of our baby daughter's face ;
 But were she Rachel's, all the pride would be that she should show
 A budding likeness to the face which sets thy soul aglow !
 'Tis hard to bear, my husband, how hard thou ne'er canst learn,
 To sit alone, and weep, and watch for my dear lord's return ;
 And yet to know the watching vain, the loyalty heeded not,
 These long, long years of constancy accepted, not forgot !

“ Thou'lt never love me, husband, from friendship springs nor hate,
 Nor love, nor aught that wars with stern decrees of fate ;
 Forgetfulness may follow, but passion's mightier strain
 Can ne'er be hushed by reason's voice, nor held by reason's rein.
 'Twill venge itself for ever on thy proudly beating heart,
 'Twill follow in thy footsteps to pierce thee with its dart,
 'Twill mock thee for thy fondness with fiercely bated breath.
 And 'twill stand about thy pillow in the last dread hour of death.
 And yet I dare not murmur, whate'er the future brings,
 I have loved thee, oh, my husband ! beyond all earthly things :
 And, maybe, had'st thou loved me more, it had been of the earth.
 Less pure, and less exalted, a thing of little worth !”

Time rights the erring balance in the partial hand of fate,
 And re-adjusts the sliding scale that runs 'twixt love and hate ;
 The unloved one reposed at length in death an honoured bride,
 And Rachel found a stranger's grave, anear the lone wayside.

M. O. W.

THE HIGHLAND CHIEFTAIN, AND HOW HE WON HIS WIFE.

[FROM MRS WALLACE, MANSE OF TIREE].

SOMEWHAT similar incidents as are to be found in the following tale are related as having occurred in the life of Lord Burleigh of Stamford Town. The story may have been widespread, and the incidents appropriated differently in different localities. In this version of the story, which was heard in the island of Tiree, the nobleman credited with the leading events is the Chief of Glengarry, probably he who was alleged to be possessed of much occult knowledge which was then known as the *Sgoil Dubh* or Black Art, and of whose supernatural gifts many traditions are current throughout the Highlands. On one occasion it is told of him, that being at the river in Morar (Moidart) in winter, one evening at nightfall when there was an appearance of a snowstorm, he went into a house that was near, and sat at the fireside. When supper time came there was only butter and cheese and potatoes set before him. He made the remark that they were evidently in want of fish (*Gun robh uireasabh eisg orra*), and asked if there was no fish to be got near. The old man who was in the house said there was, but there was no one to go for it or way of getting it. "We will find a way if there is a boat," he said. The old man said there was a boat, but he himself would go to sleep, and he would advise the stranger to do the same. The stranger, however, refused, and the other was not long asleep when he heard himself called to get up. "*Eirich a dhuine dhona cha robh umad riamh ach leisgein.*" "Get up you useless being, you were ever lazy." They put out the boat and one sat in the bow and one in the stern. The stranger put out fishing tackle (*chuir e beart*

eisg), but they were not very speedy in getting fish, and the old man began complaining, when the stranger remarked, "that the man who expects to get fish must have patience (*Feumaidh an t-iasgar faighidinn bhi aige*)." Not long after they saw something floating, and when they drew it in it was a hugh cask of butter (*Measgan mor ime*). "What is the meaning of this?" *De 's cial d' so*, said the old man. "Never mind," the other answered, "more than that will come to your hand yet." "*Coma leatsa thig tuilleadh sin fhathast ort*." They were not long running with the tide when an enormous cheese came in the way. When it was drawn in the old man remarked that they had sufficient seasoning now (*tha annlann gu leor nis againn*). *Annlann* is a term for which there is no English equivalent. It was used for whatever eatables such as fish, meat, or dairy produce, formed an accompaniment of bread made of wheat, oats, barley, or other grain, and of potatoes or any vegetables. Each vegetable production had its own seasoning allotted to it. There is a saying—*Se annlann bhuntata phruinn am bainne*. The appropriate accompaniment of mashed potatoes is milk. More will come yet (*Thig tuilleadh fhathast*), the stranger said. They then took in a haunch of meat (*ceithreamh feola*), after that they began to get abundance of fish, and one of a rare kind came to Glengarry's line, which he kept to himself.

Another version of the incident says that he made the old man see an imaginary lake in front of his house where never a lake had been, and that it was to punish him for being a curmudgeon in setting only bare potatoes without any seasoning (*buntata tur*) before him that he caused the butter and cheese that was hoarded past to jump into the loch, and to be fished up again, or when he got him asleep opened the place where the niggardly old man kept his hoard of provisions, and afterwards succeeded in making them float near the boat.

It may appear strange and anomalous that maidens should, in the manner related in the following story, follow

the adventures of strangers, but letters were not then as now a mode of communication, and the means of keeping up information regarding those who had attracted admiration and esteem was in no way an easy matter, *cha deid posadh thar muir* (marriage does not cross the sea), besides those who possessed the "Black Art" were believed to have the power of attraction, and that those who looked upon them were charmed into following the fate and fortune of those who had excited their admiration.

Cuarain were brogues, or sandals, made of untanned leather or skin, and were often worn with the hairy side outwards. They required a great number of ties, so much so that the saying is current, the man who wears *cuarain* must rise an hour earlier than the one who wears shoes. *Feumaidh fear nan cuarain eirigh uair roimh fhear nam brog.*

There is a proverbial expression often to be heard (*suas e luideag, se an duine an t'aodach*), on with the rag, clothes are the man, and is used when a person is complimented on a new suit of clothes.

AN T-UACHDARAN GAIDHEALACH 'S MAR FHUAIR E BHEAN.

Bha sin Gleanngaradh 's thainig a charaid no mac a pheathar Moraire Chlann Domhnuil air sgriob ga fhaicinn. Mar bha iad an deighinn beagan lathan chur seachad comhla, thuirt iad ri cheile gun rachadh iad air chuairt feuch ciamar bha cor agus suidheachadh an t-saoghail ann an aiteachan eile na 'n robh ni sam bith as ur ri thoirt fainear na gu de fortan thachradh riu. "Math na olc mar bhitheas e," thuairt Moraire Chlann Donuil. "Feumaidh sinn bhi leagta ris na thachrais dhuinn, 's de fios nach tachair do raogha ceile ortsa, ged tha thu gus a so gun a faicinn. Chuir iad mach bata 's sgioba 's ghabh iad mo thuath 's mo dheas, null 's a nall, sear 's siar, le sruth 's soirbheas. An rathad racha ghaoith racha iadsan, 's dar

bhi ise na tosd bhi iadsan nan tamh feitheamh rithe. Mu dheireadh rainig iad tra latha aite air nach robh moran colais aca 's chaidh iad air tìr. Thainig am feasgar orra mu'n do thill iad. An oidhche sin bha fearas-chuideachd 's dannsa 's lan-aighir ri bhi aig muinntir an aite 's fhuair iadsan cuireadh gu dol ann. "Cha 'n urrainn duinn an cuireadh a ghabhail," thuirt iad, "cha'n eil annainn ach coig-rich tha dol, 's cha'n eil aodach freagarrach againne air son dol gu leithid sin do chuirf fo aite gu aite." "Cha 'n e aodach ni an duine 's tha sibh grinn leinn mar tha sibh," 's bha iad gan cuireadh co coimhneal's gun do gheall iad a dhol ann. Sheall Moraire Chlann Domhnuil mun cuairt 's fhuair e deise dha air nach beachdaich duine, 's chur iad brogan mora tacaideach orra 's ghabh iad far an robh na daoine cruinn 's shuidh iad gu diuta aig an doras. Thainig aon 's aon do na bha sa chruinneachadh far an robh iad 's d'iarr iad orra tighinn am measg na cuideachd, 's thuirt uile h-aon do na ighnean fa leth gun racha iad a dhannsa leo. Cha b' urrain iad nis diulta, 's thuirt Glengaradh gum b' fhearr dhoibh aontachadh, 's chaidh e fhein far an robh te riomhach bha sin 's rinn e na mothannan dhi 's dh'iarr e gu siobhalta dhannsa i, ach thoisich ise air gaireachdain 's air magadh 's chrom i ceann, 's cha racha i leis idir. "Ma ta," 's an te, bha air a culthaobh, "tha thu mihothail. Thuirt gach te againn fa leth gun rachamaid leis agus saarach tha thusa deanamh dar tha thu ga dhiulta," 's thiondaidh i ris-san 's thuirt i. "Ille Mhaith! tha mise nam nighean mathar is athar co math ris-se, 's h-eagamh gu faod mi radhainn na's fhearr, 's theid mi le 'm uile chridhe comhla riutsa;" 's chaidh iad gu deonach dhannsa 's cha 'n fhacas riamh na b' fhearr, na bheireadh bàrr oirre. Cha do phriob duine bh'ann 'sa chuideachd an suil, ach gan feitheamh le co inneach 's racha iad troimh na ruithleachan 's co math 'sa fhreagarra iad do 'n cheol. Nar bha e seachad, rug esan air laimh oirre 's thug e i air ais far an robh i roimhe (an uchd a' chompanaich bh' aice roimhe), 's chur iad mar so fo thé gu te air ais nan aite

dhiubh. Cha b'fhiach 's cha b'fhiu fear eile bha stigh ach iadsan. Cha robh iad toilleach diomb sam bith fhaighinn dhoibh fhein 's thuirt iad nach racha iad tuilleadh dhannsa nach robh toil sam bith aca tuilleadh sa choir do mheas fhaighinn ; 's gun robh leisg orra bhi toirt nan ban-chompanach bho na gillean eile. "Na cuireadh sin curam oirbh," thuirt cach. "Cha bhi farmad sam bith oirne air son sibh gan toirt leibh ; 's math leinn bhi feitheamh oileanachd co ard 's co math." Dh' aontaich iad dhol ann 's chaidh Glengaradh mu choinneamh na ceart te bh'aige roi' 's thog Mòraire Chlann Domhnuil a thé fhein. Mar chaidh an ruidhle ad seachad rinn iadsan mar rinn iad roi'. Bha na igheanan air son leantuinn riu. Thuirt Mòraire Chlann Domhnuill sin ris—"Feumaidh sinn teicheadh as an aite so uile. Tha iad fas feargach ruinn 's bithidh a bhuil ann an ceart uair." Mar thuirt b'fhior. Dh' fhag iadsan a chuideachd 's thug iad orra air falbh 's mach air an deighinn ghabh na igheanan. "Till," thuirt Mòraire Chlann Domhnuill, ris an te lean e. "'S e duine posda h-annam-sa. Cha lean thu idir mi ; till dhachaigh," 's thill an te ad ach cha tilleadh mir do'n te eile. "Cha'n 'eil annam-sa ach mac Cailleach Chearc aig duine mor, 's ciobar bochd ann sa charaid tha comhla rium. Cha fhiach dhuit falbh leinn, 's fhearr dhuit tilleadh." "Cha'n 'eil coire sam bith ann bhi bochd ; cha'n e beirteas ni saibhreas ach gradh ;" thuirt i, "'s cha'n 'eil mi deonach do threigsinn." Cheadaich e dhi falbh leis. Dar rainig iad chiad tigh, chaidh iad stigh 's dh'iarr iad biadh cummanta na duthcha dheasachadh dhoibh, nach robh doigh aca air na b'fhearr iarraidh. 'Nuair bha iad ullamh dh'fharraid iadsan, "Ciamar chord sin riut?" "Chord gu maith mu chord e ri'-pein," thuirt i riu. Sin thug iad dhi leabaidh fhraoich air an urlar ann an tigh muigh 's air la-r-'n mhaireach, dh'fharraid iad cheart cheist dhi, 's fhreagair i nach d'fhuair i riamh na b'fhearr 's mu bha an aite-taimh fhein co math, gun robh ise lan-toilliche. Dh'fhalbh esan so 's chur e fios dh'iarraidh air Cailleach nan Cearc tighinn na chomhail

's gun abaireadh i gur h-i mhathair i. Thainig Cailleach nan Cearc, 's thoiseach i air a achmhasanach—"De feum ni do d'leithid-sa falbh le 'm mhac-sa, tha t'aodach air coig, 's fhearr dhuit an deise dhrogait so ghabhail, 's cha'n fhearr na sin do chaiseart. Tha do bhrogan caite, sracte, 's e na cuarain so 's freagairich dhuit." Bha ise toillichte gu leor leis sin. Chaidh i sin dh' fhuireach le Cailleach nan Cearc. Thuirtean gun robh e falbh shealtuinn air son obair, 's nach biodh e air ais gu ceann lathan. An drast 's a rithist theireadh Cailleach nan Cearc rith se—"Nach iongantach nach 'eil thu dol gad chosnadh ach dol bas a so." "Feitheamh mi," theireadh ise, "gus an till e." Bha Cailleach nan Cearc ag innse dhasan gach ni mar bha tachairt, ach cha robh ise gu fheitheamh air a suilean. Chur esan so fios ga fasda air son bhathaich feuch an deanamh i feum ann gun robh searbhanta dhith orra. "'S fhearr dhuit dol ann," thuirt Cailleach nan Cearc, "cha'n 'eil athrachra san fhreasdal dhuit tha coltach." "Cha 'n 'eil aodach freagarrach agam," ors' ise. Thug Cailleach nan Cearc dhi aodach fregarrach. Bha i ga sarachadh leis gach seors' obair bha aice ri deanamh, 's cha robh neach ris an leigeadh i h-carbsa na ris an cuireadh i comhairle. Latha sin thainig esan far an robh i, na lan dhuin'-uasail, cha d'aithnich ise e 's i caoineadh. "Ciod thuige tha thu caoineadh?" thuirt e rithe. "Tha airson mo ghòraiche fhein, 's beag ruiginn leas bhi so; dh'fhag mi dachaigh mhaith 's lan-sheirbheisich;" 's dh'innis i dha mar dh' fhalbh i fuadan le fear air nach robh moran eolais aice, "Cha 'n 'eil e coltach gun tili an duine sin 's fhearr dhuit, mise," thuirt e. "Feithidh mi ris fhein," thuirt ise. Dh' fhalbh e 's dh'atharraich e choltas, 's thill e air ais na riochd fhein. Thug ise duibh-learn na chodhail 's thuirt i, "Mu luaidh fhein a dh'fhearabh an domhan; thuirt iad nach tilleadh tu rium gu brath." Dh'iarr e orra dol leis thun an tighe mhor. "Obh, obh," ors' esan, "nach fhearr dhuit an t'aodach bochd sin ort chur dhìot?" "Ciamar ni mi sin 's nach 'eil na's fhearr agam?" "Seall mun cuairt

feuch nach 'eil na's fhearr ri fhaotuinn," thuirt e rithe. Cha deanadh i sin chionn gur e tigh duine mhoir bheartaich bh'ann, 's gum biodh e fhein 'sa chairdean diombach dhi. "Nach amaideach dhutsa bhi smaointeachadh leithid sin?" thuirt esan, "'s mi fhein a so." Thuirt i nach deanadh sin ach na bu mhiosa iad. "Theid mise choimhead," thuirt esan. Dh'fhalbh e. An ceann uine, 's ise spileadh oir a gùn leis an eagal thill esan an riochd duine mhoir. Mu bha eagal oirre roimhe bha i na bu seachd miosa nis. "Eudail do mhnathan na greine," thuirt esan; "nach 'eil thu gam aithniche idir, 'san leamsa dh'fhalbh thu fuadan 's mi chur na deuchanain cruadh sin ort, feuch an robh thu dileas no an tigeadh caochla air do bheachd gam thaobh;" 's thug e stigh a chairdean 's Cailleach nan Cearc, chum 's gun toireadh iad oirre thuigsinn mar bha chuis. Ghabh i ioghnadh gun chrìoch ach dh'aontaich i leo anns gach ni Chaidh deise aluinn fhaighinn 's mhair a chuir ceithear lathan.

Latha sin thainig naigheachd gun robh Tighearna mor cur mach forais mu nighean a chaill e, 's dh'innis am Moraire dh'i e. "Sin m' athair-sa," thuirt ise, "'s e gam chaoidh." Mar bha iad an dail dol air ais shealltuinn h-athar, cha robh ise deonach air eagal 's gu'm biodh h-athar diombach, ach thog e misneach ag radhain, "Feudaidh bhi nach bi e diombach." Dar fhuair h-athair fios gun robh iad tighinn thainig e fhein, 's sgrios da mhuinntir nan cohdail. Nar thachair iad ruisg Gleanngaradh a chlaidheamh 's thuirt e, "'N e cogadh na sith tha nar beachd?" Thuirt iadsan gur e sith a b'fhearr leo. "Mu se an fhirinn a th'agaibh dearbhaidh i," thuirt esan, "'s leagabh air n'armachd." Rinn iad so 's chur esan chlaidheamh as cionn an stachd, 's dh'innis e, co e fhein 's fhuair e failte chaomhail, chairdeil.

THE HIGHLAND CHIEFTAIN AND HOW HE WON HIS WIFE.

It was thus, as it might be, Glengarry's relative, the Lord of the Isles, came for the express purpose of paying him a visit. After spending some days together, they

agreed to set out to see the state and condition of other parts of the world, and be observant of anything new or strange that was taking place, or if aught eventful might occur to either of themselves. "Good or ill as may be, we must be conformable to whatever happens to us," said the Lord of the Isles, "and who knows but that, by some fortuitous chance, you may meet with her who is to be your wife, though you have not hitherto seen her." They launched a boat, and, with a crew, they sailed northerly and southerly, here and there, in an easterly and westerly direction, propelled by wind and tide. Whichever way the wind blew, they went, and when there was a calm, they were at rest, awaiting. At last they arrived one day at noon, at a place with which they were but little acquainted, and they went ashore. It was afternoon before they returned. In the evening there was to be a social gathering of the inhabitants, and dancing and merriment, and they were invited. "It is impossible for us to accept the invitation," they said, "as we are only strangers, wandering from one place to another, and we are not provided with clothes suited for going to such an entertainment." "It is not the clothes that make the man. You appear fine enough to us as you are," and they urged them so kindly that they consented. The Lord of the Isles looked around, and finding a shepherd's dress, he put on a shoulder plaid with it; while the other took the dress that was most convenient and least noticeable. They put on strong shoes, the soles being studded with large tacks, and went together to the gathering, and seated themselves very humbly (*gu diute*) near the door. One and another of those present came forward to invite them to mingle with the company, and the daughters said one and all that they were willing to dance with them. They could no longer refuse. Glengarry said he had better comply, and he went up to a gay young lady, made his obeisance, and asked her politely to dance, but she responded by a laugh and a flout. She hung down her head, and utterly refused his request. "Well then,"

said one who was standing behind her, "you are unpolite ; each of us separately said we would dance with him, and you are acting meanly in refusing him ;" then, turning to him, she said—"Good youth, I am of as good descent as herself—I may perhaps say better—and with all my heart I will be your partner;" and they went both willingly to dance, and their dancing could not be surpassed. Not one of the company moved an eyelash, but observing how properly they threaded their way through the mazes of the dance, and how correctly they kept time to the music. When the dance was over Glengarry led her (his partner) by the hand to her former place and the custody of her former partner, and this was done until one and all of them were returned to their places. No other person in the company was of any account in comparison to the strangers. Being unwilling to provoke ill-will, they said they would not again dance—that they were not ambitious of attracting notice, and did not like to take their partners from the other young men. "Do not be concerned about that," said the men, "we are not at all envious of your success ; we are well pleased to be spectators of these rare and superior accomplishments." They acquiesced, and Glengarry went again to ask his former partner, and the Lord of the Isles took his own. When the dance was over they did as before, but their partners were unwilling to leave them. The Lord of the Isles then said, "We must quit the place, the men are becoming angry, and the consequence may be serious." This saying proved true, and they left the company and prepared to go away, and their partners followed them. "Return," the Lord of the Isles said to her who had followed him, "I am a married man ; you may not follow me, return home," and she went no further, but the other refused to return. "I am only the son of a great man's henwife, and the relative who accompanies me is but a poor shepherd. There is nothing to be gained by your coming with us, you better return." "Poverty is not disgrace ; it is not wealth

that maketh rich, but love and charity," she said ; " and I wish never to be separated from you." He permitted her to go with them. They entered the first house they came to, and he desired the common everyday fare of the country to be prepared for them, saying they had no means of getting more luxurious fare. When they had partaken of the food they asked her how she liked it. " Very well," she answered, " if you liked it yourselves." Then a bed of heather was ordered to be prepared for her on the floor of an outer-house, and next morning they asked the same question. She said that she never had a better couch, and if they were as well accommodated she was quite satisfied. Glengarry then sent to ask the henwife to come and meet him, and that she would say she was his mother. The henwife came and began to chide her and find fault with her. " What good purpose can it serve for such as you to follow my son. Your clothes are tattered, take and wear this druggat dress instead ; and you are not a whit better shod, your shoes are worn and torn, these cuarain are more suitable to you." She was well pleased with everything, and went then to live with the henwife. He said he was going in seach of employment, and would not return for some time. The henwife would now and again remark to her, " It is strange you are not going out to service instead of remaining here to die of want." " I will await his return," she would reply. The henwife gave him every information, but the other could get no sight of him. Glengarry then sent to engage her if suitable—that they wanted a byre-woman. " It is as well for you to go," the henwife said to her, " evidently there is nothing else in the course of Providence in store for you." " I have not suitable clothing," said she. The henwife gave her suitable garments. She was overwhelmed with the variety of work set before her, and there was no one in whose discretion she had confidence or whom she could consult. One day then he appeared before her as a true gentleman. She was weeping, and

did not recognise him. "Why do you weep?" he said to her. "For my own folly; little I require to be here. I left a good home and obedient servants," and she related to him how she became a fugitive for the sake of a comparative stranger. "There is no likelihood of that man ever returning," said he, "you better accept myself." "I will await his return," she said. Glengarry then went away. After some time he reappeared in his former character. She went joyously to meet him, and said, "Of all the world dearest to me, they said you would never return." He asked her then to go with him to the mansion-house. "Indeed and indeed," he said to her, "would it not be well to put off the poor clothing you are wearing?" "How can I," she answered, "when I have no better." "Look around, and try whether you may not get better," he said. She refused, saying that it was the house of a rich and great man who, with his friends, would be displeased. "Is it not foolish of you to imagine such a thing when I am here myself?" the Chieftain said. "That only makes it worse," she said. "I will go and see," he said, and he went. After some time, when she was fraying the edges of her dress through fear, he returned as a great man, and, if she was afraid before, she was seven times more so now; but he said—"Sweetest of women beneath the sun, do you not recognise me? It was with me you left friends and home, and I it was who subjected you to these severe trials to assure myself of your truth and faithfulness." He brought in his friends and the henwife to persuade her of the matter. She was beyond measure surprised, but was reconciled to everything. A dress of surprising sheen was provided, and the entertainment lasted four days.

One day then news reached them that a great lord was making searching enquiry for a lost daughter, and the Chieftain informed his wife. She said that was her father lamenting for her, but when it was proposed they should return to see her father she demurred through fear. "For

perhaps he will be displeased," she said. But he reassured her, saying "Perhaps he will not." On her father becoming aware of their intention, he came to meet them with a large company. When they met, Glengarry, unsheathing his sword, said—"Do you mean it to be peace or war?" They said they preferred peace. He then said—"If you speak the truth prove it by laying down your weapons." This they did. He placed his own sword above the pile of arms, made himself known, and was welcomed, and hospitably entertained.

Another version of the last incident in the story says that the enraged father, on hearing of his daughter's return, sought admission to her presence, threatening to make a door for himself if refused, but, Glengarry being a noted swordsman, took the button off his collar with the point of his sword (*am putan as a bhanabhraghad le barr a chlaidhe*), and a reconciliation was effected.

J. W.

6th October, 1889.

BLIADHNA MHATH UR.

THA sinn ag iarraidh a bhi a toirt failte na bliadhn' uire do gach neach a ta a toirt fardaich do 'n "Mhiosaiche." Cha'n e nach 'eil deadh dhurachd againn do 'n dream nach 'eil a deanadh mar so, ach nach ruig sin a leas a bhi a toirt iomraidh orra an traths'. Cha'n fhaic iad an duilleag so, 's cha toir iad fa near ciod a tha sinn ag radh. Cha bu mhath leinn deadh chleachdainean ar n-aithrichean a leigeil air di-chuimhne. B'abhaist daibh deadh chomhdhail a chur air a cheile aig a leithid so do am. Uime sin a luchd-leubhaidh, tha sinn a' cur moran bheannachdan g' ur n-ionnsuidh. Gu ma math a bhios sibh, fad na bliadhna so, agus iomadh bliadhna na deigh.

Bha mor shoirbheachadh ann an iomadh doigh air feadh na tire, air a bhliadhna a chaidh seachad. Bu chiatach an tide 'bha ann, air son na cuid a bu mhotha. O latha Caisge gu Feill Martuinn cha robh ach aimsir a bha freagarrach air son obair an fhearainn. Bha an tide freagarrach air son cuir an t-sil san Earrach, agus air son cinneis an t-Samhraidh. Thainig am Fogharadh le sonas agus mor phailteas, agus chaidh toradh an fhearainn a thional gun cheap, gun chall, do na saibhlean. Bu choir gum biodh pailteas 'san tir, 's gum biodh daoine taingeil air a shon.

Bha Breatunn aig sith ris an t-saoghal re na bliadhna. Sin far am bheil aobhar eile air son a bhi taingeil. Cha 'n eil ach saruchadh agus briseadh cridhe ann a bhi a cogadh ri duthchanna ceine. Ni an cogadh call air daoine 's air ionmhas. Cuirear an t-ionmhas 'na aite fein, ach is beag sin seach na daoine a tha air an toirt air falbh. Cha till iadsan tuille d'ar n-ionnsuidh. Is math dhuinn sith a bhi mun cuairt oirn air gach taobh.

Feudar suil a bhi aig an tuath gu'm bi cothrom ni 's fearr aca air a bhliadhna so, no bh'aca o cheann ghreis. Tha 'n t-iomradh a tighinn as gach feill air prisean matha, agus mor meas air crodh agus meanbh-chrodh. Is math an sgeul so, do bhrigh 's nach urrainn do 'n duthaich soirbheachadh mur bi luchd-oibreachaidh an fhearainn a

deanadh cosnaidh. 'Nuair a bhios pris mhath air feudail is comharadh gum bi airgiod gu leoir a riuth aig na marsandan, 's ged is eiginn do dhaoine an tuille a phaigheadh air son an teachd-an-tir is coltach gum bi an tuille comais aca air na prisean mor a phaigheadh. Chi sinn an uine ghoirid moran do rathaid iaruin ura air feadh na Gaidhealtachd. Chaidh an obair a chur air bonn a cheana aig Gearasdan Ionmhar Lochaidh, far an do chuir Montros an ruaig air na Cuigsich o cheann beul ri da cheud bliadhna gu leth. Tha an rathad ri togail a mach troimh Loch Abair, agus as a sin do Shiorramach Pheirt, gu ruig a Ghalltachd. Cha 'n eil teagamh nach tarrauin an t-each iaruin mor shaoibhreas do luchd-aiteachaidh nan gleann, agus mar is luaithe a thig e, 's ann is fearr. Tha muinntir an Eilein Duibh 'san dochas gum faigh iad fein rathad-iaruin gu ruig Cromba, 's bu mhor am beud mur rachadh aca air a thoirt a mach. Seadh, agus feudar a bhi cinnteach gun teid a leithid eile do obair a deanadh eadar priomh bhaile na Gaidhealtachd agus Cinn-a-Ghiubhsaidh, leis an ath-ghoirid troimh Shrath Eire. Bu mhor a bu ghiorra an t-slighe sin no bhi a gabhail an timchioll gu Ionmhar Narainn agus Faireis agus Baile Ur nan Granndach. Air dhuinn a bhi a toirt an aire do na h-oibrean sin gu leir, tha sinn a faicinn gur ann am feabhas a ta cor na Gaidhealtachd a dol.

'Nuair a thig a cheud mhios do 'n Earrach, feumar Parlamaid a chur a suas anns gach Siorramachd. 'S e sin a tha an lagh a nis a giulan, agus feumar geill a thoirt dha. B'abhaist do uachdarain an fhearainn a bhi a dol an ceann a cheile, uair no dha 's a bhliadhna air son riaghlaidh. Tha an luchd-riaghlaidh a nis ri bhi air an taghadh air son na Parlamaid bhig, ionann 's mar a ta na Cumantan air an taghadh air son a Pharlamaid Bhreatunnaich. 'S e ar durachd gun dean an sluagh taghadh gu glic, 's gun teid obair na duthcha a deanadh gu cothromach 's gu ceart.

Tha am "Miosaiche" a gabhail a thurus air feadh an t-saoghail, agus tha daoine a deanadh a bheatha anns gach aite. Bu choir gum faigheadh e gabhail roimhe anns gach tigh far am bheil tlachd air a ghabhail ann an eachd-raidhean na Gaidhealtachd, agus tha sinn a nis a cur moran bheannachd do ar luchd-duthcha, agus ag iarraidh barrachd eolais.

I. G.

Latha Coinnle,
Ochd ceud deug, ceithir fichead agus deich.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE CREST OF THE ROBERTSONS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "HIGHLAND MONTHLY."]

SIR,—In reply to your Canton correspondent's queries about the coat-of-arms of the Clan Donnachaidh, the arms, as they are at present, were altered and augmented in 1451, together with the erection of the whole lands into the Barony of Strowan, in recognition of the services of the Chief, Robert (Reoch) de Atholia, in capturing the murderers of King James the First, of which the hand upholding the royal crown, the savage in chains, and the motto "Virtutis Gloria Merces" ("Glory the Reward of Valour"), are commemorative.

The ancient arms bore the three wolves heads, which are still on the shield, a wolf *statant* for crest, and had no motto. They are to be seen on the seal of Robert de Atholia, appended to a charter by his father, Duncan de Atholia, dated 1438, in the charter-chest of the Duke of Athole, while the augmented arms may be seen on the seal of Alexander Robertson, the poet-chief, affixed to one of his letters in the Advocates' Library.

It is also true that the Robertsons are of royal descent, Duncan de Atholia, from whom they take the name of Clan Donnachaidh (and who received large grants of land as the friend and supporter of King Robert the Bruce), being descended from King Malcolm Canmore and his first wife Ingebiorg.—Yours faithfully,

SARAH (ROBERTSON) MATHESON.

DONACHIE LODGE,
DUNFERMLINE, 3rd December, 1889.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "HIGHLAND MONTHLY."]

SIR,—In your last issue a member of the Clan Donnachaidh pardonably endeavours to maintain the claim of his clan to royal descent from the fact of the Robertsons of Strowan using as a crest a hand upholding a royal crown. This however, together with the unique appendage to their shield of a naked man manacled, was granted to Strowan as an honourable augmentation for arresting and delivering up the murderers of James I. Previous to that, his crest was a wolf *statant*. Strowan only can bear these augmentations. The crests of other branches of the family vary. For instance, Robertson of Faskillie uses a phoenix issuing out of flames; Inshes, a swan; Lude, a sleeping dog; Muirtown (Elginshire), a dexter hand, issuing from a cloud, upholding a wheat sheaf. But, after all, tradition does not go the length of claiming that any of the ancestors of the Robertsons ever "held the crown," but simply that there was some blood connection with royalty, through King Duncan.

The question regarding the crest of the Camperdown Duncans is not very clear. Your correspondent asks what was their crest "prior to the episode in their family history related in 'Burke's Peerage' (edition for 1854), which led to their adoption of a dismantled ship as their crest, about 250 years ago now?" The Camperdown Duncans, as a separate family, did not, of course, exist 250 years ago - the Admiral not having entered the Navy till 1746. The crest of his family—the Duncans of Lundie—was "a ship under sail." His own crest, and consequently that of the Camperdown Duncans, was a dismantled ship. This, however, seems to have been part of the augmentation to his arms granted when he was raised to the peerage, in 1798—the year after the famous victory.

JOHN H. GALL.

INVERNESS, *December, 1889.*

DEAR SIR,—In the last number of your Magazine, one of the Robertson Clan seeks information as to the origin of the crest of a Hand holding up a Crown. This was acquired on an occasion of much importance, to our belief, in this way—One of the murderers of James the First at Perth was Graham, who fled to Athole, and, being pursued presumably by the Clan Donnachaidh, was taken prisoner in the Moor of Invervack where he was caught sheltering under a projecting rock on the bank of a burn that flows into Loch Vack. The spot is still well-known to every one about, and the burn is still called "Altaghranich," "Graham's Burn." The Chief, then Robert Macconnachy, took his prisoner to Perth, and delivered him over to James the Second, who rewarded him by giving him a royal charter for all his extensive possessions in Athole and Rannoch, which he till then held by the old right of conquest and continuous possession from remote ages. Some facts connected with this incident are recorded in the first volume of the Iona Club, where it occurs in the then published records of an old religious community whose home was near Perth. From this chief the surname of Robertson was taken; for in this very document he is called Duncanson or Macconnachy. This Robert seems to have had but little regard for the Church, as on his way home from Perth he was met at the Tor Hill near Dunkeld by a man named Forester, a nephew of the Bishop of Dunkeld, who apprehended him for the injury done his uncle, the Bishop, and challenged him to fight, which they did, and the Chief was so severely wounded that he only lived to reach his Castle, near Struan, where he soon died. The crest of the clan before this occurrence was a "Sleeping Dog," with the motto, "Dinna Wauken Sleepin Dogs."

Perhaps you will kindly convey this information to your correspondent, and oblige.—Yours very truly,

W. S. IRVINE.

CRAIGATIN, PITLOCHRY, N.B., *11th Dec., 1889.*

THE HOME OF GAELIC.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "HIGHLAND MONTHLY."]

SIR,—I must imitate the commendable brevity of my critic, Mr Kenyth Matheson, in my reply to his strictures on the "startling statement" that the original home of Gaelic is Ireland. He indicates proofs of three points—(1) That the Caledonians, Picts, and Gaels in Scotland are identic; (2) that the only part of Scotland conquered from Ireland was Argyleshire; and (3) that Gaelic was spoken in Scotland prior to the 4th century. First, I allow that the Caledonians and Picts were the same people; indeed Eugenuis says so, as Mr Matheson has it. I deny that either were Gaels, the Pictish language was certainly not Gaelic whatever it was. This is seen in the few words that have come down to us, and in the place names of Pictland from Forth to Caithness. Second, Innes, Pinkerton, Gregory, and Skene are great names, but the facts on which they formed their theories are few, and open to anybody that cares to test them in the *Monumenta Historica Britannica*, and Skene's own *Chronicles of the Picts and Scots*. These chronicles all distinctly assert the conquest of the Picts by the Scots. Besides, modern linguists are against Dr Skene. Professor Rhys last month maintained at Edinburgh the same views practically as I have advanced in regard to the connection of the Gaels with Scotland; and, with all due respect, Professor Rhys knows the whole subject, ethnologically and linguistically, better than Dr Skene. Professor Windisch, the greatest Gaelic scholar of our time, Stokes excepted, holds exactly the same views of the Pictish question as I do. My views, fully set forth, are to be found in the defunct *Celtic Magazine*, from July to October, 1887. Thirdly, I am not aware of almost any names that can be proved of Gaelic origin in Ida's Northumbrian Kingdom; the Celtic names are British. Would Mr Matheson regard *Dunedin* as in his favour? Of Colonel Robertson's books and theories, I have only to say that they are more ingenious than convincing.—I am, yours, &c.,

A. M.

NOTES.

PROFESSOR RHYS, of Oxford, has been the Rhind lecturer this year, and he has just delivered a course of six lectures before large and appreciative audiences in the National Portrait Gallery, Edinburgh. His subject was—"The Early Ethnology of the British Isles, and more especially of Scotland, treated from the point of view of Language." Professor Rhys re-affirmed his well-known theories as set forth in his *Celtic Britain*, but with some alterations and differences, which the advance of linguistic and ethnologic knowledge, since his latest publication even, desiderated. We hope on a near occasion in the future to revert to Professor Rhys' views, and are sorry that fuller reports of them have not appeared in the daily press.

NEW BOOKS.

LAYS OF THE HEATHER: A Collection of Highland and Lowland Songs, arranged with symphonies and accompaniments for voice and pianoforte by JOHN THOMSON and W. S. RODDIE. Logan & Co., Inverness, Aberdeen, and Elgin.

THIS is a handsome book, but it is more; it is decidedly a good book. It is a fresh exemplification of the laudable and patriotic enterprise of the Messrs Logan, who have now once and again placed the Highland people under deep obligations to them for their admirable efforts, not merely to preserve by means of publication, but to present with all the attractive elaboration bestowed upon Lowland lyrics, the best and most popular of Gaelic and Highland songs. It may perhaps be remarked that Highland and national music generally has not gained much by the manipulations of professional musicians: that indeed they are always best in their sweet native simplicity, being "when unadorned adorned the most." There is an important sense in which this is true. Any tampering with the essential character of our native melodies has always resulted, and will always result, in their being spoiled in proportion. Those of them that have secured popularity have done so as they stand, and any interference with them is an imputation on the wisdom of the popular verdict. The Highland songs hitherto issued by the Messrs Logan have been kindly exempted from all such "improvements," the elaboration to which we have referred consisting simply of instrumental accompaniments and vocal harmonies, and these done by the hands of parties competent, not merely as accredited musicians, but fully alive to the genius of the music and anxious to do nothing to disturb or overload its appropriately simple character. Specially in this excellent work we must mention the name of Mr Roddie, one of the musical editors of the work before us. Mr Roddie, though not himself a Highlander born, is, at least in respect of his scrupulous regard for the integrity of our music a Highlander bred. His labours alike in the popularising and the editing of Highland song are worthy of all praise. The Gaelic melodies in the present work which came under his hand, and there are a large number of them, are well selected in point of popularity, and very carefully edited, with accompaniments and in some cases a vocal harmony, simple and effective to a very high degree.

A further recommendation, no doubt, of these Gaelic songs is, that for the benefit of admirers of the melodies who do not know the Gaelic language, well-executed translations are supplied. These are by such competent hands as the late lamented and gifted Thomas Pattison, Professor Blackie, Dr Norman Macleod (*Père*), "Nether-Lochaber," Mr Lachlan Macbean, Mr Henry Whyte ("Fionn," Dr Nigel McNeill, &c. As a *Highland* monthly, it will be regarded as but natural that we

should give priority and specialty of attention to the Gaelic portion of the work. There is, however, a large section of it devoted to Lowland songs, which were placed in the expert hands of Mr John Thomson of Glasgow, to whose care has also been entrusted the musical exposition of a few new and selected Highland songs not honoured with a Highland dress. The book opens with a stirring song, entitled "The Maclean's Gathering," to which Mr Thomson supplies appropriate music. Next comes a prettily conceived and happily expressed lyric by "Nether-Lochaber," entitled "The Lass that rowed me o'er the Ferry." This effusion of the versatile Dr Stewart's muse ought to become popular. The same is true of a very sweet song by the same author, "The Sailor Lad at Sea," the music for both being by Mr Thomson. From the popular pen of Professor Blackie, besides several good translations from the Gaelic, we have a "May Song" and "A Song of Glen Lui Beg." Mr Roddie, at page 74, supplies a capital arrangement of the Campbells' Pibroch, with words partly by Burns. This air is otherwise known in connection with the popular Gaelic air of "A Mhnaithan a' Ghlinne so." "How Blithely the Pipe," also arranged by Mr Roddie, is very inspiring and effective. "The Sons of the Highlanders," page 110, is very well mated to right martial music by Mr Thomson. A very popular song, and deservedly so, is "The Banks of Loch Lomond." The melody would seem to us to be, however, no other than that of "Kind Robin lo'es me."

But we must not particularise, nor is there any need. The public have already settled the merit of the work; for we believe the first edition is entirely sold, and another in preparation. In this connection we cannot but express the hope that in issuing a new edition the publishers will do their utmost to remedy several very unfortunate errors which disfigure such an otherwise excellent book. In the first place the Gaelic portions of the work have not been revised with intelligent care. Indeed, in one or two cases, people evidently entirely ignorant of the language have been allowed to contribute their quota of bad Gaelic. We have passed the point at which we will tolerate such Waverley Novel Gaelic as "Clan n'an Gael am Gualibh a Chiele." Sol-fa music is given for all the melodies in the work, a feature which ought to be most useful, but we are sorry to observe that it is carelessly printed. Many octave marks have been either missed or misplaced, thus rendering the music in the new notation confusing rather than helpful. In several cases the sol-fa music is seriously wrong, and in one case that came under our eye it is in 3 pulse time, while the old notation is in six-eighth measure (page 14). Again we hope these blemishes will be put right in the new edition, and then we shall have a work of undoubted excellence, which ought to be a fountain of pleasure to all who can appreciate the "songs of our land."

The Highland Monthly.

EDITED BY

DUNCAN CAMPBELL, EDITOR, "NORTHERN CHRONICLE,"

AND

ALEXANDER MACBAIN, M.A., F.S.A. SCOT.

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THE LONG GLEN.

CHAPTER XXVII.

DUNCAN NAM MOGAN.

WHEN Calum and Duncan Ban arrived at Conversation Bench, they found the three Seanairean and Iain Og—the last looking very feeble—already assembled; and in front of them, placed comfortably on the nave of a broken cart wheel, sat a little grey man in a grey cloak, and with grey mogain, or cloth wrappings, on his feet, instead of brogues. Two little crutches lay by his side; and he was in the act of holding forth, as vigorous action of head and hand clearly testified, when the newcomers first caught sight of him.

"Aye, aye," observed Calum to his companion, "the body has come betimes for the Free Kirk communion."

"For sure," was the reply, "the gathering would not be right without Janet Ghorach and Duncan nam Mogan."

"Well, Janet crossed the hill on Thursday, and here is Duncan son of Do'ull Caol" (Donald the Thin).

"Has the creature gone out with the rest?"

"You may safely give your word for that."

"I wish them joy of his company."

Calum laughed, for the cripple's personal cleanliness was not thought to be as much above suspicion as his piety. It was well known that at a meeting of the sisterhood, previous to a former communion, Ealag, the pink of tidiness herself, strongly advocated that Duncan, with cloak, mogain, and all, should be handed over to fit caretakers, to be thoroughly scrubbed and purified as regarded the outer man. Meg of Camus said, in excuse for him, that he was clean within; whereupon Ealag answered sharply, "that he should then turn his inside out." But the scrubbing was not carried out.

Duncan, son of the thin sire, was born into the world with feet not simply clubbed, but so twisted out of all similitude to ordinary human pedestals, that between the pair of them they had not a single inch of flat bottom, to be planted on the ground. They were all edges and toes where edges and toes should not be, and what ought to have been the sole leather formed a spiral belt to bind them tightly in their exceeding deformity. For such feet no brogues could be fashioned; and on such feet it was impossible to move about or even stand without crutches. But Duncan was to the manner born; and summer and winter he cruised through a wide district of the Highlands with crutches for horses, and piety for a profession. In summer he was the cuckoo bird of the popular ministers who went about to a round of communions; and at that time, by getting many "lifts" no doubt, the celerity of his movements astonishingly increased. There was not a morsel of malice in the body's composition, and he seldom spoke an unkindly word, even of the blackest Moderates. He also looked upon himself rather as a satellite of ministers, than as one having a vocation to speak words in season or out of season to the sinners he encountered perpetually. Still, he now and then ventured, when opportunities offered, to sing hymns of wrath and judgment,

and to declaim fragments of passionate revival sermons to old women, about whose spiritual condition he privately entertained the gravest misgivings.

The cripple had now subsisted on piety and the charity of hospitality—he was no meal-poke beggar—for fully forty years. No cares in regard to either present or future life troubled him. His faith made him happy, and much disposed to sing like a lark, in spite of his poverty and physical disadvantages. He did not feel that he was an idle, useless cumberer of the ground. Nor, in truth, was he often idle. No person of his age had ever heard more sermons. He was always diligently working out his own salvation, with much exercise of his bit of mind, and poor pair of twisted feet. Something also required to be put down to his credit for the gentle efforts he made to shove old people into the narrow road. At communion field preachings he invariably stationed himself directly in front of the tent, and if he felt pleased and edified with the sermon, threw his head a little on one side, like a grey-clad bird of paradise. If he found there was no life or flavour about the discourse he looked down with supreme solemnity on his twisted feet, as if contemplating in a fascinated manner their extraordinary imperfections. Duncan indeed was a minister guager, whose grey head and grey cloak most young ministers disliked to see before them; and whose trained instinct of judgment was believed in by many people, chiefly, perhaps, because he possessed a wonderful memory, and could repeat, years afterwards, long portions of sermons that pleased him, while sermons that pleased him not escaped at once through the holes of his memory, like water through a sieve.

“And from what airt art thou now come, O pilgrim of the crutches?”

“Soon after the Assembly I went down Cheywich to the border of the Galldachd. On turning back I spent many days in the Strath of the Eagle, where Aobhar Dhe (the cause of God) is prospering bonnily.”

“What dost thou mean by that?” asked Duncan Ban.

“I just mean that mostly all the people have joined the Free Kirk with hearts uplifted, and that they are freely bringing their silver and gold, like the Israelites of old, as gifts to the altar. Oh! it is a season of outpouring and miracle!”

“For sure, if miracles are beginning anew one will be effected on such a vessel of holiness as thyself. I’ll soon expect to hear that thou hast thrown away thy crutches and mogain, and that thy feet are beautiful on the topmost pinnacle of Ben Lomond, dancing a thanksgiving reel with the agility of a bounding roe. But come, come, thou art not the bad body either. It is natural thou shouldst be a son of the rock (echo) to thy teachers, who are mistaken good men mostly; but I doubt some of them are self-seeking rogues too. Go on to my house. Thou’lt get thy bit food, and a shake-down in the barn as usual, although thou hast gone to the wrong side of the hedge with the many; and although I’ll stick to the Kirk of my fathers to the end, desolate as she is to-day in this Glen and many other places.”

Iain Og—“If he’ll go to your house he’ll find Janet Ghorach there before him. I have seen her not two hours ago take that direction.”

Duncan nam Mogan—“Oh, thou man of hospitality (to Duncan Ban), I thank you much, but I must seek shelter elsewhere. The mad woman makes me tremble.”

One of the Seanairean—“Come to our house and welcome. Janet never comes near. She says there is the blood of an old feud between our people and her people. But that is all her madness.”

Duncan nam Mogan—“Thank you much; and, indeed, it is time I should be moving, for it is tired I feel after the long larig.”

Calum—“But what fell out between thee and Janet? Was there not the rumour going that she put thee in fear of thy life?”

Duncan nam Mogan—"She did that for sure. Oh! she must have a leannan sith.¹ It is possessed by an evil spirit, I fear me, the poor woman must be."

Calum—"Well, in truth, before she ever got the bee of madness in her head at all, her natural ordinary spirit was pretty rampageous. But few women could beat her at the wheel, or any kind of work."

Iain Og—"Did she not want thee to dance on a trencher, and without thy crutches too?"

Duncan nam Mogan—"For sure she did, and on the Sabbath day itself! I was resting in Mungo Breac's² house by the loch side. Mungo and his wife left the house in my care while they went to the evening sermon. I could not go myself, because the forenoon travel to the kirk and back had quite tired me, the roads being so wet and miry. And when I was left in the house my lone, because they were so wet, I took the mogain off my feet, and placed them by the side of the fire. And crooning bits of hymns, and going over verses, I was thinking of the New Jerusalem and its everlasting joys, when the mad woman came in from the road; and without a word of Christian greeting she seized upon me where I sat, saying she would put my crooked feet straight, and make me dance on a trencher. As evil luck would have it, there was the very large wooden trencher standing by the end of the aumry, on which Mungo's wife makes her sausages and puddings. Janet saw it, seized upon it, and placed it in the middle of the cearna floor. Then she took me under the arms like a baby, and placing my feet on the trencher, she jumped me up and down, bidding me dance like a good child, and singing a foolish nursing song while shaking and threatening me. I was that frightened, I almost forgot to pray to the Lord in my heart. But without His knowledge not even a sparrow can fall to the ground. I believe help was given me; for without crutches or support, the mad woman standing over me with outspread arms, I really

¹ A fairy lover, a familiar.

² Pitted with smallpox.

stood for a gliff on my feet on that sycamore tree trencher. That pacified her a great deal. She said I was beginning to be a good bairn, and I might rest a while before taking my first lesson in dancing."

Duncan Ban—"Janet nearly accomplished a miracle. But how didst thou get out of her hands? It was the terrible trouble thou wert in, for sure."

Duncan nam Mogan—"You must know Mungo's house is near the loch, and the highway passes close to the door. When she relieved me for drawing breath, before making me dance—and it was through the sword dance, nothing else, that she meant to put me, and she got long sharp knives to do for swords—I thought it was near time for the good walkers to be coming back from the evening service. I spoke her fair, wishing to gain time, and she was going through her ceileirean,¹ never heeding that it was the Sabbath of the Lord. She was also telling me that if I danced with smeddum,² she would next teach me to fly. Oh! but it was surely an evil spirit that had possession of her, and it was my heart that quaked with fear. With my grey cloak, she said, I was sure to become a big gull, which could fly over the sea without bounds, and bring back sgeul (news) from the world behind the sun. So with her neonachas (folly), and speaking her fair, the time slipped by without her taking notice of it; and when I heard the sound of voices and footsteps, I skelloched with all my might, and she, not guessing what it was for, said—'Why, its a crane thou art going to be.' Praise to the Lord, who sent me rescue in my strait! The people passing by heard my scream, and rushed into the house. She could do no more than take me up in her oxter, squeezing me like a pipe-bag, before the rescuers took hold of her. Then she fled from the house screaming, as if for sure the evil spirit possessing her bewailed the loss of prey. But it is moving on I must be, and so blessing be with you all."

¹ Hummed airs.

² Spirit and agility.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

FRIENDS IN COUNCIL.

AS soon as the cripple moved away, Iain Og opened his heart to his old friends about a question which had given him more than one sleepless night.

"It is," he said, "fifty years last spring since Eili and I were married. For forty-nine years without a break, as all our children happened to come in the winter months, we have gone to the communion of our parish together. And much reason indeed have we to bow our heads with full hearts in thankfulness to the Lord at His own table, for his goodness and mercy to us all the days of our long married life. Neither Eili nor I want in any manner to join this new Free Kirk, although most of our children are just mad for it. But our Parish Church is a desolation. It has no minister of its own, and it seems to be abandoned by the Presbytery. This year, we are given to understand, there will be no communion there, and next year my head is almost sure to be under the stone with the Iona cross figured on it, which covers the dust of my forefathers. Is it not, then, natural for Eili and me to wish once more to communicate together on earth, seeing it is probable death may separate us for a hantle of years?"

Duncan Ban said, in a husky voice—"Most natural, and most right. You must of course go to the Free Church communion, as there is to be no other; I would go myself, if I were you."

"And would you, indeed! It is my heart that is lifted up to hear you say so."

"I would go, too," said Calum, "if I had an old wife, and felt the time of short separation drawing near. It is only those of us who, by reason of strength, may hope to see a few more summers, that are bound to stand out, or, I should rather say, stay in."

Duncan Ban—"That's just it. My wife is more opposed to the Free Kirk than myself, and our children and children's children have not, to all appearance, caught the madness of the times. I believe our family will all hold together; so you see we old folk must show firmness, although it is not without soreness, too, that we resolve to part at the separation of the roads, from so many friends and neighbours."

Iain Og—"What do you think Shonnie says? He found out—and whatever is it he does not find out?—that his old-mother and old-father were much troubled about this thing, and that we did not know at all what to do. So this very morning he comes to us with a very bright face, to say he will never be a Free Churchman, no not if he should live twice the age of Methuselah. And he advised us to go to the communion of Kilmachaoide, since, as he heard me often tell, that church was the mother of the whole three parishes. And much also did he want to go with us in the cart, and drive the grey mare."

Duncan Ban—"It is surely your Shonnie that has the old head on the child's shoulders! How did we never think of his plan before! Caoide's church is certainly the mother church of the three parishes; and in my father's youth, not only the communicants of the three parishes, but all the people, young and old, who could go, went to that church, at least once a year, at Easter time."

First Seanair—"And the Kilmachaoide communion will be to-morrow."

Second Seanair—"And we know the minister of Caoide's church, and he had the good father before him."

Third Seanair—"Aye, and the good mother, too. What is to hinder us from sending round the crois-tarra to-night; and from taking horses and carts, and going to Caoide's clachan to-morrow morning?"

Calum—"Nothing on earth; and it is just the finest plan in the world."

Iain Og—"And if others go, my wife and I will go to. Yea, indeed, it will be a great deliverance, and we'll bother no more about the Free Kirk communion."

Duncan Ban—"You must take Shonnie to drive the grey mare and to take care of the snuff horn. But will not wife and family be opposed to your going such a long journey?"

Iain Og—"Never mind that. I'm sure a drive to Caoide's clachan to-morrow will do me more good than doctor's medicine. My wife said at the time, Shonnie's plan was good; but it would look strange for us to go alone. It is very glad she will be to go in good company. As you well know, Caoide's clachan is her native place. There were we married, and there her people are buried. Her nephew will be glad to see us, and give stable and bite to our horses. He is the fine, hearty, well-doing fellow is Alastair of Clachmaluag. But was it not real good of Shonnie to make the plan?"

Duncan Ban—"For sure it was that; and when your head will be under the old crossed stone, your name will burgeon grandly in that boy. Faith, and he does not hide his light under a bushel already."

Iain Og—"No, indeed, that he does not. How uplifted he will be to-morrow. I'll let him drive the mare, for if he has not, she has sense for two. Aye, and before we use the snuff horn at the clachan, he'll have to take a wee test pinch himself. But sure I am he'll never take to tricks of that kind again, he, he, he!"

Shonnie's idea was carried out promptly. The croistarra, or gathering-call, was sent around among the anti-Secessionists with a success that was very mortifying to those who had done their best to get the glen people, by social and ecclesiastical pressure, to go in a solid body into the Disruption Church.

Iain Og found his old wife quite ready to let him go to Caoide's clachan on the morrow, and very willing to accompany him. She thought, however, there would be some

difficulty about Shonnie, whose mother, if not an enrolled member among the sisterhood, was a very close associate of their guild. Iain Og would admit no possibility of difficulty whatever. It was not often he felt called upon to assert the authority of head of the house ; but this was an occasion on which he was prepared to do so, if need arose.

Rather late that Saturday evening, in a matter-of-course way which precluded facility of objection, Iain Og told his son, in presence of the whole family, to get the newly-painted cart well washed, and to fix the cushioned seat in it, and to lead the grey mare into the stable, and give her a good supper and breakfast, because the old-mother and he and Shonnie were to go to the Kilmachaoide communion next morning. The son opened his eyes rather wide, but promised quietly to do what he was told.

The son's wife was almost petrified. The thing came upon her as an utter surprise. She cleared her throat at once for objection and argument. She squared her lips and lengthened her face in the most orthodox fashion of feminine protest. Still she did not speak. Prudent woman that she was ; when just on the point of exploding, she thought silence golden, and curbed her unruly member. Iain Og disregarded the preliminary cough with which she had too hastily invited attention. He evidently ignored her right to have a say in the matter at all. She knew, partly by experience and perfectly by intuition, that, backed by his old wife, and with Shonnie for shield-bearer, her father-in-law would be invincibly obstinate, and take his own way in a matter on which his mind was set. She could, no doubt, with her husband's assistance, prevent Shonnie from going to Caoide's Clachan, and get mixed up with black Moderates. Indeed, from her point of view, that was her plain duty. But there was another side of the question also. Her husband was not an enthusiastic Disruptionist. It needed a good deal of management to range him on that side at all. He would not like to thwart his aged father in regard to the boy. And,

forsooth ! would it be wise for her to offend the old man either ? In addition to the farm stock and plenishing, which, as the other children had received their shares on swarming off, would, of course, pass to her husband on his father's death, and to all intents and purposes were his already, although the old man's name was the name in the lease, she knew very well that a sum of money was lying to Iain Og's credit at the bank. Not a penny of this little hoard had been got out of the farm. It had been left to the old man by a son who died unmarried, and had saved it as an artisan in Glasgow. As Shonnie was the apple of Iain Og's eye, no doubt this bank money was destined for him. But there were outside grandsons and granddaughters ; and if she crossed the old man's whims, who could tell how he would leave his money ? Prudence therefore softened the asperities of zeal ; and Shonnie, in kilt, plaid, and stocking-hose, with whip in hand, was permitted to go to Caoide's Clachan, greatly to his own satisfaction, and somewhat to the disgust of the grey mare.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE PILGRIMAGE TO KILMACHAOIDE.

THE muster place was at the cross roads, where at seven o'clock on a glorious morning, when woods and meads exhaled perfume, and wimpling burns crooned little anthems, several well-washed carts, provided each with a cushioned swing-seat, drew up in line, with Duncan Ban's brown mare leading. Ewan and Diarmad, representing revolt from family ecclesiasticism, came to this muster, driving each a paternal cart, and occupying a paternal seat. Ewan had, without any difficulty, persuaded his sister Jessie to come with him, but Diarmad had nobody to back him at all when he appeared on the scene. The three seanairean, with two old wives, some grandchildren, and Calum and his sister Meg, came in three carts. Iain Og

and Shonnie and their old-mother caught up John the Soldier by the way, and brought him with them. Duncan Ban's vehicle was ridiculously overcrowded ; for he brought with him his son, son's wife, Mary, their grown-up daughter, and several younger children. The smith's cart was fully engaged for his own and the wright's belongings. The luadhach spinster and widow, with the latter's boy and girl, came to the rendezvous on foot, and asking to be taken up. Being an unexpected reinforcement, they were received with a shout of welcome.

A redistribution of passengers being necessary, Ewan and the widow undertook to arrange things satisfactorily by fairly allotting the swing seats among the older people, and packing a few youngsters in the box-like vacuum behind each seat. When the procession was ready to start it could be seen that Mary Macintyre and the widow were under Ewan's care, and that the spinster and Jessie Cameron were passed over to Diarmad, doubtlessly in remembrance of the cliath.

Duncan Ban's warlike heart rejoiced. He wished he had a Lochaber axe, with a pennon floating from the steel head, to fix in the front of his cart. All unbidden the pibrochd, which defies the men of his own name, and the bald carles who sup sowens, to bar the way, came to his mind, and a parody of it gushed forth from his lips, to the horror of Iain Og, who was standing beside him at the moment, and who did not forget the day, and the object of the pilgrimage. And the unbidden parody was :—

“ Gabhaidh sinne 'n ràthad mòr,
Olc air mhath le cach è,
Olc an mhath le Eaglais Shaoir,
'S le balaich chlaon an racain.”

“ Whist now ! Whist now ! You'll frighten folk with your pibrochd verses on the Sabbath,” said Iain Og. “ If Ealag stood in my brogues, you would not hear the end of it to your dying day.”

"Well, for sure, I did forget the day and the occasion for the twinkle of a sunbeam. But be sure the Judge will not take the ruling from Ealag. Why the body herself, with her scandal-making, and trotting for no good to prayer-meetings and such like, is, I doubt, the worst Sabbath-breaker in the glen. A little burst of music or flash of song cannot do much harm whatever. But look; don't we make a brave muster?"

"Much better than could be expected; and when we get near the far end of the glen, I'm almost sure Seumas Liath will join us."

"You may say that's as sure as death."

"His house, indeed, is in Caoide's parish, although the big part of the farm is on this side of the march."

"They say his children have gone out, which is the greater loss to our side, because Seumas Og is a very sensible fellow, with ten times more grip than his father."

"Well, Seumas Liath was in many things too easy, and he never, I doubt, had much command of his family."

"The black sorrow is that we lose the young so badly. It is to the young the victory belongs, for they are the heirs of the years to be. Old people cannot keep up the succession."

"Hoot-toot. We have a part of the young too. There is Shonnie now, bothering the grey mare already with the whip—do you think he'll ever forget this day? And what, or sure have you to complain of at all, at all, when you have at your back your children, and your children's children?"

The procession of carts rattled away, as if to the sound of the march which Duncan Ban parodied, in forgetfulness of the day. Had the Glen been buried in sleep, the side of it which the highway followed would have been rudely awakened by the trotting of horses on a hard road, and the noise of many heavy wheels going faster than farm cart wheels should go. The Glen, however, was not asleep, but such was the surprise created by the turn-out that people

rubbed their eyes to make sure it was not all an optical delusion. Not a whisper of the pilgrims' intention had been heard beforehand; but the strange sight was a fact not to be rubbed out.

Ealag's abode had to be passed at close quarters. It stood on a rocky height at an angle of the road, just where a watch could best be kept over a long stretch in both directions. Ealag was feeding her hens, and wearing no cap over hair which had just been carefully brushed and front-curled. She was hugely surprised when the long procession of carts came round the shoulder of the dun, full within the scope of her vision. She forgot it was Kilmachaoide communion day, and her soul was troubled with great perplexity. At first she could not make out who the pilgrims were. She felt something terrible was happening—whatever it was—and that she was herself a much-injured woman, defrauded of her natural rights, insomuch as she had got no inkling of the affair beforehand. She shut one eye, to give double power and length of sight to the other. The carts were coming down upon her at such a pace that she could soon recognise Duncan Ban, whose white hair and stately patriarchal presence first came out with distinct individuality in the flood of glorious sunlight. She next began to make out Iain Og, Calum, and the Seanairean, one after another. "All the black Moderates in a band, and where can they be going to-day?" she said to herself and to the hens. Now the pilgrims were close at hand, and curiosity prevailing—although the implied confession of ignorance damaged her character of all-knower—she screamed out, without the usual salutation of "*Maduinn mhath*,"¹ "Wherever may you all be going this morning?"

Duncan Ban, pulling in his mare, shouted back, "To the communion of Kilmachaoide. Come along with us, Ealag."

And Diarmad, from the rear, shouted still more loudly, "Come away with *me*, Ealag. Here's plenty room."

¹ Good morning.

Ealag threw up her hands, and dramatically exclaimed—"O Righ!" which was not deemed an orthodox and proper exclamation among the good. She laughed, however, when Diarmad made Jessie Cameron draw closer to him, and asked the spinster to move to the other end of the seat, so as to show a bit room between. "Here's room enough; come, Ealag—cuimhnich daonnan." It was time for Ealag to beat a retreat when the worshipper of Baal, scorner, and Moderate began to conjure her by the clannish command, "Always remember."

During the long sermonless interregnum in the Glen, much gossiping, decently excused by occasional prayer-meetings held at elders' houses, mitigated the tedium of the Sundays. With the exception of Seumas Liath, all the elders lived on the south side of the Glen, with the sun at their back, which meant long obscurity in winter, when the high bens kept the sun for weeks from shining on their dwellings at all. Rob Macarthur averred that this winter obscurity accounted for the greater piety of the south side people. Since the physical light failed, there was, he said, double need for light within. Seumas Liath, on the other hand, was held to have a poor light within, and that because he basked in the rays of the physical sun every day it unveiled its face all the year round.

As the highway followed the north side of the river, Ealag calculated that in all probability the south side people would be unenlightened as yet about the black Moderate pilgrimage. So she bolted her porridge, and dressed for Sunday visiting in hot haste, that she might have the great pleasure of being the first messenger of bad news.

The pilgrim procession halted at Seumas Liath's house, and Duncan Ban, seeing nobody outside, loudly hailed the inmates. In response the son and namesake of Seumas, a middle-aged man, came forth, preceded by barking dogs, and followed by several curly-headed youngsters, whom he had manifestly been putting through their questions, as he

had a big Catechism, with the proofs at large, in his hand. Seumas Og, as he was called to distinguish him from his father, exchanged morning salutations with the pilgrims, and with some trouble silenced his dogs, which, judging from their behaviour, so like "noisy children just let loose from school," must have also been undergoing an unwelcome course of questions with proofs, when an unlooked for interruption restored them to natural voice and liberty of frolicking.

"It is under the black Moderate flag you must all be this day," said Seumas Og, with the genial smile and open cast of countenance inherited from his father.

"We are not under the red flag of schism and revolution at anyrate," sharply responded Diarmid, who got out of his cart to relieve the black mare of a pebble she had got jammed into the hollow of her brogue.

"Well, I only used words that are only too fashionable at present, and I meant no offence. For sure, we are dividing as did our forefathers in the old war times. But we are not going to fight with swords and guns this time. So much the better. The quarrel will be bloodless."

"I fear," said Duncan Ban, "it is so much the worse; but where is thy father? Surely thou hast not dared to put the old man into Free Kirk branks?"

"No, for sure, and he would not let us if we tried."

"I am glad to hear it."

"He never was so obstinate about anything that I know of in the course of his life, unless it might be in running away with my mother. You'll find him gone on before you."

"Alone?"

"My wife has gone with him, not because she means to stop in the Old Kirk, a stick of which our prophets say will not be left standing in ten years' time, but because she could not bear to think of letting him go alone."

"Why did'st thou not go thyself?"

"Me! who would look after the beasts and the bairns, when the servants, being Clachan people, are gone too?"

But that is not the whole reason either. Truth to tell, I have said 'beannachd leat'¹ to the Old Kirk."

"Well, in saying 'blessing be with thee' to the Kirk of thy fathers, it must be confessed thou art more Christian in thy manner of desertion than others on thy side, ministers and people who so little respect themselves and common decency as to go away cursing and reviling the spiritual mother that bore and nursed them."

"You see many of the folk on our side are just now a bit out of their minds, what with exultation, vexation, and loud talking."

"Gleadh mi!² if they are not the biggest idolaters ever seen. They are consumed with a burning conceit about the sacrifice they have made—some of them, I should say, have made—and they fall down to worship themselves, and condemn all who think the whole thing a bedlam affair."

"But I really think myself, being, I hope, in full possession of temper and senses, that the Old Mother Kirk is nearly dead, and cannot recover. Wherefore we must just prepare to bury her honourably, and praise her for all the good she did in her time."

"Aye, and thou thinkest the grand tough old Kirk of Albyn is dead, and that this Kirk of yesterday is to be her sole heir! But why thinkest thou so?"

"I think in former trials the Kirk had always on her side the majority of those who could fight, whether with working hands, swords, pens, tongues, or ability and will to suffer all the pains of outlawry and martyrdom. She could get up after many falls, because she was the mother of the young and the fountain of hope. Now the fighting power and the majority have left her. She is not the fountain of hope, nor is she the mother of the young, but rather the refuge of the old. If you will not take the comparison for more than I mean, she is like the ruined Castle of Dunan-glas, which is no longer the hold of nobles, but the lair of gipsies."

¹ Blessing be with thee.

² Gleadh mi—keep me.

“But how can you people, who are traitors to your mother Kirk, expect your children to keep faithful to the poor image of her which you are now setting up on your plain of Shinar? It is too true that the present fighting generation has largely deserted the Kirk. It is not impossible the next generation may be of a different mind. Dissenting Kirks do not last long ere they renounce their creeds, fall to pieces, or just rush, like the possessed pigs, into the sea. No doubt we who remain true to the Old Kirk in the hour of her sorrow and shame, are in these parts few and weak; but it is loyalty which giveth strength. You people, who have not kept the Fifth Commandment in regard to your spiritual mother, may depend upon it your children, with better right and reason, will follow your example, and turn their backs on the Free Kirk, forty or fifty years hence, when the perversity and folly of the present schism will be fully revealed.”

The horses having in succession cooled their lips and quenched their thirst in the fountain water of Seumas Liath's stone trough while the foregoing dispute went on, Duncan Ban, not waiting for further reply, cracked his whip, and the procession moved on.

Although he might seem to have got off with flying colours from the encounter with Seumas Og, Duncan Ban in reality was not a little disturbed by that good-natured Free Churchman's view of the present and future prospects of the rival Churches. It came too close upon his own fear about keeping up the succession, to be easily dismissed.

The cloud lifted from Duncan Ban's mind like morning mist from the brow of a ben, when the procession approached the clachan, and he saw the Kilmachaoide parishioners crowding the ways to the Parish Church and to the broom-clad knoll on which the tent was placed, among the larks and yellow-hammers.

Here at least was no perceptible evidence of the desolation of the Kirk. The present minister of Kilmachaoide was appointed to the parish only two years before, and his

settlement took place, of course, under the Veto Act. He was never a favourite among the Evangelicals, who shook their heads at the mention of his name, and in moments of confidence dogmatically said he could not possibly be a converted man, because he was so distinctly a clear-headed opponent of their ecclesiastical policy from the beginning, and so distinctly an excellent parish worker rather than a gushing preacher. During their period of supremacy the Evangelicals were too much cumbered with Non-Intrusion politics to pay great attention to useful humdrum parish work—always excepting catechising, in which they delighted. The minister of Kilmachaoide was above everything a parish worker, and if his sermons seemed dry in comparison with the eloquence of popular tent preachers, it was just because they dealt with practical questions in a practical manner. He had something of the military martinet, with a great deal of the old clannish Gael, mixed as formative elements of his ministerial character. But if he dragooned his parishioners more than they liked at times, they could not help deeply respecting him for it, because they knew well he did it all for their good. When they quarrelled they went to him as arbiter, and he settled their disputes with all the impartiality and authority of a judge. In fact, the sheriff's decision might be contested, but nobody ever thought of questioning the minister's decret-arbitral. When they wanted to settle their worldly affairs, he wrote their wills, and saw them duly signed and witnessed. Whenever they got into trouble he rushed to the rescue. Lazy evildoers thought him dreadfully harsh, but they could not deny he was just. Although so lately settled as minister of Kilmachaoide, his authority was no sudden rootless growth. He was a born parishioner, with a good record. His father, a native of the parish, was also minister of it thirty years before. The father was a man who, by talent and perseverance, had made his way up from the station of a peasant boy to name and influence in the National

Church. That was quite enough to make the Kilmachaoide people proud of their fellow parishioner ; and by a romantic love marriage with the daughter of an old landed family, he gave to his career the finishing poetic touch which always completely conquers the Celtic mind. If anything was still wanting to his Gaelic fame, he made up the deficiency to overflowing by taking a decided part in the Ossianic controversy, and gathering materials for the Highland Society's big report among old people who had never read a book in their lives, but had retained in the corners of their old memories many fragments of ancient heroic and mythical ballads they heard in youth.

The father was fervid and poetical, the son dry and military ; but they were both kenned and trusted folk, and through his mother, who became the last of her race, the son united the influence of old family connection with the ministerial authority. He should have been vetoed because a black Moderate ; but when objections were invited, there was not an objector to be found, although the Non-Intrusion party had tried their best to stir up opposition.

Although—or because—they possessed a very good school which for generations had cheaply qualified their clever boys for entering the Universities, and gaining bursaries, the Kilmachaoide folk were during the Ten Years' Conflict very little affected by the Non-Intrusion agitation. A few among them, however, sympathised with the movement, and subsequently went out. And, indeed, all of them would like well to get rid of patronage, chiefly because the appointing of their ministers fell by turns to two families, who were not Presbyterians, and had not much property connection with the district.

At the Clachan the pilgrims from the glen received quite an ovation. They happened to appear on the scene a little before the time for commencing services, and the handshakings and greetings were extraordinary, both in warmth and extent. Duncan Ban, indeed, felt that they were being almost mobbed, and, with most of his

train, sought refuge in the Church as soon as they could decently escape. Iain Og and his wife did not try to escape, but sat down in the churchyard, while old and new friends came crowding round them. They thought of moving at last when the bell began the impatient ringing in ; but just then the ministers passing to church and tent from the manse, through the churchyard, found them still seated on the gravestone of the wife's ancestors, and they detained them a little longer. On this occasion the parish minister's habitual dryness of manner completely disappeared, and there was more than a suspicion of moisture in his eyes when he found that embers of National Churchism remained alive in the Glen after all.

TO A FRIEND

ON RECEIVING ANEMONES FROM THE RIVIERA.

WHAT gar'd ye think on an absent friend?
What gar'd ye think on me?
What gar'd ye send the bonnie blooms
O'er the cauld, cauld sea?

The wind was hurtling 'gen the house,
And mirk the nicht and drear,
When thae bright blooms cam through the storm
Wi' their saft, saft cheer.

The room grew lighted all about,
Nae thocht was left o' gloom,
For a glance o' pleasure shot around
Frae each sweet, sweet bloom.

They whisper mony a tender thing
That gars me smile and sigh;
Their talk is of a hill o' flowers,
And a bright, bright sky.

Their talk is of a balmy wind
Far o'er a sea o' glass,
That bends a thousand radiant heads
In the tall, tall grass.

Their talk is of yon golden days
(Aye dear while life shall last!)
When I beheld sic flowrets spring
In the sweet, sweet past.

E. M.

OLD HIGHLAND GRAVEYARDS.

“And wandering through the wide world,
Full many a time since then,
I’ve longed to see but once more,
That old churchyard again.”

THE neglected condition of many graveyards in Scotland, and especially of those to be met with in the Highlands, situated apart, or not attached to and kept in repair along with the parish churches, may very properly form the subject of a few cursory remarks, which will not be made in vain if thereby the notice and attention of the parties who are, or ought to be, responsible for their proper care and decent keeping be attracted and secured, so that such parties may be led to consider what means should be adopted towards the improvement and restoration of the sacred spots—the God’s acres—where kindred dust lies sleeping—

“Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,”
and where

“In their narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.”

For some time back, I have devoted a good deal of attention to this matter, and have become alive to the conviction that a movement ought to be set on foot among those who may be, by birth, up-bringing, or residence in the Highlands, in any way interested, for the purpose of rescuing from their ruinous state—aye, from approaching total obliteration and oblivion—these places of hallowed memories, that contain the silent dust of the honoured dead—the companions, friends, and dear relations of bygone days. It will be readily admitted that the walls and boundary fences of every piece of ground consecrated for the burial of the dead, although now disused, should not be allowed to crumble down and fall away ; nor should

the rude stones and frail memorials, once erected over "the bones, from insult to protect," be subject to the risk of being carried off and destroyed. If such were permitted, the result, in course of time, would be an unheeded desecration of holy earth, in allowing the same to become an unrecognised part and parcel of the adjacent or surrounding fields or lands, and be, like them, ploughed or pastured at the will of the owners and occupants.

Some may think I am, in these remarks, drawing too much upon imagination — that my supposition is very unlikely of fulfilment. To show that it is otherwise, I can point to a few instances, not only in the Highlands, but in the more highly-favoured Lowlands, in my own locality, the Howe of the Mearns, where the same natural process of demolition has taken place, and where, in the case of one old graveyard at least, not a vestige of the same, nor of its pre-Reformation chapel, now remains, beyond its name and a mass of stones and rubbish, with a contiguous plot of ground, ploughed over like the rest of the field, but telling its own unmistakeable tale by its earth appearing blacker and richer than the other soil, as well as its crop heavier and more luxuriant than that of the extended ridges. The Kirk-Session records of the parish testify that in the year 1736 a few ash trees which, like the "rugged elms and yew tree" of the poet, shaded and surrounded the graveyard, had begun to decay, and that in consequence of this they were cut down and sold for timber. The boundary fence, other than the trees, whether a wall or bank of earth (more likely the latter), was evidently not enough to protect the ground, and the inference is, in the absence of any record, or even tradition, that soon after the cutting down of the trees it ceased to be a place of sepulture, and succeeding generations in the locality, with the feelings of strangers, had neither interest in, nor care for, its protection or preservation. Another, and a similar, chapel and graveyard existed in the vicinity, on the banks of the North Esk, which, with the surrounding lands, had been a gift to

the Church by Robert the Bruce, and a thankoffering by him for a victory in battle, over Comyn and the English, on the hill adjacent. These have decayed, and fallen into disuse—the chapel about 200 years ago, and no trace of it remains, the native vandals of last century having carried off the stones. Thereafter the graveyard, with few, and latterly no burials, was neglected; but some years ago, by the generous care of the late Sir Thomas Gladstone of Fasque, as proprietor of the surrounding lands, a new boundary was erected. Without this the fate of the place, burials having ceased, would inevitably be like that of the other just described. And so it would, long ago, have been in still another instance of an old graveyard, also in this neighbourhood, near the old royal Castle of Kincardine, and its adjacent county town—now extinct—but for the interested and kindly regard of the proprietor, the late Sir John Stuart Forbes of Fettercairn, who, long after all burials had ceased, caused the fence to be repaired, and hardwood trees to be planted round the outside; and it now stands, and will do so, free from intrusion for a long time to come. Of many such instances in the outlying and deserted districts of the Highlands which might be quoted, I shall refer to only one, and one of which, owing to changes, removals, and depopulation, the very name is now a blank to the people of the district. The name is *Tor-a-chille* (the Burial Hillock), and the once-venerated spot used to be pointed out on the hillside above Invercomrie, the westmost grazing farm of the Braes of Rannoch. Referring to its use as a place of burial, nothing remains to distinguish it from the rest of the hillside. But that it served its day and generation, the name is evidence enough, and the most probable theory is that it had its origin in Druidical times.

Among the principal causes which operate to discontinue burying in the old graveyards of outlying districts, which are not now in the popular sense churchyards, the leading one is that, owing to the depopulation of these rural districts, few or none of the old stock of people, or of their

descendants, are left, and the new occupiers—a scanty population, with the advantage of better roads, parochial hearses, and improved conveyances—prefer burying in the churchyard of the parish or where they attend on Sundays for public worship. It is also well understood that parochial heritors are obliged by law to keep the walls of the kirkyard nearest to or containing the parish kirk in a state of repair.

These remarks are generally applicable to the neglected condition of most of the “side” graveyards in the Highlands, and specially of those in the Highlands of Perthshire; my knowledge of them extending back at least half-a-century, which enables me in truth to say that there, too, change and decay have done their work. I have, in common with others pursuing their callings and occupations amid the din and bustle of the world, away from the scenes of early life, been now and again glad to revisit the hills and glens trod in days of yore, and to feel like the poet when he wrote—

“That viewing them we seem almost to obtain
Our innocent, sweet, simple years again.
This fond attachment to the well-known place,
Whence first we started in life’s long race,
Maintains its hold with such unfailing sway,
We feel it even in age, and at our latest day.”

But visiting the Highland hills and glens, what do we now find? Not the well-peopled hamlets, the thriving communities of people, or the simple and primitive conditions of former days; but the scene changed, the old residents gone, and their descendants far scattered in other climes. Modern improvements have effaced the old landmarks, and rendered many objects, once familiar, strange to the eye. One spot, however, has not been improved, and that is the graveyard. “Time’s decaying finger” is the only hand that has meddled with it. The new residents, few in number as compared with the original inhabitants, very naturally neglect the place. Rank weeds and tall nettles, that thrive only where man has been, grow over its tombs, and this offensive herbage is not kept

down. The walls begin to give way, to crumble and fall. The relatives and descendants of those who rest there are for the most part too far removed and widely dispersed to adopt means towards any restoration, or to oversee any improvement.

In one case at least known to me, the above observations are by no means overdrawn, but are true almost to the letter. A year or two ago I resolved to rescue from neglect and ruin the interior and the enclosing wall of the old graveyard of St Mungo, a sacred spot of hallowed memories consecrated for worship and burial, at a very early period, as remote, I believe, as the times of St Columba and his missionaries from Iona. My interest in this particular place arises from its holding the dust of one or two of my nearest kith and kin, which there mixes with that of many old friends and neighbours. Where is St Mungo or St Duna, as it is called? In the "Long Glen," now so familiar to the readers of the *Highland Monthly* from the interesting and true to life chapters with which they have been from month to month entertained. Last year I resolved to apply by circular letters, to all the relatives and representatives of those buried there, for subscriptions to a fund for restoring the graveyard to its wonted condition, and for rebuilding the wall which had begun to give way. I did this with the approval of the proprietor of the surrounding lands, as well as with the kindly and generous aid of his near relative, a noble lady, residing in the immediate vicinity. It was because they fancied it would appear intrusive to meddle with the place, that they had not long before seen to its being kept in order. They are now an active *locum tenens* for its improvement, and with a sum of over £16, collected from friends at home and abroad, we have rebuilt and pointed the wall, are cleaning out and tidying the interior, as well as uprighting the headstones and memorials. Of the friends who have interested themselves in the work, the name of Mr John Fisher, Glasgow, deserves special mention. In accordance with the

wishes of the subscribers, the intention is to invest the balance, a few pounds, in the name of some permanent local authority, and form a fund for the casual repair and regular keeping of the graveyard. Now, I humbly submit that what we have accomplished in this instance can be done in the case of most or all of the ruinous and untidy graveyards of the Highlands, if only one or two willing hands for each would take the trouble and set to work. Why not combine and form a society for each Highland parish, or even county, to repair and renew all the neglected burial places within the bounds? Our Edinburgh and Glasgow County Associations might very properly take up the matter. The parish of Kilmachoid (all its natives know it by this name), within whose *quoad civilia* bounds the "Long Glen" lies, extends far and wide in the north-west of Perthshire, and is large enough to form a combined district. Besides its Parochial Churchyard there are at least five other side graveyards. Four of these are in the Rannoch *quoad sacra* district, and the fifth, St Bran's or "Bran-naomh," is in the "Long Glen," and all, so far as I know, are much in need of repair. I should be glad to join and co-operate in any feasible scheme for the improvement of all these burying-places, not only because in each and all of them there lies the dust of relatives, friends, and old acquaintances, but because it would be the fulfilment of a duty we owe to the memory of those who have gone before us, and the setting of a good example to those who are to follow. Others connected with other parishes and districts might be led to adopt similar means towards putting their respective graveyards into a decent and proper state. In this appeal to all true Highlanders to come forward and combine for so laudable and desirable an object, I need only allude to, without describing the anxious care with which other nations and people in all ages treated and tended the burying-places of their dead. We read in Scripture of whitened and garnished sepulchres. The Hebrews were very careful about their graves, and the

Jews are so to this day. It is said that Solomon deposited vast treasures in the sepulchre of David, his father. The ancient Greeks and Romans watched and guarded their tombs with religious care. The Pyramids of Egypt and the Mausoleums of India testify to the skill exercised and the wealth expended in honour of the dead, so as to perpetuate their memory and preserve their memorials from extinction. Our modern cemeteries are kept with care, as well as beautified and adorned with plants and flowers in their season. By way of concluding these remarks, and emphasizing the same, I may refer to, and quote from a correspondence in the columns of the *Scotsman* in July last. The first is from a letter to the editor from "Old Mortality," in which the writer descants upon the ruinous state of "Machum" Burial-ground at Lawers, Loch Tay-side, which, according to tradition, had also its pre-Reformation Chapel. "I visited," he says, "this little burying-ground, but was disappointed to find it in a most discreditable condition. The walls are in a tumble-down state, and the graves are quite overgrown with a tangled maze of long grass and weeds, so much so that only the tops of the larger gravestones are visible. From the natural beauties which surround it—the magnificent loch which laves the lovely beach lying underneath its entrance, and the lofty Ben Lawers looking proudly down upon it—it might, at small cost, be made one of the most charming little cemeteries in the Highlands. My object in writing is to suggest, not only to those in the district, but to the sons of Breadalbane, the Macdiarmids, the Macphails, the Macnabs, the Macdonalds, the Macgregors, the Macmartins, the Macgibbons, the Macdougalls, the Campbells, the Crerars, the Fergusons, the Stewarts, and other clansmen, who, though removed from the locality, have still an interest in, and a love for their caltground, to raise a fund for the twofold purpose of putting, and thereafter keeping, in order through future years, the romantic resting place of their fathers. A small subscription from each of the natives

and their descendants at home and abroad, under whose eyes this communication may come, would serve both of these objects, and I hope the hint may be acted on. The names of leading men in the district to act as a committee for carrying out these improvements will readily suggest themselves to those who know the locality better than I (who am only a casual visitor here) can do." I hailed with pleasure "Old Mortality's" letter, and replied to it in the *Scotsman* of next day, stating what was being done at St Mungo, and giving my own name and designation, as well as asking the writer to favour me with his name and address, with a view to secure his aid in the cause of improving Highland graveyards. But no; he never replied. From a subsequent communication, it appeared that the people of the district had set about some improvement of "Mac-huim." Shortly after the above correspondence, one or two letters from the Rev. R. Menzies Ferguson of Logie and others appeared in the *Scotsman*, anent the Kirkyard of Balquhiddar. My clanswoman and friend of literary fame, Mrs Mary Mackellar, took part in this correspondence, and in reference to the neglected Highland graveyards, wrote as follows:—"I am glad to see people taking an interest in Highland burying-grounds. It is a subject to which I have been drawing attention for years. Having been so much abroad in foreign lands, and seeing the dwelling places of the dead made so beautiful, it seemed dreadful to see God's acres in my native land so neglected and unlovely." She then takes notice of my suggestions about a general fund, &c., in my reply to "Old Mortality," and goes on to say that, "During the time of emigration from the Highlands, a number of years ago, the last sad pilgrimage the emigrants made was to the graves where the beloved dead lay sleeping, and one of their great regrets in going away to seek their fortunes in a foreign land was that their ashes would not mingle with theirs, and in many of the districts in which these burying-grounds are, there are few of the descendants of the old inhabitants." Alluding to what was

said about the grave of Rob Roy at Balquhiddy by her Majesty the Queen in her book, "More Leaves," translated by herself, she continues—"The Queen says, 'We passed about half-a-mile from the Kirkton on our road back, the present burial place of the Macgregors, whose country this is, or, alas! rather was.' That is true of other districts as well, and it is surely a sacred duty for clansmen throughout the world to cause the spots in which the warriors of their race and the mothers that bore them lie sleeping, to be cared for as they would wish their own graves to be tended by their posterity."

In conclusion, I can only express my earnest wish and fond hope that all under whose notice these *grave* sentiments and somewhat imperfect suggestions may come, will weigh them well, and, after due consideration of the same be led to approve of, and heartily support the cause for which they are now offered.

ARCH. COWIE CAMERON, LL.D.

FOR LOVE AND THE PRINCE.

A STORY IN FOUR CHAPTERS—BY D. NAIRNE.

CHAPTER IV.

Blood will have blood.—*Macbeth.*

CIRCUMSTANCES conspired, in a wonderful, almost providential way, to give Iain's dream a terribly tragic fulfilment. Let us retrace our steps to Culloden. Where the killed and the wounded were fewest, Donald lay, calm and pallid, as if he was waiting upon death to sever a slender earthly tie. And sometimes the end was very near coming. Bullets and grape-shot ploughed the air in all directions, and not a few blood-stained missiles buried themselves in the ground within feet or inches of his prostrate body. His thoughts wandered feverishly between the probable fate of the battle, as the sounds of the frantic strife rose and fell, and fair Helen in the peaceful valley of Loch Arkaig. Would he ever see her again? Painfully he drew from his breast her parting gift, the sprig of fir, kissed it, and murmured a faint good-bye as unconsciousness supervened.

At the moment when defeat became evident, and the Prince's staff were urging him to seek safety in flight, a stalwart member of Clan Mackintosh stumbled, in his haste, across Donald's body. Casting a hurried glance at the features, he uttered a cry of sorrowful surprise, and, seizing Donald in his brawny arms, bore him hurriedly from the field and into a wood in the neighbourhood of Culloden House. This humane action was but the opportune repayment of a service which Donald had rendered his rescuer, by saving his life, at the risk of his own, while the army was crossing a river in the retreat from Stirling. Under the

protection of the trees, Mackintosh was engaged staunching Donald's wound, which had begun to bleed freely, as best he could in the circumstances, when two dragoons dashed up.

"Stand back, or I'll have the life of one of you," cried Mackintosh, seizing his flintlock and putting it to his shoulder. Seeing the merciful duty he was engaged in, one of the soldiers waved his sword to imply peace, and both galloped off to deal out death elsewhere.

Being acquainted with the district, Mackintosh, without much difficulty, found a refuge for his friend in a hut on the shore of the Inverness firth, inhabited by an old woman who, mainly through her curious medicinal knowledge of herbs, was locally reputed to be a witch. Donald's condition was critical, for the stab Iain inflicted was deep, and he had lost much blood, but fortunately it was not in itself a fatal wound. Under the old woman's skilful treatment—she took a fancy to the young handsome fellow, and was assiduous in her attentions—he was in a fair way of recovery in a week's time.

"Thou wert stabbed in the back while thy face was set to the enemy ; who tried to murder thee ?" suddenly asked the Witch one day, fixing her sunken but piercing eyes upon her patient.

This was a question Donald had been expecting daily, but though conscious of the diabolical attempt that had been made upon his life by a brother clansman, and, on reflection, convinced of the motive that prompted the deed, and while he had resolved upon vengeance should the fate of battle make retribution possible—he was loth to cast obloquy upon Clan Cameron.

"Accidents happen in the heat and excitement of battle," he said evasively.

"Ha, ha," chuckled the old dame, "thinkest thou to cheat the Witch of the Hillock ? There is a wicked and a treacherous Cameron, and he is with thy fair lady now ; but vengeance shall be thine, never fear," and she hobbled

out of the apartment muttering some weird incantation, or probably a curse on the author of the treachery.

Donald had a wholesome respect for witches and their supposed occult influences, and was somewhat startled to find that his nurse, whose peculiar ways had hitherto amused him, belonged to the mysterious fraternity. Several times, as the days sped on, a question would come to his lips regarding Helen's destiny in love matters, but the ancient beldame seemed to divine his thoughts in a strange way, and always silenced him with a deprecatory wave of her wizened arm. It was a cunning part of the witch's medicine to give her patient a strong incentive to be up and doing. The effect was remarkable. Donald fast regained his strength, towards which result the consumption of a queer herbal potion, administered with many mystic signs and mutterings, apparently contributed ; and one fine day the witch grunted her satisfaction when she found him cleaning and sharpening his claymore.

It was on the night following the meeting between Helen and Iain in the forest that Donald at last found himself, with glad heart, but weary step, in the Loch Arkaig valley. Having heard that the military were particularly active in the Lochiel country, he had preferred to make the last stage of his journey home under the cover of darkness. Leaving the hills, he directed his steps up the *Mile Dhorcha*, or the Dark mile, one of the most romantic glades in the picturesque environs of Achnacarry in a summer day, but one suggestively eerie after nightfall. The road strikes through a narrow defile with high, wood-clad hills on each side. Great trees, with huge gnarled trunks, their gigantic roots clutching the hillside, lean over the path, and look weird and ghostly under the gloom which lingers around in the cheeriest midsummer night. It forms a fit scene for gruesome story ; and even now few natives care to find themselves traversing the *Mile Dhorcha* after the sun has gone down, associated, as it is, with vague traditions of uncanny proceedings.

As Donald, who had been walking slowly, his strength being yet impaired, approached the darkest part of the *Mile*, he heard rapid footsteps approaching from behind, and paused irresolute. It was, he thought, a military tread. Finding himself close to the old, hollow ash tree, which still forms one of the curiosities of the *Mile Dhorcha*, Donald resolved to hide himself therein, convinced that, if the man was a stranger, he would pass by unsuspectingly, even should he have heard footsteps in front of him. This remarkable tree, which girths eleven feet, has rotted away internally for some distance up from the root, and affords easy standing room for a man. Outside it is still fresh looking, and, the entrance to the cavity being towards the dyke, the stranger would never suspect that the ash afforded any means for concealment. Once inside, our hero drew his claymore and faced the opening, and thus held what was in all respects an impregnable fortress, unless it came to fighting with fire-arms, in which case he might have been "potted" from the hillside.

The footsteps approached nearer and nearer, slowed, and suddenly came to a sudden halt opposite the ash tree. Donald braced himself up, and silently raised his claymore. But he was soon convinced there was no cause for apprehension.

"This must be the tree," he heard the stranger say, *sotto voce*, "and a blessed lonely spot it is, fit for anything. Thought I heard footsteps, and hurried up; must be mistaken. More likely to be treachery about than ghosts, and I had better be prepared."

Simultaneously almost with the click of the soldier's pistol, a stealthy footstep could be heard coming from the other end of the *Mile*.

"Halt!" said the soldier in a low but commanding tone "and give the word."

"Ash tree," said the new comer.

Donald started so much that he almost betrayed his presence—it was Iain's voice!

"Advance 'Ash tree' to within four paces; that will do." The speaker, judging from his voice and manner, was an officer in the King's army.

Donald's temples throbbed as the probable meaning of this secret meeting flashed across his brain.

"Our interview must be brief and to the point," resumed the officer without a pause, "and let it first be understood that there must be no treachery on either side. I am here alone, but if harm befall me I will be relentlessly revenged."

"I am alone too, sir; any other arrangement for such a mission as mine would be impossible," said Iain in dogged tones.

"Then to business. Your proposal has been laid before the Duke of Cumberland, and his Highness accepts and agrees to every one of your terms. What are your plans for the capture of this rebel Prince?"

"Then the Duke agrees to give me safe convoy to a foreign shore, and to pay the £30,000 before I go on board ship?" asked Iain, with ill-concealed eagerness.

"I have not been informed of your proposals in detail, but if these are your terms, they are accepted by the Duke."

"And my name or identity are never to be enquired, or, if known, are to be concealed?"

"I have only to repeat that if that be a condition of your service, it is accepted on the personal undertaking of the Duke."

"Good," ejaculated Iain, with evident satisfaction.

"What are your plans?"

Iain, after a short, uneasy pause, as if his guilty soul was rebelling at the eleventh hour, proceeded to state that the Prince would arrive after darkness fell on the following night, and that a cave-like hiding place had been prepared for him some distance up the bed of a mountain torrent which emerges and joins the Kaig at the north end of the *Mile*. At midnight Iain was to row Helen across the loch on her way with food for the Prince, and as he had arranged to keep out of the scrape himself by staying in the boat till

Helen's return, the latter was to be the officer's unconscious guide to the cave. The officer was to be disguised as a Highlander, and being furnished with the pass-word, his identity would not be suspected in the darkness as other than that of a friend of the Prince. The further details of the plot were left to the officer himself, and with this arrangement the latter expressed his satisfaction. He was convinced that, if such an ambush could be laid, the Prince would be taken on the morrow either dead or alive.

"One more thing I tell thee," said Iain earnestly, "whatever should happen not a hair of this girl's head must be injured. She is innocent of the part she will play in this business, and *she is to be my wife.*"

Within his narrow precincts Donald had listened with consternation to the recital of the conspiracy. That a Cameron, even so blackhearted a representative of the clan as Iain, should betray the Prince was so sickeningly base that he pinched himself to the bleeding point to make sure he was not dreaming, or labouring under some hideous nightmare in the Witch's Hut. As he grasped the full force and significance of what was transpiring, Donald felt that there was one desperate piece of duty before him—the officer must die before he left the Dark Mile. That was the only means by which the safety of the Prince could be secured, and the honour of the clan maintained. How would he accomplish the deed? Iain's last sentence solved the question with the rapidity of a lightning flash—Helen, his wife! Never!

"You lie, traitor," roared Donald, as he darted from the tree, claymore in hand, with a tiger-like spring.

Before the officer had time to raise his pistol, Donald, with a ferocious back-hand cut, almost severed his head from the trunk, and he fell a lifeless bleeding mass. The next instant he confronted Iain, who had hardly time to meet steel with steel.

"Murderer and traitor," he hissed between his set teeth as he rained blow after blow on Iain, who, though an

expert swordsman, could do nothing but defend himself against such an onslaught, and that even was no easy matter in the dim light. As yet, so sudden and unexpected had been the attack, Iain could not comprehend who his opponent was, but Donald's next exclamation, jerked slowly out between each stroke, staggered him with its meaning.

"Black-hearted villain!—revenge!—for thy stab!—at Culloden!"

His dream realised! Iain's sword arm fell as if it had been blasted, and his eyes started from his head. He would have fled, but he could not; he was rooted to the spot. The next instant Donald's sword was plunged into his body, and with a shriek which sounded awful in that dismal place, the traitor fell, pierced to the heart.

The conclusion of the tragedy came not a second too soon for our hero's ebbing strength. While delivering the fatal, fiend-like thrust, he reeled, and, unable to withdraw the weapon, he was dragged to the ground over the body of his quivering victim. There he lay, panting with the intense excitement, and feeble with the physical exhaustion which had seized upon him as the natural reaction of his spasmodic valour. Iain's treason to his Prince, and the baseness by which he had intended to make Helen the unwitting victim of the treachery, were exciting thoughts, but they melted away as unconsciousness overtook him for a time. The first glow of dawn was around when Donald recovered, and, horror-struck with the situation, he staggered rather than walked in the direction of his home, leaving the tragedy of the Dark Mile to explain itself.

All tales arrive at the stage when the writer feels justified in drawing only a few bold outlines in the concluding picture, leaving the reader to fill in the details. Such is our case. Donald, who did not venture out of his mother's house during the day, resolved to take Iain's place in rowing Helen across the loch that night. The meeting was a memorable event in the lives of both lovers. Helen believed she saw an apparition until

Donald's familiar tones assured her of his reality. 'Twere better to draw a veil gently over the reunion of those two loving hearts—it was holy in its significance breathing of that perfect love which is said to be of heaven. But what of the other side of the picture? The revelation of Iain's diabolical treachery, which Donald related as briefly as possible while the boat drifted in mid-loch, was to Helen overwhelming. She was stupefied into silence for a time, and not alone by her lover's horrible narrative—the sickening thought had flashed upon her that her own mother was concerned in the attempted betrayal. As the boat slowly neared the shore, Helen broke the silence in a low, sad whisper.

“Donald!”

“Yes, love.”

“Already have we plighted our troth in a vow taken before heaven; for the honour of Clan Cameron, let us swear a solemn oath to keep the secret of those dark deeds for ever and ever to ourselves.”

They knelt down together in the bottom of the boat, and, hand in hand, took a simply-worded vow of secrecy—what a strange midnight scene!

“Thou hast, indeed, fought for love and the Prince,” Helen said, bestowing a tearful caress, and Donald drew her yielding form close to his breast.

Thus shall we leave them.

SAINT KESSOG.

THE subject of this sketch was one of that distinguished band of Missionary Bishops, who came from the great monastic schools of Ireland in the fifth and succeeding centuries, to plant the Christian Church in Scotland.

There is doubt as to the exact dates at which Saint Kessog was born and died, the chroniclers varying between 520 and 760 A.D.; but, speaking generally, this missionary was alive and spreading the gospel in that glorious epoch of early Celtic Church history, of which Columba and Kentigern or Saint Mungo were the pride. It was a marvellous age of missionary enterprise, with results which to some might appear much exaggerated, had these pioneers of Christian civilisation not indelibly impressed their personality upon the public memory in the names of those hundreds of Celtic churches throughout Scotland dedicated to them. The date assigned to S. Kessog, or Mackessog, in some calendars is March 10th, 520; but David Camerarius (*De Sct. Piet. lib. iii.*) says, "Superis dedit Makkessogum Boina sub annum Christi DLX. anno Congalli regis secundo." Saint Patrick had been only dead a few years, and Columba was soon to bid fair to eclipse the mighty British apostle; Saint Bride of Kildare was still founding her communities of women; Brendan had scarcely begun his insatiable quest for the "Isles of the Blest," nor seen the Isle of Bute, which was the chief seat of his cult; and Modan of Roseneath was resting from his labours when Kessog was alive, in 520. If he survived till 560, he had not by that time left his work in Ireland, nor had Molaise, with his "Comely choristers," burned his angelic songs into the Pagan hearts of the West. Kessog, however, began his wanderings long after the Dalriadans of North Ireland had firmly planted their new Dalriada on the western shores of Scotland.



SAINT MAC KESSOG AS FOUND IN HIS CAIRN

He was of Royal lineage, like Columba, and came of that dynasty which held the commanding Rock of Cashel, his birth-place. This was the capital of Munster, and, from its impregnable position, gave its Royal possessors a dignity becoming kings. In its golden vale—then the envy of marauders, now of tourists—Kessog or “Kessoc,” little Kess, was reared. Although it is not safe to dogmatise over etymologies, this name may have been appropriated from his own great master, Iesu. He is sometimes titled *Mac-kessoc* — *mo* honorific, and *oc* diminutive (Dempster *Menologium* has *Makkessag*). In the “*Florarium*,” strange to say, he is called “*B. Bassogi, Episcopi et Confessoris*,” a form of his name which H. Fitz Simon, in his “*Catalogue of the Irish Saints*,” gives as *Bissogum*.

Of his early history even the “*Acta Sanctorum*” has little to tell us. However, that wonderful repertory of history recites, on the authority of the Aberdeen Breviary (pars. Hyam f. lxvi. a), the following story, which might be a link between the name and its origin in a Greater:—When Kessog was a boy he was in the habit of performing miracles. (Apocryphal accounts of Jesus attribute the same power to Him). On one occasion Kessog's father had invited his collateral princes to a grand banquet in the suspicious fortress of Cashel. Young Kessog and other youthful princes had gone to amuse themselves by the side of some pool, when all of them fell into the water, and were, with the exception of Kessog, drowned. Kessog ran home and informed his father. But the fathers of the princes, suspecting foul play, threatened, before leaving, to burn the town, in spite of good advice given to them by a wise man called Elinthus. Kessog, however, was equal to the emergency, and, after a night of prayer, he is said to have restored the boys, who were supposed to have been drowned, alive, becoming their “little Saviour.” Unfortunately, the rest of these interesting miracles are not recorded, even in the “*Acta Sanctorum*.” Kessog must have been of genius and acquirements far above the average

of others around him, to have gained even the reputation of being a worker of miracles. Which of the great schools of Ireland had the honour of educating him for the Church is not known, but, according to some authorities, Kessog was also called "Moshense of Beitheach," and "Senan." Like other Irish missionaries, he followed the great stream of emigration northwards, and ultimately settled in the Kingdom of Strathclyde.

If place names could give any indications of the route of Kessog's Pilgrimage, we find Kessog's Ferry at Inverness, a church dedicated to him at Achterarder, another on a hill at Callander, "Tom-ma-Chessag," where also a fair which bore his name, "Fel-ma-Chessaig," was held on the 21st of March (10th old style). Similarly fairs called after Kessog were held on the Saint's Days at Comrie and Cumbrae, and he found his resting-place at Luss. Strathclyde corresponded to the Valentia of the Romans, and embraced that part of Scotland between the Clyde and the Derwent. Its capital was Al-Cluth-Dumbreton, and the Britons lived in it. Immediately west of it lay the Irish (Scotch) kingdom of Dalriada. These kingdoms were frequently at war with each other, and even Kentigern was persecuted out of Strathclyde, indicating how little Christianity had spread in the 6th century.

Kessog's fame as a "Priest-Soldier" was no less spread than his reputation as a preacher and "Holy Blessed Man," for according to Deapster (Menelogium) his name was invoked by the "Braves" of Leven, and his effigy as a soldier carrying a charged bow and a perfect Nimrod lent them courage. "In Levinia Makkessagi Episcopi cujus nomen a militibus operose imploratur et ipse militari habitu cum sagittis arcu tenso depingitur." It was probably after this period of his active labours that Kessog sought retirement in the lake which he had before only visited.

Of all Loch Lomond's thirty islands, Inch-Ionaig, the "Colquhoun Deer Forest," is the loveliest, and it was on its shores that one of the last chiefs was drowned with his

four keepers. On the island still flourish the yews, or rather their descendants, from which many a bow and arrow were furnished for Bruce's armies; and it is said one of these bows and a shaft of arrows were presented by King Robert to the Priest Warrior Kessog of the Levenax at Bannockburn. But it was on Inch-ta-Vanach, the "Island of the Monks," Kessog sought a resting-place. The pine, the rowan, and the hazel, grow there in rare luxuriance, while the birches and alders "weep and wave" on the loch from the islet which was honoured in being a sanctuary of the Martyr Bishop. There outside his modest chapel he would ring his little bell in call to the holy offices of the Faith—that little bell which, down to the 17th century, was held in so great veneration in the Lennox. (*Sancta campana Sancti Kessogi*). For we find that so late as the year 1675 James, Earl of Perth, was retoured in the lands of Barnachills with the Chapel and Holy Bell of Saint Kessog. Since then the saintly bell has ceased to chime.

How long Kessog lived in Inch-ta-Vanach, or how his death was compassed, is not now known. Tradition asserts that he fell by the hand of assassins at Bandry, or suffered martyrdom there for the truth. Alas, that some of earth's loveliest spots should have been witness to such scenes of cruelty and bloodshed! On a knoll at Bandry, nearly opposite Inch-ta-Vanach, a cairn and a large stone, on which was carved the effigy of an ecclesiastic, were erected by his devoted disciples. Another traditionary legend narrates that Saint Kessog suffered martyrdom in a foreign land, and that his remains, being embalmed with sweet herbs, were brought for interment to the church of his native place, which then bore the name of Clachandhu, "the black hamlet." One of the herbs sprang up from his grave, and spread itself over the wall of the church, a circumstance from which the parish took the name of Lus, a word which in Gaelic signifies a plant or herb. This herb, it is added, continued to flourish so long as the old church stood, but when it was pulled down it perished. The

church thus became celebrated, and numerous devotees went to it in pilgrimage for the performance of religious duties. According to this legend, it was by these devotees that the above-mentioned cairn and monumental stone was erected.

During the time of the prevalence of Roman Catholicism in this country, this bishop, who was honoured with a place in the R.C. Calendar of Saints, was the tutelar saint of the Church of Luss, and was held in profound reverence in the whole district of the Lennox and in other places, his anniversary being duly observed on the 10th of March. As an illustration of the veneration with which he was regarded, it may be noticed that when Malcolm, fifth Earl of Lennox, granted a charter to John of Luss (1292-1333), of various rights and exemptions, he did this "for the reverence and honour of our patron, the most holy man, the blessed Kessog." A church was dedicated to this saint at Auchterarder, and it was granted in the year 1200, by Gilbert, Earl of Strathern, to the Priory of Inchaffray. (Sir W. Fraser's "Chiefs of Colquhoun.") At this Church of Auchterarder, named after Saint Kessog, worship was celebrated till the middle of the seventeenth century. "Tradition says that on a Sabbath, as the people were returning from service in it, mounting the rising ground on which Auchterarder stands, a loud crashing noise was heard behind them. Looking back, it was seen that the roof of the kirk had fallen in. Had this occurred half-an-hour earlier, the roof would have fallen on the assembled worshippers; and it would have been marvellous indeed if a number of lives had not been sacrificed. Instead of attempting to repair the old fabric, a new one was built on the site which the Parish Church still occupies." (Marshall's "Historic Scenes in Perthshire.") The ruins are surrounded by a burying-ground, which is still used. In the burying-place of the Hunters there is an old baptismal immersion font, and on the farm of Kirkton there existed a well, which bore the name of the saint. It is within living memory

that people used to go there for water, because of the traditional sanctity of the well. But it has been drained away and covered over, by the orders of a former proprietor. Until ten years ago, a fair was held in Auchterarder on the saint's day—the 10th of March (old style).

A mile and a half to the south of the present Parish Church of Luss, near Bandry, on the Luss road, on the east side, was the cairn called "*Carn-ma-Cheasaig*," or the Cairn of Saint Kessog. In the middle of last century, when the military road along Loch Lomond was formed, this cairn having been partly removed, a large stone carved as the effigy of an ecclesiastic was discovered there. It was that of Saint Kessog. The stone, the effigy, and a stone font beside it, which appertained to the chapel at Rossilhu, are now preserved in the modern chapel there. The effigy is apparently of a much later date than the cairn, and represents a mediæval rather than a primitive Nimrod. When gazing at the calm, grand features of the Culdee saint, we can imagine how he almost welcomed the death-wounds which paved his road to his victorious rest, and made him more like his Lord. We can fancy his rapt look into the glories of an opened heaven, and almost hear his earnest voice praying for his murderers like Stephen, and like a greater than he, who cried with His last breath, "Father, forgive them; they know not what they do." Perhaps the dark deed was done when the shades of evening were approaching, the moon in her autumn glow shining over the brow of Ben Lomond, and casting her pale beams over the still lake. Nature would almost hold her breath; the devoted disciples of their noble teacher would utter a bitter cry, "My father, my father, the chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof;" while notes of rejoicing were being sounded in the high heavens from those who had been led thither by him who had then gained the martyr's crown.

Nothing is recorded of the traditions of the death of Saint Kessog in the *Acta Sanctorum*, and the Aberdeen Martyrology concludes his biography by saying "that full

of grace he entered the heavenly places, and was solemnly buried in the Church at Lus." His name was long afterwards held in reverence, and even in the days of "Gude King Robert" this grand old Episcopal bow-man was a sufficient name to conjure by, for in 1313 we find "the Brus" granting to the Church of Luss "Deo et Beato Kessago," a sanctuary of three miles girth. The charter is preserved at Buchanan Castle, and is reproduced in "The Chiefs of Colquhoun" by Sir William Fraser, vol. ii., pp. 34-58.

The clan of Mackessack is called after Saint Kessog. Some of the oldest Highland surnames are those derived from Columban Saints. The process of evolution was often such, as follows:—A child in baptism, or after baptism, by unauthorised tonsure¹ was put under the guardianship of a departed saint. The child so dedicated was called the "Gille" or servant of such a saint. "Gille Cheassaig" would be the servant of Kessog, as "Gille Calum" was the servant of Columba. The Son of the gille would be "Mac-Gille Cheassaig," and in the next generation the gille would drop out and the Mac would be writ large. There is a clan of Mackessacks on the coast of the Moray Firth who probably came with Colin, Earl of Argyle, married to the widow of the Regent Murray, and was a great potentate there between 1572 and 1583. A squire of low degree, called Maciosaig, married the youngest daughter of Robert the Bruce, and received a Thanage in the North from her brother, King David, which he retained many years after his wife's death. Maciosaig and the Brucean Princess had two daughters, one of whom, Janet, married John of Lorne, and the other became a nun. The Mackessacks of Moray may therefore have after all gone to the North with Bruce's son-in-law. A branch of the clan emigrated to Australia, and some of its members settled in Ayrshire.

¹ "Maol," "tonsured;" and "Gille," "servant," are used synonymously—thus Gille Calum and Maol Calum are both equally good Gaelic words for Malcolm.

Ages have passed away, but it seems as if he who is dead yet speaks, and that his prayers are now being answered in the little home which bears his name. Of Saint Kessog it was true what Goethe says—"Where thou beholdest genius, there thou seest also the martyr crown." Sometimes the martyrdom is life-long, and sometimes, as in his case, it is crowned in death. "He knew he was a Christian, and that he must conquer;" and though it is centuries since he was on this earth, it seems when another, and another, and yet another leave the little hospital healed in body and in mind, they are some of the gems he asked for to bear to the crown of the Great Physician. The foundations of the Miniature Hospital of Saint Kessog's—6 Cambridge Street, Edinburgh—were laid without a farthing, and yet the little home has never been a penny in debt since it was first opened in Thistle Street on a smaller scale in 1886. Over 200 patients have been treated in it, while the results have been eminently successful. After leaving the Home in which they usually remain four or five weeks, they are visited by the president and nurse-matron (when she has time), and the patients are encouraged to return as visitors to the home to which so many of them owe their lives. The patients are bound together in the Club of Saint Kessog's, all conforming to its rules, and receiving a card of membership on leaving. The hospital is designed for women in poor circumstances, to be treated for diseases peculiarly their own, and the physician is Dr N. T. Brewis, 39 Queen Street. In most cases the patients shew special interest in the mission work of Saint Kessog's, for in view of critical and dangerous operations, the mind is generally in a very softened state, and it is hoped that the good impressions then received may prove lasting. The little home is prospering most wonderfully, for, almost from the first, when kind hearts saw the good done by it they came to the rescue with the "sinews of war," and though, of course, in such an institution the expenses are large, we have always been able to meet them, saying

thankfully—"We've aye been provided for, and sae will we yet." Patients are sent to St Kessog's, chiefly by other doctors, from all parts of Scotland and the north of England, and visitors are made welcome in the afternoons. With such a noble example as our great Culdee Patron's, may each one of us who labour in the little home be faithful to our trust, thinking it an honour to be allowed to give "some costly service to our King." Let us do it in His name, and for His sake alone, so that when the years of our warfare are ended, we may give an account of our stewardship with joy. And may the Great Physician bless the instruments of healing used there, and give skill and power to those who wield them, and may He bless every effort, physical and spiritual, in the HOME OF SAINT KESSOG.

F. MARY COLQUHOUN.

Let me express my deep gratitude to those who have so kindly helped me with this short sketch, especially to the Rev. J. King Hewieson.

LOVE.

WITH drooping eye, Love chaunts his Lay,
He sweeps his golden lyre,
Who can withstand his masterhand—
Withstand his words of fire?

With flashing eye he draws his brand,
Arrayed with glorious power—
None can withstand his masterhand,
When strikes the mystic hour.

ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL.

A TRIP IN NORTH GERMANY.

IN these days of easy travel, an account of a trip through North Germany cannot claim novelty. Descriptions of the country would be only extracts from guide-books: criticism of the institutions, founded on seven weeks' wanderings, would be absurd. But in the hope that some of your readers may be interested in impressions formed in a first visit to the Fatherland, I shall endeavour to deserve a place in your pages by being neither a guide-book nor a crude critic.

I had met Germans in many parts of the world, most of whom were good fellows, and some of whom had been my intimate friends. I had formed a high idea of their intelligence, their *amor patriæ*, and their faith in the great future that lay before their united country. To see them at home, to examine their institutions, their Universities, their home and social life, and to make the most of the two months that formed the available part of an emaciated medical student's holiday, such were the plans I had made when I sailed from Leith for Hamburg last August.

The voyage was like all voyages, and the passengers like all passengers. We had schoolboys (sent over to learn German in less than two months), gorgeous in cricket caps and blazers, and smoking the unaccustomed cigar. We had English tourists in tweeds, and German tourists in black coats and opera glasses, with comfortable-looking wives and plump, blue-eyed daughters. We had the Edinburgh advocate who could not, and his sister who could, speak German. We had the white-faced art student, and the much maligned Radical. And we had a jovial party of Glasgow commercials visiting Hamburg, clothed in Broad Scotch, and carrying every man his own special brand, from which, with true Western hospitality, they

supplied us at frequent intervals with "haufs." The most interesting passenger was a Hamburg merchant, Herr Bauermeister, who, with his family, was returning from two months' wanderings over England, Wales, Ireland, and Scotland. He thought Scotland the loveliest country he had ever seen, where, no doubt, his judgment was correct. I asked him what he thought of Ireland. His answer did not surprise me. "Ireland," he said, "is one of the countries most richly endowed by Nature that I have seen: fertile, green, and smiling. But the people, in all except the North, are the laziest in existence. Ah, sir! if I had 20,000 German peasants in there for twelve months, you would see a difference." His opinion evidently coincided with that of an old friend of mine, a rabid Lowland Scot, who insists that the Celt is one of the Creator's failures.

We reached the Elbe in heavy rain, which cleared away as we neared Hamburg. The wharves, buildings, and general effect of the place strike a visitor with astonishment. London is, of course, much bigger, but it is dirty, old-looking, and devoid of order. Here one begins, before landing, to understand what he has heard about the excellence of official organisation in Germany. The river was covered with steamers and sailors, and one of my first reflections was that I had never been in a port where the Union Jack bore so small a proportion to the other flags. I was reminded of an old South Sea story of the early days of Malietoa, the recently restored King of Samoa, Captain Cook's Navigator Islands. When Godeffroy, the South Sea King, started his plantations in Samoa, and began importing Germans to work them, Malietoa grew accustomed to hear that they all came from Hamburg. At last came one from Berlin, and reported that he came from the Capital of Germany. "But you speak the same language as Herr Godeffroy," said the old King; "is Germany then in Hamburg?" Poor old Malietoa has learnt now where Germany is.

I was not much interested otherwise in Hamburg, and soon went on to Hannover. The country is flat and

heathy all the way, and even in Hannover, after four and a-half hours' journey, the soil was still light and sandy. There I was lucky enough to find quarters with a German family whose kindness rendered my holiday most enjoyable, and whose small people took me by short cuts into the intricacies of that most colossal of languages. Making Hannover my headquarters, I spent a week in Berlin, and made trips to Brunswick, Pyrmont, Düsseldorf, the Rhine, and the surroundings of Hannover, my stay extending in all to about seven weeks. The kindly reader now knows how little I saw, and how ill-qualified I am to judge. However, having eyes and nervous communication therefrom to a brain, I made observations and drew conclusions on which he may set his own value.

Probably the first impression that an Englishman forms in Germany, if he has before lived in France, is one of relief to find that he is not expected to gesticulate with his hands and wreath his face in smiles, whenever he wishes to say anything. The strong manly German tongue does not lend itself to that, even in the finicking Hannover accent, which ruins the sound of the language by pronouncing the *r* with a soft Tweed burr, exactly what the French call "*Grassoniller les R's*." The fine stature and carriage of the Hannoverians struck me at once, as well as that they are distinctly of our own English type. I am no believer in that great admixture of Celtic blood in the English strain, which so many Celtic philosophers "harp" upon. At any rate, these fair-haired North Germans are no whit fairer than the average Englishman and Lowland Scot.

Very marked was the contrast between the Hannoverians and the English tourists. The English schoolboy probably afforded my German friends the greatest amusement. Awkward, ill-put together lads most of them were, slouching along the streets with their heads half a foot in front of their necks, clad in short coats and baggy trousers rolled up at the feet in all weathers ("*Die Beinkleider à l'Anglais aufgekrämpelt*," say the Germans), their hats over their

eyes or on one side, their shoes brown, their sticks young forest trees, swinging horizontally, with the handle forwards. Never were they to be seen with Germans ; all their German education seemed to consist of smoking cigars and drinking beer. Many of them were in charge of Oxford B.A.'s, the length of whose legs was only equalised by the roundness of their shoulders. Our scholastic element altogether held its own very poorly, I thought, against the smart German lads, uniformed in red, white, blue, or green military-looking caps, betokening at once the school in which they were, and the class to which they belonged.

Equally easy to distinguish were the Englishwomen. Tall and thin, with ridiculous waists, and long-handled umbrellas, they looked a different race from the plump blue-eyed German girls, whose comfortable figures and merry faces were very attractive. But on points like these everybody has his own opinion. A merciful Providence has decreed that one man's idea of beauty shall not be that of his neighbour ; and I am quite prepared to find that my readers consider my remarks uncalled for, and my taste execrable. But this point I maintain, that until we have similar gymnastic and drill training, our men are distinctly inferior physically to these North Germans.

Much has been written to prove that we are the only race that have a home life. The real truth is that our climate renders any other kind of life impossible. Many, if not most, German families spend in summer six or seven evenings a-week out of doors. When the husband comes home from work they eat the "Abendbrod," and then all but the youngsters, who have their lessons to do for morning school, make their way to cafés, or beer gardens, where they sit for hours under the trees, meet their friends, smoke, and drink beer, and listen to music. Hannover is surrounded by splendid woods, which have been laid out with a perfect network of walks and drives. Beer gardens are found at frequent intervals, innumerable seats are provided

by a "Visitors' Association," and one never wearies of wandering among the oaks and beeches of the Eilenriede. The wretchedness of our climate cannot be fully understood by those who have not been in other lands.

Closely connected with home life is the position of the wife in a German household. My readers may be familiar with the English theory that the German wife is the household drudge—the hewer of wood, so to speak, and drawer of water for her lord and master. I remember, two or three months ago, in the "Battle of Life" column, in the *Daily Telegraph*, a letter from "Pater Dolorosus," in which he inveighed bitterly against the English girl of the present day. He described the maternal cares of a fashionable mother in terms that we are too familiar with. The cares of maternity interfere with her receptions and dances, the children grow up without a mother's care, and the results are disastrous to everybody concerned. The society in which "Pater Dolorosus" moved is higher than many of us aspire to, but the same spirit is surely spreading among our middle classes. The young lady of our country is far too great a swell to be anybody's drudge. In how many English households does one see, what I saw in two German families, that the mother paid off her cook for six months, and installed her eldest daughter in the kitchen, not to supervise but to do the cooking herself. And these were people in good circumstances, to whom the wages of a cook were of little importance. I met a school-fellow of the eldest boy of the family with whom I was staying, and found him afterwards a waiter in one of the hotels. Surprised, I asked how it was, and was told that his father was proprietor of a large hotel, in which this lad was to join him. Before doing so, he was to go through the whole thing; after waiting he was going into the kitchen, and so on, until he had learned the business practically. These people were wealthy, and the hotel held as good a position as, say Mr Macgregor's Royal Hotel, in Edinburgh. Mr

Macgregor's son is in the Cambridge eleven, and is one of the best amateur wicket-keepers in England ; this lad was a waiter in Kasten's Hotel, Hannover. It did not occur to me that the German housewives were drudges, but I did think that the young ladies had found more useful things to do than lawn tennis.

I used to walk sometimes in the forenoons through the artisans' quarter in Hannover. Drunken men, of course, I never saw. But also there were no slatternly women walking half dressed about the streets, nor children playing, half naked and wholly filthy, in the puddles. The mothers subscribed for an old woman to take charge of the children in a crowd, while the goodwives themselves were cleaning up, washing, working inside, or cooking their men's dinners. Let the skeptical walk through St Leonard's or Fountain-bridge in Edinburgh, and then go and see the Linden quarter of Hannover.

This leads me on to say that one never meets in Germany these very poor people whose abject poverty is one of the disgraces of English society. Wealth must be more evenly distributed. Probably the absence of show enables manufacturers to be content with smaller profits, and allow more to pass to the workmen in the shape of wages. One of the largest ironmasters in Western Germany is the firm of the Brothers X——. It was only this year that Herr X—— provided himself with a horse and waggonette. Hitherto he had been perfectly satisfied with the tramcar. His son is working as a mechanic in the shops ; his wife and daughters superintend the kitchen and the household washing ; and the firm is said to be worth many thousands per annum. When the Kaiser visited Hannover the other day, Herr X——'s workmen formed part of the immense crowd that received him. To do justice to their master and themselves, each workman wore a new suit of clothes, presented to them by their employer for the occasion.

The energy and skill of these German masters are spreading their manufactures far and wide. We are still the carriers, but no longer the sole manufacturers of the world's goods. The outworks of our position are being every day more fiercely attacked by new competition in the world's markets, but the strides made by the Germans and Americans are more obvious abroad than at home. It strikes home to an Englishman to see in Australia the locomotives bearing American marks; the axes, knives, and hammers all stamped with the American brands, and the very tacks for the carpets coming from Massachusetts. In India our "Whites" were made of American drill, and our beer was German Lager; and in Fiji our houses were built of American timber, our Copra shipped in German barques, and our servants clad in German cloth.

Granting that the soil is good, I ascribe the quantity and excellent quality of the manufacturing harvest that the Germans are beginning to reap to three kinds of seed which have been sown in the last thirty years—first, the educational system; second, the military system; third, the enthusiasm consequent on the growth and success of the United Fatherland.

Of the great educational system I did not learn enough to describe it accurately. I saw its results were practical and thorough, and one regulation meets perhaps the greatest difficulty parents here have who belong to our professional classes, and who send their boys to schools of the Blair Lodge and Fettes type. When a German boy reaches a certain class he has to make up his mind as to what his future is to be, for at this point he has to join either the Technical or the University School. He is generally between 15 and 16 years old when he has to make his decision. The two schools correspond to our modern and classical divisions; but my experience of modern schools is that boys still get too much classics, compared with about two hours a week German and three hours a week French, and so little science that they cannot pass the Medical

Matriculation Examination of the Edinburgh University without special coaching. At 18 they leave school, admirable cricket and football players, but the two years from 16 to 18 wasted for all useful purposes. A German lad of 15 decides, let us say, for engineering. In the next year he has worked well through mechanics and physics; has commenced chemistry and natural science; and his knowledge of French and English is such that I want to find the English boy of 17 who could write such a good German letter as the English letters I have received from a German lad of 16. The following is an approximate timetable of the school-course of a boy who decides for the University :—

Latin.....	7	hours a week for 9 years.
Greek.....	6	” ” 6 ”
French.....	3	” ” 8 ”
English.....	2	” ” 4 ”
Mathematics.....	3	” ” 7 ”

Boys are by law compelled to go to School at the age of six, no previous work at home being allowed. By passing an “Abiturienten Examen,” he gets off two of the three years of his military service. If he is to become a doctor, he has to serve only six months, and this may be put in either when he leaves school, or between any of his professional examinations. Those lads who take the ordinary University course put in their service before it, and join the University at about 21 years of age. The same applies to any engineer; he begins his apprenticeship at about the same age, and consequently is not free of his parents until he is 26 or 27 years old. A German father has therefore to make much more thoughtful provision for his family than is the rule in England. Every daughter must be dowered with at least the household linen to bring to her husband; and as the boys do not become independent till they are five or six years older than is customary amongst us, a German father's life is seldom free from anxiety about the future. But it will be seen that an

atmosphere of work surrounds a German lad. He has little opportunity of learning those habits of idleness and of not working when he is at work, which are such a curse in later life. His real hard work at school, his *res augustae domi*, the habits of discipline he acquires in the army, the example of his father and mother, and the fact that he commences his own work in the world so late, all these things combine to make the German lad a steady industrious worker.

The schools I saw were day schools, quite on the Scotch system with home lessons. In summer they began work at 7, in winter at 8. Their hours are from 7 to 11, and from 2 till 4, with gymnastics extra. On Wednesdays and Saturdays they knock off at 12. Girls' Schools in Germany are closed every afternoon in summer, no lessons being allowed after dinner, which is always a mid-day feast. This arrangement commends itself naturally enough to the girls; the parents, too, seem to approve of it.

It is usual in England to hear pæans of joy over the absence of universal conscription in our country. We are told it is a load which effectually breaks the national backs of Germany and France, and that any necessity for it has been done away with by our volunteers. Had it been the unmitigated curse English orators make it out, Germany could have done no more than stand still during the last twenty years, unless she came to a *modus vivendi* with France. But when one sees her advancing in trade, in shipping, in manufactures, and in population, and especially when in Germany one does not hear much about the system pressing so heavily on the national life, some skepticism may be permitted. What, then, can be said for it? I seem to see three obvious results. First, it supplies an efficient means for insuring universal education. Second, it implants in each individual habits of discipline and obedience most valuable to the nation. Third, it has produced a nation of soldier-citizens, proud of their land, and of the system and the men who have raised it to what it is; the lowliest individual knowing that in the event of war he has

a definite place and responsibility in the defence of his country.

Is it not true that every Englishman wishes to see his country holding a place in the front rank of the councils of the world? And is it not true that he feels in his heart that under the present arrangements England is playing a game of bluff, trading upon her wealth and her past reputation to claim equality with nations whose equal in military strength she is not? Like the man who puts on a small trump third in hand, we are at present trying to make a boy do a man's errand. We are equally in internal matters losing our balance. We have set in the one scale Universal Education, and have put nothing in the other to counterbalance the overwhelming pressure of the unsettling effects of a "little knowledge." We are educating everybody, and are frightened of the consequences. Of course we must come to one man one vote when all can read and write, and, as a result, think. Of course we shall have outcries against those who have, from those who are just finding out that they have not. Who can wonder that gas and promises carry elections against the wider knowledge that declines to pander to this newly-awakened feeling of discontent? We have sown the seed of disorder among the good grain of universal education. The tares will choke the wheat before the harvest comes, unless we train our masses into habits of disciplined obedience. The better intellects among the newly educated are striking into paths which lead to chaotic upheavals of society; our influence over them is waning every year; their numerical force and our dependence upon them—for we stand or fall with them in a common fatherland—are dragging us unwillingly but certainly after them. We ought to be marshalling these men into a force whose weight shall be on the side of order. Instead, we are, ourselves, watering the weeds of ignorant knowledge. We know—they do not—that on our command of the world's market depends England's national existence. We see this imperilled by

foreign competitors, whose magnificent secondary education is raising the average standard of the national intelligence far beyond ours, and we are letting our foundations be cut away by ignorant strikers and shortsighted capitalists. No sense of a common danger unites us. No feeling of brotherhood makes us willing to stand shoulder to shoulder against the industrial progress of other nations. We are not even ensuring a retreat by uniting ourselves into a Colonial Empire within whose proper limits is ample room for prosperity for ourselves and our Colonies. While the vandal is knocking at the gates of Rome, all that seems to interest the Romans is whether three millions of Irish Celts shall carry their wishes against the will of two million of Irish Saxons; whether Novar should get £2000 a year from his mussels, or the fishermen get them free.

JOHN F. CARRUTHERS.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

REAL KINGSHIP.

*Regem non faciunt opes
Non vestis Tyriæ color.*

'T WAS thus a Bard of old did sing:—
Is regal splendour what it proudly seems?
Nor treasured store, nor robe of purple dye,
Nor palace hall superb with gold-tipt beams
Can make a true or happy king.

He who has laid all fear aside,
And stings of troubled breast;
Who swims not on ambition's tide,
Nor dreads the hatred of the vile,
Nor judgment of the best:—
He, who for death has but a smile,
Is king above the rest.

Who parts with pride and grovelling pelf,
And draws the limits of desire
At blessings round his household fire,
This kingship gives himself.

OLD ATHOLE SONGS.

IV.

THE following is the second of the two songs by the Bohespic bard which we find in the MacLagan Manuscripts. It gives a curious list of the grievances of tenants during the hard years between 1693 and 1701.

ORAN AIR NAIMHDEAN NA TUATHA.

Le ALASDAIR ROBERTSON am Botheasbuig. a rinn fos “*Latha Rann-dabò.*”

A Rìgh ! gur goirt am bruidhean

A chuala mi o ’n de,

O ! thighearnaibh gun truacanachd,

Bu thuataidh leinn an sgeul.

A Rìgh ! gur goirt am bruidhean

A ghluaishead mi gu h-eug ;—

Cuir gearsam air luchd-tuathanachd

Gum b’ an-ìochdmhor an sgeul.

A dhaoine, glacaibh frinn

Ann bhur n-inntinnean gu leir,

Is feuch nach toill sibh dìoghaltas

Do ’n linn a thig ’n ’ur deigh.

Cha ’n eil neach ga bheil e ghnathachadh

Gne aiteach aige fein

Nach fhodh’n de cheird ’s de chracaireachd

Leis “gearsam” bhi na bheul.

A dhaoine, ’s eiginn eisdeachd ris

Gach sgeul tha tigh’n mu’n cuairt,

’S a liuthad tha ga’n saruchadh

Ri anranaich bhochd thruagh ;

Mar shoitheach an da earraich

’S a chrìos air failuig uaidh,

Na’m faighteadh gun a charrachadh

Gu’m biodh e tamull suas.

’S iomadh fear tha burach’

Agus braid an cul a chinn ;

’S mairg a chuireadh dusgadh air

No thogadh pluc de ri.

Bithidh ainmheach agus paisdean air
'G an arachadh ro chrìon,
Na'm faighteadh gun an carrach'
Gus am biodh gach ealuin diolt'

Sin mar bhios na h-uailsean
Nan cruaidh-chas air an tìr,
'S iad mar gharadh Pharraiss
No latha blair na thim.
Ach mar d' theid bhur bathadh
Air muir shaile no air tìr,
'Nuair thig oirnn latha bhreathanais
Bithidh pian ag feitheamh dhuibh.

'Nuair thainealas sibh ri cheile
Bu daingeann treun bhur bann,
Mu'n fhearann chuir an daoirid
Air na daoine bochd a th'ann.
Cha'n eisdeadh sibh ri truacanachd,
Bu tuataidh libhs' a chaint ;
Mu'n d'thoir sibh fabhor uaire dhoibh,
Bithidh 'n sguabach air na th'ann.

'Nuair bhitheas sibh ag eirigh,
Le 'r leinteagaibh gu mech,
'Nuair tharlas ribh an drama
Is bhur lamh bhi ris a chup,
Bithidh sibh, do thaobh naduir,
Ag saruchadh bhur stuic ;
Cha ghabh sibh cunnbhail suasa
Gun an tuath a chuir na'n druid.

Rìgh ! cuidich clann na tuatha,
'S iomaidh tuar a tha na'n deigh.
Tha tighearnan is uachdarain
Gach uair ag dol na'n nì.
Tha gaibhnean agus muilleirean
Gle ullamh gu'n cuid cis :—
Tha ceaird is baird is baigeirean
'S an Calcadair so shios !

Tha por beag eile fathasd ann
Nì agartas gle gheur.
Cha chuir an saor an cearcul duinn
Mur gleidh sinn da fìodh caoin ;
Ta notairean is bailidhean,
Le 'm paipeiribh ro dhaor,
'S cha d'thig am fear is mòsa
Gus an latha thig am maor.

Tha greasaichean is tailleirean
 Tric saitheach air ar cuid.
 O'n fhighheadair cha 'n fhabhar dhuinn—
 'S e ni ar snath a phluc.
 Thuirt Mac Thomi bhata :—
 “ Far sin 's breugach dhuit”—
 'S mar faigh an criathrair paidheadh
 Gu'n leig e chath 'n ar cuid.

Tha iolairean is eunlaidhean
 Ag raidheadh oirnn gu moch ;
 Is ma 's e gille-martainn
 'S fhearr fabhar, leigeadh duit :
 Na cromanann 's na h-eunlaidhean
 Cha teirneadh uainn greigh luch,
 Gach beothach a tha gluasad
 Amuigh air uachdar sluib.

'Nuair thoisicheas na grudairean,
 Le 'n suthan anns gach cearn,
 Bithidh iomadh bonn ga chunntadh dhoibh,
 Gun chunntas thoirt ga cheann.
 Mar bhiodh gu'm bith na gaidseirean
 Ag raidheadh os an ceann,
 Bhiodh iadsa da nar frithealadh
 Mar thighearn anns gach ball.

A SONG ON THE ENEMIES OF THE TENANTS.

BY ALEXANDER ROBERTSON, IN BOHESPIC, WHO ALSO
 MADE “RANNDABO DAY.”

O King ! sore is the vexation about which I yesterday heard.
 O landlords without pity ! hateful to me is the news. O King !
 sore is the vexation which is driving me to death—imposing
 gersum upon tenantry ; merciless is the story !

O men, but the truth grasp ye all into your minds, and beware
 lest vengeance ye earn for those who will after you come. Suf-
 ficient employment and subject of talk to everyone accustomed to
 have some holding for himself, is now to have “gersum”¹ in his
 mouth.

¹ Grassum—entrance money, or lump sum, paid by a person who took a
 lease of land. After 1685, entails generally prohibited the heir in possession
 from prejudicing his successor by taking large grassum and letting at a lower
 rent than the land was worth ; but a freehold owner could take what grassum
 he chose or could get.

O men, but we must listen to each story spread about, when so many sorely-tryed are struggling miserably ; like the hoopless barrel which, if not moved, may upright stand a while by its two ends.

Many a man is digging, and the yoke behind his head. 'Tis pity to alarm him by the taking of his goods. When he has debt and children on him—little ones to feed—he should not be disturbed till each trade (or claim) be satisfied.

Thus would be the gentry a hardship to the land, and they like Eden's Garden or fight day in its time. But if ye be not drowned in salt sea or on land, when comes the Day of Judgment a pain will wait you then.

When gathering together mighty is your band to make it all the harder for poor men who work the land. To pity you'll not listen, you do mislike the word. Than give them one hour's favour you would rather sweep them clean.

And when you rise quite early in your dressing-gowns, and drinking up your drams, with the hand unto the cup, you must by nature's law be drawing on your stock (principal fund), and you cannot be kept standing without pushing tenants to distress.

King, help the tenant class, whom many troubles chase. Lords and landlords aye put hands upon their goods. Smiths and millers right strongly claim their dues ; and so do tinkers, bards, and beggars, and the fuller here below.

There's another paltry lot which are clamantly severe. The wright will place you not a hoop if seasoned wood is not supplied. There are notaries and bailies, with their papers very dear. But the devil does not come till the day the ground officer appears.

The shoemakers and tailors oft dip into our gear. No favour from the weaver ; tis he our yarn will pouch. But said Mac Thomi, boatman—"Hold, that's a lie to thee." If the sieve-man be not paid he lets the husks into the meal.

Eagles and other birds of prey in morning early rob us ; and if the fox be a kinder friend, say no more about it. Kites and other birds save us not from a host of mice, nor from any living pest that moves out from the surface of a mire.

And when begin the brewers, with their bree on every hand, many the coins paid to them without reckoning right at end. Were it not for guagers, who threaten over them, they would try to be to us like lords of all the land.

The Highland Monthly.

EDITED BY

DUNCAN CAMPBELL, EDITOR, "NORTHERN CHRONICLE,"

AND

ALEXANDER MACBAIN, M.A., F.S.A. SCOT.

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CHAPTER XXX.

THE BURNSIDE COMMUNION.

THE Free Kirk communion services, held on Do'ull Uilleam's cow pasture, on the other side of the burn, just opposite the deserted church, commenced at eleven instead of twelve o'clock, which was the usual worship hour, on account of the long distances intervening between the place of worship and the scattered abodes of the outlying sheep-farming and sheep-herding parishioners.

This morning the outlying people were early on their way, and so were large detachments from neighbouring parishes that came riding on horseback, driving in carts, or spanking bare-footed, through the heather, best brogues, or boots with stockings to suit, being carried in hand until a customary "sitting place"¹ near the church was reached.

The visitors were expected, and warmly welcomed. Their horses were stabled, or hobbled and let out on good

¹ "Cragan an t-suidhe" or "camus an t-suidhe," or any other name descriptive of the place.

pasture. They were themselves supplied with as much milk as they liked to drink. Before communion more substantial hospitality would not be according to rule. Abstinence before communion was perhaps due to the Roman Catholic habit of fasting before Mass; for in the Highlands, although the people were never at any time very submissive to Papal authority, the older Church left many marks on the fervid Presbyterianism which succeeded, and which revived in a large measure the earnest mysticism of the Culdee Church of the early centuries.

Among other visitors, the neighbouring parishes sent elders and leading men, who, although not formally commissioned, possessed a representative character. They came to encourage the pastorless Glen Free Kirkers in well-doing, by giving them the right hand of fellowship, and reporting how the good cause was thriving everywhere, and how the Residuary Kirk was everywhere desolated, except in just a few backward parishes, found here and there as black spots in a generally well-illuminated land. It was of course assumed that in the black parishes the Sun of Righteousness had never shone forth with real healing under its wings. This language, although bearing the stamp of a vivid imagination which shaped what the heart desired, was not the cant of hypocrisy. Not a few of those who used it spoke naturally, as the great reality, of a power which they had seen changing others, or felt working in themselves. A Lourdes Pilgrimage, a Methodist Camp Meeting, and a Presbyterian Revival, may be equally the power of God unto salvation, for those who can enter into the spirit of them heart and soul; while to others, who are in their way not less pious, they are all equally condemnable as grovelling superstitions or deceitful animal magnetism.

It was assumed generally by the Seceders of 1843 that God had once and for ever abandoned the Residuary Kirk and its cold morality, and had miraculously raised up the Free Kirk to put down Popery, Prelacy, and Paganism, and to gather up the nations into its own bosom as the only true Church, conquering and to conquer until the Lord

came. Some few tares and other weeds might remain mixed up with the wheat until the harvest. There might be a few brands fit for the burning in the new Israel, as there were mutineers and unbelievers in the Wilderness despite continual miracles, and as there was a Judas among the twelve; but to all whose eyes were opened, it was supposed that God had manifestly raised up the Free Church to be his Holy Priesthood and Peculiar People in the latter days; and that the light of the Millennial era was already dawning upon the earth. Results differed from expectations; but after all this was a nobler faith than the material gospel of the Manchester School.

The tent on the heath-pasture was placed with its back to the vacant church, which stood up in the sunshine like a whited sepulchre of desolation. Still the swallows twittered about its eaves, busied in feeding their young, which importunately cried for rations from snug mud-and-straw-built abodes. The Free Church gathering, numbering more than a thousand, arranged itself for a long sitting, in bands and sections, with faintly marked lanes following the hollows of the ground between, on a series of small mounds which formed a sort of double crescent in front of the tent. The heath-pasture had once been covered by a shallow bay of the primeval Glen lake, and the duns or mounds now clothed with heath just bursting into purple bloom, were at first heaps of gravel and sand beneath the water, which the burn washed down from the hills, long before it cut for itself on the level the deep channel through which it afterwards made its way, brawling and struggling with angled rocks and big boulders, to the river below. Fragrant thyme, graceful alchemilla, yellow saxifrage, modest eyebright, and trailing arbutus mixed with the deep fringes of heather on this mountain stream's banks; and a few large beech trees near the church and the old stone bridge over the burn broke up the background panorama of deep valley, weird conies, and towering bens, into many picturesque and fantastic scenes.

Warm was the sun, very still the air. The distant song of the river, the nearer brawl of the burn, the voice of the grouse from the leacain,¹ the lowing of cattle and neighing of horses from the pastures, and the buzz of the busy bee gathering his honey close at hand, and even making daring incursions among the crowd, were sounds which mingled with the psalm, and came as responses in the pauses of the fervent prayer.

Accessories of worship go far. The Free Church worshippers, with the proof of having followed their leaders into the wilderness, so manifest to all eyes, felt that they were verily worshipping in the temple not made with hands, and that God was with them.

Although mainly the work of an Englishman, the rugged metrical version of the Psalms, which the Covenanters amended and adopted, and which the Scotch Churches still use, must have suited the requirements of the hill conventicles rarely well in the hard persecution times. At the Disruption period the old feeling came back, and the psalm tunes chiefly in vogue retained the undertone of wail and suffering, swelling occasionally into prophetic bursts of triumphant joy for ultimate victory, which best harmonised with the sentiments of a deeply religious people, when persecution had driven them into wild fanaticism.

This day all the services at the burnside communion were in Gaelic, and the Gaelic version of the Psalms, although not a great poetic glory to the author of it, is, thanks to the genius of the language, infinitely more musical than the English one. The religious leaders of the Glen had for a quarter of a century fought foolishly hard to extinguish fiddling, piping, and song-singing. They only countenanced psalm and hymn music; but the teaching of music to the young in classes only took place whenever it suited blind Duncan Macdiarmid to come and keep an evening music school in winter; and as Duncan reasonably wished to make a good thing of it when he came, and his

¹ Slope of the hill.

teaching circuit was wide, he only visited the Glen once every three or four years. But in spite of these drawbacks, the musical legacy of former times was not yet exhausted. The voices of the Glen girls were still sweet and flexible, and there was still the bardic and warrior ring in the modulated notes from men's throats. They did not lack ear, although they lacked training. This day by the burnside, when a great occasion stirred their hearts and fired their imagination, their singing, with its vocal nature accompaniments and scenic surroundings, was more impressive than a grand cathedral choir performance.

CHAPTER XXXI.

MR MACPHADRIG.

THREE ministers of fame—in different ways—were got, after much searching and epistolary correspondence, to come to the burnside communion, to share between them the duties of the day.

He who first enters the tent is Mr Macphadrig, a man now verging on sixty, but looking younger than his years. Until the 18th of May, his lines were cast in pleasant places. His manse was comfortable, and his income above the average. As regarded a family of young children his quiver was only too full. But he counted that for gain; and he would not have been afraid to meet his enemy—only he had none—in the gate, or anywhere else. No worry or care about the payment of bills, or troubles which the future might bring forth, ever disturbed his serenity. He devoted to his spiritual duties all his time and attention, except when he now and then indulged in boyish games and romps with his delighted children. The Disruption altered entirely his worldly circumstances, but he keeps still the even tenor of his ways, and scarcely realises the sacrifice he has made. The large dark eyes now earnestly gazing into vacancy, now flashing with intense inward light

or suffusing with the dew of infinite pity, and the sensitive lip, which quivers with tenderness or stiffens with righteous indignation, betoken a dreamy poetic nature, strong exceedingly in spiritual might, weak exceedingly in worldly affairs.

The wind is tempered for the shorn lamb. This dreamy scholarly minister, who tries humbly to walk with God, and fails to realise that duty in any form can be more than ordinary reasonable service, has a most practical wife, much younger than himself, who always balances accounts on the right side by keeping down expenses. As far as ways and means are concerned, the minister is completely subject to his wife's awful rule and right supremacy. She was given to him—for the marriage came about in quite a romantic way—when he was getting rapidly ruined by indiscriminate charity, stupidity in business matters, and robbery of servants. The young bride was not a month in the manse before she reduced chaos to order and excellent comfort, and ere long, all who intimately knew the minister and his ways, said he had just got the helpmeet for him. So he had; and now in their temporary place of refuge, which is a semi-ruinous thatched farm-house, the minister's wife does not in the least bemoan the loss of former comforts, but is very thankful that she has seven hungry-healthy children, much given to tearing clothes and ill-using boots, and that the little savings of years in the bank will plentifully suffice for porridge and milk, clothes, shoes, and fire, until the Free Church can get properly on her feet, and secure something like a regular stipend for every one of the outed ministers. She studies very intently the Sustentation Fund statistics, and takes care that all the Free Kirk laity in her own district have no excuse for not paying their kirk dues according to their means. One of the wholesomest of women, both morally and physically, is this handsome, brave, and most practical wife of the unpractical minister; and her crown of glory is that she worships her husband as one of God's holy babes, who

needs to be carefully tended and defended by an unworthy yet willing and loving helpmeet like herself.

The lesson for the day which Mr Macphadrig selected was the first chapter of the Epistle to the Colossians, and he took the 18th and 19th verses of the same chapter for his text. He used neither full manuscript nor notes. His sermon, although well compacted, seemed to a large extent to be a spontaneous outpouring. After speaking for a short time on Christ's headship over the Universal Church, he turned to what was to him the greater subject, Christ's relations to men individually, as Saviour and reconciler. So the best part of his discourse did not hang strictly to his text, but gushed like a fountain of living water from another verse of the same chapter—"Having made peace through the blood of His cross, by Him to reconcile all things to Himself."

He spoke as a man who felt permitted, for himself and the whole world, to trust much further in the redeeming consequences of the love manifested by the sacrifice on Mount Calvary, than the Confession of Faith and the popular theology of his Church seemed to allow. In its reprobatory form at least he absolutely ignored the predestination dogma, and he even ventured to throw out a feeble hope, like the tail of a comet thrown athwart the voids of space, that there might finally be a restitution of all things, by which the dualism of good and evil would be reconciled and made intelligible to finite minds.

When he came to touch on the question of the day, his language was equally charitable and comprehensive. The Church of Christ was the Church of all the redeemed; and they could not say—nor was it fit for them to know—who all the redeemed might be. They could only be sure that responsibility was in proportion to opportunity. They might confidently hope that all, in all ages, who to the best of their light and opportunities sought diligently to serve God and to cultivate a Christ-like spirit, would be found at the Last Day among the redeemed and purified. The

little tape lines of Churches on earth could not span infinite space or measure the infinite love of the All-Father for all His creatures. It was not *their* business to judge ancient or modern heathens, who might possibly be nearer Christ than themselves, although they never heard of His name. But it was their duty to judge themselves by the greatness of the opportunities vouchsafed to them; and to pray humbly and earnestly that the Holy Spirit should be their guide and instructor, so that in the end they would not be found unprofitable servants. Scotland in their day was going through an ordeal of sifting and trial. The Church of their fathers had sundered into two halves. They were now divided from those who used to be their friends and brethren in the faith by a gulf which could only be bridged over by true Christian charity. He feared greatly that they who went out were giving themselves too much credit for their poor sacrifice of worldly advantages; and he feared still more they were not giving those who opposed the Non-Intrusion movement throughout fair credit for their honest convictions. Let them not set themselves up as judges of those who did not see eye to eye with them. Let them rather look heedfully to their own steps, lest they should walk into the snare of self-conceit, and grievously fall. The Pharisees were highly religious men, who thought they were guarding and advancing God's cause when they persecuted and crucified Christ. Paul, when he set out on his mission to Damascus, was burning with religious zeal. There could be no doubt that in many instances the Papal Inquisitors could say, believing their words to be the truth:—"Lord, Lord, all these things we do for the sake of Thy Church, and in Thy holy name: bless the good work, and cause Thy enemies to be accursed and crushed."

All the Churches on earth were mere branches—some more flourishing and fruitful, some more sterile and corrupt—of the Universal Church of which Christ was the head. The comforting aid derived from Church fellowship was important; but it was far more important that every one

should for himself approach, like a trusting child, the footstool of the Loving Father, and be persistent in asking for strengthening help and the communion of the Holy Ghost. Popes, priests, and ministers were too apt to substitute almost entirely the aids, crutches, and small idols of imperfect worship, ritualism, and discipline for the life-giving faith that came through each one studying the Scriptures for himself, and transacting his own business prayerfully and obediently with the All-Father. The collective grace and light thus individually obtained, formed the true strength of earthly Churches, and did more than all things else to advance Christ's Kingdom upon earth. In truth, without this individual seeking after the better life, earthly Churches were apt at times to be hindrances to pure religion, and extinguishers of living faith. Let them therefore seek Christ, God made manifest in the flesh, the only Mediator, the Head of the Universal Church, the Judge of all, but also the Lamb of God, who came to take away the sin of the world. Let them learn from the Spirit of Truth how to walk humbly with their Maker; and let them seek earnestly to understand, even if but darkly and imperfectly, the breadth, length, and depth of the love of God, "who so loved the world that he gave his only begotten son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish but have everlasting life."

Mr Macphadrig's sermon was not long. The majority of his hearers, indeed, thought it a great deal too short. Much of it was outside the rutted tracks of customary preaching. If preached in English, heresy-hunters could find doubtful stuff in it. There could be no doubt it was a damper for the effective partisanship people, with their loud self-praise, and their glib revilings of black Moderates and the constituted authorities of the land.

Duncan Ban was seated conspicuously on the top of the highest dun. Calum was on one side of him and Diarmad on the other. At his feet were Ewan Mor, his sister Jessie, Mary Macintyre, and other black Moderates, young and old.

As soon as Duncan Ban and his company occupied this ground, one of the holy sisters gave it the name of Mount Gerizim ; and Ealag published the name among the faithful while people were taking their places before the singing of the first psalm. Ealag and some of the sisters occupied the next mound, and they keenly watched the bearing of the Moderates, expecting they should be made to writhe under well deserved rebuke, and threats of brimstone dressings for remaining behind in doomed Babylon, when their neighbours escaped from captivity and returned to the Land of Canaan. But the sermon was not the sort of thing they wished for that day ; and they were bltterly disappointed to see Duncan Ban's face glowing with fascinated admiration, and with eyes half closed, and hand behind his ear, listening as if to a message from the Land of the Leal ; while all the other black Moderates, young and old, were as attentive and reverential as if Mr Macphadrig belonged to their own kirk.

CHAPTER XXXII.

HIS COADJUTORS.

THE communion was to take place at one sitting. Three long tables, formed of rough deals laid upon trestles, and covered with snow-white linen, lent by farmers' wives, stood on the level in front of the tent. The communion cups and plates were sent by people in the south, who subscribed liberally for supplying the passing needs of country congregations, by several sets of these necessities, which circulated from place to place. The benches which ran by the sides of the tables were occupied from the beginning of the service by intending communicants. The general order and solemnity not only were impressive, but seemed almost to be oppressive. To Mr Logie, as the representative of the newly-formed Free Kirk Presbytery of the bounds, the duty of "fencing" and "serving" was assigned.

Mention has already been made of Mr Logie's weakness for comparisons. This occasion afforded stimulus and scope for his peculiar talent, and before speaking for many minutes he took the opportunity of comparing the Free Church to a supernatural pipe stretching up to Heaven, through which the waters of the fountain of everlasting life copiously flowed down to faithful people; and he likened the Old Kirk to a sink pipe, through which earth's polluted water percolated to a horrible cesspool in the region below. It is not to be supposed that Mr Logie ever read Swedenborg's "Heaven and Hell"—the very name of that visionary heresiarch would have put him in a rage—but yet, in his best moods, that is when he was not worrying his soul about his own and other people's salvation, he would say, like Swedenborg—"Let us always keep our faces to the light, and turn our backs upon the darkness. God is the light, and as long as we look to Him His grace will be sufficient for us, and change us into his likeness." In his weakness for comparisons he also appeared to be groping darkly after the Swedenborgian doctrine of Correspondences; but he certainly knew it not. Sometimes, too, in his best moods, his devotional spirit appeared to be saturated with the longings and ideas of "*De Imitatione Christi*," although it is very unlikely that he had read it, or any other book which belonged to what he would call "Papistical times." He was always dreadfully in earnest to be sincere towards God and man, and always mortally afraid of unwatchfulness of his conscience and the weakness of his nature. He counted his personal sacrifice at the Disruption—which was a very real one—a thing of small account. He was ready to burn or to be burned for the truth's sake; but sometimes he did not seem to feel quite sure as to any absolute perception of truth, beyond a dreadful implicit faith in the doctrine of reprobatory predestination. Duncan Ban used to say that "Mr Logie was a good man, who, in trying to be too good, would make earth a groaning place, and Heaven itself little better than a Black Hole of Calcutta." Mr

Logie was a square-set man, with a sunless elongated face, which looked almost always duskily eclipsed by the woes of unsatisfactory introspection. He was full of compassion for human woe and suffering, and kinder to the worst of sinners than to himself. His nature—the poor unregenerated part of it—was a great deal more charitable than his creed. He cut up and pounded a text without the slightest regard for its simple meaning ; but, except when he followed a comparison to absurdity, he was always impressive, sometimes awfully so. He came from the far North, and belonged to the good, but intolerantly fanatical, small sect there, of whom Cook of Daviot, and Rory of Snizort, were noted representatives. Professedly, these men were extreme Protestants, as well as mystics who believed in signs and warnings, and words of prophecies. But their ultra-Protestant view of communion—they called it “the sacrament,” *par excellence*—closely approached the Roman Catholic doctrine of the Mass, and in some respects went beyond it. If the bread and wine were not transubstantiated or consubstantiated, still, for Mr Logie and his sect, the final effect was much the same. The Lord Jesus was present, not as the loving Redeemer, but as the terrible Judge. Communion was not a fellowship commemorative of Christ’s passion, of which all who humbly believed in Him as their Saviour were entitled to participate. On the contrary, it was a test of separation, by which the wheat and the tares were divided before the harvest—a little effective ordeal by which the great ordeal of the Day of Judgment was anticipated. Every “fencing,” or driving away warning, at the burnside—of which there was a long crescendo series, like an auctioneer’s catalogue—was clenched with St Paul’s words in an exaggerated sense, “For he that eateth and drinketh unworthily, eateth and drinketh damnation to himself, not discerning the Lord’s body.” The warnings themselves, however, were not St Paul’s, but Mr Logie’s, and the upshot of the whole “fencing,” as done by him, amounted to this, that nobody who had not gone through

a particular process, which by many *comharran* and signs he minutely specified, and received a supernatural assurance of personal redemption and justification, could be a true Christian; and that all others who called themselves Christians, and lived as such, trusting in the Lord, could only approach the Lord's Table with the certainty, in the strictest or widest sense, of eating and drinking damnation to themselves.

Mr Logie's particular spiritual fathers and brethren in the North, in trying to make the younger people among their parishioners Christians above measure, simply turned them into heathens, who were not only frightened away from communion but from holding their children to be baptised. Mr Logie was on the wrong side of the hills for doing all that. The baptising of children in his own parish went on as regularly as before, but he certainly caused a good many of his younger people from becoming communicants till a different man succeeded. The burnside communicants, especially the elderly ones—whom Ealag called the Grey Egyptians—were not frightened by Mr Logie. They remembered how in days gone by they were themselves trained by ministers who faithfully performed the work allotted to them, and who died in assured hope; and how those old trusted teachers of their youth, after careful instruction in Catechism and Bible knowledge, gathered them into full Church membership, telling them it was their duty thus openly to profess their faith in the Lord and their reliance on his grace. So Mr Logie's "fencing" sounded like a buzz of emptiness in the porches of their ears, and in spite of all creeds, confessions, and screeds of doctrines, they calmly continued in the belief that the Lord spread a table which was longer and wider than could be measured by Mr Logie's tape or that of any other man.

Although a poor scholar, Mr Logie very graphically described the military organisation of the Roman Empire, and showed how the soldiers swore a sacred oath to be true to their colours, and how the breaking of this *Sacramentum*

involved the greatest possible disgrace and the worst punishment. In itself this explanation was nothing new to the Old Egyptians. They had heard it many a time before. They were well aware that it was their bounden duty to be always as faithful soldiers of the Lord, as poor human nature, mercifully helped, would permit. They confessed in their hearts that they were poor soldiers and unprofitable servants, and prayed that they might be guided and helped more and more even to the end of the battle, which for most of them could not now, in the course of nature, be far off. But Mr Logie on this occasion closed in upon them with a new Sacramental Vow, or a new reading of the old one, which made many of them look across the burn to the deserted church with a sigh of regret. Mr Logie used language they had never heard before. It was his business to swear them in as Secessionists to be ever faithful to their new banner. He consecrated the new Church by banning the old.

But if Mr Logie imposed a new vow on the burnside communicants, he was now willing to absolve them from all the anathema of the "fencing." On imposing the new vow he spoke in almost direct contradiction to all he had said before. Now, all who abandoned the "Residuary Kirk" seemed to be, in his opinion, *ipso facto* redeemed—conversion or no—and he was doubly sure those who did not come out were hanging by threads over the abyss of Hell. In regard to the Kirk of his baptism and ordination vows—the mother Kirk of all present—an angel from heaven, according to Mr Logie, cried mightily with a strong voice on the 18th of May:—"Babylon the great is fallen, and is become the habitation of devils, and the hold of every foul spirit, and a cage of every unclean and hateful bird." Necessarily, therefore, those that remain in the ruined city, ministering to and associating with foul spirits and hateful birds—"shall drink of the wine of the wrath of God, which is poured out without mixture in the cup of his indignation, and they shall be tormented with fire and

brimstone in the presence of the holy angel, and in the presence of the Lamb; and the smoke of their torment ascendeth up for ever and ever."

As soon as the communion part of the services were over, the old people and servants who had to look after animals, left the field. But after a short break-up interval, the great majority of the audience resettled on the mounds to hear the concluding sermon.

They had already heard two men, who were both of them deeply religious and earnest, but of extremely different types. Mr Macphadrig represented the Universal Church perhaps more truly, if with less ability, than even Dr Chalmers himself. The Highland minister quietly sacrificed his comfortable position by going out of the Church, but he never became a sectarian, because it was not in his nature to get by any means a narrow idea of the All-Father's love and care for all His creatures. Mr Logic represented the holy fanaticism and mystical longings of the Protestant Ultramontaniam of the North. The Disruption disturbed his mental equilibrium, which was never particularly strong. His mystical tendencies hardened into fierce intolerance, assuming airs of prophecy and inspiration. Had he been left to his quiet meditations, and to his revival efforts, Mr Logic would have been in his proper vocation, and his life would have been as happy as his gloomy views of it possibly permitted. The Disruption swept him from his moorings, and he never afterwards settled down, nor soared aloft, but was a voice crying from tents and pulpits—"Woe! woe! woe and wrath to black Moderates and all the children of the Devil!" Before his death he became convinced that only a remnant of his own communion could be saved, and that the Free Kirk, as a body, was on the broad, easy way to perdition.

The young man with freckled face and sandy hair who preached the concluding sermon at the burnside communion represented the effective partisanship party, which were destined to be the future masters of the Free Kirk.

Already this young man's enthusiasm was not religious, but political and personal. His name was—let us say—Mr Macbeth, and he had been brought up at the feet of "Ten Years' Conflict" Gamaliels. He could appeal to the bigotry of others, and make use of it, while anything but a bigot himself.

In her foundation deeds, the Free Church, fresh from the bitter Voluntary controversy, abjured the Voluntary principle and reaffirmed the principle of the union of Church and State—circumstances permitting. But it soon became manifest that the younger men of the 18th of May would not to the end of their days abide by the principles on which the Free Church was founded. There were many among them who loved to figure on public platforms and to win the applause of political meetings. Mr Macbeth was one of this sort. He possessed immense talking power, but if he ever possessed good preaching gifts, he lost them almost entirely when working as perambulating agitator before and after the Disruption. So diligently had he studied the political history of Presbyterianism that it rubbed off all the divinity varnish with which he first courted notice. His mind was too shallow for the strong convictions which only grow where the roots can strike far down. His boundless ambition stood for him in the place of genius and inspiration. In the pulpit his eloquence was much like unto wind-bag gusts driven out of high-pressure bellows ; but on the platform, when tinselled with prepared jokes, it passed very well, and elicited rounds of applause. The narrow bounds of the Highlands did not suffice for the wing-spreading of Mr Macbeth's ambition. He ardently wished to be at the centre of Free Church gravity, and to have a hand in developing and directing the political capabilities of the best organised Protestant Dissenting body in the United Kingdom. He had already connected his angling lines with the leaders by whom the Free Church was governed, and his desire to be translated southward was about to be gratified.

Mr Macbeth took for his text the 15th verse of the 15th chapter of the Second Book of Chronicles :—" And all Judah rejoiced at the oath ; for they had sworn with all their hearts, and sought Him with their whole desire, and He was found of them ; and the Lord gave them rest round about." Mr Macbeth explained, in his political-lecture manner, how Azariah the prophet was sent to Asa, and how king and people, awakening from spiritual lethargy, and seeing that Israel had for a long time been without the true God, and without a teaching priest, and without law, gathered together at Jerusalem, and entered into a covenant to seek the God of their fathers with all their heart and with all their soul. Why did he not read the chapter, and let it speak for itself? Probably because, as a politician, he recoiled from the dreadful earnestness of the whole affair, and particularly from the punitive clause of the covenant, in which Judah and Benjamin and the strangers from the dispersed tribes, swore that, "Whosoever should not seek the Lord God of Israel should be put to death, whether small or great, whether man or woman." Mr Macbeth was not, like Mr Logie, ready to burn or be burned for what he held to be God's cause. He chose his text with an eye to effect, and the then state of feeling in the Free Church, and not for the extreme doctrine of persecution which the fore-said clause seemed to justify. His sermon, in truth, was a somewhat inflammatory political address, which hanged very loosely to the selected text. He had dexterously slipped long, neatly-written notes between the leaves of the Bible, which he ever and anon surreptitiously consulted. He was loud and emphatic enough, but he probably felt he was not so eloquent as could be wished, because his lecture was written in English, and he was not, like his two older colleagues, so completely master of the mountain tongue that he could off-hand, without hitches and constructional collapses, change his high-flown English into high-flown Gaelic. The gist of his discourse was that Scotland for a long time was forgetful of its covenant obligations—of the

oath sworn by the fathers—and that at last the “Ten Years’ Conflict” awoke it to a sense of duty. He maintained that, on the 18th of May, the true representatives of the Scotch Kirk and nation did at Edinburgh what the people of Judah and Benjamin, with the strangers from the dispersed tribes, did at Jerusalem 2790 years before. They cast off the yoke of sinful oppression, recovered spiritual freedom, and established a pure Church. He reminded the Glen people that they entered that day into a new covenant with the Lord, and became the sworn upholders of the Free Church. Let them ever strive faithfully to fulfil their covenant obligations, for what said the Lord in regard to the covenant-breakers?—“Therefore, saith the Lord God, as I live, surely mine oath that he hath despised, and My covenant that he hath broken, even it will I recompense upon his head.”

A MORNING SONG.

AWAKE! awake! behold the Sun God in the skies
His glorious course has just begun, arise!
His breath dissolves the opal mists of Morn,
With fiery haste he tears aside the veil of Dawn,
And hurls his golden javelins in the air;
The forest gloom is pierced, and everywhere
Is joy and light, therefore arise! arise!

ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL.

A SCOTCHWOMAN'S EXPERIENCES IN RUSSIA.

I.—FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

WISE folks often tell us “not to trust to first impressions,” but I believe that a writer’s first impressions, either of places or people, will be truer in the main, and convey a more lively and natural idea to a foreign reader, than thoroughly studied narratives can hope to do. Whenever I begin to study a man, I do not wait to be introduced to him. My first impression begins at his garden gate or his street door, and goes on gradually strengthening until I meet him face to face, and find my shadowy idea a living certainty. It is the same with a people; and in attempting to convey to you some of my ideas upon the social life of the Muscovite, I can only express my regret that I have not kept a regular journal, so that you might have my opinions red-hot, and glowing with all their quips and quirks, instead of the sober impressions of some seven years of intimate acquaintance with Russian life in town and country.

To begin, then, at the garden gate, or frontier, of this mighty empire, I must tell you that the railway journey is of the most monotonous description. Even the Austrian part of it is melancholy to a person who has travelled by the Sudbahn across the Semmering, down to Graz or Trieste, or round about by Brucke and Admont to Steier in Upper Austria. But when we took our tickets at the Nordbahn, one September day, and were transported across the sad-looking fallows and dying maize fields, illumined by a watery sunshine that made me sick at heart to see it, and with a presentiment that I was going to see something unknown and wonderful in its way, but so sad

that I had no colours to paint it with, it was then that I felt, for the first time in my life, a sense of utter loneliness. And as we went on, past the dark-red brick edifices of Cracow, past Lemberg, which already gave me a foretaste of sorrow, until we reached the Russian frontier at Woloczyska, I felt myself to be nearing a land where there are many things dark and hard to be understood. Here our free-born Britonism avails us nothing; we must hand in our passports, bearing the *visa* of a Russian consul, without which our documents would be *nul*. *Gendarmes* swarm about the doorway, and look into our faces with scrutinizing impertinence, and red-shirted, huge-booted *moudjiks* seize our belongings, and arrange them round a kind of sheep pen, the boxes and portmanteaux on the floor, the hand-bags, &c., on a kind of counter running round it. Here everybody is harried and bullied, and made to pay blackmail, unless, indeed, they happen to have a friend at court, in the person of one of the officials who is not too delicate to receive the gift, which simplifies and expedites business to a great extent in Russia.

It is over! We have not possessed a single contraband article, or a single obnoxious document, but we had to be bullied and we have been, and we may be thankful that we have got off scot-free, and just go and ask for our passports in a proper manner, and be thankful again for that when we get them. We take some refreshment, change our money, and take our tickets in red-hot haste, for we suppose that we are going off in a hurry, railroad fashion. But we need not alarm ourselves. Folks do things in leisurely fashion hereabouts, and only when half-a-dozen officials have walked up and down the train, looked over the tickets, and especially looked over the passengers, are we allowed to proceed. The train creeps slowly onward across the corn lands of Volhynia and Podolia, where a fine dust from the fields filters into the lungs, and renders respiration a matter of difficulty. On, on, lumbering and snorting goes the engine across the dreary stubble and

ploughed lands, which are enlivened at intervals by patches of huge sunflowers, and saddened by the aspect of some haggard half-naked peasants, listlessly pursuing their occupations. Every half-hour or so the train stops to set down some of the motley group of passengers, and take up others almost precisely similar. Each person's luggage seems to consist principally of a thick rug and a couple of greasy-looking pillows, the comfortable adjustment of which appears to be the chief pre-occupation of their owners. Every platform literally teems with humanity, a greasy ragged mass, reeking with perspiration, and redolent of oil and garlic, swaying backwards and forwards in the hot afternoon sunshine. The remembrance of it is perfectly sickening! The troops of Jews in skull-cap and gaberdine, with their sharp, red-ringed eyes, corkscrew ringlets, and hooked noses, gesticulating to a group of slow, heavy-looking peasants, in ragged sheep skins and birch bark slippers. In another place, an elegant gentleman, like an animated fashion-plate, passes quickly through the crowd, followed by a train of obsequious servants and officials, eager to do honour to the rich proprietor or sugar manufacturer of the district.

On again, and then a long stoppage—what is it?—there is no station; nothing to be seen but a long waste of stubble and bare earth, and, in the distance, a thin line of forest. An officer, who is acquainted with my travelling companions, comes into our carriage, and announces that another train is late, and that we must wait until it has passed. *Skoutchna, da, ochen skoutchna* (tedious, yes, very tedious), he remarks, staring at me, as if he expected me to confirm his statement. He then proceeds to enliven our waiting with some local gossip, and so the time passes till we move slowly on again, and our interesting acquaintance goes back to his companions in another carriage to announce that M—— N—— has returned from *granitza* (literally *frontier*, in general conversation meaning abroad).

The next day we come in sight of the holy city of Kieff, the goal of so many pilgrimages, and the scene of so many battles in the earlier history of Russia. My companions get excited, for they are nearing home, and I begin to wonder whether I shall find myself as absolutely cast adrift as my inmost heart forebodes.

We get out of the train, and are borne hither and thither by the seething mass of humanity on the platform. I feel myself bewildered by the stupid-looking moudjiks, with their long tow-like beards, heavy faces, and stolid expressionless eyes, that seem to look at us in an uncanny sort of fashion. I can understand nothing in the Babel of sounds as I stumble onward, and try to look glad to have arrived in port. My companions are dimly visible in the distance, accompanied by an extraordinary looking individual in an old greasy cap and threadbare topcoat, where bits of string do duty for button-holes. This individual takes off his cap as I approach, and says *swdrastie* (how d'ye do), the sound of which I try to imitate, and send my companions into fits of laughter. This shabby personage turns out to be a footman of a saving turn of mind, who, after helping us into a well-appointed park phaeton, drawn by a handsome pair of black horses, goes back again into the crowd to get our luggage.

The scene outside the station beggars description. Men, women, children, horses and vehicles pell mell, and every person shouting in a discordant manner. The things which amuse me most are the droschkies, queer little carriages like double-sized perambulators, drawn by half-starved animals, and driven by coachmen in dirty old cloth pelisses, made to fit the waist, and with thick lined skirts gathered into the band, while the garments are finished off with a striped sash, or a many-coloured belt. Our coachman has a dress precisely similar, only that his is of fine dark green cloth to match the colour of the carriage; his waistband is almost new, and he wears a low-crowned beaver hat strangely turned up at the sides, and white leathern gloves.

The black horses tear along the muddy road, past the miserable little houses at the entrance to the town, past the statue of Count Bobryuski, who was the first to introduce the manufacture of sugar from beetroot into his native country; past the botanical garden, and up the hill towards the University, whose dull dirty red contrasts vividly with the yellow hue of all the brick houses. We pass most of our travelling companions, the majority of whom are majestically enthroned among their dirty pillows on a droschki. I have been shaking internally ever since we left the railway station, but the sight of a fat Jew, in all the glory of ringlets, gaberdine, grease, and tatters, perched up aloft, and holding up an enormous whitey-brown cotton umbrella to protect himself from the sun, quite overcomes me, and I burst into uncontrollable laughter.

Had it not been for this incident, I must have cried, the feeling of isolation was so strong within me. I felt that I had left so much of the old life behind me, and that I was being rattled and jolted over the stony streets to an undesired haven.

M. O. W.

[TO BE CONTINUED].

LOVE OF HIGHLANDERS FOR ANCIENT CUSTOMS.

ONE of the inherent qualities of the native-born Highlander is to adhere tenaciously to the habits and customs of his forebears. These are regarded with reverence, and however obsolete and even inconvenient these forms and usages may be in practice, yet any departure from the beaten track is regarded with suspicion. The Highland people, as a class, are very religious, but not only are they a religious community, but they are scrupulously particular as to the exact form in which expression shall be given to that religion. I think that Macaulay's description of the Puritan is most applicable to the Highlanders of the present day :—" They were men whose minds had derived a peculiar character from the daily contemplation of superior beings and eternal interests. . . . They rejected with contempt the ceremonious homage which other sects substituted for the pure worship of the soul. . . . If they were unacquainted with the works of philosophers and poets, they were deeply read in the oracles of God. If their names were not found in the registers of heralds, they felt assured that they were recorded in the Book of Life. If their steps were not accompanied by a splendid train of menials, legions of ministering angels had charge over them. Their palaces were houses not made with hands ; their diadems, crowns of glory which should never fade away." Simplicity is one of the outstanding features of the Presbyterian form of worship. But from the Reformation down to the present day, chanting, in connection with the service of praise, has always been practised. This, indeed, was essential, as the bulk of the worshippers could neither read

nor write, and the office of precentor came to be regarded as one second in importance only to that of the minister. Of late years, however, most Highland congregations have abolished the chanting, or "the putting out of the line," in connection with the English service. This has not, however, been given effect to without very serious misgivings on the part of a section in every congregation. Indeed, so serious has the matter been regarded by some congregations that they actually divided into two separate charges. There is at least one instance of this kind in Ross-shire.

The more serious people regard the singing of "new" tunes with disfavour, but notwithstanding their repugnance to them, they are now sung at the English diet of worship in all parts of the Highlands.

Some years ago I witnessed a scene in a Ross-shire congregation which I am not likely to forget. The white-headed precentor—a veteran of fifty years' continuous precenting in both English and Gaelic—ventured one day to introduce a "new" tune. With all the solemnity that the time and place demanded, and with all the variations and intonations of voice practised by precentors of the old school, he gave out the line,

"Is òran nuadh chuir e a'm' bheul,"

(He put a new song in my mouth), when upstarted an old woman in the body of the Church, and exclaimed in a loud screeching voice, and with her right arm stretched out in a defiant attitude, "Ah! Is tu tha feumach gu'n d'rachadh oran nuadh na d' bheul." (Ah! It's you that's needing that a new song should go into your mouth).

In the same district of country, I was an eye-witness of another scene in a church, which also illustrates the aversion of the native-born Highlander to a change. It appears that one of the teachers of the parish fell upon the laudable plan of instructing the youth of the congregation which he attended in knowledge of psalmody. After the pupils

had attained some proficiency, they got a qu'et hint to sit as near the "lentren" the following Sabbath as they possibly could, without making themselves conspicuous in any way, and form a sort of concealed choir. The teacher's wishes were duly carried out, so far as the attendance of the pupils was concerned. The opening psalm was announced, and the precentor (the teacher) gave out the key-note by the aid of a pitch-pipe. When the congregation, or at anyrate a big section of them, realised that the unusual sound which they heard came from no other source than a "human instrument," they rushed to the doors with the same velocity of speed as although the whole building was in a blaze. The serious people have a decided objection to choirs. The "Fathers," they argue, never made use of them, and they were known to be better and holier men than those of the present day.

Shortly before the death of the late Rev. Dr George Mackay, of the Free North Church, Inverness, a similar pious joke was perpetrated upon him. His precentor also was at pains in instructing the youth of the congregation in church music. The members of the class were requested to sit as near the pulpit as possible at the night service, when their individuality would not be so apparent. Now, those who knew the doctor well, knew that he had a very fair knowledge of psalmody—at anyrate of the more common tunes. Upon one particular Sunday evening one of the doctor's favourite tunes (Selma) was sung to his entire satisfaction. Before dismissing the congregation that evening, he complimented them upon their excellent singing. Addressing his people, he said, "Oh, my dear congregation, it's me that's proud of you to-night. The beautiful way in which you sung that last tune touched my very heart. Choirs, indeed ! Nothing but choirs now-a-days for the people of the present day, who run after anything that's new. What use is there for a choir when the whole body of the people could sing so sweetly as you have done to-night. We hear of this, that, and the other congregation.

introducing an organ, but I should like to know what organ can compare with the human voice. None! and never shall." Dr Mackay's humorous disposition was well known, and even on this occasion to which we refer this trait of character came prominently to the front. Continuing his reference to the organ, he said that if they (his congregation) would be obliged to fall back upon a "human instrument" to aid them in their service of praise, they would have nothing to do with an organ—it was an instrument of foreign manufacture—they would use the bagpipe. What was more likely than that Highland people should use a Highland instrument? While the question of using instrumental music was discussed at the Inverness Free Church Presbytery shortly before the doctor's death, he, with a twinkle in his eye, and a smile on his countenance, turned round to an elder, who was a member of Presbytery, and who, in his younger days, was known to give an occasional blow at the *piob mor*, and asked him—"Could you let us have *French* on the bagpipes?" This austere individual, with an attempt at smiling, replied—"Yes, and *Balerna* too, Doctor; but," he added, "when I want to sing God's praises I use my own pipe."

While I am on the subject of "human music," I shall relate the substance of a meeting held in Ross-shire a few years ago. Its object was to condemn the "innovations" that had been creeping into the public worship of the Church. One of the resolutions passed was, in effect, the condemnation of the use of human hymns and instrumental music in the worship of the sanctuary. One of the speakers characterised the hymns as being compositions of the Pope, and that people now-a-days had the audacity to bind those human hymns within the same boards, and under the same skin, as the blessed psalms of David. Another speaker at the same meeting, in speaking to one of the resolutions, gave a graphic description of a visit he paid to St Giles' Cathedral. He said that while on a visit to Edinburgh on a recent occasion, he asked where he could hear the

best organ in town, and that he was told to go to St Giles. He went, and he saw a massive one there. He did not know how many men were inside the "box," but there were a great many, because he saw their fingers going like the wind. The organ, he said, had a massive wheel on the end of it, which reminded him (the speaker) of a turnip cutter. It was very obedient, as it would sing anything that it was told to do—"Annie Laurie" or one of the psalms. They in the Highlands were in the habit of worshipping on the hill-side, and if the organ got a shower of rain it would be impossible for it to sing any more, and so on. I need hardly add that all these sentiments were heartily endorsed by all present.

In all rural parishes if anything in the shape of novelty was introduced it met with the severest condemnation. For instance, one very respectable man was actually refused baptism for no other avowed reason than because he wore an unusually long beard. The Session, presided over by the minister, met in solemn conclave, and took the case into their most serious and "prayerful" consideration; but, after a protracted consultation, the ordinance was refused unless the applicant agreed to shave off his beard, and assume the appearance of all other "respectable" persons. "John" was not to be put off in this way. Anticipating the conclusion that the meeting would come to, he produced a picture of John Knox which he, up to this time, had carefully concealed beneath his coat. How, he asked the whole Session, could they refuse him baptism for his child on such a slender pretence, when the father of the Church wore such an excellent crop till the day of his death? The device resorted to by this wily parishioner nonplussed the Session, and it had the desired effect, and no further resistance was offered. If a minister was seen out of doors on Saturday, it redounded much to his unpopularity. He ought to be better engaged, and any faithful minister should not be away from his study on the preparation day, were the favourite sentiments which were generally expressed on such occasions. But not only were they

particular as to the minister's deportment on Saturday, but also his dress and personal appearance had to be in proper form when he did come out. A minister to appear in any other dress than broad cloth, or any other head-gear than the milestone, was not respectable. If a minister was over-fat, of course he did not apply himself sufficiently to his studies; if of a light build on the other hand—Ah! in that case he was not like a minister—he was more like a play-actor. In fact, it was next to an impossibility to please the entire body of the people, and none were readier at fault-finding than those who did not contribute fifty-two half-pennies towards his maintenance. I repeatedly heard adverse criticism passed upon persons for even attending to the rudiments of good manners. Fault was found with a man for showing his wife into the communion table before him. The same critics were equally severe with some ladies who wore veils and gloves while partaking of the communion. Every community has its own particular and peculiar code of morals, and the individual, or individuals, male or female, who do not conform to them in every detail is anathema in the estimation of the remainder of the people.

In the early years of the century, when schooling began to take a footing in those northern parts, the natives offered a most obstinate resistance to every form of innovation. Roads and bridges were objects of special detestation, and constant hostility was offered to them. It is a matter of history that the natives destroyed these whenever a favourable opportunity presented itself. Agriculture on scientific principles met with similar opposition. The minds of the people were so filled with superstitious notions and tales of witchcraft and supernatural interference, that they were incapable of paying attention to anything else, unless to the festive avocations of attendance upon weddings and funerals, which were generally rendered memorable by some bloody conflict, or other melancholy occurrence.

ALEX. M. ROSS.

A TRIP IN NORTH GERMANY.

PART II.

UNIVERSAL conscription has great advantages along with its patent disadvantages, or some 5,000,000 sensible Germans would not willingly give up from a year to three years of their lives to ensure the safety of their country. Probably it will never be adopted in England. Playing at soldiering has taken its place, and I fear that some day volunteering will prove itself to have been but a sorry stopgap.

Spoliation is now our shibboleth—let us take from others what they have won by the work of which we are afraid ourselves. In the words of Carlyle, words, too, suggested to him by his study of the German Friedrich the Great:—“These prosperities seem to be covering the at one time creditably clean and comely face of England with mud-blotches, soot-blotches, miscellaneous horrors and squalors; to be preaching into her amazed heart, which once knew better, the omnipotence of shoddy; filling her ears and soul with shrieking and metallic clangour, mad noises, and mad hurries mostly no-whither; and are awakening, I suppose, in such of her sons as still go into reflection at all, a deeper and more ominous set of questions than have ever arisen in England’s history before. As in the foregoing case, we have to be patient and keep hoping.”

I must confine myself to one illustration of the educational value of the conscription system. In the course of a conversation with a most intelligent and worthy old German with whom I was arguing the English view, the old man said to me:—“Consider the case of a country yokel who comes in for his three years’ dienst. During his service he is repeatedly sent out on scout duty in country

strange to him. He has to go out and observe the country, the woods, the hills, the rivers; to estimate the number of villages and their inhabitants; to look out for points of vantage and of defence, and perform the other duties of a scout. On his return he has to make his report to his commanding officer on paper as well as by word of mouth. Are the quickened faculties, the habits of observation to sleep when his service is completed? Not so. That man becomes a better artizan, a better mechanic, a better labourer; and the nation, which is but a collection of such units, is the richer by his improvement." This gentleman assured me that the great majority of Germans gladly underwent the toil and loss of time entailed by the system for the sake of their country. He may have been mistaken—of his sincerity there was no question.

This enthusiasm of the Germans for their country was nothing new to me. Even in the Pacific it was a by-word among us. Of course it is new, and is caused by the marvellous strides to the front made by the empire in the last few years. Hannover has risen in five years from 40,000 to 150,000 inhabitants. But though it is refreshing, it is perhaps less striking than the system and order that pervades German life. The railway officials and the Customs officers, the police and the postmen, are old soldiers, men of tried character and trustworthiness. And if the first three classes expect their commands to be law and flourish their petty authority constantly before one's face, it should be remembered that we outlanders are the only people who notice it. The people themselves recognise that what seems to us constant official interference is a necessity of the conscription system, and say that a little attention to regulations is sufficient to avoid friction.

It is a belief among us that, "with all our faults, we dearly love a lord." But even a Britisher is staggered at the number of busts, pictures, and photographs of the Kaiser to be seen in any German town. Bismarck is nothing to the Kaiser. Popular as the old Kaiser was, his

grandson threatens to outbid him. Kaiser Friedrich is seldom spoken of. Occasionally I heard a German say that the Hohenzollerns were all soldiers, but in Kaiser Friedrich they hoped to have had a scholar as well. But even these would tell you that perhaps it was as well things had turned out as they did. But in the Kaiser-worship I saw little snobbery. They look upon their Kaiser as the head of their race, and have a family pride in him that is unknown to us. The two sons of the present Kaiser are expected next year at one of the schools in Hannover, to go through the ordinary course of a German school-boy. I met a German who had been at the University with the ill-fated Kaiser Friedrich, and who had seen some certificate of his on which the entries were :—

FATHER'S NAME.	FATHER'S PROFESSION.
Wilhelm von Hohenzollern.	Reigning Prince.
PROFESSION TO BE ADOPTED BY STUDENT.	
Reigning Prince.	

From school they go to the Universities, where they have neither special rooms nor honorary degrees. Do my readers remember the passage where Bulwer Lytton makes Pelham say—"After three years of this life, being of royal descent, I became entitled to an honorary degree, which is obtained by pale men in spectacles after thirty-six months of intense application." In the Berlin shop-windows I saw everywhere a picture of the Kaiser's three little boys, dressed, as soldiers, with swords and uniforms, and underneath the words "*Unsere drei jüngsten Rekruten*"—our three youngest recruits. This is not at all our way of thinking: our Royal Family is a separate caste, whose works seem so small and whose privileges so great that many an honest Englishman thinks the sentiment of loyalty mere affectation. It was quite evident to me that the devotion of the Germans to their reigning family rested on a double foundation, that the Kaisers are of themselves, and that the Kaisers are a credit to them. Let those who doubt this read Carlyle on the Hohenzollerns. From his Friedrich

the Great I extract the following, which refers to Friedrich the Great's father and his Court :—"Born Hyperboreans these others ; rough as hemp, and stout of fibre as hemp : native products of the rigorous North. O Heaven, they have had long lines of rugged ancestors, cast in the same rude stalwart mould, of whom we know absolutely nothing ! Dumb all these preceding busy generations ; and this of Friedrich Wilhelm is grown almost dumb. Grim, semi-articulate Prussian men : gone all to pipe-clay and moustache for us. Strange, blond-complexioned, not unbeautiful Prussian honourable women—*ach Gott*, they too are gone : and the hollow eternities have swallowed them, as their wont is, in a very surprising manner." That this character should have modified is no wonder. How the picture resembles our old Elizabethan seamen ! But there has not yet been a Hohenzollern a nonentity. Backbone and grit they all have : enormous power of work and leadership. Small wonder Prussia is loyal to its Hohenzollern sovereigns, or that its feelings towards its Kings are different to ours. The thinking Englishman may well question whether the rule of a race like the Hohenzollerns and Bismarck, and the obedience of a people who have deserved such rulers, are not preferable to our many-headed Government and the freedom and independence of a people at the sway of every blethering gas-pipe.

Of music I have nothing to say. I have not yet quite recovered from it. Before I left I used to seek out places where no band was provided. Our theatres, too, have little to learn from Germany, except in prices. Less attention is paid there to the people who in this land have boxes filling up the best parts of the theatre. In Germany the "swells" paid their 3s like anybody else, and sat alongside of me, without, so far as I saw, suffering from the contact.

Just before I left, Hannover was *en fête* for the Kaiser's visit and the great manoeuvres. The decorations were superb ; no expense was spared. All the principal streets were lighted up with electric light, and the scene from the

station up Bahnhof Strasse and Georg Strasse by Ægidienthor Platz to the old Schloss, over whose entrance the lion and the unicorn of the Georges still ramp, was one of the finest sights I ever saw. There was a grand parade on the 12th, and the manœuvres on the 13th and 14th, the former very dusty, the latter very rainy. The enthusiasm was indescribable. One Edinburgh lady paid 10s for a seat in the theatre on Sunday night to see the Kaiser. She sat with her face to the Court box, and her back to the stage, the whole evening, in order to shew her disapproval of the Sunday performance and as a salve to her conscience. But the Kaiser never appeared at all!

The German language is a tremendous invention. Even Carlyle says that to this day it is a frightful dialect for the pedant, though in the hands of the gifted it becomes supremely good. Four months should give an ordinary person decent colloquial knowledge and understanding of it. But let beginners avoid filling up gaps of ignorance with English words, else will their fall be great, and they will electrify their audience, as a young lady did one evening in our house, when she asserted that it would rain "Der mond sieht so mistig ans." English is much more widely known in Germany than in France; and my experience was that Englishmen are very kindly received by all Germans.

A few notes on cost may be acceptable to finish up with. For those whose ideas are small, who wish to learn the language, and will eschew English pensionats and hotels, who travel male and alone, and who wish to know only Germans, they can live on 4s a day most comfortably. A German student friend of mine lived in a room in Hannover, fairly large and comfortable, for which he paid 15s a month, and had his morning coffee, bread and butter included. The other meals, of course, he took outside. You cannot dine in Germany anywhere under 1s a day, but for 1s 6d you can get a three-course dinner, with bread and cheese, and a bottle of good white wine. This I was

able to get even in Berlin, in the Leipziger Strasse. I estimate 11 o'clock Frühstück at 6d ; dinner at 2 o'clock, 1s 6d ; abendbrod, 6d ; coffee, &c., 6d ; and room, 6d—making altogether 3s 6d per diem. To this our traveller will add cigars at $\frac{1}{2}$ d each, beer at $1\frac{1}{2}$ d the "seidel," and very good ; and, theatres and music cafés being left out of account, he should manage very comfortably on £6 a month.

I found it easy to arrange with a German medical student to interchange an hour of English for an hour of German, on the mutual obligation system. And this plan is strongly to be recommended, for if my traveller is a decent sort of person, his German student will take him out, and introduce him to the student life of Germany, which enables him to pass his evenings both profitably and pleasantly. And if other travellers find as kind and hospitable friends as I did, and as good fellows among the students, their visit to North Germany cannot but prove an instructive and enjoyable holiday.

J. F. CARRUTHERS.

THE RAISING OF H.M.S. "SULTAN."

AFTER sunset on a calm evening in the month of August last, a weird and impressive scene was witnessed in the Grand Harbour of Malta by many hundreds of interested spectators. It was the return of H.M.S. "Sultan," a battered and dismantled hulk, into the port from which, but a few months before, she had sailed in all the pride of her might. With laboured progress she slowly approached, surrounded by innumerable small craft, whose lamps twinkled on all sides. The sob and clang of the pumps were ceaseless, and the lurid glare of blazing torches threw into bold relief the forms of the jubilant rescuers.

Science, combined with steady perseverance, had at length gained the day, and one could only regret that British skill and labour had had no part in the splendid success. What follows is the story of the raising of the "Sultan" briefly told.

At the middle of March, a great gale, or Northern storm, drove the unfortunate ship off the rock on which she first struck to a position still nearer the dangerous cliffs of Comino. A week thereafter she was assailed by successive gales from various quarters, her funnels and part of the superstructure were carried away, and such damage inflicted on the hull by the sharp rocks against which she had previously been dashed that all hopes of her recovery were abandoned, and, finally, her name was struck off the list of the Queen's Navy.

At this juncture, however, an Italian salvage company came forward, and effected a contract with the Admiralty, the terms being that they would receive £50,000 if they succeeded in bringing the ship inside the mouth of the Grand Harbour at Malta, or £10,000 should their attempts ultimately prove futile.

Without loss of time, one of their fleet, the "Utile," was despatched from Genoa, and on arriving at Malta on the 1st of June, at once proceeded to the scene of operations. This vessel, formerly an Italian gunboat, presented a somewhat striking appearance owing to the presence on her fore-deck of a large steam crane, capable of raising from 40 to 50 tons.

There was much speculation as to how a vessel of her size could possibly raise an ironclad of such weight, encumbered, moreover, with heavy guns and full coal-bunkers. The Naval authorities were more than sceptical as to the issue of the enterprise.

The "Utile's" staff consisted of a very able French engineer, M. Chambon, six divers, and a number of skilled carpenters, smiths, and enginemen, making a total of about 50 hands. With the exception of ten extra men, hired from the neighbouring island of Gozo to work the air-pumps, all these had proportionate shares in the Company, and it was, therefore, each individual's interest to work with a will in their race against time. For, after the preliminary survey, the engineer stated that he believed the raising to be merely a question of time—but added unless it was accomplished before the end of August, when violent gales arise, the undertaking would have to be abandoned. The share system upon which the Company was organised was, therefore, without doubt an important factor in the operations which were ultimately crowned with such signal success. By the 26th of August, the engineer, by means of his divers and assistants, who laboured with might and main day and night, succeeded in bringing the work to a satisfactory conclusion. Had operations been delayed for even one more week, a disastrous failure would have been the result. The first stage of the operations was a survey of the bottom by the divers to ascertain the injuries done to the hull—this, owing to the list of the ship, they were unable to effect on the port side, but from the absence of rocks in the vicinity they judged that it was practically

intact. On the starboard side, amongst sundry minor injuries, three huge rents were found, one being nearly twenty feet in diameter. The iron plates, too, were battered and much damaged throughout a length of two hundred feet. To get at them it was necessary first of all to clear away all adjacent rocks, and as these were of soft porous stones they were bored without much difficulty, and carefully removed by small charges of dynamite. This done, the laborious task of patching up the holes commenced, and was accomplished in the following manner. The carpenters, having established a rough workshop on the hurricane deck, shaped and bored wooden beams, according to dimensions supplied by the divers, to form a square pentagonal or hexagonal framework, as the shape of the respective rents required.

Each beam was sent down separately and bolted on externally by the divers, who had meanwhile drilled holes for this purpose through the iron plates surrounding the apertures. Across the completed framework were then nailed stout planks, beginning from the bottom, while behind them bricks and quick-drying cement were built in course by course—the whole forming a strong and impervious casing. By degrees the pumping engines and gear arrived from Genoa and were hoisted by the “Utile’s” crane on to the deck of the “Sultan,” where they were fixed to platforms constructed to counteract the heel of the ship.

These pumps, six in number, were of two kinds, the “Gwynnie,” an English, and the “Worthington,” an American type of engine, the former being the more powerful of the two, and capable of raising 500 tons of water per hour.

The operations being as novel as they were interesting, many excursions were made from Malta to witness them, the trippers as a rule returning with some piece of wood or brasswork wrenched from the fittings as a souvenir of the ill-fated ship.

On one occasion a Major of a distinguished regiment picked up a large screwbolt lying on the deck, and was picturing it in his mind's eye in the form of a silver-mounted inkpot, when he was seized by an irate engineman, and forced to surrender his booty. It turned out to be a most important portion of one of the pumping engines, which a smith had incautiously deposited in the vicinity of the gallant Major a few minutes before. However, with the exception, perhaps, of the steering wheel, which was converted into an umbrella stand, thus combining the useful with the ornamental, the looted articles greatly depreciated in value when the "Sultan" once more became a *homo belli*.

On approaching Comino, the striking contrast between the helpless wreck and the busy salvage ship reminded one of the well-known trade mark—the lion, the net, and the mouse. Standing on the bows, and looking into the clear Mediterranean water, one saw on a calm day the track which the "Sultan's" keel had furrowed in the treacherous bottom, the large yellow patches where the jagged sandstone rocks had been blown away, and a *debris* of tangled rope and rusting shot and shell lying eight fathoms below, amongst which shoals of fish lazily disported themselves. Moored along the starboard side some four or five boats kept up a steady supply of air to the workers below, whose positions were indicated by a ceaseless uprush of pearly bubbles. On the "Sultan's" bulwark men busily lowered and raised by means of whips the wicker brick basket or bucket of cement, and as the latter disappeared into the azure depth, leaving behind a muddy trail, one could hardly realise that its contents would in a few brief minutes be hardened into an unyielding solidity.

Occasionally a diver would loom up from below to indulge in a brief rest, or report progress to his indefatigable chief, M. Chambon, who was everywhere to be seen directing and urging on the work. Fine stalwart men were these toilers of the deep, all hailing from Northern Italy, famous for their endurance below water

both as regards time and depth, with ruddy faces and jet-black hair, set off by the scarlet worsted cap which they wore to protect the forehead from the pressure of the metal head-piece. Here and there along the deck were carpenters closing up all hatchways and openings by building wooden casings round some to allow the hose-pipes ingress to the decks below, and hermetically sealing others with planks and cement. On a rough day they might be seen with sledge-hammers, in water two feet deep and saturated with the waves which continually broke over them, driving spike nails. On the 29th of July all the external work was completed ; the boilers were filled with fresh water, which had to be brought daily from Valetta, and the engines were set to work. The results greatly exceeded expectations, the water in the main deck having on the first day been reduced seven feet. The water, however, quickly poured in again as soon as the pumps were stopped, but on the following day the divers descended and closed some open ports and holes which had previously escaped attention. They were very loth at first to explore this deck, as there was great danger of getting their pipes fouled among the *debris* and guns, which, as all was in darkness, they could only distinguish by touch. In the end, however, every single aperture, no matter how trifling, was stopped up, and thus the water which entered after the day's work ceased was pumped out in proportionately less time on each succeeding morning.

While matters were looking most favourable, the operators met with two serious reverses. The first was a sudden gale which raised a heavy sea from the North, knocked the structures on the deck about considerably, and temporarily stopped the work. The other was the bursting of the cylinder of one of their most powerful engines, owing to the carelessness of its driver. It was at once sent to Malta to be repaired, and a telegram dispatched to Genoa asking for two more engines to make up for the three or four days' loss of time occasioned by this

unfortunate mishap. They duly arrived, and with their aid the main deck was pumped dry on the 10th of August. According to the opinion of the engineer, only $7\frac{1}{2}$ feet of water, the depth of the deck below, now remained to be dealt with to enable the "Sultan" to float, as he considered it unnecessary to attack the hold at all. The accuracy of his calculations were a week later verified, when the huge mass began slowly to leave its rocky bed. After two more days the ship was fairly afloat, but owing to the wind and sea rising, she was allowed to sink again, to avoid the danger of drifting towards the rock-bound shore.

On the 24th of August, the weather being more settled, the "Sultan" again rose, after a few hours' pumping on the part of the eight engines. The engineer did not even then consider that the water was sufficiently reduced and under control to warrant a move being made. For two days, therefore, she remained moored firmly to buoys which had been previously laid on the port-side in anticipation of such a contingency.

On the 26th she was taken in tow by the Government tug "Samson," and, escorted by the "Utile" and another steamer belonging to the Salvagers, started for Valetta, thirteen miles distant.

A proud moment, indeed, it was for the man whose master mind had conceived, and for those whose unceasing labour had carried out his great project, as the weather-beaten ironclad reached her moorings in Bighi Bay, amidst the acclamations of the assembled crowds in the dusk of the autumn evening.

Thus was accomplished the greatest operation of the kind that has ever been attempted and attended with success, and one more example was added to the list of the vast strides made by engineering in the nineteenth century.

NOTES ON THE BOTANY OF THE
REAY COUNTRY.

I.

EMERSON says, "Our botany is all names, not powers; poets and romancers talk of herbs of grace and healing; but what does the botanist know of the virtues of his weeds?" The reproach is not without an element of truth in it, just enough to give it point. It is, or at least was till not long ago, pretty accurate to say that botany was a science of names, and not of facts. Students of this subject were content if they succeeded in classifying the vegetable kingdom, so as to group together the various species that had enough in common with each other to warrant their being called a genus. In order to make this classification, it became necessary to invent and compile a most copious vocabulary of scientific terms, which have long been a terror to the seeker after knowledge. This ponderous list, amounting to something like a new language, was serviceable for the purpose of showing clearly (to those who knew the jargon) the several characteristics by which the species were marked, and the classification thus made was supposed to constitute a science.

We have improved upon this state of matters since Emerson's time. The advance of knowledge has led us to see that plants have in them an element of far greater interest than was apparent to the pioneers in this great field. Wordsworth struck the keynote of a higher wisdom when he expressed his belief that every flower enjoyed the air it breathed. It was in very deed the opening of a vista, at the end of which might be seen what was practically a new world. The path has been followed, and what was so recently a mere guess has now been exalted into the region of pretty accurate information. It is this, that plant life is the same in kind with animal life, though not the same in

degree. What a different view this gives us of the flowers of the field, and the trees of the forest! They are to us no longer mere inanimate forms, they are possessed of life similar to our own, though they do not possess so much of it. It is supposed that they are gifted with sensations of their own, and further researches may confirm this also. Instinct may be theirs, and there is a great deal to be said about them that makes this not at all unlikely. There is, for example, to be seen in many plants a singular faculty for taking hold of circumstances, and making use of them. The weak, tender plants of spring make their abodes in places the most inaccessible to the enemies that would most readily attack them. Look at the primrose and the wood sorrel. How beautiful they are, and yet how defenceless in themselves. If they were in the open plain they would have no chance of existence. Cows and sheep would, with utter disregard of the loveliness of these fragile forms, reduce them to nothingness. Prudence makes up for the want of strength, and these gems of Flora's kingdom take shelter in places where such rude marauders cannot intrude. Look in the midst of jagged rocks, and under the protecting shade of the hard uncompromising thorn, and there you will see the opening eyes of the violet and the primrose. There they grow and flourish. Their four-footed foes are at a safe distance, and even the human invader finds it at times not too easy to get at the retreats to which they have betaken themselves.

Other plants there are that have escaped destruction by making themselves indispensable to mankind. Of such are the cereals—wheat, barley, oats, and others. These are naturally still weaker than those that have been mentioned. So far from being able to choose their habitation, they are simply incapable of living at all, except when diligently cultivated by careful hands. Let wheat and oats alone for a year or two—let there be no cutting down in the harvest, and no storing up in barns—and what follows? Death to the plant, and a growth of rank weeds, that are as useless

as they are unsightly. This must not be allowed, for we cannot afford to let these gifts of Nature perish. They are too useful to be lost sight of, or allowed to pine neglected and alone. This is why we take such care at sowing time to scatter the seed in the ground that has been prepared for it, and that in harvest we store up the grain, that next season we may sow again. It is just a case of bargaining together for mutual profit. We protect the cereals, and they in return serve to feed us, and also to feed those animals that are most useful to us. The fruit trees of our gardens have, in their own way, adopted a policy of the same kind. In the course of ages they have acquired the power of producing apples, cherries, plums, and others—all pleasant and wholesome food. This service is requited by the jealous care that every good gardener takes of the trees that serve so well a double purpose, both of ornament and utility. And thus the process of mutual help is continued and improved upon from generation to generation.

Plants there are, not a few, that have learned to save themselves from extinction in a way less agreeable and less beneficial. Instead of making themselves too useful to be given up to ruin, they have grown to be difficult, if not dangerous, to meddle with. There is the *Senecio*, or common Ragweed, a weed as well known perhaps as any that grows. Of very little use is it to either man or beast. Yet it lives and prospers like many other idlers and cumbers of the ground. It defies, I had almost said it laughs at, every four-footed creature that lives on the green herbs of the field. For it has acquired a taste the most nauseous. Not so bitter as the artemisia, or wormwood, another member of the same tribe, yet bad enough to make it perfectly safe, unless it be in times of the greatest scarcity, when cattle, like other beings, have to take, not what they like, but what they can get. If the Ragweed is unpleasant to the taste, the Foxglove is poisonous, which is even a worse characteristic. That is the weapon by which it is able to hold its own in the great struggle for existence.

The Hemlock has the same quality, bad in itself, but most useful to the plant that is so endowed. They that have this hidden sting have at least one formidable weapon, wherewith to keep their enemies at a respectful distance. And thus each one plays his part, and lives his own life.

All these facts throw quite a new light on the science of botany. We see now that it is not a mere matter of classification according to the outward appearances presented by plants. It appears that each of them has its own special characteristics, just as we see in the animal world that some species have certain qualities by which they are better able than others to continue in existence, and even to rise in the social scale. The several characteristics of plants are not so well known as those of animals, partly because they are not so clearly marked, and partly because it is only within a comparatively short time that attention has been devoted to them. But a great field of investigation has been opened, and there is much to be learned about the facts that govern the arrangement of the vegetable kingdom. How is it that some plants choose to dwell among the dry rocks of the mountains, while others cannot live without plenty of water, that some cannot endure the strong light of the sun, and that others pine and languish in the shade? The ready answer is that each of them has its own special nature, and can only live in the place that suits it, just as fish choose the water, and birds the air. Yes, but that does not satisfy our curiosity. We want to know what the secret springs are by which the different residences are fixed. In the case of some we have the information, and in the case of many more we would like to be equally well informed. This is one of the many new branches which botanical science has sent forth, and it promises to be one of the most interesting in a science that is full of interest.

What has been said, however, may appear to be somewhat wide of the mark. We started with the design of learning something about the Flora of the Reay country,

and here we have instead a series of remarks equally applicable to any country under the sun. So they are no doubt, and that is the very reason why they are introduced here. Every country has its own particular series of living creatures, both plant and animal. And if the science of botany were perfect, we would be able to tell of a country that we had never seen, what were the peculiarities of climate, soil, hill, dale, and water that it contained, merely by getting a list of the plants that grew there. It will be a while before we reach this pitch of perfection, and in the meantime it may be enough for us to seek out the most noticeable features of the life of the fields in this district, and see what peculiarities we may find in it. Indeed, it is not only enough, but too much, in the chill winds of March, when the fields are bare, and when the green leaves of spring have hardly yet begun to wave. It will by and bye be delightful to wander in quest of flowers, under a summer sky, and with a gentle wind fanning the earth that has grown warm and genial again. We need not burden ourselves too heavily with learned phrases or scientific terms, borrowed from the dead languages. If we learn to recognise a plant by sight, it may serve our purpose as well as if we could at once tell the family and order to which it belonged. There are just one or two rudimentary and indispensable facts, that we must get into our minds, so as to be able to get on with some degree of accuracy, and while the season is still in its infancy, we may as well try to remember them.

The alphabet of botany is the great division of all plants into two groups—flowering and flowerless, otherwise phanerogams and cryptogams. With the latter we need not concern ourselves at present. We may come to them afterwards, but flowering plants are the most interesting to begin with, and to them we shall devote ourselves at first. They in their turn are divided into two groups, parted from each other by an insurmountable wall of separation. They

are known respectively as dicotyledonous, or exogenous, and monocotyledonous, or endogenous plants. The names have a formidable sound, but the distinctions between them, once known, cannot be mistaken. It is most easily understood by taking an example—let us say the Rose and the Lily. These are often spoken of, especially in poetry, as typical forms of loveliness, the one bold and strong, the other timid and retiring; yet both, it is supposed, being much of the same class. In reality they are as widely separated as a quadruped is from a mollusc, or, in other words, as much unlike each other as an elephant and an oyster. Take a rose leaf (a *leaf*, not a petal), and try to tear it in two. You will find that it tears in a jagged, irregular way. Take the long tapering leaf of the lily, and treat it in the same way. It tears only in one direction, that is the direction of its length, and it tears in a straight line, and without any jagged edges. This is the easiest and readiest way to determine what is dicotyledonous and what is monocotyledonous. The former has the reticulated (or net-like) form of leaf, while the latter has the parallel venation in the leaf that we find in the lily, iris, grasses, and all the others of the tribe. The radical difference lies in the formation of the seeds of plants. The dicotyledous have two lobes in each seed, as we see most noticeably in the pea and bean; the monocotyledous have but one lobe, as may be seen in a grain of oats or barley. The dicotyledous have also this property, that they grow by additions to the plant from without, and are therefore called *exogenous*. The monocotyledous grow by additions from within, and are therefore *endogenous*. Add to this the fact that the former are immeasurably exalted above the latter in the rank of vegetable organisms, and you have a stock-in-trade of facts, small indeed but serviceable, and quite enough to begin with. We shall next go on to examine a few of the orders of plants to be found in the Reay country, and see what we can learn about them.

J. M. M.

THE BLACK WATCH MEMORIAL,
ABERFELDY.

INSCRIBED TO THE MOST HONOURABLE THE MARQUIS
OF BREADALBANE.

BUILD high the cairn, no higher can it be
Than the proud fame won by our gallant corps,
The valiant, bold Black Watch, whose deeds of yore,
And now, give lustre new to chivalry.
Build high the cairn, it marks historic ground,
Here formed the corps, here mustered in the men,
Sons of the Gael from many a strath and glen,
Heroes who were in every land renowned.
Memorial meet for our immortal dead,
Whose glorious memories will ne'er decay ;
Mark of regard for those who wear to-day
The dark green tartan and the heckle red ;
'Tween Aberfeldy and the Tay, build high,
And honour men whose record ne'er will die.

DUNCAN MACGREGOR CRERAR.

NEW YORK, *October 13th, 1887.*

POEMS FROM A MACCOLL MS.

THE following poems have been sent us by Mr Maccoll, the Lochfyne Bard, accompanied by the following letter, which will explain the source from which they ultimately came :—

Kingston, Ontario, January 9th, 1890.

[THE EDITORS OF THE "HIGHLAND MONTHLY" MAGAZINE].

Gentlemen,—The five poems I herewith send you have been copied by me from a MS. collection of poems, legends, &c., temporarily placed in my hands, some fifty years ago, by the Rev. Donald Maccoll, the then parish minister of Glenorchy. The MS. in question belonged to a brother of his, also a rev. gentleman, who, about the time I speak of, emigrated to one of the Australian colonies, where he died shortly thereafter.

I am unaware of any of these poems having hitherto appeared in print, although, from my want of access in this country to anything like a decent Gaelic library, I am not in a condition to speak with any degree of certainty upon that point. Of one thing, however, I feel sure, and that is, that you must admit them all to be productions of very rare merit. If, therefore, you should find that they have no place in any already published works, I am satisfied that you will be glad to present them to the public in some early number, or numbers, of the magazine so ably conducted by you.

In the poem (No. 2) ascribed to "Màiri nan Dàn," I found in the Maccoll MS. a verse which you will not find included in my copy. My reason for this was that that it is found, with a very slight variation, in the song known as "Lorg an fhéidh." There, however, it is evidently an interpolation, and so I now think it ought to be restored to its own proper place—the first verse of all in the Maccoll MS. Here it is—

'Measg nithean do'n tug mi fuath
Tha bean luath a's cù mall,
Seann-duine nach fasadh glic,
A's bean bheag nach beireadh clann.

By the way, who could be the “Màiri nan Dàn” who is alleged to have given utterance to these “Briathran?” They appear to me to have too masculine a ring about them to be the production of any woman.—I am, Gentlemen, very respectfully yours,

EVAN MACCOLL.

P.S.—I have by me lots more of poems equally good, and seemingly quite as old, all copied from the Maccoll MS., and which I may yet have the pleasure of submitting to your inspection.

E. M'C.

RANN AN AGHAIDH AN OIL.

Am measg comunn an òil
 'S mor a bhios de sgleo 's de spleagh ;
 'S leat-sa 'n saoghal fo d' sgod,
 'S thoir dhoibh ol 'an taigh nam fleagh !

Mo ghaol ! mo charaid ! 's mo bhrathair !
 'Nuair a bhios an stearnich shuas ;
 'N am tarrauin nan sporran am maireach,
 Cinnidh am braithreachas fuar !

Gleidh do chomhairle agad fein,
 Cha dean i feum 'nuair dh-fhograr tuigse :
 Mar chomhairle do chù confhaigh
 Comhairle 'n am domblas misge.

Duine leis am miann agh
 'S nàr dha suidhe 'm prabar lonach ;
 Tha 'n t-suil a dh-iarras thun nan stop,
 Cho dall 's nach leir dha choir sonais.

Cha nàr leis a bhi 'g a spionadh
 As an dlig mar shioman grod,—
 Mionach nan stop 'g a shior-thaomadh,
 Muc 'ga h-aoirueagach an lod !

An geocaire 's motha bha riabh,
 Deir e, “'S miann leam cuideachd choir ;
 Cha ghabhainn airson duais nach faoin,
 Bhi 'g ol deoch sgleup an taigh an oil.”

Cha lighiche 'n cat air an diar,
 Cha lighiche 'n t-iasg air an t-sruth
 Na'm misgeir air druthadh nan corn
 An taigh oil no 'm frog gun ghuth !

Ni copagach 's iteotha cinntinn
 Ma dh-fhagar friamhach dhiubh 's an talamh :
 Co 's urrain a bhi saor de 'n daorach
 'S gun a chridhe de a gaol falamh ?

'S faoin dhuit a' mhuc a nigheadh,
 'S ni 'n deanar am fitheach ban leat ;
 Mar dhirichear seann mhaide crotach
 Treigidh Crom-nan-copan 'abhaist !

Mar shionnach a ghleidheadh nan giadh,
 Mar ghiadh a ghleidheadh an t-sil,
 Mar mheairleach a ghleidheadh an oir
 Tha 'm poiteir a ghleidheadh an fhion.

Guidheam air gach saoidh coir,
 Na tuiteadh e air ol an deigh,
 Ma 's aill leis sonas r'a bheo,
 Agus gloir 'an aros De.

Can you find me, among all the temperance lyrics of the present day, anything to match the above, either in thought or expression? I think not. Nothing was said of its authorship in the MS. from which I copied it, the cause perhaps being my reverend friend's lack of knowledge on that point. May we not conclude from the fact that the measure in which it is written has not been much in vogue among our bards of a later date than those who gave us "Cuachag bochd na Sroine," "Miann a' bhaird a fhuair aois," &c., this "Rann an aghaidh an Oil" must have been the offspring of some bard contemporary with those earlier singers? E. M'C.

[It is entirely in the style of the older didactic poetry, as seen in "Cormac's Advice to his Son," which is anonymous, and the antiquity of which is not easy to decide.—ED.]

BRIATHRAN LE MAIRI NAN DAN.

'S fuath leam ceann-bheairt gun bhi cruaidh ;
 'S fuath leam sluagh nach buail creach ;
 'S fuath leam 'an cogadh no'n sith
 Duine nach cuir ni ma seach.

'S fuath leam bhi athaiseach a' triall ;
 'S fuath leam Cléir air am meann bean ;
 'S fuath leam bhi 'n comunn luchd-sgleo ;
 'S fuath leam bhi ri ol gun ghean.

Allta domhain ri droch shid
 'S fuath leam e gun chlachan-tairis ;
 'S fuath leam teanga leam-leat, mhin ;
 'S fuath leam balach breun aig banais.

'S fuath leam fleasgach, 'us ni aig',
 Bhi 'na aonar a' fanachd ;
 'S fuath leam leaba gun bhrìodal ;
 'S fuath leam cìochan gun bhainne.

Oganach suairce ri suireadh
 Air mnaoidh shuilibhear nan rosg mall,
 'Nuair nach faigheadh e a chuid,
 'S fuath leam a chuid bhi air chall.

'S fuath leam oinnseach gun oran,
 Ochoin gun tinneas,
 Taigh mor gun aoidheachd,
 Teudan gun bhinneas,—

Cagar ri bothar,
 Lobhar 'an coisridh,
 Ceile carrach
 Cladhaire bèsdail,—

Ban-tighearna labhar,
 Abhal gun ubhlan,
 Ceann-feadhna gealtach,
 'N cearcall nach lubadh,—

Earradh gun iarrtus,
 Fiatachd gun fheoraich,
 Aigne bhi sgaoilte
 Aig fear nach saoilte bhi gorach.

EARRAIL BHO FHEAR BHAR-NAN-GAD GU LUCAIS DEORA.

Air dha bhi 'deanamh fear-comhairle de Thighearna Dhuntreoin
 (a bha, reir coltais, 'na fhear-lagha).

Mo thruaigh thu, 'Lucais nan geall !
 Ged a dh-fhas thu gu teann, cruaidh,
 Tha spog giomaich air Niall og
 Bheir an t-or a nall o d' chluais.

Cha bhinne cruit le aghaidh chiuil
 Na Nial a' cur a chuis an ceill ;
 Bithidh air dheireadh sud meall :
 A Lucais thall, tuig mo sgeul

Tha cleas aig partan na traigh,
 Tilgidh e le 'spaig a' chlach ;
 An eisir a dh' fhosglas a' ghrian
 Bheir e aisde 'm biadh a mach.

Tha spog eil' air an taobh thall
'Bheireas gu teann air a' bhiadh ;
Cha-n fhag e ach an t-slige lom,—
Sin mar chromas ort-sa Nial !

Dean thusa cleas a mharaiche—
Bi 'n ad bharaille gaothaich ;
Cha nàr dhuit a bhi mealladh,
Fear a bhios 'gad mhealladh daonnan.

The above verses are very much in the style of the well-known "Comhairle d'a mhac," by good old Bishop Carswell. They have reference to a time probably as far back as that in which he flourished ; and it may be that the "Fear Bhar-nan-gad" on whom they have been fathered was no other than the Bishop himself, under an assumed name—the farm of Barnangad, in the parish of Kilmartin, Argyleshire, being in the near neighbourhood of that of Carnasserie, his birth-place, and his abiding-place, too, for the best part of his life.
E. M'C.

C U M H A.

Le Iain Ciar, brathair Fear Thaighinnis, air do nighean Rìgh na Spainte bhi air a tilgeadh (marbh) air cladalach Machaire-thanais, agus do 'n tug Iarla Earraghael tiodhlacaulh freagarrach ann an Cladh Chille-chiarain, dluth air baile Cheann-loch.

Ochoin mo thuras o 'n de !
Mo chumha, 's i eug, gu la-luain !
Sgeula nach ceil mi air cach,
'S mi 'faicinn na mna a chaidh uainn.

'S geal a braghad, 's buidhe a falt,
'S gorm a rosg, 's a fabhran donn,
A caol-mhala air dhath nan daol—
Do chum an saor i gu lom.

Corcur dearg m' a caisil-chro
Leine shroil air cneas mar chaile ;
An t-suil sin bu chosmail ri grein,
Ri a faicinn 's ann leam fein gu'm b'ait.

Dh-imich a bhean bu ghlan snuadh
Air a' ghlas-mhuir uainn a mach ;
Dh-fhag i a curach air an traigh,
'S dh-fhag sud againn gu brach Och !

CLUNY RIVER.

O CLUNY River, dost thou know—
While bright as noon thy waters flow—
The cares, the sorrows, the unrest,
Laid down upon thy tranquil breast?
The golden sunlight all thy wavelets fill,
And deeper hues are thine from heathy hills

O Cluny River, dost thou feel—
While evening shadows through thee steal—
The veiled enchantment, silent pain,
Of other days that live again?
Soft wandering cloudlets of the western sky
Flush tremulous in thee, and in thee die.

O Cluny River, dost thou heed—
While lashed by storm to passion speed—
The heart-throbs of exultant life
That mingle with thy waters' strife?
In tumult wild is quenched thy summer song;
Resistless, dark, thy torrent foams along.

O Cluny River, ne'er can be
To fleeting moods response in thee;
Thy song is still, through storm or calm,
A strain of the Eternal Psalm—
As onward, ever onward, thou dost tend
With fuller life and nobler praise to blend.

E. M.

THE THREE BROTHERS AND THEIR FORTUNE.

A FOLK TALE.*

THERE were before this a man and his wife, who had three sons. They were very poor, and had of meat what would suffice for four only. So one of them must needs go and seek his fortune.

"I will go," said the eldest, "because I am older, and better able to take care of myself."

"No ; but I will go," said the second eldest, "because I am more cunning, and hence more likely to catch fortune."

"Well," said the youngest, "it often happens that it is the weakest and most stupid that succeeds. So, why should not I go?"

But the rest only laughed at him, having no good opinion of his wisdom.

However, the outcome of the matter was that the eldest went away to seek his fortune. He went on before him, until at night-fall he came in sight of a farm-house. Near the house he met the hen-wife.

"Well, my good fellow," said she, "what is your destination?"

"My destination is to seek my fortune."

"Well," said she, "that may not be such a difficult matter, after all. My master wants a herd just now, to take care of the sheep. You will have to take them out to the pasture each morning, and at night put them into the fold. There are no gates on the fold, and you will have to throw the sheep over the wall. Every sheep you will throw over, you will get yourself, and every sheep you cannot throw over will belong to your master."

"Then," said he, "my fortune is made already."

* From Mr Kenneth Macleod, Eigg.

He went at once to the farmer and engaged himself. Next morning he went out with the sheep to the pasture, and, at nightfall, came home. He then proceeded to throw them over the walls of the fold, but try as he might, he could not throw even one over. He went on this way for three nights, and then, unable to throw the sheep over, he returned home.

Then the second eldest son went to seek his fortune. (Same thing happens as to No. 1.)

When the second son came home unsuccessful, the youngest said that he would go ; that he might do better, and could not do worse, than his brothers.

The rest tried to dissuade him, but at last allowed him to go.

He went on before him, until he came, at night-fall, in sight of a farm-house. Near the house he met the hen-wife. (She speaks in the same way as to No. 1.)

"Well," said he, "that looks easy enough, and, if yourself will help me, I daresay I may succeed."

"I cannot give you much help," said she, "but I will give you good advice. Take a piece of oat-cake and cheese with you when you go out in the morning, and eat it in the evening. It will put life and strength into you, and, to-morrow night there won't be many of the farmer's sheep outside the fold."

He thanked her, and went to the farmer and engaged himself. Next morning he went out to the pasture with the sheep, and he did not forget the oat-cake and cheese. At night-fall he came home, and began to throw the sheep over the walls of the fold. He had the most of them in, when the farmer and his wife came out.

"Oh!" said the wife, "spare the black sheep, at any-rate."

"Oh!" said the man, "spare them all, and I will give you a trunk of gold and a trunk of silver, my daughter in marriage, and the whole concern, when I am dead."

He accepted this, brought his friends to dwell with him, and lived happy ever after.

NEW BOOKS OR EDITIONS.

THE ENGLISH POETICAL WORKS OF EVAN MACCOLL. Fourth Canadian Edition. Kingston : 1888.

THE "Bard of Lochfyne," as Mr Maccoll is known among his countrymen, is a very Nestor among poets or prose-writers of this age ; for this is truly the third generation of men that he has seen, in the first of which it was that he earned his poetic reputation, just as Nestor had earned his warrior's fame in youthful days. Mr Maccoll was born on Lochfyneside in the year 1808 ; he published his first book—"The Mountain Minstrel," containing Gaelic and English poems—in 1836, and immediately took rank in popular estimation among the first Gaelic poets of his day. In less than two years a new edition was called for, and then it was found advisable to issue the Gaelic poems separately, which was done under the happy title of "*Clarsach nam Beann.*" John Mackenzie gave Maccoll an honourable place in his galaxy of Gaelic literary stars—in his "*Beauties of Gaelic Poetry.*" His poems, with the increments that after years of poetic work brought, have often been published. This is the fourth Canadian edition of his English poems, which has been sent us for review. The octogenarian poet is still hale and hearty in his Canadian home, and we hope he may long live even yet to add to the "cairn" of his reputation some further gems of the poet's art.

Evan Maccoll is primarily a Gaelic poet ; his English poems are, therefore, written in an acquired language, and are often, indeed, but translations of Gaelic styles of thought and verse into English. The general cast of the poetry is local, not universal ; it is descriptive of some particular scene, incident, or person, which the general reader must learn of first by introductory remarks or by notes. It is objective—descriptive of physical beauty in nature and in man or woman ; but Maccoll's characterisation of a scene is very powerful and telling. He has a keen eye for the poetic in a scene, and a happy power of expressing his ideas in appropriate words. The glens, dales, rivers, and vales his native Highlands are his commonest themes, and these

describes, not, like the subjectivity of modern poetry, by the feelings that happen to dominate his own being at the time, but as nature itself is reflected from the face of a clear, unblurred mirror—exactly as they are to a poet who is full of the life and vigour of the world around, and who intrudes not his own personality upon us. The glens and bens, whether snow-clad or filled with the life and freshness of a May morning—a period dear to the heart of Gaelic poets—are pictured first, then the trees and flowers, then the birds and beasts that inhabit them are all detailed in the picture with loving, lingering care. It would seem that often a Gaelic poet requires, in praising one place, to dispraise another by way of contrast. Glen-Urquhart is an Arcadia, but Stratherrick is negligently finished off by Nature. Here it is :—

“Hail, thou Arcadia of the North !
 Glen-Urquhart lovely, well I know
 Yon sun above thee ne’er looked forth
 On any landscape fair as thou.

“When Nature’s seeming negligence
 Left rough Stratherrick what we see ;
 Meseems, as if in recompense,
 She made a paradise of thee !

This feature of Gaelic poetry is consciously or unconsciously found in Byron’s “Lochnagar,” where he makes “away with gay landscapes and gardens of roses” for the “steep frowning glories of dark Lochnagar.”

There are many love songs in this volume, and they are all good, many of them being excellent. They dwell on the beauty and charms of the beloved one ; they make a loving catalogue of each feature and each grace, touched up now and then by gleams of humour or by a dash of pathos. Satire is not too prominent, as it often is in Gaelic poetry, and there is an agreeable lack of “elegy” poetry—poems in praise of some local magnate lately dead—which forms a full third of local poetry as a rule. Poetry containing the “world-woe” of Goethe’s “Werter,” so common in Maccoll’s youth, is absent ; even the “criticism of life” poetry favoured by Arnold is not present to any large extent. Yet it is there. In a beautiful piece, entitled “The world as it goes,” the problem of the world weighs on the poet’s soul—the misplacement of things, honesty crushed, sham *in excelsis*, poor oppressed, fond hearts ill-mated ; and the answer our poet gives is practically that of Tennyson, “behind the veil !” He says :—

“In vain we darkly grope, in vain surmise
 How such things *can* be ; wise alone is he
 Who is content to let such mysteries
 Find a solution in the life to be.”

NOTES.

DR CHARLES MACKAY, the poet, died on the 21st December last, at the age of seventy-five. He was the author of many popular minor poems, notably such catching songs as "Cheer, Boys, Cheer," "The Good Time Coming," "The Souls of Little Children," and such like, which will enshrine his name for ever in the roll of English bards. He lived by his pen, contributing to the leading London dailies and weeklies. He had an unfortunate *penchant* for etymology, which led him to publish an especially expensive and unscientific book, entitled the "Gaelic Etymology of the Languages of Western Europe." It fell flat from the press.

CLAN SOCIETIES form the latest phase of Gaelic activity among the Highlanders resident outside their native glens. Most of the leading clans have now such societies, with headquarters either in Glasgow or Edinburgh. The Chief is, of course, the Chief of the Clan; there is a local president, vice presidents, secretaries, and members of council. The intention is to foster the clan feeling of brotherhood; cultivate social intercourse; to render assistance to deserving clansmen in difficulties; to encourage education by giving bursaries to deserving lads and prizes to schools; to collect records and traditions; and, finally, to form a company, *a la Cook*, to go on a tour to the original home and cradle of the Clan in the Highlands.

ONE of the most vigorous of these clan societies—indeed, the first that started—is the Clan Mackay Society. The Chief is Lord Reay, the president is J. Mackay, C.E., Hereford, and the secretary John Mackay, 93 Dundas Street, Glasgow. They have had a most successful year in 1889, and the programme for this year promises to be even a greater success. It is from their prospectus that we have taken the above excellent programme of work to be done by such a society. The other clan societies are those of the Clans Macdonald, Cameron, Grant, Campbell, and Fraser.

THE Gaelic Society of Inverness is now fully under way with the work of the present session. The annual dinner came off on the 21st January, under the presidency of the Chief, Sir Henry Macandrew. The "influenza" made sad havoc of the meeting, only some forty gentlemen in all attending. But the programme is, if anything, superior even to the excellence of former years. Papers are promised by Mr Fraser-Mackintosh (M'Donalds of Scotos), Sir Henry Macandrew (Brehon Laws), Professor MacKinnon (Edinburgh Gaelic MSS.), Hector Maclean (the Picts), A. Macbain (Badenoch Place Names), and others. The Chief for the current year is Mr Grant of Glenmoriston, and among the three chieftains is the Provost of Inverness.

THOSE who take an interest in ethnology, and especially Celtic ethnology, will find much to please them in Dr Isaac Taylor's new book on the "Origin of the Aryans." We are also glad to see a new edition of Mr Elton's "Origins of English History" make its appearance. It is far and away the ablest book written on this subject. The tenth volume of the *Revue Celtique* is now completed. It was started twenty years ago by M. Gaidoz, and is now conducted by M. D'Arbois de Jubainville.