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TRANSACTIONS

OF

THE GAELIC SOCIETY OF INVERNESS.

VOLUME XVI.

1889-90.

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OF INVERNESS.

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1889-90.

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GAELIC SOCIETY OF INVERNESS.

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William Gunn.

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BARD.

Mrs Mary Mackellar.

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Mrs Mary Mackellar.

COMUNN GAELIG INBHIR-NIS.

CO-SHUIDHEACHADH.

1. 'S e ainm a' Chomuinn "Comunn Gailig Inbhir-Nis."

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

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

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

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

GAELIC SOCIETY OF INVERNESS.

CONSTITUTION.

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

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

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

4. The Annual Subscription shall be, for—

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

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

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

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

7. Cuiridh a' Cho-chomhairle la air leth anns an t-Seachdamh-mios air-son Coinneamh Bhliadhnail aig an cumar Co-dheuchainn agus air an toirear duaisean air-son Piobaireachd 'us ciuil Ghaidhealach eile ; anns an fheasgar bithidh co-dheuchainn air Leughadh agus aithris Bardachd agus Rosg nuadh agus taghta ; an deigh sin cumar Cuirm chuidheachdail aig am faigh nithe Gaidhealach roghainu 'san uirghioll, ach gun roinn a dhiultadh dhaibh-san nach tuig Gailig. Giulainear cosdas na co-dheuchainne le trusadh sonraichte a dheannamh agus cuideachadh iarraidh o 'n t-sluagh.

8. Cha deanar atharrachadh sam bith air coimh-dhealbhadh a' Chomuinn gun aontachadh dha thrian de na'm bheil de luchd-bruidhinn Gailig air a' chlar-ainm. Ma 's miann atharrachadh a dheanamh is eiginn sin a chur an ceill do gach ball, mios, aig a' chuid a's lugha, roimh'n choinneimh a dh'fheudas an t-atharrachadh a dheanamh Feudaidh ball nach bi a lathair roghnachadh le lamh-aithne.

9. Taghaidh an Comunn Bard, Piobaire, agus Fear-leabhar-lann.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

INTRODUCTION.

It is exactly a year ago that our 15th Volume was placed in the hands of our members, and the Publishing Committee have much pleasure in issuing this, the 16th Volume, at anyrate as early as any of its predecessors. It was expected to be finished at the beginning, rather than at the end, of the winter session of this year, but the usual causes of delay proved too strong. This Volume contains the record of the Society's proceedings for exactly one year, from the Annual Assembly held on the 11th of July, 1889, to the last literary meeting of the Society for the winter of 1890, namely, the 7th of May. The Volume will, it is hoped, be found to be equal to any of the preceding ones in variety of subjects and quality of work.

Still another of our Gaelic literary stars sunk to rest! Mrs Mary Mackellar, the bard of the Society, died in Edinburgh on the 7th of September of last year, at the comparatively early age of fifty-five. She had been ailing for some time: a cold in the winter of 1890 had not been shaken off, and this, aggravated by heart disease, finally brought the poetess to her grave. Mrs Mackellar's body was laid in the churchyard of Kilmallie, among her own native hills, and in the land of the Clan Cameron, to whom she belonged, and whom she loved so well. Mary Cameron —the Mary Mackellar that was to be—was born at Fort-William, on the 1st October, 1834. Her father was a baker there, but Mary's younger days were spent at Corrybeg with her grandparents, and here she imbibed the lore of her country, and laid the foundation of that wealthy store of tradition which she possessed. She married early a John Mackellar, who was captain and joint owner of a coasting vessel, and with him she visited many places throughout Europe. Finally, she settled in Edin-

burgh from all sea-wanderings in 1876, where she had her principal abode till her death. The last ten years of her life was clouded by domestic sorrow, husband and wife parting by "judicial separation;" and Mrs Mackellar had to make her living and fight the battle of life alone. She was a brilliant conversationalist in both languages, but her writings scarcely do justice to her powers and wealth of lore. Mrs Mackellar was a woman of warm heart, high spirit, and fine intellect. Her poems, Gaelic and English, were published in 1880, and she wrote much poetry for periodicals and newspapers since then. Much of her prose and her lore has appeared in the volumes of this Society, and this one contains her last contribution, which is incomplete owing to the death of the authoress. She also wrote some fiction for the weekly press, notably the "White Rose of Callart;" she composed a book of Gaelic phrases, and described her native Lochaber in her guide to Fort-William. She also translated the Queen's latest volume into excellent Gaelic. It is hoped that the Clan Cameron Society will collect and publish her works in a complete and handy form.

A good deal has been done since May of last year in the way of publication of works connected with Gaelic and the Highlands. A new edition of Paterson's *Gaelic Bards* has been published by Mr Sinclair, Glasgow. He also publishes the poetical works of Mr John Macfadyen, a new star in the poetic firmament, whose work —and an excellent work it is—is entitled *An t-Eileanach*. As we write there is issued from the press the collected works of another bard, those of the Skye poetess, Mrs Mary Macpherson. Besides being racy poetry, full of the love of scenery and natural beauty characteristic of the Celtic bard, Mrs Macpherson's work is a well of Gaelic undefiled, which is none the worse of being very carefully edited. Mr Sinclair, ex-M.P. for the Ayr burghs, has published a racy work on the "Scenes and Stories of the North of Scotland," and Mr Alexander Mackenzie has added another to his popular works on the Highland clans, this one being the *History of the Chisholms*, which has been very favourably received by the clan and by the public. Dr Mackintosh, of Aberdeen, has written

Scotland for the "Story of the Nation" series. Much activity is displayed in periodicals and newspapers. The *Highland Monthly* is doing good work in all departments of Gaelic and Highland literature; and the northern papers contain much Gaelic matter, including history, antiquities, and poetry. Even the *People's Friend* has opened its columns for Highland song, and "Fionn" is contributing an interesting series of articles to that periodical on the songs of the Gael.

In general Celtic literature, the progress has also been good. Moore's *Place Names of Man* deserve a position equal to any of Dr Joyce's volumes, which means high praise. In Ireland matters are going well. Dr Atkinson's edition of Keatings' *Three Shifts of Death* is an excellent work with a valuable vocabulary. Dr Douglas Hyde has published some dozen Irish folk-tales under the heading of *Fireside Tales* (Nutt), and their bearing on Gaelic tales is fully explained. Dr Whitley Stokes is still pursuing his studies in Celtic philology, and besides an edition of the *Lives of the Saints in the Book of Lismore*, he has lately issued a brochure, included in the Philological Society's Transactions, dealing with the Irish Annals, where he discusses the Pictish Question, and gives a valuable vocabulary of Pictish words. It is probably the most important contribution yet made to the subject. He views the Picts as Celts belonging to the Cymric branch. Gaelic philology is fully and excellently represented in Brugmann's great "Grammar of the Indo-European Languages" now in course of publication. Professor Rhys has issued from the Clarendon Press a learned and suggestive work entitled *Studies in the Arthurian Legend*, which ought to be of interest to all Gaels, especially at a time like this, when Professor Zimmer is doing his best to prove that Fionu and his Feinne were merely Norsemen masquerading as Gaels! This new piece of German perversity is argued in a work of close on two hundred pages, which was noticed in the *Academy* of last February the 14th by Mr Nutt, and there given in a condensed form.

The Highlands have benefited much by the remission of fees, for it means money found, the fees being formerly nominal as a

rule. The relaxations in the New Code cannot also fail to be beneficial. The scheme whereby the old S.P.C.K. funds have come under the control of a "Trust for Education in the Highlands" came into operation last November. The new Governors number nineteen, and are appointed by the two Churches, the Colleges, the northern School Boards, and the old directors of the S.P.C.K., each having nearly an equal number. The money is to be mostly devoted to encouraging central schools, but a sum considerably over £1000 annually will be available for bursaries.

The North has been all agog during the last twelve months with schemes and rumours of schemes for harbour and railway developments. The practical result has been that something like £50,000 of public money is to be expended on harbours and roads mostly on the West Coast, and especially in the Lews. Nothing definite has been arrived at in regard to the rival railways proposed, whether to Ullapool or Aultbea.

The Mackintosh's offer of a £10 prize for the best essay on the "Social Condition of the Highlands since 1800" brought the minimum number of essays requisite for a competition, that is to say, three essays only were sent in! These will be adjudicated on soon, and the result will be announced at the forthcoming Annual Assembly.

INVERNESS, May, 1891.

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Shortly after eight o'clock the proceedings commenced by Mr Mackintosh, the Secretary, intimating apologies for absence from the following gentlemen :—The Mackintosh of Mackintosh ; Mr Duncan Forbes of Culloden ; Mr Lachlan Macdonald of Skaebost ; Mr R. B. Finlay, M.P.; Mr C. Fraser-Mackintosh, M.P.; Mr R. C. Ferguson of Novar, M.P.; Mr Chas. Innes, solicitor ; Rev. A. D. Mackenzie, Kilmorack ; Mr Wm. Mackenzie, Crofters Commission ; Mr A. D. Campbell of Kilmartin ; and others.

The Chief, who was cordially received, said he was very glad to be in his present position once again, and to open the seventeenth annual Assembly of the Gaelic Society of Inverness. He was glad to state that the Society was in a flourishing condition, active in the departments which the Society had set up for itself as the sphere of its work, and he was now in presence of an assembly which was quite as brilliant as any that had preceded it. They would see that each year the interest taken in their meeting increased ; the attractiveness of the programme kept pace with the interest taken in it, and he thought the managers of the Society had produced as interesting a programme for their entertainment as they could possibly have wished. As they were aware, the objects of the Society were to keep up the interest in the past history of their country, and the particular district of the country which was long peculiar and was to some extent yet peculiar, and which they looked back upon with so much pride. Last year it was announced that The Mackintosh of Mackintosh, who, unfortunately, was not able to be there that night—he believed very much owing to the continued illness of his wife—offered a prize of 10 guineas for an essay on the social history of the Highlands. That was a subject which peculiarly and particularly interested and occupied the attention of the Society. He regretted to say that in competition for the prize only one essay had been received. He believed the essay was worthy of the subject and well worthy of the prize that had been offered. He regretted, however, that more competitors had not come forward to offer contributions. Probably it was from the characteristic modesty of the Highlander —(laughter)—and that each man who might have wished to throw some light on the subject, thought that somebody else was more able to do so. He had no doubt the contents of the essay would be given to them by-and-bye in some shape or other. The subject was full of interest to all who loved their country, and who loved to look on what they grew from, and what they had come to. It was a subject which he had always taken a very

peculiar interest in, and he felt that the more one read of what their ancestors were, the more one was inclined to be proud of belonging to the race. There was something connected with the simplicity and nobility of their manners, which could not fail to impress them. He had been lately interesting himself in a book which he had only heard of within a few weeks, although he was a somewhat diligent reader of catalogues for books containing anything relating to the past history of the Highlands. It was the journal of a man who was the pioneer of one of the influences which had more than any other tended to modify the state of the Highlands. It was the journal of Colonel Thornton, who came in 1784 to the district of Strathspey for the purpose of enjoying the scenery and sport. He fancied he was the first who came into the Highlands for this purpose. As he (Sir Henry) happened, while reading the book, to be living in the district in which Colonel Thornton had settled himself for the time, he had read the book with extreme interest. He was surprised to find that, being, as he was, a man living in the most fashionable society in London—moving in the very highest circles, for on his visit to Scotland he visited half-a-dozen ducal castles, and was on terms of intimacy with the great men of the country—he associated with the ordinary inhabitants of the district, and there was not a single remark to indicate that he felt himself associating with people who were not entirely his social equals. Alluding to the conditions of life in the Highlands, he points out what they would hardly have expected, that the climate was particularly agreeable and genial; and that the Highland proprietor or Highland farmer had within the compass of his own domain everything that life required for its full enjoyment. As he had said, the main and most interesting part of the book was the silent and full acknowledgment of the courteous manners and high social and intellectual condition in which the farmers and the resident proprietors in Strathspey lived at that time. The book was also peculiarly interesting, because Col. Thornton came in contact with people who had been out in the Rebellion, and he was at the entertainment given by the Clan Macpherson on the restoration of the forfeited estates. In his concluding remarks, Sir Henry said he was glad to tell them that, in all the departments to which it had directed its attention, the Gaelic Society of Inverness had been diligent, and from the last volume of the Transactions and from the coming volumes, which they would see year after year, he had no doubt that in them a very valuable record of the history of the country would be preserved, and that the Society would leave its mark in that department of archæology and history to which it had devoted itself—(applause).

Gaelic Society of Inverness.

The Rev. Father Bisset, who was received with hearty cheers, delivered the following Gaelic address:—Fhir na Cathrach, mhnathan-uaisle, 'sa dhaoine-uaisle gu leir—Tha e na chleachdadh, aig gach Comunn Gailig, aig co-chruinneachadh mar so, beagan bhriathran a labhairt ann an cainnt a Ghaidheil fhein. Tha 'n cleachdadh so ri mholadh gu mor, 's bu mhor an t-aobhar naire e mur bitheadh e air a chumail suas. Chur luchd-riaghlaidh a cho-chruinneachadh mhoir eireachdail, thoilichte so, mhor chomain ormsa, gun do chuir iad mu 'm choinneamh beagan bhriathran a labhairt nar lathair a nochd. Cha bu luaithe dh'aointich mi ri so dheanamh na ghabh mi 'n t-aithreachas, agus tha 'n t-aithreachas sin orm fhathast, agus innsidh mi dhiubh carson. Tha mi duilich bhi togail an uine ghoirid luachmhor a tha air a cuir a mach airson na Gailig a nochd, le na briathran tioram neobhlasda a bheir mise dhuibh an aite an oraid bhlasda, thorach, shomalta sin a gheibheadh sibh bho fhichead fear eile dheth 'n chomunn so, d'fhaodadh bhi 'n am aite-sa nochd. Ach mu 's e bhur toil e foighidinn bheag bhi agaibh, agus eisdeachd thoir dhomh, cuiridh mi nine bheag seachad a teir dhiubhsa, a Ghaidheil ghleusda ghasda, brosnachadh beag bhi fhathast, a bhith-ghabhas e, ni's Gaidhealiche agus ni's gaoliche air a Ghailig, agus air gach cleachdadh Gaidhealach a chumail suas. Cha bu luaithe chaidh 'n comunn so chuir air bonn, 'sa chaidh "Comunn Gailig Inbhirnis" thoir mar ainm air, na chaidh chuir an geill gu'n robh e'n run a chomuinn gach urra bhiubh dheanamh iomlan 'sa Ghailig—bardachd, ceol, seanachas, sgeulachd, leabh-richean, agus sgriobhannaibh 'sa Ghailig a thearnadh o dhearmad, coir is cliu nan Gaidheal a dhion, agus na Gaidheil a shoirbheachadh a ghna ge b'e ait am bi iad. Tha 'n seann-fhacal ag rath gun cuidich am Freasdal iadsa chuidicheas iad fhein; ach cha 'n 'eil teagamh nach d'thug Comunn Gailig Inbhirnis misneachd 'us cuideachadh do dh'iomadh Gaidheil og gu e fhein adhartachadh 's a thogail 's an t-saoghal. Tha obair luachmhor 'ga deanamh gach latha, air chul na chaidh dheanamh cheana, le coimpirean a Chomuinn so, sgaoileadh eolas air gnothuichean Gaidhleach 's a gleidheadh bardachd, sgeulachd, 'us scriobhannaibh Gailig 's na Gaidhealtachd o' dhol air di chuimhne. Ach tha eagal orm gu'm beil moran fhathast ri dheanamh gus a chuid sin do run a Chomuinn a chuir an gniomh, tha sireadh gach aon de'n chomunn dheanamh iomlan 'sa Ghailig. Far am beil an toil bithidh 'n gniomh, ach cha 'n 'eil an toil aig moran dheth na Gaidheal fhein suim a ghabhail dheth 'n Ghailig leis a bheachd amaideach nach 'eil e gu buanachd a cumail suas, nach 'eil i uasal ni's leoir, gu'm beil i gu luath a dol as, 's nach fhada bhitheas feum idir dhi. Tha cuid an

duil mar bhi' a' Ghailig gum bidheadh an fortan deas. Tha e riatanach mar tha cuisean a dol gum bidheadh eolas againn air Beurla, gu na euid thoir a comaith. Ach na leigimid air di-chuimhne gur i Ghailig cainnt nan gaisgeach, cainnt nan treun-fhear, gleusda, gasda, choisinn cliu 's gach buaidh. Do'n Ghaidheal, le threuntas, le thur nadur, le cheud'an cuirp 'us anma, 's le gach buaidh tha fuaighte ris, bunaidh a dheadh chor ann am morachd 's an soirbheachadh na rioghachd so. Ach gun eolas air a Ghailig, tha 'n Gaidheal mar dhuine fo chioram—mar dhuine calma air leth laimh, no air leth shuil. Shaoil le Fearchar a Ghunna, gur e tiodhlacadh an fhear mhilleadh bha 'nn 'sa chiad sealladh fhuar e dheth 'n each-iarruinn, 's a shreath charbadan as a dheigh, a gabhail seachad am Blur-dubh. Ach shaoil le daoine bu ghlice na Fearchar bochd, 'nuair thainig an rathad iaruinn thar Druim-Uachdar, 's a ghabh e gu tuath gu ceann shuas Ghallabh, gu'n robh nair dheireannach an Gailig air tighinn. Ach tha Ghailig beo slan fallain fhathast ged tha i aois mhor. Ach a nis 'nuair tha 'n t-each iaruinn, faodar a' rath, a sitrich an Inbhirloch-aidh, 'nuair tha muinntir Arasaig a cuir seol air co an taobh dhiubh air an gabh e seachad, 's iad fhathast an teagamh co-dhiu bhitheas a cheann-uidhe aig bonn Roisbheinn no air cladach Mhalaig; 'nuair tha Gearrloch 's Lochbraoin a stri co acu bheir stabull dha, 's an nuair tha duil aig muinntir an Eilean Sgiathanaich agus Leodhais, ri gearran beag cruaidh do dh' each-iaruinn dhaibh fhein, feumar aideachadh gu'm bheil coir air suil a chumail a Ghailig 'sa h-iarrtas eiridinn. An dean sibh Gaidheal dhe'n dubh Ghall le boinead biorach a chuir air a cheann, breacan feile bhar a ghuaille, feile-beag suainte mu chruachanan cruaidhe cnamhach, osain 'us cuaran mu chalpanan speilgeach? Cha bhitheadh e ach seang. Cha mho na sin a ni Gaidheal Sasunnach dheth fhein, le pheirceallean a chuir ach beag as a cheile, 's a theanga a cumadh a stri ri fhacail tharruinn caol, 'ur Beurla uasal a labhairt! Air chul mata leis an aithris bhochd so, 's le faoineachd cho leibideach. An aite naire bhi oirnn a canain 'us cleachdanan nan Gaidheal, gabhamaid uaill asda, agus gabhamaid 'h-uile cothrom, air an cumail suas, 's air an sineadh sios dhaibh-san thig as ar deigh. Tha e robh thait-neach ri inuse gu bheil uaislean Gaidhealach 'us luchd-foghlum a gabhail suim dhe'n Ghailig, 's a cuir seol air nach bi an sliochd air an togail suas gun eolas aca air a chanain, bhlasda, adh-mhor a bh'aig Adhamh 'us Eubha. Agus na'n gabhadh ceannach air a bhuaidh, 's lionar fear nach caomhainneadh, storas air ghaoil 's gun tuigeadh 's gu'm bruidneadh e Gailig cho deas ri na paistean, ceannruisde, casruisde, tha ris a bhuachailleachd cuir thoimh-

seachan air cach a cheile 's a stri co is luaithe their na briathran toinnte so, "Cha robh laogh ruadh, luath riamh." Suas, mata, leis a Ghailig, agus mar bhuill dhileas dhe'n Chomunn so deanamaid coir 'us cliu a Ghaidheal a dhion, le ur deadh ghiulan oirnn fheinn mar Ghaidheil a cuimhneachadh ann am briathran a Bhaird—

"Fhad's 'sa bhitheas grian anns na speuraibh,
No gealach a'g eirigh 's an oidhche,
No gaoth a seideadh 's na h-airdibh,
Bithidh cliu nan Gaidheal air chuimhne."

In the intervals between the speeches and the close of the proceedings an interesting programme of Gaelic and English songs and Highland dances and music was gone through. Mr Paul Fraser, an old favourite, opened the concert with "Mairi Bhoidheach," for his rendering of which he received hearty applause. Miss Kate Fraser sang "Glencoe" with much expression, and later on she scored a distinct success in "Farewell to Fiunary." Miss Fraser possesses a voice of singular purity of tone, and it is heard to most advantage in the plaintive old melodies such as she usually sings. Miss Clara Fraser sang "Turn Ye to Me" and "Wha's at the Window," with the scientific accuracy and delicacy which always characterises her performances. Miss Forbes, Tore, did full justice to "Dark Lochnagar" and "Gu ma slan a chi mi." In the former piece, especially, her clear rich voice was given full play; while the pretty Gaelic air which followed was rendered with accurate pronunciation, appropriate sweetness, and purity of intonation. M. Oscar la Valette Parisot sang "The Roll-call" and "Macgregor's Gathering," for each of which he received an enthusiastic encore. He responded in both cases with a serio-comic song. Mr J. Leslie Fraser sang "Cam' ye by Athol" very effectively. Misses Grace Macdonald and Todd and Masters King (Nairn) and Clark (Church Street) danced a reel, and afterwards, in response to a unanimous recall, the Highland Fling, with great spirit; and the Reel of Tulloch was performed later on by four stalwart and be-medalled young Highlanders, Messrs Ferguson, Dewar, Forbes, and Macdonald, with equal acceptance. A quartette party, consisting of Misses Fraser and Forbes, and Messrs Ross and Fraser, sang "Bonnie Loch Lomon'" and "Wae's me for Prince Charlie;" but perhaps the greatest treat of the evening was the piano and violin duets by Mrs Mackenzie of Ord and Mr W. D. Davis, who seemed to be able to evolve almost anything they pleased out of their instruments. Their rendering of the old

Jacobite songs was a musical revelation, and the enthusiastic encores which followed sufficiently attested the feelings of the audience. The pianoforte accompaniments were tastefully supplied by Miss C. Fraser, and the proceedings were appropriately diversified by an excellent selection of pipe-music from Pipe-Major Ronald Mackenzie

The Rev. Thomas Sinton proposed a vote of thanks to the Chairman and artistes, and the singing of "Auld Lang Syne" by the performers brought a most enjoyable and successful assembly to a close. Through the kindness of the following parties, the platform was decorated with plants, tartans, stags' heads, and old arms:—Plants, Howden & Co.; Urquhart & Co.; and Macleod & Co., nurserymen; plaids, Macdougall & Co.; Murray & Watson; Macbean & Sons; R. Fraser & Sons; Campbell & Fraser; and Mr William Mackay; stags' heads, Hugh Snowie & Son, Mr Macleay, and Mr J. Grain; old arms, Bailie Stuart and Mr Leslie Fraser.

The following is a copy of the programme:—

PART I.

Address.....THE CHIEF.
Song (Gaelic)—"Braigh Rusgaich".....Mr HUGH FRASER.
Song—"Turn ye to me" *(Ho ro mo Mhairi Dhubh)*.....Miss CLARA FRASER.
Song—"The Roll Call".....M. OSCAR LA VALETTE PARISOT.
Song—"Glencoe" *(Ancient Gaelic Air)*.....Miss KATE FRASER.
Piano and Violin Selections—Scotch and Highland Airs.....Mrs MACKENZIE of Ord and Mr DAVIS.
Song—"Mairi Bhoidheach".....Mr PAUL FRASER.
Dance—Scotch Reel.....FOUR YOUNG GAELS.
Song—"Lochnagar".....Miss FORBES.
Quartette—"Bonnie Loch-Loman".....Misses FRASER and FORBES, and Messrs FRASER and ROSS.

PART II.

Address (Gaelic).....Rev. Mr BISSET.
Song—"Farewell to Fiunary".....Miss KATE FRASER.
Song—"Macgregor's Gathering".....M. OSCAR LA VALETTE PARISOT.
Piano and Violin Selections—Scotch Airs...Mrs MACKENZIE of Ord & Mr DAVIS.
Song—"Cam' ye by Athol".....Mr LESLIE FRASER.
Dance—Reel of Tulloch.....OGANAICH GHAIDHEALACH.
Song—"Gu ma slan a chi mi".....Miss FORBES.
Quartette—"Ae' fond Kiss" *(Ancient Gaelic Air)*.....Misses FRASER and FORBES, and Messrs FRASER & ROSS.
Song—"O, wha's at the Window?".....Miss CLARA FRASER.

'Auld Langsyne."

6th NOVEMBER, 1889.

This meeting, being the first of Session 1889-90, was largely attended. The Rev. Donald Masson, M.A., M.D., Edinburgh, read a paper, entitled, "The Church and Education in the Highlands." The following is Dr Masson's paper:—

THE CHURCH AND EDUCATION IN THE HIGHLANDS.

In dealing with this subject, it would be unfair to dwell exclusively on the splendid educational work of the Protestant Presbyterian Church—that work, so wisely begun by John Knox, which, for good or evil, was finally closed by the Education Act of 1872. We must remember that from very early times, long before the Reformation, there were favoured spots of our native land where the lamp of knowledge was trimmed and tended with pious care by learned and faithful men, whose teaching and great personal influence shed abroad into the darkness some rays of culture and the light of softened manners. We ought also to remember that education is not always and necessarily a matter of letters, and writings, and books. Already in our own day, when books and book-learning count for so much, we have come to speak not a little of technical education, the education of quickened senses, manual dexterity, and special craft-culture. As an educated nation, we boast of our ocean greyhounds, which are rapidly turning the wide Atlantic into a convenient ferry, to be crossed and recrossed without fear or concern at the frequent call of business or pleasure. But what of the long and perilous voyages of those hardy Norsemen who, ages ago, daring the tempests of the German Ocean in their slim canoes, swept down upon our shores to give us, if through the channel of temporary conquest, that precious *tertium quid* in our blood, the iron and stiffening of our national character? They were pagans, and practised human sacrifice. But who shall say that they were uneducated? In the whole technique of a sailor's life and work they were already graduates in honours. Among them were splendid workers in gold, silver, and iron. Their precious ornaments of gold and silver, their swords of finest temper, beautifully damascened, take high rank as works of art, and form the choicest treasures of "ground-find," enriching the museums of the world. They were merchantmen as well as sea kings. The golden coins of Rome and

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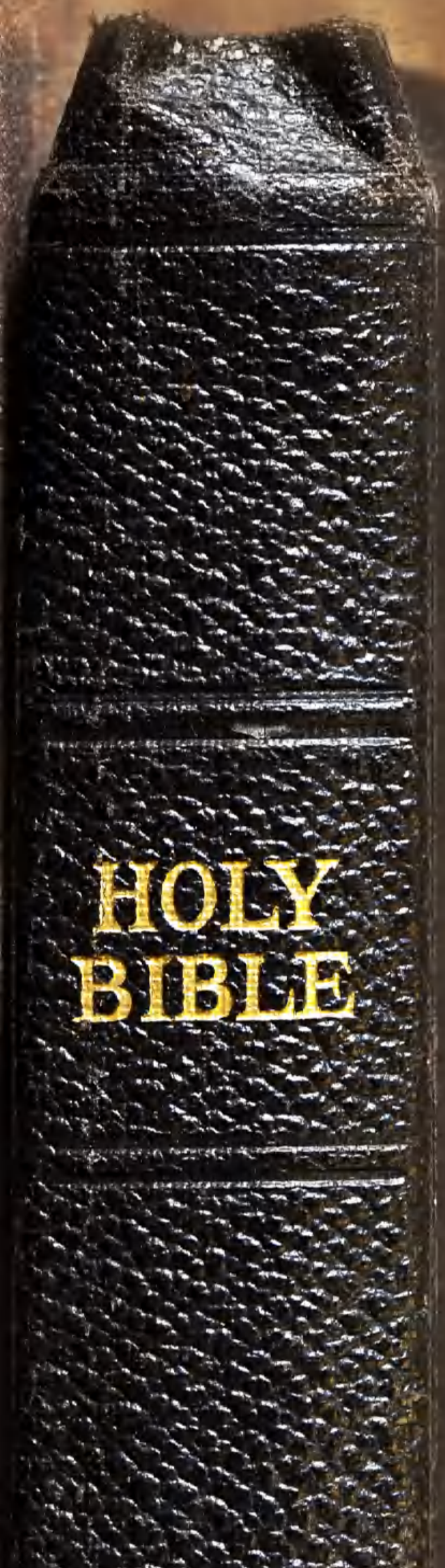

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the arts of reading and writing, he must have left them there ; for the service of the Church could not be carried on without them. In like manner every little centre of Christian activity, in those rude times, became necessarily a Christian school. The Scriptures had to be copied, or at least such portions of the sacred writings as were used in the service of the Church. The Gospels especially were largely transcribed. So were the Acts of the Apostles, the Psalms, the Song of Solomon, and an abstract or condensed commentary of Genesis. Nor did the transcriber confine himself to the contents of the sacred volume. The works of Origen, the "Sentences" of St Bernard, and other devotional writings were much sought after, and copied with pious care.

Thus beginning at Iona, the blessed work of education and enlightenment spread to other centres of light and leading throughout the land—to Abernethy, St Andrews, and Loch Leven ; to Stirling, Perth, Dunkeld, and Aberdeen ; and, in due time, to Beauly, Fortrose, and Baile Dhuthaich. Under the shadow of the Church, and springing out of the exigencies of the Christian worship, the School sprang up, a weak and humble sapling at first, ill-fitted in itself to battle with the rude blast of rough and stormy times ; but sheltered by the walls of the monastery, and nurtured by the piety of the monks, it grew in strength and stature, spreading out its branches on every side, and lifting them high towards heaven, till at last it overshadowed and helped to crush the mother that gave it birth and sheltered its tender youth.

But I must not anticipate ; nor here dare I enter upon debatable ground. Suffice it to say that the seat of every great church or monastery thus naturally became also the seat of a growing school, each with due array of "scoloc," "master," and "ferleyn." The scoloc was not yet a mere "scholar" in the modern school sense. At a date as late as 1265 there is proof that, if still in training for higher service, he was already in some real sense an ecclesiastic, or "clerk." The late Dr Joseph Robertson traces the "scolocs" back to the previous century, when he finds the Latin "clerici" described in the book of the Miracles of St Cuthbert, as "scolofthes in the Pictish language," *clerici illi, qui in ecclesia illa commorantur, qui Pictorum Lingua Scolofthes cognominantur.* The master, or rector, was an ecclesiastic of high dignity, as may be gathered from the fact that in one of our oldest charters his name stands side by side with the names of Malcolm Canmore's three sons. It may be added that in 1212 Pope Innocent III. addressed a bull to the archdeacons of Dunkeld and Dunblane, and "magistro scholarum de Pert"—to the master of the schools at Perth—

appointing them to act as arbiters in a dispute between the clerk of Sanquhar and the monks of Paisley, concerning the ownership of the Church of Prestwick. Dr Joseph Robertson thinks that in the Irish and Scoto-Irish Churches the Ferleyn was the same as the Chancellor in the English and Scoto-English Churches; and he points to the fact that, as late as 1549, in St Andrews, where there was no Chancellor, the archdeacon, "in right of his office of Ferleyn," enjoyed certain rights, and was still under certain responsibilities, in regard to the grammar school of that city.

Who was this Ferleyn, and what his position, duties, and the origin of his name? The name is obviously Gaelic, and in Scotland it is found only in the churches which derive from Iona. A learned but somewhat eccentric friend of mine will have it that the Ferleyn is simply "the shirted-man;" and on this simple basis of very simple philology he founds a learned argument for the place in the Celtic Church of "the simple white surplice!" You will, however, agree with me that in all probability the Ferleyn was the "reader" in the simple service of our primitive Celtic worship. That he may also, later on, have had his place and work in the scriptorium, or transcribing room, of the early Christian brotherhoods, I will not deny; but whatever in the way of parallel there may be traced between the scriptorium of the monks and the sanctum of the modern sub-editor, it cannot be conceded that the "reader" of the old Church establishment and the modern press can claim any kinship, whether of origin or vocation.

For many long years there must, however, have lingered on one slender bond of brotherhood between the schools and schoolmen of the ancient Celtic Church on the one hand, and the potential idea of that newspaper on the other, which in our day aspires to show men a better and higher way than the old pagan pathway of vulgar English, and the humdrum commonsense of the common people. The *Saturday Review* aspires to be "written by gentlemen for gentlemen." Even so is it with the old schools of which we have been speaking; they were at first *taught by ecclesiastics only for ecclesiastics*. For the gross ignorance of the common hordes of men around them they do not seem to have taken much concern, and on the thick darkness of that gross ignorance of the common people they certainly made little perceptible impression. It is not till near the close of the thirteenth century that we find much evidence of any serious attempts to educate laymen—

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

So sings the Douglas bold, and if he did not exactly speak the sentiments of his order and his day, he certainly di l not belie to any great extent the prevailing practice, and the prevailing opinion of times but a little earlier. The earliest direct evidence of any provision for the education of a layman in Scotland is found in the chartulary of Kelso, under date of 1260. In that year a certain devout widow, named Matildis of Molle, made over to the abbot and convent of Kelso certain life-rent interests of hers, on condition that they should "provide victuals" and training for her son William—*ut exhibuerint in victualibus*. In 1383-4 there is found similar evidence of certain payments to the bishop of St Andrews, on account of James Stewart, son of Robert II., then under his Grace's charge. By the end of the century the education of laymen was more common, and a stray layman now begins to show himself also among the schoolmasters. At this time too there is evidence that laymen as well as churchmen resorted to the great schools of the Continent for that higher education which was not available at home. In 1411 was founded at St Andrews the first of our Scottish Universities. The sister University of Glasgow followed in 1450, and Aberdeen in 1494. They were all the creations, and the gifts to Scotland, of the Church; being founded by Papal Bull, and their professed object, in the words of the Bull, "the extension of the Catholic faith, the promotion of virtues, and the cultivation of the understanding by the study of theology, canon and civil law, the liberal arts, and every other lawful faculty." It were too long to tell, even were this the place, how this feather from the Roman Eagle's wing was used to speed the arrow which, not long after, pierced the breast of Mother Church in Scotland.

I must, however, crave your indulgence if for a moment I advert to one special reason assigned by the Pope for erecting the University of Aberdeen. It was because it had been represented to his holiness by "our dearest son in Christ, James, the illustrious King of Scots," that in the northern or north-eastern part of his kingdom there are certain parts separated from the rest of the kingdom by arms of the sea and very high mountains, in which dwell men rude and ignorant of letters, and almost barbarous—*homines rudes et literarum ignari et fere indomiti*—nay, are so ignorant of letters that, not only for the preaching of the Word of God to the people, but also for administering the Sacraments, proper men cannot be found." On this complaint, by no means a flattering one to the memory and character of our ancestors in these northern parts, the King of Scots appealed to the Pope to erect a

University in Old Aberdeen, "where many men, especially of those parts," above described, "would readily apply themselves to the study of letters, and acquire the precious pearl of knowledge;" thus "would provision be made for the salvation of souls, and the rude and ignorant people would be instructed in honest life and manners by others who would apply themselves to such study of letters."

Such was the picture drawn about a century before the Reformation, by a not unfriendly hand, of the social, religious, and intellectual condition of our North Celtic forefathers.

Of the history of the Reformation in Scotland, as of the subsequent bickerings of Prelatist and "Priest writ large," I have nothing here to say. The truly catholic aims and constitution of your Society very rightly forbid it.

But when the thunderstorm of the Reformation had passed away, and when the subsequent storms-in-a-teapot had subsided—when the public life of Scotland was again settling down, so far as peace and settlement could then be looked for—what provision do we find for the education of the Scottish people?

Of actual provision, at least outside the larger towns and royal burghs, there was in truth very little left. With the rich patrimony of the Church, the nobles and barons had gobbled up also the little provision of oatmeal, already grievously attenuated by lay impropriation, on which wholesome "victual" the scoloc and ferleyn had formerly contrived to cultivate their modicum of literature. But the General Assembly did not long sit down with folded hands while this work of spoliation was being consummated. For the new clergy the rescue of the tiends, or of what little of them remained, was naturally a matter of first importance. They did not, however, at all neglect to make inquiry about the "schoollands" and other special endowments for education. In 1616 the Privy Council had, no doubt, ordained the erection of a school in every parish in Scotland. But for long years in the Highlands, and largely also in the Lowlands, the Act was a dead letter. For this neglect the Highland proprietors had an excuse which would naturally carry great weight with the Highland people; for to the Highlanders the Act of the Council was grossly insulting. Its one great professed object was "that the Ingleshe tong be universally planted, and the Irishe language, which is one of the chieff and principall causes of the continuance of barbaritie and incivilitie among the inhabitants of the Isles and Heylandis, may be abolished and removit." Among Highland landowners there were already not a few who really had little regard for their native

tongue. But they jumped eagerly at this excuse, and clung to it with stubborn tenacity, which was so convenient and so serviceable in saving their pockets. In 1638 the Assembly, which that year met in Glasgow, "recommended" the several Presbyteries to see to the settling of schools in every parish, and the providing in such schools of "men able for the charge of teaching the youth, public reading, and precenting of the Psalm, and catechising the young people." In 1642 the Assembly "appointed," that is, ordered, that this should be done, and they demanded that "the means formerly devoted to this purpose" should now be applied to their proper use. The Assembly's Act of 1649 is so significant that I will quote the words of the authorised abridgment—"'Tis recommended to Parliament or the committee for plantation of churches, that whatever either in parishes of burgh or landward was formerly given for maintenance of those who were readers, precentors in congregations, and teachers of schools, before the establishment of the Directory of Public Worship, may not, in whole or in part, be alienated or taken away, but be reserved for maintenance of sufficient schoolmasters and precentors, who are to be approven by the Presbytery; and Presbyteries are required to see that none of that maintenance given to the foresaid uses, or in use to be paid thereunto, before the establishing of the Directory for Worship, be drawn away from the Church."

Thus did they, whose duty it was to preach the great text, "Ask and ye shall receive," themselves plead, pray, and remonstrate for the disgorgement of some part of the stolen endowments of church and school. They asked, but in the Highlands, at least, they received nothing. On paper, no doubt, the parish schools had already, as we have seen, been erected by Act of the Privy Council, but all over the Highlands and Isles the Act was almost universally evaded. The Church had therefore no alternative but to turn from the landowners to the people. In 1704 the General Assembly ordered contributions and collections throughout her bounds, in order that, by the funds thus voluntarily raised, the scandal of the Highlands might be removed. Again and again, from 1704 to 1709, was this order of the Assembly renewed and earnestly pressed on all her members and congregations.

It is in the midst of all this concern and urgent solicitude of the Church for the deplorable ignorance of the Highlands that the Society in Scotland for Propagating Christian Knowledge first emerges on our view. In response to the repeated appeals of the General Assembly, and more especially in reply to its pointed

injunction in 1709, that in every parish in Scotland the minister and elders should perambulate the parish to solicit the contributions of the people, a sum not largely exceeding £1000 was provided. The money was handed over to the Society, which now, on this modest nest-egg in name of capital, began its blessed and beneficent work. The Society was not what we would now call a scheme of the Church. Church schemes and Church committees were, in truth, the outcome of the Church's wider experience and later emergencies. But the Society was, from its origin, most intimately associated with the Church. Its members and directors were leading Churchmen; it began its work with the Church's free contributions, which were renewed from year to year for half-a-century, and at frequent intervals thereafter, down to recent times; and by its charter, its whole work, more especially its whole work in the Highlands and in Highland schools, was placed expressly under the supervision of the Church Courts, and made primarily subservient to strictly religious purposes. I need not tell you how splendidly did grow and prosper the work and the wealth of this the oldest of all our Scottish patriotic and charitable Christian Societies. In 1711 it had already "settled" a school in the lone islet of St Kilda, and it resolved to erect eleven "itinerating schools" in the places following:—Abertarff, Strathdon, Braes of Mar (2 schools), some one of several competing localities in Caithness, the same in Sutherland, the same in Skye, Glencoe, the South Isles of Orkney, the North Isles of Orkney, and in Zetland. In 1712 five of these schools were "settled;" in 1713 there were 12 schools; in 1715, 25; in 1718, 34. The capital of the Society grew in equal step with the advancing number of its schools. Thus, in 1719, there were 48 schools and a capital of £8168, and by 1733 there were 111 schools, with a capital of £14,694.

In 1717 the Society reported to the General Assembly a fact which was eminently discreditable to the Highland landowners. In many parishes in which its schools were settled there was still no parish school, as by law provided; so that the heritors were using the charity of the Society to relieve them of a legal burden. For this reason the Society withdrew several of their schools, removing them to other localities, and the General Assembly renewed its injunctions to Presbyteries and Synods to see that every parish was provided with a parish school at the expense of the heritors, as by law required.

The Act George I. cap. 8, set aside for education in the Highlands, a capital sum of £20,000 out of the forfeited estates; but

not a shilling of that money ever reached the coffers of the Society, or was in any way applied to educational uses. It seems never to have got farther than the itching palms of parasites and Court favourites. The old minutes of the Society are justly indignant on this shameful grievance. Need we wonder if again the innocent paid for the sins of high-born evil doers. The Society withdrew every one of their schools on, or near, these forfeited estates! In 1753 the Society's capital had risen to £24,308, and its schools numbered 152. In 1755 it is reported to the General Assembly that no fewer than 175 parishes are still without the parish schools by law required of the heritors. No wonder that the Assembly does well to be angry, and peremptorily instructs the Procurator and Agent of the Church to bring the offending heritors into Court.

Of the missionary schoolmasters employed in the beneficent work of the Society, I shall name but two—Alex. Macdonald, Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair, the foremost of our native Gaelic poets, and Dugald Buchanan of Rannoch, the prince of Gaelic hymnists. Than these two men, though in widely differing ways, and with widely different effects, there are few of our countrymen, in high or low estate, who ever exercised a larger influence over the Highland people. Macdonald's poems, the first original Gaelic work ever printed in Scotland, if not the inspiration of the people, have furnished an excellent model for the Gaelic poets who came after him. To him we owe the first attempt at the production of a Gaelic dictionary. To Buchanan and other pious men of like gifts and graces we owe, mainly through the funds and influence of the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge, almost everything that we possess in the way of Gaelic devotional literature. Nor should it be forgotten that Buchanan had also some share in the Society's greatest work—completed subsequently by the revered Stewarts of Killin and Luss, father and son—our Gaelic version of the Holy Scriptures. Thus, in various spheres of pious and patriotic labour, and through the agency of able and godly men, from generation to generation wisely chosen for its service, did the work and wealth of this venerable Society go on and prosper till, in 1872, the abstract of its scheme stood thus:—268 schools, male and female, costing annually £4162; 55 superannuated teachers and catechists, £456; 11 mission churches, £700. Its vested capital now touched £200,000.

Before leaving the purely historical aspects of my subject, I must be allowed to pay a tribute of warm admiration to the labours and research in this connection, of your honorary secretary,

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for minutes given to any honest attempt to teach him. To crown all, he was almost daily made to wear the fool's cap—a huge erection of goatskin, with the hair outwards, and the tail hanging down behind. I liked the boy, and greatly pitied him. To this day my blood boils when I recall the cruel and grossly absurd "teaching" of which he was the helpless victim.

Sooner or later such sickly absurdities will work their own cure, or bring their antidote. Thus the lingering leaven of English teaching in Gaelic-speaking communities brought the cure and antidote of Gaelic schools. The origin of this valuable addition to the educative machinery of the Highlands dates from 1811. It was preceded, as long before in the case of the old Society, by a careful and far-reaching inquiry into the then existing educational destitution of the large Highland parishes. In Lochbroom parish, out of a population of 4000, "hardly 700 had the barest smattering of book-learning;" and even they could read only in English. Less than 20 "could read in Gaelic a chapter or a psalm." From Lochalsh the Rev. Mr Downie reports as follows:—There is a Society school, in which the practice is to first teach some elementary book in English, and after thus learning the sounds of the alphabet, or after making still greater progress in English, then to teach the reading of Gaelic—it is, of course, very rare to find any person who can read Gaelic without having first learned some English. This also is generally true of the whole Synod of Glenelg. Of those under 35, one in twenty on the mainland, and one in forty in the islands, can read the Gaelic Scriptures.—From North Uist, the Rev. Mr Macqueen reports a population of 4000; of them 200 could read the English Scriptures, and most of them also (the 200) the Gaelic Bible. "I never knew any who could read Gaelic alone, as the education of youth always, as far as I have seen, begins in English."

The Gaelic School Society never reached the large proportions, whether for work or for wealth, of its wealthy and much honoured predecessor. But it did good work in its day, and, school boards notwithstanding, it still finds some work to do. Its management, since 1843, has been almost exclusively in the hands of leading members of the Free Church, but it seeks diligently, if not very successfully, to gather its funds beside all waters.

The Education Scheme of the Church of Scotland will long be remembered as, perhaps, the largest and most successful of all the voluntary agencies which have been employed for the spread of knowledge and enlightenment among the Highland people. It dates no farther back than 1824, when the General Assembly

ordered a return of the existing educational necessities of the six Highland Synods. The result showed that no fewer than 258 new schools were urgently called for. The next step was to order church collections and gather subscriptions. Then was put in hand the preparation of a new series of school books, under the care of Dr Andrew Thomson of St George's. They were at once translated into Gaelic by Mr John Macdonald, the proof-reader of the Gaelic Bible of 1826, and afterwards minister of Comrie. For this series of books Dr Norman Macleod of St Columba's prepared also a Gaelic Collection, which was highly prized, and is now rarely met with. In 1826 a sum of £5488 was collected, and 40 stations for schools were fixed upon. In 1827 as many as 35 schools were already in operation; and 35 stations, subject to the erection of suitable buildings, were selected. The Convener of the Committee was the very Rev. Principal Baird, whose melting style of pulpit eloquence led to the joke among his friends, when he preached before the King, of "George Baird to George Rex, greeting." Dr Norman Macleod was also a very active member of the Committee, which thus reports (1826)—"Within the short period of two years they have collected a fund of £7639; they have carefully investigated the necessities of almost every Highland district, in respect of education and religious instruction; they have secured, by a correspondence with heritors, the provision of liberal and permanent accommodation for schools at 120 different stations; and already they have established 35 schools, and placed them under competent teachers."

The Committee's report for 1829 is now before me. It tells a tale of widespread, earnest, fruitful work. In this, the fourth year only after its appointment, the Committee has already 85 schools with 7000 scholars. Of these some 3000 are learning to read Gaelic by the use of Gaelic schoolbooks, 6000 are learning to read English, over 3000 writing and arithmetic, 70 book-keeping, 120 Latin, 57 geography, and 76 mathematics.

There was at first a serious effort to induce aged people to attend the schools so as to learn to read the Scriptures in Gaelic; and in some districts the idea was taken up with enthusiasm. The movement was sometimes productive of unexpected results. I well remember an aged dairymaid who thus sought the instructions of the General Assembly schoolmasters. The school was fully two miles away, and the good woman had her work at home. For a time she visited the schoolmaster in the evening; and sometimes she came to me, then a very small boy, to help her with the arduous work of her little Gaelic school book. By and by the

teacher found the way to the "big house," where an interesting class of smart young serving-women received his instructions. He was vastly popular with his class. Though a cripple, he was a bachelor, and a clever insinuating fellow to boot. He was also the precentor of the Parish Church, and could play the fiddle. The dairymaid, as pioneer and first-foot of the class, looked for the special attention of her teacher. She was of mature age and experience, and in her own opinion was well-fitted to be the helpmate of one whose calling implied a certain sobriety and gravity of deportment. She had, moreover, saved a trifle of money. No wonder the gossips wagged their heads. To her the schoolmaster was always considerate and respectful; but in vain was her ribboned cap set at him with nearer and warmer interest. He had his pick of the lot, and the sly rogue chose the prettiest, the youngest, and the pertest. She was my lady's-maid, and having passed a week or two on one memorable occasion in London, her effort to discipline her dainty tongue and pouting rosy lips to the rude vulgarities of "that horrid Gaelic," was supremely amusing. All the same she made the cripple schoolmaster a good, ambitious wife. She taught him the ways of the gentry, and made him throw away his stilts to limp springingly along to church, in time iambic, with a fashionable walking stick. Finally, she brought up, healthily and wisely, a family of well-doing lads, who are an honour to their home and to the Highlands. Some of you may have heard of Dr Norman Macleod's examination of one of these schools, in which he found son, father, and grandfather, in the same Gaelic Bible class. At a certain stage in the work of examining the class, the little boy was visibly moved, and unable to contain himself any longer, at last burst out into a wail and bitter cry. "What's the matter with you, my boy?" asked the kindly doctor. "Please, sir, I hae trappit my grandfather, and he winna let me up!"

The most interesting feature, perhaps, in the work of these General Assembly schools, was their experience of what we now call "the religious difficulty." From the report of 1829, I see that in the Assembly's school at Glenlivat 26 of the pupils were Catholics; at Dalibrog, in Uist, all the pupils but five were Catholics; and of the school at Balivanich, also in Uist, the teacher thus naively writes to the Convener:—"The greater part of the Roman Catholics have sent their children to this school, but they never allow their children to learn either Shorter or Mother's Catechism. For my part I have never insisted on their learning anything that might be the means of making a division, as has been the case before. What surprises me very much is, to find

that their children are allowed to learn portions of the Psalms like other children; but not a single *question* (of the Catechism) will they learn. I only remonstrated with two or three of them, and they told me that their mothers would not allow them to learn any Protestant Catechism, as they had a Catechism of their own."

On this significant letter I make two remarks; the schoolmaster of Balivanich must truly have been a Nathanael in whom was no guile, not to have seen the ecclesiastical differences between the Catechism and the Psalms, closely associated although they were in the work of our Highland schools; and in Uist, as elsewhere in the Catholic Church, the devout mothers were the best guardians of the Faith. But it should be noted that the priest, under this arrangement, did not discountenance these General Assembly schools. Along with the minister, the laird, and the factor, he was usually found assisting at the great annual function of the school examination by the local Presbytery.

It has been stated that from the first the General Assembly's Committee resolved that in Gaelic-speaking districts the teaching should be bilingual. But it must be confessed that in many cases their intention was never fairly and fully carried out. For one thing, the parents in many cases, even those of them who themselves knew little or no English, were dead against the teaching of Gaelic; they wished their children to learn English, that they might get on in the world. But there was another serious drawback. There was not then, and there is not now, a reasonably suitable set of Gaelic school-books. The Committee's Gaelic school-books were prepared by an eminent Gaelic scholar and an experienced teacher. But the books proceed on a vicious principle —they are strict translations of Dr Andrew Thomson's school-books. Even as English class-books these last are exceedingly faulty. They consist largely of heavy printed blocks or paragraphs of detached words, without rhyme or reason, which to learn is the dreariest and driest work I ever experienced. And the Gaelic books, being translations, bred new and almost unspeakable difficulties of their own. With a class of young children beginning to read, you must make up your little sentences of the shortest and simplest words you can weave together into sense, or something like sense. In Dr Andrew Thomson's First Book the words are anything but simple, and even if they were, their translation into Gaelic would not necessarily be simple or short. The translator did his best, but his best is really so bad as to be well-nigh impracticable. Perhaps the simplest set of English school-books for beginners is Nelsons'. But in an evil hour, the Nelsons were induced to trans-

late their first book into Gaelic, for the use of Highland schools, as it had previously been translated into French for the public schools in Quebec. What was the result? I venture to say that most of you who are not well practised Gaelic readers, would find, in this Primer for infants, a bit of remarkably tough work. Take, for example, the following little sentence:—go up to him. In English, nothing could be simpler, but turn it into Gaelic, and lo! the mouse has bred a mountain in very deed:—Falbh suos d'a ionnsuidhsa. Just think of that on the first page of a child's primer!

The truth is, that the preparation of a practicable Gaelic first lesson-book, is a most difficult thing. And, if ever it is done successfully, there must be no thought of translation. The shortest, simplest words of the language must be chosen, and deftly woven into the web of short intelligible sentences, passing as soon as possible into interesting stories. This will assuredly be no child's play. I almost fear that the present spelling of Gaelic puts it entirely out of the running as an instrument of elementary instruction, otherwise than orally. The spelling of Gaelic, in Scotland as in Ireland, has, indeed, been its death—has done more to kill our noble tongue than the assaults and machinations of all its foes. If the great writers of the Elizabethan age were as frightened of each other, on the one hand, or as testily imperious on the other, about the proper spelling of English, as we are about the spelling of Gaelic, where to-day would be the great master-pieces of our English literature? No language under heaven is so unpretentious in its spelling as English: what tongue enshrines a nobler literature? Therefore would I say to all my countrymen who love our mother tongue—Be content to write Gaelic, as Shakespeare, Milton, or Walter Scott wrote English. Make light of the mysteries and complex machinery of oracular experts in Gaelic spelling—not too severely caricatured as "Gaelic medicine men, and prophets of pretentious etymological hocus-pocus." Some men would make you believe that the hardest literary work in this world is to write anything in Gaelic—in fact, that they alone are writers of Gaelic, and that the art will die with them. The strange thing is that these only writers of Gaelic never write it. Is it because they have nothing to write? Is it that they have so exhausted their wits in empty elaboration of the letter that of the spirit—of the thought—there is nothing in them? Or is it that they fear being weighed in their own balance?

What connexion has all this with my subject? Much every way: for if our Gaelic had been more simply spelled, the General

Assembly's efforts to teach it would have been more successful, the sap of native literary aspiration would not have been frozen in the bud, our Gaelic literature would have been much the richer, and the blot of illiteracy, all our schools notwithstanding, would long ago have been wiped from the brow of our people.

As I am not writing the history of the General Assembly's noble scheme for spreading the blessings of education among the Highland people, there is no call for farther following the details of its growth and great prosperity. Unchecked by the internal troubles and controversies of the Church, it triumphantly advanced from strength to strength till, in 1872, when the whole educational work of Scotland was taken over by the Government, the statistics of the Committee, as stated in their report to the General Assembly, were as follows: –Annual income, exclusive of Government grants, £6831; number of schools 307, with 25,000 day pupils; sewing schools, 130; superannuated teachers, 11. In that year the Committee also reports six building grants for new or enlarged school premises. It also reports a few Gaelic bursaries for Highland students in training at Normal Schools, for the supply of schools in Gaelic-speaking districts.

This was something of which the Highlands and the Church might well be proud. But to the Church the retrospect in 1872 was more gratifying than the prospect was re-assuring. Up till now, with the sister enterprise since 1843 of the kindred committee of the Free Church,* the Church of Scotland may be said to have charged herself with the education of the whole Scottish people. The Highlands had always been her peculiar care. And the work may well be said to have prospered in her hand. In 1871 the Committee "recall to the attention of the Church that their funds are in so satisfactory a state that they were in a position not merely to grant urgent applications, but to invite them. They are satisfied that they are able to supply all, and more than all, the educational destitution existing in Scotland. Since issuing the invitation to ministers and others to bring all necessitous cases before them, they have had an opportunity afforded them of improving the position of many existing schools, but they have not yet been able to meet with more than half-a-dozen localities where there is actual want of the means of education, and these in remote and thinly-peopled Highland glens." By the promoters of the Education Act, passed in 1872, it was expected that a rate of 3d per £1 would amply meet the wants of the School Boards. But

*See Note, p. 25.

the Church knew better. She argued that, in the Highlands at least, such a rate would be wholly inadequate. Thus speaks the report of the Committee to the Assembly of 1872:—"Moreover the rate will fail. A national rate will supply the necessary funds; but parochial rating will fail to do so, without an intolerable pressure, in those very districts which most stand in need of better school buildings and more efficient teachers." The calculations on which this warning is based need not here be repeated. The event, however, has shewn but too emphatically that churchmen can still be true prophets.

And so the curtain falls! The Church and education, so honourably and so faithfully associated for many centuries, now part company. At least they have parted company, so far as what once we knew as the Protestant Reformed Faith is concerned. With other Churches the work of education is now much more firmly and jealously bound up than ever it was before. Will these new Church schools be as tolerant, as tenderly regardful of a neighbour's conscience, as the schools whose spirit and work I have endeavoured to describe? Shall I say—need I say—time will tell? Short as the time is, has it not told already?

Be that as it may, the schools of the National Presbyterian Church have for ever passed away: and with them have passed away, whether we like it or not, the hold and influence of Presbyterianism, established and disestablished, on the life and work of the schools of the nation. Compared with the zealous, whole-hearted religious propaganda of the Catholic and Episcopal schools, our so-called religious "use and wont" in the National Schools, is but a mere *caput mortuum*—a compromise of incompatibles, which, necessarily, writes itself down incompetent—such a compromise of religion as represents the combined conscience, if such a thing can be, of a Board on which Catholic and Protestant, Jew and Infidel, have each an equal voice—such a compromise as practically cancels out the element of religion on both sides of the equation of our whole national school teaching—a compromise whose only possible symbol is lukewarm latitudinarianism—a latitudinarianism which, so far from being as of old, a graceful concession to those who differ from us, is only the bitter fruit of narrow, suicidal jealousies among ourselves. And all this, be it remembered, at a cost to the nation which is simply appalling, comes in the room of a system which cost the nation next to nothing.

But the past is past. Our duty is to make the best we can of things as they are. While, therefore, with the General Assembly of 1873, expressing our "deep regret that these admirable schools

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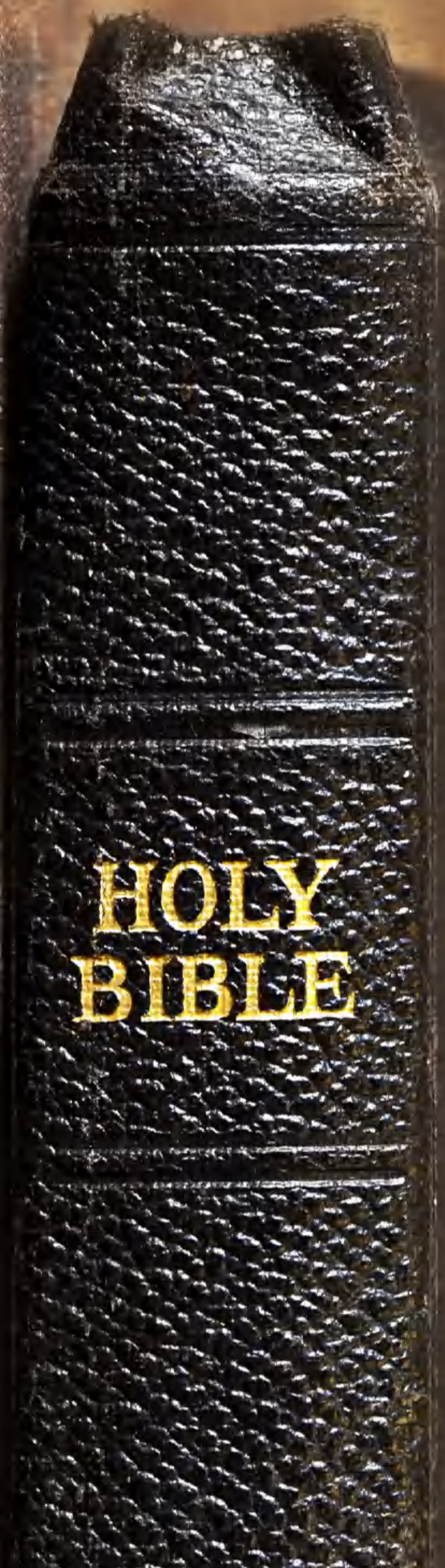

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and it is the hand of the Free Church that has done it. If only the needful funds had been forthcoming, her splendid testimony of 1843 might still perhaps hold up its banner bravely. But when the funds were not forthcoming this splendid testimony of the Free Church schools was stopped. And, with her own, she must needs also haul down the banner of her more fortunate neighbour. To the old Church of Scotland her schools had never been a burden, but a great delight. Over and over again she proclaimed her willingness to charge herself with the whole school education of Scotland. But it must not be: she must abdicate the position which her neighbour cannot afford to share with her. Now, if in my address I had at all taken up the history of the Free Church schools, these things could not possibly be passed over; nor could I avoid the consideration of more recent and even more significant developments, strangely incompatible with the high position of exclusive spirituality on which, in 1843, began that splendid ecclesiastical drama, now fast ripening into tragedy. From all such ground of controversy I naturally wished to keep aloof, and I only regret that I should, however unwillingly, have been compelled thus briefly to touch upon it. For an impartial history of the Free Church of Scotland the time is not yet, nor will a meeting of the Gaelic Society—where Protestant and Catholic, Churchman and Dissenter, meet and work only as brother Highlanders—ever be the proper place for its discussion.

13th NOVEMBER, 1889.

At this meeting the following gentlemen were elected members of the Society:—Charles Julian Brewster Macpherson of Bellville, Kingussie, honorary member; John Gunn, 14 Dalkeith Road, Edinburgh; Æneas Mackintosh, The Doune, Daviot; John B. Hatt, Abbey School, Fort-Augustus; Walter Jamieson, Glenarm, Ireland; Rev. F. H. I. MacCormick, Whitehaven; Hector Macpherson, 7 View Place, Inverness; John Cook, commission agent, 21 Southside Road, Inverness; and John Finlayson, commercial traveller, Elsie Cottage, Porterfield, Inverness—ordinary members. The Secretary intimated the receipt of Dr Bedel's copy of the Old Testament in the Irish language of date 1685, from Mr Paul Campbell, Blair-Athole, as a donation towards the Society's Library. Thereafter Alex. Macbain, M.A., read a paper contributed

by the Rev. Mr Macgregor, Farr, entitled "Celts and Teutons." Mr Macgregor's paper was as follows:—

CELTS AND TEUTONS—A STUDY IN ANTHROPOLOGY.

The history of Europe for the last fifteen centuries has been mainly the history of the two races whom we know as the Celts and the Teutons. Before that epoch, of course, the Latin power was supreme over the greater part of the world, and all other nations were of comparatively little account. But when the Roman Empire was at the height of its greatness, signs were not wanting to show that the inheritance of the Cæsars was soon to pass away into the hands of others. As early as the year 9 A.D., tidings came to the imperial city that a great disaster had befallen the empire. The army of Varus—the whole forces of the hitherto unconquered Rome—had been defeated, and nearly exterminated by the Germans, amid the dark forests and treacherous morasses of their Fatherland. It was the first serious check which had been given to a people whose career for many generations had been one brilliant success. The Rhine from that day became the eastern boundary of the Roman territory, and the ancient Germania remained, what the modern Germany is to this day, the home of a free and a mighty nation. This event may be called the turning point in the history of Rome. It was the first step in the decline, that ended in the fall of come centuries later. The warrior, whose campaign came to such a disastrous end, is said to have killed himself in despair, and the Emperor Augustus never ceased grieving for the loss of his splendid legions. He had cause to grieve, for the loss was all the harder to bear, because it meant the loss of prestige and the beginning of national ruin. The Germans still remember with pardonable pride the glory of that day; and Herman, who led his countrymen to victory at the battle, which is known as Herman-Schlacht, or Herman's fight, has been immortalised, as the Wallace, or King Arthur of his native country.

So much for the first decisive blow that was struck by the Teuton for liberty and fame. Symptoms had begun long before this time to show that the Celt also was destined to achieve greatness. Many ages before the time of Herman, the Gauls had struck terror into the hearts of the Senators in the City of the Seven Hills. Brennus, a Gaulish chief, whose name is evidently the Latin form of Bran, or Brian, a well-known Celtic title, was the hero of this adventure. At the head of a mighty army he invaded

Italy, and subdued it easily. Rome fell before him in the year 390 B.C., and the Senate was glad to pay a heavy ransom to propitiate the conqueror, and save the country from further loss. This brought the war to an end for a time. The invaders returned to their homes, and allowed their discomfited enemies to rest, and gain strength for new enterprises. It is very remarkable how, on this occasion, the Gauls showed the invariable characteristics of their race. With them it was simply an impetuous attack, victorious, of course, but not followed by any permanent advantage. The fight being over, and the booty won, they were quite content to give up the conquered territory and enjoy the profits of their raid, without any thought of improving their position for the future.

Many years passed away, and many changes came over the spirit of their dream. Rome grew stronger. Carthage fell into her hands, and the classic land of Greece was added to her possessions. Her armies triumphed over the land that had not only overthrown the whole force of Persia at Marathon and Salamis, but had carried the fame of her heroes to the borders of India. The wealth of Corinth and the wisdom of Athens were not able to save them from the terrible legions of the consuls. Still more wonderful to say, the Empire of Alexander the Great crumbled into dust almost as quickly as it had risen. The conquests of the Macedonian King, divided under the sway of several smaller men, were swallowed up, kingdom after kingdom, by the all-powerful republic of the west. And Gaul had her own turn of adversity. Julius Cæsar came, saw, and conquered. We cannot venture to give implicit trust to his own accounts of that war, for they are no doubt highly tinted by the exuberance of his sublime self-conceit. Still, it was clear that Cæsar's conquest was very decided. The Celts of Gaul were rent asunder by internal strife, as the Celts everywhere have so often been, and the perfect discipline of the Romans gained the day. It was of no avail that the Gauls, in their desperation, forgot their rivalries, and banded themselves together against the common enemy. In the words of Motley, the historian of the Dutch Republic, the frail confederacy fell asunder like a rope of sand, at the first blow of Cæsar's sword. The southern invaders became the undisputed masters of Gaul.

And yet the Celts were by no means wiped out of the map of the world. Across the English Channel were other families of the same warlike people, who had not learned to submit to a foreign Power, and who have not yet learned that bitter lesson. So the seat of war was transferred to Britain, and the first of a series of

invasions took place. The success of the Roman arms was only partial. Contrary to all that might have been expected, the islanders made a stubborn resistance, which was not wholly without avail. Their courage and endurance must have been of a high order when they could make such a stand as they did, considering the disadvantages under which they had to meet the invaders. The Romans were strong in numbers, in discipline, in implements of war, in confidence arising from recent victory—in short, they were strong in all that constitutes the strength of an army. The Britons, on the other hand, were divided into a number of petty States; they were poorly armed, unpractised in scientific warfare, and their personal courage, great as it undoubtedly was, could not compensate altogether for defects such as these. Still, it may be claimed for our hardy ancestors that, like the Germans, they refused to be conquered. The Romans might ravage the low countries, and might boast that, with all the resources of their comparative civilisation, they were more than a match for the barbarians of the North. But the spirit of the Celts remained unbroken. Retiring to the mountains of Scotland and Wales, or to the distant island of Hibernia, they refused to confess themselves beaten, and it may fairly be said that they never were really subject to the yoke of the foreign intruders. The Celts and the Teutons were the most indomitable foes that the Romans ever met in the tented field.

Before coming to the period where the two races began to come into close relations with each other, we may try what we can learn about their origin. That they, along with most of the other European nations, emigrated from Asia at a remote period in the past is pretty clear. This has been often disputed, but the balance of evidence is in favour of the opinion that the emigration did take place. But further details are obscure and undefined. The time at which the successive waves of invasion passed on towards the west can hardly be brought to the accuracy of given dates, and the order in which the several tribes made their journeys has not yet been quite determined. The science of Ethnology, if indeed it can properly be called a science, is a most fascinating study, but unfortunately it cannot be reduced to anything like an actual demonstration of undoubted truths. All that is known of it with certainty is but the skeleton of a system, to which the details have to be adapted, partly from bold guesses at probabilities, and partly, it is to be feared, from vivid imagination. All this, however, while it forbids us to regard the study as an exact science, makes it all the more interesting from a sentimental point of view. Where

exactness is wanting there is room for the play of thought, wandering from point to point, spelling out here and there a known fact, and adorning it with a multitude of possibilities, any one of which may be true, and any one of which can hardly be proved to be untrue.

How, then, shall we trace the two tribes of which we have spoken to their origin? History is available only to a limited extent, for the history of ancient times is concerned, for the most part, with totally different people. The inhabitants of many eastern lands have had their records written during ages before either Germany or England had a literature. Greece and Egypt have left us some monuments of venerable antiquity to tell us of the fame of their philosophers and poets. What though printing was unheard of, and remained to be invented in an age that was yet far away on the horizon of time, these countries had historical records, carved on stately piles of stone, more lasting than brass. The worthy who, in Goldsmith's immortal romance, spoke so learnedly of Sanchoniathon, Manetho, and Berosus, brings to mind some names of men who actually did leave testimony to the events of their time. If we had authorities such as these to guide us in our present enquiry, we might be able to feel our way better than we now can do, through the darkness of ages, in which so little that is not fabulous can be distinguished.

We are indebted to Jewish annals for the first notice that we have to guide us. In the tenth chapter of Genesis we read that Gomer, the eldest son of Japhet, had three sons, two of whom have a special interest for us at present. It is to be observed that Gomer was the son of the patriarch from whom we believe the Aryan races to be descended. His name is identified with the early Cimmerians, with the later Cimbri, and with the modern Cymri, all of whose names are strikingly like that of their distant ancestor. His two sons, to whom we have referred, were Ashkenaz and Riphath. They were the two oldest branches of the family of Japhet. From the former are descended the Teutons, and from the latter the Celts have their origin. Authority for these statements are to be found in Smith's well known Dictionary of the Bible, and in the Hebrew Lexicon of Dr Julius Fuerst. An echo of the name of the elder brother is heard in the word Scandinavia, that of the younger is repeated in the Rhipean mountains, which are known to us as the Carpathians. It may be too much to say that the names of the patriarchs were in any way indicative of the character of their descendants. But it is worthy of remark that Ashkenaz suggests a derivation from the Hebrew root, *shakan*, a

root which means to rest; while Riphath is probably related to the verb *riph* or *ruph*, which means to flutter, or move about restlessly. If these derivations be accurate, they point with great force to the distinctive characteristics of the two tribes—the one patient, methodical, and persevering, while the other is quick, lively, courageous, and eager for change. Anyone who has studied history must know how marked these characteristics have always been.

It is to be regretted that so little is known with certainty about the fortunes of the tribes down to a period comparatively modern. Fain would we roll away the cloud of darkness that hangs over the past, that we might see the gradual rise of the tribes of the east, and their successive movements in quest of new homes, when their early abodes had become too narrow to contain them. It is strange to see how often history repeats itself. The leading families of mankind, in the very early ages of the world, had to move to the west, in order to find new openings for their energies, just as their descendants at the present day have to flock in thousands to America, there to settle, and lay the foundations, it may be, of many new nations, in the twentieth century and in the ages that are to follow it. The very name of Europe is to us a reminder of the feelings that rose in the minds of the first travellers when they drew near the Hellespont, and saw, across the waves, what was to them indeed a new world. The Wide Prospect —such is the meaning of the Greek words which, according to Matthew Arnold, have given a name to that continent on which the Celts and Teutons have acted such a distinguished part ever since the Christian era. It is by no means a great effort of the imagination to call up some of the thoughts that must have filled the minds of the wanderers when they looked at the view that lay before their eyes. Journeying from we know not how far, they came to a point where further march was stopped by the sea. There it became necessary either to stop their career or to find a means of crossing to the opposite shore. When navigation was in its infancy it must have been an arduous work to move a multitude of people even across the narrow strip of sea that separates the two continents, near the place where Constantinople now stands. Yet it was the destiny of both Celts and Teutons to leave their first homes far behind, and seek their fortune in an unknown land, that was by and by to be very well known by their families in future ages. They made their way across, and proceeded to take possession A new inheritance lay before them, and we may well believe that they were prepared to make a vigorous effort to secure them-

selves in it. The original inhabitants must have thought it rather hard to have to give place to the invaders, but they were overpowered, and driven into remote corners. Some had to seek the friendly shelter of the Pyrenees, where remnants of them are still to be found, and others had to betake themselves to the inhospitable regions of Finland and Lapland. The strength of the Japhetic tribes was such as to bear down any opposition that they may have met, and in process of time they divided the most of the continent between them. The Greeks, descended from Javan, the fourth son of Japhet, took up their abode in the south, while the Slavonic nations, who probably came by way of the Caucasus, to the east of the Black Sea, settled in what is now called Russia. The Celts and Teutons had for their share the north and west, including the Scandinavian peninsula.

The two last-named have become the most famous of them all, and it is not too much to say that, united, they bid fair to possess the world. Macaulay says that liberty and order are two of the greatest blessings which a nation can enjoy. We may go further, and say that society, in the form of a nation, cannot exist unless it enjoys the advantages of liberty and order combined. The two races of which we speak have been distinguished in an eminent degree for their attachment to these two great foundations upon which power rests. With the Celts the love of freedom seems to have always been the ruling passion. Witness the untiring zeal with which our forefathers resisted, against such tremendous odds, the power of Saxon England, when it was unrighteously exercised to crush them, in the middle ages. That is but one illustration out of many that might be given. It may suffice to show the inherent principle that abode in their hearts, as it still abides, to keep down every unjust attempt to bear the sway over them. No doubt this is a disposition that may be carried too far, and the Highlanders have on more than one occasion marred their fortunes by a too eager desire to have their own way. This was conspicuously the case in the history of the Highland clans. It was impossible for them to unite against a common enemy, because they could not get over their jealousy of each other, and consequently they were again and again made to bear the loss of the objects at which they aimed. When Robert the Bruce was engaged in his struggle for the independence of Scotland some of the clans were amongst his most bitter antagonists, not because they desired Scotland to become a province of England, but because they wished to take the opposite side from other clans who fought under his banner. It was much the same in the civil

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Teuton. This feud appears in history as early as the fourth century A.D., when the Franks, a German tribe, began to threaten the decaying power of Rome in Gaul. These Franks, with the firmness and energy of their race, made themselves masters of the land, to which they gave the mediæval name of France, which it is likely to bear during the rest of its history. France did not lose her identity as a nation when thus overrun. On the contrary, this was the turning point at which her career began as one of the great Powers of the world. From the fifth century to the close of the eighteenth the French monarchs held the reins, many of them with great ability and distinguished success, raising their country step by step, till France, under Louis XIV., was perhaps the most powerful nation in Europe. The age of splendour was followed by the disastrous war of the Spanish succession; and the misrule of Louis XV. and Louis XVI. brought the kingdom of Clovis to an end.

Not to digress any further, it is interesting to notice the results of the Frankish invasion. As the Norman conquerors of England combined with the Saxons whom they found there, so the Franks, on assuming the sovereignty of France, became part of the people over whom they ruled. Hence the greatness to which the country attained. The two essentials were introduced. Freedom and order were established, and the heavy yoke of Rome was thrown off for ever. But France was, and still is, Celtic to the core. Consequently she has never been able to keep up a good understanding with Germany. As the Normanised England became the inveterate foe of France, so the German power, once set up in France, became more Celtic than the Celts themselves in hating the country beyond the Rhine. It is not difficult to see circumstances that tended to strengthen this mutual distrust. There was, for one thing, the rivalry that was natural, and almost inevitable, between the two leading nations of the continent. Further, in process of time a sort of alliance sprang up between England and Germany, which was equally natural between two countries who had a common ancestry, whose languages were closely connected, and who latterly were drawn together by the Reformation in the sixteenth century. It was not possible that the friend of England could at any time be the friend of France. With all these considerations, it is not strange that the French and Germans should for so long a time have lived in a state of chronic warfare. The fire has not yet burnt out. The stirring scenes of Metz and Sedan were the consequences of the strife that led to the battle of Jena, and the fall of the Prussian capital before

Napoleon Bonaparte. And when the Prussian king was crowned as Emperor, in the palace of Versailles, a new score was begun, which France is only too eager to wipe out again.

Union between the two races has often been tried on the continent of Europe, but never with decided success. The attempt has generally been like trying to unite fire and water. Charlemagne, King of the Franks, was also Emperor of Germany from the year 800 till his death in 814. But the wide dominion which yielded to his valour and genius, was again divided almost as soon as his master hand was taken away. Anyone who has read "Morley's Dutch Republic," knows what was the result of the endeavours made by Philip the Second of Spain to hold the Teutons of Holland in the same leash with the Belgian Celts. That was a most striking instance of failure, for it was one in which the outside pressure was so tremendous that, if it had been possible to weld the two into one, the thing would have been done. The whole power of Spain was brought down upon William the Silent, Prince of Orange, and his faithful Hollanders—and Spain was a much greater Power in those days than she has ever been since then. Indeed, it may be said that the desperate effort that she made at that time to hold the Dutch in bondage was too much for her, and that she has not yet recovered from the effects of the struggle. During the present century again, the experiment has been tried of making a kindgom of the Netherlands out of Holland and Belgium. The union lasted for about half a generation, and then the two ill-assorted partners separated, not to be united again, in our time at least. And the Franco-Prussian war of 1870 became the occasion of separating another connection of a somewhat similar kind. Alsace, a German province, with strictly German inhabitants, became a part of France in the time of Louis XIV., about two centuries earlier. France's difficulty became Germany's opportunity, and the Alsatians once more entered into the community of the German States, that were joined into a mighty empire under the veteran Kaiser William, the fame of whose army made all the world to ring.

Enough has been said on this point. We have spoken of the relations of the two races in foreign lands. It remains to be seen, and will perhaps be more interesting to know, how they have fared in our own country. Here we find that the course of events has been different, and that the difference has been for the most part to our advantage. Owing to our insular position, a coalition of Celts and Teutons in Great Britam was possible, and in process of time became an accomplished fact. Yet even here the rivalry

was difficult to kill, and it retained its vitality for many ages, to the great loss of both races. We have a deeply rooted habit of thinking of our own nation as the greatest in the world. This is certainly pardonable, as we have good grounds for our belief. But we are apt also to think that this pre-eminence has been ours for an indefinite period, extending to remote antiquity, which is an error as ridiculous as it is gigantic. If we look back for three hundred years we find that England and Scotland were two separate nations that had, from the dawn of their history, been almost constantly at war with each other. Divided as they were, it was not possible for either of them to exercise much influence in the councils of Europe. Scotland had a kind of alliance with France for many years, partly, no doubt, owing to the Celtic element in the two nations, but chiefly due to the fact that England was the common enemy of both. This alliance may have been very profitable to France, but was not at all beneficial to the smaller country. It could never make up for the want of power that was caused by the constant jealousy and enmity that our ancestors cherished against their neighbours on the south of the Tweed.

In the year 1603 the two crowns were united, and James VI. became the sole monarch of Great Britain. But for the next hundred years things were worse than before. The union of the crowns did not bring with it a union of the people. Disunion bore its natural fruit, and England became a smaller power than she had ever been since the Norman conquest. It is only when we read history with attention that we see how low our standing as a nation was during the reigns of the Stuart dynasty. Spain, and France, and Holland, by turns swayed the destinies of the world, while we were exercised with contests between Cavaliers and Roundheads, or between Resolutioners and Protesters. Even at this distance of time it is with a sense of humiliation that we remember how the Dutch sent their fleet into the Thames, and threatened the liberty of the Metropolis, while Charles the Second was trifling his life away in the palace. We may be glad that the follies of those days gave place to something like earnestness of purpose in a succeeding age.

The fusion of races was a work of time, and till it was carried out there was little but violence and disorder to be recorded in our annals. It is interesting to notice how the two contending races at last came to be made one, and what happy results followed from the change. With the union of the crowns came a sense of power in the minds of the people. It is not to be supposed that

the union alone brought this about, for there were other causes at work. During the second half of the sixteenth century an enormous advance had been made in learning and civilisation. The art of printing had made knowledge more easy of attainment than it had ever been before. And it is hardly necessary to do more than mention that the literature of the Elizabethan age will be famous so long as the English language is remembered. All this, of course, opened the eyes of the people to see their own power, to the existence of which they had in the past been strangely blinded. The Stuarts—most unwisely for themselves—tried to stem the current of public feeling. The result was civil war, followed by a series of revolutions. A king was beheaded, and it seemed as if the monarchy was overthrown for ever. A short term of republicanism was followed by the restoration of the royal house to power, a restoration which only paved the way for the great revolution of 1688. The throes and convulsions through which the nation passed while these events were taking place, had one good effect which compensates for all the evil which they did. The troubles of the seventeenth century made it impossible for Celts and Teutons to remain separate any longer. It was evident that national ruin was at the door unless national union were resorted to. That union came about in 1707, when the two Parliaments were made one, and the Scottish legislature in Edinburgh ceased to exist. The change was, to use words that have become famous, "the end of an auld sang."

But it was a great deal more than that, for it was the birth of a new nation, the greatest that the world has ever seen. To unite the Celts with the Teutons was a work that had often been tried in vain. The attempt failed on the Continent because on the Continent there was always plenty of elbow room. When one race was worsted by the other the vanquished people could simply move a little further away. There was plenty of natural boundaries of mountain ranges and mighty rivers that helped to keep up the separation. To this day, then, we see the French and Germans continuing, not at all to the credit either of their heads or their hearts, the feud of their ancestors of a thousand years ago. In our island circumstances were different. Here the bounds were narrow, and encircled by the adamantine wall of the ocean. Fusion was inevitable in "this precious stone set in the silver sea." It was only a question of time, and that time came in the days of Queen Anne, when Britain first became the ruling power of the world. The splendid series of victories achieved by Marlborough, the first really great triumphs of our arms since

Agincourt, in the middle ages, were only the precursors of still greater events in coming years. The British empire was not much longer to be confined to the old world, or to the lands that had felt the iron hand of Rome. Regions that Cæsar never knew, and where his eagles had never flown, were to be possessed by the descendants of the rude tribes of the North, whom he tried so hard to subdue. The valour of the one, with the steady perseverance of the other, made the united nation irresistible, and her people are now dominant in every quarter of the globe.

It is not to be forgotten, indeed, that a violent rupture took place last century between the North American colonies and the mother country. Nor is it at all unlikely that in process of time other colonies, both in the New World and at the Antipodes, may spring up into new nations. All this is part of the general law of nature, in virtue of which new life springs out of the old, and children grown to manhood cease to depend upon the parent. This should be no cause for serious regret, and it is certainly no cause for thinking that the Anglo-Saxon, or rather the Anglo-Celtic race, has begun to decline from its eminence. The right view to take is, that new nations springing from the old stock serve to carry the vigour and the enterprise of the races from which they have sprung, in a chain of increasing strength around the world. If it be the case, as perhaps it is, that this is not a statesmanlike opinion, it is also the case that statesmanship has often failed to see what has been apparent to common sense. The independence of the United States was for years a cause of grief to the people of the old country. It seemed like a breaking up of the established order of things, and a step towards ultimate ruin. It was certainly a misfortune that the division was made with such a wrench, and that we did not part on good terms with our kinsmen beyond the Atlantic. But after all, a few years of war, followed by an international misunderstanding for a generation or two, is but a small thing in the history of a world. Such events bulk largely in the annals of a reign, and in the memories of those in whose days they happen, but in the general progress of humanity they are but as pebbles in a stream. They cause a ripple for a little while and then the waters move onward, never stopping, never turning back till they reach at last the ocean.

Even so has been the progress of the races formed by the union of the Celts and Teutons. Troubles have befallen them, but out of the nettle of danger the flower of safety has been plucked. Not only has a great country grown out of the American Colonies, but the country that was left has grown more

powerful than it was before. The people of the United States, made up as they are from a happy combination of the two best tribes of the old world, have risen into a nation that still continues to grow in strength, and which promises to maintain beyond the seas the fame of that from which it had its beginning. And as far as can be seen from the evidence of history, and the present course of events, the extension of the Anglo-Celtic race must go on till the language of Britain becomes the universal language, and British civilisation rules mankind.

4th DECEMBER, 1889.

The following gentlemen were elected at this meeting, viz. :— Rev. Mr Bentick, E.C. Manse, Kirkhill; Mr Cathel Kerr, Free Church College, Aberdeen; Mr Lachlan Macbean, editor *Fifeshire Advertiser*, Kirkcaldy. Thereafter Mr William Mackay, honorary secretary, read a paper contributed by Mr John Mackay, Hereford, on "Sutherland Place Names—Durness and Eddrachilis." Mr Mackay's paper was as follows :—

SUTHERLAND PLACE NAMES.

DURNESS PARISH.

The scenery of this parish is mostly wild and mountainous. Its western coast is very slightly indented, offering to the Atlantic a lofty and rock-bound front, terminating on the north in the huge promontory of "grim Cape Wrath," 523 feet above sea level. Everywhere the coast exhibits some of the finest rock scenery in Scotland; the cliffs about Cape Wrath, the Fair, and Whiten Heads, rising sheer up from the sea to heights of 200 to 700 feet, are fringed with "stacks," and tunnelled by caverns, the more celebrated of which are the "Whiten" and "Smoo."

The rocks are composed of gneiss, granitic gneiss, quartzite, and mica slate, with veins of felspar and porphyry. In some parts they are variously conglomerate, red sandstone, and limestone. The limestone underlying the surface soil of Durness proves a valuable stimulant to its pastures. The limestone caverns present fine specimens of stalactites and stalagmites. Immense blocks of rounded granite frequently rest on the limestone rocks, telling their own tale of geological history, remote, incalculably remote. From one of such blocks on the glebe land was formed, it is

interesting to record, the monument erected in the churchyard of this parish to the memory of Sutherland's bard, Rob Donn Mackay, elegist, satirist, lyrist. In the limestone has been found pieces of porphyry, which were easily cut into seals and other ornaments.

The parish anciently comprehended the district lying between the river Borgie, in the east, to Kyle Sku, on the west. It was only in the year 1724 that it was divided into the ecclesiastical and civil parishes of Tongue, Durness, and Eddrachilis. The latter parish anciently formed a part of the Barony of Skelbo, of which Richard Murray, brother of Bishop Gilbert Murray, was chieftain in 1230. Durness seems to have been an appanage of the Cathedral Church of Dornoch after Bishop Gilbert regulated the affairs of his diocese, between the years 1225 and 1245. Tongue formed part of the ancient "Strathnavernia."

Durness, as now constituted, is naturally divided into three sections—1. Parph, between the Atlantic and the Kyle of Durness. 2. Durness proper, between the Kyle of Durness and Loch Erriboll. 3. West Moine, between Loch Erriboll and the middle of the morass called *The Moine*, half-way between Loch Hope and the Kyle of Tongue.

There are in the valleys of this parish ten Pictish or Scandinavian towers, circular in form, some of them surrounded by several circles of outworks. The one in Strathmore, called "Dornadilla," is an immense structure 150 feet in circumference, consisting of two concentric walls of flagstones, said to be the hunting tower of Dornadilla, king of the Scots. On the side of Beinn-Spionnaidh is a building twelve feet square, called "Carn-an-Righ" (the King's Cairn), probably where the King of the Scots lodged while hunting, and where he stood to view the gathering of the deer. It commands a very extensive prospect. Torfacus mentions that "Sweyn, an Orkney magnate, waited on the King of Scotland when hunting in the hills of 'Dyrness.'" This king may have been Malcolm II. There are also several subterranean buildings, called by the natives "leabaidh fholaichte" (hidden beds, or hiding places). One of these, lately discovered on the west side of Loch Erriboll, measured 40 feet long, 6 feet wide, and 6 feet high, built of dry masonry, covered with flags, the descent to it being by regular steps, and the entrance covered by flagstones. Near it are large stones placed on end in an elliptical form.

The area of the parish is 147,324 acres, inclusive of 3726 acres of water and 2541 acres of foreshore, and the islands Choarie, Hoan, Garvellan.

The etymology name of this parish has been much controverted, and various derivations assumed. A traditionary one is that a Skye-

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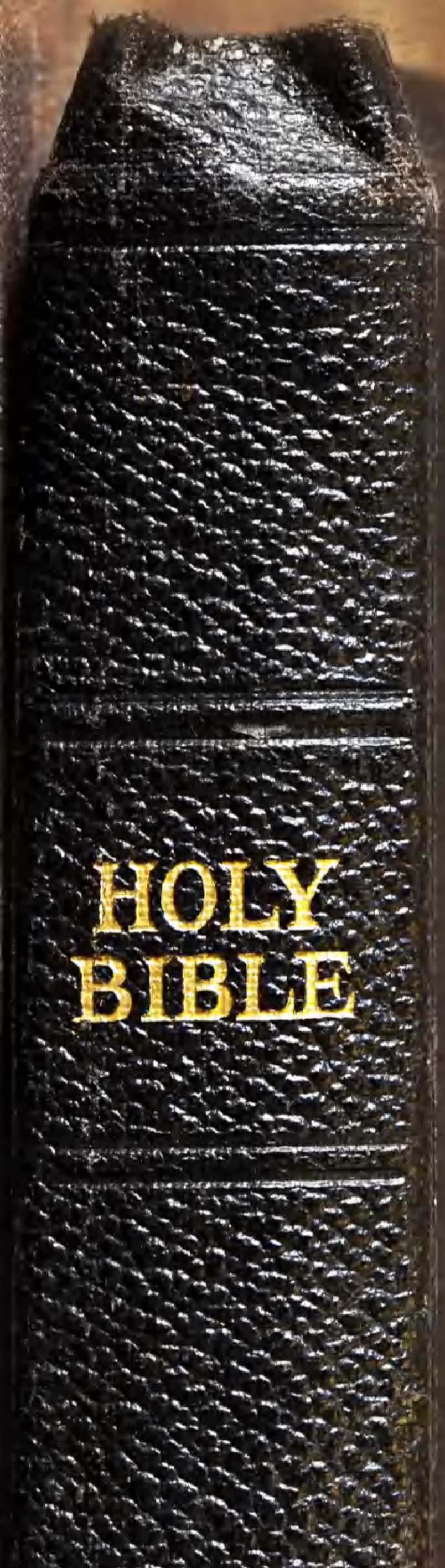

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fostered and reared by order, in the house of the Morrison chieftain. Some years thereafter the Morrisons had contentions with the Macleods of Eddrachilis and Assyut, resulting in disorder and much bloodshed. The Morrisons, unable to cope with the Macleods, had recourse to intrigue and assassination, and called in the aid of the Mackays, proposing to divide Eddrachilis into two parts, giving one-half of it to the bastard son of the Mackay chief, Donald Balloch, brought up amongst themselves, and the son of the Morrison Bathsheba, the result of the Loch Stack captivity, and the other half to Donald Mac Mhurchaidh Mhic Ian Mhor Macleod, who agreed to assassinate the youthful chieftain of the Eddrachilis Macleods, and thereby open the way to take possession. A battle became imminent. The Morrisons and Macleods gathered for the fight, and were about to engage, when the Mackay chief made his appearance with three hundred men. The Macleods saw the hoplelessness of a combat, and submitted to be despoiled. The territory thus surrendered was given to the bastard son, and Donald Macleod, for policy's sake, was induced, in lieu of the half of Eddrachilis, which was to be his reward, to accept of the Davoch of Hope, and the Morrison Bathsheba for his wife. This Macleod was the notorious Rob Roy of Sutherland. He died at a great age, leaving by this wife seven sons, of whom nothing is known. He was the Donald Mhic Mhurchaidh Mhic Ian Mhor, whose epitaph is—

"Donald Mack here lies lo;
Vas ill to his frend and var to his foe,
True to his maister in veird and vo.—1623."

Durness, in the Sutherland charters, 1223 to 1245, is spelled Dyrness; in those of 1541 to 1544, Ardurness; in 1559, Ardwrness; in 1630, Duriness; in 1640, Durenish; in 1726, Durness. The village is still called Durine, which, with Ness, Norse for promontory, forms Durin-Ness. It has been said that the derivation of Durness is from the Gaelic word Dorrain, storms, and Ness, meaning the cape, or promontory of storms, not an inapplicable signification. But there is another given, that its derivation is from Du, black, and raoin, fields, pronounced and spelled Du-rine, which would apply to the village name, and, adding Ness to this word, it becomes Du-rin-ness, a compound of Gaelic and Norse. But yet another derivation has been given to make it out that the word is essentially Gaelic—Du, black, thir, gen. of tir, land, and innis, grazing, when it becomes Du-thir-innis, the black grazing land. Setting this aside as somewhat fanciful, and having regard to the orthography of the word as given in the ancient

charters of 1223-1245, when Bishop Gilbert Murray assigned the district to be an appanage of Dornoch Cathedral previous to the arrival of the Morrisons from Lewis, and, knowing that the last syllable is "Ness," Norse term for cape, we are led to the conclusion that the whole word is from the Norse or Icelandic. Dyrness, dyr, deer, and ness, promontory, the promontory of the deer. Durin is also Norse, from Dyr, deer, and, inn, resort, habitat, the resort of deer—where they came down from the hills to graze.

Parph—Norse, hvarf, a "turning away," receding, in reference to the appearance of the land in rounding Cape Wrath from the east, as seen by the Norse mariners. The Cape gave the name to the district. The Norsemen called Cape Wrath, Hvarf. The same people named Cape Farewell in Greenland, Hvarfs-gnipa, the peak of the receding land.

A Mhoine—Gaelic, the moss, a morass, a most applicable name. It is entirely a moor or morass. It is the eastern division of the parish between Loch Hope and the Kyle of Tongue.

MOUNTAINS.

An-Lean-Carn—G., leathan, broad, the broad cairn, here applied to a mountain 1705 feet high, having the aspect of a cairn.

Ben-Hee—G., sith, peace, solitude, the mountain of solitude, as it really is; sith, as an adjective, means a spirit, or like a spirit. It is a prefix in many mountain names in the Highlands. Here it is a substantive name, and may mean fairy, the most active spirit in Gaelic mythology. The belief in fairies is traceable to the early ages of British Druidism. Sith-ich, fairy, literally means peacemaker, hence Ben-Hee may mean the mountain of the fairies, both from its solitude and belief in its being an abode of the tiny little creatures called *Fairies*.

Ben-Hope—N., so named from its being at the upper end of Loch Hope. This mountain is the highest in the parish, 3040 feet, Ben-Hee being 2864 feet. This mountain with its imposing precipices presents the finest mountain outline of any in Scotland. For the definition of Hope, see Loch Hope.

Ben-Spuinne—G., spionnaidh, strength, mountain of strength, 2507 feet in height. The appellation refers to its immense size and breadth of base.

Ben-Ceanna Beinu—G., mountain at the end of a mountain. This mountain runs down from the interior to near the sea-shore. Near its end is a hamlet named Ceann-na-beinu, the mountain end, hence the name. Its end furthest from the sea is the highest, 1257 feet.

Cona Mheall—G., conà is O.G., fir tree, and meall, lump, eminence, a hill, the hill of the fir trees. At the foot of this mountain, 1527 feet high, there is a pass named Bealach-a-Chonnaidh, the pass of the firewood.

Cran-Stackie—G., crann, plough-shaped, and stacach, abounding in precipices. Highest point, 2630 feet.

Carn Dearg—G., carn, a heap of stones, dearg, red, the mountain of red stones or rocks.

Cnoc-Chraois—G., craos, wide opening, hill of the wide opening—a large wide gap between mountains.

Creag-Carn Chaoruinn—G., rock of the rowan trees, growing out of a pile of stones.

Foinne-bheinn—G., foinne, wart, the wart mountain, in reference to the several protuberances on its summit, respectively 2980, 2960, 2750 feet high. There are other mountains of the same name in the parish, distinguished by beag and mor.

Glas-Bheinn—G., glas, grey, or faded green, the grey mountain; Wel., glas, green; Ir., glas, grey; Arm., glas; Corn., glas, blue, green; Gaelic, each glas, grey horse; Corn., marc glas, grey horse; Arm., march glas, grey horse. In Radnorshire there is Knucklas (cnoe-glas), green hill; Manx, glas, grey. The Glas-Bheinn is 1085 feet high.

Mcall-Ceithir-Mheall—G., mcall, lump, hill, ceithir, four, and mheall. More correctly, mhill, gen. plu. of meall, hill of the four lumps or summits.

Meallan-Liath—G., mcallan, dim. of mcall, and liath, grey; Wel., lluyd; Manx, leah, hoary; Ir., liath; 2625 feet high. So called from its terminating in a conical peak or lump.

Mcall-Garbh—G., rough lump, 2471 feet high. So named from its rough lumpish summit; Manx, garroo, uneven; Wel., garw; Corn., garou. In the Punic language *garvr* meant rapid. The O.G. garv also meant rapid, as applied in the Highlands to rapid turbulent streams and rivers, as in Garv-allt, so in the Armonic, as in the river Garonne, Garv-amhuinn, rapid turbulent river.

Creag-na-Faoilinn—G., faoilinn, sea gulls, rock of the sea gulls. At the upper end of Loch Erriboll, 954 feet high.

Beinn-an-Amair—G., amair, gen. of amar, a narrow rocky channel, in reference to a channel in the Kyle of Durness which passes at its foot opposite Keoldale. 911 feet high.

Creag-Stuanisat—G., staoin, juniper, and aite, place, rock of the place where juniper bushes grow. There is a lake of the same name.

Sabhal Mor—G. } Uncertain. The definition may be Barn-
Sabhal Beag—G. } like, or protecting mountain.
Luirg-an-Tabhal—G., foot of the Sabhal mountain.

LAKES.

Borlay—N., bjorr, a small piece of land, and lja, mown grass, or lea, in reference to a small triangular island in the lake, lake of the small piece of mowing land, or lea land, pronounced, bora-laidh.

Crosspuill—G., crois, crucifix, and poll, a pool, or deep stagnant water; Wel., croes; Corn., crois; Manx, crosh; Ir., crois; Fr., croix; Lat., crux, a cross, crucifix. The ancient church of Balnacille stood near this lake, probably a cross or crucifix was erected near it, hence the name lake of the cross, or pool of the cross.*

Duloch—G., du, black, and loch, lake, the black lake, in reference to the very dark colour of its water. It is to be observed that the usual place of adjectives in Celtic languages is after the noun which it qualifies, but when greater force is meant to be conveyed, the adjective precedes the noun, as in this case, from the water of this lake being very dark. In Assyut we have Loch-du, there it is not the water that is dark, but the surrounding mountains on each side of it, which causes the lake to have a sombre appearance. The same qualifications in certain adjectives occur in the French as in the Celtic language, from the Gaulish idioms being preserved.

Dion-ard—G., dion, sheltered, and ard, height, lake of the sheltered high land. This lake gives its name to the river issuing from it, and to the valley through which the river flows. This is another instance of the adjective being before the noun to give it a stronger expression.

Erriboll—N., an arm of the sea running 11 miles inland between mountain ridges, in the shape of a tail, inducing the supposition that the Gaelic word earball, tail, might be the proper definition. It is not so; the derivation of the word is from the Norse. On the eastern bank of this lake was a Norse settlement, which they named Ey*rr*i-b*öll*—eyrri, gravelly bank, and böll, a settlement, an abode, a habitation, equivalent to the Gaelic word "baile;" the signification of the word therefore is the settlement on, or near, the gravelly tongue of land, which it really is. Erriboll farm has now about 200 acres of plough land. Torfaeus calls Erriboll the Gia-fiord, from the Norse words gja, a rift or chasm in the land, and fjord, firth. He states that Haco, on his way home-

* It may be Norse, from Kross, crucifix, and polle, pond or pool.

wards from the battle of Largs, was becalmed in Gia ford, and some of his men who had landed and gone plundering were attacked by the "Scots" (the natives) and slain. Haco, on his southward voyage to the battle of Largs, put in at Durness, burned more than twenty villages, and destroyed a castle, of which we shall see more in place names.

Hope—N., hòp, a small land-locked inlet connected with the sea, salt at flood, fresh at ebb-tides. Such is Loch Hope; only a few feet above sea-level, the sea water at spring tide flows into the lake, and recedes at ebb-tides.

Meadie—G., meud, size, big, the big-sized lake.

Polla—G., poll, pool, and ath, ford, or poll, pool, and abh, or amh, O.G. for fluid, water, the ford at the pool, or the pools of water, giving name to several places in Sutherland.

Sgeirach—G., lake of the rocky banks.

Ula—G., ula; O.G., beard, bearded grass, lake of the bearded grass.

RIVERS.

Allt-a-Mhuillinn—G., the mill stream, the stream at the mill, or from the mill.

Allt-aphris gill—G., stream of the white bush.

Allt-a-Chraois—G., stream of the wide gap.

Allt-druim-na-droinn—G., druim, top, back; droinn, gen. of dronn, ridge, the stream of the ridge back.

Allt-na-Caillich—G., the stream of the old woman, or nun; Cailleach, old woman, or nun; in derision, a coward. It is at the end of Strathmore, and on its banks Rob Donn was born.

Allt-a-choir-ghrannda—Coire, a circular hollow, a mountain dell, and grannda, ugly; Wel., gwrthan, the ugly dell; Scot., corrie; Manx, correy.

Allt-nan-eithreag—G., eithreag, cloudberry, stream of the cloudberries.

Allt-na-feithe-buidhe—G., stream of the yellow bog; feithe, bog; buidhe, yellow.

Allt-an-easair-ghil—G., easan, dim; of eas, waterfall; and ghil, dim; and gen. of geal, white, stream of the white little waterfall, in reference to the colour of the rock being limestone; Ir., geal; Manx, gial; Gr., gala, milk; Wel., gwyn, white, fair.

Allt-a-gharbh-alt—G., the rough rapid stream, with high banks; alt, high bank or precipice.

Allt-poll-na-damph—G., the stream of the pool of the stags, where they were wont to come to drink; damph, ox, or stag.

Amhuinn Stra-choir-'an-easaich—G., the river in the valley of the mountain dell, abounding in waterfalls ; Amhuinn or Amhainn, river ; Stra, valley ; coire, mountain dell ; easaich, full of waterfalls.

Amhuinn-na-buaigheal du—G., buaigheal du, black ragwort or groundsel, river of the black ragwort ; query, Buaile du, black fank.

Amhuinn Chreabhaig—G , takes its name from Loch Cearbaig, corruption of seamraig, shamrock, river of the shamrocks. See Cearbaig in place names.

Amhuinn-na-Claigionaich—G., claigion, skulls, river of the skulls, in reference to the skull-shaped hills amongst which the river winds, and from which its various branches rise. Claiginn is common in hill names, very descriptive.

Amhuinn Dionard—See the lake of same name.

Amhuinn-gleann-gollie—G., gleann, glen ; gollie = goill or gaill, plu. of gall, a stranger, or any foreigner who does not speak Gaelic, was so termed, the glen of the strangers. Rob Donn calls this glen "Gleann gallaidh nan craobh." This glen is not far from the head of Loch Erriboll. It was probably into this glen that Haco's men made a foray when becalmed in Loch Erriboll for provisions, taking everything they could seize and carry away. By the side of Loch Erriboll is a stone called "leac-a-bho," which tradition relates was the stone upon which Haco ordered the cattle to be slaughtered. Haco's men did not escape unpunished. The natives gathered together, attacked the Norwegians, slew many of them, and hastened Haco's departure. It is possible that this glen, ever after that incident, may have been called "Gleann-na-goill," the glen of the foreigners. Sutherland people still call the people of Caithness to this day "Gallaich." Gallaich has become Gally, or Gallie, a surname in Ross-shire, fugitives from Caithness, when the Gunns were expelled, who obtained asylum in Ross, chiefly about Tain, and adopted the surname Gally, or Gallie.

ISLANDS, CAPES, BAYS.

Garvellan—-G., an-garbh-eilean, the rough island, 1077 feet above sea level.

Cleit du—G. and N., cleit, rugged height, precipiece, and du, black ; N. klettr, cliff, equally applicable. This is an instance of a Gaelic and Norse word, signifying the same aspect, probably adopted from the Norse, though seemingly common to both. There are many such instances.

A Chleit—G. and N., the rugged height, or cliff, in Balnacille bay.

Cas-leac—G., cas leac, contorted stone, island of the contorted flat stones; Ir., leac; Manx, lhee, plu. lhic; Wel., llech; Corn. lech; Arm., lech; flat-stone, flag.

I Ghoil—I is Norse, from ey, an island, ghoil, boiling, the island of the boiling, in reference to the boiling of the waves, meeting from different directions at the isle.

I Ghoil sgeir—I, island as above, ghoil, boiling, and sgeir, rock hidden at high tide, waves breaking and boiling over it.

Hoan—N., hvòan, the plant angelica, much esteemed by the Norse for flavouring ale; they found the plant here, and so named the island, which is fertile and green. It was inhabited till within recent years. It contains an ancient burying place, 83 feet above sea level.

Choarie—This is the name given in ancient charters; it is situated in Loch Erriboll, has excellent herbage. Its signification is uncertain; if its derivation be from Norse, it may signify "the fold island," from kviar, a fold, and ey, island, the k pronunciation being obliqued by the natives to ch. Cattle were wont to be swam to the island, both for keep and protection. In the island they were as safe as in a fold. In modern maps, this island is named An-coir-eilean, which is Gaelic, from corra, a heron; its signification then would be "the heron island." This island had also a burying place in it. It has been said that the coast inhabitants preferred in ancient times to bury the dead on islands along the coast for protection from the wolves. Choarie, or, An-corra-eilean, is entirely composed of limestone, and 74 feet above sea level.

Cluimh-Beig—G., Cluimh, or cloimh, wool, down, and breac, speckled, the island of speckled, downy, or soft grass.

Clò-Mor—N., from klofi; N., for cleft in a rock, and mor, G., the big cleft.

Stae-clo-chearbaig—N. and G., stae, from staki, N., like a hay stack; clo, N., cleft as above, and cearbag, place name near the stack at the cleft, near Cearbaig.

Gualinn-a chairn—G., gualinn, shoulders; chairn, gen. of carn, heap of stones or rocks, shoulders of the cairn, in reference to a projection of Far-out-head.

Far-out-head, Fair-head—N., *forad*, dangerous place or precipiece.

Gob-nan-leac—G., gob, beak, or snout-like; leac, flat or flagstone, another projecting point of the Far-out-head, indicating difference in stratification.

Sean-chaisteal—G., old castle, long ago in ruins, probably the

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PLACE NAMES.

Achu more—G., achadh-mor, big field.

Allt-na-caillich—G., Rob Donn's birth-place in 1714. (See river names).

Bad-na-guine—G., bad-na-cuingean, bad, thicket; cuingean, narrow channels or straits; the thicket of the straits; bad, croft, or toft.

Bal-na-kill—G., baile, dwelling; na, gen. of the art. an; and cill, cell; Culdee place of worship, or burying; Wel., cyl, kiln; Manx, ceeil, church; Ir., cill; Corn., cil and cel; Latin, cella; Swiss, cilch, church. The Culdees established a place of worship here. In Roman Catholic times there was a kind of monastery at Balnacill, the ruins of which may still be seen. Here was the summer residence of the bishop of Caithness, and here, too, was the summer residence of the Lords of Reay.

Balvolich—G., baile-mhullaich, the higher township, or the township on the height.

Balnamuic—G., baile, and muic, swine, place of swine, or where swine were kept by the inhabitants; muic, gen. of muc, a pig; Manx, muc and muck, pl. mucyn; Wel., mochyn, pl. moch, pigs, swine; Corn., moch; Ir., moc, muc.

Bealach-a-chonnaidh—G., bealach, a pass between two hills, a defile; chonnaidh, gen. of connadh, fuel, firewood. In ancient times wood was abundant; it was the fuel before moss was used. There were large forests everywhere in Durness in pre-Norse times.

Bealach-na-h-imrich—G., bealach, as above; imrich, flitting, change of abode; the pass of the flittings, in reference to the track taken in flitting and carrying away household goods.

Bealach-na-meirlich—G., meirlich, pl. of meirleach; the pass of the thieves, in reference to the track taken by cattle-lifters.

Cadha-na-bencaich—G., cadha, a narrow pass; bencaich, roaring, bellowing; the pass of the bellowing, in reference to deer.

Carrachan du—G., carrachan, wild liquorice roots, and du, black; the place of the wild black liquorice roots, as Carra-Mheille (Carmel), in Palestine, Carmylie, in Forfar.

Ceanna-bin—G., ceann, head or end, and beinn, end of the mountain; Wel., pen, head, or end; here it is a place name, in reference to its situation at the mountain end.

Cearbhaig—G., carbhaig, dim. of the O.G. word carbh, a small ship; still retained in the Fr. word corvette, a small ship of war, of less size than a frigate; in reference to the Norse ships casting anchor, or at anchor, in the adjoining bay, Bagh-a-Chearbhaig. Within half a mile of the bay and the ancient hamlet, is

Geodha-na-Seamraig and Loch-na-Seamraig (the creek and lake of the shamrocks). Query, which is the proper derivation of one and the other.

Dail—G., a field bounded by a river; very frequently used in Highland topography; Wel., dal, a dale, a meadow through which a river runs; Norse, dalr, dolr, a dale; Swed., Dan., Du., dal; Corn., Arm., dol.

Erribol—Norse, see lake name, Arnaboll; Norse, arnar, pertaining to an eagle; böll, residence, in reference to resorts of the eagle being near.

Durine—G., du-raoin, black plains or fields; said to be in reference to the difference in the appearance of the soil in the west side from that of the east side of the township, the one being sandy, the other being peaty, or black. An excellent Gaelic scholar contends for this definition, or at anyrate suggests it. (See *ante*, in district names).

Durness—See *ante*, in district names.

Gob-an-uisgich—G., gob, a point, bill, snout, and uisgidh, plu. of uisge, water; the point of land or water at which the water of streams or rivers conjoin and commingle. This expressive topographical word is found more than once in Sutherland as applied to the meeting of waters at a common point, and is a third way of describing confluence of waters, instead of Aber or Inver, about which so much contention has arisen as to their relative definition and real signification. Gob, beak or bill, here comes in to describe the same aspect and effect, and does not settle the controversy. The gob may apply to the point of land at the meeting of those waters, or may mean the point of the actual confluence of the waters themselves. Gob, in Sutherland, refers to a place name situated on or near the point of land caused by the meeting of waters from different directions.

Hope—N. (see lake names). Loch Hope gives its own name to the river issuing from it; to the grand mountain at its upper end; the river to the township situated on its right bank; also to Inver Hope, situated at its confluence with the sea.

Heilim—N., oblique case of, Holmr; N., islet or peninsula in a river, lake, or bay. Farther down, on the same side of Loch Erriboll, is Beinn Heilim, signifying the mountain in the peninsula, formed by Loch Erriboll and Loch Hope and River Hope.

Keoldale—Definition uncertain, whether Gaelic or Norse. N., kaldr, cold, and dalr, dal, or dale, *cold dale;* G., caol, narrow, and dail, dale, *narrow dale;* or G., caolas, kyle, strait, and dail, dale, Kyle-dale, thence Kealdale, as it is pronounced by the natives.

Here a difference of opinion may arise. Let it be observed that when the word dal or dale becomes in Highland topography an affix, especially in coast place names, the probability is that the first syllable may be of foreign origin, as in Helmsdale, Armadale, Torrisdale, which are essentially of Norse origin, and when the word dal finds its place as a prefix the whole is of Gaelic origin, as Dalwhinnie (the place of the meeting), Dalmore, Dalbeg, Dalriabhaich, descriptive of known or unknown events, size, and aspect. In this word Keoldale, the dal being an affix, a Norse origin may be assigned to it.

Leirin—G., leth, half, and raoins, fields, plains, divided into two. Allt-Smoo divides the locality into Leirin bheag and Leirin mhor; leth raoin, half the plain.

Lone—G., lon, meadow, this place is called An Lon, *the* meadow, from its being alone—a meadow among the mountains near Loch Stack.

Kinloch—G., Ceann-loch, head of the lake, or tide in a bay.

Mhoine—G., see *ante*, in district names.

Musal—N., from mosi, moss, or moorland, and fiall, or fell, moss-covered highland; mosi-fell, mossfell, Musal, in Strathmore, or anciently Strath-urradal, from a Norse commander, supposed to be one of Haco's captains, having been killed in the Strath with several of his men when on a plundering excursion.

Rispond—See *ante*, in islands, capes, bays.

Sango-Mor: Sango-beg—Sango, contraction of N., Sandr, Sand, and Gja, geo, creek, Sanda-geo, the sandy shored creek; mor and beag, Gaelic. The two creeks are about a mile apart; the Gaelic adjectives distinguish their relative size.

Whiten-Head—Anglicised from a literal translation of Ceann-geal, a remarkable cape in the parish of Durness, eastside of Loch Erriboll (see cape names, *ante*). In the description given of Whiten-Head respecting the caves in its face and sides, one deserves particular mention. It is locally named "Uamh Mhor Fhresgill," the great cave of Fresgill. It is said to extend more than half a mile under ground, and to be 50 feet high and 20 feet wide at the entrance, gradually diminishing till at last a man can scarcely creep along it. Its sides are variegated with many colours, lost in each other with a delicacy and softness that no art can excel. Upon entering the cave, the mind is impressed with pleasing awe, heightened by the solemn gloominess of the light, the clang of sea birds that nestle in it, and the mournful dashing of the waves against the adjacent rocks. Numbers of seals are found in it.

EDDRACHILIS.

"Stranger, if e'er thy ardent steps have traced
The northern realm of ancient Caledon,
Where the proud green of wilderness has placed,
By lake and cataract, her lonely throne,
Sublime and stern delight thy soul has known,
Gazing in pathless glens and mountains high,
List'ing where from the cliffs the torrents thrown
Mingle their echoes with the eagle's cry,
With the sounding lake, and with the roaring sky,
'Tis known amid the pathless waste of Reay."

Eddrachilis is reputed to be the wildest and most rugged parish in Scotland. Its inland parts are the haunts of the deer and the eagle. Its aspect from the sea is a vast group of mountains, whose summits are enveloped in clouds, divided from one another by deep and narrow glens, whose declivities are so steep and rugged as to be dangerous to the traveller unattended by a guide. The mountains are giants. Such a magnificent panorama of mountains can hardly be surpassed. Ben Stack looks like an enormous pyramid rising to a point. Like Assynt, its lakes are innumerable, a veritable network, covering nearly 8000 acres, out of an area of 144,600 acres. Its rivers abound with salmon. Its lakes, with trout of various kinds.

Anciently the district was divided into three parts, Eddrachilis, between the Kyle Sku and Loch Laxford; the Ceathramh Garbh, between the Laxford and the river Inchard; and Ashir, or Fasthir, beyond the Inchard.

The parish name, as to its origin and definition, is, to the Gaelic student, self-evident.

Eddra-chilis—G., cadar-da-chaolais, between two kyles.

Ceathramh-garbh—G., rough quarter, the district between the lakes and rivers Laxford and Inchard. It is rightly so named from its physical aspect, unfit for the habitation of man, except on the south shore of the Inchard.

Ashir, mhor—G., contracted from Fás-thir, meaning productive, or cultivable land, in contradistinction to the "Ceathramh-garbh," rough quarter, adjoining. It lies to the north of the Inchard lake and river. The district has cultivable land in it. The Ceathramh-garbh has none beyond the strip bordering on the Inchard south shore. Ashir has been variously spelled in charters, as Aslar, Astlair, Ashlair. It is now corrupted into "Old shore" more, "Old shore" beg.

MOUNTAIN NAMES.

Beinu-a-bhutha—G., butha, a cot, or bothy, or hut. Mountain of the hut, no doubt, for deer-hunting ; 1777 feet high.

Beinn Hee—G., hee, oblique case of sith, tranquility, solitude, mountain of the solitude ; 2864 feet high.

Beinn leoid—G., from Leoid, a man's name, who frequented it for the chase and hunting, or from leothad-leud, breadth ; 2597 feet high.

Beinn stack—G. and N., stakkr, like a stack, appropriate to the aspect of this mountain ; G., stae, high hill, rising like a pyramid. In Ireland such aspect is compared to cruach, Ir., croagh, stack of corn-like mountain ; 2365 feet high.

Beinn dearg Mor—G., dearg, red, and mor, big ; the big red mountain ; 1527 feet high.

Beinn auskaird—G., ausk, asca, snake, and airde, a quarter ; the quarter or district of the snakes ; 1265 feet high.

Beinn Strome—G. and W., takes its name from the adjoining strait ; N., stromr, a stream or current; 1374 feet high. See Kyle-strome, *post* ; Eng. equivalent, stream.

Creag-riabhach—G., riabhach, brindled, the brindled rock ; 1592 feet high ; the summit has rocky brindled cliffs, hence the name.

Cnoc-na-glaie-tarsuinn—C., cnoc, hill ; glaie, defiles ; tarsuinn, across, hill of the cross defiles ; 1000 feet high.

Cnoc-odhar—G., the dun hill.

Cnoc-gorm-mor—G., the big blue hill.

Farr mheall—G., faire, watching, and meall, round-shaped hill, the watch or sentinel hill ; 1709 feet high.

Mcall-na-moine—G., meal, as above, and moine, moss, bog ; Wel., mawn ; Arm., mawdew, the mossy hill, or the hill in the moss ; 1592 feet high.

Meallan-liath—G., Meallan, dim. of mcall, and liath, grey ; Wel., lluyd, grey ; the little grey hill.

Sàil-mhor—G., sàil, keel, and mor, the big heel, of the Arcuil (arkle) mountain ; Arcuil, G., earrgheal, the white-tailed falcon or eagle, the mountain of the white-tailed eagle. It is said the deer on this mountain have white forked tails.

LAKE NAMES.

Loch Mor—G., the big lake.

Loch-na-claise carnach—G., clais, hollow ; carnach, rocky, lake of the rocky hollow.

Loch Stack—G. and N., the mountain Stack gives its name to the lake, being adjoining.

Loch Laxford—N., lax, salmon, fiord, an arm of the sea; G. name, luis-ard, luis herbs, ard, height; N., salmon firth; G., height of the herbs or plants.

Loch Inchard—G., innis, flat land, ard, height; height of the flat land, or high flat land.

Loch Sandwood—N., Sandr, sand, vatn, water, or lake, the sandy lake. It lies near the sea-shore.

Loch crocach—G., branched, like the fingers of the hand; N., kroka, crooked, both applicable to the aspect of this lake.

Loch-an-tigh-sheilg—G., lake of the hunt-house or hunting-house.

Loch-an-fhionn-leathad—G., lake of the fair or white slope.

Loch-na-h-airbhe—G., airbhe, produce or productiveness, the productive lake, in referenee to its fishing properties.

Loch-bhad-daraich—G., lake of the oak thicket.

Loch-na-tuaigh—G., lake of the axe.

Loch-bhar-locha—G, lake in the summit, in the vicinity of others.

Loch-gharbh-bhaid-mhor—G., the rough lake of the big thicket.

Loch-na-gainimh—G., gaineamh, sand; the sandy shore lake.

Loch-na-h-ealaidh—G., ealaidh, swans; lake of the swan.

Loch-na-claise—G., lake of the hollow; it is an arm of the sea entering between hills, then widening to form the hollow.

Loch-a-chraisg—G., crasg; crossway through hills.

Loch-innis-nam-bà buidhe—Lake of the meadow of the yellow kine; Wel., bwch; Gr., bo; Fr., vache; Lat., vacca.

Loch-uidh-an-tuim—Uidh, slow flowing water, as seen at ends of lakes before it reaches the stream channel, and tuim, pl. of tom, round knoll, lake of the slow flowing water passing the knolls. Uidh also means a ford in smooth water; Wel., Gwy, hence Wye, Wey, rivers in England, smooth flowing water. Tom, G.; tom, Wel.; tumb, Arm.; tumulus, Lat.; tumbus, Gr.

Loch-cul-uidh-an-tuim—G., lake at the back of Uidh-an-tuim.

RIVER NAMES.

Inchard—G., see lake names.

Laxford—G. and N., see lake names.

Maldie—G., meall, round topped hill, and du, black; the hill gives the name to the river or stream.

An Earrachd—G., earrachd, narrow strip of land, that gives its name to the river.

Allt-achadh-na-fairidh—G., see Achadh-na-fairidh, place names.

Allt-mor-gisgeil—Allt, stream, mor, big, and geisgeil, roaring —the big roaring stream; N., gjosa, gushing, gil, ravine, the gushing ravine; in reference to the stream rushing through a gorge or ravine.

Allt-an-lon bhan—G., stream of the white or fair meadow.

Allt-nan lu-bhain—G., allt, stream, luib, bend, and bhain, gen. pl. of ban, fair, white—stream of the white bends.

Allt-an-t-Strathan—G., srath, valley, srathan, dim.—stream of the little valley.

Allt-nan-Ramh—G., ramh, oar, tree, wood; O.G., trees, wood—stream of the trees; probably from the fact of oars being made from the trees growing by this river.

Garbh-Allt—G., common name of streams in the Highlands, garbh, rough; Wel., garw; Arm., garv; Corn., garow; Phen., garv, rapid; O.G., garv, is rapid; hence the Garonne in France. Garv-àn, or garv-umhainn, the rapid flowing river.

ISLAND NAMES.

Handa—G., is said to be aon-dath, of one colour. It is more probably N., from its geological formation, sandi, sanda—sand, and ey, island. It consists of sandstone in highly inclined strata, rising rapidly to a height of 406 feet at the "Sithean Mor," N.W. end, whence it breaks sheer down into the sea, presenting a continuous series of almost perpendicular cliffs. In these cliffs are seen striking features of ledge and fissure, which form a most imposing piece of rock scenery as is anywhere to be met with round British shores. An enormous perforation reaches down to the level of the sea, which sweeps through it at the ebb and flow of the tides. Thousands of sea fowl haunt its cliffs, and build their nests in the crevices. The "Sithean Mor" (big grassy knoll), the supposed haunt of fairies, commands a grand view of the lofty seaboard of the mainland from Rhu-stor in Assynt, to Eilean an roin beg (the little isle of seals), north of Loch Inchard. The Sound of Handa, little more than a quarter of a mile wide, separates the island from the mainland. The island from E. to W. measures $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles, and from N. to S. 1 mile. Here, at the beginning of the 17th century, lived the noted Ian-beg Mhic Dho'ill Mhic Huistean, of the Assyut Macleods, a man of low stature, but of uncommon strength, and matchless skill in arms. He kept a war galley of his own, ready for any enterprise. By him was slain the famous Judge Morrison of the Isles with six of his men, in revenge of the supposition of the judge's being

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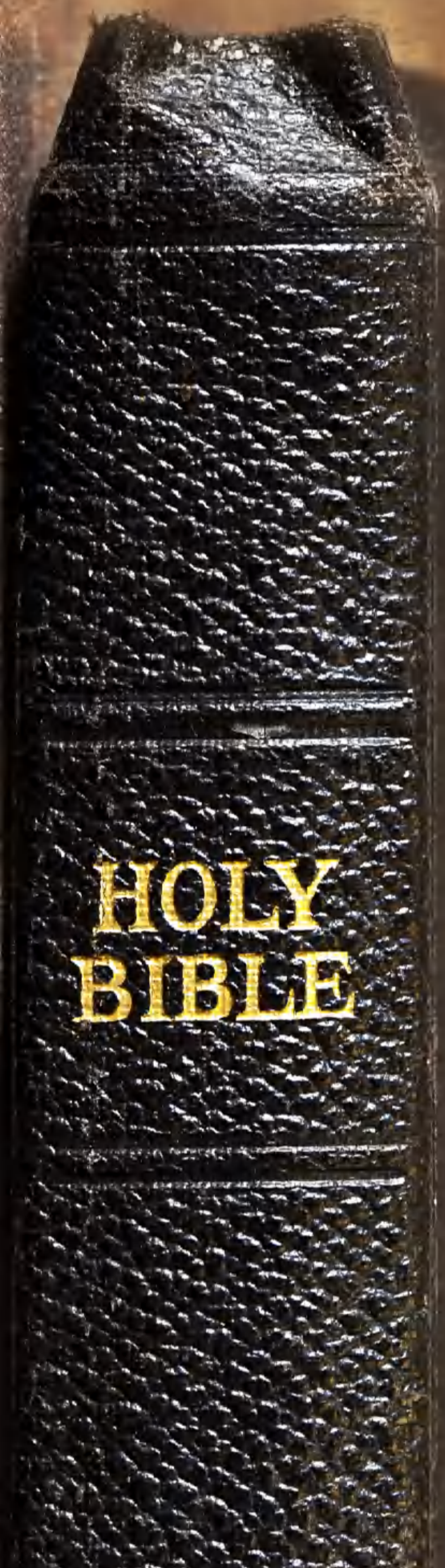

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Balchreick—G., baile, township, and cnuie, hillocks; the township of the hillocks; or baile and craig, rocks.

Blair More—G., blàr, field, plain, moor, and mor, big; the big plain, or big moor.

Droman—G., dim. of droma, ridge; Manx, dreem; Wel., trum; Gr., drom-os, ridge.

Druimnaguie—G., druim, or droma, ridge; and gaoith, gen. of gaoth, wind; windy ridge.

Du-ard—Black height; Duart, in Mull.

Eilear-a-Mhill—Eileir, lonely place among the hills.

Findle-More—G., fionn, fair, and dail, dale, field; the big fair field or dale; Manx, dayll; Ir., dail; Wel., dol; Corn., dal; Arm., dol; Ice. or Norse, dal.

Gualen—G., gualainn, the shoulders, in reference to the aspect of the mountains near the place.

Feinag More—G., feannag, a ridge of land; the big ridge of land.

Inch-Egra—G., innis, flat-land, seighear; O.G., falconer, and rath, a circle, a fort, a plain or cleared spot; the flat-land of the falconer's fort or round house.

Kinlochbervie—Ceann, head, loch, lake, bervie, corrupted from na bà buidhe, head of the lake of the yellow kine.

Old Shore—G., corruption of Ashir, or Fas-thir, which see.

Polin—G., corruption of Pollan, dim. of poll, a pond, a pool, or marsh, giving the name to the locality. Manx, poyll, pool, puddle. Wel., pwll, pool. Corn., pol. Arm., pol, pool.

Portlevorchy—G., port, ferry, haven, levorchy, to Murdoch, or Murdoch's, Murdoch's port. On this coast is a place called Acarachd Mhic Mhurchaidh Oige, signifying the anchorage of young Murdoch's sons, where the Lewis Murdoch Macleods were wont to cast anchor and land. G., acair, anchor, acairachd, anchorage; Manx, aker; Wel., angor; Corn., ankar; Arm., enhor; Fr., aucre; Ital., ancora; Gr., agkur-a, anchor.

Rhiconich—G., rhi, or ruigh, slope, or declivity, coinnich, meet, the meeting of the slopes or declivities at the end of Loch Inchard, or coinich, moss, the mossy slopes; Rhi enters largely into Highland topography, especially in Sutherland; it appears frequently in Welsh, meaning slope; as rhiw; Manx, roie, run.

Rhi-voult—G., rhi, slope, voult, corrupted, from mhuilt, gen. pl. of muilt, wether the slope of the wether sheep, correctly Rhi-a-mhuilt; Wel., mollt, pl. myllt; Lat., mult, a fine, a penalty. Fines and penalties in the earlier stages of society were frequently inflicted in kind. A certain number of sheep was the

fine, hence the word mulct. Satisfaction for injuries used to be arranged by a fine of so many sheep. It was common among the Romans, see Aulus Gellius, book 11th, chap. 1; see Grant's "Thoughts on the Gael."

Scourie—N., Skorrie, bird, and ey as used in local names, ea, ey, Chels-ea, Cherts-ey, place of birds, places where birds resorted to. Near Scourie Bay are Scourie and Scourie More, within two miles of Handa Island, whose cliffs are inhabited by birds innumerable.

Skerricha—G., sgeir, a rock, and achadh, a field—the field of the rock. N., sker, an isolated rock in the sea.

Sandwood—W., see the lake names, anciently "Sand wat."

Tarbat—G., Tarbert, a neck of land (O'Reilly), tar-bàt, a place where boats are drawn across an isthmus, from tar, root of tarruing, draw, and bàd, boat.

Eddrachilis parish has few antiquities. There are Pictish or Norse towers at Kylesku and Scourie, Druidical stones at Badnabay.

11th DECEMBER, 1889.

The paper for this evening was contributed by the Rev. Adam Gunn, Durness, entitled "Unpublished Literary Remains of the Reay Country." Mr Gunn's paper was as follows:—

UNPUBLISHED LITERARY REMAINS OF THE REAY COUNTRY.

With the single exception of Rob Donn, the writer is not aware that the labours of any Reay country bard ever acquired general currency. It is not, however, to be supposed that this arose from lack of material. The Reay country was always rich in song. The conditions for producing a pastoral literature were nowhere more favourable than here; and, owing to the close and friendly relations between chiefs and clansmen of the Mackay country, it would have been difficult to find in the land a more cultured peasantry than this region could furnish some two hundred years ago. The principles of the Reformation were adopted at an early date, and were nowhere carried out with greater thoroughness. The clansmen, under the leadership of Hugh Mackay, their chief, embraced to a man the reformed faith; and ever since his day the

Barons of Reay made it their aim to secure for their countrymen the services of the ablest and most enlightened ministers. In this way it was no unusual thing to find men who had not only passed through the Scottish Universities, but who had also drank deeply at the Continental seats of learning, labouring in the wilds of Reay. As an immediate result of this religious and intellectual revival, a great deal of our native literature assumed the form of religious poetry. Specimens of this exist in Macrae's MS., in the possession of Mr Skene, but the bulk of it has unquestionably disappeared. It is well known that Dugald Buchanan was first induced to try religious song on hearing the poems of a certain John Mackay recited by a company of Sutherlandshire Militia stationed in Rannoch.

Again, by the wars of Gustavus Adolphus, a powerful impetus was given to the poetic faculty of the Reay country bards. Sir Donald, first Lord Reay, spared neither men nor money in the cause of freedom. As successive bands of these soldiers of fortune left their native glens, it is only natural to suppose that their virtues and prowess should become the theme of song. A wide field was opened up to the imagination of our native bards, and stories of fabulous wealth acquired in "the Hollands" soon began to circulate in prose and poetry. It is needless to say that only snatches of this fugitive literature have come down to our day.

A third condition, favourable to the development of song, is to be found in the life of "the Sheiling," which played so prominent a part in the social and domestic economy of the Highlands. The *Sheiling* in the summer months, and the *Ceilidh* in the winter, were the literary societies of that day, and what was produced at the Sheiling was consumed at the Ceilidh, in the mental no less than in the material sphere. The Sheiling was the nursery-ground of the love-song. There are many remains of this period and phase of Highland life still surviving, and your Society is doing excellent service in the collection and publication of such materials. Traditions of this ideal life are still current among us; and the writer has heard on more occasions than one songs and legends which savour strongly of the Sheiling-bothy. There is, for example, the legend of "Amhlaidh na Casaidh," which had its origin in this fruitful imaginative period. *Aulaidh* was an unfortunate woman, who became demented, and, like Nebuchadnezzar, betook herself to the hills and roamed with the deer. On one occasion she led the herd to what formerly was her own cornfield; but her eldest son, getting tired of the raids made upon his

farm, hounded them furiously away. On this Aulaidh made the impromptu—

"Fhir a thog an t-iolach ard,
'S chuir coin a' bhaile 'mo larg,
Dh' òl thu bainne mo dha chich
'S laidh thu naoi miosachan mo bhalg."

Aulaidh was by no means purged of malice. She frequently tried to do mischief in the dead hour of night to her household; but a wakeful guardian, in the shape of an "coileach dubh," always anticipated her, and scared her away by his crowing :—

"A Choilich dhuibhe, a bhroillich dheirge
Is math thu fhein, is binn do ghuth
'N nair thainig mi, mo mheadhon oidhche
S 'e m' cunan fhein a chum mi muigh."

Possibly to this period may be traced the following story, to be met with in one form or another throughout Sutherlandshire:— A party of half-a-dozen hunters were benighted on one occasion in a wild and lonely glen. They lighted at length on a sheiling-bothy, and having secured their horses for a night in the "bual," they proceeded to light a fire, and cook a supper frcm the product of the chase. This over, they one and all expressed their regret that their lady-loves were not present to enjoy the fun, when, suddenly, their trooped in one by one their lady friends, and sat each one upon her lover's knee. The night passed merrily in song. One of the young men, having occasion to stoop down for something which had dropped from him, discovered to his dismay that his partner was provided with the uncanny "hoof" instead of feet. He kept the secret to himself, secured leave to have a look at the horses for a little, and forthwith galloped away. It was not a moment too soon. The *baobh* was soon on his track, but being well mounted on an "Each donn, deas-mhuingeach," and followed by a "Cu dubh, bus-bhuidheach," he managed to make good his escape. He returned in the morning in search of his companions, but he found the bothy with its inmates burned to the ground.

It was, however, in the department of love-songs that sheiling-life was most productive ; and more than one records the progress of love-making during the season. From these it would appear that the virtues most highly valued in the Reay country maids of the sheiling were hospitality, early rising, and expertness in managing dairy produce.

When the economic changes of the latter half of the last century, and the early years of the present, took place, the decline of pastoral poetry began. So long as the Reay country was in possession of the ancient and hereditary chiefs, there always existed a certain amount of patronage of the Bards; but when it passed into the hands of the Sutherland family, who were reckoned *Sassenachs*, this patronage ceased, and the clearances of the interior effectually stemmed the lyric stream which had flowed for centuries. "The old order changeth," and giveth place to the new; but it would appear that with the change of ownership the Muses departed from the Reay country, and the bards "hanged their harps upon the willows." When the estate changed hands, and the Foresters of the Reay Country were summoned to Tongue to swear fealty to their new master, it is clear from the following song that the change was by no means to their taste. The author—Huistean Oag—was an old servant of Eric, Lord Reay, and resided in the Reay Forest:—

Anns an fhaghair so chàidh,
Ghabh mi turus no dhà mu'n cuairt
Is thachair dhomh oidhch' bhi' mo thamh
Measg cuideachd is tabhurn sluaigh.

Air dhomh bhi air leth-taobh leam fhein
'S mi 'gamhairc gach ni mu'n̄ cuairt;
Dhearc mi air craobh a mhasguil*
'S 'i fas gu geagach suas.

N' am b' ann le iomairt nan lann
Theidheadh tus thoir dhachaigh da Thunga a ris
Dh' fhagtadh Cataich gle ghann
'S cha bhitheadh Sasunnach fad 's an tir.

'Nuair a dh'eireadh na seoid
Sliochd Iain Aberich mhor mhic-aoidh
Sliochd Dhomh'l-ic Corchie-ic-Leoid,
Chuireadh coigrich fa choir 's fo chis.

Dheagh Strath-namhair nam buadh,
Na fir thapaidh d'am bu dual a bhi treun,
Is Strath-Halladail, a bha glinn
'N am tarruing nan lann 's nan streup.

* A flattering song composed to the Duke.

Sud, is Ceann-Tsaile nam buadh,
Dh'eireadh tapaidh an guaillibh a cheile
Agus Duirinish ghrinn, 'n aghaidh cunnart
Gu cinnt' cha philleadh tu fhein.

The bard here enumerates the various parishes which would rise to a man in order to restore to him his rightful territory—if that were possible; but soon he sees it a hopeless task, and concludes by a general complaint at the ill-luck which overtook them.

Cha neil iasg air a bhuirn
O'n shalaich iad sugh nam beann
Dhiult an talamh a bhàrr
Cha neil meas a fas air crann.

Ach bhuineadh dhuinne a bhi stuaim
'S gun bhi furasda air gluasad le stri;
'Sa bhi toilichte mar a ta
O nach fhaigh sinn na bha, a chaoidh.

Fhir a rugadh, 's a dh' fhas
Ann machair a chail, 's a ghuail,
Ciamar a dh' fhuilings am brosgul ud da
Ged a reubadh a' bheal gu 'chluais?

The reference to kail in the last stanza is the usual taunt with which the Reay countryman twits his East Coast neighbour. When the family seat became vacant at Tongue, the bards found their chief support and encouragement from the middle-class gentry of the country, who preserved for a time the ancient traditions of the clans. They were mostly all connected with the Reay family, and many of them were highly-educated men. Major Mackay, or "Fear-Eriboll," took a leading part among them for genuine hospitality. His fame is still fresh and fragrant, though three generations have passed away since his day. The following *marbh-rann* was supplied to the writer by Miss Findlater, relict of the Rev. William Findlater, pre-disruption minister of Durness, who made large collections of Highland songs. The first six stanzas are lost; it begins with the seventh—

Rinn do ghliocas bho t-oige
Pailteas storas chuir cruinn;
Ach nuair chitheadh tu 'm feumnach
Bhitheadh tu endmhor g'a roinu
O'n bha thu comhnuidh ga chaitheadh
Ri daoine, mnathan, is cloinn,'
Cha 'n ionadh 'n cridhe bhi craiteach,
O rinn am bàs da thoirt uainn.

'Nuair thigeadh àm na Fil-Martuinn,
Sa bhiodh sàs air gach seors',
'S iad ag ag iunndrainn a' mhaile,
'S gun bhonn ga phaigheadh nam pòc';
'S ullamh dheanamh tu freagairt,
Air son gach beag agus mor,
S cha bhiodh aon ann an eiginn,
Fhad s' bha fear Eiriboll beo.

Gheibhte ceol agus aighear,
Air feadh do thigh-sa gu leor
Agus tional d'a dh' uaislean,
Nan suidhe suas mu'd bhord,
Be sud a' mhala gun ghruaman,
Air mhead an t-sluaighs bhiodh fa chomh'r,
'S bhiodh gach fear a bha brachdail diu,
Gabhail tlachd ann do ghloir.

'S mor t-iunndrain o 'n dh' fhalbh thu
Air feadh na h-Alba gu leir
'S ni iad t-iomradh an Sasuinn,
'S an rioghachd fharsuing sin fhein;
Si mo bharail nach faic iad
A chaoidh da leithid air feill,
A rinn an talach so thogail
Da shliochd Raibeart mhic Neill.

Buadhan moltach do dhiadhachd
'S iad a b' fhiach chuir an rann
Cha tuig an t-amadan sian diu
O 'n bha diamhaireachd ann,
Pairt nach faodar a mholadh
Ged tha brollaich nan ceann;
D 'an eliu bhi pailt ann am briathran
Ach ann an gniomhnan ro ghann.

'S e mo chomhairle an drasda
Do na thamh as do dheigh
Iad a shireadh o 'n Ard-Righ
A leithid do ghras' is do cheill;
'N fheadh s' bhios iad beo air an talamh
Bhiodh sin na bheannachd dhoibh fein
'S nuair a dh' fhalaicheas an ùir iad
Mairidh 'n cliu as an deigh.

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Cha mi oidhche nall do cheilidh ;
Cha labhradh Ceitidh rium d' a deoin ;
Cha robh Domhnuill rium ach gruamach
Ach bha ghruagach mar bu choir.
Hugu, ho, mo dhuil gach latha
Ri dhol fathast air a toir.

Ged tha Domhnuill nis na'm aghaidh
S ged a thaghadh ès air tòs ;
'Nuair a theid sinn air ar n-aghaidh
Gheibh i 'roghainn aig a stòl.
Hugu, ho, mo dhuil, gach la, &c.

Comhairl' bheirinn ort mar nabuidh,
Gabh no fag i reir d'a dheoin,
Ged robh h'athair leat 's a mathair
So mo lamh 's nach faigh thu 'n còr.
Hugu, ho, mo dhuil gach la, &e.

II.

'S ann chunnaic mise a' mhaighdean,
Air oidhche an tigh Rob Gordon,
Is dh'innsinn a' dealbh dhuit,
Mur gu'n tarraig-te air bord i ;
Bha 'gruaighean mar na caorainn,
Fo 'n aodainn a b' àilte
Is braighead mar an fhaoltinn,
Bu chaomh leam bhi lamh ri.

Cichean corrach baoisgeil,
A rinn mise a thàladh ;
Is mus tig latha cuingis,
Gun cuir mi cainnt an Dàn dhuibh.

Bha Uilleam Mac Rob-Taillear,
Ag aireamh dhomh a buadhan,
Mu'n d'rinn e an Dàn ud d'i,
Nach b urrainn bard chuir suarach,
No 'n creidinn's an tràth sin,
Ach pairt do na chuala mi,
Gu fiachadh mac mo mhathair,
Ri cach chuir am buair oirre.

Gach oidhche arms mo leabaidh dhomh,
Gu'm bi an codal gann dhomh,
Breabachadh is teannachadh,
Carachadh, is tionndaidh,
A' sineadh mo lamhan,
Gu mo ghradh tharruing teann rium,
'S mi 'n duil gun robh i t'fhaic' rium,
'S gun agam dhi ach samhla.

D 'ar chaidh i gus an ordugh,
Gu'n chomhlaich mi fein i,
Is thubhairt mi ri Seoras,
Gu 'm bu bhoidheach a' cheile i ;
Ach labhair ès mo chomhail,
" 'Nam b'eol dhiutsa a beusan,
Cho maith 's is aithne dhomhsa,
Gum posadh tu fein i."

Moch-a-thrath Di-Ciadaoin,
Nnair thriall i air falbh uainn,
Lean mi fhein a sios i,
Gu uachdar na Garbh-chreig ;
Chuir an T-seilich eadar-ruinn,
Is ghrioirach sid ar seanchas,
Is bha mi fhein is Seoras,
Cho bronach, 'nuair dh' fhalbh i

Theid mi fhein is Seoras
Di-Domhnaich d'an t-Searmoid,
Is chi sinn an oigh' ud,
Air 'boichead 's air 'dealbha'd,
Is ged a rachadh seorsachadh,
O'n tòs gus an earboll,
Cha'n fhaghear anns an fhod' ud,
Cho boidheach ri Barbara.

The following was made on a Christmas-gathering occasion in the house of one Macdonald. It used to be in great requisition on festive occasions :—

Oidche Shamhna an tos a gheamhraidh,
'San tigh ud thall bha ceol againn,
Leann math laidir, 'g òl 's ga phaigheadh,
Le Deoch-slainte an Domhnullaich.

Liquor dubailte a bheireadh 'n lùs,
As 'n fhear bu mho a dh'oladh dheth,
A dh'fhagadh glagach, fear bhiodh fann,
Is dh fhagadh gann fear-storasach.

Ach dar a thainig teamhair biadh,
Cha robha sian ann b'fheaird' sinn,
Ach grainn a' sgadain ann an cliabh,
A chaill am briogh mus d'thainig iad.

Fhreagair chailleach is i gu fiata,
Ged tha a bhliadhna so fàiligeach,
Tha grainn da mhuilt againn air sliabh,
Is bheir mi trian do Mhairi dhuibh.

Ach fhreagair 'n Domhnullach gu coir,
'S ann do mo dheoin a thainig sibh,
Mo ghiullan tapaidh bitheadh 'g òl,
Oir tha gu leor am m' fhardaich-sa.

Ged 'se Mairi gheibh na caoirich
Oir tha gaol a mathair dhi,
Am fear bheir Seonaid dheth an fheill
Cha bhi e 'n èis ma thàras mi.

Sin fhreagair Seonaid 's i gu stuaim
Is i air bruaich a sàruichidh
Cha tig Suiridheach d' a ma luaidh
Oir tha fuath mo mhathair dhomh.

Bha mi cho dleasail dhi bho thùs
'S a ghiulaineadh mo naduir dhomh
'S bha mi naoi miosachan na broinn
'S na 's mò cha robh aig Mairi ann.

Cha robh suiridheach thainig ann
Nach robh bròn na dh òl iad ann
Nach d' fhuair maighdeannan g' am mianu
Ach cailnean crion an Domhnullaich.

. . . . . .

It has already been remarked that the bards of the Reay country disappeared with the sale of the estate, and the consequent disintegration of the Clan. It is to be hoped that the recent renascence of the Clan Mackay may help to waken the

Muses in the solitudes of Reay, and this paper cannot close more suitably than in a song composed by a Durness man on the occasion of their autumn visit. It proves that the divine afflatus still survives in the country of Rob Donn:—

"Soraidh slan do 'n phairtidh eibhinn
Thriall an drast' uainn da Dhun-Edin,
Clan Mhic-Aoidh nam piob 's nam feilibh
Ni iad leubhanta tir nam beann.

Saoil sibh fein nach math na ruintean
Ghluais na Gaidheal ud do'n duthaich so
Sluagh an aite a dheanamh surdail,
Is gabhail curam as a chlann

Cha neil teagamh bho gach sgeàl-a
Tha air aithris mu na phairti th
Nach dean iad feum d 'a dh' iomadh Gaidheal
'N ám bhi fagail tir nam beann

Chuala mi iomradh anns a Phaipear
Air duine uasail, oigfhear airidh
Tha air aithris dhaibh mar pharant
So mo lamh gu 'n dean e eliu.

Tha Mac Aoidh a rugadh 'n Roghaird
'Na dhuine nasal, buadhach treubhach
Caraid dileas na fir feumnach,
'S toigh leis foghluim thoirt do'n chlann.

'S beag an curam do gach fleasgach
'N tir nam beann, nan gleann 's nan gaisgeach
Fodh an sgiath, nach faigh iad fasgadh
'N àm na h-airc, ma bhios iad stolda.

'S 'n nair a gheibh sin tuillidh fearann
Buala bhò is cupall ghearran,
Garbh an fheidh, is tàrr a bhradain
Bheir sinn barrachd air gach scorsa.

Theid gach Sasunnach chuir dhachaigh
'S thig Mac Aoidh le phiob 's le bhratach
Bheir an duthaich dhuinn o 'n Diuc-Chatach
'S bithidh na fleasgaich air an doigh.

21st JANUARY, 1890.

EIGHTEENTH ANNUAL DINNER.

This evening the eighteenth annual dinner of the Society was held in the Station Hotel. Sir Henry C. Macandrew, Chief of the Society, presided, and was supported by Provost Alex. Ross, The Mackintosh of Mackintosh, Mr Æneas Mackintosh, the Doune, and Captain Malcolm, Cameron Highlanders. The croupiers were Rev. Mr Sinton, Dores, and Mr William Gunn, Castle Street.

After dinner, the Chairman gave the usual loyal toasts, which were honoured with enthusiasm, and the army, navy, and auxiliary forces, the latter being coupled with Captain Malcolm, of the 1st Battalion, and The Mackintosh of Mackintosh, Major in the 2nd Battalion Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders. We know, said Sir Henry, that although the Highlanders have not been so intimately associated with the navy in the past, it is to the Western Highlands the country would have to look for men to man our ships of war in the event of war breaking out, and we should feel thankful there are so many stalwart men ready to do their duty. He was pleased to associate with the toast the name of Captain Malcolm, who was not only a gallant soldier, but who was doing important work for the county regiment, by procuring Gaelic-speaking recruits, by spreading the fame of the army and its advantages amongst Highlanders. He would, no doubt, be able to make the Camerons a real Highland regiment, and he deserved the thanks of the Society for the exertions he was making in that way. With the reserve forces he was glad to be able to associate the name of a Highland Chief, who was not only an officer in the reserve forces, but had served in the regular army, and an efficient and gallant soldier he was. He thought they were all pleased and gratified to see The Mackintosh come amongst them that evening—that they had a name so great in history and Highland tradition as his was at their table—(applause). It was to be hoped that The Mackintosh would long be spared to come amongst them; and he trusted that before long they would see him in command of the militia battalion of their county—(applause).

Captain Malcolm, who was cordially received, said the regiment was certainly very much honoured in being connected with the county of Inverness, and although the county was not very largely

populated, they found no difficulty in keeping up the strength of the regiment within its bounds—(applause). They had a great many old traditions to aid them in doing so, and it ought, he thought, to be their aim to preserve these traditions. With the view of keeping up the historical part as much as possible, he was going to write a history of the regiment, or rather compile such a history from other sources for distribution all through the country, so that people might he induced to take as great an interest as possible in the Cameron Highlanders—(applause). The response which the toast had received was only illustrative of the receptions which were accorded representatives of the regiment all through the county from all conditions of men, and from men of all ranks and opinions. He had many opportunities of going about the county, and finding out the feeling which existed between the people and the Cameron Highlanders, and on all sides—among proprietors, the ministers of all denominations, Established, Free, and Catholic—he met with the greatest assistance; everybody, indeed, being anxious to do their utmost to help forward the interests of the county regiment. He thought the regiment had reason to congratulate itself upon being established in the Barracks at Inverness, as by having the headquarters in the county town the officers had opportunities of mixing with the people of Inverness, learning of the traditions of the regiment, and making acquaintance with the militia and volunteers. Some years ago there was a proposal from headquarters to form the Cameron Highlanders into a third battalion of the Scots Guards, and on that occasion the county backed them up thoroughly in resisting the change, as he hoped they always would. At the time that difficulty was got over he saw a letter from the Adjutant-General, in which he said that, in spite of that agitation, the proposed change would come to pass sooner or later, so that the people of the town and county were likely to have another opportunity of giving the regiment their support. Major Leslie thought their only hope of avoiding such a proposal would be by their having two battalions; but looking to the population of the county, he thought that was not possible. They must, however, in any case stick to their one battalion, because that meant that they maintained amongst them an old Highland regiment, of which they all were proud—(applause).

The Mackintosh, in replying for the Reserve Forces, thanked the Society for electing him Chief two years in succession, and also Sir Henry Macandrew for kindly taking his place on these two occasions, when family matters had prevented him from

discharging the duties of the chair at the annual dinner. Referring to the Reserve Forces, he said they could not be expected to take the field, in case of invasion, with success, unless they were properly armed and equipped in the manner of the regular soldiers, and that could only be done by the Government voting the necessary money, which they had not hitherto done. The military instinct was there, and all that was required was proper organisation, equipment, and money enough to put the auxiliary forces in the field—(applause).

The Secretary, Mr Duncan Mackintosh, then read the annual report, which was as follows :—

"In submitting the eighteenth annual report, the Council have pleasure in stating that the prosperity and usefulness of the Society continue to increase. The past session was a successful one, and the ordinary meetings were fairly well attended. It was hoped that volume 15th of the 'Transactions' would be in the hands of members by this date, but there has been much time lost in the correcting of proofs, which had been sent to the writers of the respective papers, most of whom reside at a considerable distance from Inverness. The book, however, will be issued in a few weeks, and, it is believed, will be found equal in value and interest to any of the previous volumes. A copy of the syllabus for session 1889-90 is in the hands of members present, and it will be observed that the session promises to be an attractive and useful one. During the year 35 new members joined the Society, viz., 2 life members, 2 hon. members, and 31 ordinary members; and two volumes were received as donations to the library. The accounts of the Society for the past year show the following results :— Total income during year, including £23 5s 8d carried forward from previous year, £178 6s 3d; expenditure, £148 6s 7d, leaving a balance at the credit of the Society's account with the Bank of Scotland, at 31st December last, of £29 19s 11d. The large volumes issued by the Society are a great drain on the revenue, and the Council wish to urge on all members the necessity of punctual payment of their subscriptions."

The Chairman, in giving "Success to the Gaelic Society of Inverness"—(applause)—said this was the third time he had proposed the toast, and that therefore the company would not expect many remarks from him upon that occasion. He was glad to be able to congratulate the Society, now that it was approaching its majority, which it would soon do, upon its continued prosperity, financially and otherwise—(applause). With regard

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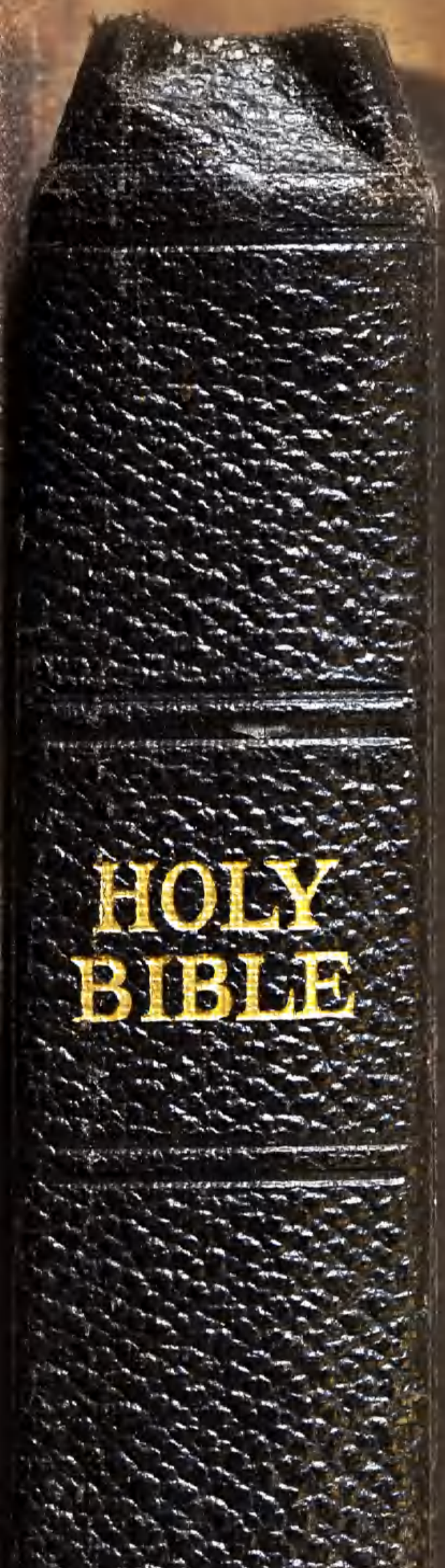

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the statement of Captain Malcolm, that even Land Leaguers were not indifferent to the history and glory of their country, as shewn by their attitude towards recruiting. He asked the company to drink increased prosperity to the Society—(applause).

Mr James Barron proposed the members of Parliament for the Highland counties and burghs, in a happy speech, in which he made humorous and apt references to remarks made at former dinners on the same subject. A few years ago Mr Fraser-Mackintosh was referred to as the only Gaelic-speaking representative in Parliament, but there were several members now with the Gaelic qualification, and perhaps, as a member of the company hinted, there would be more in the future—(applause).

Mr Alex. Macbain, M.A., in the absence of Dr F. Maitland Moir, Aberdeen, who telegraphed that he was laid up with influenza, proposed the toast of "The language and literature of the Gael." They were extremely well off, he said, in old Gaelic and old Irish literature, and he should like to see a society formed, after the manner of the Spalding Club, for the publication of ancient Gaelic texts. Professor Mackinnon was showing in the series of articles he was presently publishing, that there was a vast amount of mediæval literature stored up in Edinburgh, and he (Mr Macbain) was satisfied that those interested in Gaelic subjects had no idea of the light which could thus be thrown upon the early history of the race, even in Pictish times—(applause). He associated with the toast the name of Mr Alexander Mackenzie, of the *Scottish Highlander*.

Mr Mackenzie, in the course of his reply, said Mr Macbain had a scientific knowledge of the literature of the Gael, which he did not profess to have; but he did profess to have some knowledge of the language, and if he could not say much of the Celtic portion, he was glad to be able to say that a very considerable change had come over the Highland people, and especially the people of Inverness, in their regard, he might say their affection, for the language of their race since he came to the town, twenty years ago—(hear, hear). He proceeded to allude, in illustration of this, to the fact that then many of the leading people of Inverness were so ashamed of their native tongue that they would answer a Gaelic salutation in English. But now the process was reversed, and to be able to speak Gaelic was actually getting fashionable—(hear, hear, and laughter). Even the landlords were patronising the Gaelic to an extent which they had never done before, and particularly The Mackintosh—whom he was glad to see present—(cheers)—had such an appreciation of the language that he was informed he kept

a Gaelic nurse to teach it to his son and heir—(applause). He did not mean to talk politics, but he might be allowed to say in passing that in all his wanderings throughout the Highlands he had never heard a complaint against The Mackintosh as a proprietor. The Mackintosh enjoyed the distinction of being the only Chief who, so far as he knew, had been liberal enough to offer a handsome sum as a prize for an essay on the social condition of the Highlands during the present century, and he only hoped that his generosity would be imitated, so that they might have a really good work on the most important period of Highland history. He believed that if his example were followed by other Highland Chiefs in this respect, and especially in teaching Gaelic to his children, the chiefs and their people would be more disposed to embrace one another in future than perhaps they were at present.

Provost Ross proposed Highland Education, making interesting reference to the Highlands before and after the passing of the Education Act, and the teaching of Gaelic in schools. He was much amused the other day to read a Government report written two hundred years ago on the comparative merits of Gaelic and English teaching in schools, in which it was recommended that Highlanders should send all their children above nine years of age to school in the Lowlands, to be instructed in reading, writing, and speaking the English language; and that none of their children should be served heir to their fathers, or received as a tenant by the King, who had not received that education. When the Education Act was passed, eighteen years ago, a great many croakers had predicted that the better education of the poorer people would simply lead to discontent, and that with so much learning there would be no servants; but he thought it must be confessed that the state of the country had been greatly improved by the Act, and that their servants had not got fewer, but better. One effect of improving the Highlands by book-learning, and the institution of greater facilities for communication with the south, had been the consumption of a great amount of light literature, and the destruction of that picturesque feature in Highland life when stories, legends, and traditions were related from memory round the peat fire; but perhaps this abandonment of an old custom would not be permanent, and at anyrate there was ample compensation in the improved state of things which education had brought about—(applause).

Mr A. C. Mackenzie, Maryburgh, in reply, sketched in an interesting manner the changes that had taken place in Highland teaching since the Education Act was passed, and referred to the

special clauses which had been introduced the better to adapt that Act to Highland circumstances and necessities. In no part of the country, he said, was the new Education Act more welcome than in the Highlands, although they had since found that it had been obtained perhaps at too great a cost. Irregularity of attendance was at present the greatest obstacle to successful school work. Gaelic teaching was now a specific subject, but he was sorry that it was not more largely taken advantage of in the North Highlands. He was not surprised at this, however, for until provision was made for teaching Gaelic in the lower standards, the subject could not be profitably taught—(hear, hear). Mr Mackenzie concluded by an allusion to what he considered a grievance, in respect that the "leaving certificate" was not open to children trained in a school receiving Government aid, and he expressed the hope that this anomalous state of matters would soon be remedied.

Mr Allan Macdonald, in giving the Agricultural and Commercial Interests of the Highlands, said they had been passing through a prolonged and deep agricultural depression, and during that time their candid friends had told them that they were never to have better times again, but he was glad to know that such had not proved to be the case, for matters had improved immensely. They had better crops, and the prices of stock were much advanced from what they had been during the past several years. Scotland must be in a flourishing way financially, for he noticed that no less a sum than nine million pounds sterling had been invested in Joint Stock Companies in Scotland during the past ten years, and in these northern parts they experienced a very fair share of the wave of depression that had passed over the country—(hear, hear) —for they now found many companies springing up in their midst, which looked like a recurrence of better things. All this went to show that the commercial depression which hung over the country had to a large extent passed away, and he hoped that such a pleasant state of things would go on increasing—(applause).

The toast was coupled with the names of Mr Wm. Miller, auctioneer, and Mr J. A. Gossip, both of whom suitably replied.

Mr Colin Chisholm, who was introduced by the Chairman amid applause, as the "father of the Society," in giving the toast of "The Non-resident Members," said that these existed in every corner of the globe, and they were most punctual in discharging their obligations to the Society. And not only did they do that, but if they examined the Transactions of the Society they would find that a large portion of the work there was contributed by non-resident members, who, as they were a credit to the Society, ought,

he considered, to be encouraged. In whatever sphere of life they were placed, they had proved their interest in the Society efficiently and well, and he thought they should drink their health with great heartiness—(cheers).

Mr Alex Mackenzie proposed the health of the Chief of the Society, and in the course of his remarks referred to Sir Henry's services to the Society, as well as his good qualities generally as a public man.

The toast was drunk with Highland honours, and Sir Henry suitably replied.

Mr D. Fraser of Millburn proposed the health of Mackintosh of Mackintosh, a sentiment which was also enthusiastically met with Highland honours.

Mackintosh of Mackintosh referred to the remarks of Mr Mackenzie in connection with the prize which he had offered last year to the Gaelic Society, and said that he would be very glad this year to give a similar prize—(applause). He hoped that thereby a good essay might be secured on a period of Highland history which was to a large extent a blank. The history of the country was well known from the Battle of Culloden down to the end of the Napoleonic wars, but very little was known of the changes which had since taken place; and for himself he felt great regret, in going about the country, to find local people unable to tell him what family lived here and there in various parts where some prominent Highland family lived in the past. He indicated that this was the kind of thing he thought was required in such a work as he desiderated, and concluded by thanking the company for the manner in which they had responded to the toast of his health.

Mr H. V. Maccallum proposed "The Croupiers," and in doing so referred to the prominent part taken by the Rev. Mr Sinton in connection with the literature of the Highlands, and particularly complimented him on a series of articles on his own native district of Badenoch, which appeared some time ago in the *Celtic Magazine*. He coupled the toast with the name of Mr Gunn, who replied.

The other toasts were "The Clergy," proposed by Mr Roderick Maclean, factor for Ardross, replied to by the Rev. Mr Sinton, Dores; "Kindred Societies," proposed by Mr Wm. Gunn, and responded to by Mr R. Black, C.E., president of the Inverness Field Club; "The Provost, Magistrates, and Town Council of Inverness," given by Dr Chapman, coupled with Provost Ross; and "The Press," submitted by Mr Alex. Macbain, and acknowledged by Mr D. K. Clark.

Pipe-Major Ranald Mackenzie gave selections of pipe music at intervals in a most efficient manner, and a number of the gentlemen present agreeably enlivened the proceedings by songs between the toasts.

The following verses to the Society were composed for the occasion by Mr Colin Chisholm, Namur Cottage, Inverness :—

Comunn Gailig Inbhirnis,
Comunn na'm fear fialaidh glic,
Tuigse 's uaisle dhaibh mar ghibht,
Gur buan 's gur sona an oighreachd.

Luinneag[1]—Mo ruin air a' chomunn so,
Cho somalta 's cho tomadach,
Mo dhurachd do'n chomunn so,
Gun bho gun bholla gann daibh.

Tha gach canain dhaibh cho deis,
Cainnt na h-Eorp' gu leir tha aca,
Sgeul na Feinne 's dan mu seach,
'S geur bheachd air reachd gach righeachd.
Mo ruin, &e.

Le cridhe glan 's le giulan math,
Tha 'n caitheamh-beatha saoibhir,
Reir mo bheachdsa tha iad ecart,
'S nas fhearr na beartas righrean.
Mo ruin, &c.

Seol thar caolas agus cuan,
Fuirich seal 's gach tir air chuairt,
Gus an till thu do 'n taobh tuath,
Cha 'n fhaigh thu sluagh cho caoimhneil.
Mo ruin, &c.

Falbh bho thuath is siubhail deas,
Gach tir-chein an iar 'san ear,
An cruinne-ce air leud 's air fad,
'S cha 'n fhaic thu 'm feasd an samhladh.
Mo ruin, &c.

Mar creid thu na thuirt mi riut,
Comhairle eile bheir mi dhuit,
Thig a nall, bi tric na'r measg,
'S dearbh dhut fhein mo chainntsa.
Mo ruin, &c.

[1] Air by Mr Macpherson of Strathnashie.

22nd JANUARY, 1890.

The meeting this evening was devoted to the nomination of Office-bearers for the ensuing year.

29th JANUARY, 1890.

On this date the Office-bearers for next year were duly elected.

The following gentlemen were elected Members of the Society, viz. :—Mr Roderick Gooden Chisholm, 33 Tavistock Square, London, Honorary Member; Mr William MacIntosh, Idvies, Forfar; Mr Murdo Mackenzie, Excise officer, Inverness; Mr Hugh Thomson, Stockbroker, Inverness; Mr John L. Robertson, Inspector of Schools, Inverness; and Mr William C. Spalding, Adampore, Tylbet, India, Ordinary Members.

5th FEBRUARY, 1890.

At the meeting this evening Mr J. Macleod, assistant Inspector of Schools, Inverness, and Mr J. W. J. Burrel, Clachnaharry, were elected ordinary members of the Society. The paper for the evening was contributed by Mr Charles Fraser-Mackintosh, M.P., entitled, "Minor Highland Families—No. 3; The Macdonells of Scotos." Mr Fraser-Mackintosh's paper was as follows :—

MINOR HIGHLAND FAMILIES—No. III.

THE MACDONELLS OF SCOTOS.

Scotos, re-incorporated with the Barony of Knoydart seventy years since, has long been little more than a name; yet an old place and family which twice gave chiefs to Glengarry are worthy of remembrance in a permanent form. It was an estate of twelve pennies and one halfpenny value, part of the sixty-penny lands and Barony of Knoydart. The particular description ran thus :—The four penny and the half penny lands of Scotos; ane penny land of Torroray; one penny and one half penny land of Inverie-beg; one penny land of Shennachie; one penny land of Angrugaig and Teaflich; two penny and one half penny land of Glendulochan, comprehending Penvoit, Penvoir, and the one penny land of Dornach; half penny land of Torbruiach; and half penny land of

Corryleatach, all lying in Killichniman of Glenelg. These lands were held in feu of Glengarry for the sum of £3 0s 6d, being apparently the exact one paid by Glengarry for the whole of Knoydart to the Duke of Argyle, over superior.

The following is a copy of an advertisement drawn up in 1790, which is not without interest as a description of the estate and its capacities :—

"In thè West Highlands of the County of Inverness, adjoining to the Coast,

"To lett, for such a number of years as may be agreed on, from and after the term of Whitsunday first (1791), either in whole or in lots,

"All and Whole, the Lands and Estate of Scothouse, which all connect, and extend fifteen miles in length, and in breadth variable from four to five miles.

"This property has been occupied as a sheep store farm now for six years bygone, is known to have produced as good wedders as any from the Highlands, which is well known in the Glasgow markets.

"In 1788 upwards of 1000 wedders, not lambed upon the property, fetched 17s 6d each. The store is not at any time affected by braxy, trumbling, sturdy, or any other disease of that kind, and the fox is totally extirpated. There are high mountains on the property, which are green and produce natural clover to the top.

"The Lands will at least graze 6000 sheep, besides the ordinary milk cows to the shepherds and a few for the tacksman. They lie contiguous to market, being only 20 miles from the military road leading by Fort-William to Glasgow, and are situated along the well-known sea-lake, called Loch-nevis, at the south, which is one of the best anchorage lochs for shipping in Britain ; abounds with herring and muddfish, and from the frequency of busses and vessells which frequent that loch and pass the inner Sound, there is a great demand for cast sheep. The lands lye within a mile of the other well-known lake called Lochhourn, at the north, which also abounds with herring and muddfish. There is upon the property, and will be Lett with the Lands, a substantial good Mansion House, with office houses and garden."

The mansion-house is described in the year 1800—"A double house, thoroughly finished, of two storeys high, with office houses, and a garden equal for vegetables to any to the north of Edinburgh."

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sequence as regards the headship, there is a tradition in the family that Eneas was really the eldest son of Ranald: that Lord Macdonell on his deathbed sent for Alastair Dubh, and invested him with the chiefship, as the more able man, and the one most likely to uphold the credit of the Clan, the eldest son Eneas being content to succeed his father in Seotos merely. Alastair Dubh certainly was one of the most famous of the race of Glengarry. In the service of Alexander of Glengarry, in 1758, to his ancestors, going as far back as Donald Macangus, Alastair Dubh is not described as *eldest* son of Ranald. The late Colonel Macdonell of Glengarry, in the tree drawn up of the family, while giving prominence to the Barisdale, Lochgarry, and other branches, treats Scotos—his admittedly nearest cadet—very scantily, and in this he must have had some object. Other observations might be made; but, as I have said, the matter has lost any interest it might at one time have had. Eneas, third of Scotos, seems to have possessed many lands which did not go to the eldest son's successors, and it is said he had the whole of Knoydart facing Loch Nevis, except Inveriemore, which belonged to Barisdale.

Eneas, who is said to have been out in 1689 and 1715 (if not also in 1745 as a follower), was twice married, but the name of his second wife I am unacquainted with; indeed, I only know the fact from a Sasine in the Pennyland of Sandelain, registered 30th August, 1753, in favour of Alexander Macdonell, "youngest son of the second marriage" of the deceased Eneas Macdonell of Seotos. Eneas had also, besides his eldest son Donald aftermentioned, at least one daughter named Anne; a son Allan, of Ardnaslishnish; and a son named John, of Crowlin, who was father of Colonel John, known as "Spanish John." Allan had a son, Captain James, a distinguished and loyal officer, who settled after the American Revolution in Montreal, whose son Angus was father of the present Mrs Chisholm of Chisholm.

Spanish John, born in 1728, who died at Cornwall, Upper Canada, in 1820, drew up an account of his stirring early life, which appeared, with notes, in the "Canadian Magazine," April and May, 1825, by which it was shown that his father, John Crowlin, was educated at the Scots College, Rome; that he himself was sent there to be educated as a priest in 1740, when twelve years of age. He disliked the proposed mode of life, and took to that of arms. He was in several battles, and was desperately wounded and left for dead before he attained the age of sixteen. He had more than once seen King James, and, in his eighteenth year, was entrusted by Cardinal York with a mission to Scotland

and a large sum for Prince Charles, sailing from Dunkirk the very day Culloden was fought. How he was robbed of a thousand pounds by Colin Dearg, uncle to Dundonald, and other two gentlemen (!) of the name of Mackenzie, all three Jacobite officers; his description of the infamous doings of the notorious Allan Macdonald of Knock, are graphically given, and the whole paper, kindly lent me by Mr Macdonell of Morar, is of surpassing interest.

Eneas married Catherine, sixth child of Sir Norman Macleod of Bernera, she being at the time widow of Alexander Macleod, 7th of Raasay, and by her had a son Donald, whom I style 4th of Scotos, though he predeceased his father. Donald, 4th of Scotos, married, first, Ellen Meldrum of Meldrum, who left an only daughter, Margaret, married to Prince Charles' devoted follower, Alexander Macdonald, younger of Glenalladale. Donald married, second, Elizabeth Cumming, by whom he had one son, Ranald, and a daughter, Florence. Florence emigrated to America, and married there Ranald Macdonald, of the district of Cornwall, in the province of Upper Canada. They were both living in 1785, but died by 1803, leaving two daughters. Donald married as his third wife Mary Cameron, of the family of Glen-Nevis, and, according to Mr Mackenzie, in his "History of the Macdonalds," had by her a son Archibald, a priest, but as to this I refer later on.

Donald Scotos, known as "Donul nan Gleann," who was unfortunately killed at Culloden, by tradition the handsomest of his race and name, was captain in the Glengarry Regiment. He, described as "younger" of Scotos, was one of the first to join Prince Charles, and, had he been head of his family, it is not likely that the command would have been given to Lochgarry, a younger branch. Most pleasing accounts of this gallant Highlander are to be found in the Chevalier Johnstone's memoirs. These memoirs are admirable, bearing every mark of genuineness. It must be admitted, however, that he was rather partial; for those whom he liked no praise was too great: for those whom he disliked, whether individuals or localities, no language could be too strong. Speaking of the town of Forfar, for instance, he says:—"There is a small town named Forfar, most renowned for its Presbyterian fanaticism, and whose inhabitants have signalized latterly their holy zeal, by contributing to make Colonel Kerr prisoner. Samuel (a guide) had forewarned me that it was necessary to pass through this infernal town, not having any other road which conducted to Broughty, a village on the border of the first arm of the sea, or abandoning the great routes to pass it; so I departed late from the house of Samuel in order to pass through this execrable town,

during the time that the unworthy inhabitants were sunk in the most profound sleep."

And of St Andrews—"At all times the most fanatical town in Scotland, renowned by the assassination of their Archbishop, the Cardinal Bethune. Full of a malignant race of Calvinistic hypocrites, who masked their wickedness under the cloak of religion; the greatest cheats and rascals in their intercourse, and who nevertheless carried their sanctified dissimulation so far as to lift their bonnet in taking a pinch of snuff to ask God's blessing on it; who have always the name of God in their mouths, and the devil in their hearts—a city only worthy of the fate of Sodom and Gommorhah."

The Chevalier became intimately acquainted with Scotos when the Highland army came to Inverness in the month of February 1746, and they were afterwards constantly together. At the fatal battle of Culloden the Chevalier was along with Scotos in the Prince's left wing, at one time not twenty paces from the enemy. He narrates—"My friendship for the unfortunate Macdonell of Seotos, who was killed by my side at the battle of Culloden, had engaged me to accompany him to the charge with his regiment. We were on the left of our army, and at the distance of about twenty paces from the enemy, when the rout commenced to become general, before even we had made our charge on the left. Almost at the same instant that I had seen poor Scotos fall (the most worthy man I had ever known, and with whom I had been allied in friendship the most pure from the commencement of the expedition), to the increase of my horror, I beheld the Highlanders around me turning their backs to fly."

Thus ended the career of Donul nan Gleann, one of the most honourable names in the history of the men of Knoydart. Among the cherished possessions of the representative of Scotos—the present Glengarry—is a snuff-box, by tradition, reported as presented on the field of battle by Prince Charlie to Donul nan Gleann. It bears the royal arms, with an inscription rudely traced, but distinct.

The singular episode in the lives of Donald Scotos and his son Ranald is thus narrated by the Chevalier:—"On the 19th March (1746), after that the detachment was commanded by the Duke of Perth, M. Macdonald of Scothouse came to pass the day with me. He was a man of about forty years of age, endowed with a fine figure and a prepossessing address, joined to that of an agreeable exterior. He had all the qualities of soul which ordinarily distinguish the honourable and gallant man—brave, polite,

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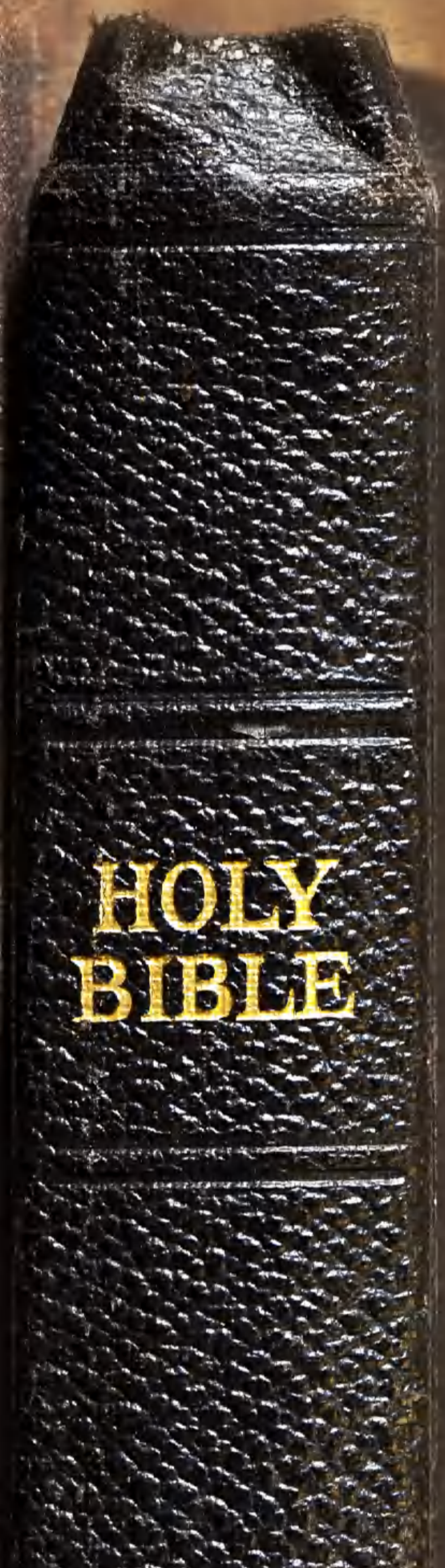

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and in so far as it relates to the '45 runs thus—"That the representer is one of the immediate cadets of the family of Glengarry, and at a very early period of his life saw the blessings which all Your Majesty's subjects acquired by the Revolution, and the accession of your Majesty's predecessors to the throne of Great Britain, which induced him, at the breaking out of the Rebellion of 1745, contrary to the general ideas of that clan at the time, to join his Majesty's forces as a volunteer in the regiment of Highlanders commanded by Lord Loudoun. The memorialist was with the regiment in all the service they were engaged in 1745-6, and in particular he was one of those fifty who exerted themselves, and made their escape when the regiment were made prisoners near Dornoch in Sutherland. That the memorialist served in this small party, then commanded by Captain Sir Harry Munro, in which Lieutenant, now General, Reid served, when a French sloop, the 'Hazard,' came to Lord Reay's country with money and ammunition to supply the Rebel army. Here she was attacked and taken by the 'Sheerness,' when 250 of the men, among whom were 26 Irish officers, commanded by a Colonel Brown, having made their escape, they were attacked by the above 50 men, several of them killed, and the remainder all made prisoners; and the Rebel army were thus disappointed of about £20,000 money, which contributed in no small degree to ruin the cause of the Pretender, and obliged his Rebel army to meet his Majesty's forces at Culloden, which terminated that rebellion. That the memorialist and the said party joined the Duke of Cumberland at Aberdeen, when the officers and men received the thanks of His Royal Highness for the essential service they had performed. That the memorialist remained in the regiment till the year 1747, and was well known to the officers of the regiment, none of whom, so far as the memorialist knows, are now living, except the Duke of Argyle, then Lieut.-Colonel, and General Reid, then a Lieutenant, who was in the attack on the above 250 men, and whose spirit and good conduct contributed greatly to the success of the party."

It will be observed that though Ranald Scotos makes no reference to having been taken prisoner by his father, his statement does not contradict the account by the Chevalier. Nothing that I have seen in the papers gives any clue, account, or reason why Ranald, when quite a youth, ran so counter to the family traditions, and associated himself with the Hanoverian party, except that prior to the '45 he had been a good deal among the Macleods, his grandmother's family. He was a strict Catholic,

and, though his two wives were Protestants, his family and all their descendants have continued in the ancient faith. He also, when he had occasion to do so, always spoke of the '45 as a "rebellion," in marked contrast with his neighbours and contemporaries, Barisdale, Scammadale, Morar, and others, who cautiously used the expression of "The troubles of the '45."

Ranald Scotos married, first, a daughter of Glenmoriston's, by whom he had an only son, Eneas; he married, second, Annie, youngest daughter of John Macdonell of Glengarry. In 1747, Ranald obtained a lieutenant's commission in the service of the States General, commanded by Lord Drumlanrig, where he remamed until the peace and reduction of the regiment, when he retired on half-pay. Soon after the breaking out of the French war, in 1757, Ranald was called on by the States General to serve in the regiment commanded by General Halkett, where he remained till peace was established. Desiring to enter the British service, he was allowed to retire by the States General with the rank of captain, but did not succeed in his object.

In 1778, a proposal was made by the Roman Catholics of Scotland to raise a regiment without bounty, to be commanded by Lord Traquair, and on his lordship's application to Scotos for assistance, the latter offered to raise a hundred men. Traquair's offer was unhappily declined. Scotos, finding that there were many Catholics anxious to be enrolled, made a direct application to Government "to raise a body of 500 Catholic Highlanders, or to go to America to raise the Catholics there whom he knew to be attached to the King and Government," a proposal also declined. Disgusted with these refusals, Scotos gave up for the time his military aspirations, and lived at Scotos until 1788 the life of a country gentleman, diversified by several visits to France, where two of his sons by his second marriage, Charles and Donald, were educated in part. In 1778, Mr John Duncan, student of divinity, is tutor in the Seotos family.

Ranald was of an easy yet honourable disposition that led him into various obligations, which, with legal mismanagement, ultimately brought about the loss of the estate. One obligation in particular, granted with another on behalf of his brother-in-law, Captain Charles Macdonell of Glengarry, killed at Quebec in 1759, turned out many years after to be very serious. The papers connected with this matter would indicate that Captain Charles Macdonell had no issue. If he had left descendants, the heir male would now be head of Glengarry.

The rental of Scotos in 1773 was only 1008 merks Scots, equal to £56 sterling, made up, with the addition of the compounded values of customs, as follows, a cow being valued at 20 merks, a sheep 2 merks, a stone of butter 4 merks, and a stone of cheese 2 merks, viz.:—

Scothouse	244	Merks.
Torroray	82	„
Inverieb eg	102	„
Shennachy	120	„
Glendulochan	200	„
Keanlochdulochan	200	„
Grazings of Corrycharreskil and Glendulochan	60	„
Total	1008	Merks.

The tenants, apart from numerous cottars, in 1784 were 27 in number, viz.:—

In Scothouse and Torreray—Evan Macdonell, James Macdougall, Ronald Macdonell, Allan Macdonell, Lachlan Macdonell, Evan Carmichael, John Macdougall, Alexander Macpherson, Neil Campbell, Christian Geddes, Angus Macdonell.

In Inverieb eg—Mr Alexander Macdonell, priest, John Macdonell, Donald Macdonell, John Macdougall, *alias* Macpherson, Allan Macdonell, Donald Maclellan.

In Glendulochan and Corrycharreskill—Donald Macdonald, drover, James Mackay, John Mackay, Angus Campbell, R. Mackay, Marian Macdonell.

In North Keanlochdulochan—John Macdougall, piper, Duncan MacPhee, Betty Kennedy.

In South Keanlochdulochan—John Macdonell and Duncan Macdonell, with the cottars, forming a population of over 300 souls.

Whether threatened with removal, or desirous to leave themselves, by 1786 almost all left. Charles Macdonell, son of Scotos, writing from Inverie on 1st April in that year, says:—"This country is all in a ferment with emigration. Most of the tenants of this country go to America, so that Glengarry, it is thought, will soon come to this country. Angus, my brother, is now away, and Donald is in Sleat with Mr Martin Macpherson."

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Upon the disbanding of the Regiment, old Scotos was again a wanderer. The last letter from him I find is dated 12th October, 1809, and written from feebleness, to dictation, but he adds in his own handwriting these pathetic words:—"N.B.—My situation is such that should there not be a farthing of my annuity due, I would at present apply to you for ten or twelve pounds.—Glasgow, Miller Street. I cannot see what I write. God help me."

However imprudent he may have been in becoming involved for others, he was, quite unnecessarily and improperly, from non-payment of his annuity regularly, frequently in great straits. The following is a good specimen of his letters, addressed to the brother of a priest who had been sometime at Barra:—"I had accounts lately of honest Captain Archie Sandaig's decease. His friends, however, have the consolation to know that he departed this life as he lived—a good Christian. I suppose my son Charles has left Inverness; I expect a line from him by the return of the man who brings this to Fort-William. You would no doubt hear of your brother's coming this summer to reside on the main-land. He had too much of the Macdonell pride, or rather scruples, which you'll call superstition, to yield in what he thought contrary to his duty, to the King of Barra."

He lingered on, tended by the loving hands of two daughters, until the month of June, 1811, when, presuming that he would not have been more than 21 in 1745, his age would be 87. Mrs. Donald M'Eachen, Kinsadel of Morar, who died at a very advanced age not long since, was in Ranald's employment at the time of his death. She was full of anecdotes regarding the old man, describing him as a tall, fine-looking old man, spare, but strongly built, who attributed the good health he had enjoyed during his chequered career to his having invariably adhered, as his favourite food, to Scotia's staple, porridge and milk.

It is understood in the family that, as stated by Mr Mackenzie, Donald Scotos had by his third wife a son, Archibald. The papers I have would rather point to Archibald being a son of Mary Cameron by a second husband named Macdonald; for in all his letters, even though addressing a Macdonell, which he does distinctly, he signs "Macdonald;" he never refers to Ranald Scotos as his brother; and Ranald in one letter, in 1784, referring to a debt due to his stepmother, says it may be pursued for in "name of her son, Mr Archibald, at Liverpool"—hardly the way one would refer to a brother consanguinean. The matter is, however, of no moment. I give one of the priest's letters as a specimen of many others, from Liverpool, all couched in the

same sensible tone, but entirely destitute of any family pride or territorial status :—

"Dear Sir,—By a letter lately received from Major Macdonald, I understand he has put into your hands £23 19s 6d, moneys advanced to the Adjt. of his regiment. You will please to remit the same, as soon as convenient, to James Fraser, Esq., Writer to the Signet, in Edinburgh, where it will be called for. I likewise advanced, a good while back, two guineas to a Mr Macpherson of Fasnakyle, and a companion of his, who were returning home, and in want of money. I desired them to pay the same to you. Should be glad to know whether they performed their promise ; suspect they have not, as too many of my countrymen are apt to forfeit their word on such occasions. Mr Fraser informed me some time ago that the curators have at length come to a resolution of selling the Scothouse estate. There never was a more favourable opportunity, for lands, I am assured, go off remarkably high at the present moment in these parts. What an irreparable loss does the folly of one man bring upon a whole family ! But so it must be ; for regard should be had to the just claims of the creditors.—Believe me, Dear Sir, your most obedient humble servant. (Signed) "ARCHD. M'DONALD.

"Seel Street, 4th of October, 1802."

Ranald Scotos left by his first wife an only son, Eneas, and by his second wife three sons, Charles, Donald, and John, and eight daughters, Elizabeth, Helen, Katherine, Flora, Anne, Clementina, Margaret, and Marjory, but these are not given as their order in seniority.

The three sons all entered the army between 1786 and 1791. John died unmarried, and Charles left no male issue. Donald entered the Indian service, and on his coming home for good a colonel, married Anne Macdonell of Rhue and Lochshiel. Colonel Donald Macdonell, on his return from India, where he had accumulated a fair fortune, was exceedingly kind-hearted, indeed lavish to his numerous relations and connections. The giving of a small piece of tobacco used to be considered a great compliment to a poor person, and Colonel Donald, who always carried a big spleuchan, never gave a less measure than from his waist to the ground, which, as he was a tall man, would be the handsome present of a full yard of tobacco twist. His big whisky bottle was well known, and in high popular repute among the people of Morar, Arisaig, and Knoydart. His adherence in his latter days to a firm who had befriended him in youth, though warned of his

danger, proved of serious consequence to his family. Colonel Donald's eldest son is Mr Eneas Ronald Macdonell of Morar, a worthy scion of the Scotos and Glengarry families. Mr Macdonell tells me that his last recollection of old Glengarry, who was killed in 1828, was his coming to visit his father at Traigh shortly before. He had a fine deer he had shot, which a lot of his men bore up to the house. Glengarry, who remained with Colonel and Mrs Macdonell for several days on this occasion, showed, as after mentioned, greater consideration to Colonel Donald than to the head of the family.

One of Ranald's daughters, Katherine, died young. Her father, speaking of her in 1794, says "Katie's only chance to recover or live, in the opinion of the physician attending her, is to come to the Highlands in place of London as I intended. By all accounts the dear girl is quite exhausted and emaciated, though once exceedingly handsome." She appears by this letter to have been engaged to a gentleman in Bordeaux, "a young man of fortune and great prospects in France and Ireland."

Of the others, all fine-looking women, most lived to a considerable age, and Helen, Clementina, and Marjory were married. These ladies had much to contend with after their mother's death in 1793, but were fortunate enough to have many friends, who estimated them highly. There is one particularly nice letter, dated London, 22nd October, 1810, from Mrs Irvine, sister of Mr Gordon of Wardhouse, in reference to the sisters Flora and Anne, then with her. Marjory, Mrs Galbraith, was the last survivor, and died in her nephew's house at Traigh at an advanced age.

I now return to Eneas VI. of Scotos, who, though he predeceased his father, was propelled into the succession in 1788, on his marriage with Anne Fraser of Culbokie (contract dated Guisachan, 11th November, 1788). He was careless and extravagant, but good natured and kind-hearted to a degree, which increased the family burdens during the short time of his possession, prior to his death on 9th December, 1792.

In a memorial presented in name of his widow and eldest son in 1796 to the Duke of York, it is stated

"That the memorialists' husband, in the year 1777, obtained a lieutenant's commission in the 76th Regiment, commanded by Colonel John Macdonell, and, on their being formed, he was attached to the Light Company, under the command of Captain James Fraser, now Lieutenant-Colonel of the 2nd Battalion of the Rothesay and Caithness Fencibles; that the memorialists' husband

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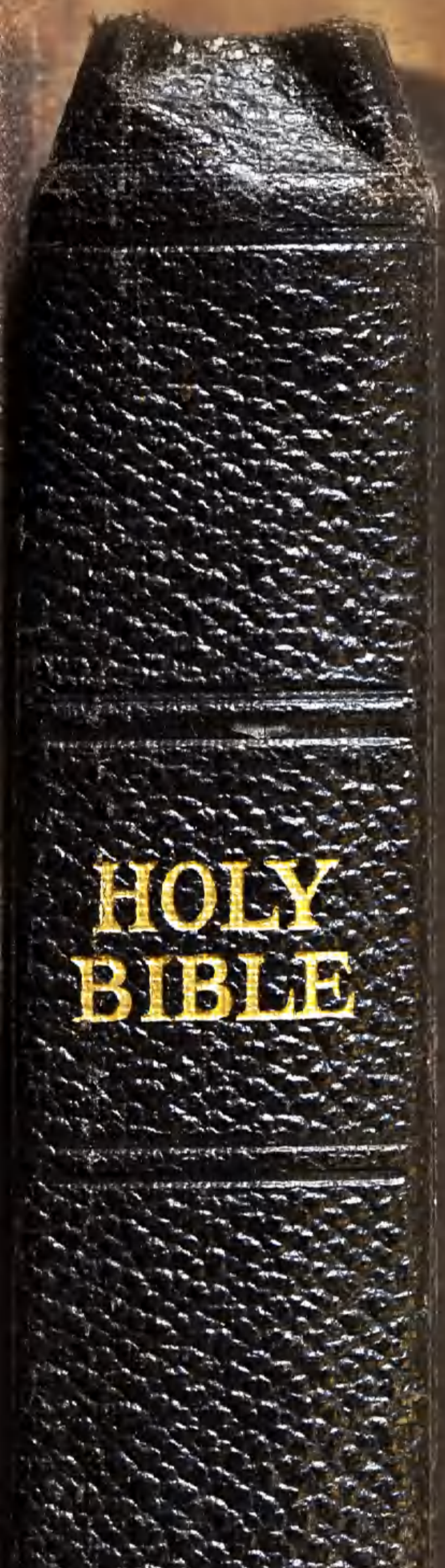

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During the siege of Yorktown, in Virginia, Lieutenant Macdonell was in a very poor state of health, but could not be prevailed on to quit his post, by which his constitution was very much impaired. Mr Macdonell was on all occasions a good and active duty officer, and ready to volunteer every service of danger that offered.—I am, Madam, your most obdt. humble servant,

(Signed) "JAMES FRASER,
"Lieut.-Col. 2nd B. R. and C. F. Regt."

So much for his military services.

He married, as I have stated, in 1788, Anne Fraser of Culbokie, and the young people lived very happily, first at Scotos, and afterwards, on account of his precarious health, at Beauly-side, now known as Dunballoch, where he died.

In a letter from Scotos House, dated 28th October, 1789, to a friend at Inverness, Mrs Macdonell, while expressing her happiness with all her then surroundings, does not forget the country of "Mac-Huistean," adding in a postscript—"So this is your great Hunt Week! O, for a sight of all your Beaux and Belles, but believe me, I would not give one look of Knock Airait for it all."

Eneas Scotos nominated in 1790 as guardians to his children, his wife; his half-brother Charles, described as of the 72nd Regiment; Patrick Grant of Glenmoriston; Captain Allan Grant of Inverwick; Captain Alpin Grant, residing at the Citadel, Inverness: Captain John Grant, yr. of Glenmoriston; Coll Macdonell of Barisdale; William Fraser of Culbokie; William Fraser, his eldest son; Archibald Fraser, his second son; James Fraser of Gortuleg; and Alexander Macdonell, writer in Inverness, most of whom acted, but the chief burden fell on the widow and her brother, Culbokie the younger.

Debts were constantly pressed for, and legal expenses incurred. Mrs Macdonell was most anxious to save the property, and on 3rd March, 1795, she thus writes to old Scotos, her father-in-law, a letter particularly worthy of remembrance, in face of after events—

"Unless some claims are extinguished, matters cannot hold another year, and from whom can sacrifices be possibly expected unless the grandfather and mother step forward? Let us therefore, my dear sir, exert ourselves as far as lies in our power to prevent the sinking of the Scotos family. Let us endeavour to make our memories valued by our offspring when we are no more, and to show the world at present that we go to our utmost in order to support our distressed family. It is true I am the nearest relative to the poor orphans, but if there are any remains of them, they

will be named on you, and know of you, when it is hardly known that there was such as me in the family."

To do old Seotos justice, he was willing to come into any reasonable arrangement; but the fates or mismanagement had so willed that what Mrs Macdonell feared should take place.

Mrs Macdonell removed to Banff, and though in straitened circumstances for some time, and having the misfortune of losing her second son, William, who became an assistant surgeon of the 19th Foot in 1811, she lived long enough to see her only daughter, Helen Grant, well married, and her eldest son, Eneas, holding positions of honour and trust in India.

Eneas Scotos was succeeded by his eldest son, Eneas Ranald Macdonell, seventh and last laird of Scotos, born at Seotos House on 19th December, 1789.

In 1794, being then five years of age, he was infeft in the estate on a precept by Glengarry, with consent of his curators, dated 9th April of that year.

It is known that boys, indeed children, by influence and patronage in those days got commissions, and drew pay. When the Glengarry regiment was embodied in 1794, in which old Ranald Scotos had a lieutenant's commission, as before mentioned, young Eneas Ranald, then five years old, got an ensign's commission, and drew pay.

In 1796 a peremptory order having been issued that all officers must join their regiments, Mrs Macdonell and her son presented a petition to the Commander-in-Chief, narrating

"In the year 1794 Glengarry received a letter of service to raise a regiment of fencibles, wherein the memorialist, Ann Macdonell, her brother, Captain Simon Fraser, and uncle, Captain Archibald Fraser, obtained Companies, and several of the memorialists' more distant relations obtained ensigncies and lieutenantcies. That on this occasion Glengarry, knowing her situation, and her husband's services, and on account of the many relations she had in the regiment, gave an ensigncy to her eldest son, Eneas R. Macdonell, the other memorialist, a young man at his education, the pay of which is the only support she and her other children have. He has since remained in the regiment, none of the subaltern officers complaining of his absence. Of late he has been required to join, which his state of health does not at present admit of.

"The memorialists make this humble application to His Royal Highness, imploring that, on account of their husband and father's services, and of their own destitute situation, the said Eneas R.

Macdonell will be allowed to remain at his education for a year, against which time he will use every exertion to join his regiment."

The boy got some extension, but ultimately joined, as appears by a letter of his grandfather's in 1800 from Galway, wherein he says, "Angus, poor fellow, behaves well," and he continued in the service until the regiment was disbanded. The first family to take up Mr Charles Grant in his design on the representation of the county, at the beginning of the century, was that of Glenmoriston. Eneas Ronald Scotos was their near relative, and influence was brought to bear in his favour with success. For some reason (could it have been because Scotos was a Catholic?) Mr Grant did not wish that his intervention should be made public.

Culbokie, writing to a friend from Edinburgh on 17th July, 1807, says—"Angus Seotos is off this day at three o'clock in the mail coach, for his destination. Mr Charles Grant has behaved very handsomely, as well with regard to the manner as the fact of Angus's appointment; but he insists it shall be secret, so let it not come from us. I did not allow him to call on the Grants (James Grant, W.S.), or anyone here, for fear of discovery." He sailed for India in September, 1807, as appears from a document signed by him on the 14th of that month at Portsmouth, prior to embarkation. Though the debts were pressing, the whole were not serious, not exceeding £5000, independent of annuities of £150 to old Seotos and £50 to the young widow. Some of the heritable creditors, such as Glenalladale and Strathaird, would not have pushed matters to an extreme had their interests been regularly paid. It has been noted that the rental had increased six-fold between 1771 and 1795, and in the proceedings for a judicial sale in 1802, it was sworn that the rent when again let, might reach £500, if not £600 a year. There were numerous substantial friends who might have interfered to save the estate without running any personal risk, as is clear when it is stated that the estate actually realised, at a public sale in Edinburgh on 6th July, 1803, over sixteen thousand pounds. The upset price fixed by the Court was no less than £15,390 5s 7d (and which even at the last hour should have opened the eyes of the friends of the family), and after competition, was knocked down for behoof of Grant of Glenmoriston, who no sooner had it than he became involved in serious questions of marches with Glengarry, and these ended some 15 years later in the acquisition of the Seotos estate by Glengarry. By Whitsunday, 1804, the connection of Eneas Ronald Macdonell and his family with Seotos ceased, and the lands since 1818 or so have been re-incorporated with Knoydart.

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OLD GAELIC SONGS WITH HISTORICAL NOTES AND TRADITIONS.

A Luchd-Comuinn mo Ruin,—Tha eagal orm gu bheil cuid dhibh nach bi ro thoilichte leis na briathran a leughar dhuibh a nochd. Ach faodaidh sibh mo chreidsinn an nair a their mi gu'n d' rinn mise mo dhichioll a chum gu'n cuirinn sios mo chuid fhein de na briathran—'s e sin, gcarr-chunntas a thoirt dhuibh mu na h-orain—cho math, 's cho soilleir 's a b' urrainn domh. Labhraidh na h-orain air an son fhein. Tha iad mar a fhuair mise iad. Tha fhios agam gu bheil ceathrannan a dhith gach fir dhiubh ach a' cheud fhear, "Oran Fir Airidh 'Mhuillinn." Thug mi dhuibh na blaidhean an dochus gu faod aon de bhuill a' Chomuinn cuid de na ceathrannan a tha dhith orra fhaotainn nair no nair eiginn. Nam biodh duine ann a shireadh air an son is e mo bharail gu faighte iad anns an Eilean Fhada.

Tha ni eile a dhith oirnn nach b' urrainn mise fhaotainn, 's e sin, ainmean nan daoine a rinn na h-orain. Ach an rud nach gabh leasachadh feumar cur leis. Faodaidh e bhith gu faighear fhathast a mach co a sgriobh cuid diubh.

ORAN FIR AIRIDH MHUILLINN,

AN UIBHIST A' CHINN A DEAS;

ATHAIR FIONNAGHAL DHOMNULLAICH A DH' FHALBH LEIS A' PHRIONNSA.

Slan iomradh do 'n mharcach
A chunnaic mi seachad an dé,
Mac ud Aonghais oig bheachdaidh,
Cha b' e 'n t-iomrall leam tachairt riut fhein;
Fear gun iomlas[1] na aigneadh,
Bha gu siobhalta, staideil, an ceill;
Aig a' mheud 's a tha thlachd ort,
Cha d' fhuaras dhuit masladh no beum.

[1] "Fear gun iomlas," duine steidheil nach bi 'g atharrachadh inntinn tric —"Fear a gheibh sinn far am fag sinne e." Cha chuimhne leam riamh am facal so a chluinntinn ann an comhradh. Is e theireamaid mu dhuine neo-steidheil, a bhiodh an diugh a dh' aon bheachd, 's a maireach de bheachd eile, gur duine *iomlan* a bh' ann. Anns a' Bhiobull tha 'm facal *iomlan*, a' ciallachadh coimhlionta; ach, mar a dh'ainmich mi, tha e gus an la 'n diugh anns an Eilean Fhada, co dhiubh, a' ciallachadh, *caochlaideach*.

Slan o chunnart sud dhasan,
Cha teid duine 'ga aicheadh nach fior,
O 'n 's i 'n fhirinn a b' fhearr leat—
'S i so 'n acuinn a ghnathaich thu riamh ;
Mhend 's a fhuair mi dhe d' choiread,
Ann an comain an eolais nach b' fhiach ;
Ni mi 'n uiread s' ad chomhnadh,
Fhad 's is urrainn do m' chota ga dhiol.

Geibhte sud am beul feasgair,
Ann ad' fhardaich-sa beadradh is muirn,
Buird mhora 'g an leagadh,
Is an uirneis bu deis' as an cionn ;
Bhiodh na deochannan brasa,
Ga'm brosnachadh seachad air thùs ;
Anns na cupannan breaca,
'S fir oga 'gan aiseag gu dluth.

Gheibhte sud ann a d' fhardaich
Ceol fidhl' agus danns 'cur leis,
Taigh nan uinneagan claraidh,
Far am faigheadh na h-anraidhean[1] meas ;
Dhomhsa b' fhurasda radha ;
Gu'm b' e sud mo cheol-gaire car greis,
Cha bhiodh cuideachd mar dhaimh ort,
Bhiodh tu fhein 'na d' cheol-gaire 'na measg.

'S mor do bhiuthas[2] aig Gallaibh,
'N nair a bhiodh iad air allaban cian ;
Mend do mhuirn 'na do bhaile,
'S cha bu chuirt leat bhith malairt am bidh ;
'S tric a thug thu nait deannal,
Fhir nach sgrubail a shealladh am prib,[3]
'S mò do dhuil ann an onair
Na bonn dhe 'bhith 'd sporran 'ga dhiol.

[1] "Anraidhean," 's e sin coigrich a thigeadh fliuch, fuar, sgith, acrach, a dh' ionnsuidh an taighe.

[2] "Bhiuthas," 's e sin, deagh ainm a chluinnear fada is farsuinn.

[3] "Prib," 's e sin, fiachan. Is minic a chuala mi fear ag radh gu robh e togail "pribidean fhiach."

S iomadh sruthan de 'n fhion-fhuil
A ta ruith ann an sioladh do bhall ;
Sliochd ud Raoghaill mhoir phriseil,
Nach do dh'fhoghlum bhith miothur no gann,
Agus deagh Mac Illeathain
'S gun a theaghlach ri fhaigheil an drasd',
Cur le cheil ann an cruadail,
'S tric a bhuinnig iad buaidh anns na blair.

Da chraoibh anns a' gharadh,
Cha 'n ionnan cur fais dhaibh nan dìth's,
Craobh a shiolaich 's a dh'fhasas,
Craobh a thuiteas le cramh is le aois ;
'S ionnan sud 's mar a ta sinn,
Nis o 'n phaigh sinn na mail ud cho daor,
Tha ar n-urra cho laidir,
'S gu'n cuir e 'na aite gun chlaoidh.

[illegible]Ged nach 'eil fhios agam air ainm agus sleinneadh na té a rinn an t-oran a leanas, tha fhios agam gu'm bu Bhan-Uidhisteach i. Chuala mi o chionn iomadh bliadhna iomaradh oirre, ach o 'n a chaidh an t-iomradh so as mo chuimhne ann an tomhas mor, 's fhearr leam gun diog a radh mu h-eachdraidh aig an àm so.

B' ann an aite eiginn mu Dhunbeagain, 's an Eilean Sgiathanach, a bha i an nair a rinn i e. Cha 'n aithne dhomhsa c'aite am bheil "airidh 'n aisig," ach 's ann o "airidh 'n aisig," no mar a chuala mi nair is nair, "rudha 'n aisig," a bhiodh na bataichean a' seoladh as an Eilean Sgiathanach gu ruige Uidhist mu Thuath. B'e so "tir a' mhurain."

ORAN LUAIDH.

'S mi m' aonar air airidh 'n aisig,
Snidh' air mo rasgaibh a' dortadh.
Hò-rionn, hò-rionn, hò-rionn, hò-rionn,
Hò-gaidh, ò, na hò-ro, hù-o.

'S nach fhaic mi bata no currach,
O thir a' mhurain a' seoladh.
Ho-rionn, etc.

Tighinn o dhuthaich nam fear-fialaidh ;
'S lionar biadhtach[1] ann is poitear.
Ho-rionn, etc.

[1] "Biadhtach," 's e sin, am fear a bhiodh a' riarachadh an uisge-bheatha.

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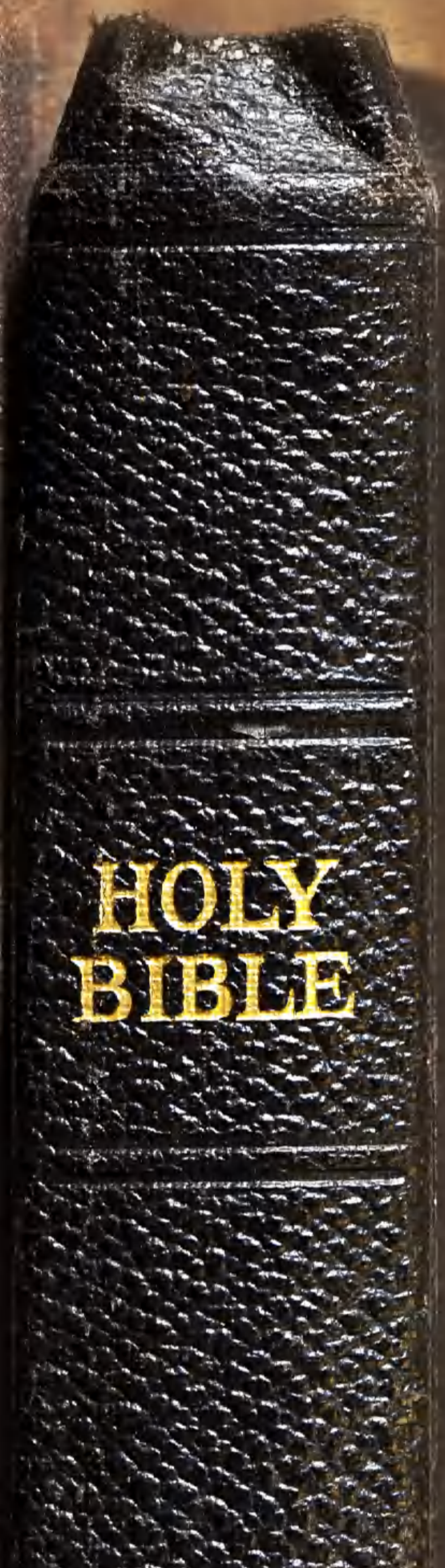

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'S mur a can mi breug, a rithist
'S cairdeach thu 'Thighearna Chnoideart.
Ho-rionn, etc.

Giamanach gunna na sradaig
Bheireadh stad air damh na croice.
Ho-rionn, etc.

'S aotrom a dh'fhalbhas an t-sailetheach[1]
'S tric a shealg thu i na h-onar.
Ho-rionn, etc.

Cha mhinic a chinnich fiadhach
Le fear gun mhial-chu, gun storas.
Ho-rionu, etc.

Tha e air aithris gur ann mar so a rinneadh an t-oran a leanas: Bha duine ann aon uair a rinn cionta a bha toillteannach air a' bhas. An nair a chaidh a dhitheadh thuirteadh ris gu faigheadh leis a bheatha nan deanadh e oran anns nach biodh aon fhacal firinn. Cha chuimhne leam a chluinntinn co mhend ceathramh a dh'fheumadh a bith anns an oran. Tha fhios agam gur gann a tha cuimhne agam air an dara leth dheth. Gu mi-fhortanach dha fhein, chuir an duine bochd aon fhacal firinn anns ann oran, agus air tailleamh an fhacail so chaill e 'bheatha. Cha'n 'eil air chuimhne agam de 'n cheathramh anns an robh am facal firinn so ach an da sreath—

"A' chuthag is gu-gùg aice
'S i toirt nan sul a caoraich."

Tha e fior gu'm bi "gu-gùg," aig a' chuthaig ged nach 'eil e fior gu'n toir i na suilean as na caoraich.

AN T-ORAN.

SEISD—Tha cumha 'n deigh do ghaoil orm
Tha mulad mor as d'aonais,
Tha cumha 'n deigh do ghaoil orm.

Fhuair mi nead na liath-chirce,
Air barr na tuinne fiadhaich;
Bha 'n ron glas a' dol do 'n iarmailt,
Agus cliabh air bac a ghaoirdean.
Tha cumha, etc.

[1] "Sailetheach," a hind.

Chunnaic mi na sgaireagan
A' sior dheanamh bhuntata dhuinn ;
'S dreadhain donn 's da ramh aige
'Cur bata 'n aghaidh gaoithe.
Tha cumha, etc.

Chunnaic mi na cudaigean
A' sniomh air an cuid chuigealan ;
'S a' chorra-ghriobhach 's buideal aice
'Falbh an cuideachd dhaoine.
Tha cumha, etc.

Chunnaic mi na donnagan
A' falbh is eallaich chonnaidh orr',
An fhaochag as an tomadaich,
A' falbh is dronnag fhraoich oirr,'
Tha cumha, etc.

Chunnaic mi na h-easgannan
A' danns' air an lar fhasgnaidh
Is a' ghuilbneach agus bat' aicc,
'S i 'cur a steach nan caorach.
Tha cumha, etc.

Tha 'n da oran a leanas gle-cholтach ri 'cheile ann an aon seadh ; ach ann an seadh eile that iad gle neo-cholтach re 'cheile.

Tha furasda dhuinn a thuigsinn gur e dithis nigheannan oga a rinn iad. 'Nam barail fhein is cinnteach gu robh iad gle ghlic ; ach is iomadh neach a their gu faodadh iad a bhith pailt cho math, no ni b' fhearr, aig na fir a bha iad a' di-moladh na bhiodh iad aig an taillear 's aig an t-saighdear. Cha'n e gu bheil mise ag radh aon fhacal an aghaidh nan taillearan agus nan saighdearan. Is mi nach 'eil. Cha mhor a b' fhiach mi ann an cuideachd mur b' e obair an tailleir.

Ach tha aon ni a dh' fhaodas neach sam bith fhoghlum o na h-orain a rinn nan nigheannan oga so, agus is e sin, cho furasda 's a tha e coire fhaotainn do 'n mhuinntir de nach 'eil tlachd againn. Their an dara té gur e 'n taillear a roghainn ; ach cha 'n fhaigh e aium a 's fhearr o'n té eile na "isean suarach tailleir."

A CHEUD ORAN.

Cha'n aill leam an gobha
Mu'm bodhair an t-ord mi.
Hò-o-hi ubhi hò hò.

Cha'n aill leam am breabadair,
Goididh e moran.
Hao-o hi ubhi hò-i-ò.

Cha'n aill leam an tuathanach
Buailidh e dorn orm.
Hò-o-hi ubhi hò-hò.

Cha'n aill leam am fidhlear
Ge finealta mheoirean.
Hao-ho-hi ubhi hò-i-ò.

Cha'n aill leam greusaiche,
'S breugach a sheorsa.
Hò-o-hi ubhi hò-hò.

Cha'n aill leam an ciobair,
Bidh lìth air a mheoirean.
Hao-o-hi ubhi hò-i-ò.

. . . . . .
. . . . . .

Gu'm b' fhearr leam an tailleiar
A chaireadh mo chota.
Hao-o-hi ubhi hò-i-ò.

AN DARA ORAN.

A dh' fhear air bith cha'n aill leam,
Air bith, air bith cha'n aill leam,
A dh' fhear air bith cha'n aill leam.

Cha'n aill leam gobba dubh a' ghuail,
No isean suarach taillear.
A dh' fhear air bith, etc.

Cha'n aill leam fhein an tuathanach,
Bidh ruaig air son a' mhail air.
A dh' fhear air bith, etc.

Cha'n aill leam saor nan lochdraichean,
Gur h-aotrom bochd a' cheaird-san.
A dh' fhear air bith, etc.

Cha'n aill leam fhein an greusaiche,
'S na breugan a' co-fhas ris.
A dh' fhear air bith, etc.

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Bha e 'n de ac' air na maidean,
Ill-i-rinn is hò-rò,
Ill-i-rinn is hò-rò,
Bha mis' ann 's cha robh fios ac' air,
Hi-ibh-òho-hi,
Na-hi uraibh ò-ro-hi.

Bha mis ann 's cha robh fios ac' air,
Ill-i-rinn is hò-rò,
Ill-i-rinn is hò-hò,
Greis air lar is greis air each dhiom,
Hi-ibh-òho-hi,
Na-hi uraibh ò-ro-hi.

Greis air lar is greis air each dhiom,
Ill-i-rinn is hé-rò,
Ill-i-rinn is hò-rò,
Greis eil' anns an t-srol am pasgadh,
Hi-ibh-òho-hi,
Na-hi uraibh ò-ro-hi.

AN DARA DOIGH.

Phiuth'rag nam piuth'r, 'bheil thu d'chadal,
Ho hoirionnan ho ro hi,
Eirich agus breithnich d' aisling,
Hi hoirionnan hao ri-u,
Hi hoirionn o hi ri eileadh,
Thoir sid leat mar chuala tu.

Eirich agus breithnich d' aisling,
Ho hoirionnan ho ro hi,
'M brathair a bha 'n Eirinn againn,
Hi hoirionnan hao ri u,
Hi hoirionn o hi ri eileadh,
Thoir sid leat mar chuala tu.

'M brathair a bha 'n Eirinu againn,
Ho hoirionnan ho ro hi,
Bha e 'n de ac' air na maidean,
Hi hoirionnan hao ri u,
Hi hoirionn o hi ri eileadh,
Thoir sid leat mar chuala tu.

Bha e 'n de ac' air na maidean,
Ho hoirionnan ho ro hi,
Bha mis' ann 's cha robh fios ac' air,
Hi hoirionnan hao ri u,
Hi hoirionn o hi ri eileadh,
Thoir sid leat mar chuala tu.

Bha mis' ann 's cha robh fios ac' air,
Ho hoirionnan ho ro hi,
Greis air lar is greis air each dhiom,
Hi hoirionnan hao ri u,
Hi hoirionn o hi ri eileadh,
Thoir sid leat mar chuala tu.

Greis eil' anns an t-srol am pasgadh,
Ho hoirionnan ho ri hi.

Tha e air aithris gur ann mar a leanas a rinneadh an taladh so. Beagan uine an deigh do leanabh a bhith air a bhreith, dh fhas a mhathair tinn, agus mu'n do dh' eug i thug i sparradh teann d' a fear e thoirt an aire mbath air an leanabh. Rinn an duine na b' urrainn da. Fhuair e banaltrum a bha, a reir coltais, anabarrach freagarrach. Ach ged a bha i 'g radh gu robh bainnecioch aicc do 'n leanabh cha robh deur aicc. Na nithean matha bu choir dhi a thoirt do 'n leanabh ghabhadh i fhein iad, agus bheireadh i am burn fuar do 'n leanabh. Innsidh am beagan cheathrannan a th' air chuimhne nach robh a' bhanaltrum a' deanamh a dleasdanais. Bha 'n leanabh a' cnamh 's a' dol as, agus bha 'bhanaltrum ag radh gur ann mar so a bha. Air oidhche araidh thainig mathair an leinibh do 'n taigh an deigh dhaibh gabhail mu thamh, agus sheinn i 'n taladh a leanas. Ghabh athair an leinibh amhrus nach robh a' bhanaltrum a' deanamh a dleasdanais, agus chuir e air falbh i. An nair a fhuair an leanabh airc cheart dh' fhas e gu math :—

AN TALADH.

Togaibh e, togaibh e, togaibh mo leanabh beag,
Togaibh e, togaibh e, togaibh mo leanabh beag,
Togaibh e, togaibh e, togaibh mo leanabh beag.

Banaltrum chinin,
A thogadh mo leanabh beag.
Togaibh e, etc.

Deoch 's cha b' e 'm bùru,
A thogadh mo leanabh beag.
Togaibh e, ete.

Cioch agus gluin,
A thogadh mo leanabh beag.
Togaibh e, etc,

Fion agus lionn,
A thogadh mo leanabh beag.
Togaibh e. etc.

Laidh' am plaid uir,
A thogadh mo leanabh beag.
Togaibh e, etc.

Bha moran a bharrachd air so anns an taladh, ach cha'n 'eil air chuimhne agamsa dheth ach so.

ORAN AN TORRAIDH.

O 'n a chuir mi coig no sia de sheann orain sios mar tha, cuiridh mi nis sios aon oran ur nach deachaidh a chlobhualadh fhathast. Cha'n fhaigh mi cead innse co a rinn e; agus mar sin, bidh e air an aon ruith ris na h-orain eile. Rinneadh e o cheann aireamh bliadhnachan do mhuinntir a ghabh an daorach aig torradh, le neach a bha fo mhor dhragh inntinn air son gu'm biodh duine sam bith cho beag ciall 's gu suidheadh e sios a dh' ol air taobh cnuic an deigh dha a cho-chreutair a charadh anns an uaigh. Tha e na aobhar mulaid gu bheil an cleachdadh truagh, maslach so air a chumail suas fhathast ann an iomadh aite anns a' Ghaidhealtachd. Bu choir do gach neach a ghuth a thogail suas na aghaidh.

Tha mi lan-chinnteach gu saoil gu leor nach urrainn gu bheil an t-oran fior. Dh' innis urrachan cho cinnteach 's a th'anns an duthaich dhomh gu bheil a h-uile facal dheth fior gu litireil.

An enala sibhse mu'n torradh,
Dh' fhaibh Dimairt à Baile-chrochdain;
Sid na fir a chaidh gu boilich,
'Nuair a theòidh an dram orr'.

Horo gur toigh leinn drama,
Horo gur toigh leinn drama,
Horo gur toigh leinn drama,
'S lionar fear tha 'n geall air.

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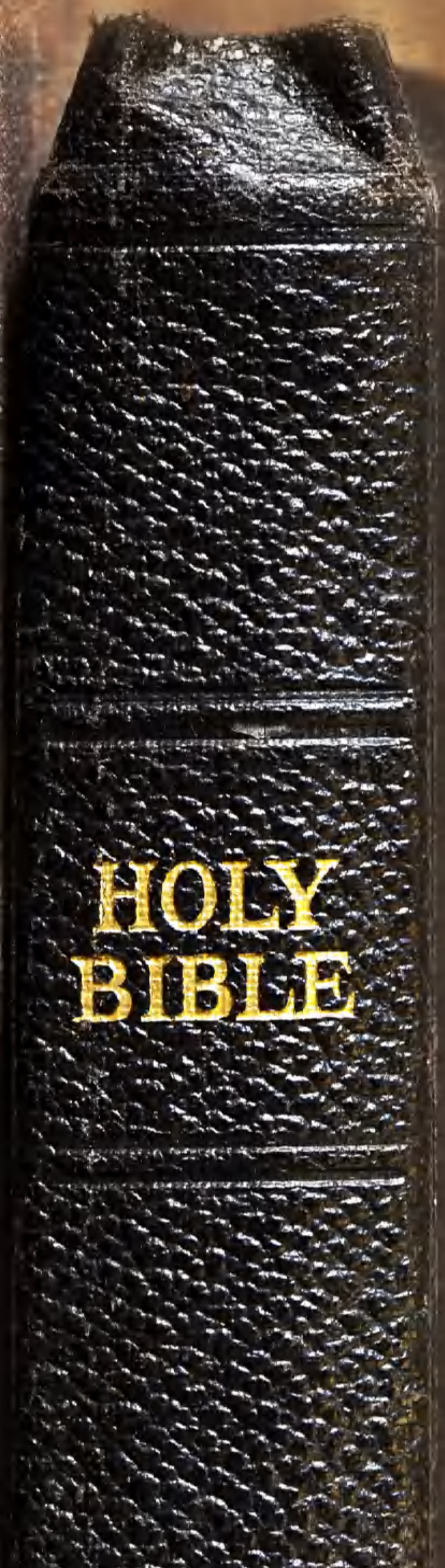

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"Ach trocair gu'n d' fhuair a' chailleach,
A chair sinn an diugh fo 'n talamh;
Dhomhnuill, thoir dhomh mir de 'n aran;
Fhearaibh, 's math an dram so."
Horo, etc.

Thuirt ogh' Iain oig ann an Dornaig,
"Bhuith, ho-ré, b'e so an torradh;
Dh' fhoghnadh leam gu brath de sholas
A bhith 'g ol an dram so."
Horo, etc.

"Daoine coire, clann Mhic Lachlainn,
Gu ma trie bhios torradh aca;
O 'n tha storas ac' am pailteas,
Bheir iad sgailc de 'n dram dhuinn.
Horo, etc.

Gur mor am masladh ri 'innseadh
Gu robh cuid diubh marbh nan sineadh,
Air chul nan cnoc 's anns na digean
Mar a mhill an dram iad.
Horo, etc.

Ged a leanainn air an oran,
O mhoch Diluain gu Didonaich,
Cha 'n aithrisinn trian de 'n bhoilich,
Bheir na scold san àm ud.

Horo gur toigh leinn drama,
Horo gur toigh leinn drama,
Horo gnr toigh leinu drama,
'S lionar fear tha 'n geall air.

19th FEBRUARY, 1890.

The paper for this evening was contributed by the Rev. J. Campbell, Tiree, entitled "Na Amhuisgean—The Dwarfs or Pigmies." Mr Campbell's paper was as follows:—

THE DWARFS OR PIGMIES; OR, THE THREE SOLDIERS.

In this tale there is a difference from the ordinary recitations of the practical story-teller or *Sgeulaiche*. The descriptions so frequently occurring in the ordinary tales or *Sgeulachdan* of the sailing of boats, combats, interviews, &c., which help the story-teller on with his narrative, do not occur in this tale, and the existence of the pigmies in some unknown region bordering upon, if not forming part of, the "kingdom of coldness" is of interest as indicating some of the connection between smallness of person and cold climate, and so leading to the speculations as to the first dispersion of the human race and connection of tribes that are now far removed from each other in appearance, dress, mode of life, and dialects. Taking but a passing glance at the geography of the world, or reading books of travel, one cannot but be often struck by the resemblance of names to Gaelic, not derived from resemblance of sound to sense, or any such explanation, but from the same form of word as in Gaelic being used. E.G., in the name of Kamschatka, in the extreme north, the first part is especially like Camus, a name so common in the Highlands and in Scotland at large, denoting an indentation into the land, while the termination chatka is essentially the same as the termination of the distinguishing name of Corrie, near Broadford in Skye. What the meaning of the termination may be is not apparent. The name of Corrie in Skye is Corrie-Chatachain. The form Kames is well known. In books of African travel we are told that *bana* is the name the blacks give to a white man; and *ban* or white, as applied to complexion, is universally well known. On looking at the language of the Esquimaux there can be little doubt that it ought to be classified as Gaelic or Celtic as much as any of the languages to which that name is given. It may ultimately prove of unspeakable advantage in following out the history of the dispersion of the human race if the language of people so remote as the Esquimaux should prove to be Celtic.

The existence of some of the words and names to be found among the Indians of America also create a suspicion of their having a streak of Celtic in them. The falls of Niagara seem in this way to derive their name from *gaire*, laughter, and its congeners, which are the regular words applied to the loud sound of water. The loud sound of the sea is commonly called *gàirich nan tonn*, and the Osterling or Eastern sea, when she came to take away the Cup of Good Fortune from *Fionn Mac Cumhail* and his

men, was said to have loud laughter in her rough mouth, *gàire na garbh chraos.* She is represented in Gaelic Lays as the foster mother of Manus, the Norse King, and her history is one of the most entertaining of old lays.

The reason of the soldiers leaving the town or fort in which they were placed does not appear from the tale; but it is not difficult to imagine good reason for their leaving the garrison town. In any case liberty is too precious to be long neglected, and the town or city may have been beleaguered, or short of provisions, or disease may have set in. No fault is found in the story with their leaving, or their doing so; desertion of the army in a time of difficulty is not an idea encouraged in the Highlands by tales, traditions, doctrine, proverbs, or example.

The antiquity and prehistoric origin of the story is to be inferred particularly from the spell or enchantment under which the principal soldier was placed by the Druidic pin put by the Elfin woman at the back of his head, throwing him into a profound sleep, from which he could not be awakened. These magic wonders were an important element in the Druidism which was displaced by Christianity, and the ascribing of the action to a woman may have arisen from the prominence given to witches in comparatively recent times, though for that matter women have been liable to have such, and even more marvellous actions ascribed to them since the days of the Witch of Endor.

This tale is from full notes taken of it as told by John Brown.

NA AMHUISGEAN, NO NA TRI SAIGHDEARAN.

Se tri saighdearan bh' ann dh' fhalbh as an arm no dh' fhag am baile, 's a bha da latha aig coiseachd; am beagan bidhe bh'aca' bha iad gu ruith mach as; sin shuidh iad latha boidheach ri taobh cnoic leigeil dhiu an sgios. Cha robh iad fada sin dar chunnaic iad cu mor ruadh tighinn far an robh iad, 's thuirt iad ri cheile nach robh tigh fada napa, 's nach biodh iad gun bhiadh no dion ùine 'sam bi na b' fhaide. Dh' eirich fear dhin, 's a mach thug e an deigh a choin. Cha deachaidh e astar sam bith dar chunnaic e caisteal briagh shios fodha. Ghabh e roimhe 'ga ionnsuidh 's dar rainig e cha robh dorus ri fhaicinn air. Bha e dol mun cuairt air dar a chunnaic e boirionnach dreachmhor aig uinneig. Ghlaodh i ris dol dh' ionnsuidh dorus cul bh' air a chaisteal. Rinn e sin, 's chaidh e stigh. Thainig ise na chòmhail, dh' fhailtich i e, 's thug i do sheomar briagh e. Chaidh biadh chur air a bheulthaobh, 's leth do mhulchag chaise am measg a bhidhe. Bha an ra-doreha ann, 's chaidh solus a lasadh. Dar a shuidh e aig a bhiadh, thog

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An ath-latha chunnaic an treasa fear, 's e taobh a ehnuic feitheamh ri' chompanaich a thilleadh, an cù mòr ruadh a tighinn aig astar, 's dh' aithnich e nach robh tigh fada uaithe. Air siubhal a ghabh e as a dheigh, 's cha robh e fad 'sam bi' 'g a leantuinn 'nuair a chunnaic e caisteal briagh ann an glaie shios fodha. 'Nuair rainig e cha robh dorus ri fhaicinn, 's bha e dol timchioll air, 'nuair chunnaic e, 's an ruith cheudna 'sa rinn a chompanaich, boirionnach ceutach aig uinneig. Smeid i air dol a dh' ionnsuidh dorus iosal 'bha air a chaisteal. Rinn e so, 's 'nuair chaidh e 'stigh dh'fhailtich i e, 's thug i do sheomar mor ard e. Chaidh biadh chur air a bheul-thaobh 's measg a bhithe buillionn cruineachd. 'Nuair shuidh esan dh' ionnsuidh bhithe thog ise leatha an solus, ach cha robh duine aigesan ri chuimhneachadh. 'Nuair thill ise air ais bha h-uile ni ceart, 's cha d' rinneadh sion airsan. 'Nuair thainig an oidhche chaidh e 'laidhe, ach cha d'fhuair e prip chodail. 'S a mhaduinn an là 'r 'n mhaireach thuirt e ri 'sa:

"De na daoine tha sid ri ceol 's ri aighear, nach do leig tamh no codal dhomh fad na h-oidhche?"

Thuirt ise ris, "Tha mise mar sin 'o chionn latha 's bliadhna; s iad tha ris an obair ud na h-Amhuisgean."

"A bheil thusa so ach latha 's bliadhna?" ors' esan.

"Cha 'n 'eil," ors' ise, "'s e nighean do Righ, ann an Rioghachd na Fuarachd tha annam-sa; 's ghoid na h-Amhuisgean mi 's thug iad an so mi."

Co dhiu, an 'n ath-oidhche chaidh esan a chodal mar rinn e roimhe. Thoiseach an ceol 's an lan-aighear, Bha an seomar laimh ris lan dhiu-san mar bha e roimhe, 's cha'n fhaigheadh e lochd chodail. 'Nuair bha e sgith ag eisdeachd riu 'sa theirig fhoighidinn 's nach b' urrain e fulang na b' fhada, chaidh esan do'n aite 's an robh iad, a shealltuinn de' bha air an aire, na an robh iad brath sgur idir do'n aighear. 'Nuair chunnaic iad 's an dorus e, rinn iad uile gaire na aodann.

"De fath 'ur gaire?" ors' esan.

"Tha gur e do cheann fhein 's ball iomanachd dhuinn an nochd tuille."

Rinn esan gaire nan aodann-sa.

"De fath do ghaire fhein," ors' iadsan.

Thuirt esan, gu'm b'e sin am fear bu mhotha ceann 's a bu chaola casan acasan a ghabhail dhoibh gus an caitheadh e e gu ruig na luirgnean. Thoiseach e orra, 's chur e h-uile h-aon riamh dhiu o thoiseach gu deireadh a mach gus an robh an seomar falamh. Bha e so leis fhein 's sith 's samhchair aige. An ceann greis thoisich an upraid cheudna, 's gabh e sios far an robh iad, 's rinn e

cheart ruith orra, rug e air an fhear bu motha ceann 's bu chaola casan, 's ghabh e dhoibh leis gus an do chaith e e thun na'n luirgnean, 's an do chur e mach iad 's an robh an tigh falamh. Fhuair nighean an Righ air falbh, ach gheall ise dha tighinn air ais le 'h-athair, 's le maighdeannan coimhideach 'ga iarraidh ri' phosadh. Thuirt esan rithe gu'n robh e dol a dh' fhalbh as a sid, ach gum fuirigheadh e 's an tigh a b'fhaisge do'n chaisteal gus an tilleadh ise chomhlionadh a geallaidh. Dh' fhalbh ise, 's dh' fhag esan an caisteal, 's chaidh e dh' fhuireach do'n tigh a b' faisge dha far an robh bean-shith. Latha sin bha e 'g ol deoch aig an tobair, chual e stairnich tighinn timchioll, ach cha robh e faicinn ni. Chunnaic a bhean-shith, an Righ, 's a nighean 's na maighdeannan coimheadach tighinn ann an cuairteag, 's thainig i gun fhios gun fhath dha air a chulthaobh 's chàraich i prina Druidheachd ann an cul a chinn. Chadail e sin cho trom 's nach robh air an t-saoghal na dhuisgadh e gus an d' thoirt am prina Druidheachd a cul a chinn. 'Nuair thainig an Righ 'ga ionnsuidh fhuair e na throm shuain e, 's thoisich e air a charachadh 's air a thulganadh, ach mar bu mho chrathadh an Righ e, 's an bu truime chadaileadh esan.

"Cha'n eil fhios de an scorsa duine tha sin," ors' an Righ ri 'nighean, "'nuair nach gabh e dùsgadh idir." Thainig an Righ tri uairean san doigh sin 's dh'fhartlich air a dhùsgadh. A' sin spiol a' bhean-shith an prina druidheachd a cul a chinn, 's 'nuair dhuisg esan thill e don chaisteal a rithisd. Shiubhail e sin an caisteal on leth iochdair gus an leth uachdair. Fhuair e 'chompanaich.

"'Bheil sibh dol a dh'fhalbh comhladh riumsa do Rioghachd na Fuarachd?" thuirt e riu.

"Cha'n 'eil," ors' iadsan," "tha sinn gu math far a bheil sin."

Sheall e so thuige 's uaithe 's chan fhac e ni b' fhearr na thoirt leis na tri chìrean each 's charaich e sud na phòc 's dh' fhalbh e. So thug e ri siubhal 's ri sior iomachd 's beul-uidhe ri anmoch, chunnaic e bothan ri taobh an rathaid ann 'san deachaidh e stigh 's ann 'san robh cnuacaire mòr do sheann duine glas na shuidhe air seana chara cloiche 's e cireadh fheusaig le bàd mòr do fhraoch. Thuirt e ris a bhodach,

"Nach garbh a chir th' agad an sin!"

"Cha'n 'eil nas mine agam," ors' an seann duine.

"Theagamh gu bheil nas fhearr agam fhein," thuirt esan.

Chur e so a lamh na phoca 's thug e dha te do na chìrean bh' aige fhein.

"'S math," orsa 'seann duine sin, "'s aithne dhomhsa ceann d' astar 's do shiubhal. Tha thu dol air toir do leannain nighean

Righ ann an Rioghachd na Fuarachd, cuiridh du seachad an oidhche so comhladh rium fhein 's cha mhiosd do thurus a maireach e." Rinn e so san la 'r na mhaireach 'nuair bha e air son falbh, thuirt an seann duine ris. "Tha brathair agamsa 's fhearr a chuireas air do thurus thu, tha e astar latha 's bliadhna as a so, ach bheir mise dhuit paidhear bhrògan 's bheir iad ann thu, ann an aon latha, 'sa 'nuair a ruigeas tu mu thionndas tu an agaidh an rathaid so bidh iad air ais agamsa roi' dhol fodha na greine."

Dh' fhalbh e 's bha e 'siubhal 's ag imeachd aig lan astair, san cromadh an fheasgair, chunnaic e bothan aig taobh an rathaid ann san robh gnùslinn mòr do sheann duine liath na shuidhe aig an teine air stoc craobh 's bad mòr giubhais aigo 'cìreadh fheusaig. Thionndainn e aghaidh nam bròg an 's thill e dhachaidh iad. Cha bu luaithe rinn e sin na bha iad as an t-sealladh 's thuirt e ris an t-sheann duine, "'S garbh a chìr th'agad an sin?" "Cha'n eil nas mìne agam," thuirt an seann duine. "Cha chreid mi fhein nach 'eil nas fhearr na sin agam fhein," ors' esan, 's e 'cur a lamh na phoca 's e toirt dha te eile do na cìrean.

"'S math 's aithne dhomhsa ceann d' astar 's do shiubhal," thuirt am fear so ris, "tha thu falbh 'dh'iarraidh nighean Righ ann an Rioghachd na Fuarachd ach cuiridh tu seachad an oidhche nochd comhladh rium fhein 's cha mhiosd' do thuras am maireach e." An latha 'r 'n mhaireach 'nuair bha e air son falbh thuirt am bodach ris, "Tha tigh brathair eile agam-sa dh' fheumas tu ruigheachd, 's tha astar latha 's bliadhna eadar so is tigh mo bhrathair, 's mar cur am fear sin thar an aiseag thu cha'n eil beo air thalamh na ni e. Bheir mi dhuit ceirsle shnamh 's bidhidh tu ga caithe 'romhad 's bheir i far a bheil e thu ann an aon latha. 'Nuair a ruigeas tu, tilleadh tu h-aghaidh air ais 's bithidh i agam-sa roimh dhol fodha na gréine." Dh'fhalbh e 's bha e 'siubhal aig lan astair a caithe' na ceirsle 's ga froiscadh 's ga tachras roimhe, 's aig dol fodha na greine, sheall e an rathad a thainig e, 's an cor seallaidh cha d' uair e dhi. Bha bothan beag aig taobh an rathaid 's chaidh e 'stigh. Bha crùislinn do dhuine mor glas na shineadh air seann fhurma daraich 'se cìreadh 'fheusaig le sguab dhreighionn 's thuirt e ris, "Nach garbh a chìr th'agad an sin."

"Cha'n eil nas mìne agam," ors' an duine mor glas.

"Cha chreid mi nach 'eil nis fhearr na sin agam fhein thuirt esan, 's e sìneadh dha na cìre bha fos laimh aige.

"'S math 's aithne dhomh ceann d' astar 's do shiubhal," ors am bodach glas ris, "'tha thu dol do Rioghachd na Fuarachd air toir nighean Righ, bha thu 'n raoir le' m' bhrathair meadhonach 's air bho'n raoir le m' sheann bhrathair, 's cuiridh tu seachad an oidhche

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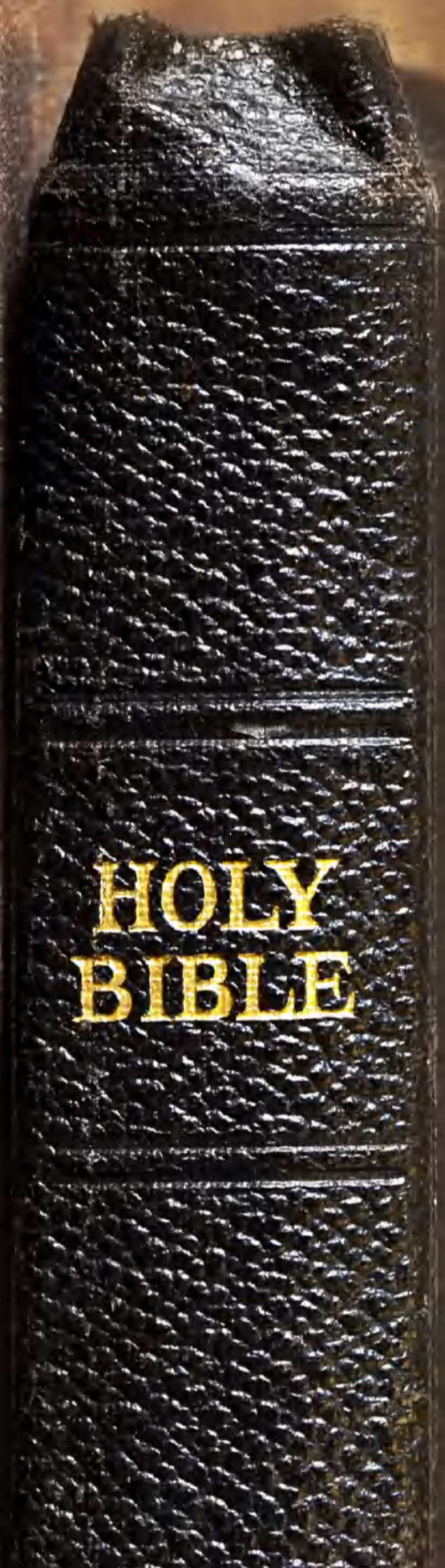

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woman at a window. She called out to him to go to a back door that was on the castle. He did so and went in, she came to meet him, and took him to a fine room. There was food set before him, and among the food half a cheese. It was now dusk and a light was lighted. When he sat to his meat she took away the light. He now thought of those he had left behind, and he put the half cheese in his knapsack, and he waited for whatever might happen. In a while she returned with the light, and he said to her, "I have been left waiting for whatever may happen and listening to what may be heard; it was a curious thing of you to do to take away the light."

"There are few people who could not find their mouth, whether it be dark or light," said she, "but it cannot be that the little stranger ate the big cheese." She searched up and down but could not find it. The cheese was in the knapsack. When she found this out she called to have him caught and thrown among the big dogs. He was there picking the bones, which he might catch among them, and which he no sooner caught than they were taken from him. Next day his two other companions whom he had left behind in the shelter of the hillock saw the red dog again. Away after it one of them went, and he was not long following it when he saw a fine castle down before him, and he turned his face towards where it was. When he reached it there was not a door to be seen, and he was nearly becoming giddy going round and round it when he observed a fine looking woman at a window. She made signs to him to go to a narrow door that was on the castle. He went in, she bade him welcome and showed him in to a wide room. Meat was put before him, and among the meat was placed a quarter of mutton. When he went to take the food she took with her the light in the same way as had been done to his companion. He now thought of the one he had left behind him, and put the quarter of mutton in his knapsack, and remained where he was, waiting and listening. After some time had passed she returned with the light, and he asked why she had done such a senseless thing as leaving him in the dark.

"There are few," she said, "who would not find the way to their mouth, be it dark or light; but it cannot be that the little stranger has eaten the big quarter of mutton."

She sought it as she had previously done, but could not find it here or there. The quarter of mutton was in the knapsack, and, in the same way as was done to the other, he was thrown among the big dogs. He was there along with his companion, picking

the bones that he might snatch, and they could only acquit themselves as best they could, they had neither more nor less of any other livelihood.

Next day the third one of them, waiting at the side of the hillock for the return of his comrades, saw the big red dog coming with speed, and he knew that a house was not far off. He set out after it, and he was not long following when he saw a fine castle in a hollow down below. When he reached there was no door to be seen. He was going round it when he observed, in the same way as the others had done, a handsome woman at a window. She beckoned to him to go to a low door that was on the castle. He did this, and when he went in she made him welcome. Eatables were set before him, and among them a large loaf of wheaten bread. When he went to the table she took away the light, but he had no one to remember, and on her return everything was right and there was nothing done to him. When night came he laid down, but could not get a wink of sleep. Next morning he said to her—"What men are those making music and merriment that did not let me rest or sleep all night?" She said to him—"I am in the same way for a year and a day, those who are at that work are the Awisks (Dwarfs or Pigmies)."

"Are you only here a year and a day?" he asked. "I am not more," she said, "I am the daughter of a king in the kingdom of coldness. The Awisks stole me away and left me here."

At any rate the next night he tried to sleep as he had previously done. The music and merriment began. The room next to him was full of them as it was before, and he could not get a wink of sleep When he was tired listening to them and his patience was exhausted, and he could not endure any longer, he went where they were to see what they were about, or if they meant to stop their noisy merriment at all. On seeing him in the door they all laughed in his face. "What are you laughing at?" he said. "It is that your own head will be a football to us for the rest of this night." He laughed in their faces. "What are you laughing at yourself?" they said. He said, that was that he would take the man of them who had the biggest head and the slenderest legs and lay about amongst them with it till there was nothing of it left but the shank. He began on them and he put out every one that there was from the first to the last, and emptied the room of them, and he was alone in peace and quietness. In a while the same noisy work began. He went down where they were and did as before, he took hold of the one with the biggest head and slenderest legs and attacked them with him until he

wore him to the shank, and they were put out and the place was empty.

The king's daughter got away, but promised him to come back with her father and her attendant maids to be married to him. He said to her that he was going away from there, but that he would wait in the house nearest the castle till she came back and fulfilled her promise. She went away, and he left the castle and went to an Elfin woman's house, which proved to be the one nearest the castle. One day when he was taking a drink at the well he heard a stirring noise coming about the place, but he was seeing nothing. The Elfin woman saw the king and his daughter and her attendant maidens coming in an eddy wind, and without sign or warning she came behind him and put a druidic pin at the back of his head. He then slept so soundly that all the people in the world could not rouse him till the druidic pin was withdrawn from the back of his head. When the king came to him he found him in a heavy slumber, and he began to shake him and roll him about, but the more the king shook him the sounder he slept.

"There is no saying what sort of a man that is," the king said to his daughter, "when he cannot be wakened at all." The king came three times in this way and failed to waken him. Then the Elfin woman plucked the druidic pin from the back of his head, and when he awoke he returned to the castle again. He then traversed the castle upwards and downwards; he found his lost companions.

"Are you going with me?" he said to them, "to the Kingdom of Coldness."

"We are not," they said. "We are well enough where we are."

He now looked towards him and from him, and saw nothing more suitable that he could take with him than three curry combs. He put these in his pocket and went away, then he took to travelling and ever going on. Towards dusk he saw a bothy at the roadside, which he went into, and in which he found a big lump-headed old grey man sitting on a boulder of rock, and combing his beard with a big bunch of heather. He said to the carle—"Is that not a rough comb that you have?" "I have not a smoother," the old man said. "Perhaps," he said, "I have got a better one myself." He put his hand into his pocket and gave the old man one of the combs he had himself. "Well," said the old man then, "I know the object of your journey and travel. You are going in search of your sweetheart, the daughter of a king in the Kingdom of Coldness. You will stay to-night with myself, and

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oldest (middle) brother, and the previous night with my eldest brother. You will pass this night with me, and your journey to-morrow will not be the worse of it."

Next day the grey man said to him—"There is a distance of seven days and seven years from this place, which you have to traverse, but I will give you a staff which will take you a mile in a minute, but it is the eagle that must take you over the ferry, and I will get it for you." He gave a whistle, and in a moment every bird in the air was round about him but the eagle. He now asked his visitor to stand at a distance from him and keep his hands to his ears, and hold his head in case it should split with the hardness of the whistle that he would have to give before the eagle would come. "You will get food for you to give it on the way so that it may not devour yourself. When you reach the Kingdom of Coldness you will have to destroy a great giant, who defends the daughter of the king. The way in which you will do it is by keeping the cold edge of the sword to his spinal marrow."

The eagle came, and they went away together, and it put him ashore on dry land in the Kingdom of Coldness. When he reached, the king heard the fluttering they made round the royal residence, and looked out. When he saw who it was, he asked him in. "I will not go in," he said, "till I get a fair combat with the big giant who guards your daughter." He got what he asked, and he killed the giant. The daughter saw him, and she called out to her father—"O father, that is the soldier who took me from among the Awisks."

There was now a great merry joyous marriage feast made that lasted seven days and seven years, and the soldier remained in that Kingdom till the end of his days.

26th FEBRUARY, 1890.

The paper for this evening was by the Rev. John Sinclair, Rannoch, entitled, "Some Letters from the pen of Ewen Maclachlan, Old Aberdeen, with Notes." Mr Sinclair's paper was as follows :—

SOME LETTERS FROM THE PEN OF EWEN MACLACHLAN, OLD ABERDEEN.

On the 10th day of June, 1888, John Mackenzie, meal dealer, Beauly, breathed his last at the advanced age of 81; and, on the 12th of the same month, a long procession of sorrowing friends

and neighbours carried his body in solemn silence to the old historic churchyard of Kilchrist, in the parish of Urray, where they peacefully buried it amid the dust of his forefathers. It was a proper place for a Mackenzie to be buried in; for the burning of Kilchrist Chapel, and the holocaust made of all the worshippers within, with the sole exception of the officiating parson,[1] has ever since been imprinted on the memory of every true clansman as the great "Mackenzie Tragedy," and has been celebrated alike in *Piobaireachd*[2] and *Dirge* as an apt foreshadowing of the fire that shall finally consume all things. There is a tradition in the family that several of John Mackenzie's forebears lost their lives in this Kilchrist tragedy; and, if his body could speak from the grave, well might it now say in the words of the bard—

"An Cille-chriosd tha mi am shuain,
A feith' fuaim na trombaid mòr,
'Nuair gheibh 'n teine an dara buaidh
Thar 'n Eaglais so 's na mairbh tighinn beo."

Which may be translated—

"In Kilchrist I am sleeping sound,
Awaiting the last trumpet dread,
When flames again shall mantle round
This Church with its reviving dead."

In John Mackenzie, death removed from Beauly a standard inhabitant of the good old stamp. Some years ago, his form was sure to arrest the attention of any one whose eye was privileged to scan for a while the people passing along the spacious main

[1] There is a tradition that, when the Macdonells came from their hiding-place in *Alltan-nam-breac*, bearing each a burden of straw from the stackyard of Tomich, and so set fire to the doomed chapel, the parson came to the door, and implored to be let out. He was allowed to escape, but all the rest of the worshippers were suffocated.

[2] "It was a wild and fearful sight, only witnessed by a wild and fearful race. During the Tragedy the Macdonells listened with delight to the piper of the band, who, marching round the burning pile, played, to drown the screams of the victims, an extempore pibroch, which has ever since been distinguished as the war tune of Glengarry under the title of 'Cillecriost.'" See Mackenzie's "Tales and Legends of the Highlands." It is related that the late Dr Macdonald of Ferintosh, who was a skilful player on the bagpipes, at one time said he had a good mind to walk round Kilchrist Chapel playing the appropriate *Piobaireachd.* When this threat was related to James Mackenzie, then a young man residing at Lettoch, but whose body was 'ast year buried in Kilchrist, it at once stirred up the old clan fire within him. "Go and tell Mr Macdonald from me," said James, "that, if he does that, I will go and prick the windbag of his pipes for him!"

street of that busy and interesting monastic village. An old man of middle size and spare body, with features sharp, regular, and ascetic, a pair of intelligent and not unkindly eyes looking out from beneath shaggy eyebrows, his body-clothes plain and quaint, and his head surmounted by a dingy-brown cloth cap, high and broad at top, such as his great-grandfather might have worn ; and, as John walked past, the impression, made by his appearance on the mind of the spectator, unmistakably was, "There goes an honest man !" But although honesty and carefulness and a certain measure of hardness in striking a bargain were undoubtedly characteristic of him as a dealer in corn and meal, yet, as a friend and neighbour, he had a warm and feeling heart ; and his many little deeds of kindness greatly endeared him to the good people of Beauly, who are always willing to recognise genuine worth in whomsoever they may chance to find it. In the bosom of his family he was an affectionate husband and a tender and dutiful father, and he invariably followed the good old Scottish custom of daily worshipping God, morning and evening, at the family altar. He was a just, and good, and exemplary man, and we humbly hope his soul is now in heaven. *Requiescat in pace !*

But what chiefly makes John interesting to us, as a character, is the circumstance that he was the possessor of cherished *memories* and *memorials* of his childhood, which he would not impart or speak about to wife, or children, or friends, or neighbours, or indeed to anybody, but which, we know, he was frequently in the habit of pondering over in his own mind, and that more especially during the latter years of his life. Often, when he sauntered down his favourite walk leading past the picturesque ruins of the old Priory, and extending either way along the bank of the river, was he seen to make a sudden stand, and to remain for some time in that attitude, as if lost in deep meditation. It was then that his mind would revert to the happy scenes of his early youth in Culblair and Ardnagrask, and, above all, to the pleasant society of his uterine brother, William Maclachlan, that amiable young man, who, during his short life, had been able to exert such a strange fascination over every one that came within the range of his influence. John cherished his brother's memory with a devotion that sprang from genuine affection ; but he wished to confine this feeling wholly within his own breast, for the reason well known and appreciated in the north, that poor William was illegitimate, and so his very existence was regarded as a stigma on the good name of the family. The *memorials* he possessed consisted of a bundle of letters written by William's uncle, Ewen Maclachlan,

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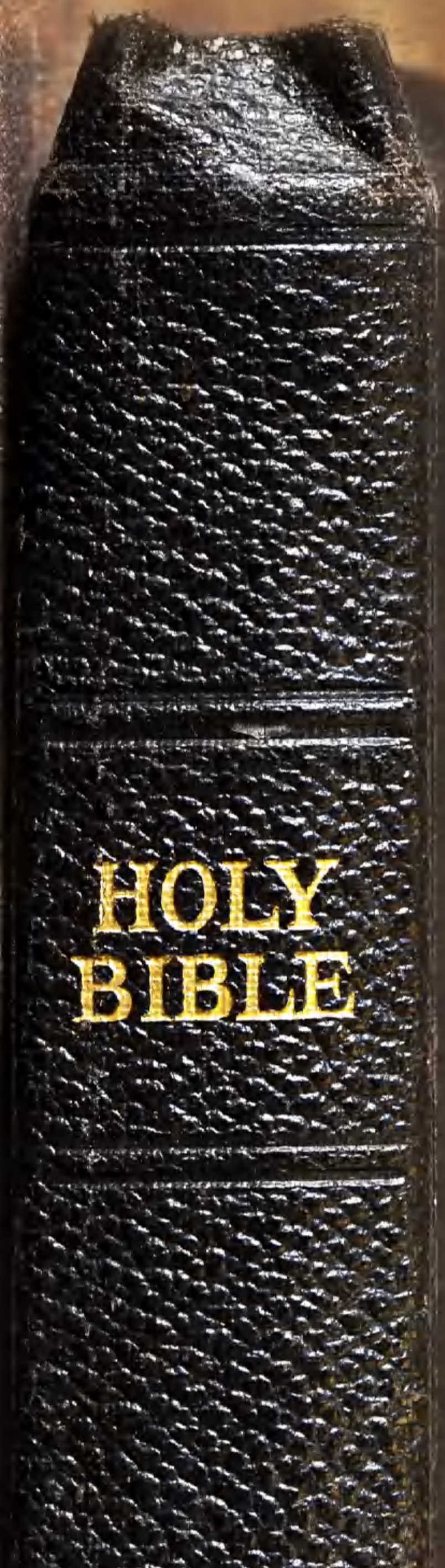

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man of great natural sagacity, of deep moral and religious convictions, and of an unfailing charity—an altogether beautiful and lovely character, such as won the profound and lasting veneration of his illustrious son, and is still spoken of with reverence by all true natives of Lochaber. I well remember when, in the summer of 1875, I paid a visit to Miss Cameron, Dornie Ferry, an enthusiastic Lochaber lady, that I had the pleasure of being shown by her a blanket which, 60 years before, had been woven by Donald, Ewen Maclachlan's father; and it seemed to me that this article, as she put it, "wrought by the worthy father of a worthy son," was more valued by her than anything else she had in her house. I am sorry to say that I have not hitherto been able to find out anything regarding the good wife[1] of Torrachalltuinn; but we may presume, judging from all analogy, that she was the worthy helpmeet of such a husband. The family, born to them, consisted of *at least* three sons and three daughters; but I have not been able to ascertain the order of their birth. The sons were Ewen, Hugh, and one whose name I have not discovered; and the daughters were Mary, Anne, and Sarah or *Sally* (Mòr). The whole family were duly sent to the Parish School of Kilmallie, where they evidently received an elementary education far above the average then common, even in Parish Schools, in Scotland. The girls, who were very clever, received a sound English education, and one of them, Anne, having got married to a Macinnes, became the mother of the late Rev. Mr Macinnes, the learned and esteemed Free Church minister of Tummel Bridge, in Perthshire. Hugh and the unnamed son were also well educated, for, when they grew up to manhood, they proceeded to Jamaica, where in due time they became not only successful sugar planters, but also took a respectable position in society as educated and polished gentlemen. But Ewen[2] aspired to a higher education than Kilmallie School, good as it was, could furnish him with. He

[1] Since writing the text, I have got, through my friend Miss Cameron, the following funny story about "Big Donald" and his wife, which shows that she was possessed of a keen sense of humour. Donald used to wear one of those long blue cloaks, at one time so common in the Highlands. One night his wife pinned her tall white "mutch" to the back of this cloak as it was hanging to the bedpost. Donald, having risen before daybreak to go from home, put on his cloak without noticing what was attached. When daylight came he wondered why the people were all coming out and looking after him, and he went on for a considerable distance before he discovered the cause of attraction.

[2] Miss Cameron says that Ewen's talents were first recognised by the Rev. Dr Ross, minister of Kilmonivaig, who gave the young student the first start in his career. It is probable that it was through Dr Ross's recommendation that Macdonell of Glengarry was led to assist Ewen.

desired to prepare to enter the University, and his ardent soul for years hungered and thirsted after the realisation of this, his fondest dream—that some day he should be privileged to drink at one of the fountain heads of learning in his native land, and so qualify himself for running an honourable and useful career in one of the learned professions.

There is a tradition that, when Ewen was advanced as far in learning as the Kilmallie schoolmaster could carry him on, he had a great desire to enter the Grammar School of Fort-William; but, as his father could not afford to pay the high fees charged in that institution, the idea of entering there, as a regular scholar, had for some time to be abandoned. But "where there is a will there is always a way." Ewen, bent on improving himself, every evening waylaid the scholars of the Grammar School as they were going home, got their exercises from them, and regularly wrought them out against the next day. When this became known to the head-master, he sent for the eager student, and agreed to admit him free, on condition that the latter should blow the school horn every morning and at the close of the play hour, which, in those days, was the method employed for summoning the boys and girls to their school work. Ewen was overjoyed; and not only did he prove himself to be the most punctual and best horn-blower ever known in Fort-William, but also in a very short time wrought himself up to be the *dux* of the Grammar School. What a noble example does this poor man's son present to us of overcoming difficulties in the pursuit of knowledge! It is of such countrymen, as Ewen Maclachlan, that we ought to be proud.

I now quote the brief, accurate, and admirable sketch of this distinguished man from the sympathetic and authoritative pen of Professor Blackie, as exactly suitable for my purpose:—"The zeal and success,"[1] says the Professor, "with which he followed out classical studies in private, not to mention his poetical and musical accomplishments, attracted the attention of Macdonell of Glengarry, who, with that generosity for which the old Highland chiefs were notable, furnished the scholar with what little pecuniary aid he required, in order to pursue his studies at the University. In the year 1796 he proceeded to King's College, Old Aberdeen, where young Celts, ambitious of intellectual distinction, still delight to congregate. Here he forthwith announced himself as a candidate for one of those bursaries, or scholarships, which abound in those parts; and, after the usual trial in Latin composition, for which the Granite City of the north was always

[1] See "Language and Literature of the Scottish Highlands," by Professor Blackie, pp. 261-2-3. Edinburgh: 1876.

famous, to the great surprise and mortification of the shrewd young Lowlanders, who had enjoyed far better opportunities of juvenile indoctrination, the raw Highlander came out first on the roll of merit. From that moment he was a marked man. After going through the regular classes, and taking the degree of A.M., he entered the Divinity Hall. In the year 1800 he received a royal bursary, in the gift of the Barons of Exchequer, and was shortly afterwards appointed to the office of teacher in the Grammar School of Old Aberdeen, and assistant-librarian to King's College. In England these would have been offices as lucrative as they were honourable ; but it has long been an ugly characteristic of social morality in Scotland, while putting the highest value on education, to overwork and underpay the educator. Maclachlan, ike every genuine Scot, was a hard worker. After going through the tear and wear of his daily routine, he found leisure to carry on his classical studies to a height not commonly attained in Scotland. But, though devoted to Greek, as in his view the most valuable of intellectual acquisitions, he never forgot, as some people foolishly do, the learning he had brought from the bens and the glens of his early boyhood. He wedded the study of Gaelic to that of Greek, by employing himself--like the present Archbishop of Tuam—in making a poetical Celtic version of the *Iliad*, a work held in high estimation by his countrymen, though only a few selections from it have been published.

"Maclachlan," continues the Professor, "was not only a scholar but a poet, and, like all true poets, felt the might of the mother tongue. His proficiency as a Celtic scholar was so great that he was selected by the Highland Society of Scotland to superintend the Gaelic-English part of their Scoto-Celtic Dictionary, published in the year 1828, a circumstance which one can hardly mention without expressing a very natural wonder, that the Society which exerted itself so meritoriously in the registration of the words of the Gaelic language did not follow their noble inspiration further by the erection of a Celtic chair in one of the Scottish Universities. Maclachlan was the very man for such a post, and there can be no doubt that, had the British Government of that day been as quick-sighted in searching out intellectual excellence as the Prussian is now, this distinguished poet-scholar would have been transplanted to the metropolitan seat of learning, there to found a national school of Celtic philology, which is only now being dreamt of.[1] As it was, Maclachlan died of over-work on the 29th

[1] Thanks to Professor Blackie's energy and eloquence, his dream has been realised. A Celtic Chair has now been in operation for some years back in the University of Edinburgh, and apparently a brilliant future lies before it.

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Marquis de Montcalm, the governor, and a numerous garrison. At length the bold project was adopted of scaling the precipitous cliffs, called "the Heights of Abram," behind the city, where the enemy were quite off their guard, since they deemed them inaccessible. When a scaling party was being formed an officer called out, "Where is the man that climbed Fairburn Tower, and sat on the top of it?" "Here am I," said John Robertson, in response to his friend, "and ready for action!" John joined the forlorn party; and some say he was the sixth, and others that he was amongst the very first to reach the top of the heights. By means of ladders drawn up by these bold climbers, the troops followed in deep silence, and the whole army was enabled to form in regular order on the plain above. The French General, taken by surprise, at once said that all was lost unless he could drive the British from their position, and he accordingly at once ordered an attack. In the struggle which ensued Montcalm was mortally wounded, and General Wolfe also fell in the moment of victory. Quebec surrendered September 18th, 1759.

There can be no doubt, had John Robertson received even a fair education in his youth, he would have been promoted on this occasion, at least to the rank of sergeant, for having taken part in such a daring exploit; but we suspect his literary education had been wholly neglected, and so promotion was out of the question. He had, however, the satisfaction of being a favourite with every man in his regiment.

After the peace of *Fontainebleau*, the regiment was recalled from Canada, and John was permitted to retire to Fort-William, where he remained for many years, on the recruiting service. It was here that he got acquainted with Rebecca Macrae, a very young girl from Kintail, to whom he got married about the year 1770. Rebecca, after having shared the joys and sorrows of the wedded state for over thirty years, survived her husband, and lived a widowed life far on into the present century, dying at Beauly when considerably over the hundredth year of her age. Four daughters and one son were born in Fort-William to this worthy pair, viz., Anne, Kate, Chirsty, Johan, and John. It is with Anne, the eldest, and John, the youngest of the family, that we have got chiefly to do.

In 1790, Anne Robertson, then a girl of probably not more than fifteen or sixteen, and said to be very pretty, went out to service with the Maclachlans at Torra-challtuinn. Ewen Maclachlan was then fifteen, and, it is more than likely that his "unnamed" brother was two or three years older. But, at all

events, this we do know, that the latter individual made love to poor Anne, and, by false and insidious promises, won her susceptible and too-confiding heart, with the result that, in 1793, she was evidently in a condition that she ought not to have been in. Great was the grief of old Donald on discovering this state of matters, but he resolved to weigh the painful case in "the balance of the sanctuary." Having patiently listened to the girl's simple tale, and also examined his son, he at once saw where the delinquency lay, and said to Anne—"Poor girl! whatever may happen, you may rely on me as your friend, for I will try to get justice done to you." The noble heart of Ewen was also touched with infinite compassion at the wrong done by his brother to a maiden so fair and confiding, and he, too, vowed that he should be her friend. Much pressure was brought to bear on the delinquent, from all sides, to marry the girl he had seduced, and so "make her an honest woman;" but, like the "unnamed kinsman" in the Book of Ruth, he refused to do his duty; and, in order to get rid of the whole affair, he went away by the first opportunity to Jamaica, there to pursue his fortune far away from the scene of his early transgression.

But, if Anne's condition was the cause of much grief in the Maclachlan family, it produced even greater sorrow and consternation at John Robertson's fireside in the Fort. Both he and Rebecca, having been brought up in the north, looked on illegitimacy with great horror, and so regarded their child as in a large measure ruined by this mishap, and an ugly stain placed on the whole family. John, who had picked up in his regiment as much education as enabled him to spell through his Bible, compared himself on the occasion to Jacob when that Patriarch's daughter Dinah was defiled by Shechem, the son of Hamor, with this aggravation in his own case that, whereas Shechem was anxious to marry Dinah, this Maclachlan rascal ran away and would not marry his poor defiled daughter Annie! So great, indeed, was the effect produced on the brave old soldier's mind by the untoward incident that he at once applied for his discharge, and having duly arranged about his pension, he and all his family (including Anne) bade farewell to Fort-William, and proceeding northwards, they settled down at Ardnagrask over against the present Muir of Ord Market Stance, in a small holding which John, through his friends, had previously secured.

William Maclachlan, the *Leanabh gun iarraidh*,[1] was born some

[1] The "unprayed-for child."

time in the year 1793. It is uncertain whether this event took place at Fort-William or after the removal of the family to Ardnagrask, nor does it matter very much. Poor Anne, it would seem, took her fallen condition so terribly to heart that her health gave way, and she had no milk to give the child. A curious expedient was resorted to. Her mother, Rebecca, had had her youngest child, John, about six months before this "latest addition," and she, now seeing the state of matters, at once weaned her own son, and proceeded to suckle her grandson, who evidently took very kindly and thankfully to his grandmamma's breast! It is astonishing that *Coinneach Odhar*, the "Brahan Seer," never laid hold of this prodigy as one of the "signs" to indicate the other notable things that were to happen in the year of grace 1793. How appropriate it would have been to say—"When a grandmother will suckle her own grandson in a little cottage in Ardnagrask, near the Muir of Ord Market Stance, a great war shall break out between this country and France, which will convulse and change all the countries in Europe." It is probable that Anne Robertson passed through the severe and trying ordeal of ecclesiastical discipline before the Kirk Session of the Parish of Urray, and that the minister in due course baptised her child under the name of William Maclachlan.

William grew up to be a most lively and likeable child. The old soldier *doated* on him even more than he did on his own only son. Rebecca, bound to him by the additional peculiar tie of breast-relation, regarded him more as her son than as her grandson. And John, who was both uncle and foster-brother at the same time, was perhaps more warmly attached to him than any of the rest of the family. My able and accurate correspondent, Mr Maclean, Public School, Muir of Ord, in writing of the relations subsisting between William Maclachlan and his grandfather's family, says—"They were all exceedingly fond of him. He was entirely considered as one of themselves. It is related that, when the tidings of his death were received, John Robertson, his uncle, who was almost co-equal in age, and on whose milk he had been nursed, turned quite *grey* in *one* night—so great was his grief. This I have on the authority of a daughter of this same John Robertson."

In 1803 John Robertson, the old soldier, departed this life in his 73rd year. He was surrounded by his sorrowing wife and family; and his grandson, William Maclachlan, then a boy of 10, was wholly overpowered with grief at the loss of one who had proved to him more than a father. It was a solemn and affecting

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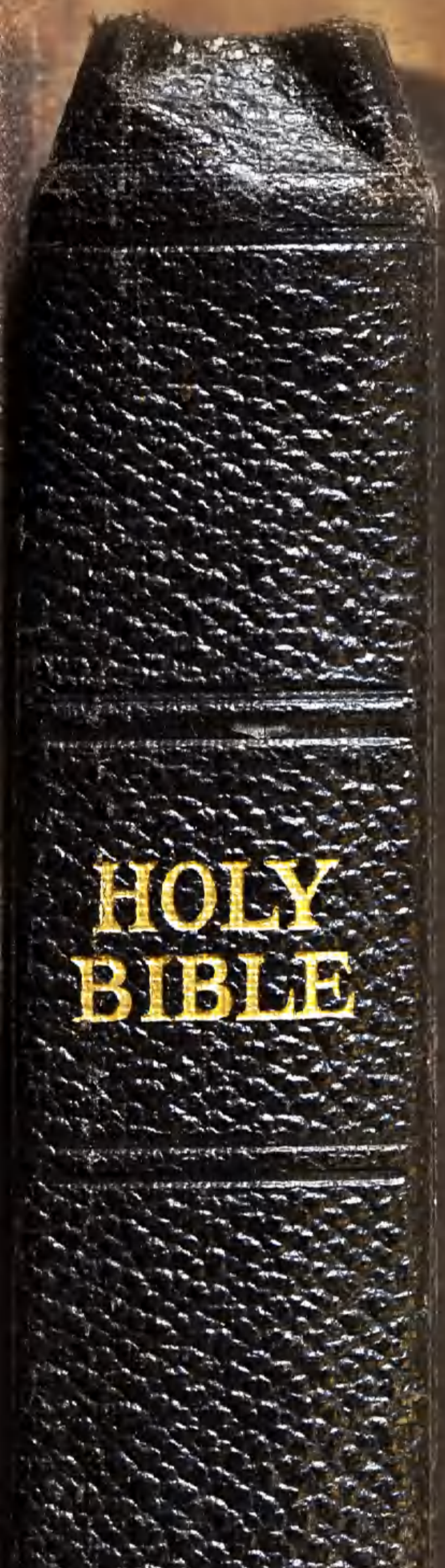

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the change of system took place in 1832, is a question which well deserves the serious consideration of the social philosopher.

Janet Mackenzie, the goodwife of Culblair, was born about the year 1735. Hers was a very remarkable career; for, to use the quaint words of the local historians, she was "honoured with being married no fewer than three times, each husband being taken in succession by the wife into her holding." It would thus seem that Culblair was then the seat of an order of things avowedly different from what is now supposed to be the established code as to which of the sexes is to take the initiative in proposing marriage. Janet undoubtedly asserted her own right to exercise this prerogative. Like a Queen Regnant she offered her hand and heart to the man she liked best; and when she became a widow, she had as many suitors pressing round in eagerness to fill the vacant place, as ever Penelope had during the wanderings of her husband Ulysses!

To begin with, Janet Mackenzie was a very fair and comely woman, and endowed with a large measure of common sense. In her youth she was called "*Seonaid Mhaiseach*," or "Fair Janet," a designation in the Gaelic language highly expressive of feminine grace and loveliness; and in later years she was known as "*Bean chóir cheanalta na cùil*," that is, "the worthy and kind (or courteous) wife of Culblair," which shows the great estimation in which she was held by her neighbours. But over and above her excellent personal qualities, the Sennachies of Urray add, with a twinkle of the eye, that Janet possessed considerable means of her own, which, no doubt, made her attractions all the more attractive in the eyes of those who were looking out for a nice, snug home to settle in.

The first husband that Janet took "into her holding" was a man of the name of Mackay. They had a family, and some of their descendants are still to be found in the neighbourhood of Conon Bridge. Mackay died, and his sorrowing relict, having assumed and for some time worn the sombre garb of widowhood, which, they say, set her off to very great advantage, at length took unto herself a second husband of the name of Henderson. By this marriage there was a son named William, one of whose daughters, a bedridden old woman of 87, I am glad to say, is still in life, and has supplied my correspondent with a good deal of information in connection with the subjects of these letters. Alas! Henderson died too, and poor Janet had to resume a second time the woeful weeds of widowhood. But even then her attractions did not fail to draw, for we learn that she took unto herself as her

third husband, James Mackenzie, a clansman of her own—a worthy and hardworking man who, it is said, conferred the "crowning honour" on the thrice honoured curriculum of her matrimonial life. By James Mackenzie, Janet had two sons, John and Donald, and as we know that the former was born in the year 1772, this date will help us approximately to fix in our minds the relative chronology of the whole series of births that took place in Culblair during the successive periods of the three husbands.

Let us accord high honour to *Seonaid Mhaiseach*, the grand old lady of Culblair, who, in her day and generation, so nobly vindicated the rights of womanhood. On this momentous question she was evidently a century in advance of the age in which she lived, and we press her claim to be regarded as a pioneer in the glorious work of emancipation from the sway of the sterner sex! But it were well that our modern Amazons, in carrying their crude theories into practice in the actual relations of social life, would exert their newly assumed powers in respect of the other sex with half the modesty and benevolence and good sense manifested towards her three husbands by the good wife of Culblair!

In the year 1800, John Mackenzie, son of James and Janet of Culblair, married Isabella Fraser, younger daughter of James Fraser or Machuistan,[1] the farmer of Lettoch. The Machuistan branch of the Frasers was reckoned one of the oldest and most esteemed septs of that great clan—numbering within it many worthy and pious men, both lay and clerical; and James Machuistan, Lettoch, was then one of the most highly respected farmers in the whole country side. John Mackenzie might, therefore, consider himself to be a very fortunate man on the day Isabella Fraser consented to become his wife. He is said to have been then an uncommonly handsome and fine looking young man—the best proportioned Highlander in the kilt that, strode along the Muir of Ord Market Stance; and, no doubt, this circumstance

[1] James Fraser was born in the year 1730. We know the exact date because he was 16 years of age when the battle of Culloden was fought. Duncan Mackenzie, commonly called "Donachadh Glas," a very old man, many years ago related to me the following, which he had from James Fraser's mouth. On the 17th of April, 1746, the day after the battle of Culloden was fought, James, when working in one of the Lettoch fields, saw several fugitives pass by from the battle, and one poor man was wounded badly in a place which shall not here be particularised. When James succeeded to the farm it was, as part of the Lovat estate, let to him by Government Commissioners, who were very lenient in charging rent. So much was this the case, that the farmers on the estates did not pray for the return of *Macshimidh*, but rather wished the Government regime to continue. James Fraser died in the year 1807. He and all his family were strict Episcopalians of the old school.

of his great personal beauty would have lent some additional weight in pleading his cause with the cautious and dignified Isabella of Lettoch. After his marriage he left Culblair and settled down in Lettoch, the lands of which were eventually divided between him and the Rev. William Paterson,[1] Episcopal Parson of Highfield, &c., who was married to James Fraser's elder daughter; and we know that John, as the husband of Isabella, and farmer in Lettoch, and a corn dealer and exporter of barley to boot, considered himself to be a man of no small importance in those days.

When *Seonaid Mhaiseach* died, in the first years of this century, the lands of Culblair were divided between William Henderson and Donald Mackenzie, the former getting two-thirds, and the latter one-third of the whole. It would appear that Henderson got the original house, and that Donald had to build a house for himself. Mr Maclean estimates that the extent of the whole holding could not have been much over 30 acres, at a rent of probably about a pound an acre; so that Henderson got 20 and Donald 10 acres as their respective shares.

The question here arises, how did these people, on such small pieces of land, manage to make a living? My answer is, that in those days small farmers depended chiefly on the produce of smuggling, not only for their own support, but also for the payment of their rents. The proprietors knew this perfectly well, and in many cases aided and abetted their tenants in the practice, because they knew they were to be themselves sharers in whatever profits might be made. Indeed, we cannot fully understand the land problem in its various phases in the Highlands, along the course of this

[1] The Rev. William Paterson was parish schoolmaster at Munlochy for several years up till 1782. It is said that he was a first-rate teacher, and made excellent scholars. In 1783 he took orders in the Scottish Episcopal Church, got married to Miss Fraser, Lettoch, and continued for a great many years to officiate, which he did with much acceptance, to the Episcopalians of Highfield, Arpafeelie, Fortrose, and those scattered over many other parts of the north. Mr Paterson was an able, zealous, and good man, and did a noble work in his day amongst his own people. His eldest daughter, Miss Paterson, was a girl governess in Captain Macpherson, Ballachroan's family, when the famous Gaick tragedy took place in 1800, and she had a lively recollection of the sensation it produced at the time, until the day of her death. A paper on Episcopacy in the Black Isle, from a congenial and competent pen, would have been a most interesting contribution to local ecclesiastical history. Certainly in such a paper the labours of the Reverend William Paterson and those of his son James, would have occupied an honourable and prominent position. There was once a strong movement amongst the clergy to make Mr William Paterson Bishop of Moray and Ross, and certainly, had they appointed him, he would have adorned this position.

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That is—

Said John,
"O Donald, thou'rt a hummil sheep,
To marry maid that has a stripling
She bore with her from Inverlochy,
And now's as tall's a penny caber;
But, Donald, he will herd thy cattle;
And cut peat fuel for thy fire;
And eke will sort thy smuggling pot;
And will be called thine eldest son."

Fhreagair Domhnull,
"Ged's cruaidh do thabhann, Iain Ruaidh,[1]
'S ann tha thu tabhann ris a ghealaich,
Oir posaidh misé nighinn an t-saighdeir
Is bith's mi caoimhneil thaobh a bhallaich;
Ach ged a phos thus nighinn Mhich Uisdein,
Le mòran cliu ri taobh do theallaich,
Thig an là 's am feum thu giulan
Mach bho'n Lethdoch is tu falamh."

That is—

Donald replied,
"Though hard's thy barking, John Roy,
'Tis at the moon that thou art barking;
For I will wed the soldier's daughter,
And will be kindly to the laddie;
But though thou didst wed MacHuistan's daughter
To grace with much renown thy fireside,
The day shall come when thou must bear her
Empty handed[2] out from Lettoch."

[1] John was auburn-haired, and so was known as "Iain Ruadh," that is "John Roy" or "Red."

[2] Curiously enough this prophecy came to pass. Some time after the colloquy, John's rascally partner in business absconded, carrying with him the proceeds of a cargo of barley, which had been shipped at Beauly pier. Perhaps Donald had had a shrewd suspicion, or had heard rumours, that this partnership was not a quite sound affair, and so gave expression to his opinion as to the probable result. At anyrate, by the sad mishap John was reduced to the verge of utter ruin. He bravely bore up under his misfortune; and it was then he fully appreciated the value of having a good, wise, and sympathetic wife, as Isabella Fraser then and always proved herself to be to him. In process of time the family removed to the farm of Balnaguie, on the estate of Kilcoy, where John and his family by industry and frugality and care were able to some extent to repair their early disaster in Lettoch. John was universally respected and beloved; and his wife, as "Bean mhòr Bhalnagaoithe," or "the big wife of Balnaguie," was probably one of the finest specimens of a courteous, hospitable, charitable, and truly Christian farmer's wife, ever known in that part of the country. She died in 1850 (the year of her golden wedding) and John, her sorrowing husband, did not long survive her.

Donald Mackenzie got married to Anne Robertson in the year 1806. The Maclachlan family not only warmly congratulated Anne on the auspicious event, but also at once came to regard Donald Mackenzie as one of themselves. There is something very beautiful, and noble, and even romantic, in the voluntary communication which the Maclachlans so faithfully kept up, first with the Ardnagrask family, and thereafter with the Mackenzies of Culblair as well. Here we perceive the fine influence of old Donald Maclachlan constantly at work trying to get justice done to the woman whom his son had so cruelly injured; and, in the correspondence, we likewise see the beautifully sympathetic and humanising spirit of Ewen engaged in lovingly building up that temple of happiness in a woman's heart, which his brother had so ruthlessly tried to destroy.

By Anne Robertson, Donald had one son named John, born in 1807, and already referred to as the possessor of the Maclachlan letters.

It would appear that many years before this time Hugh Maclachlan had also proceeded to Jamaica, and there joined his "unnamed" brother. This latter got married, and had at least two sons, Donald and Alexander. These two were sent home to be educated under their uncle Ewen, in the Grammar School, Old Aberdeen. It would appear also that in his remorse for what he had done, William Maclachlan's father willed *at least part* of his property in Jamaica to his illegitimate son,[1] and arranged with Ewen to have him, too, educated in the Grammar School for a Jamaica planter. William in due time proceeded from Ardnagrask to Old Aberdeen to board with his uncle; and this prepares us to read intelligently the letters that Ewen addressed to his good friend, Donald Mackenzie, William's stepfather, at Culblair of Highfield.

Letter I.

"Old Aberdeen, June 3rd, 1816.

"Dear Donald,—Your handsome and very acceptable present of the cask of Ferintosh whisky duly arrived. I beg your acceptance of my warm thanks for the trouble and expense to which you have put yourself in supplying William and myself with so

[1] It is probable that it was at the instance of old Donald Maclachlan that his son made the will placing William Maclachlan on the same footing as the latter's half-brothers, Donald and Alexander. If this be so, it is another instance of the old man's endeavours to get justice done to Anne Robertson and her son.

valuable a treat. The cask cannot just now be returned, but it will before Christmas, perhaps before November visit you again, filled with good Aberdeen stuff as before. The rum which I sent at first was the History of *Rome* which I meant; for, in reality, I did not send a book. But, to make up for your disappointment, I send by Mrs Fraser of the Devanha, a very good copy of Guthrie's Geographical Grammar, perhaps the best work in the English language for making you acquainted with all the countries on the face of the earth, and with the history of their inhabitants.

"Your whisky being truly excellent, perhaps we may require another supply, which you may send in December with a note of the price – probably about the value of a pound or two. William, who is to visit Beauly in summer, will treat with you more particularly.

"When Anne was at Fort-William she signified a wish to myself, Donald, and Alexander, that William should get a black suit as well as his two brothers. To my unspeakable grief, he has now got a black and a dear bought suit. He now has no grandfather, and I have no father. His beloved friend, my thrice venerable parent, died at Fort-William about the end of April, in his own house, in the bosom of his own family, possessing his perfect senses, and quite happy in bidding an eternal farewell to this world of trouble. William has been of infinite use in helping to bear me up through the torrent of grief, which had almost overwhelmed me. But adored be the Allwise Disposer, if I have lost my parent, I have the incalculable pleasure of reflecting that I received his last blessings, a legacy which I prefer to the wealth of both the Indies.

"Offer William's love to his mother. William is very far, indeed, from 'forgetting what passed between himself and his particular friend.' As you are that friend, he bids me tell you to be sure of fulfilling your part of the agreement, and he will unquestionably fulfil his part of the obligation. I will myself put him on the proper plan. Along with Guthrie's Grammar he has sent his old clothes per the Devanha, for the use of his uncle John. If any of the articles should not suit him, it will be freely at your service.

"William, for sweetness of temper, prudence of conduct, and unwearied industry in learning, possesses a middle place between his brothers, Donald and Sandy. He was never before so happy. Every one that knows him loves him. I think him uncommonly successful in every branch of his studies. Already he can read the English Collection, and even a part of the Gaelic Bible, with

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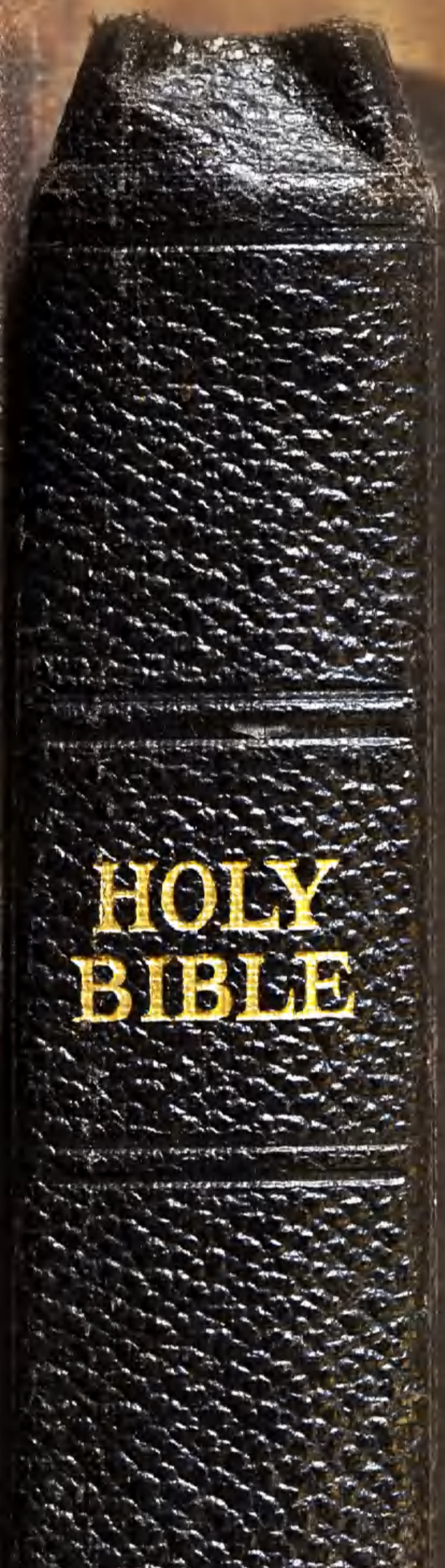

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eulogy of the good qualities of his nephew, and his declaration of his love to him, must have brought tender tears to the eyes of Anne, Donald's wife, at Culblair.

Letter II.

"Dear Donald,—At William's request, though my hands be bare, I enclose three pounds sterling, for part of which you must send me some of your true Highland whisky when you can. We have good hopes to hear from our friends abroad. But our patience has yet some trials to undergo. However, while God has the helm, we will not despair. With kindness to you, Mrs Mackenzie, and all enquiring friends, we remain, yours affectionately,

"Ewen Maclachlan.
"William Maclachlan.

"Old Aberdeen, Dec. 1st, 1817."

Another certificate in favour of the whisky which Donald distilled is given to us in this joint letter written by Ewen, and signed by both Ewen and William Maclachlan! Here Ewen tells us that his "hands were bare"—a clause of the sentence, significant alike of his generosity and of the narrowness of his means. It may also be observed that the subject of "no remittances from Jamaica" begins to loom in this letter, which prepares us for a more serious development of the same difficulty, as the correspondence goes on.

Letter III.

"Old Aberdeen, 22nd July, 1818.

"My Dear Stepfather,—I arrived here Saturday night quite safe after my voyage, with but little sickness. I am very sorry to inform you that my uncle has not received a letter from Jamaica since I went away to the Highlands, but we are expecting to hear from them very soon. For my own part, I am not certain what to do yet, but I shall let you know in a very short time. I am to send away the box by the first packet; she is to sail Wednesday first. You will find the books in the box for my brother John, which I promised to himself. I spoke to our landlord for the honey, and he thinks it will be very cheap this year, about a shilling the pound. I hope you will be so good as to send the same box to my uncle when you can, and I will stand you for it. I am to put the carriage of the box with the books. I have no particular news to inform you of, at present, worth mentioning. My uncle and Sally wish to be most kindly remembered to you,

and to my mother, and to your father, and to my uncle John, and all friends who enquire for us. Give my love to my brother John. I am, dear Stepfather, your affectionate Stepson,

"WILLIAM MACLACHLAN.

"All our boys went away last week to London."

The above letter is interesting, chiefly as a specimen of William Maclachlan's capacity as a letter-writer. The penmanship is excellent, and the composition is very creditable when we consider the extraordinary fact that the writer had been over twenty years of age before he knew the English alphabet. William Henderson's aged daughter, to whom I have already referred, still remembers having seen William, on several occasions, visiting Donald Mackenzie's family after having come north from Old Aberdeen. She describes him to Mr Maclean as "a tall, slim-built, handsome young man, *considerably over twenty years of age*, as she thought, and dark featured, having every appearance of a gentleman." This testimony, taken in connection with the next letter in the correspondence, indubitably proves that William began his studies very late, and, such being the case, his letter is an evidence of great industry and progress.

The favourite way of going to Aberdeen at that time was by a sailing "packet." Another way was to go "by the coach." I have heard of some students who walked all the way to Aberdeen, each carrying a little box on his back. When the "steamers" began to ply between Inverness and Aberdeen, they made a great improvement in the means of locomotion, but how much more pleasant and expeditious is our modern railway system, which we have come to regard as a matter of course without reference to previous means of locomotion.

Donald evidently had a number of "skeps" at Culblair, and he probably wished to employ William, as a sort of middleman, to get his honey disposed of to the best advantage in Aberdeen. His stepson, having previously consulted his landlord on the subject, was not able to hold out very bright hopes as to high price for that commodity that year. It would probably fetch a shilling per pound.

Several interesting names of persons crop up in this letter. "Sally" was one of Ewen's sisters; "Uncle John" was John Robertson, his uncle and foster brother; and "your father" was old James Mackenzie, the third husband of "Fair Janet of Culblair." We are glad to learn that the worthy Patriarch was still alive when this letter was written. Ewen has now some measure of liberty, for all his "boy lodgers had gone away the week before to London."

The subject of "no remittances from Jamaica" again appears here, and constitutes the only sore point in the letter. Within five short months poor William set sail for that wonderful island, concerning which he and his uncle Ewen had spoken so often, and, alas! he never came back again to tell the tale of his voyage!

Letter IV.

"My Dear Donald,—With feelings of grief, that almost unfit me for guiding the pen, I reluctantly communicate the intelligence received from Jamaica, that poor William Maclachlan is *no more!* He arrived at Kingston in Jamaica on the 8th of November, and on the 9th fell into a fever which, nine days after its attack, ended his dear life! He was brought in a carriage out of Kingston to St Mary's. Hugh and Alexander got him the best medical assistance the island could afford, but the last three days it became a brain fever, so that human aid was unavailing. He died on Thursday, the 19th November, but Hugh does not specify the hour; only I will expect full information in his next, which I shall communicate to you accordingly. Of course he made no will, so that Alexander, his brother,[1] falls heir to the whole property.

"It is extremely consoling to me, notwithstanding the poignancy of my present grief, that, so far as conscience informs me, I believe William found me all along a dutiful uncle. He told you how I received him on his first visit to Aberdeen. When I found myself in a condition, I brought him out again, and gave him the best education the place or time could afford. He was universally beloved and respected by his companions. He was taken into the genteelest companies, and, in fact, made such progress in learning and good breeding that a year more would qualify him for the situation of a planter in Jamaica. I wished him to wait here another year, but he could not feel easy in the idea of burdening me, as the people of Jamaica were so very backward in their remittances. I adduced against that idea all the arguments in my power, but, alas! no arguments could turn away the appointed hour! The turf was shaped, the grave was opening, and his earthly troubles were to be at an end! I rigged him out till I spent my last shilling, knowing well he would put me right at a future time, but see how the Sovereign Disposer of the Universe laughs at the folly of human schemes!

"William was a young man of uncommon decency and propriety in his external behaviour. His natural talents were not

[1] What about Donald? Was he then dead? Was he killed by one of the "six arrows shot at our house from the bow of the fatal angel?" &c.

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Ardnagrask had a strong claim on his effects in compensation of what had been laid out in his late stepson's upbringing. This letter elicited the following reply from Ewen :—

LETTER V.

"Old Aberdeen, Monday, Oct. 18th, 1819.

"Dear Donald,—I have before me your letter of the 25th August, and would have duly answered it, but I was at that time in Dundonald, near Kilmarnock, in Airshire, for the recovery of my health, having been so poorly since February that I sometimes apprehended death, and was for six months that I had not any sound sleep, not for an hour. My disease was a nervous complaint contracted by too much labour and confinement ; but now, thank God, by help of a proper course of medicines, exercise, diet, and amusement, I feel as active and healthy as ever I was in my life, only I cannot as yet venture on hard study.

"To my utter astonishment, I have not heard a word from Jamaica since I wrote you. I rather believe my brother and nephew have gone someway wrong in their health or circumstances, if they have not taken offence at some of the letters I have written. My nephews, I assure you, have been *dear* relations to me, in more senses than one. They owe me in all £350 sterling ; but for this expense I have not received so much as thanks. In reality they pay my letters no kind of attention.

"In the way of money, you are well aware that I have no business whatever with any one of William's friends ; even if I should inherit his whole property. For what I laid out on him I have not received a farthing, so that after this no niece or nephew shall ever have it in their power to gull me out of my property again. At the same time, if you think proper, you may write Alexander, his brother, and state to him what you have stated to me ; but remember that, in every transaction of the kind, my name must be left out for ever. With compliments to Mrs Mackenzie, I remain, dear Donald, yours truly,

"EWEN MACLACHLAN."

In this letter we have indications that poor Ewen's system was breaking down under the strain of hard work and perpetual worry and monetary embarrassment. Doubtless, while residing in the land of Burns, one source of pleasure would have been to hold converse with the companions and memorials of the great departed national poet of Scotland.

Ewen writes with severity regarding the conduct of his brother and nephew in Jamaica, as to the dealings of the latter

towards both the Culblair people and himself in the matter of *meum* and *tuum*. He had spent his "last shilling" in rigging out poor William, and now he could not get a "single sixpence" from those West Indies people, although they owed him £350 sterling. Evidently his nephew Donald had also died, because we find now only the names of his brother Hugh and nephew Alexander.

Meanwhile dark and probably uncharitable surmises and suspicions were beginning to creep over the minds of the Culblair and Ardnagrask folks, as to the sudden death of William, based on the circumstance that his property was so promptly "grabbed" by the surviving relatives in Jamaica. They, however, did not give immediate expression to those feelings beyond the range of their own little circle. Donald wrote Ewen again on the 5th Dec., 1820, and this brings out Ewen's last letter in this series, written about 15 months or so before his death.

Letter VI.

"Old Aberdeen, Dec. 11th, 1820.

"Dear Donald,--Yours of the 5th instant is now before me. I do not wonder at your surprise in not hearing from Jamaica since I wrote you. For I have received only one letter from my only brother, and that, too, telling me he would, in three or four years from that time, be able to settle our account. Hugh barely tells me that Alexander, my nephew, is in good health, but he says nothing else about him.

"While Sandy was my pupil, he, as well as Donald and William, *said* that they would shed their blood for me, should occasion require it. I do not doubt but that may have been their idea. But while they were with me, they were the *receivers*, not the *contributors*, of favour. To me they owed almost their very life. But once they got a cable's length from me, I could then find out their real sentiments. As the result of the whole, you will be astonished that I am out of pocket nearly 500 pounds sterling with these people of Jamaica, all in a mass; and God knows when the fancy may strike them to put me right. But of one thing I am certain, that not one of them, from first to last, ever sent in my way the value of a single sixpence (I do not except my very brother) though they all contrived, as much as in them lay, to make me their stepping stone. They could not, however, affect my character, and in that I rest perfectly satisfied.

"As Sandy has totally rejected *me*, it is no wonder if he should not write *you*, as with you he has no connection whatever, except being William's natural brother, he is nothing in your debt.

William, being a natural son, could make no will in the eye of the law, and he has died intestate; consequently his property, by the will of his father, falls to Alexander alone, so that neither you nor any of William's relations can claim a fraction of William's property. No promises made to you or his mother can in any respect be binding. For, in the eye of the law, he promised before he was in lawful possession, therefore he promised what he could not perform. I conceive it my duty to put you and his relations right on that subject, that you may no longer build on a foundation of sand.

"There will be no further necessity of your corresponding with me on the subject; but, should you think proper, you may write Alexander, and address your letter as follows—'Alexander Maclachlan, Esquire, care of Hugh Maclachlan, Esquire, Hume's Vale, St Mary's, Jamaica.'

"If you write so, the letter will find Alexander; and, if you gain a farthing's worth by the correspondence, you will have gained more than I have gained from the same thing in my life. With good wishes to your wife and fireside, I remain, dear Donald, yours ever,

"E. M'LACHLAN."

In drawing up this paper, I wish to acknowledge the assistance rendered me by many kind friends. From the Lochaber side I have had valuable information communicated to me by the Rev. Dr Stewart, "Nether Lochaber," Miss Cameron, Dornie Ferry, per Mr Duncan Sinclair, Lochalsh, and several others. From the Culblair and Ardnagrask side, I have been assisted by Mr Alexander Mackenzie, Grandtully Station, Mr Campbell, schoolmaster, Beauly, Mr Maclean, schoolmaster, Muir of Ord Public School, and others.

5th MARCH, 1890.

On this date, Mr Alexander Macbain, M.A., F.S.A. Scot., Inverness, read a paper entitled, "Badenoch: Its History, Clans, and Place Names." It was as follows:—

BADENOCH: ITS HISTORY, CLANS, AND PLACE NAMES.

THE LORDSHIF OF BADENOCH.

Badenoch is one of the most interior districts of Scotland; it lies on the northern watershed of the mid Grampians, and the lofty ridge of the Monadhlia range forms its northern boundary, while its western border runs along the centre of the historic

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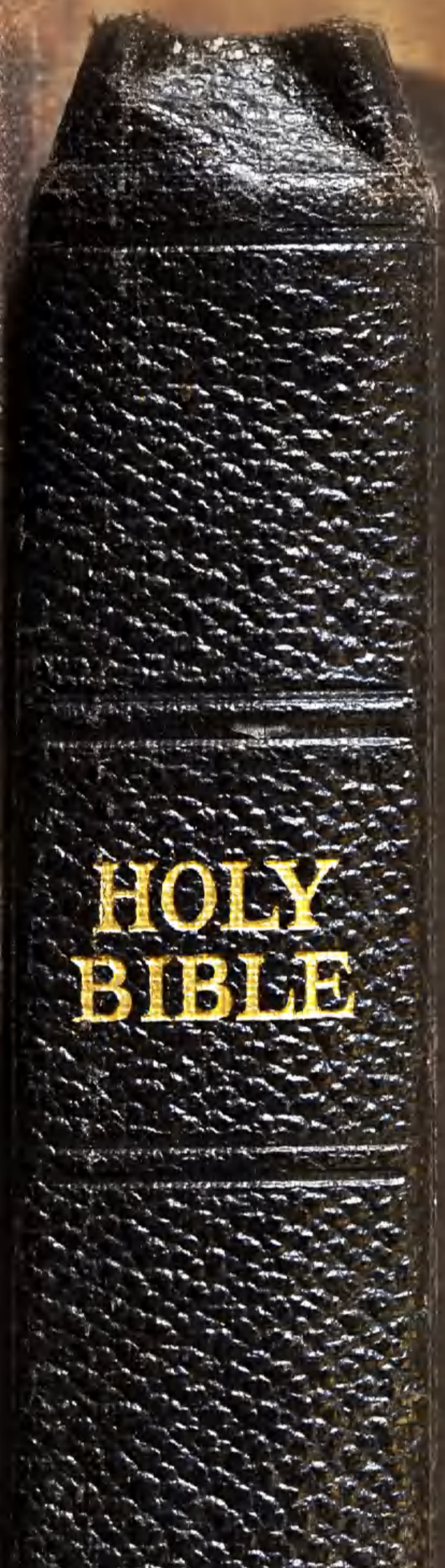

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ing, and the Queen, Nero-like, enjoyed the blaze from her point of vantage. But many glens and nooks escaped, and Rothiemurchus was left practically intact. The Sutherlandshire version of the story is different and more mythic. The King of Lochlain was envious of the great woods of Scotland; the pine forests especially roused his jealous ire. So he sent his *muime*—it must have been—a witch and a monster, whose name was Dubh-Ghiubhais, and she set the forests on fire in the north. She kept herself aloft among the clouds, and rained down fire on the woods, which burnt on with alarming rapidity. People tried to get at the witch, but she never showed herself, but kept herself enveloped in a cloud of smoke. When she had burned as far as Badenoch, a clever man of that district devised a plan for compassing her destruction. He gathered together cattle of all kinds and their young; then he separated the lambs from the sheep, the calves from the cows, and the young generally from their dams; then such a noise of bleating, lowing, neighing, and general Babel arose to the heaven that Dubh-Ghiubhais popped her head out of the cloud to see what was wrong. This was the moment for action. The Badenoch man was ready for it; he had his gun loaded with the orthodox sixpence; he fired, and down came the Dubh-Ghiubhais, a lifeless lump! So a part of the great Caledonian forest was saved among the Grampian hills.

Modern Badenoch comprises the parishes of Laggan, Kingussio and Insh, and Alvie; but the old Lordship of Badenoch was toe aristocratic to do without having a detached portion somewhere else. Consequently we find that Kincardine parish, now part of Abernethy, was part of the Lordship of Badenoch even later than 1606, when Huntly excambed it with John of Freuchie for lands in Glenlivet. Kincardine was always included in the sixty davachs that made up the land of Badenoch. The Barony of Glencarnie in Duthil—from Aviemore to Garten and northward to Inverlaidnan—was seemingly attached to the Lordship of Badenoch for a time, and so were the davachs of Tullochgorum, Curr, and Clurie further down the Spey, excambed by Huntly in 1491 with John of Freuchie. On the other hand, Rothiemurchus was never a part of Badenoch, though some have maintained that it was. The six davachs of Rothiemurchus belonged to the Bishops of Moray, and at times they feued the whole of Rothiemurchus to some powerful person, as to the Wolf of Badenoch in 1383, and to Alexander Keyr Mackintosh in 1464, in whose family it was held till 1539, when it passed into the hands of the Gordons, and from them to the Grants.

Badenoch does not appear in early Scottish history; till the 13th century, we never hear of it by name nor of anything that took place within its confines. True, Skene, in his *Celtic Scotland*, definitely states that the battle of Monitcarno was fought here in 729. This battle took place between Angus, King of Fortrenn, and Nectan, the ex-king of the Picts, and in it the latter was defeated, and Angus shortly afterwards established himself on the Pictish throne. We are told that the scene of the battle was "Monitcarno juxta stagnum Loogdae"—Monadh-carnach by the side of Loch Loogdae. Adamnan also mentions Lochdae, which Columba falls in with while going over Drum Alban. Skene says that Loch Insh—the lake of the island—is a secondary name, and that it must have originally been called Lochdae, that the hills behind it enclose the valley of Glencarnie, and that Dunachton, by the side of Loch Insh, is named Nectan's fort after King Nectan. Unfortunately this view is wrong, and Badenoch must give up any claim to be the scene of the battle of Monadh-carno; Lochdae is now identified with Lochy, and Glencarnie is in Duthil. But Dunachton is certainly Nectan's fort; whether the Nectan meant was the celebrated Pictish King may well be doubted. Curiously, local tradition holds strongly that a battle was fought by the side of Loch Insh, but the defeated leader was King Harold, whose grave is on the side of Craig Righ Harailt.

From 729, we jump at once to 1229, exactly five hundred years, and about that date we find that Walter Cumyn is feudal proprietor of Badenoch, for he makes terms with the Bishop of Moray in regard to the church lands and to the "natives" or bondsmen in the district. It has been supposed that Walter Cumyn came into the possession of Badenoch by the forfeiture and death of Gillescop, a man who committed some atrocities in 1228—such as burning the (wooden) forts in the province of Moray, and setting fire to a large part of the town of Inverness. William Cumyn, Earl of Buchan, the justiciar, was intrusted with the protection of Moray, and in 1229 Gillescop and his two sons were slain. Thereafter we find Walter Cumyn m possession of Badenoch and Kincardine, and it is a fair inference that Gillespie was his predecessor in the lordship of Badenoch. The Cummings were a Norman family; they came over with the Conqueror, and it is asserted that they were nearly related to him by marriage. In 1068, we hear of one of them being governor or earl of Northumberland, and the name is common in English charters of the 12th century, in the early part of which they appear in Scotland; they were in great favour with the Normanising David, and with

William after him, filling offices of chancellors and justiciars under them. William Cumyn, about the year 1210, married Marjory, heiress of the Earldom of Buchan, and thus became the successor of the old Celtic Mormaers of that district under the title of Earl of Buchan. His son Walter obtained the lordship of Badenoch, as we saw, and, a year or two after, he became Earl of Menteith by marrying the heiress, the Countess of Menteith. He still kept the lands of Badenoch, for, in 1234, we find him, as Earl of Menteith, settling a quarrel with the Bishop of Moray over the Church lands of Kincardine. Walter was a potent factor in Scottish politics, and in the minority of Alexander III. acted patriotically as leader against the pro-English party. He died in 1257 without issue. John Comyn, his nephew, son of Richard, succeeded him in Badenoch; he was head of the whole family of Comyn, and possessed much property, though simply entitled Lord of Badenoch. The Comyns at that time were at the height of their power; they could muster at least two earls, the powerful Lord of Badenoch, and thirty belted knights. Comyn of Badenoch was a prince, though not in name, making treaties and kings. John Comyn, called the Red, died in 1274, and was succeeded by his son John Comyn, the Black, and in the troubles about the kingly succession, at the end of the century, he was known as John de Badenoch, senior, to distinguish him from his son John, the Red Comyn, the regent, Baliol's nephew, and claimant to the throne, whom Bruce killed under circumstances of treachery at Dumfries, in 1306. Then followed the fall and forfeiture of the Comyns, and the lordship of Badenoch was given, about 1313—included in the Earldom of Moray—to Thomas Randolph, Bruce's right-hand friend.

The Cummings have left an ill name behind them in Badenoch for rapacity and cruelty. Their treachery has passed into a proverb—

"Fhad bhitheas eraohh 'sa choill
Bithidh foill 'sna Cuiminich."

Which is equally smart in its English form—

"While in the wood there is a tree
A Cumming will deceitful be."

It is in connection with displacing the old proprietors—the Shaws and Mackintoshes—that the ill repute of the Cummings was really gained. But the particular cases which tradition remembers are mythical in the extreme; yet there is something in the traditions. There is a remembrance that these Cummings were the

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ander the Great "Alastair Uabh'rach, Mac Righ Philip"—"Alexander the Proud, son of King Philip." This epithet of *uabh'rach* or *uaibhreach* appears as applied to Alexander the Great in that beautiful mediæval Gaelic poem that begins—

"Ceathrar do bhi air uaighan fhir
Feart Alaxandair Uaibhrigh:
Ro chausat briathra con bhreícc
Os cionn na flatha a Fhinnghreic."

Translated—

Four men were at a hero's grave—
The tomb of Alexander the Proud;
Words they spake without lies
Over the chief from beauteous Greek-land.[1]

The Wolf of Badenoch's dealings with his inferiors in his lordship are not known; but that he allowed lawlessness to abound may be inferred from the feuds that produced the Battle of Invernahavon (circ. 1386), and culminated in the remarkable conflict on the North Inch of Perth in 1396. We are not in much doubt as to his conduct morally and ecclesiastically. He had five natural-born sons—Alexander, Earl of Mar, Andrew, Walter, James, and Duncan—a regular Wolf's brood for sanguinary embroilments. He had a chronic quarrel with Alexander Bur, Bishop of Moray, which culminated in the burning of Elgin Cathedral in 1390. But in nearly every case the Bishop, by the terrors of the Curse of Rome, gained his point. In 1380, the Wolf cited the Bishop to appear before him at the Standing Stones of the Rathe of Easter Kingussie (apud le *standand stanys* de le Rathe de Kyngucy estir) on the 10th October, to show his titles to the lands held in the Wolf's lordship of Badenoch, viz., the lands of Logachnacheny (Laggan), Ardinche (Balnespick, &c.), Kingucy, the lands of the Chapels of Rate and Nachtan, Kyncardyn, and also Gartinengally. The Bishop protested, at a court held at Inverness, against the citation, and urged that the said lands were held of the King direct. But the Wolf held his court on the 10th October: the Bishop standing "extra curiam"—outside the court, *i.e.*, the Standing Stones—renewed his protest, but to no purpose. But upon the next day before dinner, and in the great chamber behind the hall in the Castle of Ruthven, the Wolf annulled the proceedings of the previous day, and gave the rolls of Court to the Bishop's notary, who certified that he put them in

[1] See "Dean of Lismore," p. 84; Ranald Macdonald's Collection, p. 133, and *Highland Monthly*, II., p. 376. (The above is from a British Museum MS.)

a large fire lighted in the said chamber, which consumed them. In 1381, the Wolf formally quits claims on the above-mentioned church lands, but in 1383 the Bishop granted him the wide domain of Rothiemurchus—"Ratmorchus, viz., sex davatas terre quas habemus in Strathspe et le Badenach"—six *davochs* of land it was. The later quarrels of the Wolf and the Bishop are notorious in Scotch History: the Wolf seized the Bishop's lands, and was excommunicated, in return for which he burnt, in 1390, the towns of Forres and Elgin, with the Church of St Giles, the maison dieu, the Cathedral, and 18 houses of the canons. For this he had to do penance in the Blackfriar's Church at Perth. He died in 1394, and is buried in Dunkeld, where a handsome tomb and effigy of him exist.

As the Wolf left no legitimate issue, some think the Lordship of Badenoch at once reverted to the Crown, for we hear no more of it till it was granted to Huntly in 1451. On this point Sir W. Fraser says:—"The Lordship of Badenoch was bestowed by King Robert II. upon his son, the 'Wolf of Badenoch,' in 1371, and should have reverted to the Crown on the Lord of Badenoch's death in 1394. But there is no evidence in the Exchequer Roll, or elsewhere, of any such reversion, and Badenoch seems to have been retained in possession by the Wolf of Badenoch's eldest son, who became Earl of Mar. . . . Alexander, Earl of Mar, and his father, were therefore the successors of the Comyns as Lords of Badenoch."

The Lordship of Badenoch was finally granted to Alexander, Earl of Huntly, by James IL, by charter dated 28th April, 1451, not in recompense for his services at the Battle of Brechin, as is generally stated, but upwards of a year before that event. The great family of Gordon and Huntly originally came from near the Borders. They obtained their name of Gordon from the lands of Gordon, now a parish and village in the west of the Merse, S.W. Berwickshire. There, also, was the quondam hamlet of Huntly, a name now represented there only by the farm called Huntlywood. The parish gave the family name of Gordon, and the hamlet of Huntly gave the title of Earl or Marquess of Huntly. Sir Adam de Gordon was one of Bruce's supporters, and after the forfeiture of the Earl of Athole he got the lordship of Strathbogie, with all its appurtenances, in Aberdeenshire and Banff. The direct male Gordon line ended with Sir Adam's great-grandson and namesake, who fell at the battle of Homildon Hill in 1402, leaving a daughter Elizabeth, who married Alexander Seaton, second son of Sir W. Seaton of Winton. Her son Alexander assumed the name of

Gordon, and was created Earl of Huntly in 1449. His son George was Lord Chancellor, founded Gordon Castle, and erected the Priory of Kingussie (Shaw's *Moray*). The Gordons were so pre-eminent in Northern politics that their head was nicknamed "Cock of the North." In 1599, Huntly was created a Marquis, and in 1684 the title was advanced to that of Duke of Gordon. George, the fifth and last Duke of Gordon, died in 1836, when the property passed into the possession of the Duke of Richmond and Lennox, as heir of entail, in whose person the title of Duke of Gordon was again revived in 1876, the full title being now Duke of Richmond and Gordon.

Save the Church lands, all the property in Badenoch belonged to Huntly either as superior or actual proprietor. The Earl of Ross possessed lands in Badenoch under the lord superior in 1338, which he granted to Malmoran of Glencarnie: the lands were Dalnavert and Kinrara, and the grant is confirmed about 1440, while in 1467 we find the Earl of Ross again granting the adjoining lands of Invermarkie to the Thane of Cawdor, in whose name they appear till the seventeenth century, when Invereshie gets possession of them. The Laird of Grant, besides Delfour, which he had for three centuries, also held the Church lands of Laggan and Insh, that is, "Logane, Ardinche, Ballynaspy," as it is stated in 1541, and he is in possession of them for part of the seventeenth century. Mackintosh of Mackintosh has in feu from Huntly in the sixteenth century the lands of Benchar, Clune, Kincraig, and Dunachton, with Rait, Kinrara, and Dalnavert. The only other proprietor or feuar besides these existing in the 16th century seems to have been James Mackintosh of Gask. The Macphersons, for instance, including Andrew *in* Cluny, who signed for Huntly the "Clan Farsons Band" of 1591, are all tenants merely. We are very fortunate in possessing the Huntly rental of Badenoch for the year 1603. Mackintosh appears as feuar for the lands above mentioned, and there are two wadsetters —Gask and Strone, both Mackintoshes. The 17th century sees quite a revolution in landholding in Badenoch, for during its course Huntly has liberally granted feus, and the proprietors are accordingly very numerous. Besides Huntly, Mackintosh, and Grant of Grant, we find some twenty feus or estates possessed by Macphersons; there was a Macpherson of Ardbrylach, Balchroan, Benchar, (in) Blarach, Breakachie, Clune, Cluny, Corranach, Crathie, Dalraddy, Delfour, Etteridge, Gasklyne, Gellovie, Invereshie, Invernahaven (Inverallochie), Invertromie, Nuid, Phones, and Pitchirn. There was a Mackintosh of Balnespick, Benchar,

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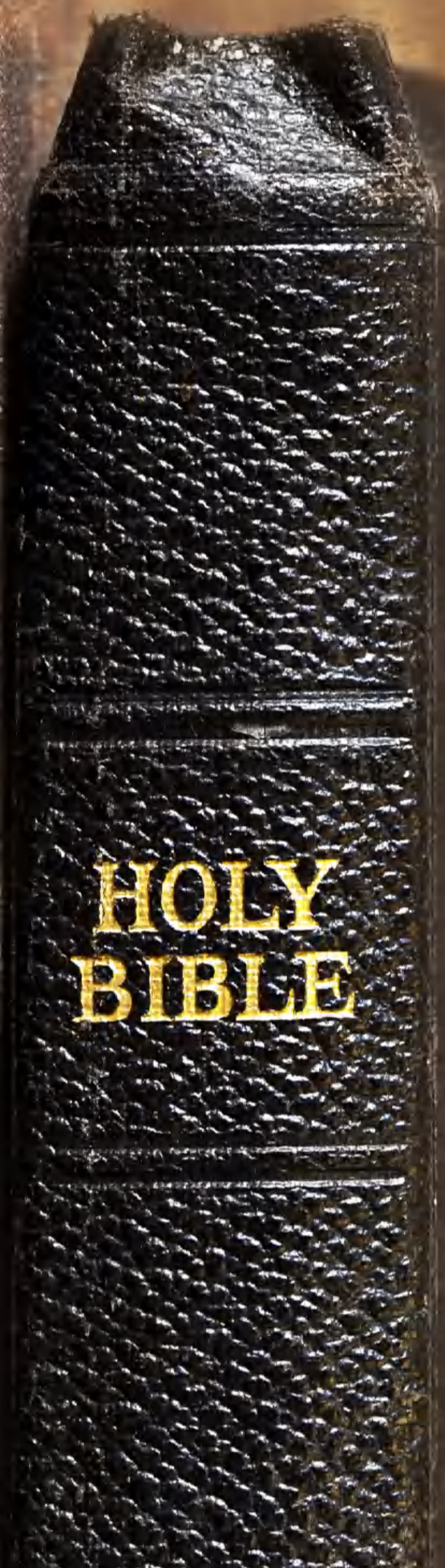

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ceann cinnidh) as chief, with their friends and dependents." The lordships were held, alas! by foreigners to them in race and blood.

The Clan Chattan were the native Celtic inhabitants of Badenoch. There are traditional indications that they came from the west—from Lochaber, where the MS. histories place the old Clan Chattan lands. The same authorities record that, for instance, the Macbeans came from Lochaber in the 14th century, "after slaying the Red Comyn's captain of Inverlochy," and put themselves under the protection of Mackintosh; and this is supported by the tradition still preserved among the Rothiemurchus Macbeans, whose ancestor, Bean Cameron, had to fly Lochaber owing to a quarrel and slaughter arising from the exaction of the "bò ursainn," or probate duty of the time. It may be too bold to connect this eastern movement of Clan Chattan with the advancing tide of Scotic conquest in the 8th century, whereby the Pictish Kingdoms and the Pictish language were overthrown. That the Picts inhabited Badenoch is undoubted: the place names amply prove that, for we meet with such test prefixes as Pet (Pitowrie, Pictchirn, Pitmean) and Aber (Aberarder), and other difficulties of topography unexplainable by the Gaelic language. As in most of Scotland, we have doubtless to deal, first, with a pre-Celtic race or races, possibly leaving remnants of its tongue in such a river name as Feshie, then the Pictish or Caledonian race of Celtic extraction, and, lastly, the Gaelic race who imposed their language and rule upon the previous peoples. The clan traditions are supported in the matter of a western origin for the Clan Chattan by the genealogies given in the 1467 MS., which deduces the chief line from Ferchar Fota, King of Dalriada, in the 7th century.

The name Cattan, like everything connected with the early history of this clan, is obscure, and has, in like manner, given rise to many absurd stories and theories. As a matter of course, the Classical geography of Europe has been ransacked, and there, in Germany, was a people called Chatti, which was taken as pronounced Catti; but the *ch* stands for a sound like that in lo*ch*. The name now appears as Hesse for Hätti. It was never *Katti*, be it remembered. Yet the Catti are brought from Germany to Sutherlandshire, which in Gaelic is Cataobh, older Cataib—a name supposed thus to be derived from the Catti. Cataobh is merely the dative plural of *cat* (a cat), just as Gallaobh (Caithness) is the same case of Gall (a stranger, Norseman). The Cat men dwelt in Sutherlandshire; why they were called the Cats is not known. Clan Chattan is often said to be originally from Sutherland, but,

beyond the similarity of name, there is no shadow of evidence for the assertion. Others again, like Mr Elton, see in the name Catan, which means, undoubtedly, "little cat," relics of totemism; this means neither more nor less than that the pre-Christian Clan Chattan worshipped the cat, from whom, as divine ancestor, they deemed themselves descended. We might similarly argue that the Mathesons—Mac Mhath-ghamhuin or Son of the Bear—were a "bear" tribe, a fact which shows how unstable is the foundation on which this theory is built. In fact, animal names for men were quite common in early times. The favourite theory—and one countenanced by the genealogies—connects the Clan Chattan, like so many other clans, with a church-derived name. The ancestor from whom they are represented as deriving their name is Gillicattan Mor, who lived in the 11th century. His name signifies Servant of Catan, that is, of St Catan; for people were named after saints, not directly, but by means of the prefixes Gille and Maol. At least, that was the early and more reverent practice. That there was a St Catan is evidenced by such place names as Kilchattan (in Bute and Lung), with dedication of churches at Gigha and Colonsay. His date is given as 710, but really nothing is known of him. This is probably the best explanation of the name, though the possibility of the clan being named after some powerful chief called Catan must not be overlooked. The crest of the cat is late, and merely a piece of mild heraldic punning.

It is only about or after 1400 that we come on anything like firm historical ground in the genealogy and story of our chief Highland clans. This is true of the Grants and the Camerons, and especially true of the Clan Chattan. Everything before that is uncertainty and fable. The earliest mention of Clan Chattan—and it is not contemporary but fifty years later—is in connection with the fight at the North Inch of Perth in 1396, and here historians are all at sixes and sevens as to who the contending parties really were. The battle of Invernahavon (1386?) and the fight at Clachnaharry (1454) are mere traditions, and the battle in 1429 between Clan Chattan and Clan Chameron, in which the former nearly annihilated the latter, is recorded by a writer nearly a century later (1521). In fact, the first certain contemporary date is that of Mackintosh's charter in 1466 from the Lord of the Isles, where he is designated Duncan Mackintosh, "capitanus de Clan Chattan," and next year as "chief and captain" of Clan Chattan, in a bond with Lord Forbes. Henceforward, Clan Chattan is a common name in public history and private docu-

ments. It comprised in the period of its comparative unity (circ. 1400-1600) some sixteen tribes or septs : these were the Mackintoshes, Macphersons, Davidsons, Cattanachs, Macbeans, Macphails, Shaws, Farquharsons, Macgillivrays, Macleans of Dochgarroch, Smiths, Macqueens, Gillanders, Clarks, &c. Of this confederation, Mackintosh was for, at least, two centuries "captain and chief," as all documents, public and private, testify. These two centuries (circ. 1400 to 1600) form the only period in which we see, under the light of history, the Highland clans in their full development.

The 17th century made sad havoc in the unity of Clan Chattan. Huntly, ever an enemy to Mackintosh, "banded" in 1591 the Macphersons to his own person, and, by freely granting charters to them, made them independent, and detached them from Mackintosh. Macpherson of Cluny claimed to be head of the Macphersons, and in 1673 styled himself "Duncan Mcpherson of Cluney for himself, and taking burden upon him for the heall name of Mcphersons and some others called old Clanchattan as cheeffe and principall man thereoff," in a bond with Lord Macdonell of Morar. In support of this claim, the Macphersons appealed to the old genealogies, which represented Mackintosh as getting the Clan Chattan lands by marriage with the heiress in 1291, and which further showed that Cluny was the heir male descendant of the old Clan Chattan chiefs. The case in its solemn absurdity of appeal to genealogies reminds one of a like appeal placed before the Pope in the claims of King Edward upon the throne of Scotland. He claimed the Scottish crown as the direct successor of Brutus and Albanactus, who lived in Trojan times, every link of genealogy being given, while the Scots repelled this by declaring that they were descended from Gathelus husband of Scota, daughter of the Mosaic King of Egypt ; and here, too, all the genealogical links could have been given. Neither doubted the genuineness of each other's genealogies ! So with the Mackintosh-Macpherson controversy about the chiefship of Clan Chattan. They each accept each other's genealogies without suspicion or demur. And yet the manufacture of these and like genealogies was an accomplished art with Gaelic seanachies whether Irish or Scottish. We even see it going on under our very eyes. The early chiefs of Lochiel are the *de Cambruns* of the 13th and 14th century records—lists and other documents—impressed into the Cameron genealogy, which is doubtless correctly given in the 1467 MS. Again, the Macpherson genealogy in the Douglas Baronage is in several cases drawn from

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demned by his own evidence, and by the weight of facts. Besides, words do not suddenly spring into technical meanings, nor could chief acquire the definite meaning applicable to Highland chiefship, but by length of time and usage for this purpose. Hence arose the uncertainty of the early terms applied to the novel idea presented by Highland clans. The word *clan* itself appears first in literature in connection with Clan Chattan, or rather Clan Qwhewyl, at the North Inch of Perth, where Wyntown speaks of "Clannys twa." The Gaelic word *clan* had to be borrowed for want of a native English term ; why should we then wonder at the idea of *toiseach* being rendered first by captain, and latterly by chief ?

The Mackintosh genealogies, dating from the 17th century, represent the family as descended from Macduff, *thane* of Fife, as they and Fordun call him. Shaw Macduff, the second son of Duncan, fifth Earl of Fife, who died in 1154, in an expedition against the people of Moray in 1160, distinguished himself, and received from the King lands in Petty, and the custody of Inverness Castle. Here he was locally known as Shaw Mac an Toiseich, "Shaw, the son of the Thane." He died in 1179, and was succeeded by (2) Shaw, whose son was (3) Ferchard, whose nephew was (4) Shaw, whose son was (5) Ferchard, whose son was (6) Angus, who in 1291 married Eva, heiress of Clan Chattan, and thus got the Clan's lands in Lochaber. So far the genealogy. It is a pretty story, but it sadly lacks one thing—verisimilitude. Macduff was not *toiseach* of Fife. In the Book of Deer he is called *comes*, the then Gaelic of which was *mormaer*, now *moirear*. Shaw Macduff would infallibly, as son of the Earl of Fife, have been ealled Mac Mhoireir. With those who support this Macduff genealogy, no argument need be held ; like the humorist of a past generation, one would, however, like to examine their bumps. The statement that the Mackintoshes were hereditary constables of Inverness Castle is totally baseless and false. At the dates indicated (12th century) we believe that the Mackintoshes had not penetrated so far north as Petty or Inverness, and that we should look to Badencch as their place of origin, and their abode at this time. Unfortunately documents in regard to the early history of Badenoch are rare, but an entry or two in the Registrum of Moray Diocese may help us. In 1234, Walter Comyn, Earl of Monteith, comes to an agreement with the Bishop of Moray, in regard to Kincardine, and Fercard, son of Seth, is a witness, and in the very next document, also one of Walter Comyn's, of the same date, appears a witness called Fercard "Senescalli de Badenoch," that is "steward of Badenoch." We are quite justified

in regarding him as the person mentioned in the previous document as Fercard, son of Seth. Now, one translation of *toiseach* is steward or seneschal—the person in power next the *mormaer* or earl. We may, therefore, conclude that this Ferchard was known in Gaelic as Ferchard *Toiseach*. Similarly in 1440 we meet with Malcolm Mackintosh, chief of the clan, as "ballivus de Badenoch," a title of equal import as that of seneschal. We should then say that the Mackintoshes derived their name from being toiseachs of Badenoch, the head of the old Celtic clan being now under the new non-Celtic mormaer or earl Walter Comyn. The ease with which the name Mackintosh might arise in any place where a clan and its *toiseach* existed explains how we meet with Mackintoshes, for instance, in Perthshire, who do not belong to the Clan Chattan. Thus there were Mackintoshes of Glentilt, which was held as an old thanage, and whose history as such is well known. Similarly we may infer that the Mackintoshes of Monivaird were descendants of the old local Toiseachs or Thanes. The Mackintosh genealogists have of course annexed them to the Clan Chattan stock with the utmost ease and success. In 1456, John of the Isles granted to Somerled, his armour-bearer, a davoch of the lands of Glennevis, with *toiseachdorship* of most of his other lands there, and in 1552 this grant is renewed by Huntly to "dilecto nostro Donaldo MacAlister M'Toschd," that is, Donald, son of Alister, son of Somerled, the toiseach or bailif, named in 1456. This shows how easily the name could have arisen.

Skene, while unceremoniously brushing aside the Macduff genealogy, advances hypothetically a different account of the origin of the Mackintoshes. In 1382, the Lord of Badenoch is asked to restrain Farchard MacToschy and his adherents from disturbing the Bishop of Aberdeen and his tenants in the land of Brass or Birse, and to oblige him to prosecute his claim by form of law. Skene thinks that Farchard, whom he finds in the 1467 MS. as one of the "old" Mackintoshes, was descended from the old thanes of Brass, and that hence arose his name and his claim. Being a vassal of the Wolf's, he was a Badenoch man too. Rothiemurchus was a thanage, and the connection of the Mackintoshes with it was always close. Alexander Keir Mackintosh obtained the feudal rights to Rothiemurchus in 1464, and a few years later he styles himself "Thane of Rothiemurchus." Skene then suggests that Birse and Rothiemurchus might have anciently been in the hands of the same *toiseach* or thane, and that from him the Mackintoshes got their name. We have suggested that the name arose with Ferchard, son of Seth or Shaw, who was *toiseach* under Earl Walter Comyn in 1234, and his name appears in

the 1467 MS. genealogy as well as in the Mackintosh genealogies.

That a revolution took place in the affairs of Clan Chattan, with the overthrow or extrusion of the direct line of chiefs, in the half century that extends from about 1386 to 1436, is clear from two sources—first, from the 1467 MS., and, second, from the Mackintosh history. The latter acknowledges that Ferquhard, 9th chief, was deposed from his position, which was given to his uncle Malcolm. The reason why he had to retire was, it is said, the clan's dissatisfaction with his way of managing affairs; but the matter is glossed over in the history in a most unsatisfactory manner. If this was the Ferchard mentioned in 1382 as giving trouble to the Bishop of Aberdeen, it is most unlikely that he was an incapable man; in fact, he must have been quite the opposite. He is doubtless the same person, for he is given also in the 1467 MS. genealogy. But further confusion exists in the Mackintosh account. Malcolm, 10th Mackintosh, who dies in 1457, is grandson through William 7th (died 1368) of Angus who married Eva in 1291, the three generations thus lasting as chiefs from 1274 to 1457, some 183 years! Malcolm was the son of William's old age, and his brother, Lachlan 8th, was too old to take part in the North Inch fight in 1396, sixty years before his younger brother died! This beats the Fraser genealogy brought forward lately by a claimant to the Lovat estates. It is thus clear that there is something wrong in the Mackintosh genealogy here, corresponding doubtless to some revolution in the clan's history. And this is made clear when we consult the Edinburgh Gaelic MS. of 1467, which gives the genealogies of Highland clans down till about 1450. Here we actually have two genealogies given, which shows that the chiefship of the Mackintoshes or Clan Gillicattan was then either in dispute or a matter of division between two families. We print the two 1467 lists with the Mackintosh MS. genealogy between them, in parallel columns, supplying dates where possible:—

1467 MS.	*Mackintosh History.*	*1467 MS.*
William and Donald	(12) Ferchar (d. 1514)	Lochlan
William	(9) Ferchar (11) Duncan (d. 1496)	Suibne
Ferchar (1382)	(8) Lachlan & (10) Malcolm (d. 1457)	Shaw
William	(7) William (d. 1368)	Leod
Gillamichol	(6) Angus (d. 1345)	Scayth (1338)
Ferchar (1234)	(5) Ferchar (d. 1274)	Ferchard
Shaw	(4) Shaw (d. 1265)	Gilchrist
Gilchrist	William	Malcolm
Aigcol	(2) Shaw (d. 1210)	Donald Camgilla
Ewen	(1) Shaw (d. 1179)	Mureach
——	Macduff (d. 1154)	Suibne
——	Earl of Fife	Tead (Shaw)
Neill		Nachtain
[Gillicattan ?]		Gillicattan

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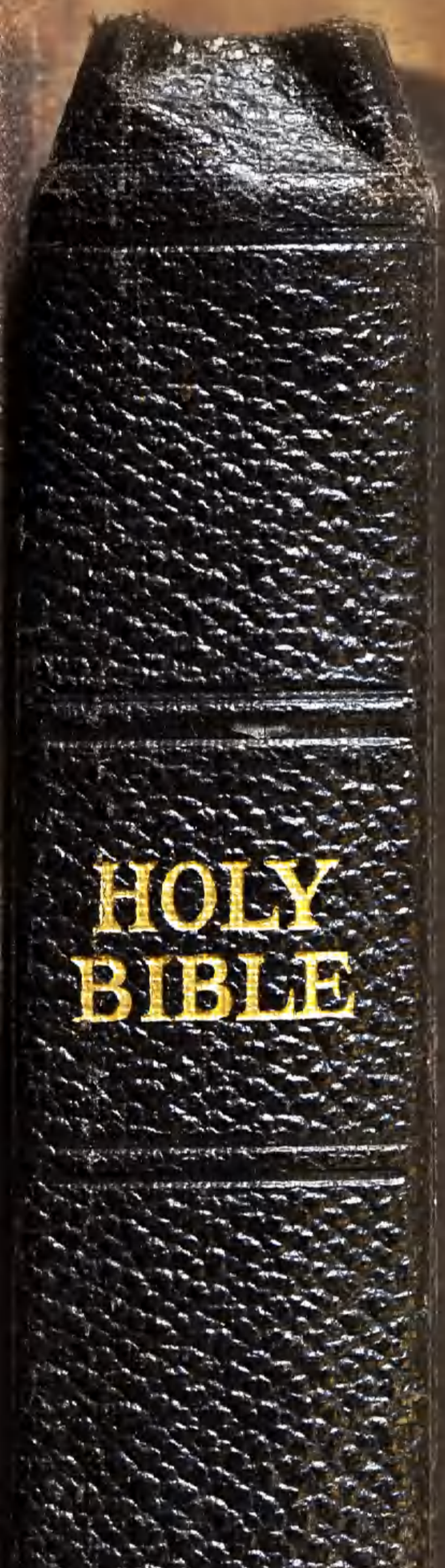

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who was afterwards chief, stood by the king, and received his favours. Angus possibly was his brother, for a depredating rascal of the name of Donald Angusson, supported by Lachlan "Badenoch," son of Malcolm, evidently Lachlan's cousin, gives trouble to various people towards the end of the century. In any case, Malcolm Mackintosh emerged from the troubles that were rending the clan victorious, and his son Duncan was as powerful a chief as lived in the North in his day.

How much the Clan Battle at Perth, in 1396, had to do with the changes in the Clan Chattan leadership it is hard to say. It is accepted as certain that the Clan Chattan had a hand in the fight, for the later historians say so, and the contemporary writer Wyntown mentions the chiefs on both sides, and one of these bears the name of Scha Ferchar's son, which is an unmistakeably Mackintosh name. He says, in Laing's edition :—

"Tha thre score were clannys twa,
Clahynnhé Qwhewyl, and Clachinya ;
Of thir twa Kynnys ware the men,
Thretty agane thretty then.
And thare thai had thair chiftanys twa,
Schir Ferqwharis sone wes ane of tha,
The tothir Cristy Johnesone."

The two clans here pitted against one another are the clans Quhele or Chewil, and Clan Ha or Hay, or, according to some, Kay. Boece has Clan Quhete, which Buchanan and Leslie improve into Clan Chattan.

As so much theorising has taken place upon this subject already, and so many positive assertions have been made, it may at present serve the interests of historic science if we can really decide what clan names the above cannot stand for. First, there is Clan Quhele or Chewil. This clan is mentioned in 1390 as Clan Qwhevil, who, with the Athole tribes, made a raid into Angus, and killed the Sheriff. They are mentioned again in an Act of Parliament in 1594 as among the broken clans, in the following sequence — Clandonochie, Clanchattane, Clanchewill, Clanchamron, &c. What clan they really were is yet a matter of dispute. The form *Chewill* points to a nominative, Cumhal or Cubhal, or Keval, but no such name can be recognised in the Clan Chattan district, or near it. Dughall or Dugald has been suggested, and the family of Camerons of Strone held as the clan referred to. But this, like so much in the discussion of this subject, forgets some very simple rules of Gaelic phonetics, which are not

forgotten in the spoken language, and in the English forms borrowed from it. *Feminine names ending in n never aspirate an initial d of the next word.* We have Clan Donnachie, Clan Donald, Clan Dugald, and so on, but never Clan Yonnachie or Yonald, or such. Similarly, Clan Hay or Ha *cannot stand for Clan Dai or Davidsons.* Let these simple rules of Gaelic phonetics be understood once for all, and we have made much progress towards a solution of the difficulty. The word *Qwhevil* evidently commences with a *C.* Skene suggests it is for Caimgilla, "one-eyed one," the epithet of Donald, Mureach's son, in the 1467 pedigree. But the *m* of *cam* is never aspirated. *I* gain, as to *Ha* or *Hay.* The *H* initial may stand for *th*, *sh*, or *ſh ;* and the only names that can be suggested are those of Shaw and Fhaidh. The Clan Cameron are called, in the 1467 MS. and other places, the "Clanu Maelanfhaidh," the clan of the "servant of the Prophet," a name preserved in the Macgillony of Strone, which originally was Mac Gille-an-fhaidh, equivalent to Mael-an-fhaidh in meaning.

The name, however, that best suits the English form is that of Shaw or Seadh, that is, Seth. There is really a difficulty about Meal-an-fhaidh and his clan. The form ought to be either Clann-an-fhaidh, which Wyntown would give as Clahinanha or Clahan-anna, or it would be Clann Mhael-an-fhaidh, a form which could not be mistaken, were it handed down. The most popular theory at present is that the combatants were the Camerons and Mackintoshes, who were enemies for three centuries thereafter; the Mackintoshes were represented by the name of Clan Chewill, the chief being Shaw, son of Ferchar, of the Rothiemurchus branch, while the Camerons were the Clan Hay, with Gilchrist Mac Iain as chief. This is practically Skene's view, and it is the position taken up by Mr A. M. Shaw, the historian of the Mackintoshes. But the phonetics point to a struggle in which the Shaws were the chief combatants, the other side being Clan Kevil, and, on weighing all sides of the question, we are as much inclined to believe that it was the beginning of that struggle in the clan, which is represented by two lines of pedigree, and which latterly gave the chiefship even to a junior branch of one of the lines.

How does the claim of the Cluny Macphersons for the chiefship of Clan Chattan stand in relation to these historic facts? They do not appear at all in the historical documents, but tradition in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries had enough to tell of their share in the crisis. At the battle of Invernahaven, fought against the Camerons, the Macphersons of Cluny claimed the right under Mackintosh as chief, but he unfortunately gave this post of

honour to the Clan Dai or Davidsons of Invernahavon; and the Macphersons retired in high dudgeon. The battle was at first lost to Clan Chattan, but the Macphersons, despite anger, came to the rescue, and the Camerons were defeated. Then ensued a struggle, lasting ten years, for superiority between the Macphersons (Clan Chattan) and the Davidsons, the scene of which, in 1396, was shifted to the North Inch of Perth. These, the Macpherson tradition says, were the two clans that fought the famous clan fight. The Macphersons claim to be descended from Gillicattan Mor, progenitor of the Clan Chattan, by direct male descent, and every link is given back to the eleventh century, thus (omitting "father of")—Gillicattan, Diarmid, Gillicattan, Muirich, parson of Kingussie, whence they are called Claun Mhuirich, father of Gillicattan and Ewen Ban, the former of whom had a son, Dougal Dall, whose daughter Eva, "the heircss of Clan Chattan," married Angus Mackintosh in 1291, and thus made him "captain" of Clan Chattan; Ewen Ban was the direct male representative, then Kenneth, Duncan, Donald Mor, Donald Og, Ewen; then Andrew of Cluny in 1609, a real historic personage without a doubt. In this list, not a single name previous to that of Andrew can be proved to have existed from any documents outside the Macpherson genealogies, excepting only Andrew's father, Ewen, who is mentioned in the Clanranald Red Book as grandfather of the heroic Ewen, who joined Montrose with three hundred of Clans Mhuirich and Chattan. The direct Gillicattan genealogy is given in the 1467 MS., and, such as it is, it has no semblance to the Macpherson list. The fact is that the Macpherson list previous to Ewan, father of Andrew, is purely traditional and utterly unreliable. The honest historian of Moray, Lachlan Shaw, says—"I cannot pretend to give the names of the representatives before the last century. I know that in 1660 Andrew was laird of Clunie, whose son, Ewan, was father of Duncan, who died in 1722 without male issue." By means of the Spalding Publications, the Synod of Moray Records, and other documents, we can now supplement and add to Lachlan Shaw's information, though not much. Macpherson of Cluny is first mentioned in 1591 when Clan Farson gave their "band" or bond to Huntly. He is then called "Andrew Makfersone in Cluny," not *of* Cluny, be it observed, for he was merely tenant of Cluny at that time. This is amply proved by the Badenoch rental of 1603, where we have the entry—"Clovnye, three plenches . . . Andro McFarlen (*read* Farsen) tenant to the haill." Perhaps Mr Fraser-Mackintosh's inference is right as to the national importance of Cluny

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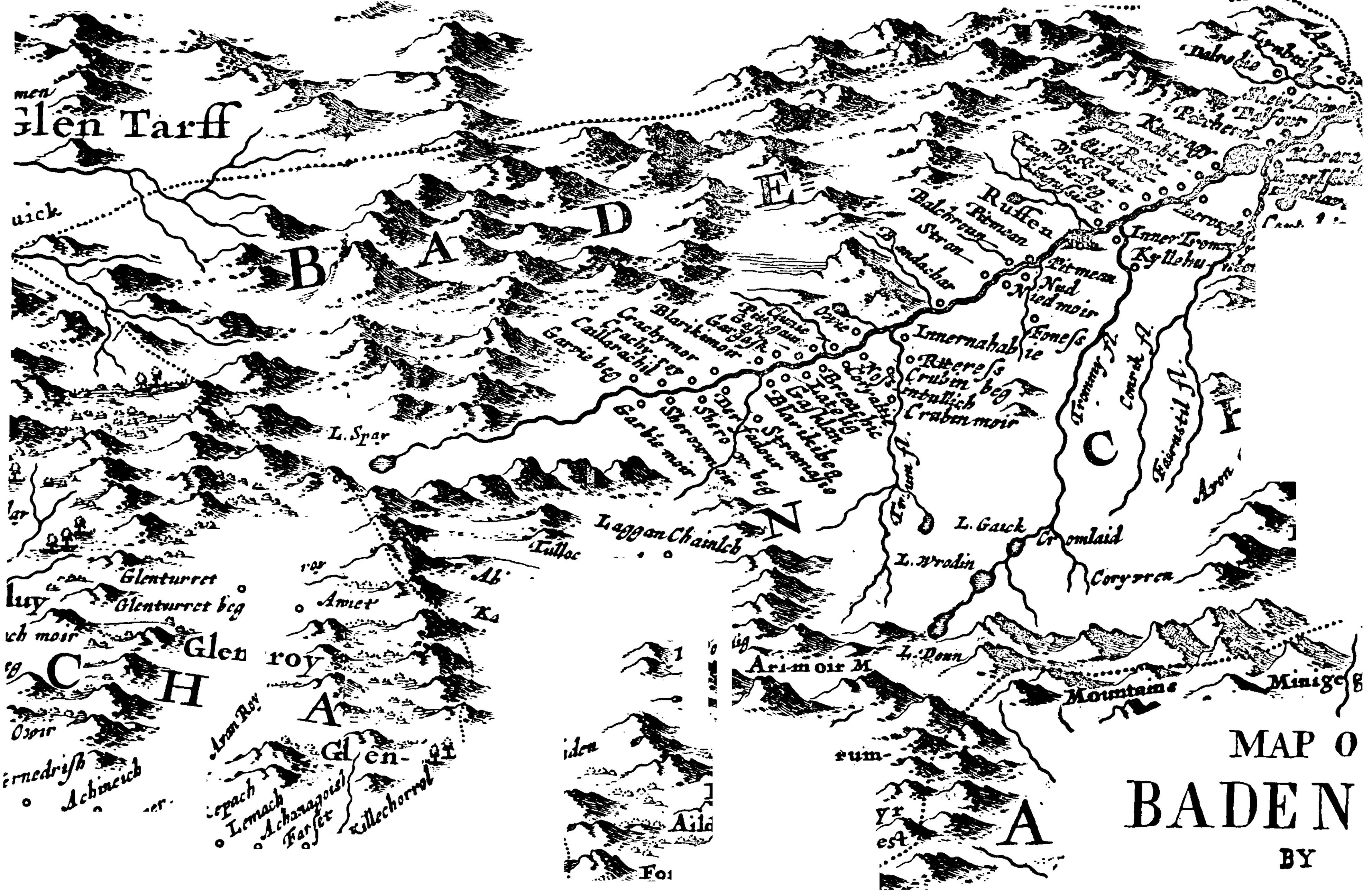
of pedigree, all combined to deprive Mackintosh of his rightful honour of Chief, and also of a good slice of his estate! The renown gained by the Clan Macpherson in the Jacobite wars, compared to the supineness of the Mackintosh Chiefs, gained them public sympathy in their claims, and brought a clan, altogether unknown or ignored until the battle of Glenlivet in 1594, to the very front rank of Highland Clans in the eighteenth century. We see the rise of a clan and its chiefs actually take place in less than a century and a half, and that, too, by the pluck and bravery displayed by its chiefs and its members.

PLACE NAMES OF BADENOCH.

The Ordnance Survey maps, made to the scale of six inches to the mile, contain for Badenoch some fourteen hundred names; but these do not form more than a tithe of the names actually in use or once used when the glens were filled with people, and the summer shealings received their annual visitants. Every knoll and rill had its name; the bit of moor, the bog or *blār*, the clump of wood *(badan)*, the rock or crag, the tiny loch or river pool, not to speak of cultivated land parcelled into fields, each and all, however insignificant, had a name among those that dwelt near them. Nor were the minute features of the mountain ranges and far-away valleys much less known and named. The shealing system contributed much to this last fact. But now many of these names are lost, we may say most of them are lost, with the loss of the population, and with the abandonment of the old system of crofting and of summer migration to the hills. The names given to those minutes features of the landscape were and are comparatively easy on the score of derivation, though sometimes difficult to explain historically. For instance, Lub Mhàiri, or Mary's Loop, is the name of a small meadow at Coilintuie, but who was the Mary from whom it got its name?

Of the fourteen hundred words on the Ordnance Maps, we may at once dismiss three fourths as self-explanatory. Anyone with a knowledge of Gaelic can explain them; or anyone not so endowed but possessed of a Gaelic dictionary can by the use of it satisfactorily unravel the mystery of the names. Of the remaining fourth, most are easy enough as regards derivation, but some explanation of an historical character is desirable, though often impossible of being got. One of the most interesting names under this last category is that of Craig Righ Harailt, or the Crag of King Harold, which stands among the hills behind Dunachton;


Glen Tarff
B
A
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Balchraggan
Stron
Bendachar
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Roveress
Cruibin
Craibenmoir
Inner Tromy
Kyllachy
Tromy R.
Conrak R.
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L. Gauck
Cromlaid
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L. Spar
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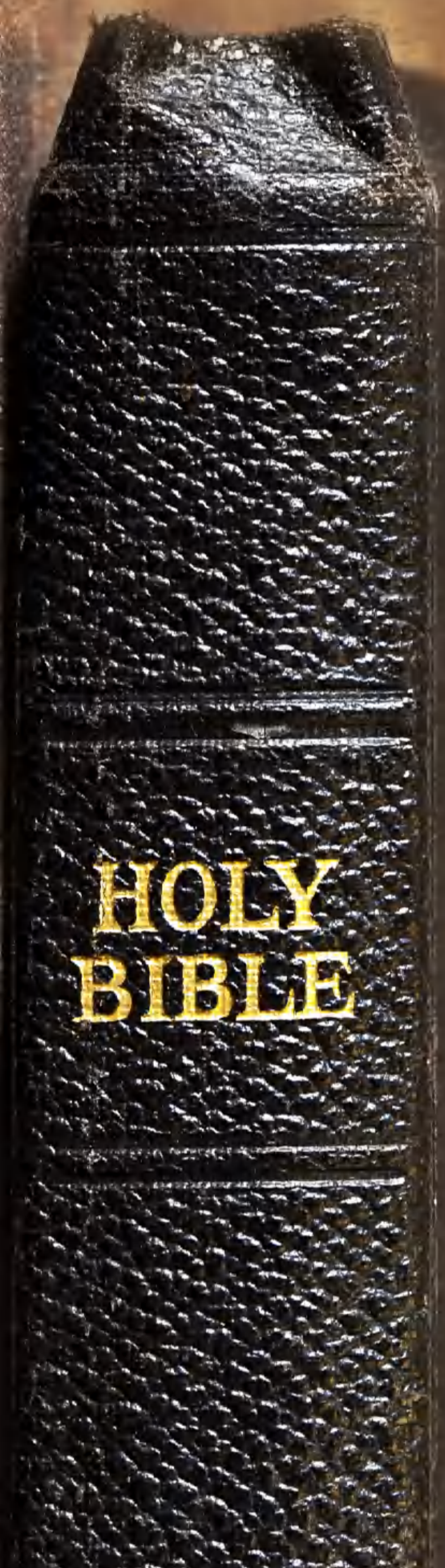

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in *de*, would give *báide*, "submerged, marshy," and this might pass into *báidean* and *bàideanach*, "marsh or lake land." That this meaning suits the long, central meadow land of Badenoch, which once could have been nothing else than a long morass, is evident. There are several places in Ireland containing the root *bádh* (drown), as Joyce points out. For instance, Bauttagh, west of Loughrea in Galway, a marshy place; Mullanbattog, near Monaghan, hill summit of the morass; the river Bauteoge, in Queen's County, flowing through swampy ground; and Curra-watia, in Galway, means the inundated *curragh* or morass. The neighbouring district of Lochaber is called by Adamnan Stagnum Aporicum, and the latter term is likely the Irish *abar* (a marsh), rather than the Pictish *aber* (a confluence); so that both districts may be looked upon as named from their marshes. The divisions of Badenoch are three—the parishes of Alvie, Kingussie and Insh, and Laggan.

Alvie.—Shaw says it is a "parsonage dedicated to St Drostan." Otherwise we should have at once suggested the 6th century Irish saint and bishop called Ailbe or later Ailbhe, whose name suits so admirably, that, even despite the Drostan connection, one would feel inclined to think that the parish is named after St Ailbhe. In the middle of the 14th century the parish is called Alveth or Alwetht and Alway, and Alvecht about 1400, in 1603 Alvey and Aluay, and in 1622 Alloway. The name, with the old spelling Alveth, appears in the parish of Alvah in Banffshire, and no doubt also in that of Alva, another parish in Stirlingshire. Shaw and others connect the name with *ail* (a rock), but do not explain the *v* or *bh* in the name. Some look at Loch Alvie as giving the name to the parish, and explain its name as connected with the flower *ealbhaidh* or St John's wort, a plant which it is asserted grows or grew around its bank. The learned minister of Alvie in Disruption times, Mr Macdonald, referred the name of the loch to *Eala-i* or Swan-isle Loch, but unfortunately there is no Gaelic word *i* for an island, nor do the phonetics suit in regard to the *bh* or *v*. The old Fenian name of Almhu or Almhuinn. now Allen, in Ireland, the seat of Fionn and his Féinn, suggests itself, but the termination in *n* is wanting in Alvie, and this makes the comparison of doubtful value.

Insh.—Mentioned as *Inche* in the Moray Registrum in 1226 and similarly in 1380 and in 1603. The name is derived from the knoll on which the church is built, and which is an island or *innis* when the river is in flood. Loch Insh takes its name from this or the other real island near it. The parish is a vicarage dedicated to "St Ewan," says Shaw; but, as the name of the

knoll on which the church stands is Tom Eunan, the Saint must have been Eòdnan or Adamnan, Columba's biographer, in the 7th century. The old bell is a curious and rare relic, and the legend attached to it is one of the prettiest told in the district. The bell was stolen once upon a time, and taken to the south of the Grampians, but getting free, it returned of its own accord ringing out as it crossed the hills of Drumochter, "Tom Eòdnan! Tom Eòdnan."

Kingussie.—In Gaelic—*Cinn-ghiubhsaich*—"(at) the end of the fir-forest;" *cinn* being the locative of *ceann* (head) and *giubhsach* being a "fir-forest." The oldest forms of the name are Kynguscy (1103-11?), Kingussy (1208-15), Kingusy (1226), Kingucy (1380), Kingusy (1538), and Kyngusie (1603). It is a parsonage dedicated to St Columba (Shaw). According to Shaw, there was a Priory at Kingussie, founded by the Earl of Huntly about 1490.

Laggan.—"A mensal church dedicated to St Kenneth" (Shaw). The name in full is Laggan-Choinnich, the *laggan* or "hollow of Kenneth." The present church is at Laggan Bridge, but the old church was at the nearest end of Loch Laggan, where the ruins are still to be seen. It is mentioned in 1239 as Logynkenny (R.M.), and Logykenny shortly before, as Logachnacheny and Logykeny in 1380, Logankenny in 1381 (all from R.M.), and Lagane in 1603 (H.R.) The Gaelic word "lagan" is the diminutive of "lag," a hollow.

We now come to the leading natural features of the country, and deal first with the rivers and lochs of Badenoch. A loch and its river generally have the same name, and, as a rule, it is the river that gives name to the loch. A prominent characteristic of the river names of Badenoch, and also of Pictland, is the termination *ie* or *y*. We meet in Badenoch with Feshie, Trommie, Markie, and Mashie, and not far away are Bennie, Druie, Geldie, Garry, Bogie, Gaudie, Lossie, Urie, and several more. The termination would appear to be that given by Ptolemy in several river names such as Nov-*ios*, Tob-*ios*, Lihn-*ios*, &c., which is the adjectival termination *ios*; but it has to be remarked that the modern pronounciation points to a termination in *idh*, Zeuss's primitive *adi* or *idi;* Tromie in Gaelic is to be spelt Tromaidh, and Feshie as Feisidh. We first deal with the so-called "rapidest river in Scotland."

The *Spey*.—The Highlanders of old had a great idea of the size of the Spey, and also of the Dee and Tay. There is a Gaelic saying which runs thus:—

Spé, Dé, agus Tatha,
Tri uisgeachan 's mò fo'n athar.

This appears in an equally terse English form :—

> The three largest rivers that be
> Are the Tay, the Spey, and the Dee.

In Norse literature the name appears as Spæ (13th century); we have the form Spe in the "Chronicles" (1165); Spe (1228, &c); Spee (Bruce's Charter to Randolph) and Spey (1451 and 1603). But the Spey is regarded as representing physically and etymologically Ptolemy's river Tvesis or Tvæsis. Dr Whitley Stokes says :—"Supposed to be Ptolemy's Tvesis; but it points to an original Celtic *squêas*, cognate with Ir. *scéim* (vomo), W. *chwyd* (a vomit). For the connection of ideas, cf. Pliny's Vomanus, a river of Picenum. The river name Spean may be a diminutive of Spe." The changing of an original *sqv* to *sp*, instead of the true Gaelic form *sg* or *sc* indicates that the name is Pictish. The *Spean* is doubtless a diminutive arising from a form *spesona* or *spesana*.

The *Dulnan;* in Gaelic *Tuilnean*, Blaeu's map *Tulnen*. It falls into Spey near Broomhill Station. The root is *tuil*, flood; the idea being to denote its aptness to rapid floods.

Feshie; Gaelic *Feisidh*. Its first appearance in charters is about 1230, and the name is printed *Ceffy*, evidently for *Fessy*. If it is Celtic, its earliest form was *Vestia*, from a root *ved*, which signifies "wet," and which is the origin of the English word *wet* and *water*. That Feshie is Celtic and Pictish may be regarded as probable when it is mentioned that in Breconshire there is a river Gwesyn, the root of the name being *gwes* (for *vest*), meaning "what moves" or "goes."

Tromie; Gaelic *Trom(a)idh*. In 1603 it is called Tromye. The Gaelic name for dwarf elder is *troman*, which appears in Irish as *trom* or *tromm*, with genitive *truimm*. It gives its name to Trim in Meath, which in the 9th century was called Vadum *Truimm*, or Ford of the Elder-tree. Several other Irish place-names come from it. In Badenoch and elsewhere in the Highlands, we often meet with rivers named after the woods on their banks. Notably is so the case with the alder tree, Fearna, which names numerous streams, and, indeed, is found in old Gaul, for Pliny mentions a river called Vernodubrum. Hence Tromie is the Elder-y River; while Truim, which is probably named after the glen, Glen-truim—"Glen of the Elder,"—takes its name from the genitive of *tromm*. Compare the Irish *Cala-truim*, the hollow of the elder. Glen-tromie is the first part of the long gorge that latterly becomes Gaick, and, in curious contrast to the ill fame of the latter in poetry, it appears thus in a well-known verse :—

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Mashie are still handed down; these differed accorded to circumstances. Thus he praised the river:—

Mathaisidh gheal, bhoidheach gheal,
Mathaisidh gheal, bhoidheach gheal,
Bu chaomh leam bhi laimh riut.

But after it carried away his corn he said:—

Mathaisidh dhubh, fhròdach dhubh,
Mathaisidh dhubh, fhròdach dhubh,
Is mor rinn thu chall orm.

The derivation of the name is obscure. *Mathaisidh* could come from *mathas*, goodness, but the meaning is not satisfactory. We might think of *maise*, beauty, but it has the vowel short in modern Gaelic, though Welsh *maws*, pleasant, points to a long vowel or a possible contraction in the original.

The *Markie;* Gaelic *Marcaidh*. Streams and glens bearing the name Mark and Markie occur in Perthshire, Forfarshire, and Banffshire. The first tributary of the Feshie is Allt Mharkie, at the mouth of which was of old Invermarkie, an estate held by the Campbells of Cawdor in the 15th and 16th centuries. The root is doubtless *marc*, a horse.

The *Pattack*; in Gaelic *Patag*. This river, unlike those which we have hitherto dealt with, does not flow into the Spey, but into Loch Laggan, after making an extraordinary *volte* face about two miles from its mouth. First it flows directly northwards, and then suddenly south-westwards for the last two miles of its course. Hence the local saying—

Patag dhubh, bhulgach
Dol an aghaidh uisge Alba

(Dark, bubbly Pattack, that goes against the streams of Alba).

We find Pattack first mentioned in an agreement between the Bishop of Moray and Walter Comyn about the year 1230, where the streams "Kyllene et Petenachy" are mentioned as bounding the church lands of Logykenny. The Kyllene is still remembered in Camus-Killean, the bay of Killean, where the inn is. The Kyllene must have been the present Allt Lairig, or as the map has it, Allt Buidhe; while Petenachy represents Pattack, which in Blaeu's map appears as Potaig. The initial *p* proves the name to be of non-Gaelic origin ultimately, but whether it is Pictish, pre-Celtic, or a Gaelicised foreign word we cannot say.

Alt Lowrag lies between Lochan na h-Earba and Loch Laggan. It means the "loud-sounding *(labhar)* one."

The *Spean;* in Gaelic *Spithean.* See under Spey.

We have now exhausted the leading rivers, but before going further we may consider the names of one or two tributaries of these. Feshie, for instance, has three important tributaries, one of which, Allt Mharkie, we have already discussed. Passing over Allt Ruaidh as being an oblique form of Allt Ruadh, "red burn," we come to the curious river name

Fernsdale; in Gaelic *Fearnasdail.* The farms of Corarnstil-more and Corarnstil-beg, that is, the Corrie of Fernsdale, are mentioned in 1603 as Corearnistaill Moir and Corearinstail Beige, and in 1691 the name is Corriarnisdaill. Blaeu's map gives the river as Fairnstil. The first portion of the name is easy; it is *Fearna*, alder. But what of *sdail* or *asdail?* The word *astail* means a dwelling, but "Fern-dwelling" is satisfactory as a name neither for river or glen. The tributary of the Fernsdale is called

Còmhraig; in Blaeu *Conrik.* Comhrag signifies a conflict; but in Irish and early Gaelic it signified simply a meeting whether of road and rivers, or of men for conflict. There are several Irish place names Corick, situated near confluences. Doubtless this stream took its name from its confluence with Fernsdale.

On Feshie we meet further up with Allt Fhearnagan, the stream of the alder trees; then Allt Ghàbhlach, which the Ordnance map etymologises into Allt Garbhlach, the stream of the rugged place. This may be the true deviation; it is a big rough gully or corrie with a mountain torrent tumbling through it.

Allt Lorgaidh is named after the mountain pass or tract which it drains (*lorg, lorgadh*, track, tracing), and which also gives name to the prominent peak of *Carn an Fhidhleir Lorgaidh*, the Fiddler's Cairn of Lorgie, to differentiate it from *the* Fiddler's Cairn which is just beyond the Inverness-shire border, and not far from the other one.

The *Eidart*, Blaeu's *Eitart*, with the neighbouring streamlet of Eindart, is a puzzling name. The Gaelic is *Eidird* and *Inndird* according to pronounciation.

We now come to the lochs of Badenoch. Loch Alvie is bound up with the name of Alvie Parish, discussed already. Loch Insh is the Lake of the Island, just as Loch-an-eilein, in Rothiemurchus, takes its name from the castle-island which it contains; but *eilean* is the Norse word *eyland*, Eng. *island*, borrowed, whereas *innis* of Loch Insh is pure Gaelic. In Gaick, along the course of the Tromie, there are three lakes, about which the following rhyme is repeated:—

Tha gaoth mhòr air Loch-an-t-Seilich,
Tha gaoth eil' air Loch-an-Dùin ;
Ruigidh mise Loch-a' Bhrodainn,
Mu'n teid cadal air mo shùil.

The rhyme is supposed to have been the song of a hunter who escaped from demons by stratagem and the help of a good stallion on whose back he leapt. The first loch is called Loch-an-t-Seilich, the lake of the willow, and the third of the series is Loch-an-Dùin, the loch of the Down or hill, the name of the steep crag on its west side. The intermediate lake is called Loch Vrodain, Gaelic Bhrodainn, which Sir R. Gordon in Blaeu's map spells as Vrodin. The Ordnance map etymologises the word as usual, and the result is Loch Bhradainn, Salmon Loch ; but unfortunately the *a* of *bradan* was never *o*, so that phonetically we must discard this derivation. There is a story told about this weird loch which fully explains the name mythically. A hunter had got into possession of a semi-supernatural litter of dogs. When they reached a certain age, all of them were taken away by one who claimed to be the true owner, who left with the hunter only a single pup, jet black in colour, and named Brodainn. Before leaving it with the hunter, the demon broke its leg. Brodainn was therefore lame. There was a wonderful white fairy deer on Ben Alder, and the hunter decided he should make himself famous by the chase of it. So he and Brodainn went to Ben Alder, on Loch Ericht side ; the deer was roused, Brodainn pursued it, and was gaining ground on it when they were passing this loch in Gaick. In plunged the deer, and after it Brodainn dashed ; he caught it in mid-lake, and they both disappeared never more to be seen ! Hence the name of the lake is Loch Vrodin ; the lake is there, the name is there, therefore the story is true ! The word *brodan* means a small goad or prod, but how it can have given its name, if at all, to the lake is a mystery : "lake of the prod" suits the phonetics admirably. Loch-Laggan takes its name from the *lagan* or hollow which gave the parish its name, that is, from Laggan-Chainnich or Lagan-Kenny, at the northern end of the loch. There are two isles in the lake connected with the old kingly race of Scotland. King Fergus, whoever he was, had his hunting lodge on one, called Eilean an Righ, and the other was the dog-kennel of these Fenian hunters, and is called Eilean nan Con. The considerable lake or lakes running parallel to, and a mile to the south-east of Loch Laggan are called Lochan na h-Earba—the lakes of the roe. Loch Crunachan, at the mouth of Glen-Shirra, has an

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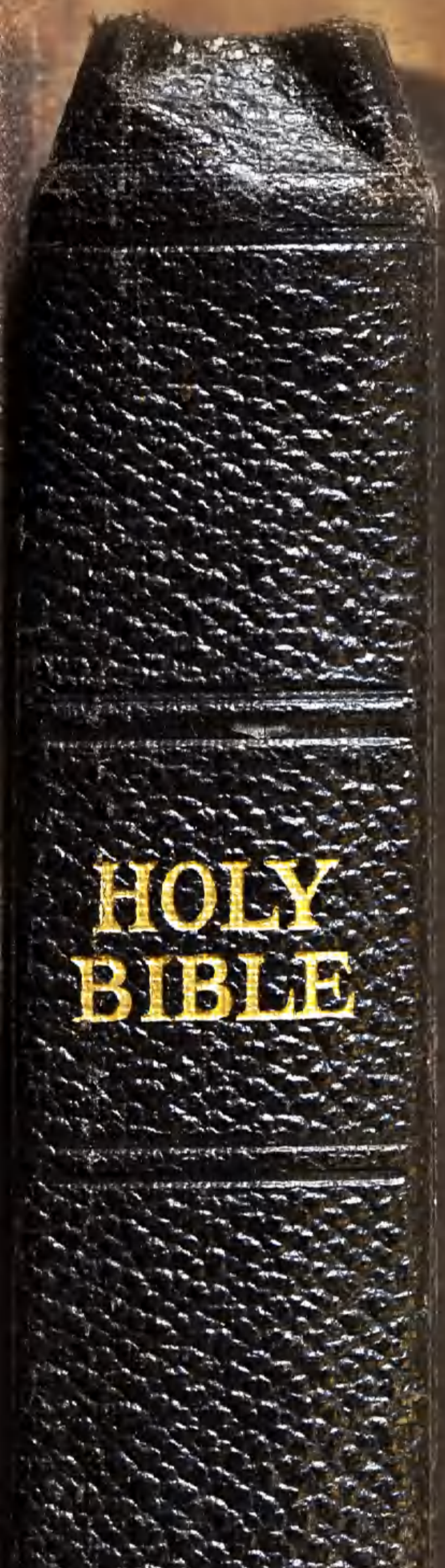

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Fraoch frangach means the cross-leaved heather, of which people made their scouring brushes. The brush was called in some parts *frains*' in Gaelic

Easga 'n Lochain, with its *caochan* or streamlet, contains the interesting old word for "swamp" known as *easg*, *easga*, or *easgaidh*, with which we may compare the river name Esk.

A' Bhuidheanaich, in the Ordnance maps etymologised into *Am Buidh 'aonach*, "the yellow hill or steep," occurs three times in Badenoch—here behind Kincraig and Dunachton, on the north side of Loch Laggan, and on the confines of Badenoch a few miles south of Dalwhinnie. The idea of "yellowness" underlies the word as it is characteristic of the places meant. The root is *buidhe* (yellow); the rest is mere termination and has nothing to do with *aonach*, which, in Macpherson's "Ossian," is applied to a hill or slope.

Coire Bog, &c.—Here we may introduce a mnemonic rhyme detailing some features of the ground behind and beside Buidheanaich.

Allt Duinne 'Choire Bhuig,
'Tuilnean agus Feithlinn,
Coire Bog is Ruigh na h-Eag,
Steallag is Bad-Earbag.

"The Burn of Dun-ness in Soft Corry, Dulnan and Broad Bog-stream, the Reach of the Notch, the Spoutie and Hinds' Clump" —that is the translation of the names.

An Suidhe means the "Seat;" it designates the solid, massive hill behind Kincraig.

Craig Righ Harailt means King Harold's Hill, on the side of which his grave is still pointed out. As already said, it is unknown who he was or when he lived.

Coire Neachdradh: Glac an t-Sneachdaidh, &c. This corrie is at the end of Dunachton burn after its final bend among the hills. *Sneachdradh* means snows, or much snow—being an abstract noun formed from *sneachd*.

Ruigh an Ròig: the Reach of the Roig (?) is eastward of Craig Mhor by the side of the peat road. The map places it further along as Ruigh na Ruaige—the Stretch of the Retreat.

Bad Each is above Glen Guinack: it is mis-read on the Ordnance map into Pait-an-Eich—a meaningless expression. It means Horses' Clump, and a famous local song begins—

Mollachd gn brath aig braigh Bad Each;

curses ever more on upper Bad-each, where the horses stuck and they could not extricate them.

Rhymes about the various place names are common, and here is an enumeration of the heights in the Monadh Liath between Kingussie and Craig Dhubh :—

Creag-bheag Chinn-a'-ghinbhsaich,
Creag-mhòir Bhail'-a'-chrothain,
Beinne-Bhuidhe na Sròine,
Creag-an-lòin aig na croitean,
Sithean-mòr Dhail-a'-Chaoruinn,
Creag-an-abhaig a' Bhail'-shios,
Creag-liath a' Bhail'-shuas,
'S Creag-Dhubh Bhiallaid,
Cadha-'n-fheidh Lochain-ubhaidh,
Cadh' is mollaicht' tha ann,
Cha'n fhàs fiar no fodar ann,
Ach sochagan is dearcagan-allt,
Gabhar air aodainn,
Is laosboc air a cheann.

Glen Balloch; in Gaelic *Gleann Baloch.* This name is stymologised on the Ordnance map into Gleann a' Bhealaich—the Glen of the Pass ; but the word is *baloch* or *balloch*, which means either speckled or high-walled. To the left the Allt Mhadagain discharges into the Calder : this name is explained on the map as Mada coin, which may be right, but it certainly is not the pronounciation, which our *Madagain* reproduces. There are two corries in Gaick similarly named (Cory Mattakan, 1773).

Sneachdach Slinnean, or Snow Shoulder, is away on the Moy border.

Meall na h-Uinneig, behind Gask-beg considerably, means the Mass or Hill of the Window. There are other places so named—Uinneag Coire-an-Eich (Glen-balloch), Uinneag Coir Ardar, Uinneag Coir an Lochain, Uinneag na Creig Moire, Uinneag Coire Chaoruinn and Uinneag Mhìn Choire, the latter ones being all near one another on the north side of Loch Laggan. The meaning of the name is an opening or pass, or a notch in the sky-line.

Iarlraig is the rising ground above Garva Bridge, and is mis-written for Iolairig, place of the eagles. There is here a rock where the eagle nests or nested. Compare Auld Cory na Helrick of 1773 with the Allt Coire na h-Iolair of the Ordnance map, both referring to a stream on Loch Ericht side. There is an Elrick opposite Killyhuntly. The name is common in North Scotland.

Coire Yairack; Allt Yairack; in Gaelic *Earrag*, as if a feminine of *Errach* (spring). It is spelt *Yarig* on the 1773 estate map. Perhaps it is a corruption of *Gearrag*, the short one, applied to a stream.

Shesgnan is the name of a considerable extent of ground near the source of the Spey, and it means morass land, being from *seasgann*, fenny country, a word which gives several place names both in Scotland and Ireland. The most notable in Scotland is Shisken in Arran, a large, low-lying district, flat and now fertile.

We now cross Spey, and work our way down the south side.

Dearc Beinne Bige, the Dearc of the Little Hill. The pronounciation is *dirc*; in the 1773 map it is spelt *Dirichk*. It is an oblique case of *dearc*, a hole, cave, cleft; it is found in early Irish as *derc* (a cave), and several places in Ireland are called Derk and Dirk therefrom. It occurs at least three times in Laggan—as above; and in *Dirc Craig Chathalain*, the 1773 Dirichk Craig Caulan, or cleft of the Noisy Rock, from *Callan*, noise; and in Dearc-an-Fhearna.

Coire 'Bhein, the 1773 Cory Vein, is a puzzling name. It looks like the genitive case of *bian*, skin.

Coire Phitridh, at the south corner of Lochan na h-Earba, is given in the map as Corie na Peathraich. The word is probably an abstract noun from *pit*, hollow.

Beinn Eibhinn, the 1773 Bineven, the "pleasant hill," is a prominent peak of 3611 feet high, on the borders of Badenoch and Lochaber, from which a good view of Skye can be got.

Ben Alder, Blaeu's Bin Aildir, in modern Gaelic Beinn Eallar (Yallar). The word is obscure.

Beinn Udlaman, the Uduman of the 1773 map, on the confines of Badenoch and Perthshire, east of Loch Ericht, seems to take its name from the ball and socket action, for *udalan* signifies a swivel or joint. Some suggest *udlaidh*, gloomy, retired.

The *Boar, An Torc*, of Badenoch is to the left of the railway as one enters the district from the south. The "Sow of Athole" is quite close to the "Boar of Badenoch." We are now at the ridge of

Drumochter, in Gaelic, *Drum-uachdar*, or ridge of the upper ground.

Coire Bhoite, or rather *Bhoitidh*, the *Vottie* of 1773, is two or three miles away, and finds a parallel in the name *Sron Bhoitidh* at the top of Glenfishie, where the river bends on itself. The word *boitidh* means "pig," or rather the call made to a pig when its attention is desired.

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'S mòr a b'fhearr leam 'bhi 'n Drum-Uachdar
Na 'bhi 'n Gàig nan creagan gruamach,
Far am faicinn ann na h-uailsean
'S iùbhaidh dhearg air bharr an gualain.

The poet prefers Drumochter to Glen-Feshie and Gaick of the grim crags. The Loss of Gaick is a local epoch from which to date: an old person always said that he or she was so many years old at Call Ghaig. So in other parts, the Olympiads or Archons or Temple-burnings which made the landmarks of chronology were such as the "Year of the White Peas," "the Hot Summer" (1826?), the year of the "Great Snow," and so forth.

A' Chaoirnich, the *Caorunnach* of the Ordnance map, but the *Chournich* of 1773, stands beside Loch-an-Dùin to the left. The latter form means the "cairny" or "rocky" hill; the other, the "rowan-ny" hill, which is the meaning doubtless. The steep ascent of it from the hither end of the lake is called on the map *Bruthach nan Spàidan*, a meaningless expression for *Bruthach nan Spardan*, the Hen-roost Brae.

Meall Aillig, in the Gargaig Cory (1773), or Garbh-Ghaig (Rough Gaick as opposed to "Smooth" Gaick or Minigaig as in Blaeu's map), appears to contain *aill* (a cliff) as its root form. Some refer it to *aileag*, the hiccup, which the stiffness of the climb might cause.

Coire Bhran, the *Coryvren* of Bleau, takes its name from the river Bran, a tributary of the Tromie, and this last word is a well-known river name, applied to turbulent streams, and signifies "raven."

Caochan a Chaplich, a streamlet which falls into Tromie a little below the confluence of the Bran, contains the word *caplach*, which seems to be a derivative of *capull* (a horse). There is a Caiplich in the Aird—a large plateau, the Monadh Caiplich in Loch Alsh, and a stream of the name in Abernethy.

Croyla is the proment mountain on the left as one enters Glentromie—a massive, striking hill. It is sung of in the Ossianic poetry of John Clark, James Macpherson's fellow Badenoch man, contemporary, friend, and sincere imitator in poetry and literary honesty. Clark's (prose) poem is entitled the "Cave of Creyla," and in his notes he gives some topographical derivations. Tromie appears poetically as Trombia, and is explained as *Trom-bidh*, heavy water, while Badenoch itself is etymologised as *Bha-dianach*, secure valley. The Ordnance map renders Croyla as Cruaidhleac, a form which etymologises the word out of all ken of the local

pronounciation. Blaeu's map has Cromlaid, which is evidently meant for Croyla. The Gaelic pronounciation is *Croidh-la*, the *la* being pronounced as in English. It is possibly a form of *cruadhlach* or *cruaidhlach* (rocky declivity), a locative from which might have been *cruaidhlaigh.*

Meall-an-Dubh-catha is at the sources of the Comhraig river. It should be spelt *Dubh-chadha*, the black pass, the word *cadha* being common for pass.

Ciste Mhaireараid or rather *Ciste Mhearad*, Margaret's kist or chest or coffin, is part of Coire Fhearnagan, above the farm of Achlean. Here snow may remain all the year round. It is said that Margaret, who was jilted by Mackintosh of Moy Hall, and who cursed his family to sterility, died here in her mad wanderings.

Meall Dubhag and not *Meall Dubh-achaidh* (Ordnance map) is the name of the hill to the south of Ciste Mairead, while equally *Creag Leathain(n)*, broad craig, is the name of the hill in front of Ciste Mairead, not *Creag na Leacainn.* Further north is

Creag Ghinbhsachan, the craig of the fir forest.

Creag Mhigeachaidh stands prominently behind Feshie Bridge and Laggan-lia. There is a Dal-mhigeachaidh or Dalmigavie in Strathdearn, a Migvie (Gaelic, Migibhidh) in Stratherrick, and the parish of Migvie and Tarland in Aberdeenshire. The root part is *mig* or *meig*, which means in modern Gaelic the bleating of a goat.

Creag Follais, not Creag Phulach (sic) as on the maps, means the conspicuous crag. Similarly wrong is

Creag Fhiaclach, not Creag Pheacach (!), on the borders of Rothiemurchus, which means the serrated or toothed crag, a most accurately descriptive epithet.

Clach Mhic Cailein, on the top of Creag Follais. The Mac-Cailein meant is Argyle, supposed to be Montrose's opponent, though it must be remembered that Argyle had also much to do with Huntly at Glenlivet and otherwise.

Sgòr Gaoithe (wind skerry) is behind Creag Mhigeachaidh.

We have now exhausted the natural features of the country so far as the explanation of their names is necessary, and we now turn to the farm and field names—the *bailes* and townships and other concomitants of civilisation. Commencing again at Craig Ellachie, we meet first after crossing the *crioch* or boundary the farm of *Kinchyle*, *Cinn-Choille*, wood's-end. Then

Lynwilg, the Lambulge of 1603, *Lynbuilg* (Blaeu), signifies the lane or land of the bag or bulge.

Ballinluig, the town (we use this term for *baile*, which means "farm" or "township") of the hollow.

Kinrara, north and south, on each side of the Spey. This name appears about 1338 as *Kynroreach*; 1440, as *Kynrorayth*; and *Kynrara* (1603). The *kin* is easy; it is "head" or "end" as usual. The *rara* or *rorath* is difficult. *Rorath*, like *ro-dhuine*, (great man), might mean the great or noble *(ro)* rath or dwelling-place (the Latin *villa)*.

Dalraddy, *Dalreadye* (1603), and *Dalrodie* (Blaeu). The Gaelic is *Dail-radaidh*, the *radaidh* dale. The adjective *radaidh* is in the older form *rodaidh*, which is still known in Gaelic in the force of "dark, sallow." A sallow-complexioned man might be described as "Duine rodaidh dorcha." The root-word is *rod*, iron scum or rusty-looking mud; it is a shorter form of *ruadh* (red). In Ireland, it is pretty common, and is applied to ferruginous land. The adjective *rodaidh* (dark or ruddy) might describe the Dalraddy land. It is in connection with Dalraddy that the great Badenoch conundrum is given :—

Bha cailleach ann Dailradaidh
'S dh' ith i adag 's i marbh.

(There was a wife in Dalraddy who ate a haddock, being dead). With Dalraddy estate are mentioned in 1691 the lands of Keanintachair (now or lately *King*tàchair, causeway-end), Knock-ningalliach (the knowe of the carlins), Loyninriach, Balivuilin (mill-town), and the pasturages Feavorar (the lord's moss-stream), Riochnabegg or Biachnabegg, and Batabog (now Bata-bog, above Ballinluig, the soft swampy place.) Another old name is *Gortincreif* (1603), the *gort* or field (farm) of trees. *Croftgowan* means the Smith's Croft.

Delfour, *Dalphour* in 1603, and older forms are *Dallefowr* (1569). The *del* or *dal* is for *dale*, but what is *four?* The Gaelic sound is *fùr*. The word is very common in names in Pictland, such as Dochfour, Pitfour, Balfour, Letterfour, Tillyfour, Tillipourie and Trinafour. These forms point to a nominative *pùr*, the *p* of which declares it of non-Gaelic origin. The term is clearly Pictish. The only Welsh word that can be compared is *pawr* (pasture), *pori* (to graze), the Breton *peur*. *Fùr* has nothing to do with Gaelic *fuar*, for then Dalfour would in Gaelic be Dail-fhuar, that is *Dal-uar*.

Pitchurn, in 1603 *Pettechaerne*, in Gaelic *Bal-chaorruinn*, the town of the rowan. The Pictish *pet* or *pit* (town, farm), which is etymologically represented by the Gaelic *cuid*, has been changed in modern Gaelic to *baile*, the true native word.

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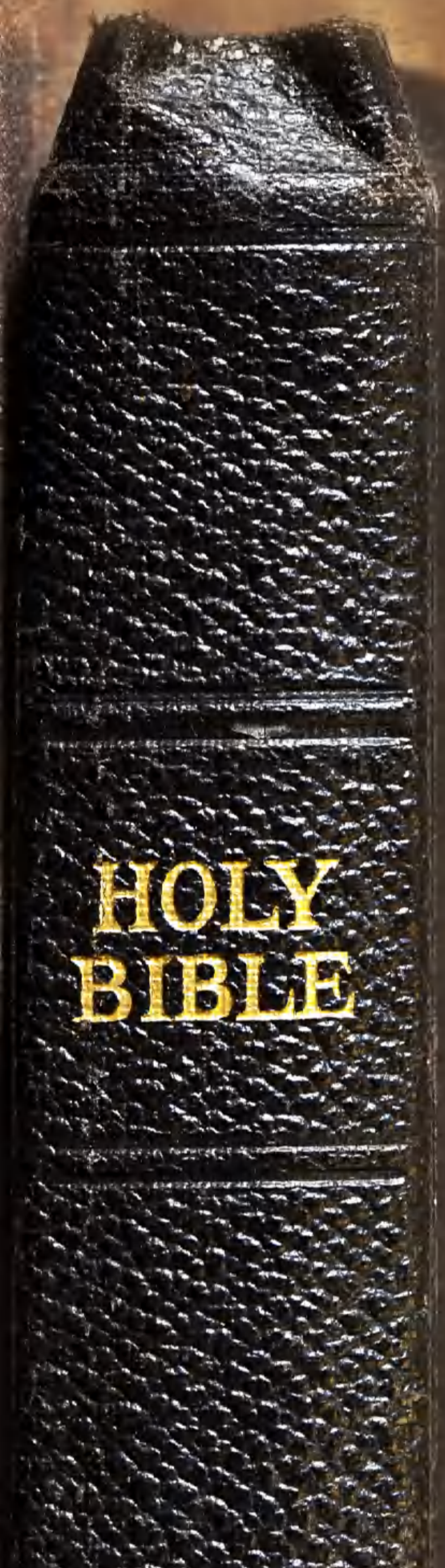

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idea, or *vice versa*, is a matter of some doubt, though we are inclined to believe that James Macpherson was the first to call old Raitts by such a name. James Macpherson is the most famous—or rather the most notorious—of Badenoch's sons; but though his "Ossian" is a forgery from a historical standpoint, and a purely original work from a literary point of view, yet it is to him that Celtic literature owes its two greatest benefits—its being brought prominently before the European world, and, especially, the preservation of the old literature of the Gael as presented in traditional ballads and poems, and in the obscure Gaelic manuscripts which were fast disappearing through ignorance and carelessness.

Lachandhu, the little loch below Belleville, gives the name to Sir Thomas Dick Lauder's novel.

Raitts—the English plural being used to denote that there were three Raitts—Easter, Middle, and Wester. In 1603 the place is called *Reatt*, and Blaeu has *Rait*. The Gaelic is *Ràt*, and this, which is the usual form in Highland place names, is a strengthened form of the older *rath* or *ráith* of Old Irish, which meant a residence surrounded by an earthern rampart. It, in fact, meant the old farm house as it had to be built for protective purposes. For the form *ràt* (from *ràth-d*), compare *Bialaid*, further on, and the Irish names *Kealid* from *caol* and *Croaghat* from *cruach*, which Dr Joyce gives in his second volume of Irish Place Names to exemplify this termination in *d*.

Chapel-park; Gaelic *Pairc-an-t-Seipeil*. This is a modern name, derived from the chapel and kirk-yard that once were there, which was known as the chapel of Ma Luac, the Irish Saint. The older name was the *Tillie* or *Tillie-sow*, where an inn existed, whose "Guidwife" was called Bean-an-Tillie. Some explain *Tillie-sow* as the Gaelic motto that used, it is said, to be over the olden inn doors, viz., "Tadhailibh so"—"Visit here."

Lynchat is now *Bail'-a'-Chait*, Cat-town, instead of Cat's field *(loinn)*.

An Uaimh Mhòir, the Great Cave, is a quarter of a mile away from the highway as we pass Lynchat. It is an "Erd-house," the only one of this class of antiquarian remains that exists in Badenoch. It is in the form of a horse-shoe, which has one limb truncated, about 70 feet long, 8 feet broad, and 7 high. The walls gradually contract as they rise, and the roofing is formed by large slabs thrown over the approaching walls. Tradition says it was made in one night by a rather gigantic race: the women carried the excavated stuff in their aprons and threw it in the Spey,

while the men brought the stones, large and small, on their shoulders from the neighbouring hills. All was finished by morning, and the inhabitants knew not what had taken place. From this mythic ground we come down to the romantic period, when, according to the legend, MacNiven or Mac Gille-naoimh and his nine sons were compelled to take refuge here—some say they made the cave, and long they eluded their Macpherson foes. There was a hut built over the mouth of the cave, and at last it was suspected that something was wrong with this hut. So one of the Macphersons donned beggar's raiment, called at the hut, pretended to be taken suddenly ill, and was, with much demur, allowed to stay all night. There was only one woman in the hut, and she was continually baking; and he could not understand how the bread disappeared in the apparent press into which she put it and which was really the entry into the cave. He at last suspected the truth, returned with a company of men next night, and slew the MacNivens. It is said that this man's descendants suffered from the ailment which he pretended to have on that fateful night.

Laggan, the hollow, now in ruins. Here dwelt the famous Badenoch witch, Bean-an-Lagain.

Kerrow; in Gaelic, *An Ceathramh*, the fourth part—of the davoch doubtless—the davoch of "Kingussie Beige" (1603), with its "four pleuches."

Kingussie. Already discussed under the heading of Kingussie parish.

Ardvroilach: Gaelic *Ard-bhroighleach;* in 1603, *Ardbrelache.* The form *broighleach* seems a genitive plural from the same root form as *broighleag*, the whortleberry. The word *broighlich* (brawling) scarcely suits with *ard*, a height.

Pitmain. The Gaelic is only a rendering of the English sounds: *Piodmé'an.* In 1603 it is *Petmeane.* The reason for their being no Gaelic form of this word is simply this. The great inn and stables of the Inverness road were here, and the name Pit-meadhan, "middle town," was adopted into the English tongue. The Gaelic people, meantime, had been abolishing all the *pet* or *pit* names, and changing them to *Bals*, but this one was stereotyped in the other tongue, and the local Gael had to accept the English name or perpetuate an offending form. He chose to adopt the English pronounciation.

Balachroan; Bellochroan (1603); Gaelic *Baile-'Chrothain*, the town of the sheepfiold. Above it was *Coulinlinn*, the nook of the lint, where an old branch of Macphersons lived.

Aldlarie; Gaelic *Allt-Làirigh*, the stream of the *làrach* or gorge.

Strone means "nose."

Newtonmore is the new town of the Moor—An Sliabh.

Clune and *Craggan of Clune.* The Gaelic *cluain* signifies meadow land, whether high or low, in dale or on hill.

Benchar, *Bannachar* (1603), *Beandocher* (1614), and now *Beannachar*, Irish *beannchar* (horns, gables, peaks), Welsh *Bangor.* It is a very common place name. The root is *beann* or *beinn* (a hill).

Beallid, in 1603 *Ballet*, in 1637 *Ballid*, now *Bialaid*, so named from being at the mouth of Glen-banchor—*bial* (mouth), with a termination which is explained under *Raitts.* A "pendicle" of it, called *Corranach*, is often mentioned, which probably means the "knowey" place.

Cladh Bhrì'd and *Cladh Eadail*, Bridget's and Peter's (?) Kirk-yards, are the one at Benchar and the other along from Beallid, the latter being generally called *Cladh-Bhiallaid.* Chapels existed there also at one time.

Ovie, in 1603 *Owey* (and Corealdye, now Coraldie, corrie of streams or cliffs), Blaeu's *Owie*, now *Ubhaidh*, appears to be a derivative of *ubh*, egg: it is a genitive or locative of *ubhach*, spelt and pronounced of old as *ubhaigh.* Mrs Grant describes Lochan Ovie as beauty in the lap of terror, thus suggesting the derivation usually given of the name, viz., *uamhaidh*, dreadful. Some lone-some lakes of dread near Ballintian are called *Na h-uath Lochan*, the dread lakes.

Cluny, Clovnye (1603), now *Cluainidh.* The root is *cluain* (meadow), and the termination is doubtless that in *A' Chluanach*, a cultivated plateau behind Dunachton, and the dative singular of this abstract form would give the modern Cluny from the older *cluanaigh.*

Balgowan, Pettegovan (1603), now *Bail'-a-Ghobhainn*, the town of the smith.

Gask-beg, Gask-more, Gargask, Drumgask—all with *Gask*, and all near one another about Laggan Bridge. There is an older *Gasklone*, Mud-Gask, the *Gascoloyne* of 1603, Gasklyne (1644), and Gaskloan (1691). The form *Gask* appears in the Huntly rental of 1603. The name Gask is common; there is Gask parish in Strathearn, Perthshire, and there is a Gask in Strathnairn, a Gask Hill in Fife, and Gask House near Turriff. The name Gaskan appears more than once, and in one instance applies to a rushy hollow (Gairloch). We have Fingask in four counties —Aberdeen, Fife, Inverness (in the Aird, but the Gaelic is now

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With these names we must connect the adjoining glen name, *Glenshirra*, Gaelic *Glenn Sìoro*, a name which appears also in Argyleshire, near Inverary, as Glenshira, Glenshyro (1572), traversed by the *Shira* stream. The root word appears to be *sìr* or *sìor*, long. Some suggest *siaradh*, squinting, obliqueness.

Aberarder, Blaeu's *Abirairdour*, Gaelic *Obair-ardur*. There is an Aberarder (Aberardor in 1456, and Abirardour in 1602) in Strathnairn, and another in Deeside, and an Auchterarder in Strathearn. The *Aber* is the Pictish and Welsh prefix for "confluence," Gaelic *inver*. The *ardour* is etymologised in the Ordnance map as Ard-dhoire, high grove. The word may be from *ard dobhar*, high water, for the latter form generally appears in place names as *dour*.

Ardverikie has been explained correctly in the "Province of Moray," published in 1798, as "Ard Merigie, the height for rearing the standard." The Gaelic is *Ard Mheirgidh*, from *meirge*, a standard.

Gallovie.—See under Blargie.

Muccoul is from *Muc-cùil*, Pigs' nook.

Achduchil means the field of the black wood.

Dalchully, Gaelic *Dail-chuilidh*. The word *cuilidh* signifies a press or hollow. It means the "dale of the hollow or recess."

Tynrich is for Tigh-an-Fhraoich, house of the heath.

Catlodge, in 1603 *Cattelleitt*, and in 1776 *Catleak*, is in present Gaelic *Caitleag*, the Cat's Hollow. The form *cait* is unusual; we should, by analogy with Muc-cùil and other names where an animal's name comes first in a possessive way, expect *Catlaig* rather than *Caitleag*.

Breakachy, *Brackachye* (1603), is usually explained as *Breac-achaidh*, speckled field; but the latter part in *achaidh* is as likely to be a matter of affixes, viz., *ach-aigh*. We shall now cross the hills into Glentruim and up Loch Ericht side. There at Loch Ericht Lodge we have

Dail-an-Longairt, in 1773 *Rea Delenlongart*, and on the other side of the ridge is *Coire-an-Longairt* (Cory Longart 1773), while there is an *Eilean Longart* above Garvamore bridge and "Sheals of Badenlongart" in Gaick above the confluence of Bran, according to the 1773 map. *Longart* itself means a shealing, the older form being *longphort*, a harbour or encampment.

Dalhwinnie, in Gaelic *Dail-chuinnidh*, is usually explained as *Dail-choinnimh*, Meeting's Dell; but the phonetics forbid the derivation. Professor Mackinnon has suggested the alternative of

the "narrow *dail.*" Dalwhinnie was a famous station in the old coaching days, and the following verse shows how progress northwards might be made :—

Brakbhaist am Baile-chloichridh
Lunch an Dail-na-ceardaich
Dinneir an Dail-chuinnidh
'S a' bhanais ann an Ràt.

Presmuckerach, not the Ordnance *Presmocachie*, is in 1603 *Presmukra*, that is *I'reas-Mucraigh*, bush of piggery or pigs.

Dalannach, which the Ordnance map etymologises into *Dail-gleannach* or Glen-dale, was in 1603 *Dallandache*, and is now *Dail-annach*. The old form points to the word *lann* or *land*, an enclosure or glade. The Irish *Annagh*, for *Eanach*, a marsh, will scarcely do, as the name appears in Loch Ennich in its proper Gaelic phonetics.

Crubinmore, *Crobine* (1603), now *Crùbinn*. The names *Crubeen*, *Cruboge*, *Slievecroob*, &c., appear in Ireland, and are referred by Dr Joyce to *crùb* (a paw, hoof), *crúibin* (a trotter, little hoof). The Gaelic *crùbach* (lame), and *crùban* (a crouching), are further forms of the root word, a locative case from the latter form being possibly our Crubin, referring to the two "much back-bent hills there."

Etteridge, *Ettras* (1603), *Etrish* (1776), is in Gaelic *Eatrais*. The name of Phoineas cannot be disconnected with Etteridge, for the former in Gaelic is *Fothrais* or *Fotharais*, with the Pictish prefix *fother*, while Etteridge has the proposition *eadar* (between) as its first part. The terminal part *ais*, is common in place names, such as Dallas, Duffus, and Forres, the latter being practically our Phoness ; and this Lachlan Shaw explains as being *uis* (water). It seems to be first for an older *asti*, this for *osti*, and this again for Celtic *vostis*, a town or *baile*. The word *fois* (rest) is from this root.

Nessintullich, *Nesintuliche* (1603), now *Niosantulaich*, is probably for *Neasan-tulaich*, the place beside the hillock, *neasan*, the next place, which is an Irish word, from *neasa* (nearer).

Phoines, *Foynes* (1603), has already been discussed. How the *n* comes to stand in the English for Gaelic *r* is very puzzling.

Invernahavon, *Invernavine* (1603), means the confluence of the river, that is, of the Truim with Spey.

Ralia, Gaelic *Rath-liath*, means the grey *rath* or dwelling-place.

Nuide, *Nuid* (1603), *Noid* (1699), now *Noid*. The derivation suggested for the name is *nuadh-id*, a topographic noun from the adjective *nuadh* or *nodha*, new ; of old, "Noid of Ralia."

Knappach, in Gaelic *A' Chnapaich*, the hilly or knobby land. It is a common place-name, especially in Ireland, appearing there as Knappagh and Nappagh.

Ruthven, which is also the first form the name appears in in 1370, when the "Wolf" took possession of the lordship of Badenoch. It was here he had his castle. In 1380 the name is *Rothven* and *Ruthan*. The name is common all over Pictland, mostly in the form Ruthven, but also at various times and places spelt Ruthfen, Ruwen, Ruven, Riv(v)en, &c. The modern Gaelic is *Ruadhinn*, which simply means the "red place," from *ruadhan*, anything red. The *v* of the English form lacks historic explanation. *Brae-ruthven* gives the phonetically interesting Gaelic *Bré-ruadhnach*.

Gordon Hall (so in 1773 also) is in Gaelic *Lag-an-Nòtair*, the Notary's Hollow, for it is a hollow. The name and its proximity to Ruthven Castle mutually explain one another: Gordon Hall was doubtless the seat of the Gordon lords of Badenoch, when the castle of Ruthven was changed to barrack purposes. Here the rents used to be "lifted" for the Gordon estates.

Killiehuntly, *Keillehuntlye* (1603), Blaeu's *Kyllehunteme*, in present Gaelic *Coille-Chuntainn*, the wood of Contin. Huntly is in Gaelic *Hundaidh*, and M'Firbis, in the 16th century, has Hundon; hence arises the English form. The popular mind still connects it with the Huntlies. Contin is a parish in Ross-shire, and there was a Contuinn in Ireland, on the borders of Meath and Cavan, which is mentioned in connection with Fionn's youthful exploits. It has been explained as the meeting of the waters, *con-* (with) and *tuinn* (waves), but the matter is doubtful.

Inveruglas, *Inneruglas* (1603), in Gaelic *Inbhir-ùlais*, the *inver* of *Ulas*, although no such stream exists now, receives its explanation from the old Retours, for in 1691 we have mention of Inveruglash and its mill-town on the water of Duglass, which means the stream passing the present Milton. Hence it means the *inver* of the Duglass or dark stream, *dubh* (black), and *glais* (stream).

Soillierie, in Gaelic *Soileiridh*, means the "bright conspicuous place," on the rising beyond the Insh village.

Lynchlaggan stands for the Gaelic *Loinn-Chlaiginn*, the Glade of the Skull, possibly referring to the knoll above it rather than to an actual skull there found; the name is applied in Ireland to such skull-like hills.

Am Beithe means the Birch.

Farletter is the old name for Balnacraig and Lynchlaggan, and it appears in 1603 as *Ferlatt* and *Falatrie* (1691). It took its

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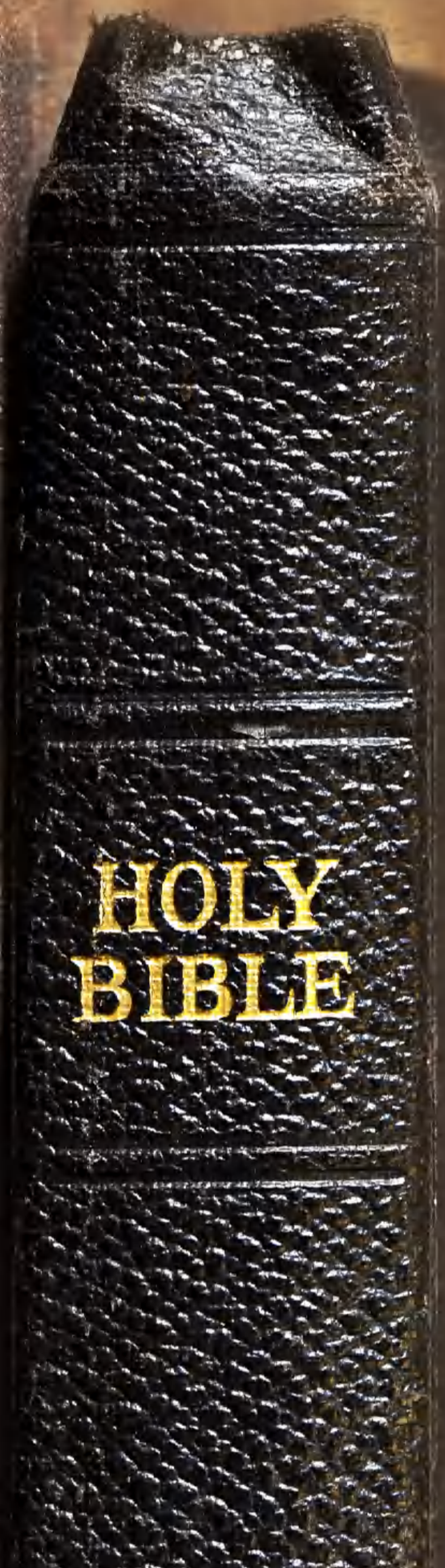

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Lews acquired it by marrying the heiress of Macnicol of Assyut, till the latter half of the seventeenth century, when Neil Macleod was deprived of it by the Mackenzies of Seaforth. The commonly received story of the loss of the estate is that Neil, who, in 1649, seized the Marquis of Montrose after his defeat in Ross-shire, and sold him to the Covenanters for £20,000 Scots and 400 bolls of sour meal, was, after the Restoration, so persecuted by the Government and the Mackenzies that in some way or other he lost the estate, and the Mackenzies succeeded to it. The precise manner in which he was deprived of it has, however, not been condescended on by the writers on the subject, and the following "Information" may therefore be of interest to the members of this Society, and of use to the future Highland historian. The document was written in 1738 for the use of the Laird of Macleod, who interested himself in the dispossessed family. It came into the possession of the famous Simon Lord Lovat, with whose papers it passed into the hands of the Rev. Donald Fraser of Killearnan. It now belongs to Mr Fraser's great grandson, the Rev. Hector Fraser of Halkirk, who has kindly placed it at my disposal.

INFORMATON CONCERNING THE METHOD BY WHICH THE McLEODS WERE DISPOSSESSED OF THE ESTATE OF ASSINT—WRITTEN ANNO 1738.

It is tho't fit to make a short naratione of the hardships which Neil of Assiut and his family suffered from the family of Seaforth and the Friends yreof which ended in the possessing at length of the sd Assints Estates, together wt a brief accott of the original ground and Claime upon qch yey at first pretended to found yeir right, and cruel procedure, and of ye steps taken by Niel of Assiut for recovering of his right and that for the informaton of the Lawyer to be employed by the Laird of McLeod whatever use yey may have opportunity to make yereof in Pleading or otherwise.

Its hopd that as yere is a younger son[1] of the family by a Second marriage that pretends some right to the Estate of Assiut, it will not be improper to give some accott how the late Niel, who was the direct heir male of ye Family, attained the possession of the Estate, and is as follows:—Donald McLeod, alias Nielson of Assint, and grand fayr [father] to the Late Niel, was first married to a Daugr of Lord Reays, by whom he had Niel, who was Fayr to the late Niel of Assint, and John, who was Fayr to Captain Donald McLeod of Geanzies. Niel, son to Donald, died young, a long time before his Fayr,[2] leaving his two sons Niel and John infants

[1] Macleod of Cadboll descended from Hugh, son of Donald Macleod of Assynt, by Christian Ross, his second wife.

[2] Mackenzie (History of Macleods, page 410) says that Neil was tenth of Assynt, and "does not seem to have long outlived his father." It appears from this Information that he predeceased his father.

to yeir grandfayrs care, but yr Grandmother dying before Niel his son married, Donald married —. Ross, Daugr to Pitcalney, by whom he had two sons, the eldest called Donald commonly called Donald Baine Oig, and Second Hugh, yrafter of Cambuscurry, whose Second Son Angus was Fayr to this Cadboll, there being no direct Issue now liveing of his Son Roderick, but one Daugr now married To John Urquhart of Mount Eagle. Donald's second wife haveing got the management of her husband (he being old) and of his Estates She wt the Rents yrof purchased Pluscardies apprising and Severall other debts on the Estate, and bought the Lands of Cambuscurry from her Broyr Pitcalny, and took Assignation to all those debts in the Person of her eldest son Donald qo by virtue yreof possessed the Estate severall years, tho his fayr was alive, but he dying unmaeried before his Fayr was succeeded by his Broyr Hugh who possessed the Estate for two years till his nephew Niel the Late Assin was Major, at which time Hugh disponed him the Estate, who thereon was infeft, as appears by an instrument yreon dated the 12th Septr 1649, and registrate the 8th Jany 1650, Fol. 65 and 66, Vols. 1st, John Gray, Notar.

Tho it is probable by qt follows that Hugh, upon disponing the Estate to Niel, did not give up all the Rights and Tittles His Broyr and he had to the sd Estate, its likely yt some of ym have come into hands that now have tho't of Quarrelling Niel's Tittle by saying that Hugh did not serve heir or make up proper tittles To his Broyr Donald, tho he disponed Neil the Estates; but as Niel was in possession of the Estate from the year 1650 to 1672, when he was violently dispossessed by Seaforth, and was also from ye year 1672 to 1692 (when he obtained the decret of Spoulizie) endeavouring to recover his right, and the Mackenzies have possessed it upon Niel's Right from that time till now, and this being about 90 years, it is expected that these rights, tho better founded than they seem to be, will not now avail much. It is also to be noticed that on the reduction and Improbation which Niel executed agst all his creditors Hugh his uncle is contained in it, and his son Angush the late of Cadboll.

It appears also that Niel pursued his uncle Hugh in a process of exhibition, in qch there was an Act and Commission ordaining Hugh to depone before the Sheriff depute of Sutherland on the writts he had belonging to Niel, and tho Hugh compeared Niel was not willing that his oath should be received till first he had delivered and given him the whole writts and Evidences of the Estate of Assint, which the sd Hugh had in his possession, and which he was obliged to give him conform to the bond of

Alienation and Disposition made and granted by the said Hugh to him of the sd Estate, and upon upgivving of them he was willing to take his Oath as to all other writs and evidents which he had, as appeais by ye prinll [principal] Instrument extant dated at Dunrobin the 12 of Septr 1683.

It is to be adverted that the following narrative is taken from som old papers write for Niel McLeod of Assint, chiefly these which follow, viz. :—

1st. Informa'on (Anno 1673) Niel McLeod of Assint, contra the Earle of Seaforth and the name of McKenzie, showing yir inhuman dealings with him and his family.

2nd. Anoyr information (Anno 1683) ye Tittle whereof is in words to the same proport wt the former.

3rd. Information for the Laird of Assiut agst ye Earle of Seaforth, and his Brother, Mr John McKenzie, and oyrs (Anno 1684), Beside oyr Papers yt may be hereafter mentiond.

From qt is represented in yese informations, it would [appear] that from the time yt Seaforth made a right (such as it was) to the Isle of Lews for paymt of 10,000 mks, and afterwards, in Lieu of that, for a mile of the wood of Letterew, that he and his family had it still in view to make ymselves masters of the Estate of McLeod of Assint qo was Lineal heir to the Estate of Lews.

In consequence of this view and design, Seaforth purchased Sevrall old Claims (some of ym very unjust, as they are particlary represented in Niel's information, Anno 1673) agst Assint, qch were put in person of Pluscardy, Seaforth's Brother. In 1637 Seaforth and Pluscardy, by virtue of these claims and ye Tittles founded thereon, gave a Wadsett of ye Lands of Assint To Kenneth McKenzie of Scatwell, for Security of 40,000 mks, Anno 1640. The Legal of those Claims and Apprisings being expired, Seaforth did, with his friends and Clan, to the number of 1000 men, Invade Assint, and did yere committ great outrages. He being for this pursued at Law, was decerned in 40,000 pds Scots of Dammages This payd a great part of his claim, and qt remained was payed, or oyrwise transacted, as appears by what follows :—

The Ld [Lord] Register Tarbat, being Long after yt called as a Witness in the Process of Spoulize of Assint's Charter Chiest, depones in the following tearmes, viz. :—That he, the depon't, haveing right by Assignation from John McKenzie of Scatwell to an infeftm'nt of annual rent of ye sum of 40,000 mks, granted by George, Earle of Seaforth, and Thomas McKenzie of Pluscardine, To Kenneth McKenzie, Fayr to the Sd John, in the Lands and Estate of Assint, in ye year 1637, or in ye year 1638, or yere

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Seaforths command, and Niel of Assiut himself, then a minor, being a friend in Seaforth's House at Braen, Seaforth ordred his men in the Highlands to fall upon Assints Estate, where yey made fearful Havock, carried away, as Niel represents, 3000 cows, 2000 horses, 7000 sheep and goats, and burnt the habitations of 180 Familys. When complaint was made of this at the South, Seaforth was brought of by the interest of Middletown and by virtue of a Capitulation which he had with Seaforth yn in the North.

In the year 1654 Seaforth led about a body of his own men wt a part of the broken army under the command of Middletown to Assint and made great depredations, destroyed a very great Quantity of Wine and Brandy which the Laird of Assiut had bought, besides other commodities, in all to the value of 50,000 mrks out of a Ship then on that Coast, Carryed of 2400 Cows, 1500 Horses, about 6000 Sheep and Goats, besides that he burnt and destroyed many familys. Assiut was not lyable in Law to any such usage from them haveing Receipts from Seaforth and Lord Reay for his proportion of thc Levie apptd at that time for the Kings Service. When Middleton came to that country he declare l he had given no Warrant for what Seaforth had done, and that in presence of the Lord McDonald and Sr George Munro, &c. When Assint pursued Seaforth before the English Judges of the time, Seaforth defeated his process by proveing that Assint had been in Armes agst the English, and did then alleadge no Cause for the Injuries done by him to Assint but a private quarrell. But when Assint did afterwards at the Restoraton pursue Seaforth, he alleadged in Defence that he had acted by a warrant from Middletown who was then Commissioner to the Parliament. But Niel says if yere was any such warrant it was certainly given posterior to the Injuries done him. However things stood yn in such way that Niel was not Likely to procure any Justice.

It is to be observed that after the Restoration Niel of Assiut under went great disadvantages on accott of Montrose,[1] who had been unluckly taken in his country, and for which Niel was accused and pursued criminally at Edr., but he haveing proved that he was when Montrose was taken at no less than 60 milles Distance from his country, and that he had no hand in it, he was by an Assize assoilzied as innocent of the Sd process.

And to make it further evident that he had no hand in That barbarous Cruel action, he was put under So great hardships by the Ld of Seaforth and his friends that he was obliged in the year 1674 to procure a Remission (whereof yre is a noteriall copy

[1] See Hist. of Macleods, 411-419. Wishart's Life of Montrose, 377.

extent) for defending his house of Assint, and tho the Sd remission containing all the Crimes[1] that could be imagined or mustered up agst him there is not the Least mention made of his being accessory to the tragicall action qch could not possibly be if He had not been formerly assoilzied, as that crime was much greater yan all the Rest contained in the remission; however, the pred-juices that had been conceived upon that Accott were so strong agst him that his Enemies had great advantage thereby wt respect to all their methods by which yey did effectuate his Ruine.

But the Claime upon qch the McKenzies did principally found their pretended right to Assints Estate was this which follows:—

Neil of Assint wt. McKenzie of Scatwell did unluckly become Catr. [cautioner] in a Bond granted by Ross of Little Tarroll for about 150 pds. Sterline, upon which anno 1656 apprising was Laid agst the Estate of Assint at the instance of the Laird of May, in whose person the Claim was intrust for McKenzie of Scatwell, one of the Cationers to whom the same was afterwards assigned by May· Scatwell assigned it to Sr. George McKenzie of Tarbat and Mr John McKenzie, Second Son to the Earle of Seaforth. Niel Represents that qn. he apprehended danger from the Claim he fell upon proper methods towards purgeing his Estate of ye same, but that he was disuaded from it by the Lord Tarbat his Cousin German, who promised, he says, and swore solemnly before many witnesses, that the Catry. and apprising should not militate agst him and his estate, and that his paying of the debt would irritate Seaforth agst him, as qt would disapoint another design of his.

There is also a Copy of an Instrumt., John McCurchy, Notar dated 21 Septr. 1667, desiring and Requiring Kenneth E. of Seaforth to receive the sd. sum contained in Little Tarroll's Bond Prinlls. and @ rents [annual rents or interest], as also all· the by gon feu duties that were resting, and that in the new Kirk of Edr., within 40 days after the date of the sd. Instrument, and its thot. that the prinll. Instrument as weell as the Instrument of Consigna'on wis among Assint's papers when Spoulizied. Howevir some years yereafter, viz. in the year 1668 or 1699 or 1670, the Legal of the apprising being expired, Decreet of Mailes and Duties was obtained upon the claim agst. the Estate of Assint and ejection agst. himself. Upon pursueing this ejection in 1671, severall illegall steps were alleadged agst. Assint, particularly holding out the Castle of Ard· break agst. the King and his oyrwise violently opposing the

[1] In 1674 he was tried for various crimes, including the betrayal of Mon-trose.—Hist. of Macleods, 417.

Ejection, whereupon Niel of Assiut (who it seems had been negligent in defending himself agst. the forsd accusations) was denounced Rebell, and Commission of fire and sword was obtained in Jully 1672 agst. him and his people, directed to Ld. Strathnair [Strathnaver] and Lovat, Fowles, &c.

The Body of men ordred to execute that Commission to the number as Niel represents of 2300 invaded Assint the forsd year 1672, and committed most horrid Barbarities (particulary narrated in Niel's Informations), till all ye country of Assiut was destroyed.

Niel haveing under the benefit of a protection gon to commune with Seaforth, he gave Niel a Certificate of his having obeyed the King's Laws, and 15 days to advise about a proposition he had made him of his disponing his estate to him. But Niel thinking it not safe or fit for him to return, resolved to go South to Edr. and to carry his Charter Chest wt. him. Seaforth being apprehensive, it seems, of the consequence of Assint's goeing to Edr. immediately entered into Correspondence and concert about the matter with the Laird of May in Caithness. The consequence was: Assint being driven by unfavourable wind to the Orkneys, the Laird of May wt. a body of men seized him there, to be sure under the notion of an outlaw, and by Commission from Seaforth stripd him to his shirt, robbd him of everything, particularly of his Charter Chest and of all the Writtes and Evidents belonging to his family and Estate, carried them to the Castle of May qre he was keept prisoner in a Vault. From thence he was carried prisoner under a strong guard to Taine, 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 Spoulizie) Niel was many months detained prisoner in a Vault in most miserable circumstances, still threatened wt. worse usage if he would not agree to subscribe a blank paper, probably designed for a Disposition to his Estate, which was, it seems, the great thing designed to be procured from him by all this bad usage. At last Niel was brought South to Edr., where he arrived after being in 13 or 16 Prisons, and in end he obtained the Remission formerly mentioned.

Its evident that now the McKenzies had as great advantage as they could wish for effectuating yeir design agst Assint and his family and Estate. Their own great interest and power in these times is well known. Tho Assint was not at length found to have any hand in Takeing of Montrose, yet was he for many years harrassd and imprisond on that accott, and was under Cloud for it, it haveing happened in his country and perhaps some of his

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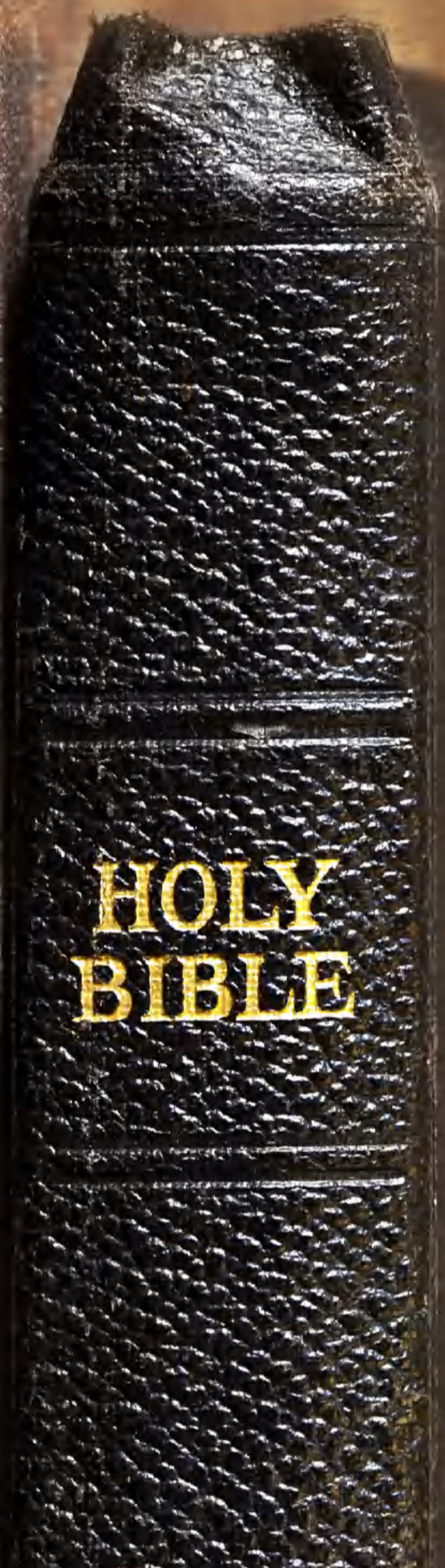

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tittle In his person to the Lands of Assint, 2 That he was at the Horn, and so had no personam Standi in Judices. There is extant an information for Niel Ao. 1682, which contains very pertinent answers to yese objections qch may be Shewen if thre shall be occasion. But the Writes and Evidences that were needfull for Niel in the above and othr processes being taken from him qn he was Robbd of his Charter Chest, and being in the hands of his chief adversaries he was advised stop in his process of Reduction, and to commence a Process of Spoulizie agst Seaforth, May, and oyrs concerned in the Spoulizie and detention of his Chartar Chest and Writtes. Accordingly he raised a Process of Spoulizie agst Seaforth, May, Dumbeth, and some others. By the depositions taken in that process it appeared that the Chartar Chest was brought to Seaforth's house. But Seaforth haveing dyed while the Process was in dependence there appears in the Process an Oath of his Successor, who Swears that he not then nor formerly had the Chartar Chest nor knew what was become of it; And as he was not charged with having a hand in the Spoulizie he was freed yreof and of the consequences of it by the Lords. Neil haveing given in an Inventar of ye writtes contained in his chest, his oath in litem was taken thereanent, And he referred his expense and Dammage to the judgement of the Lords. They did Ao. 1692 decern the Soum of 2000 Libs Scots of Expences and Dammages to be payed To him by the defenders, Supersiding the further modification of the dammages till the Sd Neil should give a more par'lar condescendance yereanent. But it is needless to insist more fully on this part of the information, Seeing a more full and exact view may be easily got by perusing the Decreet of Spoulizie now in the hands of ——.

It is only to be narrated on this head that Neil of his own assigned the Decreet of Spoulizie above narrated to his nephew and Lineal Heir, Captain Donald Macleod of Gainzies, who has done dilligence thereon. The same remains as the ground of a present depending Process Ao. 1738, for what yreof is unpayd.

The unfortunate gentleman Niel M'Leod, Laird of Assint, being unabled by unparalelled bad usage, trouble, and poverty, and at length by old age, it does not appear that he went any further towards obtaining of Justice than what is above narrated in Relaton to the Process's of Reduction and Spoulizie.

Tho Niel of Assiut, under all these disadvantages, and especially by reason of the want of his writts, was able to Doe so little for himself and his family, his adversaries were not wanting to use their Endeavours to make ye best Tittles they could in Law

(however its founded as to materiall Justice) and for this end harrassed him wt Processes of Reduction, &c. The chief thing that was done this way was by Roderick M'Kenzie of Preston Hall,[1] who at length conveyed his claim and Tittles to Mr John M'Kenzie of Assint,[2] on condition of paying to him the soum of 10,000 merks, which is the foundation of the Claim presently insisted in by Alexr. M'Kenzie of Frazerdale[3] and Hugh Fraser of Lovat, Esqr., his son, agst the Estate of Assiut, in relation to which Claim there will be a short information soon sent of objections and what else may occurr.

During the dependence of Niel's Process of reduction above-mentioned, seeing he forsaw that he could not himself so easily be able to bring the same to the desired issue So soon as would be necessary for him; yet that his family and Estate might not altogether be lost to his Kindred and next Heir, he did make an agreemt. thereanent with his best and most considerable relation, John, Laird of M'Leod, and did, for certain onerous causes, make a disposition of his whole Estate of Assint to him, dated at Ednr., Novr. 24th, 1681 years, which Disposition is now the foundation of a Process commenc'd by the present Laird of M'Leod, his grandson, Ao. 1738.

From what is above briefly narrated, it may be easily perceived by what harsh and unjust and Crewl methods the M'Leods were deprived and dispossessed of the Estate of Assint, their ancient inheritance. If more par'lar accotts are wanted the nearest relations of yt family will be ready to give what further information they can from such old papers as are in their hands.

26th MARCH, 1890.

The paper for this date was by Mr Alex. Macpherson, solicitor, Kingussie, on the Biallid MSS. Mr Macpherson's paper was as follows :—

SELECTIONS FROM THE MSS. OF THE LATE CAPTAIN MACPHERSON, BIALLID.

The following papers have been selected from the manuscripts of the late Captain Lachlan Macpherson of the 52nd Regiment, long so popularly known in Badenoch as "Old Biallid," who died

[1] Brother of Lord Tarbat.
[2] Son of Seaforth.
[3] Son of Preston Hall.

at Biallid, in the Parish of Kingussie, on 20th May, 1858, at the ripe old age of eighty-nine, and whose memory is still cherished with pride by every native of the district.

Of superior mental capacity and force of character, and as upright and true-hearted a Highlander as ever trod the heather, Captain Macpherson was widely known and honoured far beyond the limits of Badenoch as one of the ablest and most patriotic men of his time in the North. No less distinguished, as he was, for his intimate and accurate knowledge of the history, traditions, and folklore of the central Highlands, the manuscripts left by him possess considerable historical interest, and have been kindly given to me by his grandson, Mr Macpherson of Corrimony, with permission to have such portions thereof as might be deemed suitable printed in the "Transactions" of this Society.

The selections which follow have accordingly been made, embracing (1) The Old Deer Forests of Badenoch; (2) Macniven's Cave, or the old cave of Raitts in Badenoch; (3) The Clan Battle on the North Inch of Perth in 1396; (4) The Battle of Glenfruin; (5) The Battle of Blarleine; and (6) Colonel John Roy Stewart. To the account of the Badenoch Deer Forests, there is appended a jotting in pencil to the effect that it was writen in 1838 "at Cluny's request, for a gentleman who intended to write a history of the Scottish Forests." That account is, with sundry imaginary dialogues, narrated in *Scrope's Deer Stalking in the Scottish Highlands* [1]—originally published about half a century ago—the narrative being prefaced by the remark that "the account I am about to relate, *as well as I can from memory*, was most obligingly given to me by Cluny Macpherson, Chief of Clan Chattan, a very celebrated and accomplished sportsman." The author of that work, in giving the particulars of the Badenoch Forests, lets his imagination run riot in the way of prefacing and interlarding the narrative with the most absurd gibberish put into the mouth of an apocryphal "Gown-Cromb, or blacksmith of some village in Badenoch." In a colloquy between an Athole man and the so-called "Gown-Cromb," the Athole man is represented as speaking the most refined Saxon, while the Badenoch "Gown" is represented as holding forth in the most incongruous Highland-English, after the following fashion :—

"Hout-tout! ye're a true Sassenach, an' the like o' ye chiels aye ca' liftin' stealin', which is na joost Christian-like."

"Well, what would you give for such bonny braes, and birks,

[1] I am indebted to a learned and courteous correspondent of the *Northern Chronicle* for directing my attention to this work.

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The following account of the Old Badenoch forests is exactly as given in Old Biallid's MSS., the spelling simply of the names of places in a few instances being modernized :—

The Earls of Huntly possessed by far the most extensive range of Hills, as Deer Forests, in Britain. They commenced at Ben-Avon in Banffshire, and terminated at Ben-Nevis near Fort-William —a distance of about seventy miles—without a break, except the small estate of Rothiemurchus, which is scarcely two miles in breadth where it intersects the Forest. This immense tract of land was divided into seven distinct divisions, each of which was given in charge of the most influential gentleman in its neighbourhood. The names of these divisions or Forests are—1st, Ben-Avon ; 2nd, Glenmore, including Cairngorm ; 3rd, Brae-Feshie ; 4th, Gaick ; 5th, Drumuachdar ; 6th, Ben-Alder, including Farron ; and 7th, Lochtreig, which extended from the Badenoch March to Ben-Nevis. The extent of these divisions was nearly as follows :—Ben-Avon about 20 square miles, Glenmore 20, Brae-Feshie 15, Gaick 30, Drumuachdar 25, Ben-Alder 50, and Lochtreig 60 square miles—in all, 220 square miles. The whole, however, were not solely appropriated for the rearing of deer, for tenants were allowed to erect shealings on the confines of the forest, and their cattle were permitted to pasture as far as they chose throughout the day, but they must be brought back to the shealing in the evening, and such as were left in the forest over night were liable to be poinded. These regulations did very well between Huntly and his tenants, but they opened a door for small proprietors, who held in feu from the Gordon family, to make encroachments, and in the course of time to acquire a property to which they had not the smallest title. The old forest laws in Scotland were exceedingly severe, if not barbarous. Mutilation and even death was sometimes inflicted. It is related that Macdonald of Keppoch hanged one of his own clan to appease Cluny Macpherson of the time for depredations committed in the forest of Ben-Alder, and it is a well-known fact that another hunter, called John Our, had an eye put out and his right arm amputated for a similar offence. It is also said that he killed deer even in that mutilated state. No alteration took place until after the rising of 1745, when the whole were let as grazings except Gaick, which the Duke of Gordon continued as a deer forest until about the year 1788, when it was let as a sheep walk, and continued so until 1826, when the late Duke of Gordon (then Marquis of Huntly) re-established it. It is now rented by Sir Joseph Radcliff, but as he takes in black cattle to graze in summer,

the number of deer is not great, perhaps not more than two or three hundred. The deer in this forest are small, and are principally hinds, but in all the other named forests it was not uncommon to kill harts that weighed twenty-four and even twenty-seven imperial stones.

The forest of Ben-Alder is now rented by the Marquis of Abercorn, but as the sheep were only turned off in 1836, there are not many deer as yet; however, as the Marquis of Breadalbane's forest is not far distant, they will no doubt accumulate rapidly. This forest lies on the north-west side of Locherrichd, and contains an area of from 30 to 35 square miles. Its lie is in a south-west direction. The boundary on the south-west is the small River Alder, on the north-west, Beallachnadui (the dark vale), and the River Caalrath, and on the north-east it is bounded by Lochpattag and Farron. The mountains are high, probably near 4000 feet above the level of the sea, and there is a lake about two miles in circumference, at an elevation of at least 2500 feet, abounding with trout of excellent quality. It is called *Loch Beallach-a-Bhea.* The legends connected with this forest are many, and some of them are interesting, for in Ben-Alder is the cave that sheltered Prince Charlie for about three months after he made his escape from the islands where he very imprudently entangled himself. When he came to Ben-Alder he was in a most deplorable state, full of rags, vermin, &c., &c., but there everything was put to rights, and during that period he made considerable progress in the Gaelic language. It is unnecessary to add that Cluny Macpherson and Lochiel were his companions, attended by three or four trusty Highlanders, who brought him every necessary, and many of the luxurys of life.

Cluny Macpherson had generally the charge of this forest in olden times, and upon one occasion a nephew of his (a young man) met a party of the Macgregors of Rannoch on a hunting excursion. There were six of them, but Macpherson having a stronger party, demanded their arms. To this the Macgregor leader consented, except his own arms, which he declared should not be given to any man except Cluny personally. Macpherson, however, persisted in disarming the whole, and in the attempt to seize Macgregor, was shot dead upon the spot. The Macgregors of course fled, and effected their escape except one that was wounded in the leg, and who died through loss of blood. This unlucky circumstance, however, was not attended with any farther bad consequences. On the contrary, it had the effect of renewing an ancient treaty between the two clans for mutual protection

and support. When Cluny Macpherson resolved on going to France on account of the share he had in the Rising of 1745, he called upon a gentleman with whom he was intimate, and who was a noted deer-stalker (Mr Macdonald of Tulloch), and said that he wished to kill one deer before quitting his native country for ever. The proposal was quite agreeable to Macdonald, and they accordingly proceeded to Ben-Alder. They soon discovered a solitary hart on the top of a mountain, but just as they got within shot of him, he started off at full gallop for about two miles. He then stood for a few minutes as if considering whether he had had any real cause of alarm, and then deliberately walked back to the very spot from where he first started, and was shot dead by Cluny, a circumstance that was considered a good omen, and which was certainly not falsified by future events. Mr Macpherson of Breakachy had the charge of this forest at one period. He went upon one occasion, accompanied by a servant, in quest of venison, and in the course of their travel they found a wolf-den (an animal very common in the Highlands at that time). Macpherson asked his servant whether he preferred going into the den and destroying the cubs, or to remain outside and guard against an attack from the old ones. The servant said he would remain without, but no sooner did he see the dam approaching than he took to his heels, without even advising his master of the danger. Macpherson, however, being an active man, and expert at his weapons, killed the old wolf also, and, on coming out of the den, he saw the servant about a mile off, when he beckoned to him, and without hardly making any remark upon his cowardly conduct, said that as it was now late he intended to remain that night in a bothy *(Dalinlineart)* at a little distance from them. They accordingly proceeded to that bothy, and it was quite dark when they reached it. Macpherson, on puting his hand on the bed to procure heather for lighting a fire, discovered a dead body, and without taking any notice of the circumstance, he said—I don't like this bothy, we shall proceed to such a one about a mile off (Callag), where we shall be better accommodated. They accordingly proceeded to the other bothy, and on arriving there Macpherson, pretending that he left his powder-horn in the first-mentioned bothy, desired the servant to go and fetch it, and said that he would find it in the bed. The servant did as he was desired, but instead of the powder-horn he found a dead man in the bed, which, to one of his poor nerves, was a terrible shock. He therefore hurried back in great agitation, and on reaching the second bothy, to his dismay, found it dark and empty, his master

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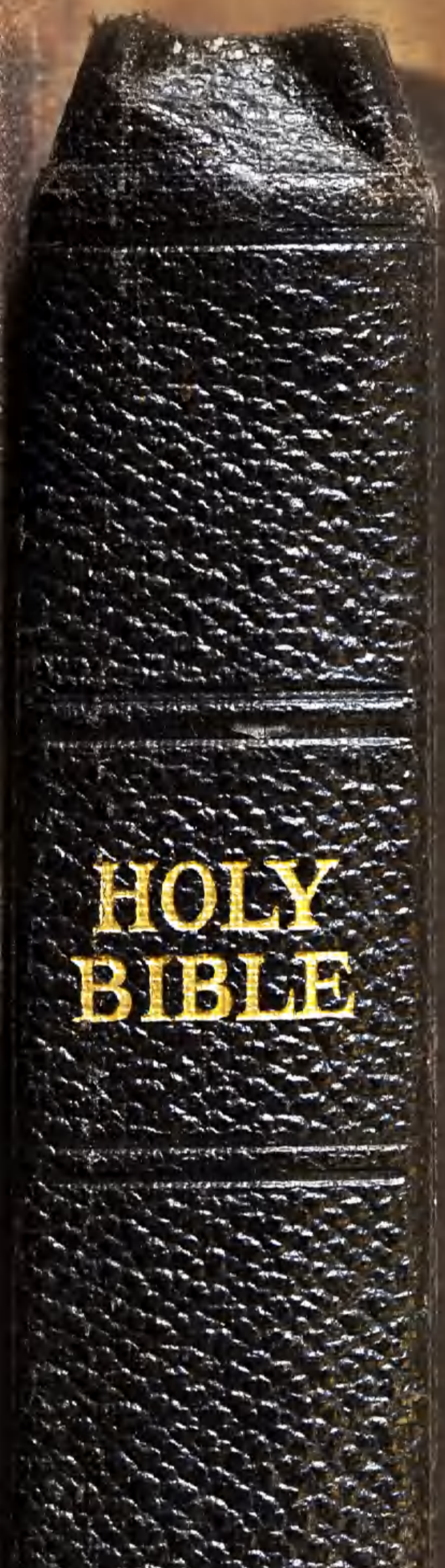

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more natural than that birds of prey should feed upon any dead carcass, yet the whole was ascribed to witchcraft, and the two eagles were firmly believed to be the mothers of two of the girls intended for the shearing exhibition. The place where Walter was killed is called *Leim-nam-fian*, or the Fingalian's leap, and a terrible break-neck path it is. The fate of Walter is still proverbial in the Highlands, and when any of the lower orders are very much excited without the power of revenge—"May the fate of Walter in Gaick overtake you"—is not an uncommon expression. Stories of witches and fairies connected with Gaick are numberless, but the following two may serve as specimens. A noted stalker was one morning early in the forest, and observing some deer at a distance, he stalked till he came pretty near them, but not altogether within shot, and on looking over a knoll he was astonished to see a number of little neat women dressed in green milking the hinds. These he knew at once to be fairies, and one of them had a hank of green yarn thrown over her shoulder, and when in the act of milking the deer the animal made a grab at the yarn with its mouth, and swallowed it. The fairy, in apparent rage, struck the hind with the bond with which she had its hind legs tied, saying at the same time, may a dart from Murdoch's quiver pierce your side before night. Murdoch was the person listening, from which it may be inferred that the fairies were well acquainted with his dexterity at deer killing. In the course of that same day Murdoch killed a hind, and on taking out the entrails he found the identical green hank that he saw the deer swallow in the morning. It is said that it was preserved for a long period as a very great curiosity, and no wonder, for it would make a most valuable acquisition to one of our museums, had it been preserved till now. Upon another occasion the same person was in the forest, and having got within shot of a hind on the hill called the Doune, he took aim, but when ready to fire, he observed that it was a young woman that was before him. He immediately took down his gun, and then it was a deer. He took aim again, and then it was a woman, but when the gun was lowered it became a deer. At last he fired, and the deer fell in the actual shape of a deer. No sooner had he slain the hind than he was overpowered with sleep, and having rolled himself in his plaid, he laid himself down in the heather. His repose, however, was not of long duration, for in a few minutes a loud cry was thundered in his ear, saying—"Murdoch! Murdoch! You have this day slain the only maid of the Doune," upon which Murdoch started up and replied—"If I have killed her, you may

eat her," and immediately quitted the forest as fast as his legs could carry him. It may be remarked that this man was commouly called Murrach Machian or Murdoch the Son of John. His real name, however, was Macpherson. He had a son that took holy orders, got a living in Ireland, and it is said that the late celebrated Mr Sheridan descended from a daughter of his. The most extraordinary superstition, however, was that of the belief in a *Leannan Shith*, or a fairy sweetheart, and all inveterate deer stalkers, that remained for nights and even weeks in the mountains, were understood to have formed such a connection. In these cases the earthly wife was considered to be in great danger from the machinations of the fairy mistress. The forest of Gaick has also acquired notoriety from a melancholy event that happened in the year 1800. A Captain John Macpherson with four attendants, and several fine grey hounds, were killed by an avalanche. The house in which they slept (a strong one), was swept from the very foundation, and part of the roof carried to the distance of a mile. This catastrophe also was ascribed to supernatural agency, and a great deal of exaggeration and nonsense were circulated in consequence, to the annoyance of Captain Macpherson's family and friends.

The principal quality required in a deer stalker is patience, and a capability of enduring fatigue as well as all kinds of privations. No animal is more wary than a deer, particularly the hinds. It is not enough that the stalker is concealed from their sight, but he must also pay particular attention to the wind, for they scent at a very considerable distance. They will also discover their enemy by the notes of the lark, and the singing of various other little birds, so that it requires great caution and experience to become an expert stalker. The old stag greyhound is now nearly extinct, if not wholly so. It was an animal of great size, strength, and symmetry, with long wiry hair, and exceedingly gentle until roused. Its speed was great and far beyond that of the common greyhound, particularly at a long run and on rough ground.

II. THE OLD CAVE OF RAITTS IN BADENOCH.

The distinguished philosopher, Sir David Brewster (the son-in-law of the translator of Ossian's poems), while resident at Belleville in 1835, made a careful exploration of this remarkable cave, and in a communication to the Society of Antiquaries in 1863 (when he was Principal of the University of Edinburgh) he thus describes it :—

"This cave is situated on the brow of a rising ground in the village of Raits, on the estate of Belleville. It is about 2 miles

from Kingussie, and about half a mile to the north of the great road from Perth to Inverness. In 1835, when it was first pointed out to me, it was filled with stones and rubbish taken from the neighbouring grounds. Upon removing the rubbish, I was surprised to find a long subterraneous building with its sides faced with stones, and roofed in by gradually contracting the side walls and joining them with very large flattish stones. The form of the cave was that of a horse shoe. Its convex side was turned to the south, and the entrance to it was at the middle of this side by means of two stone steps, and a passage of some length. The part of the cave to the left hand was a separate apartment with a door. A lock of an unusual form, almost destroyed by rust, was found among the rubbish. The formation of the roof by the gradual contraction of the side walls is shown in the drawing. There is no tradition among the people respecting the history of this cave, and, so far as I know, it had not been previously noticed."

In stating that there was no tradition among the people at the time regarding the cave, Sir David must, have been misinformed. "Old Biallid's" account of it appears to have been written prior to 1835, and in a quaint diary in my possession, which belonged to the Rev. William Blair, who was minister of Kingussie from 1724 to 1786, there is the following reference to the cave in a description of a journey from Edinburgh to Inverness :—

"We visited the cave of Clan Ichilnew, which is not far from the side of the high road. We descended into it and found the greater part of it fallen in, and could only perceive a dark hole through which we could not see the further end. The stones that support the roof are of an enormous size—in length about twelve feet. The accounts given of this subteraneon mansion are various. The people there give this account—That in primitive ages when anarchy prevailed throughout the Island, the country was infested with men of a gigantic stature, who had often made fruitless attempts to conquer the Island. Being repulsed at a time when they made their last and most formidable attack, such as were not either killed in the feight or escaped by sea fled into the mountains, and being closely pursued by the enemy untill night stopt the pursuit, they advanced as far as the Spay, and in a night's time finished the said cave, and lived there for some time, till by the continued searches of the conquerors they were at last discovered, and every man killed."

The cave was well known to the old natives of Badenoch under the name of *An Uaighe Mhor*, *i.e.*, *The Big Cave*, and is now

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could never get them in their power, until the cave was discovered by the following stratagem :—

Allaster Caint concealed himself under pretence of sickness, until his beard grew to a great length. He then disguised himself in the habit of a beggar, and came in that character to the house of the Macnivens late in the evening, when he was kindly treated by the women, but refused lodgings for the night. He begged hard to be allowed to remain, and when they attempted to remove him by force he pretended to be afflicted with gravel, and uttered such piercing shrieks that they had pity on him and allowed him to lie at the fireside, where, after a great deal of mock moaning, he pretended to fall sound asleep, and by this artifice discovered the cave, for, believing him to be really asleep, the cave door was opened to give the men their supper. He left the house early in the morning, and in a few days thereafter he returned with a strong party, and beheaded every one of the unfortunate Macnivens upon the stump of a tree before the door. The most singular circumstance connected with this tragic affair is that every one of the descendants of *Allaster Caint* to this very day have been afflicted with gravel.

III. THE BATTLE OF THE NORTH INCH OF PERTH.

There are a great many versions of this battle in circulation, but none of them strictly correct. It was fought in the reign of Robert the Third, and the belligerents were the Macphersons and the Davidsons. George Buchanan says that it was fought between the Clan Chattan and the Mackays, and he has been copied by almost every individual that wrote on the subject; but this is evidently an error, for the Clan Chattan and the Mackays were at such a distance from each other that it was almost impossible they could come in contact. The substituting the Clan Chattan for the Macphersons can hardly be called a mistake, for it is well known that the Macphersons are the senior branch of that clan, but the error with regard to the Mackays was owing to the similarity of that name to Davidson in the Gaelic language (Mackays, *Clanichcaie*, Davidsons, *Clandai*), and the grounds of the quarrel were as follows :—

On the marriage of the heiress of Clan Chattan, although the husband succeeded to the whole of her property, yet the bulk of the clan refused to acknowledge him as chief. He therefore commenced upon a new foundation, and took the name of *Mac-*

kintoashich (which signifies a beginner), a very applicable name for one in his situation, and the modern definition attempted to be given to it, as signifying first or foremost, is quite absurd, and will be scouted by every unprejudiced person possessing a competent knowledge of the Gaelic language. The ancestor of the laird of Cluny (although admitted to be the senior branch in the male line) also changed his name to Macmurdoch, and afterwards to Macpherson, and both names are given to the clan indiscriminately to this day. A third party took the name of Macgillivray from their ancestor, and a fourth that of Davidson as descendants of David *dubh*, who was brother to Macgillivray. and both of them were the younger brothers of the ancestor of Cluny Macpherson. Thus the Clan Chattan was all at once split into at least four clans, and under circumstances as may be supposed that left very little cordiality among them. Such as did not adopt the name of Mackintosh were ejected from possessions, and the Macphersons and Davidsons took possession of Badenoch on the ruin of the Comyns. Mackintosh having admitted Camerons in their place soon learned that he had to deal with refractory tenants, and it was not long before his authority was set at defiance. He was therefore obliged to have recourse to arms for the recovery of his rents, but his own followers were quite inadequate to the task, and he was compelled to implore the assistance of the very clans his ancestors had expelled from their ancient patrimony. Nor did he implore in vain, for although they regretted that the clan estates should devolve on a stranger, and felt indignant at their own expulsion, yet they considered (the then) Mackintosh in some degree as their relation, and could not stand by and see him trampled upon by a clan with whom they had no connection whatever. The Macphersons and Davidsons agreed to join him in his expedition to Lochaber, but Lochiel had intimation of their plans, and resolved to anticipate them by assembling his clan, and marching straight to Badenoch. By this movement he would preserve his own country from the ravages of war, and it is very probable that he had also in view to attack the enemy in detail, and to overpower the Macphersons before they could be joined by Mackintosh. In this, however, he was disappointed, for Mackintosh was in Badenoch before him, and awaiting his arrival at Invernahaun, the place of Davidson the chief of that branch of the Clan Chattan. When the Camerons made their appearance, and the order of battle was about to be formed, Cluny, as a matter of course, claimed the post of honour, and was very much surprised to find his claim disputed by Davidson, and

still more so when Mackintosh pronounced in Davidson's favour, and added that as the battle was to be fought on his (Mackintosh's) account, none but Davidson should take the right. Upon this Cluny indignantly marched off his men, and crossing the river Spey below Craigdhu, they halted and stood on a small hill at the river-side as unconcerned spectators. The battle was short but bloody. Mackintosh was beaten with great slaughter. Davidson and his seven sons were killed, and those that fled were only saved by crossing the Spey directly where the Macphersons stood, and the Camerons did not consider it prudent to follow them. After this the contention between the Davidsons, supported by Mackintosh, and the Macphersons (with regard to precedency), was carried on with such rancour and so much bloodshed as to attract the notice of Government, and accordingly commissioners were sent to endeavour to effect a conciliation. These commissioners, finding that both parties were obstinate and bent on carrying their point at whatever sacrifice, proposed that the dispute should be settled by thirty men on each side—the fight to take place on the North Inch of Perth, before umpires chosen by His Majesty, and the combatants to use no other weapon but broad-swords. This proposition was eagerly accepted by both parties, and the men destined to be sacrificed appeared on the North Inch on the appointed day. The result of the battle is well known. The Davidsons were all killed except one who fled and swam across the River Tay, and the Macphersons had nineteen killed. Tradition ascribes the decided superiority of the Macphersons to the extraordinary valour of the *Gobhin Crom* (or stooping Blacksmith) whom they engaged as a substitute for one of their own men who fell sick, and which was rendered necessary, as the Davidsons refused to withdraw one of theirs.

IV. BATTLE OF GLENFRUIN.

In an account of this battle, which was fought in 1603, it is stated that early in that year Allaster Macgregor of Glenstra, followed by 400 men, chiefly of his own clan, but including also some of the clans Cameron and Anverich (?) armed with "halberschois, pow-aixes, twa-handit swordis, bowis and arrowis, and with hagbutis and pistoletis," advanced into the territory of Luss. Alexander Colquhoun, under his royal commission, granted the year before, had raised a force which some writers state to have amounted to 300 horse and 500 foot. In Sir William Fraser's interesting work—*The Chiefs of Colquhoun and their Country*—

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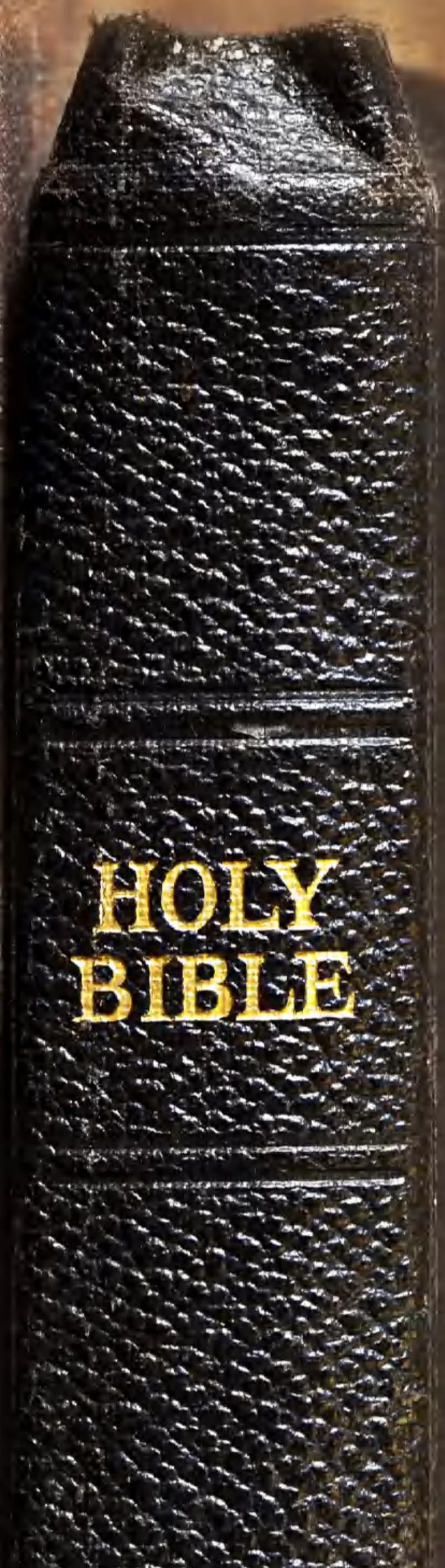

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another, that the Macgregors were treacherously waylaid by the Colquhouns. These statements are both unfounded. The battle was deliberately resolved upon, for it was fought in the heart of the Colquhoun country, which of itself is a proof that it was not an accidental rencontre. But what places the matter beyond a doubt, is that Macgregor applied for, and obtained assistance from the Clan Macpherson (with whom he had a treaty of alliance, offensive and defensive), for the very purpose of invading the Colquhouns. There were fifty picked men sent from Badenoch to assist the Clan Gregor, but the action was over a few hours before their arrival, which perhaps was rather a fortunate circumstance, for had they taken part in the battle, it is more than probable that they would also share in the proscription. Another account states that the massacre of the boys was unintentional, that a house in which they took shelter was accidentally set on fire. That the massacre of the boys was unintentional on the part of the Macgregors is very true, but still it was the deliberate act of one individual, and no doubt the Clan Gregor were in a certain degree responsible for the conduct of that individual, for although he was not of their name yet he was under their banner at the time. He was a man, or rather a monster, of the name of Cameron, and foster-brother to Macgregor, who was sent to take charge of the boys in order to keep them out of harms way, and strange and unnatural as it may appear, he massacred the whole of them to the number of forty—some say sixty. The origin of the quarrel with the Colquhouns was as follows:—A party of twelve Macgregors entered the Colquhoun country in quest of stolen or strayed cattle, and in a dreadful stormy night came to a sequestered farmhouse, the landlord of which refused them admittance, although it was quite evident that they must perish in the event of attempting to reach any other inhabited place. They, however, acted with extraordinary temper and forbearance, for in place of using force (which under the circumstances would be quite justifiable) they merely took possession of an outhouse, where they lighted a fire, and having in vain applied for provisions, for which they offered payment, they had no alternative but to take a sheep from the churl's flock, which they killed, and handed its value in at a window. Having thus provided themselves with food, they were sitting round a large fire and broiling the mutton, when the savage landlord stole quietly to the top of the house, and dropped a large stone into the fire through the vent hole, which burnt several of the Macgregors severely. One of them, smarting with

pain, made a spring to the door, and when the landlord was in the act of descending from the house he shot him dead. After this accident (for it cannot be called by any other name) the Macgregors returned home, but the Colquhouns having seized several of that clan (who were on their own lawful business and knew nothing of the other affair), they hanged them like so many dogs. So gross an outrage could not be overlooked, but still the Macgregors acted with the greatest coolness, and sent a regular embassy to demand satisfaction, but every proposition was rejected by the Colquhouns, and after much negotiation Macgregor intimated to Colquhoun of Luss that he must hold him and his whole clan responsible for the slaughter of the Macgregors, and he accordingly prepared to put his threat in execution. The Clan Gregor entered the Colquhoun country with fire and sword, and when they came to Glenfruin, and in sight of the enemy, they fell in with a number of boys who came out from Dumbarton to see the fight. They were principally schoolboys, and many of them of good families that probably had no connection whatever with either of the belligerents. Macgregor, in order to keep them out of harms way, directed that the boys should be confined in a church or meeting-house that happened to be close by, and sent his foster-brother (one of the name of Cameron) to take charge of them, who, from what motive it is impossible to divine, massacred the whole of them as soon as he found the armies engaged. The battle of Glenfruin was soon over. The Colquhouns were defeated with great slaughter. Their chief was kllled, and the Macgregors scarcely lost a man. When they returned from the pursuit Macgregor's first enquiry was for the boys, whom he intended to liberate and dismiss with kindness, but learning the horrid fact that they were all butchered, he struck his forehead and exclaimed —"The battle is lost after all." The fate of the Dumbarton scholars was so very revolting to the feelings of every person possessing any share of humanity that it is no wonder that it created a deep and powerful prejudice against the Clan Gregor, and yet they were, at least, morally innocent, and it must forever be a matter of regret that such heavy calamities should be heaped upon the bravest clan in the Highlands for the act of one madman. The Clan Gregor, however, were doomed to be unfortunate, as will appear by continuing their history a little farther. Gregor *Our*, or Gregor the Swarthy, was the second in rank to the chief, but in deeds of arms he had no superior nor perhaps an equal in all the Highlands. Argyle was his maternal uncle, and his valour in defence of his clan and country when outlawed and assailed by multitudes of foes, would appear more like romance than real

facts. After various desperate actions in which the Clan Gregor displayed incredible prowess, but which considerably reduced their number, they learned with amazement that Argyle, at the head of an overwhelming force, was advancing to attack them. Upon the receipt of this intelligence Gregor *Our* proposed to stop his uncle's progress, and having communicated his plan to his chief he set out alone and in disguise. After several narrow escapes he succeeded in making his way into Argyle's tent at midnight (by telling the sentry that he was the bearer of despatches from Government, the delivery of which admitted of no delay), and after upbraiding him for his cruelty and injustice, told him plainly that his life was forfeited unless he instantly agreed to relinquish the expedition. Argyle knew the determined character of his nephew, and it is also possible that he might be influenced by affection towards a relative of whom he might very justly be proud, but be his motives what they may, he at once agreed to the proposed terms, and conducted Gregor safely out of the camp, and soon after disbanded his troops. Nor did his good offices cease there, for he became an advocate of the Clan Gregor at Court, and obtained an armistice for them as well as a protection to Gregor *Our*, with instructions to him to appear before the Privy Council to explain every circumstance relating to the battle of Glenfruin and the massacre of the scholars. Gregor *Our* accordingly set out for Edinburgh with the concurrence of his chief, but he was no sooner gone than suspicions began to arise as to the purity of his intentions. Dark hints were first thrown out, and afterwards stated boldly as a fact, that Gregor, through the interest of his uncle and his own address, had obtained a royal grant of the chieftainship, as well as of the estates of Macgregor for himself. By these insinuations and reports (which no doubt had great plausibility in them) Macgregor was driven to a state of absolute distraction, and having learned that Gregor *Our* was on his way back from Edinburgh, he went to meet him, and without the least enquiry or explanation, shot him through the heart with a pistol. On examining his papers it was discovered that there was not a vestige of truth in these reports. The pardon to the Clan Gregor was addressed to Macgregor. His estates were restored to himself, and Gregor *Our* did not secure a single benefit to himself but what he got in common with every individual of the clan. This discovery drove Macgregor to madness, and he actually became deranged. The pardon was recalled, and the proscription was enforced with greater rigour than before, nor is is at all surprising that Argyle should become their bitter (as he was their most powerful) enemy.

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jests he made no reply, but when the battle commenced he proved himself to be equal, if not superior, to the most celebrated warriors of the clan. In the heat of the fight this young man observed his father engaged with Ranald Gauld, and on the eve of being cut in pieces. He therefore sprung to his assistance, but he soon found that he was also overmatched, for he received a severe cut on the head, and was forced to give ground. He therefore had recourse to an artifice, and called out to his antagonist, "You are attacked from behind," upon which Ranald Gauld turned round, and when in that position received a mortal blow. By this time the battle was over, and the young warrior was so weak from his wounds and loss of blood that he was carried to a barn where many of the wounded were. He was stretched upon a little heather and Ranald Gauld's sword by him, when a number of his clansmen came into the barn, every one of whom claimed a right to the sword as the conqueror of Ranald Gauld. The young man listened to them for sometime, but at last, his patience being exhausted, he addressed them in the following words :—"Gentlemen, give up your boasting ; were that sword in the hand which grasped it this morning, and in the same vigour, and this barn crammed full of such as you, I would much rather enter the barn at one end and go out at the other, sword in hand, than face that sword." This rebuff silenced them, but it proved fatal to this very superior young man, for, to the eternal disgrace of that clan, they bribed the nurse to put a rusty nail into his brain when dressing his wound, in consequence of which he died.

VI. JOHN ROY STEWART.

Colonel John Roy Stewart was an outlaw like many others after the Battle of Culloden. He was a native of Kincardine, in Strathspey, where he was exceedingly popular, and a great favourite with the Grarts, although they were opposed to the Stewart interest. Notwithstanding the Colonel's popularity, there was one Grant who undertook to apprehend him for the sake of the bloodmoney offered by Government. This Grant ought to have been a man of some consideration in Strathspey from his ancestors and connections, but nevertheless he was known to be far below par in point of intellect, and as to courage, he was considered, in the ring phrase, mere dunghill. He paraded through Strathspey with a party of twenty-four men, some of whom joined him because they were his sub-tenants, some because they had nothing else to do ; but for the most part to make game of him,

and perhaps one and all of them would give intimation to John Roy if they thought him in danger from such a leader and such a party. John Roy Stewart had no great cause to be alarmed, although friends felt some iudignation at even a show of hostility to a man so universally beloved. Things went on in this manner for sometime, to the amusement of some and the annoyance of others, until a wag took a bet of a pint of whisky that he would so frighten Grant as to make him cease tormenting John Roy for ever. He therefore proceeded to Grant's house, and having asked and obtained a private audience, he told him, with great gravity, that he had information of great importance to communicate; that he knew where John Roy was to sleep that night, and that he would conduct Grant and the party to the spot, provided they gave him a share of the reward. This, of course, was agreed to. The party assembled, and when the night became dark, they set out armed and accoutered, the wag having mentioned some sequestered dwelling at a considerable distance. When they were drawing near to the place the leader began to ask a great many questions—"Was he sure that John Roy would be there? Did he know if he had anybody with him? "for," he added, "should he have a stronger force than ours, it would be madness in us to attack him," to which the wag replied, "That John Roy never had more than one or two along with him, and that it would be a terrible disgrace if six-and-twenty would be afraid to attack two or three men, however powerful and desperate they might be." Grant then turned upon another tack. He began to express apprehensions that the outlaw was not there, "for," said he, "if we go to the house and not find him, it would put him no his guard, and there will be less chance of getting hold of him on a future period." "That is very true," replied the wag, "and, as it is not known that I have joined your party, and therefore will not be suspected, I shall go to the house and see, while you remain here until I return and bring certain intelligence." This plan was agreed to, and the wag set out at a good pace until he got out of sight, and then set himself down until a reasonable period had expired in which he might perform the journey. He then returned, and when he got to the party he began to caper and dance, exclaiming in an undertone of voice—"Great news, my lads! glorious news! what lucky dogs we are! our fortunes are made!" The leader now eagerly enquired what this good and great news were, and if he had seen John Roy, to which he replied, "Yes, I have, and what is still better, Cluny Macpherson is along with him." "Cluny Macpherson!" exclaimed Grant. "Yes,

Cluny Macpherson!" replied the wag, "we shall be the richest men in Strathspey—that is, the survivors of us!" He was then questioned as to how many attendants there were, to which he answered "that there were only four, but that they were the largest and roughest fellows he had ever seen, and armed to the very teeth." The whole party now began to suspect the drift of their new associate, and eagerly demanded to be led on, saying that such an opportunity of making their fortunes would never again arise, to which the wag added—"'Tis very true that at least one half of us will be killed, but still so much the better for those that live." Grant now began to show the most unequivocal symptoms of terror, and proposed that they should wait till daylight before they surrounded the house, but his tormentor declared that Cluny and Stewart were never known to remain in their quarters till daylight, and the whole party, as with one voice, opposed the delay. At last the unfortunate Grant fell down in a state of insensibility, and when he partly recovered it was found necessary to wash him in the nearest stream before he was carried home. The news of the expedition circulated like wildfire, and continued to be the subject of conversation and jocular remark throughout the district for many a long day.

2nd APRIL, 1890.

The paper for this evening was contributed by Mr Hector Maclean, Islay, entitled "The Picts." Mr Maclean's paper was as follows:—

THE PICTS.

Much has been written about who the Picts were, and whence they were. They were supposed by some to be Kelts, and by others to be Scandinavians; but persevering research has enabled scientific inquirers to ascertain that they were neither the one nor the other; and that, through time, they amalgamated with Gaels from Ireland on the west of North Britain, and with Brythons on the south-east side. They and the Caledonii were kindred peoples, if not quite the same; but there is reason to think that there was a large admixture of Gaels among the Caledonii in the time of Tacitus. Calgacus is believed by scholars to be a better

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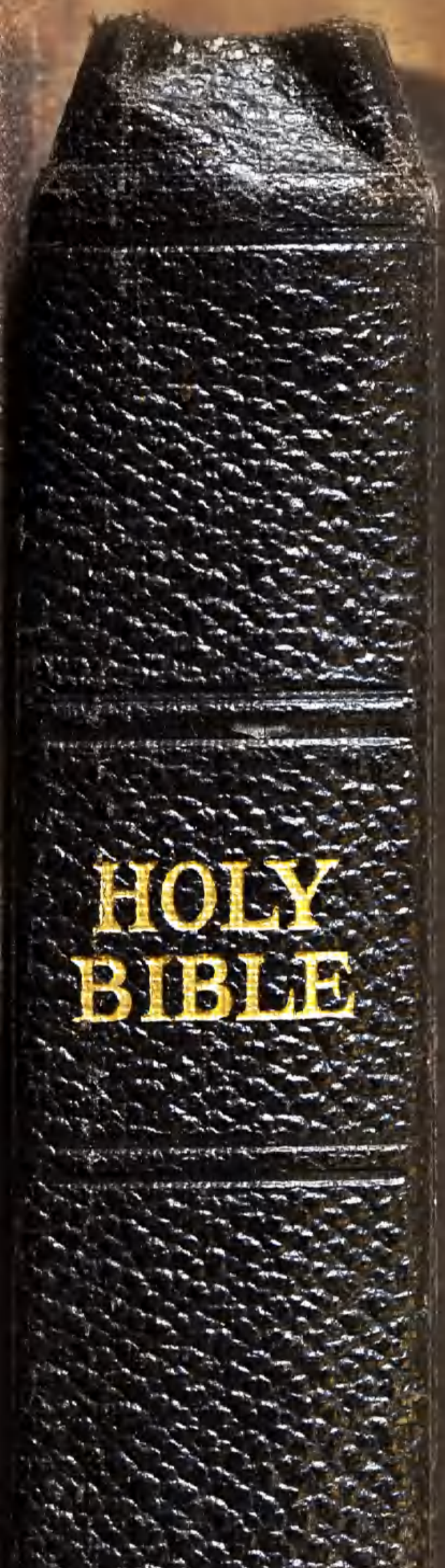

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handsome people. They are depicted with white skins, blue eyes, and reddish hair, all the characteristics, in fact, of the white race. Mr Petrie points out their resemblance to the Dardanians of Asia Minor, who form an intermediate link between the white-skinned tribes of the Greek seas and the fair-complexioned Libyans of Northern Africa. The latter are still found in large numbers in the mountainous regions which stretch eastward from Morocco, and are usually known among the French under the name of Kabyles. The traveller who first meets with them in Algeria cannot fail to be struck by their likeness to a certain part of the population of the British Isles. Their clear white-freckled skin, their blue eyes, their golden-red hair, and tall stature, remind him of the fair Kelts of an Irish village; and when we find that their skulls, which are of the so-called dolichocephalic or long-headed type, are the same as the skulls discovered in the prehistoric cromlechs of the country they still inhabit, we may conclude that they represent the modern descendants of the white-skinned Libyans of the Egyptian monuments."

This freckled type of white-skinned, blue-eyed, and golden-red hair abounds in the Highlands as well as in Ireland, and they are to be distinguished on the one side from the orange-red-haired Kelts, and on the other from the milk-white-skinned Scandinavian type, which is never freckled. The former type owes its freckles to a thin skin, which is more influenced by sun and atmosphere than the thicker skinned Scandinavian type is, and has come down to us. intermingling, at first, with pre-Keltic races, subsequently with the Keltic race, and latterly with the Scandinavian type. Further on, Professor Sayce tells us:—"Tallness of stature has always been a distinguishing characteristic of the white race. Hence it was that the Anakim, the Amorite inhabitants of Hebron, seemed to the Hebrew spies to be as giants, while they themselves were but 'as grasshoppers' by the side of them (Numb. xiii. 33). After the Israelitish invasion, remnants of the Anakim were left in Gaza and Askelon (Josh. xi. 22), and in the time of David Goliath of Gath and his gigantic family were objects of dread to their neighbours (2 Sam. xx. 15-22).

"It is clear, then, that the Amorites of Canaan belonged to the same white race as the Libyans of Northern Africa, and like them preferred the mountains to the hot plains and valleys below. The Libyans themselves belonged to a race which can be traced through the peninsula of Spain and the western side of France into the British Isles. Now it is curious that wherever this particular branch of the white race has extended, it has been accompanied by

a particular form of cromlech, or sepulchral chambers built of large uncut stones. The stones are placed upright in the ground, and covered over with large slabs, the whole chamber being subsequently concealed under a tumulus of small stones or earth. Not unfrequently the entrance to the cromlech is approached by a sort of corridor. These cromlechs are found in Britain, in France, in Spain, in Northern Africa, and in Palestine, more especially on the eastern side of the Jordan, and the skulls that have been exhumed from them are the skulls of men of the dolichocephalous or long-headed type." Ibid. p. 17.

The Nemetes were a nation of Germany at the west of the Rhine; the Nemetatæ were, according to Ptolemy, a people of Heispania Tarraconensis; Nemetobriga was a city of Hispania Tarraconensis; and Nemetacum was a town of Gaul. Now these names correspond with Neimhidh, the progenitor of the *Clanna Neimheadh*, the second colony that conquered Ireland, in accordance with Irish legendary history; and they follow each other in succession through Spain and France to the south-west of Germany, and are connected, apparently, with the Children of Neimhidh in Ireland. *Fomhorach*, "Seafarer," now contracted into *Fomhor*, signifies a giant both in Ireland and Scotland; in Argyllshire it is *famhair*, and *fuamhair* in the North Highlands. In Nott and Gliddon's Types of Manhood, the likenesses of the Tokkari on the Egyptian monuments are considered, who were taken prisoners, being invaders of Egypt by sea. They are compared with tall men of irregular features seen in the Highlands of Scotland.

It is now agreed among ethnologists, and Professor Rhys has lately expressed the same opinion in some of his lectures, that the Picts are not so called because they painted or tattooed their bodies. It was evidently a name by which they called themselves. The name Picti is, without doubt, cognate with Pictones or Pictavi, an Aquitanian or Iberian people situated to the south of the Loire. In the "Chronicle of the Scots," "Skene's Chronicles of the Picts and Scots," p. 380, we have this passage:—"And when Iber comme to eild Gayele send him in yat cuntre, yat now is callet Irland, and fand it vakande but of a certainne of Gewictis, ye quhilk he distroyt, and inhabyt yat land, and callit eftir his modir Scota, Scotia." Gewichtis here is, without doubt, from a Gaelic form *Ciocht*, into which, at a certain period, the Gaels, when they could not pronounce p, substituted c for it, as in the case with *Caisg* from the Latin "paschus," and *clann*, "children," from the Latin "planta," whence the Welsh *plant*, which means the same as *clann*. Mr Whitley Stokes has shown

conclusively that *clann*, like the Welsh *plant*, is from the Latin "planta." The Gaels from Ireland who encountered the Romans, for the first time, in the year 360 A.D., called themselves *Scothi*, from which the Romans made Scoti, and called Ireland Scotia. *Scoth* signifies "warrior" in old Gaelic (O'Davoren's Glossary, p. 115). The name *Cruithneach*, a Pict, is formed by substituting c for p; the Brythons or Old Britons converted Brittania into *Prydyn*, and the Gaels transformed Prydain or Prydin into Cruithin; and the country of the Picts being part of North Britain, was designated in Gaelic *Cruithin tuath.* This explanation is now accepted by Professor Rhys, and was first suggested by Dr O'Brien, in his Irish-English Dictionary. From Cruithin is formed *Cruithneach*, and it was specially applied to the Picts who settled in Ireland from North Britain. It is now admitted by the most learned inquirers into Pictish history that the Picts were a pre-Aryan and pre-Keltic people, who gradually and successively intermingled with the Gaels and Brythons.

The names which are found in lists of the names of Pictish kings offer a strong contrast to the names which occur in lists of the names of Irish kings of the olden times. None of these ever begins with the letter P; in fact, the letter p is never found in them, unless used for an unaspirated b. In the Pictish lists are found "pant, urpant, uip, uruip," &c. The prefixed syllable *ur*, contracted to *u* sometimes. What this prefixed *ur* meant is explained in this passage—"Da Drest, id est, Drest filius Gyrom, id est, Drest filius W drost V annis couregnaverunt. Drest filius Girom solus V annis regnavit." Here are two of the name of Drest who reign together five years, and Drest the son of Girom after this reigned alone five years. Such names, therefore, as urpant, urgant, urguith, urfecir, urcal, urcint, &c., in every case preceded by names corresponding to the second parts of these names, pant, gant, guith, fecir, cal, cint, &c., show that ur denotes two or second, that is, two of a name either together or in succession. In Georgian *ori* denotes two; in Chinese Nankin *urh* (ar) is two; in Chinese Pekin *urh*; in Gyami, Chinese frontier, *a'r*. (Hunter's Non-Aryan Languages of India and High Asia, p. 34.) Brude is a name that frequently precedes other names of kings, and it would seem to have signified high king or over king; in one list of the names of Pictish kings it occurs before other names twenty-seven times. Owing to intermarriages between Picts and Scots or Gaels, and also between them and Britons, Gaelic and Brythonic names were introduced among them, and were strangely altered; thus Fergus became Urguist and Werguist; Feradach became Wredach, Aengus or Oengus became Hungus, &c.

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by the Greek and Roman writers, it appeared that those which were not absolutely and distinctly Celtic were Iberian. On this topic some papers have been read by me. Some remarks of mine on the British coinage point in the same direction."

Mr Hyde Clarke says, with respect to the names of mountains, islands, and rivers:—"The meaning of the words can very well be made out; it refers to the roundness or circular form, or self-contained round or enclosure, which marks an island. This is the reason for which names of allied meaning are represented on the coins, as sun, moon, vase or pot, which are round, as was the ship in its primitive shape. The fish was regarded as round, and other animals found on island coins are the crab and tortoise.

"Island is the same idea or root as mountain, and hence the names for islands and for mountains are the same. As rivers flow from mountains, so are they of the same nomenclature differentiated. Thus my first suggestion of the relation of the names of Britannia and Hibernia was so far accurate; but island is not derived from river but from mountain, and river from mountain."—"Iberian and Belgian Influence in Britain," p. 8.

So Albion is related to Alpes, to Alba, the mountainous part of North Britain, to Albania, in Europe, and in Asia. The river-name, Albis, now the Elbe, is akin to these; Abula was the ancient name of the river Tiber; the river Tiber, at a flowing into the Adriatic, is called Albulates by Pliny, and Albula by other writers. Album was a promontory of Africa, and also of Phœnicia; Albubacis was a river of Gaul; Albanus was a mountain sixteen miles from Rome; a mountain of Upper Pannonia, called Albius by Strabo, now Auff der Alben; Albanus, a river of Albania, in Asia, flowing into the Caspian Sea. Mr Hyde Clarke compares the mountain Kratos and the river Bradanus with Britannia, and the mountain Hebron and the river Hebrus with Hibernia. The Gaels contracted Hibernia into Eire; but the n is preserved in the genitive and dative, *Erenn* and *Erinn*; but the Welsh *Iwerddon* is nearer the original. It is remarkable that two mountains in Ireland were respectively named Alba and Eire. At p. 5, Vol. II., of Translation of "Cambrensis Eversus," by the Rev. Matthew Kelly, St Patrick's College, Maynooth, we are told that "Laeghaire, son of Niall, defeated the Lagenians, and received the Boromean Tribute, but they rose against him once more, and having gained a victory, compelled him to swear by the moon and the winds that he would never more demand that odious tribute. In violation of his oath he marches against them, but he was killed by lightning, near Cassi, in Ui-Faelain, between the two mountains, Eire and

Alba, according to the ambiguous prophecy that he would be slain between Eire and Alba, the Irish names of Ireland and Scotland. A.D. 458."

In Ireland there is *Inis Ereann*, "Ireland's Eye," in which Eye is from the Norse, and denotes island. The Gaelic name of the island, Inis Ereann, is said to have been given to it for a woman named Eire. Lough Erne (Eirne), in Ireland, corresponds in name with Loch Earn, in Scotland; and there is Strathearn, and there is the river Earn, all in Perthshire; there is Auldearn, in Nairnshire. The river Findhorn is called in Gaelic Abhainn Eirne. It is probable that there were mountainous tracts, both in Ireland and Scotland, with which these streams and lakes were connected. *Banbha* is an old name for Ireland, and Banff is the name of a town in Scotland, which gives name to a county. The old form of the name Banff, as it occurs in the Book of Deir, is "banb." *Banbh* signifies pig in Gaelic, and Banbha, as a name for Ireland, and *Banbh*, Banff are evidently derived from it. In each case it was very likely a totem or mythological name, and the word is evidently of pre-Keltic origin. Irish Legendary History tells us that Banbha was a queen of Tuatha De Danann or Dedannian, tribes who preceded the Irish Kelts or Gaels.

In considering the pre-Aryan tribes, in the northern part of North Britain, mentioned by Ptolemy, it may be remarked that long before the Aryans made their appearance throughout Europe, Persia, or India, the Turanian race, from High Asia, migrated south into Asia Minor, Babylonia, Susiana, Hindoostan, and Further India. The Iberians, Kheta, or Hittites, who had come first from the same region to Asia Minor and Syria, where they founded an empire, moved westwards from Asia Minor and Syria to Spain. People of the same race, from the neighbourhood of the Altai mountains, moved westwards to Northern, Central, and North-Western Europe.

The Iberians spoke numerous dialects, but certain words, such as names for mountains, countries, islands, rivers, plains, water, sky, sun, moon, day, night, light, darkness, man, woman, and child, were common to many of them. The Aryan languages which succeeded them, as was to be expected, took numerous loan-words from them. The Hittites or Iberians were the oldest navigators. Ptolemy, who flourished in the second century, copied from the work of a Tyrian geographer, and the Tyrians, who were Semites, received their seafaring knowledge from the Iberians, who preceded them.

In "The Hittites," by Professor Sayce, p. 15, it is said, "The Hittites were a people with yellow skins and 'Mongoloid' features, whose receding foreheads, oblique eyes, and protruding upper jaws, are represented as faithfully on their own monuments as they are on those of Egypt, so that we cannot accuse the Egyptian artists of caricaturing their enemies."

Equally ugly, no doubt, were the followers and soldiers of Jenghis Khan, who conquered and made himself emperor of the greatest part of Asia. As the Hittites intermingled and intermarried with the handsome Amorites, the offspring proceeding from the intermixture would likely be less harsh in features. The fact is, they were a conquering race, and generally intermixed with the nations that they subdued.

At p. 101 of the same work, Professor Sayce says further of them:—"They were short and thick of limb, and the front part of their faces was pushed forward in a curious and somewhat repulsive way. The forehead retreated, the cheek bones were high, the nostrils were large, the upper lip protrusive. They had, in fact, according to the craniologists, the characteristics of a Mongoloid race. Like the Mongols, moreover, their skins were yellow, and their eyes and hair were black."

At p. 136 ibid, we are informed that "The Hittites shone as much in the arts of peace as in the arts of war. The very fact that they invented a system of writing speaks highly for their intellectual capacities. It has been granted to but few among the races of mankind to devise means of communicating their thoughts otherwise than by words; most of the nations of the world have been content to borrow from others not only the written characters they use, but even the conception of writing itself."

"We know from the ruins of Boghaz Keui and Eyuk that the Hittites were no mean architects. They understood thoroughly the art of fortification; the great moat outside the walls of Boghaz Keui, with its sides of slippery stone, is a masterpiece in this respect, like the fortified citadels within the city, to which the besieged could retire when the outer wall was captured. The well-cut blocks and sculptured slabs of which their palaces were built, prove how well they knew the art of quarrying and fashioning stone. The mines of Bulgar Dagh are an equally clear indication of their skill in mining and metallurgic work.

"The metallurgic fame of the Khalybes, who bordered on the Hittite territory, and may have belonged to the same race, was spread through the Greek world. They had the reputation of first discovering how to harden iron into steel. It was from them, at all events, that the Greeks acquired the art.

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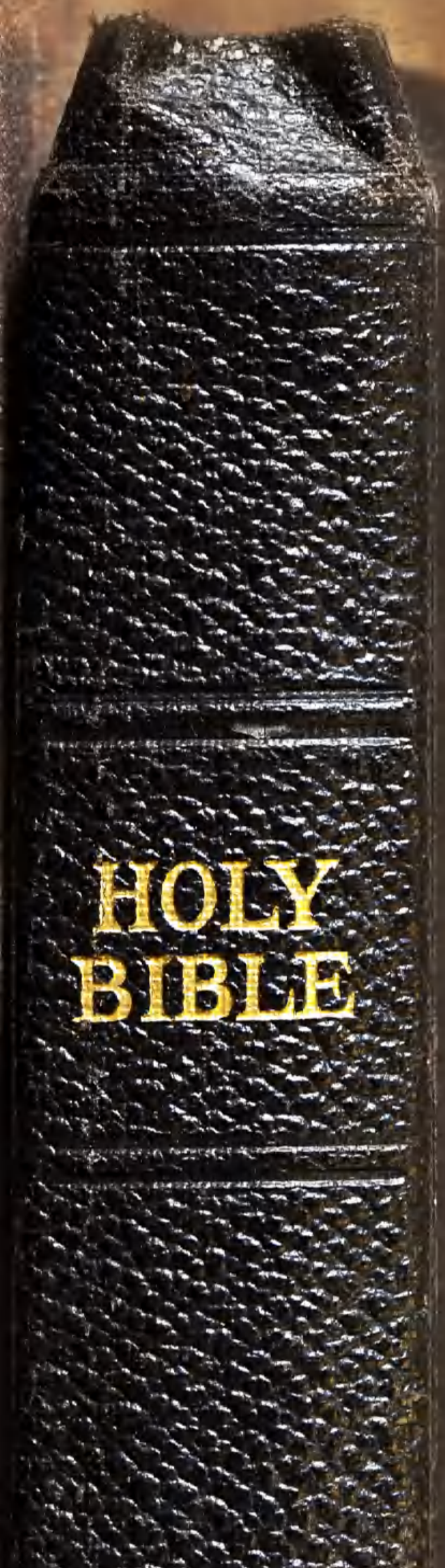

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Arrakan; and Lugi, consequently, is cognate, and means "men." Gaelic *Luan*, a lad, a champion; *Luán*, a diminutive of *Lú*, a man? a son. Lucani, the name of an ancient Irish people, is cognate with Luigi.

Smertae.—In this name the S is evidently prosthetic. So it is derived from *Mertae*. They dwelt about Loch Shin. *Maro* means "man" in Lepcha, N.E. Bengal; Mrú denotes the same in Toung, Arakan. *Mart* or *murt* signifies "men" in the Finnic languages, and it is found in a very great number of the names of Finnic tribes, such as the Mord-win and the Komi-murt. The name of a Median tribe was *Mardi*, which denotes "Men." Gaelic *Múireann*, a woman. Captain Thomas, R.N., in his paper on the "Ptolemaic Geography of Scotland," remarks:—"Such is the description of the distribution of the tribes or peoples in the north and west of Scotland in the second century, and to those who are acquainted with the country it will appear to have all the character of truth. That the coasts and glens were well peopled at an early period is proved by Mr Anderson's very interesting map of the North of Scotland, on which he has shown the site of seventy-nine Pictish towers in Caithness, and sixty in the modern county of Sutherland."

The Vacomagi.—These were to the eastward of the Caledonii. They inhabited Murray, Strathspey, Badenoch, and Athol. The second part of the name, *coma*, corresponds to *Kami*, a "man," in Kámi, Arrakan, and to *Kumi*, a "man," in Kùmi, Arrakan. Gaelic *Com*, kindred (Brehon Laws). From these comparisons it may be inferred that Vacomagi is, like the preceding names, a Turanian or Altaic name denoting "Men." Attention may be directed to the second syllable, which is the accented one, thus emphasising the part of the word which specially signifies *man*.

Venicones.—The Venicones were situated south-west of the Vacomagi, and occupied the present counties of Forfar and Kincardine. This name bears close resemblance to Venicnii, the name of an ancient people in the north-west of Ireland. The last part of this name, *cones*, corresponds to Siamese *Khon*, a "man;" to Ahom *Kun*; Khamti Kun; and Laos *Khon*—languages in Siam. (Hunter's "Non-Aryan Languages of India and High Asia, p. 139).

Taezali, Taizaloi, Taxaloi.—This people inhabited the present Aberdeenshire. The first part of this name, *Taez*, *Taiz*, or *Tcx*, may be equated with the old Gaelic word *Tas*, a dwelling (Ll. Ar. Br.), and the second part *ali* or *aloi*, with *A'l*, a "man," in Tamil, Malayalma, Tuluva, Toduva, Toda; with *Alu*, man, in Karnataka and with *A'le*, "man" in Kóta; languages in Southern India. (Ibid.)

These are the principal names of the pre-Keltic tribes north of the Firths of Forth and Clyde. The resemblance of the names to names signifying man in India and Further India can only be explained by migrations south, south-east, and south-west from High Asia. These tribes united under the common name of Picti against the Romans in the fourth century, and entered into an alliance with the Scots.

Glenelg is an interesting place-name, of which the first part Glen (*gleann*, a valley) is Keltic, and the second part, *elg* (*eilg*, gen. of ealg) is pre-Keltic. *Ealg* is an old name for Ireland, which is said to have been given to it by the Firbolgs. So in Keating's "History of Ireland" we find:—"An treas ainm, Inis Ealga, eadhon, oilen uasol; oir as ionann inis agus oilén, agus as ionanns, ealga agus nasol: agus as re linn Fear m-Bolg fa gnáth an t-ainm sinn uirre."

"The third name was *Inis-Ealga*, that is, Noble Island; for 'inis" and 'oilen' (island) are equivalent, and 'ealga' and 'uasol' (noble) are equivalent; and it is during the time of the Firbolgs that name was usually on it."

The oldest meaning of *Ealg* was not "Noble." The Gaelic *Ealg* is no doubt cognate with the Basque *Elge*, a field or cultivated plain; and the old name of Ireland, *Inis Ealga*, evidently signified "Island of cultivated plains." The Basque is a non-Aryan language, and any words akin to Basque words in Gaelic must be of pre-Keltic origin. Glenelg must have taken its name from the ground about the village, which is arable and level. The extended meaning "noble" would apply to the whole glen. The Scotch Gaelic word *Eilgheadh*, "levelling a field for sowing; fallow ground; a first ploughing of land that requires a second, to prepare it for seed," is evidently cognate with the name Ealg, and the Basque *Elge*, "a cultivated plain"

Bolg in *Fear-bolg* signifies "man," and the preceding is a Gaelic gloss on it. At p. 8 of "Notes on the Ligurians, Aquitanians, and Belgians, by Hyde Clarke, F.R. Hist. Soc., it is said—

"The general name of Belgian, like that of Ligurian, is recognisable. It is *man* as in other cases.

"We may enumerate—Belgae, Batavi, Eburones, Abades, Verani.

"The conclusions to be drawn from facts conforming to general historical data are of considerable interest.

"The Belgians in no general respect differed from the inhabitants of pre-Celtic Gaul. The distinction drawn by Cæsar is consequent on the occupation of midland Gaul by the Aryan

invaders, thus sundering the northern Iberians or Belgians from the southern Iberians or Aquitanians, as also from the Ligurians.

"We find, also, that the district was settled with Iberian cities, and that this occupation extended to the shores of the North Sea, if not further, and even to the amber deposits.

"The origin of the Batavi is also decided, for it could not have been Celtic or Germanic, though in after times the population was affected by Germanic influences."

Bolg, then, is but a different form of Belgae, and the name is pre-Keltic. Both Kelts and Germans had considerably intermixed with the Belgae before Cæsar's time, and the names of some of the tribes are evidently Keltic. At page 276, "Celtic Britain," Rhys asserts "That the derivation and meaning of this word (Belgae) are unknown. but one thing is certain, neither the people nor its name had anything whatever to do with the Irish Ferbolgs." The learned professor, nevertheless, gives no reason to confirm his assertion—it is evidently given *ex cathedra*. There are place-names both in Ireland and Scotland to show that a people called *Bolg* abounded in both countries; there is Strathbolgie in Aberdeenshire; Blatum Bulgium, mentioned in the Antonine Itinerary, was not far from the river Annan in Scotland; there is Dunbolg in the county of Wicklow, and Murbolg in the county of Antrim, in Ireland. The Ithians were a pre-Keltic Irish people, and in "The Stem of the Line of Ith" O'Hart's Irish Pedigrees, First Series, p. 80, two names occur of which Bolg forms a part; Sithbolg (Peaceman) and Each-Bolg (Horse-Man).

Sliocht Ir, the Progeny of Ir, were a pre-Keltic race, and much the same as the Firbolgs, Picts, or Tuatha De Danann. *Ir* means land or earth, and *Clann Ir* literally denotes "Children of the Earth," so called by the Kelts who succeeded them "*Làn in h Erin do chlaind Ir*" (full is Ireland of the Children of Ir). Maelmura of Othain says of them in the ninth century—"Ulster, from the mouth of the Boyne to the Bay of Donegal, was almost entirely Irian down to the second century. The Irians held possession of Longford, the Queen's County, and part of Westmeath around Uisneach Hill in Leinster. They possessed the greater part of Kerry, the west of Clare, and a tract around Fermoy, in Munster; and Connemara, with scattered tracts in Leitrim, Roscommon, Mayo, Sligo, in Connaught."

On comparing the Irian territories with those of the native Irish in the fourteenth century, it will be found that, with the exception of East Leinster, they are almost identical. So this very position of the Irian territories is a strong argument that the

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powerful branch of the Irish Kelts. This eponym may be said to be identical with the Akkadian word "*erim*" (Warrior (host.) (See Syllabary in Sayce's Assyrian Grammar.) That this word was common to other Turanian languages there is good reason for believing, and it supports a strong argument in favour of the first Irish Kelts being employed as warriors by a pre-Keltic Irish Over-king. Another eponym is *Mileadh*, a loan-word from the Latin, denoting "soldier." *Gaidheal* or *Gaoidhiol*, the name by which a Gaelic-speaking Irishman or Scotchman calls himself now, is defined by O'Reilly in his Irish-English Dictionary, "Gaoidheal, s.m., a hero, a man who by force or by art gets above all laws." The word is probably derived from *gaide*, "armed with a spear," and hence *Gaidheal* signifies a "spearman or warrior."

There is reason to think that it was by kinship rather than by conquest that the Dalriadic Scots obtained their first settlement in Alban; for it is said in the "Tract of the Scots of Dalriada" that "Bairfind, 'son of Nadsluag,' and grandson of 'Oengus Mor,' had three sons, viz., Lugad, Conall, Galan, and that 'A Cruthneach was their mother.'" (Skene's Chronicles of the Scots and Picts, p. 311.)

In the Irish and Pictish additions to the Historia Britonum the following description would apply to the Ancient Iberians:—

"Necromancy, and idolatry, illusion,
In a fair and well-walled house,
Plundering in ships, bright poems
By them were taught.

"The honouring of sredhs and omens,
Choice of weather, lucky times,
The watching the voice of birds,
They practised without disguise.

"Hills and rocks for the plough,
Their sons were no thieves,
They prepared their expedition,
They reached Inver Boinne."

—Skene's Chronicles of the Scots and Picts, p. 42.

The accounts given of the Picts in Irish Legendary History generally correspond with those given of the Tuatha Dé Danann. Whatever may have been the meaning of the name Picti in the old pre-Keltic dialects, it would seem to have been a common name among all the pre-Keltic tribes of Erin and Alban for the whole of themselves. The name is still preserved in Lowland

Scotch as Pechts, and as already quoted *Gewichtis* is a Scottish rendering of the Gaelic modified form of the name.

"The fifth name of Ireland, according to Keating's History of Ireland, was Fodhla. 'An cúigeadh h-ainm Fódhla ó bhainrioghain do Thuathaibh De Dhanann da n-gairthi Fódhla: as i fá bhean do Mhacbecht dar bh' ainm dílios Teathúr.'"

"The fifth name [was] Fódhla from a queen of the Tuatha De Dananns, who was called Fodhla; it is she [who] was wife of Macbecht, whose proper name [was] Teathur." (Keating's History of Ireland, Dr Joyce's edition, pp. 6-7).

Fodla was son of Cruithne (Chronicles of the Scots and Picts, pp. 24-25). He is named Fotlla, Ibid., p. 323; and one of the seven divisions of Pictland is called Fotla for him, Ibid., p. 324. At p. ciii. Ibid., it is stated, "Fodla appears in the name Adfodla, the old form of the word now corrupted into Athole." The old forms of the name Athol were *Atfoithle*, *Adtheodle*, and *Athfhothla* Ibid., p. 76, there are extracts from the "Annals of Tighernach' in which is recorded, A.D. 739 — *Tolarcan MacDrostan Rex Athfhotla a bathadh ba h-Aengus*—Tolarcan, the son of Drostan, king of Athol, drowned by Angus.

It appears, therefore, from the foregoing statements, that *Fola* or *Fotdla* was the old name of Athole; but *Fodhla* was also an old name for Ireland; and the Scots, who were colonists from Ireland, were aware that this was the case, so they named *Fodla* in Alban, *Athfhodhla* or *Athfhothla*, the next or the other *Fodhla*. There were an ancient people in the south of Ireland named Vodii by Ptolemy. Although it was in the second century that Ptolemy flourished, he wrote his treatise in the beginning of the century, and his work is only a corrected copy of another work, written by Marinus of Tyre, who lived but a short time before him, who is believed to have drawn his materials from an ancient Syrian atlas; but the Syrians were a Semitic Colony, who migrated to Syria from the head of the Gulf of Persia, and built Tyre at a time when the Khetans, Hittites, or Iberians had founded a great empire in the south-west of Asia, and had extended their sway to the west of Europe and Africa, and it is now believed that the Tyrians learned navigation and map-making from them, and that, to a certain extent, Ptolemy's map is a representation of the geography of the world as it was in their day. Ptolemy's geography is partly much older than that of Pliny or Tacitus, who preceded him. Sidon is mentioned in the Book of Genesis, Tyre is not.

The Vod and Wotiaks are Finnic tribe-names which correspond to an ancient Irish name Vodii; the town name of Buda in

Hungary, is of the same origin, and so is Budii, the name of a Median tribe. Matiani, the name of another Median tribe, and also the national name of the Medes, are derived from the general Finnic or Ugric tribe-name *mat*, which signifies "tent." (See Taylor's Etruscan Researches, p. 78).

La, at the end of Finnish names, denotes "place;" Reval is a corruption of Rahwa-La, "the place of the people." (Etruscan Researches, p. 342). So Fodla, an old name for Ireland, and Fodla in Scotland, now Athole, signify, in each case, the place of the Fod or Vod, and the Vodii were an ancient people in the south of Ireland.

At pp. 106-121 of 2nd ed. of his "Goidelica," Dr Whitley Stokes examines the Gaelic Entries in the Book of Deir. In the first entry we are informed that Bede, the Pict, Grand Stewart of Buchan, gave, in offering, to Calumcille and Drostan from *Cloch in tiprat* (Stone of the well) to *Cloch pette mic Garnait* (Stone of pet [of the] son of Garnait), pp. 108-9. *Pett meic Garnait* occurs again in the second entry, and also *Pett in mulenn* (Pett of the Mill); *Pett meic Gobroig* (Pett of son of Gobrog); *Pett Maelduib* (Pett of Maeldub), p. 109.

In the third entry occurs *pet mec cóbrig*, and in the fourth Pet Ipair (Pet of Ipar), p. 110. At p. 120, Stokes erroneously compares pet with the Irish "*pit* (in *terc-fit*, *leth-fit*), a portion of food," with which it has nothing to do.

In looking over Slater's Directory for Scotland, for the year 1882, in search of place-names beginning with *Pit*, the modern form which Pet takes, I found none among the Orkney, Shetland, or Caithness place-names; two in Sutherland, fourteen in Aberdeenshire, twenty-five in Fifeshire, three in Invernesε-shire, six in Kincardineshire, three in Kinross-shire, nineteen in Perthshire, nine in Forfarshire, none in Argyllshire, Dumbartonshire, or Stirlingshire, one in Haddingtonshire, and none elsewhere south of the Firths of Forth and Clyde. Pet or Pit seems to be more frequent where the Albanian Picts north of the Firths of Forth and Clyde held their ground longest. There is not a vestige of it left by the Niduarian Picts, or Picts of Galloway, and there is not a trace of it in Ireland. It seems, therefore, to have been peculiar to the dialects spoken by the Picts of Northern Scotland. There is no reason to doubt that there are more place-names beginning with *Pit* than I have found in Slater's Directory.

Dr Whitley Stokes, at p. 120 of his "Goidelica," 2nd ed., compares *pet* with the Irish *pit* (in *terc-fit*, *leth-fit*, a "portion of food)," but *pet*, a townland, which alternates with the Gaelic *baile*, is older

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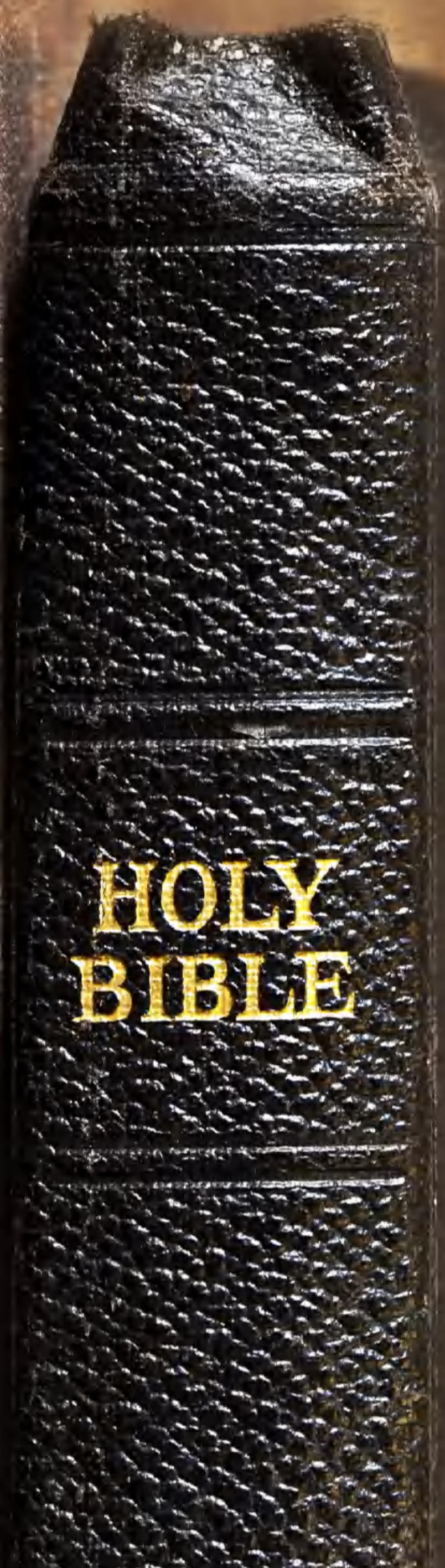

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—"iarsén do rat columcille dodrostán inchadraig sén 7 rosbénact 7 foracaib imbrether gebe tísad nabad blianec buadacc tangadar déara drostán arscarthain fri collumcille be rolaboir columcille bedéar á ainm ohunn imach."

"After that Columcille gave to Drostan that town and blessed it, and left as (his) word 'whosoever should come against it let him not be many-yeared or victorious.' Drostán's tears came on parting with Columcille. Said Columcille, 'Let Déar (tear) be its name henceforward.'"

There need hardly be any doubt that Deir was the name of the place long before Columcille, or Drostan, was born. Deir corresponds to Derá (village) in Dhunál, N.E. Bengal.—Hunter's "The Non-Aryan Languages of India and High Asia," p. 163.

A considerable portion of the Gaelic vocabulary may be traced to pre-Keltic languages:—*Táin*, water, is recognised in *Tanais*, the ancient name of the Don in Russia, and there seems to be no doubt that the modern name *Don* is derived from the old one. In Armstrong's Gaelic Dictionary, *Don* is defined as denoting water, and is likely a less ancient form of *Tain*; so the river-name Don in Scotland is evidently identical with the same name in Russia. Abh (av) is given in Cormac's Glossary as denoting river; according to Joyce's "Irish Names of Places," it is used only in the southern half of Ireland. It is found provected into *ap* and *app* in several place-names in Scotland. It probably meant water, in the primary use of it. Awe, in Loch Awe, was evidently in its original Gaelic form *abha*; ab (ab, abba) signifies the sea in Akkadian. Akkadian, *durud*, a fortress, and *tir*, a judge, seem to be cognate with Gaelic *druideadh*, a shutting or closing, and tor, a lord. Akkadian *ca*, a gate; Gaelic *cái* or *caoi*, a way; whence *cachlaidh*, a rustic gate, from *cai*, a way, and *cliath*, a hurdle; Ak. erim, soldier (host). The oldest form of *Eireamhon*, the eponym of the strongest branch of the Gaelic Kelts, is *Erem*, which is nearly identical with *erim*, and evidently closely cognate with this word. This eponym, *Erem*, gives strong support to the theory that the first Kelts came to Ireland from north-western Gaul, that is, the country of the Veneti, as auxiliaries to an Iberian Irish over-king. The oldest name by which the Gaels called themselves was *Féne* or *Féine*, and their cultivated written language they called *Berle Fene*. Again, the names *Fene* and *Veneti* are nearly identical, and, doubtlessly, nearly akin to each other. In Professor Mackinnon's contribution to the *Scotsman* newspaper on the *Feinn*, there is the old Gaelic word rig-Fennid (Kings-warrior), which still further corroborates the foresaid theory.

Ptolemy's Tinea, now the Tyne, is clearly akin to the Gaelic *táin* (water). The Gaelic *caochan*, a rivulet, is evidently related to the river names Cauca, in New Granada; Cacathus, in India; Caca, in Bolivia; Cachy, in Peru; Caicinus and Caecina, in Italy; and Caicusin, in Asia Minor.—(Hyde Clarke's "Researches in Pre-historic and Proto-historic Comparative Philology," &c., pp. 49-50. Gaelic *sian*, rain; Sinu, a river in New Granada; Senos, the Ptolemaic name for the Shannon, in modern Gaelic *Sionainn;* Birgos, for the Barrow, *Biorra* in Gaelic. The first part of Birgos, *bir*, signifies water; Bovouinda, the Boyne, in Gaelic *A' Bhóinne.* Gaelic *cottud*, a mountain; Cotopaxi, a mountain in Ecuador, America; Cottia, Alps, Europe. Ak. *gan* (gana), field, plain, enclosure; Gael. *ceann*, a plain or enclosure.—(O'Davoren's Glos sary, p. 68). *Oidhce Bhealltainn*, the last night of April, and *Latha Bealltainn*, the first day of May. Belten in Scotch is borrowed from Gaelic. Belltaine (Cormac's Glossary), a genitive form which points to a nominative Bell-tán. Tán signifies time, and there is reason to infer from various descriptions found in Irish writings, and from the superstitions connected with Mayday and the night preceding it, that *bell* means sun, and that *Oidhche Bealltainn* means Night of Sun-time, and *Latha Bealltainn* Day of Sun-time; so *bliadhna* (a year), the old form of which is *bliadan*, is from *bell*, or *Béal-tán*, sun-time, or sun's apparent annual revolution round the sun. In Dhimál and in Kocch, N.E. Bengal, *belá* is the name for the sun. *Belà* is the name for the sun in Khond and Chentsu, Central India. Gaelic *bell*, or *béal*, appears to be identical with *belá*, found as a name for the sun in four Non-Aryan languages in India.—Hunter's "The Non-Aryan Languages of India and High Asia," p. 158).

In Major C. R. Conder's paper on "The Early Races of Western Asia," in the Journal of the Anthropological Institute, for August last, at pp. 44-48 there are "one hundred Hittite words compared with Akkadian, Medic, Susian and Etruscan, Turkic and Mongol words of archaic living languages." Many of these bear a near resemblance to Gaelic words, with which they are here compared:—[1] G. *abhadh*, a camp, an encampment a dwelling, an abode; H. house, abode; Ak. *ab;* Altaic *eb*, *ev;* Chagataish *oba*, *ova*, house. G. *achadh*, a field; H. *aker;* Et. *ayer*, field; Chagataish *kir;* Lapp. *aker*, field. G. *an*, noble, pure; *Ana*, the mother of the Hibernian gods; H. *an*, god; Ak. *an;* Medic *an;* Et. *an*, *un;* Susian, *an.* G. *guth*, voice, a word; H. *gu*, word, say; Ak. *gu;* Buriat, *goi*, say,

[1] G. for Gaelic, H. for Hittite, Ak. for Akkadian, Et. for Etruscan.

ask. G. *ceann*, plain, enclosure ; H. *kan*, *gan*, enclosure ; Manchu *yuan*, garden ; Yakut, *khonu*, field. G. *cu*, a champion, a hero, a chief—a different word from *cu*, a hound or dog, with which it has been confounded ; H. *ku*, king ; Ak. *uk* and *ku ;* Susian *ku*, king ; Manchu *chu*, lord ; Ak. *ku*, high. G. *corrach*, steep ; H. *kur*, mountain ; Ak. *kur ;* Medic *kurkha ;* Lapp. *kor ;* Tcheremiss, *korok ;* Gaelic *cruach.* G. *oll*, great, omnipotent ; o*llamh*, a doctor, chief professor of any science ; *ollamhnachd*, superiority (O'Reilly); *ollamhan*, a chief bard or historiographer (Ll. Ar. Br.) ; *Ollamh Olum*, a celebrated Irian or Pictish king of Ireland. As in the case of many other words and names, the second part of this name has received a perverted explanation ; so *Olum* is said to signify crop-eared, from *o*, an ear, and *lum*, equivalent to *lom*, bare. There can hardly be a doubt that in this case *Olum* denotes great or illustrious. H. *lul*, *lel*, chief ; Ak. *lala*, *lul*, *lil*, ruler ; Hunnic *luli*, chief ; Altaic *ulula*, to become great. G. *tuirghen*, a king, a lord ; H. *tarka*, chief ; Et. *tarchu*, *tarchi* (Tarquin) ; Siberian *tarkhan ;* Tschuwash *torgan ;* Uigur *tarkhan*, chief. G. *tor*, a sovereign, lord, a noble ; H. *tur*, chief ; Uigur *töre*, prince ; Ak. *tar* or *tur*. At p. 33 of the Journal of the Anth. In., Major Conder remarks that *Nazi* is a Susian and Akkadian word, which is spelt syllabically, and signifies a prince. Now, in the Gaelic tale of the Sons of Uisneach, who were three in number, *Nais* was the name of one of them, and the only one that is not transparent to a Gaelic scholar. The name may therefore be allied to Nazi, the name of a Hittite chief. This name signifies in Hittite and in Susian "prince," and the Sons of Uisneach were, according to the tale, princes.

Asia Minor words mentioned by Greek writers—Gaelic, *al*, a horse ; *all*, a bridle ; Carian, *ala*, horse ; Gaelic, *loth*, a filly ; Hungarian, *lo*, a horse.

At commencing this paper, I never thought that I should be led by its subject into such a wide field of inquiry and research ; were the Picts entirely Ugrian, as Dr Isaac Taylor calls them, the work of writing this paper should have been much less ; but the common name Picti, by which this combination of tribes called itself in the time of the Roman occupation of Britain and subsequently, is nearly identical with Pictones, an Aquitanian, not an Ugrian people. The names of the tribes that entered into combination to defend themselves against the Romans, point to successive migrations from different centres, at various periods, into North Britain.

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In India, the Kolarian group, Ko, Singbhum, Sontali, Bhumij, Mundari, Uraon, Kuri, Juang, &c.; in Eastern Asia, Korean; in North Africa, the Furian; in West Africa, Koussa, Mandings, Bambarra, Yoruba, languages, the Ebo, Ashantee, and Fantee, Kossa, Fulah.

"The Vasco-Kolarian has tree and house conforming to village and grove. The roots for tooth and bone supply names for implements. The names for beasts are based on those for the dog, and altogether the early elements appear to belong to a stage when men were passing from an age of stone to one of bone, and from caves to tree dwellings."—(Hyde Clarke's "Researches in Prehistoric and Proto-historic Comparative Philology," p. 11).

The northern members of these peoples at present are white or brown, but all the southern members are black; but in Herodotus's time, blacks of them existed as far north as the Caucasus. The colour of the northern members, therefore, has been changed by crossing with races having yellow, brown, or white skins. It is surprising that this group of tribes or nations, whatever be the present social differences, are, and always have been, warlike. The Romans were resisted by the Basques, as the Spaniards are and have been; the Roman Empire was attacked by the Avars; the Russians were long resisted by the Lesghians, under Schamyl; the Southals rebelled against the British; the Americans and French were beaten off by the Coreans, who kept the Chinese and Japanese at bay; the Ashantees have fought bravely against the British, and Houssas and Kossas fought along with them.

There are many words in Gaelic seemingly cognate with Basque words:—*Arhan*, a plum; Gaelic *airne*, a sloe; *arrano*, an eagle; Gaelic *fìrean* (has nothing to do with *fìor eun*); Welsh *eryr*; *bero*, hot, Gael. *breo*, fire, flame; *ecin*, impossibility; Gael. *éigin*, violence, difficulty; *erbi*, a hare; Gael. *earb*, a roe; *gar*, flame; Gael. *garadh*, a warming or heating; *kil*, death; Gael. *cil*, death; *idi*, an ox; Gael. *ed*, cattle; *khe*, smoke; Gael. *ceo*, one of the meanings of which is smoke in the Outer Hebrides.

In choosing these Basque words as apparently cognate with Gaelic words, I have avoided all those that I suspected of being loan words from Latin, French, or Spanish.

The Basques are called by Roman writers Vascones, and a Basque calls himself, at the present day, Uscaldun, his language Uscara, and his country Uscalherri. The initial V of Vascones was evidently substituted by the Roman writers for the Basque B, which has a sound intermediate between B and V. In modern Basque, the initial consonant has been vocalised into U in

Uscaldun, &c., and the n into ld. Many old Gaelic personal names end in -ne, which denotes offspring or descendants. Baiscne, which by aspiration becomes Bhaiscne, and Bais, Bhais, the first syllable, may be equated with Vasc- of Vascones, and with Usc- of Uscaldun. According to the pedigree of Fionn Mac Cumhaill, as compiled by the Vicar of Bienn Eadair, Fionn is the seventh in descent from Baiscne, from whom the Clanna Baiscne, more lately Clanna Baoisgne, were descended—("Leabhar na Feinne," p. 34).

We learn from Boyd Dawkins' palæontological work that the northern range of the Basques extended to the British Isles. The Sumero-Akkadian is reckoned among the proto-historic languages. Sumerian preceded the Semitic languages in Canaan, and the Akkadians from High Asia blended with the Sumerians in Babylonia. They extended along the Mediterranean westward to Spain and the north-west of Europe. They became powerful by sea, and found their way both to North and South America. They were conquered in Babylonia one thousand years before the Christian era. The Sumero-Akkadians are supposed to have come from a common centre in High Asia to Babylonia and to India, and from the same centre, shortly afterwards, to Indo-China; then followed the occupation of Java and other islands. It is highly probable that Peru was reached four or five thousand years ago. It is to be observed that the Malay occupation of Australasia must have cut off the Sumerian intercourse with America.

A prevalent notion among naturalists that words are perishable and cannot be transmitted, is based upon a false conception. So far as the Sumero-Akkadian is concerned, words written three or five thousand years ago in Babylonia, wherein the language is extinct, are preserved by American populations in an unwritten form. Longer periods must have elapsed for the diffusion of the identical words of the Kolarian of India and of Koussa in Africa; and more still for the period of spreading of Wolof in Africa and Khond in India. There are animal names common to South America and Central Africa. These facts give us a life for a word or for a myth, as for a race; and, in many cases, there is purer preservation of the word or the myth from intermixture than of cranial forms.

To the languages of Chin-India are akin the Aymara and Quichua languages of Peru, the Aztek of Mexico, and thereby to the Sumero-Akkadian. In Southern Peru and Northern Bolivia, the language of the Aymaras, who were conquered by the Incas, is spoken. The Quichua is spoken in Northern Peru and Southern

Bolivia. The Aymaras were a great people before the conquest of the Incas, in 1100. At Tiahuanaca, on the south of Lake Titicaca, which was the capital of the Aymara land, ruins of magnificent palaces and temples occur. The conquest of this city was completed in 1289, but violent revolts ensued. Aymara is probably the equivalent of Kemer, or Khmer, the name of the Cambodians, and of Sumer—the name of the people connected with the Akkadians. The Kissii, or Cissii, near Babylon, may be said to be represented by Quichua in Peru and Quiché in Mexico. The Aztek culture and language of Mexico, as was well seen by Humboldt, were derived from the old world. The language is to be classed with Sumero-Akkadian, and is intermediate between Aymara and Otomi. The Otomi is allied to the Circassian, and its resemblance to Etruscan, though distant, is remarkable. The Otomis may have had connections or dealings with the monument-building races of North America, and at a later period, when the Sumero-Akkadian kingdoms of Mexico had become weaker, returned and invaded Mexico. The Maya language of Yucatan comes within the Sumero-Akkadian class.

Dr Hyde Clarke tells us that "The nomenclature of Ptolemy and the other geographers is of the Akkad epoch; and that of the early Biblical books, Akkad or Babylonian"—("Researches in Prehistoric and Proto-historic Comparative Philology," p. 60); and at p. 63, Ibid., he says of speech—"Its influence is, of course, a disturbing one as well, and hence, although not decisive for ethnological determination, it is none the less to be regarded. Speech is the heir, the representative, the transmitter of the accumulated experience of civilisation in thousands of years."

When I began this paper on the Picts, I thought, at the commencement, that I had to do with a tree, the roots whereof terminated in the north-west of Europe, among the Finnish nations to the east of the Baltic, and in the south-west in Spain; but as I proceeded with the inquiry, I ascertained that the roots of the tree encompassed the globe and crossed immense oceans, and although this is a long paper, it does nothing like exhaust the subject—in fact, it merely points to several landmarks which may suggest some notions of the importance of the topic. It may be seen from what I have written that the Inverness Gaelic Society is in the centre of an area where important results might be attained by diligent research among the Gaelic dialectal peculiarities which it presents. The fact is, research may yet discover forms of words and phrases that may throw much light on the pre-Keltic dialects of the North of Scotland.

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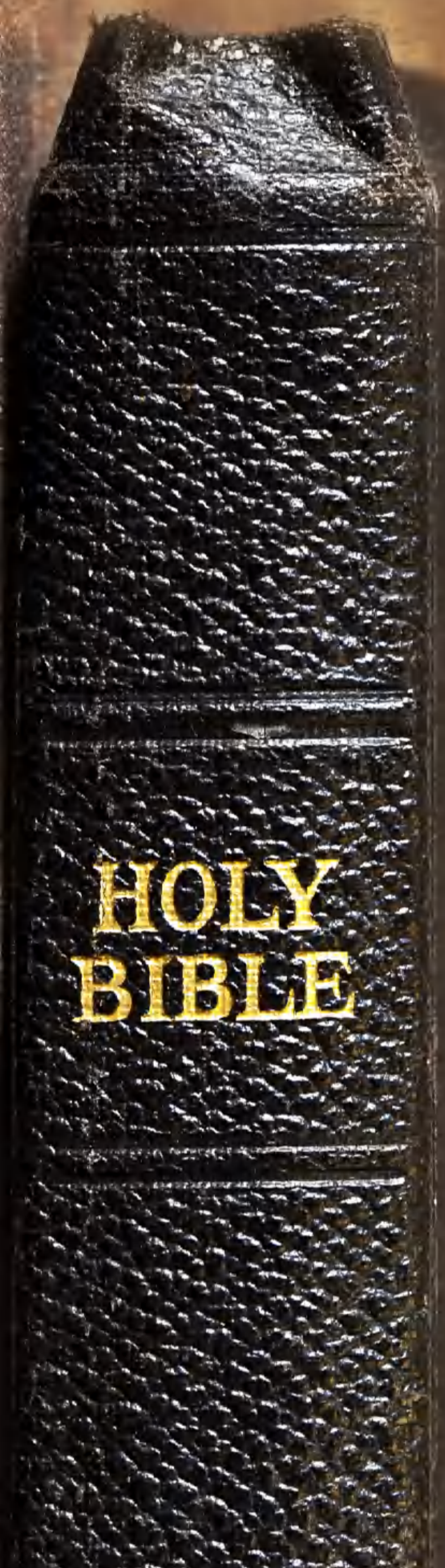

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to the remoteness and barreness of the *natale solum.* Only by bearing this in mind can we understand the strong desire expressed by a native of Iochdair, South Uist, when home-sick and far away—

"Na' feighinn mo leud ann am mointeach an Iochdair
'S cuideachadh siol buntàta!

Donald Maclean left Greenock for North Uist, and took up his residence on the croft of Camairt, where he reared a large family of sons and daughters. To his crofting avocations he added the employment of gamekeeper and kelp officer, and latterly of auctioneer. His wife was a Roman Catholic, and a daughter of "Fear an Dun-Ghaineachaidh," in Benbecula, but notwithstanding the difference of faith, they lived happily together. They first met under circumstances illustrative of how times have changed. Before the days of the prevention of cruelty to animals, it was the custom to have a cock-fighting, "Cath Choileach," in connection with every school, about the Candlemas season. The boys scoured the country in search of the conquering rooster, and the possessor of the victorious bird was king for the nonce. It was on one of these barn-door excursions that Donald first saw his wife. In after years he came back and married her; and, as her voice finds utterance in one of her husband's songs, and she is referred to in another, it is desirable that she should be mentioned here. Humour, which is sometimes fantastic, characterises "Oran na Camairt," but it is apt and clever, and the language is classic in its idiomatic purity. It was composed in dispraise of "Camairt," and the difficulties which its sterility and unproductiveness presented in the support of a large family are graphically told. In the very first verse he breathes an imprecation on the land whose nakedness he exposes, and he refers to periodical expeditions in search of the necessaries of life. His journey to Paible to purchase meal; the niggardliness of the Macaulay from whom it was bought; the indifferent quality of the meal, and the gigantic size of the mites in which it abounded; Donald's altercation with the wife, and, finally, their mutual pledging of one another in *mogan*, and the discovery of third cousinship under its mellowing influence, are all told. It is sung to the same melody as Mac Codrum's "Oran a Bhonn-a-sia."

ORAN DO 'N CHAMAIRT.

Mile molachd do 'Chamairt
Seach aon fhearann an Alba!
'S ann a dh'fhag i mi direach,
'Na mo shineadh an ainmheach,

Ged a dheanainn a churachd,
Cha'n fhas ach buinteag a's sealbhag ;
'S bi mi bharr air an t-Samhuinn
Air uiread caillich a dh'arbhar.

Chorus—Haoi-o-baoiri, horo-hall,
Haoi-o-haoiri, horo-hall,
Haoi-o-haoiri, horo-hall,
'S mairg a.thachair 's an aite,
Far nach àraichear clann.

Tigh 'n as aonais na mine,
Cha 'n fhaod gillean bhi meamnach ;
Ann a' freasdal bhuntata,
'S gun 's a' bhlar dheth ach meanbhlach :
Ged a rachainn do 'n traigh dhoibh,
Ni na bairnich am marbhadh ;
'S a dhol 'g am ghearain ri Bailidh,
Gur beag stath tha 'nam sheanchas.

Haoi-o, &c.

Tha mo cheann-sa air liathadh
'S gur e 'm biadh a dh'fhag ann e ;
'S iomadh taigh n' dean mi, "Dia so !"
Dol 'ga' iarraidh 's an t-Samhradh ;
'Nuair a leumas an t-Samhuinn,
A falbh gu baile Chloinn Aulaidh ;
Iad dhomhsa ruladh a bharraich,
'S iad fein ag arrach air cabhraich !

Sud na fir a bhios moiteal
Ni iad fortan am bliadhna ;
Ma 's e corna no coirce
Gheibh iad ochd sgillin deug air :
Bi na bodaich ri mogan,
'S cha bhi sogan 'ga dheanamh ;
'S far an càirear am pige,
Cha tig driog as le fialachd.

Turus thug mi do Phabuill,
Gu h-airtneulach cearbach,
Dol a dh'iarraidh na ceannachd,
Ann a meadhoin na h-ainsreach ;

Poc' a dh'fhianagan lachdunn !
Mi fein a's m' each air ar marbhadh,
Mi gan iomain le bata,
Chuid nach fanadh 's a' bhalg dhiubh.

Mile molachd do Ruairi,
'S gu'm a buan sud mu 'Shealbhan ;
Ged a gheibhte' rud uaithe,
Righ ! bu chruaidh e mu bhargan :
Boineid ghlas air a' fiaradh,
Air de cheud bhadhar Fhearchair,
'S gu'm be 'n cùineadh 'g a' fhaighneachd,
Air neo *line* Ailein Chamshroin.

'N am bhi tombas bhuntata,
Mu'n robh lan anns a' chliabh dheth,
'S ann a labhair a chailleach,
Aig an teine gu fiadhaich,
"Tha thu nis air fas gorach,
'Nuair bu choir dhuit bhi crionna
'Toirt do chodach do Dhomhull,
'S e cheart cho scolta ri Iamhar."

"Eisd a bhorrasach shalach,
'S maith a b'aithne dhomh riamh thu,
C'uim' nach fanadh tu samhach,
'S gu'n do phaigh mi na dh'iarr thu ?
Ach chuir an donas glas lamh ort,
Mar bhios meairleach an iarrunn ;
'S ged a tha thu shiol Adhamh,
Tha thu grannd air do dheanamh."

"Cum fo riaghailt do theanga
'S gheibh thu barrachd 's a dh'iarr thu ;"
Fhuair i botal a's gloine,
'S bha i ealamh 'gan iarraidh :
Dh' ol i sud air mo shlainte,
Lom-lan gus an iochdar,
'S nuair a shloinneadh an cairdeas,
B' i fein 's mo mhathair an t-iar-ogh

In his song to Iain Ruadh Valegui, Donald still complains of the "Camairt," but hopes for better times. His senior in estate employment might drop off, and Donald would succeed him in

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Ach fear tha riutsa cho gàbhaidh,
Cha chum bas fo'n fhod e ;
Ged a thiodhlaicinn thu maireach,
Dh'fheumainn geard an comhnuidh ;
Thigeadh tu thugam 's a spagail,
Le d' chul buidhe mar a b'abhaist,
'S chuireadh tu mise 's mo phaisdean,
Mach air earr a' Chròdgair.

Ach na faighinn gillean tapaidh,
'Nam bhi pasgadh t-òrdag ;
Cheangladh do lamhan 's do chasan,
Le buill ghasda chocraich ;
Chum 's gu'n aithnichinn thu'n am eirigh,
A' tigh 'n nuas Lon a' Chleireich
Mar gu'm biodh each 'us di-leum air,
'S theichinn fein do'n mhointich !

Sguiridh mi nis de mo rabhard,
Cha'n 'eil stath 'nam *stoiri :*
Roinnidh mi a' chlann air na cairdean
Bho nach fas am por dhoibh :
Cuiridh mi bhean chun a Phàpa
Far nach beir i tuilleadh gràisge,
'S gabhaidh mi fein le mo mhathair,
O 'n 's i dh'araich og mi.

Donald was not always, however, in the humour of running down Camairt. Once, in a way, when his wife seems to have been discontented with the change from the fine fertile fields of her native Dun-Gaineachaidh to the rugged lands about Lochmaddy, he assumes the *role* of admirer of the "Camairt," and in the following metrical dialogue they support opposite sides of the question :—

Esan.

A Chamairt bhoidheach 'sam bheil mo chomhnuidh,
Gu duilleach neoineanach anns gach gleann ;
Air son do bhoichead cha bharrachd bosd domb,
Teisteas mor a chur ort do 'n Fhraing :
Ma's fear bhios beo mi cha bhi mi dòlum,
Coirce 's corna cha bhi orm gann,
'S bi cuach 'us smeorach a' deanamh ceol domh,
'S mi treabhadh mointich le m' each 's le m' crann.

Ise.

Ciod am fath dhuit a bhi 'ga' raitinn,
As fios aig cach nach e sin a th'ann,
Ach aite grannda nach cinnich barr ann,
'S nach faigh na paisdeon a null no nall:
Do chrodh a ranaich 's gun sguap 's an athaidh,
'Us iad ag arach an rud tha gann;
'S mar faigh a *bhlarag* e ann a Bhalaidh,
Gun fiugh an t-snathainn a theid na ceann.

Esan.

Tha mnathan gorach 'us tusa d' oinsich,
Tha moran neonachas ann a' d' cheann,
Tha muir 'us mointeach gu maith 'ga d' chomhnadh,
Tha aobhar sòlais dhuit tachairt ann.
Tha sobhrach chùbhraidh 'us lili dhu-ghorm,
A fas gu dluth air a chreig ud thall;
'S cha'n 'eil 's an duthaich ni 's fearr an cùmhradh
Ged ghabh thu 'm buireadh sin ann a' d' cheann.

Ise.

'S iomadh caochladh a thig air daoine,
'S tha mise smaointeachadh air 's an am;
A' moladh aonaich nach fhiach an t-saothair,
'S gun neach 's an t-Saoghal a dh'fhanadh ann,
Le slocan ròghach, 's le grobain chòintich,
Cha 'n falbh mi comhnard gun bhat a' m' laimh;
'S gu'm b'fhearr leam seoladh gu Pàp' na Roimhe,
'Na 'fuireach comhlath riut anns an am.

Esan.

Ma ghabh thu 'n t-ardan 's nach fan thu làmh rium,
Bi falbh a maireach 's gheibh thu taing,
As ruig am Pàpa sin tha thu 'gradh,
'S a dh'aindeoin crabhaidh cha'n fhan thu ann;
Bi mi 's mo phaisdean 'nam mhonadh aghmhor,
Le bainne 's blathaich 's cais' 'us meang,
'S bheir mi *discharge* dhuit air do dhearna,
'S le beannachd Phadruig na till a nall.

In this short poem the bard gives himself the last word in the controversy—it must be confessed a somewhat unusual experience when similar differences arise—but apart from that, it may be doubted whether he acts the apologist for "Camairt" with the

same zest and success as he plays the part of critic in the two previous poems. No doubt in the last case his task was more difficult.

Another Uist bard, of whose compositions the song that follows alone is extant, was "Nial Ruadh Mor," or Neil Macvicar. He lived at Vallay, in North Uist, and emigrated to Cape Breton upwards of 60 years ago, where he continued to woo the muses. The humour of "Oran nan Cat" leads us to think that his trans-Atlantic verses must have also been worth preserving, but whether they live in the memory of the generation that followed is indeed more than doubtful. As to "Oran nan Cat," the story was that on the night of a fiddler's wedding, and after the close of the festivities, a number of the neighbouring cats congregated to where the bagpipes had been deposited, to whose strains the merrymakers had tripped the "light fantastic toe," and greedily devoured the sheep-skin bag, so essential a part of the national instrument. We do not know whether, like the fox, they congratulated themselves on the combination of meat and music; but they fought and lacerated one another over the division of the spoil, each endeavouring to get the lion's share. But as they did not go the length of the Kilkenny cats, they were able afterwards to moralise on the situation. When the period of reflection came, they were sadder and wiser cats, and their reminiscences of their destructive convivality seem to have been somewhat mingled. The piper, in the first verse, refers to the tragic fate of the instrument, and thereafter the different cats express their opinions.

ORAN NAN CAT.

Oidhche banais an fhidhleir
Bha mi inntinneach eutrom,
Mo chridhe mire ri m' inntinn,
'S bha gach ni leam a' geiltinn;
Piob nan dos 's i fo m' achlais,
'S dheanainn caismeachd do cheudan:
Mu'n d'thainig deireadh na h-oidhche
Cha robh mir dh' i ri cheile.

Seisd—Bheir mi o raill òho
Agus o raill eile,
Bheir mi o raill òho
Agus o raill eile.
Bheir mi o raill òho
Agus o raill eile,
Gnr e mis' tha gu tursach,
'S mo chruit-chiuil air mo threigsinn.

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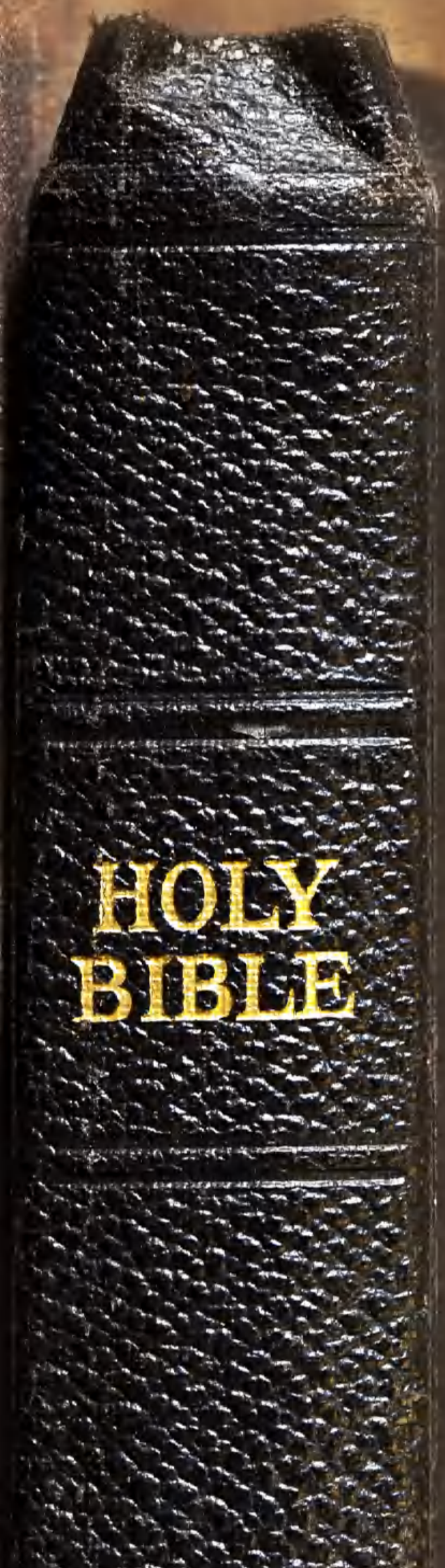

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'S ann a chaill mi mo shuilean,
Ge b' e 'n cù bha 'g an sgrobadh,
Air son craicionn seann ruda
'S gur e mùn thug a chloimh dheth !"
Bheir mi, etc.

Thuirt cat Thormoid 's e labhairt—
"Theid bhur sparradh am priosan,
Bho'n tha mise 'nam Earraid
'S duine daingean bho 'n Righ mi.
Theid bhur glacadh mar mheirlich,
Bho nach tamh sibh an oidhche,
'S dòigh gu faic mi 'n glas lamh,
Gu tigh geard am Port-righ sibh."

Another Uist (South) bard of local fame was Donald Maclellan, or, as he was called, "Domhnull Ruadh nan Oran." He was the author of several fugitive humorous productions, but the song which follows, "Maighdeann Bhoidheach Mhic Fhearghuis," seems alone to have survived. This "Maighdean" was really a ship of that name, the property of one John Ferguson, and on board of which Donald sailed as a hand. Like most other bards, Donald was a gay Lothario, who dearly loved the lasses, but this maiden whose praises he celebrates was more constant and worthy of his attachment than all the other fair ones on the country side. It is a fine stirring, breezy effusion, though marred in one or two passages by the introduction of English words. It sings to the same air as "Oran nan Cat."

MAIGHDEANN BHOIDHEACH MHIC FHEARGHUIS.

Seisd—Faill illirinn oho hug 'us ohoro eile,
Faill illirinn oho hug 'us ohoro eile,
Maighdeann Bhoidheach Mhic Fhearghuis,
Gur tric a dh'fhalbh sinn le cheile.

Tha mo chion air a mhaighdinn,
Gheibhinn caoimhneas 'na 'd' achhlais,
'S tu bu bhoi'che dreach leine
'N am eirigh 's a' mhaduinn :
Do shlios mar chanach an t-sleibhe
'S gaoth a' seideadh 'na 'd' bhadan,
'S tu nach innseadh na breugan
'S nach cuireadh sgeul orm le magadh.

S tric a chaithris mi 'n oidhche,
Cur na maighdinn an ordugh,
Mu'm faigheadh iad heum dh'i,
Latha Feille no Domhnuich ;
Cha robh riobain mu'n cuairt di,
Ach buill chruaidh dhe 'n a chocraich,
'S i bu bhoi'che dhe cinneadh,
A' dol an ionad a seolaidh.

Fhuair mi loinneachan posaidh,
Leat bho Steornabhagh Chaisteil ;
Bha do ghealladh ro dhearbhta,
Bha thu eársach na 'd'fhacal ;
'S mi gu'n ceannaicheadh an gùn dhuit,
Ged bhiodh crun air t-slait dheth,
Agus riobaineau cocraich,
Chum do sheoladh bhi aithghearr.

Cuid de bheusan mo leannain
A bhi cathranach faoilidh ;
Gabhail fhaileadh na mara,
Bho 'n a chleachd i mar cheaird e ;
Bheirinn *dram* dha cuid lamhan,
'S rud a bharrachd 'nam faodadh,
'S b'e mo raghainn 's mo thlachd,
A bhi a' pasgadh a h-aodaich.

Tha clann-nighean an taobh so
'S beag tha m' nigh ann am pairt diubh,
'Gam bheil crodh agus caoirich,
'S cha ghabh mi h-aon buibh 'n 'd aite ;
'S mi nach iarradh leat tochradh,
Ach *jib*, a's *topsail*, a's *mainsail*,
Agus *foresail* maith ur,
Bhi as do chionn air a bhreideadh.

'S iomadh oidhche fhliuch fhuaraidh,
Eadar Tuath agus Manainn,
Bha mi muigh leis a' Ghruagaich,
Leis nach b'fhuathach mo leantuinn,
Ise ruith air an fhuaradh,
'S muir a' bualadh mu darach,
Mi fein 's mo lamh air a guallainn,
'S bha cuisle fuathasach fallainn.

Bha thu gleusd air an aiseag,
Bha thu tapaidh mar bhàta,
'Nam tarruing gu cladach,
Cha chluinnte 'glagraich nan ramh ort,
Bha thu comasach coi'-dheas,
Gaoth an ceann no 'na 'd fhabhar,
'S nuair a ruigeamaid Cluaidh leat,
Bhiodh ar tuarasdal paighte.

Another excellent sea song—of which I fear I do not possess a thoroughly complete version—was composed by Raonaid Nighean Mhic Neill, a distinguished poetess in her day. This Hebridean Sappho (a native of North Uist), flourished, I think, towards the close of last century. It is said that she was once in the Isle of Skye wind bound, and waiting for a boat and a favouring breeze to take her across the Minch. She happened to be one day gathering shell-fish, along with other women, on the shore of Dunvegan, when, raising her head and looking westward, she saw a tall handsome man passing by. To the astonishment of all, this gentleman, splendidly dressed, and wearing a gold ring, accosted Raonaid, and, finding out that she was waiting to cross to Uist, offered her a passage. This turned out to be young Maclean of Heiskir, an island otherwise known as Monach, lying westward of North Uist, and which was occupied by the same family for generations. In praise of Fear Heiskir and his *birlinn* the following stirring verses were composed :—

Gur e mise tha fo mhighean,
'S mi leam fein air a' chnoc,
Fada, fada bho m' chairdean,
Ann an aite ri port,
Gus a faca mi 'm bata,
Le siuil arda ri dos,
Tigh 'n bho Rudha na h-Airde
'S mac an armuinn ri stoc.

Mac an armuinn ri stiuireadh,
A' tigh 'n a dh'ionnsuidh an t-Snoid,
Steach troimh chaolas a' beucadh,
'S muir ag eirigh ri stoc,
Tha do lamhsa cho gleusda,
'S cha do threig thu do neart,
Ged a thigeadh muir dù ghorm,
Chuireadh srùladh a steach.

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The following stanzas are also of the nature of a sea song, and with them I shall bring this paper to a close. I have not been able to localise them or state positively that they are Hebridean in their origin. I have heard it said, however, that they were composed by a lady of the Macdonald family of Sleat, but they afford no internal evidence as to their authorship or the person to whom they are addressed. Macpherson, Strathmashie, in the chorus of a song called "An Long Eiginn," has borrowed a part of the chorus of this song, as, I think, there can be little doubt of its being the older composition of the two. I am not aware of its being in print, and I think it possesses the merit of poetic and refined sentiment :—

Seisd—Ho nan tigeadh mo Robairneach gaolach,
Birlinn aig' agus ceatharna dhaoine,
Dheanainnse mire co theireadh nach faodadh,
B' aighearrach mise 'nan tilleadh a ghaoth sibh.

Tha bhirlinn a tigheann fo h-uidheam an trathsa,
Timchioll an rudh' agus buidheann mo ghraidh innt',
Fear a' chuil bhuidhe 'na shuidh' air a braighe,
'S tu dheanadh a stiuireadh ri cul nan tonn arda.

Nam bitheadh sud agadsa claidheamh 'us targaid,
Gunna bheoil laghaich, b' e do roghainn a dh'arm e,
Paidhear mhaith phiostal fo chrios nam bann airgid,
'S tu leannan te oige cho boidheach 's tha 'n Albainn.

Cha b' e mo Robainse soideanach suarach,
'S aotrom aighearrach aigeannach suaire' e,
'Snamhaiche linne fear buidhe chuil dualaich,
B' aighearrach mise bhi mire mu'n cuairt ort.

'Nan tigeadh tu fathast b' e m' aighear 's mo run thu,
Cead bhi 'ga 'd choimhead gu'm b'aighearrach leam e,
'Nuair dh' eireadh tu d' sheasamh bu deas thu air urlar,
'S leat urram an danns' a's tu annsachd na cuirte.

23rd APRIL, 1890.

The paper for this evening was by Mrs Mary Mackellar, on the "Traditions of Lochaber." Mrs Mackellar's paper was as follows :—

TRADITIONS OF LOCHABER.

Lochaber was a place of note in very ancient times. Banquo, Thane thereof, lived at Tor Castle, on the banks of the river Lochy, as history tells, and the topography of the surroundings proves. Afterwards Macbeth had a home at what is now known as Lundavra. St Bershom, in his "Chronicles of St Andrews," says that Macbeth was slain at his habitation of Deabhra, and Skene in his "Celtic Scotland" quotes this, saying that Deabhra is a lake in the forest of Mamore in Lochaber, on an island of which there was a castle known as the Castle of Mamore. He further remarks as proof of this place having been a royal residence, that the glen leading west from it is still known as Glen-ree, the King's glen, and that the river running from the lake through this glen is known as the King's river, "Abhuim ree." The real old Gaelic name of the lake seems to have been Loch da-ràth, and the castle was known as Dun-da-ràth. There are two artificial islands still in the lake, and on them the castles or raths would be built. The palaces of Tara and Emania in Ireland were thus built of logs and wattle, and they were continued in the Highlands until a recent date as the homes of chiefs and people of note. Lochiel's castle of the '45, burnt by the Duke of Cumberland, was all of wattle, excepting the bit of wall where the fire-places were, and which still stands.

Lundavra is a beautiful place, well fitted for a royal residence. Ben-Nevis, from its base to its summit, stands like the mighty guardian of the sheltered spot, and the top of Dundeardeul, which rises so high from Glen-Nevis, is on a level with Lundavra, and one can imagine the blaze of the watch-fires there in the days of Macbeth and his wife Gruoch, daughter of Bode. This king and queen must have had settled an ecclesiastical colony around them here, as they had done in Kinross. In driving up on Marshal Wade's road from Fort-William to Lundavra, we get to a green fertile tract of country, enclosed by sloping hills, and known as "An Crò," or "the fold."

This beautiful part is tenanted by a crofter population who look thriving and comfortable, and the different names of the townships are suggestive of a religious colony.

The first township we meet in the fold has the name of "Blar-mac-Cuilteach," the field of the son of the Culdee. This name has been in recent years corrupted into Blar-Mac-Failteach, but the old people pronounced it Blar-Mac-Caoilteach, or Cuilteach. Next to that is the township of "Blar-nan-Cleireach," or the field of the

clerks, and it is striking to find that name also given to one of the places granted by Macbeth and his wife Gruoch to the Culdees of Kinross from motives of piety and the benefit of their prayers, with the utmost veneration and devotion. Further on in the fold there is a place that commemorates the older form of religion. It is known as "Blar-Mac-Druighneach," the field of the son of the Druid. Macbeth and his wife are said to have placed the Culdees in Kinross between them and the sea, and they seem to have acted on that principle here also, for they gave the beautiful and fertile lands of Callart to the Culdees, who built a cell which they dedicated to St Mun, or St Munnu, and the island in Loch Leven, on which it was built, and on which its ruins still stand, is known yet as Eilean Mhunnu, the isle of St Mun. This island is the burying-ground of the Glencoe men as well as of the inhabitants of Nether-Lochaber.

We will now record some traditions of the Camerons of Callart and Lundavra; and, before proceeding, we may give the following in support of Dun-da-Raths being the ancient name of this place. In the Scots Acts of Parliament of 1502, vol. II., pp. 241, 249, we find King James IV. gave a grant of the life-rent of the royal forest of Mamore, and the castle on the island of Dun-davray, to one of the Stewarts of Appin. Early in the fifteenth century, John Cameron, Archbishop of Glasgow, granted the Church lands of Callart and the isle of St Mun to his young relative and godson, John, second son of Ailean nan Creach, Allan of the Forays, chief of Lochiel. The Archbishop was a great builder of churches, and it was through his influence that Allan of the Forays built the seven churches in the Highlands, which were attributed to the suggestion of the King of the Cats, in the "Tigh-ghairm," or house of invocation. The Archbishop changed the name of St Mun into St Mungo, after the patron saint of his own diocese, but the ancient name is still given to it.

The first offshoot of the Camerons of Callart was Alasdair Dubh of Cuilchenna, and the second was Allan, first of Lundavra.

The chieftains of Callart, like other Highland gentlemen, sent their sons to school in France. On one occasion two fine lads were sent there, the only legitimate children of the gentleman who was at that time the chieftain of Lundavra. There was unfortunately an illegitimate son at home, whose name was Angus, and in the absence of his brothers he had ingratiated himself so much with his father that he hoped by some means, fair or foul, he would one day be his successor.

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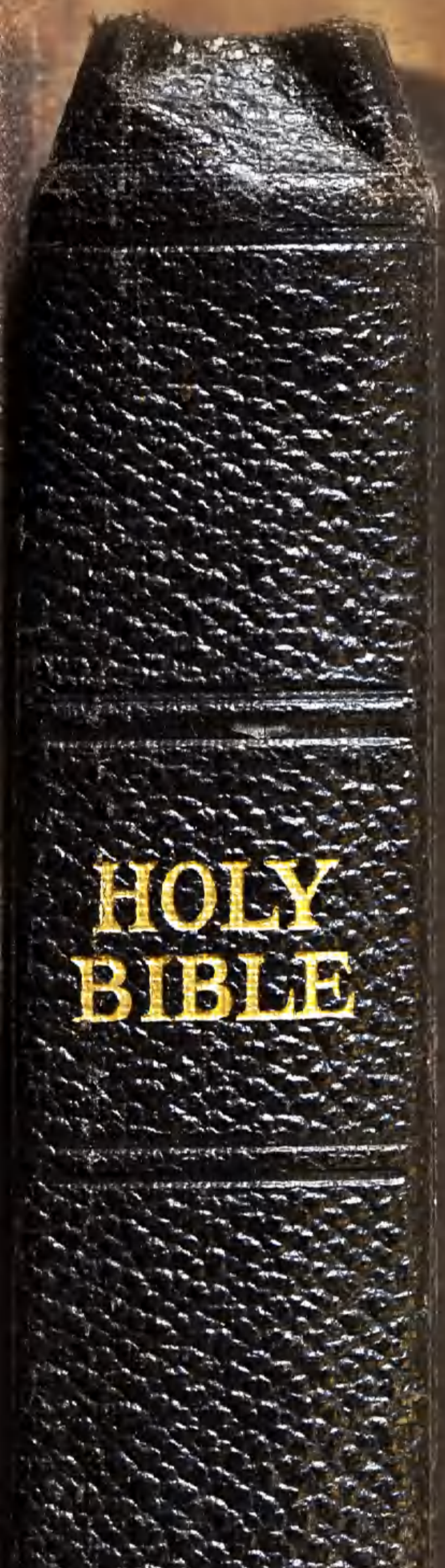

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Mary was banished from her father's house, and the stern chieftain himself began to yearn for the loving face of his most beautiful child, and he sent to Lundavra, and had her brought home.

A dark cloud was, however, hovering over Callart. A ship came in with dyes and having some richly embroidered garments. The lady of Callart bought largely of the dyes for her wool, and they also bought some of the gay garments. Alas! death was in the merchandise, and in a few days the plague broke out in Callart house. The chieftain and his wife died of it, and all their children but Mary, who attended to them night and day, but was not touched by the plague. She was in a dreadful position alone in the house with the dead. No person would come near her, and she did not dare to leave the house. A watch was set around the shores to see that no one would leave Callart.

Mary had a lover, young Patrick Campbell of Inverawe, or, as he is called in Gaelic story, "Oighre Mhic Dhonnacha Inbhir-atha." A messenger went to him to tell how his beloved maiden with the golden hair was situated, and he at once went off with a boat and a few trusty men to deliver Mary from her awful position. Some of the men were afraid to venture, but he assured them that he would act so cautiously as to run no risk.

The brave men rowed silently past the watchers, who had fires lighted along the shore about the ferry at Ballachulish, and they were soon at Callart. Mary had a dim light in the chamber in which she had isolated herself from the dead. Surely there never was a case of the bride's rejoicing over the voice of the bridegroom more real and more earnest than the joy of Mary's heart when she heard her name called by her gallant lover. He got her out of the house, and made her bathe herself in the sea, and cast all her clothes into the water. He then gave her his own large, soft plaid, which she wound carefully around herself, and then he lifted her into the boat, and they rowed away with their treasure as silently as they came. After getting to Inver-awe he built a bower for her in the woods, and got clothing for her from his sisters. He married her forthwith, and then they lived alone, apart from all his relatives and friends, for three months, until all agreed that the danger of infection was over. Further sorrow was in store for the hapless Mary, for her husband fell at the battle of Inverlochy, fighting against Montrose. Mary was broken-hearted over his death. We think he must have returned home wounded and died there, as in her lament she refers to his being buried behind her house, and we know the escape of the Campbells from Inverlochy was too precipitate for

their carrying any of their dead with them. After her husband's death, her father-in-law was very neglectful of Mary, and then he and others began to insist upon her marrying the prior of Ardchattan, who had proposed to her. Her heart was sore for the loss of him whom she so devotedly loved, and she was very unwilling to enter into this new bond, but they brought such force to bear upon her that she consented; and, according to the Lochaber version of her story, she composed the song of hers that is still known and sung, on the night of her marriage with the prior. She sang it to the maidens who attended her, and her soul floated away in her song, and she died that night. In her song, she first charges her father-in-law with coldness, and then through the rest of the pathetic verses she apostrophises her beloved Patrick. It runs thus:—

A Mhic Dhonnachai' Inbhir-atha,
Is coimheach a ghabhas tu 'n rathad,
Ged tha Mairi Chamshron romhad,
'S og a chaill mi riut mo ghnothuch.

Fheudail a dh' fhearabh na dà-'lach,
Thug thu mach a tigh na plàigh mi,
Far an robh m' athair 's mo mhathair,
Mo phiuthar ghaoil 's mo choignear bhraithrean.

Fheudail a dh' fhearabh na greine,
Thog thu tigh dhomh an coill nan gengan,
Bu shunndach ann mo luidhe 's m' eiridh,
Cha b' ioghna sud b' ùr mo cheilidh.

Righ gur mise th' air mo sgaradh,
Bhi dol le fear eile 'luidhe,
Is m' fhear fhein air cùl an tighe,
Sealgair nan damh donn 's nan aighean.*

Before concluding this story, we may mention that the Camerons of Callart were satisfied that the plague was sent as a punishment for the deaths that were unavenged. A new chieftain came to Callart from the family of Lundavra, and the descendants of 'Angus—who were never called Camerons—were known as Clan Aonghuis, and in English they came to be known by the name of Innes.

There was no further break in the succession until the last of the Callarts sold the estate to Sir Ewen Cameron of Fassifern. On

*This song is unfortunately left incomplete owing to Mrs Mackellar's death.

the first morning that Sir Ewen's dairymaid went to milk the cows, in one of the Callart parks, she saw a little woman, with a handkerchief about her head, rocking herself to and fro, with a plaintive wail. She was sitting on the side of a burn, and looking furtively at the dairymaid, and as soon as she noticed herself observed she gave a loud piercing scream, and fled for ever. It was the "Bean-shith" that followed the old Callart family, and she was never seen there again. Our next story is of a more weird sort than that of Mary of Callart. It is the history of the famous Lochaber witch, "Gormshuil Mhor na Maighe," "The Great Gormshuil of Moy." Gormshuil was a common name among the Scotch and Irish Celts. It was the name of the wicked wife of Brian Boruimhe, who brought Jarl Sigurd and Brodir, the Viking, to fight against her husband at Clontarf, where he was slain. It was a common name among the Camerons until it fell into disrepute through this famous witch, and no child in Lochaber ever got the name again. The Camerons of Moy, known as "Teaghlach na Maighe," were said to be a branch of the Camerons of Callart. A young widow of the house of Callart had fled for protection to Lochiel at Tor Castle, with her two boys, Charles and Archibald. This Charles was the progenitor of the family of Moy, and the name of Charles has been common among them down through the ages. These Camerons had Wester Moy, whilst a family of the name of Mackinnon had Easter Moy. The ancestor of these Mackinnons had come from Skye, with a lady who married into the Lochiel family; and when he married he got a place called Ardnois, in the Giubhsach, or great fir forest at Loch-Airceag. Afterwards his family got Easter Moy; but to this day they are known in Lochaber as "Sliochd Iain Maidh na Giubhsaich." These Mackinnons frequently intermarried with the Camerons of Wester Moy. Among others, young Gormshuil Cameron became the wife of one of those Mackinnons. She was a strong, brave young woman, full of sagest wisdom, and very high-spirited, and she had no objection to be considered *uncanny*, as it gave her power over her fellow men. People shook their heads and said, "Tha tuille 's a paidir aig Gormshuil," hinting that she knew more than her Paternoster; but she heeded them not. The fisherman going forth to the river, or the hunter going to the hill, came for her blessing, and gave her of their spoils. One incident, in which her forethought and wisdom was of good service to her chief, made her famous in the annals of her clan. Lochiel was invited to meet the Earl of Athole to fix their boundaries, and he suggested that they should meet without any of their men, but each having his piper.

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In the course of years one of her sons and the son of a neighbour were out together on the hill, when the neighbour's son and another quarrelled, and without intention of murder he gave his man a blow that slew him. The young man who had done the deed expected to be put to death, and his mother, whose only child he was, was in sore distress. Gormshuil, recalling the promise given her by Lochiel, got her own son to take the blame, although he was quite innocent, and he did so, and was imprisoned in the dungeon, whose iron door stood in the face of Loch Airceig. Then Gormshuil set out to go to Achnacarry to crave the life of her son from the chief.

She got the length of a burn known in the district then as Allt Choille-ros, but known since then as Allt Gormshuil or Allt a' Bhradain. When the hapless Gormshuil got to that burn she saw a salmon in a small pool, and thought it could easily be caught. She asked some persons on the road to help her, but they objected, and she went alone. She went on her knees on the lower side of the pool, and at that moment the Beum-sléibhe or spate was in the stream, and it carried Gormshuil away into Loch Lochy, where she was drowned. Her son, who was innocent, was executed, for Lochiel did not know he was her son until it was too late.

The chief spoken of as being the one to whom Gormshuil gave the sage advice in connection with the interview with the Earl of Athole, is generally spoken of as Sir Ewen Cameron of Lochiel; but the date of the sinking of the Florida declares Gormshuil to have lived at an earlier date, and the following song would indicate that it was in the time of Ailean Mac Iain Duibh, the grandfather of Sir Ewen, that Gormshuil lived in Moy. The following is a waulking song, a Glengarry witch and Gormshuil having met on a trial of individual power, to be demonstrated on the piece of cloth they tossed between them on the "Cliath-luadhaidh," or "waulking wattle":—

Gormshuil.

Hi hiù o ! sid gun cluinneam,
Hi hiu o ! gar am faiceam,
Hi hiu o ! gar am bithinn,
Hi hiu o ! beò ach seachduinn ;
Hi hiu o ! creach an t-Sithein,
Hi hiu o ! creach an Lagain,
Hi hiu o ! gu Coille-ròs,
Hi hiu o ! bho Baile-Mac-Glasdair.
Hiro, haro, horo eile,
Hiro, hara, fuaim na cleithe.

Hi hiu o ! mhollachd bo dhubh,
Hi hiu o ! no bo ghuaillionn,
Hi hiu o ! eadar Ladaidh,
Hi hiu o ! 's Gairidh-ghuallach, ;
Hi hiu o ! nach toir Ailean,
Hi hiu o ! donn air ruaig leis,
Hi hiu o ! co chuireadh tu,
Hi hiu o ! gan toirt uaithe.
Hiro, haro, fuaim na cleithe.

A Bhan-gharranach.

Hi hiu o ! cha ruigte leis,
Hi hiu o ! an tilleadh dhachaidh,
Hi hiu o ! mhollachd bo dhubh,
Hi hiu o ! no bo chais-fhionn ;
Hi hiu o ! a leigeadh na fir,
Hi hiu o ! mhora thaiceil,
Hi hiu o ! le bodaich bheaga,
Hi hiu o ! Dhoch-an-fhasaidh,
Hi hiu o ! saighead an suil,
Hi hiu o ! nam fear lachdunn,
Hi hiu o ! 's mnathan tuiridh,
Hi hiu o ! bualadh bhasan,
Hiro, haro, boro eile,
Hiro, haro, fuaim na cleithe.

Hi hiu o ! gheibhte sud,
Hi hiu o ! mu bhun Airceig,
Hi hiu o ! bodaich bheaga,
Hi hiu o ! chroma chairtidh,
Hi hiu o ! cuarain laoicinn,
Hi hiu o ! stocaidh chraicinn,
Hi hiu o ! breacain liath-ghlas,
Hi hiu o ! dronnag bhradach.
Hiro, haro, horo eile,
Hiro, haro, fuaim na cleithe.

Gornshuil.

Hi hiu o ! c'uime an dubhairt,
Hi hiu o ! 'chaile bhradach,
Hi hiu o ! gun robh Ailean,
Hi hiu o ! donn gun chaiseart,
Hi hiu o ! cha ruig i leas e,

Hi hiu o ! bha iad aige ;
Hi hiu o ! brogan min-dubh,
Hi hiu o ! ciaraidh cairtidh,
Hi hiu o ! stocaidh de 'n t-srol,
Hi hiu o ! dhearg mu 'chasan.
Hiro, haro, horo eile,
Hiro, haro, fuaim na cleithe.

Hi hiu o ! ruaig a' chaorain,
Hi hiu o ! leis an abhainn,
Hi hiu o ! 's a ghràn eorna,
Hi hiu o ! am bial na brathann ;
Hi hiu o ! air na tha beo,
Hi hiu o ! a chinne d' athar,
Hi hiu o ! cadar chlann og,
Hi hiu o ! 's mhnathan tighe,
Hi hiu o ! 's Eilean Droighneachain,
Hi hiu o ! 'bhi na lasair,
Hi hiu o ! 's mar creid thu sud,
Hi hiu o ! seall a mach air.
Hiro, haro, horo eile,
Hiro, haro, fuaim na cleithe.

The Glengarry witch looked out, as she was asked to do, and her home was on fire. In the blaze of her wrath, she burst on the waulking wattle, and 'Gormshuil was triumphant. There are several of her descendants among the Mackinnons in the Lochaber district, but they do not like to be reminded of their most famous ancestress.

30th APRIL, 1890.

The paper for this evening was contributed by Mr J. R. N. Macphail, advocate, Edinburgh, entitled "An interesting copy of a Report of the Trial of James Stewart of Acharn." Mr Macphail's paper was as follows :—

NOTES ON THE TRIAL OF JAMES STEWART OF ACHARN.

Everybody who has read "Kidnapped" must remember the killing of the Red Fox, Colin Campbell of Glenure, and how that objectionable youth, Mr David Balfour, and his friend, Alan Breck Stewart, very nearly came to grief in consequence. And it may

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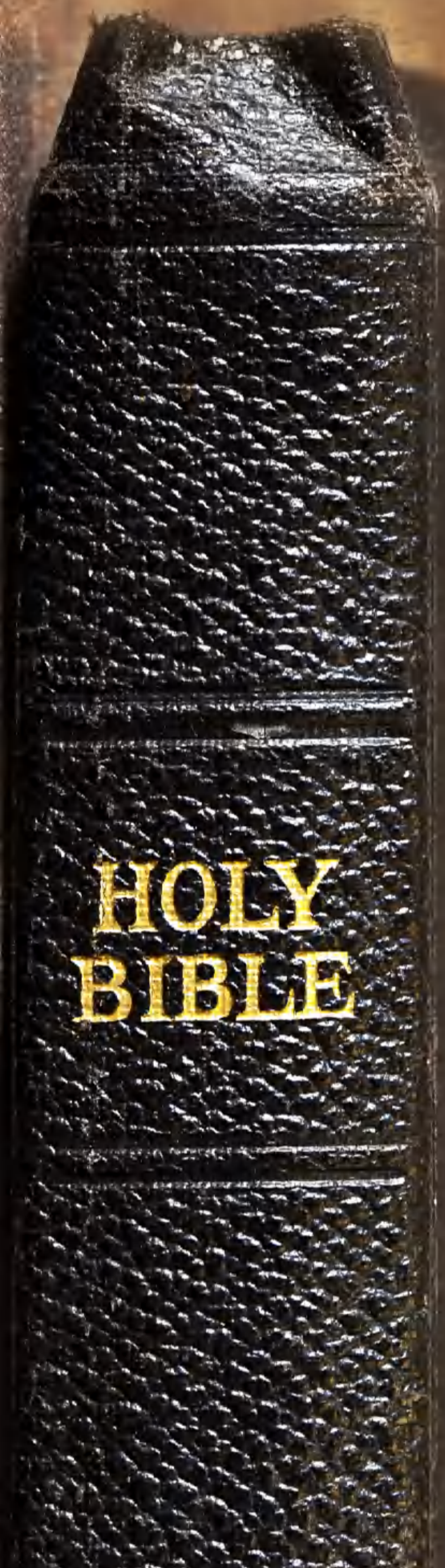

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day, who had come to see, with Duncan Forbes, that the true method of quelling disaffection was to take methods for improving the condition of the people. Those who had taken a leading part in the rising received, indeed, no mercy, and sometimes scrimp justice, but with the common people byegones were to be byegones, and encouragement given them to walk for the future in the paths of pleasantness and peace. The Barons of Exchequer had, however, to act through local factors, who did not always rise superior to the temptation of using their office for the paying off of old scores or the aggrandisement of themselves and their friends. The local factor on Ardsheal was Colin Campbell of Glenure, a small glen which strikes south-east from Glen Creran, an unfortunate appointment both from the character of the man, and also on account of the long-standing enmity between the Appin Stewarts and the whole Campbell clan.

This Colin Campbell of Glenure, it may be remarked, was a son of Patrick Campbell of Barcaldine by his second wife, Lucia Cameron of Lochiel. On Patrick's death, Barcaldine passed to his eldest son, John, who, however, got into difficulties, and had to sell the estate to his half-brother, Duncan, some time Sheriff-Substitute at Killin, from whom the present Baronet of Barcaldine is descended. The estates, it is true, have passed into other hands, but the importance of the old family is attested by the picturesque ruins of their once proud castle, which contrasts strangely with the common-looking villa in which the present proprietor is housed. Besides the judicial rent which had to be paid to Glenure on behalf of the Court, the tenants regularly raised a second rent, which was duly remitted to France for the support of the exiled laird and his family. This was seen to by James Stewart, a near relative—there seems no evidence for calling him natural brother, as he is described in the printed trial—of Ardsheal, who occupied Glenduror, the principal holding on the estate, and was accordingly known as *Sheumas-na-Glinne.* Campbell of Balliveolan soon cast his longing eyes on Glenduror, and found his neighbour and relative, Glenure, very willing to oblige him. But James Stewart managed to get another place in the neighbourhood, namely, Acharn, from Campbell of Airds, and so things went on as before until 1752, when Glenure made up his mind to clear out a number of the Ardsheal tenants, and replace them with dependents of his own. James Stewart, being, in the circumstances, the natural leader of the people, did what he could on their behalf by bringing the matter under the notice of the Barons of the Exchequer, who had already shewn themselves by

no means satisfied with their factor's behaviour. By this time, too, the conciliatory policy of the Government was more fully matured. The forfeited estates were to be annexed inalienably to the Crown, and managed by Special Commissioners, who were to apply the rents for the civilisation of the Highlands, and the promotion of education and industries among their inhabitants. Improving leases were to be granted on liberal terms, schools to be erected, and teachers provided. To the whole spirit of such a measure Glenure's high-handed proceedings were utterly opposed, and accordingly, when the Court of Session, on technical grounds, refused to interdict him from going on, the tenants, by James Stewart's advice, resolved to stick to their holdings, in the confident belief that he would be disowned in due time by his superiors. The evictions were to take place at Whitsunday, but on 14th May, as Glenure, with a servant, a sheriff-officer, and an Edinburgh writer, was passing through the wood of Lettermore, on the south side of Ballachulish Ferry, he was shot from behind by a man who instantly disappeared.

Years before this there had died a decent man, Donald Stewart, leaving his children to the care of Ardsheal and James of the Glens. One of these children, after giving a good deal of trouble to his guardians, enlisted in the Royal Forces, deserted to Prince Charlie at Prestonpans, and after Culloden made his escape, and apparently obtained a commission in the French service. After things had quieted down a little, he occasionally came over to Scotland, wandering about among his friends in Appin, Rannoch, and elsewhere, but keeping carefully out of the way when any English soldiers happened to be in the neighbourhood. Such up to this date was the history of Alan Breck Stewart, whom Mr Stevenson has now rendered immortal. Upon him suspicion at once not unnaturally fell, for he was known to have been in the country for some time, and, like many another of his name, to have spoken evil things concerning Colin Roy. But not a trace of him could be seen in spite of the most industrious search, and so the rage of the Government and of Glenure's friends had to look out for another victim. For some days before the murder, Alan had been living at Acharn, and it was suspected that his escape had been facilitated by his former guardian. Accordingly, James of the Glens was arrested and carried off to Fort-William, where he was imprisoned for several months, while no stone was left unturned to concoct evidence against him. In the upshot, he was indicted as art and part with Alan in the murder, and placed on his trial at Inverary Circuit. Archibald, third Duke of Argyll,

long known as Earl of Ilay, was at the time titular Justice General, and he took full advantage of his position to prevent any chance of an acquittal. The Lord-Advocate, William Grant of Prestongrange, also lent himself to the plot, as is admitted by Mr Omond in his book on "The Lord-Advocates of Scotland," though palliating circumstances are urged on his behalf. In Mr Omond's words, "The proceedings from the first were unfair. There was a standing feud between the Campbells; yet the trial took place at Inverary, where the Duke of Argyll was supreme. There were two judges of the Court of Justiciary present, but the Duke, then Justice General of Scotland, sat as a judge, though he had never been in the habit of doing so. The Lord-Advocate went to Inverary, and conducted the prosecution in person, although, it was said, no Lord-Advocate ever appeared in a Circuit Court before."

Glenure had been married to one of the Mackays of Bighouse, in Sutherland, a niece of the 4th Lord Reay, and the indictment, which took the form of criminal letters, ran at the instance of the widow and her children, as well as of the Lord-Advocate; and so far did the malice of the private prosecutors carry them that attempts seem actually to have been made to hamper the prisoner's defence by retaining all the leading members of the bar, and so deprive him of their assistance. The Court met on 21st September. The judges were the Duke of Argyll, who presided, and Lords Elchies and Kilkerran. The prosecuting counsel were the Lord-Advocate; James Erskine, then Sheriff of Perth, afterwards raised to the bench as Lord Barjarg; Mr Robert Campbell of Asknish, head of the M'Ivers, and who, according to Douglas, "was brought up to the Bar under the particular tuition of Archibald, Earl of Islay, afterwards Duke of Argyle, and possessed much of the confidence and friendship of that great man as long as he lived;" Mr John Campbell, yr. of Levenside, afterwards well known as a judge under the name of Lord Stonefield, son of Archibald Campbell of Stonefield, who had been Commissioner on the Argyle estates, and was at this time Sheriff-depute of the County; and a very virulent gentleman rejoicing in the somewhat chequered name of Simon Frazer. According to the *Scots Magazine*, this was "Mr Simon Fraser, commonly called the Master of Lovat, lately called to the Bar," and there are good reasons for believing this statement to be correct. In 1745, while but a student at the University of St Andrews, the Hon. Simon Fraser of Lovat was sent for by his father, and practically compelled to join in the rising. For a year or two thereafter he was kept in a sort of honourable captivity in

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tried at Inverary, where he was amongst his enemies, the Lord-Advocate appeared in a Circuit Court to press a charge founded on insufficient evidence, a packed jury was put into the box, and the Duke of Argyll presided on the bench." There may very well be some truth in this view. The Lord-Advocate had no special enmity towards the prisoner, and it is on his behalf that this excuse is urged. But it is impossible to believe that in the mind of the Justice General, though these considerations may have had a place, there was not also direct personal rancour against the prisoner as representing an odious race, and as having been hatefully loyal to the banished Ardsheal. The only defence, if defence it can be called, ever made for his Grace has been preserved by Lord Cockburn in his "Circuit Journeys." A loyal Campbell, who had the hanging of James Stewart flung in his teeth, retorted with some pride that anybody could get a guilty man hanged, but only Mac-Chaileinn-Mor a man who was innocent!

The sentence of the Court was that on 8th November James Stewart should be hanged on a gibbet to be erected "on a conspicuous eminence upon the south side of and near to the said ferry" of Ballachulish, "until he be dead, and thereafter to be hung in chains upon the said gibbet." On 5th October the unfortunate man "was carried from Inveraray to Fort-William tied on a horse and guarded by 80 soldiers," and on 7th November, under a still stronger escort, he set out to meet his doom "The command of soldiers escorting the prisoner," to quote from the *Edinburgh Courant* of 21st November, 1752, "came to the north side of the ferry upon the evening of the 7th, but it blew so hard that they could not cross till the morning of the 8th. The prisoner was attended by Mr William Caskill, minister of Kilmalie, and Mr Couper, minister at Fort-William, and a few of his friends. A little after twelve they got to the place of execution, where was erected a small tent that contained the two ministers and the prisoner, and after a short prayer by one of the ministers the prisoner produced three copies of a speech, one of which he gave to the Sheriff-Substitute of Argyleshire, another to Captain Welch, the commanding officer, and asked leave to read the third copy, which, being granted, he with an audible and distinct voice read a very extraordinary speech, and, when he had done reading, gave the third copy to Mr Douglas, Sheriff-Substitute of Inverness." Then ensued an unseemly wrangle, the Sheriff-Substitute of Argyleshire maintaining that various statements in the speech were untrue. Finally, "the prisoner kneeled and read a very long written prayer, and then the other minister sang psalms and prayed. The prisoner took leave of his friends, mounted the

ladder with great composure and resolution, and read a short written prayer with an audible voice. The storm was so great all this time that it was with the utmost difficulty one could stand upon the hill, and it was near five before the body was hung in chains. There were a great number of the country people present; and sixteen men of the command in Appin are stationed at Ballachulish to prevent the gibbets being cut down." Little wonder that people in Appin still show you where James of the Glens was done to death, and declare that the very grass refuses to grow on the accursed spot.

In all copies of the printed trial there is, or ought to be, a map of the district, and in the particular copy in my possession that map has on it certain MS. notes. These notes are in an old-fashioned hand, and betoken considerable local knowledge on the part of whoever is responsible for them. For example, the house of James Stewart is marked, so too the place where Glenure was killed, and one or two other places of less conspicuous importance. It occurred to me that it might be interesting to know who was responsible for these notes. The names of several proprietors of the volume adorn its pages, the earliest of all, if one may judge from an old-fashioned book-plate, having been a certain General Conway. The volume itself was published in Edinburgh by S. Hamilton and J. Balfour in 1753, and it struck me at first that Conway might have been as a young officer employed in garrison duty, say at Fort-William, about the time in question, but after a good deal of investigation, this conjecture had to be put aside, as no trace of any such person could be obtained. There was, however, a very eminent General Conway—Horace Walpole's friend—who occupied a prominent place in the political and social life of the second half of last century. Born in 1721, he lived till 1791, having been Secretary of State and leader of the House of Commons in 1765, and Commander-in-Chief, with a seat in the Rockingham Cabinet, in 1782, besides having in the meantime seen a good deal of service, and, in particular, having commanded the 48th Foot at Culloden. But it was not from any experiences of his during the '45 that this General Conway was likely to have been interested in the killing of Glenure and all that followed thereon. Here, as elsewhere, comes into play the good old maxim—*cherchez la femme.* In December, 1747, Conway married the widowed Countess of Ailesbury. This lady, who had in 1739 married, as his third wife, Charles, fourth Earl of Elgin and third Earl of Ailesbury, was the daughter of John Campbell of Mamore, whose father was

the second son of Archibald, ninth Earl of Argyll; and who was thus first cousin of Archibald, the third Duke, who presided at the trial. Duke Archibald, who died in 1760, left no legitimate children by his wife, the daughter of Wakefield, the Paymaster of Marines. To a woman named Williams, by whom he had an illegitimate son, he left his whole English property, but the dukedom and minor titles and the family estates devolved on Lady Ailesbury's father as the fourth Duke of Argyll. For three years after his marriage, Conway lived at Latimers, in Bucks. Then in 1751 he was for a short time with his regiment in Minorca, but returned home early in 1752, and bought Park Place, Henley-on-Thames. During part of that year and the next he was on duty in Ireland, but during part both of 1753 and 1754 he was in this country, and attending Parliament. In 1755, he was again in Ireland as secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant, but was back in London next year, and for some time to come. I have been unable to find any trace of his having been in Scotland during any of these years with his wife's relatives, and very possibly visiting the Appin country itself. Of course he may have been, but no evidence that he was has yet come under my notice. But it is quite clear not merely that he had abundant opportunities during this time of associating in London and elsewhere with his Scottish connections, and learning from them what was going on in the north, but also that he himself actually took a very lively interest in Scots affairs. Such an event as the murder of Glenure cannot, in the circumstances, have failed to come under his notice, and, coming under his notice, to have secured his attention also for the whole proceedings. It would not, accordingly, be surprising to find that he possessed a report of the trial of James Stewart, and if so, that the map in his copy was annotated by somebody possessed of full local knowledge. There is no reason for believing that he possessed that local knowledge himself, but nothing was simpler than for him to transfer to his own map the notes which some of his Campbell relatives—perhaps even the Duke himself—had placed on theirs. In short, I think there is very little reason for doubting that the General Conway, to whom the old volume before me once belonged, was Henry Seymour Conway, whose career has been described, and also that the annotations on the map owe their existence to somebody who was either himself mixed up with the judicial murder of James of the Glens, or intimately connected with those who were.

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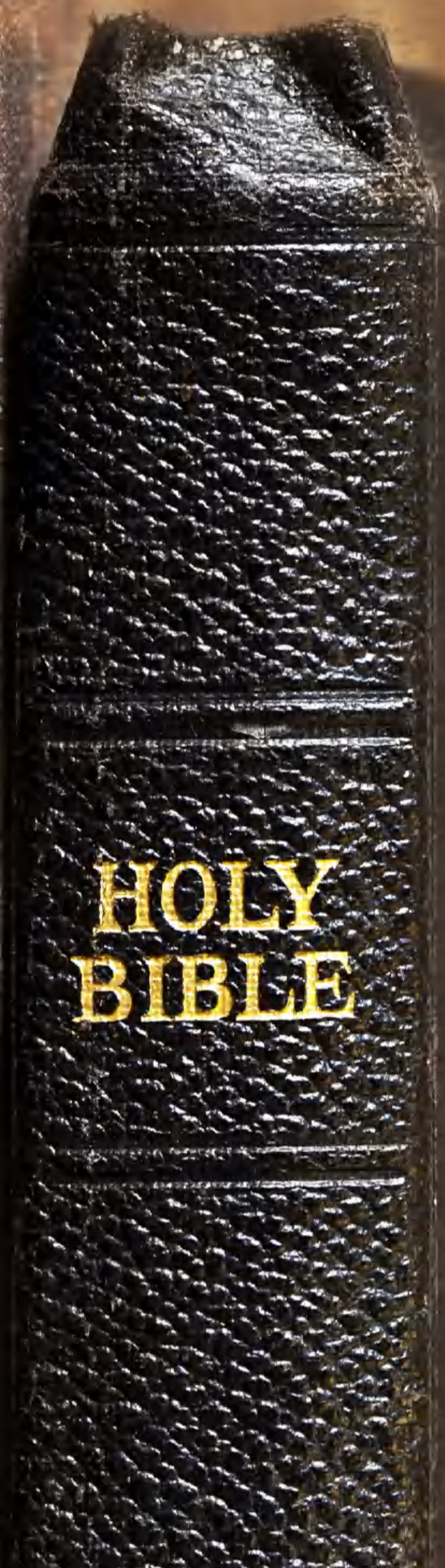

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its way to the Library of Schaffhausen, where it now is. Six or seven manuscripts of this period have been preserved in Ireland. Whether any of these belonged to Iona is now matter of conjecture only. The Book of Kells is, in its decoration and ornamentation, the crowning glory of Celtic art. Now, it has been observed that in the character of its illuminations the "Lindisfarne Gospels," the work of men who acquired the knowledge of their craft from the school of Iona, approaches the Book of Kells more nearly than the Irish manuscripts of the period. Historically we know that the Monastery of Kells rose on the ruins of Iona. Accordingly, it would seem a fair inference that this Book was at one time the Book of Iona, or the work of students of that great school. Gaelic learning flourished in Pictland. But the reforming Queen Margaret was hostile to native ways, and this accounts for the total disappearance of Gaelic manuscripts produced in that part of the country. Among the articles handed over by the Culdee Monastery of Loch Leven to St Andrews, seventeen books are named, but all trace of these, as well as of the hundreds of others that must have existed, is lost. The Book of Deer, a MS. of the ninth century, with memoranda written on its blank spaces in Gaelic of the eleventh and twelfth centuries, has been preserved, we know not how, and is now in Cambridge. Sixteen months ago, Mr Whitley Stokes discovered, from a note on a beautiful copy of a Psalter in the Vatican, that the Codex at one time belonged to the Monastery of "Sancta Maria de Cupra," that is, Coupar-Angus.

When a settled government was established in the Hebrides, first under the kingdom of Norway and afterwards under the Lords of the Isles, the old literary relations with Ireland were resumed, and learning revived. The Monastery of Iona, and in a less degree the Abbeys and Priories of Ardchattan, Saddell, Oronsay, with others, were seats of Gaelic learning and culture. The Macdonalds kept state in Islay for several generations, with all the pomp and circumstance of Royalty. This great house fell on the eve of the Reformation, and the records, which we know to have been kept, have disappeared. A solitary charter written in 1408 on a strip of goat's skin, and conveying certain lands in Islay to "Brian Bicare Magaodh," was recently found in the possession of a man of the name of M'Gee in Antrim, who had deposited the parchment for safe custody in a peat hag, but who with difficulty was persuaded that the Register House in Edinburgh afforded a securer home, pending the time when the lands described in the document would be restored to his family. In the middle

of the 16th century came the Reformation, which, in so far as the uprooting of the old order of things and the destruction of native manuscripts were concerned, was pretty vigorously carried out in those districts which looked to Iona for light and leading.

There were other causes of a permanent character which powerfully affected the production and especially the preservation of manuscript literature in the Scottish Highlands. The country was turbulent and lawless; the climate was damp; the dwellings frail and mean. Over and above all there were the neglect and indifference with which such literature came to be regarded by the great mass of the people. A family of MacMhuirich was for eighteen generations hereditary *seanachies* to Clan Ranald in South Uist. The illiterate descendant of this long line of Gaelic scholars describes, in the year 1800, the dispersion of the family library, the accumulation of centuries. Clan Ranald ordered the reporter's father to give the "Red Book," amissing since that time, to James Macpherson from Badenoch. There were many parchments, but "none of these books are to be found at this day, because when his family were deprived of their lands they lost their alacrity and zeal. He is not certain what became of the parchments, but thinks that some of them were carried away by Alexander, son of the Rev. Alexander Macdonald, and others by Ranald, his son, and he saw two or three of them cut down by tailors for measuring tapes. He himself had some of the parchments after his father's death, but because he had not been taught to read them, and had no reason to set any value upon them, they were lost." The wonder perhaps is, not that so few MSS. have been preserved, but that so many have survived.

For the collection of Gaelic MSS. as we now have it, scholars are indebted mainly to Mr William F. Skene, D.C.L., the present Historiographer Royal for Scotland, author of "Celtic Scotland," and other learned works. The catalogue prepared by Mr Skene enumerates sixty-five separate manuscripts. Of these, MS. xxxii., one of the oldest and most valuable, described at length in the Highland Society's Report on Ossian (App., pp. 285-293), and in Ewen Maclachlan's "Analysis" (pp. 122-127), has been amissing since 1841, when it was in the possession of Thomas Thomson, Esq.; and MS. xxviii., containing an old and valuable copy of the Synchronisms of Flann of Bute with other matter, is represented now only by a modern transcript of a portion of the Synchronisms. In addition to these sixty-five, there are transcripts made of the

contents of several MSS., or portions of MSS., by Ewen Maclachlan of Fort-William and Aberdeen and the Rev. Donald Mackintosh, including an elaborate analysis of fourteen of the manuscripts by the former scholar. There are also several collections of Ossianic Ballads, made in the end of last century and beginning of the present by Duncan Kennedy of Kilmelford, and others; while, in recent years, the late Mr Campbell of Islay has bequeathed the whole of his own extensive collection of Gaelic Tales and Ballads to the Advocates' Library. Of the history of individual MSS., we know but little. The first four of Mr Skene's catalogue are the property of the Faculty of Advocates. Of these, a portion of MS. i. was discovered in the Library 50 to 60 years ago, and is supposed by Mr Skene to have once formed part of the Kilbride Collection. I find, however, from a volume of Letters, Essays, etc., published by the Rev. Dr Malcolme [of Duddingston] in 1744, that that gentleman presented to "A new Society at Edinburgh for improving Arts and Sciences," on March 7th, 1738, by the hands of Mr [Professor] Maclaurin a MS. answering in description to this portion of MS. i. . MS. ii. was presented to the Library by the Rev. Donald Macqueen of Kilmuir, Skye. MSS. v. to xxxvi. inclusive formed part of the famous Kilbride Library. MS. liii. (the Glenmasan MS., as it is called), is also believed to have belonged to the same collection. Lord Bannatyne, in letter to Henry Mackenzie, Esq., the Chairman of the Committee of the Highland Society appointed to inquire into the authenticity of Ossian's Poems (Appendix to Report, p. 280), tells how, through the influence of Mr Macintyre of Glenoe and others, he was able to obtain access to these MSS. The tradition among the Maclachlans of Kilbride was that one of their ancestors was a dignified ecclesiastic at the time of the Reformation, and that a taste for Gaelic literature and antiquities characterised the family for many generations, in consequence of which they had acquired a large collection of MSS., gathered partly in the Highlands of Scotland, partly in Ireland. MSS. xxxii.-xxxvi. and liii. were secured for the Highland Society at the beginning of the century, and permission to catalogue the others was obtained. Many years afterwards, what remained of the Kilbride library (MSS. v.-xxxi.) was discovered by Mr Skene, and through him deposited in the Advocates' Library. The rest of the Collection came into the possession of the Highland Society of Scotland in one way or another. The greater number, including the Dean of Lismore (MS. xxxvii.), MS. xl., and indeed all the more valuable, came from London, through the hands of John Mackenzie of the Middle Temple, who was Secretary of the

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within recent years. The late Dr Cameron of Brodick informed me, shortly before his death, that he possessed the whole, or a considerable portion of the manuscript of Dr John Stuart of Luss's translation of the Old Testament.

Of the sixty-three catalogued MSS. now in the Advocates' Library, thirty-six are written on parchment, twenty-five are written on paper, and two partly on parchment and partly on paper. The Dean of Lismore's MS. is amongst the oldest of the paper MSS. Both it and the Fernaig are written in the current hand of the day, and on a peculiar orthographical system, approaching more or less closely to the phonetic. With the exception of a few written in the last century, all the other MSS., whether parchment or paper, are in the old Gaelic hand, and in the orthography and idiom of literary men of the writers' day. Many of the parchments are in part illegible, the effect of damp, soot, and neglect ; others are as fresh and clear as on the day they were written. The handwriting varies greatly —in some cases coarse and uneven, in others of exquisite beauty. Several have the capital letters ornamented, and here also we have mere daubs, as well as the brightest of colours and high artistic skill. Some of the paper MSS. have their edges rubbed away, with a leaf torn here and there. Several are mere fragments. MS. ix., for example, consists of a portion of a single leaf of dirty paper, on which is written a genealogy of the Macdougalls. MS. lii. consists at present of loose leaves and scraps gathered together under one cover. Even the Book of the Dean of Lismore (xxxvii.) has several of its leaves torn, and is in many places illegible, through frequent use and neglect.

A number of the more modern paper MSS. contains a considerable amount of unpublished Gaelic verse, some of which possess literary merit MS. lxiii., for example, contains poems by Alex. Macdonald of Ardnamurchan. The version in the MS. is different in a few cases from that published, as *e.g.* in the poem called the "Ark." In another commencing—

A Thearlaich mhic Sheumais,
Mhic Sheumais mhic Thearlaich,

the MS. gives nine stanzas, as against three published in the author's works. Other pieces, from their force, vigour, political bias, and, one regrets to add, coarseness, must be attributed to the same brain. Hardly any Gaelic poet, except Mac Mhaighstir Alastair alone, could compose the following :—

Hùg air clò Mhic 'Ille Mhicheil,
O hùgibh, hùgari, hùg,
Hùg air clò Mhic 'Ille Mhicheil.

Oganaich ùir a chuil teudaich
'S oil leam eudach a bhi dhìth ort.

Gu'n chuir Albainn clò am beairt duit
'S 'nuair thig e as cha bhi aon dìth air.

Bidh e fighte, cumta, luadhta
Ma's tig oirnn buain na Feille-micheil.

Gheibh mise culaidh g'a shuathadh
Ma tha gruagaichean 's an rioghachd.

Gu'm bi do chlo ruadh-sa luadhta
Le gaorr, fuil, is fual 'g a stìopadh.

In MSS. lxii. and lxv. again, among a heterogeneous mass of song and ballad and proverb, are some verses of merit, evidently composed in Kintyre, a district which does not figure prominently in our published Gaelic literature. Satire, which in Gaelic usually means foul abuse in more or less faulty rhyme, passes between a Mac Cairbre and a Mac Mhurchaidh. The latter is described as "a piper, a fiddler, a harper, a tailor and schoolmaster," as well as a would-be bard, and a man, according to his reviler, enjoying undeservedly the confidence of the Laird of Largie. Largie's piper in 1745 was a M'Murchy, and he claimed to be a poet (Glencreggan, ii. pp. 235-6); but whether this man possessed all the gifts and graces of the noted pluralist of the MS. I know not. One piece is headed "Marbhna Maigester Eoin M'Illeoin." The author mourns the death in succession of "Good Mr Patrick, and the two Masters John." The subject of the verses must be the Rev. John Maclean, minister of Killean (1728-1743), whose immediate predecessors were Mr John Cunison, M.A. (1692-1699), and Mr Patrick Campbell, 1699-1728 (Fasti. Eccles. Scot. v., p. 45).

A more ambitious piece in MS. lxv. is a long and wordy address by a nameless author to his countrymen throughout Kintyre. A portion of this poem will be found in the "Oranaiche," p. 435-7. (Here as elsewhere I write as far as possible in the orthography and grammatical forms of our Gaelic of to-day)—

Soraidh soir uam gu Cinntire,
Le caoine dìlse agus fàilte,
Gun ard no iosal a dhearmad,
Eadar an Tairbeart is Abhart [Dunaverty].

Banaltra Galltachd is Gaidhealtachd,
Ge do threig i mor a h-àbhaist,
Bha drùghadh gach tìr d'a h-ionnsuidh ;
'S cha duraichd aon neach a fàgail.

And about the most meritorious piece of modern Gaelic verse known to me is found on p. 28 of MS. lxii. It is anonymous, but the subject is a dignified remonstrance to the Laird of Largie for having sold his lands, herein described as

Eadar Allt-Pharuig fa dheas,
Is Allt-na-Sionnach 's leat fa thuath ;
Fearann a's àille fo'n ghréin,
'S duine tréigte thug dha fuath.

The description of the sunny slopes of Kintyre, and of the rural economy of the district seems singularly happy—

A magha mìn a's blàithe fonn,
An cinn torach trom gach pòr ;
Eadar monadh maol is tràigh,
Am binne bàirich laogh is bhò.

'S binn a maighdeana 'n a buailtibh ;
'S binn a' chuach am barr a tuim ;
'S binn an smeorach nach claon fonn ;
'S nuall nan tonn ri slios a fuinn.

And no doubt the lines that follow describe with equal fidelity a phase of life intensely real in the author's day—

A macraidh ghleusta ghasta gharg
A chuireadh gu fearrdha bàir,
Aig do sméideadh mar bu chòir,
Dream nach pilleadh beo le tàir.

'S lionmhor curaidh fear treun fial
Shoir is shiar ri teachd 'n an ceann,
Bu cho-dhileas duit ri t' fheòil,
'Nuair nochdta do shròl ri crann.

MS. xlviii. again is a small miscellaneous collection, once in the possession of the MacMhuirichs of South Uist. Several pieces are Ossianic, *e.g.*—

"Goll mear mileanta
Ceap na crodhachta," &c.;

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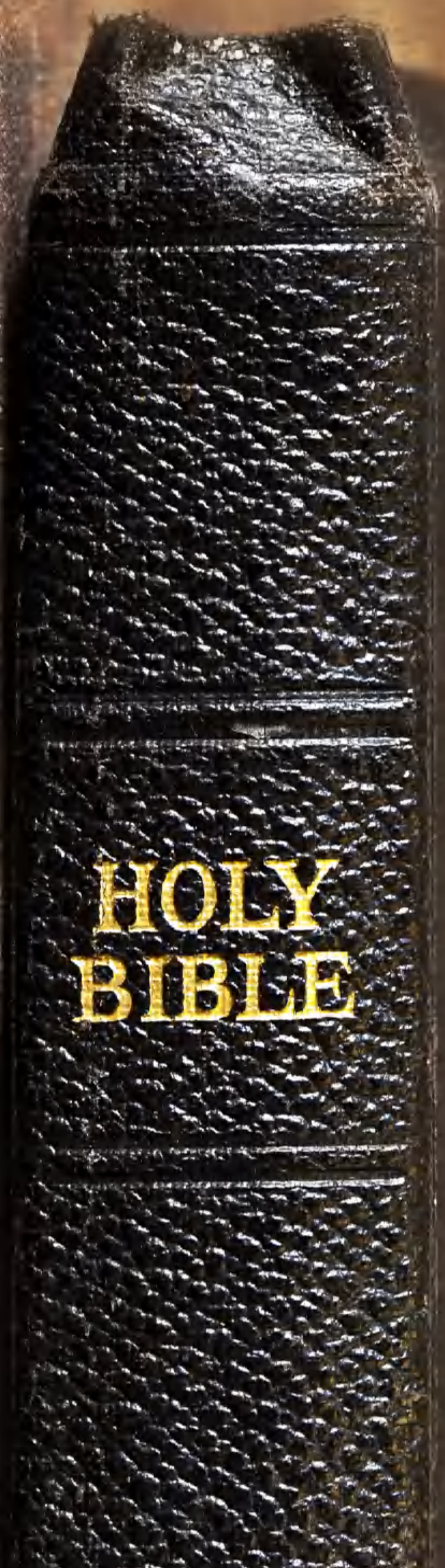

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which I am acquainted." Some are certainly beautiful. Here are a few lines from an epistle sent by a love-sick swain of the Emerald Isle to a cruel fair one in Alba :—

Gluais a litir, na leig sgìos,
Gu faice tu rìs i fèin ;
Feoraich di a faigheam bàs,
No am bitheam gu bràth am péin.

If his doom is death the poet solicits burial in Alba for reasons assigned :—

An crìch Alba ar bhith séimh,
Is ann thaghainn fein mo chur ;
Far an luidheadh i air mo lic,
'S am bidh i air m' fheart [1] a' gul.

The ease with which a happy simile is borrowed from external nature, and subjected to the trammels of rhyme, is very admirable :—

Ma's aluinn leat do ghruaidh gheal,
Geal an sneachda, beag a luadh ;
Ata 'm buafhallan [2] buidhe fòs,
Ma's buidhe na an t-òr do ghruag.

Ma's dearg leat do leaca shaor,
Leoir deirge nan caora con ;
Ma's dubh leat do mhala mhìn,
Duibhe na sin lì na lon.

Ma's glas leat fein do shuil mhall,
Glaise na sin barr an fheoir ;
Tha guth ceol-bhinn aig a' chuaich,
Ma's binn leat fein fuaim do bheoil.

And it would be difficult to improve upon the following quatrain (MS. lxv.), wrung doubtless from the heart of a bereaved mother :—

Thig an samhradh, thig an sàmh ;
Thig a' ghrian gu lànach glan ;
Thig am bradan as a' bhruaich ;
'S as an uaigh cha tig mo mbac.

Of the old MS. literature, a considerable portion consists of translations more or less literal, chiefly from the Latin. The heroic literature of Greece and Rome caught the fancy of Gaelic authors,

[1] Grave. [2] Ragweed.

and they rendered into their own language large sections of it from the Latin versions available. MS. viii., *e.g.* consists of thirty-four folios. The whole is taken up, with the exception of one page, with the legendary history of Greece. MS. xv. contains twenty-eight folios—subject, the expedition of Jason, the labours of Hercules, and the Destruction of Troy. This MS. has been copied, with a view to publication, by Mr Whitley Stokes. A poem on the Argonautic Expedition is catalogued as part of the contents of MS. xix. MS. xlvi., that designated "Emanuel" from the fact that some pious person had written the word several times over the page, is a fragment only, the subject being ancient history. One chapter, in treating of an episode in the wars of Pompey and Cæsar, relates how a Roman officer wanders from the camp, and, meeting a countryman, begins to question him regarding the history of the villages and forts, and the names of the hills round about. The rustic tells Curio, such was the officer's name, that a rock opposite was called the Rock of Antæus, and the legend of that mighty son of earth follows. Mr Astle assigned the date of this MS., on palaeographic grounds, to the ninth and tenth century. The language is not so old as this. A rather illegible note at the foot of p. 4 gives what looks like 1315, which may be the date of the document.

A large portion of the ecclesiastical and religious literature of pre-Reformation as of post-Reformation days, is translated. Among us the amount of this class of manuscript preserved is not very great. There is nothing of the wealth of "passions" and "homilies" and legends, such as are found, *e.g.*, in the *Leabhar Breac*. But eight folios of MS. i., and portions of several others, are exclusively religious. The contents are chiefly the "passions," or sufferings and death, of the Saviour and the Apostles, legends regarding such ecclesiastics as Abbot Paphnutius, Gregory of Rome, &c. One of the "passions" in our MS. i. is not in the "Speckled Book," viz.—the passion of our Lord as revealed to St Anselm. To this composition is appended the following interesting note:—"And it was John O'Connor that translated [this passion] into Gaelic for Duncan O'Feely, and it was Dugald Albannach, son of the son of Paul, that wrote it on this parchment in the presence of Elisa Butler in Baile [?], in the year of our Lord 1467." Along the top and bottom of two pages is drawn a thick line in alternate bars of red and black, with an explanatory note that O'Mulconry traced this line for Dugald Albannach in the house of M'Egan in Munster, and that it was designed to represent the blood-stained

footprints of the Saviour upon a marble flag. An imperfect copy of the same "passion," as well as a treatise on the Ten Commandments, is found in MS. xxv. A treatise on the Mass, with other matter, is given in MS. xxvi., and here, as in that on the Commandments, the author proves himself quite familiar with the writings of the Fathers on these subjects. In MS. iv. are pious reflections and prayers, chiefly in Latin. MS. vii. contains a good copy of a homily, entitled *Teagasg Sholaimh*, usually called *Sermo ad Reges*. In MS. xl. is "The punishment of Adam," a copy of which is also in the *Leabhar Breac*, and a rhymed version in *Saltair na Rann* (line 1483, *et seq.*), edited by Whitley Stokes (Oxford, Clarendon Press, 1883).

Of native production is the Life of St Columba, called by Dr Reeves "The Oid Gaelic Life." Copies are found in Ireland in the "Leabhar Breac" and in the "Book of Lismore," both of which have been printed by Stokes. Martin, in his "Description of the Western Isles" (p. 264), mentions that both Macneill of Barra and Macdonald of Benbecula had copies of this work. Whether that now in our MS. xl. is one of these, we know not. The "Life," according to Dr Reeves, is a composition of the tenth century, or thereabouts, and was meant to be a kind of sermon on the Saint's day. In form, the treatise professes to be a discourse on Genesis xii. 1, the command given to Abraham to leave country and kindred being considered applicable to the circumstances of Columba. Here and there we come upon religious verses. There is, in MS. lviii. (a modern paper MS.), besides a Life of St Margaret and verses on the Catholic Religion, the commencement of a rather ambitious poem, being an epitome of history in verse, from the creation down. Religious, and especially moral pieces, were perhaps more frequent in the old literature than later. In MSS. xxv., xxxv., xlviii., and others, there are several such. In MS. v. is a copy of the piece attributed, in the Burgundian Library MS. in Brussels, to Columba, a translation of which is given by Mr Skene in "Celtic Scotland," II., p. 91. The verses are supposed to describe the saint's daily life in Iona. Here are three stanzas, spelling so far modernised :—

Milis leam bhi an Uchd Alainn,
Air beinn[1] cairge ;
Gu faicinn ann ar mhinic(e),
Feath na fairge.

[1] Pinnacle.

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original Gaelic composition. How have so many medical treatises been preserved in the West Highlands? There would not be the same reason for destroying such documents as there would be for doing away with treatises on the mass or with charters and records and annals that might preserve the evidence of exploded beliefs, or disputed rights. Besides, the principal custodiers of the medical treatises survived the Reformation. These were a family of the name of M'Bheath, or M'Veagh, or Beaton, who practised medicine in the Western Isles, chiefly in Islay, Mull, and Skye, for many generations. It is said that the first Beaton came from Ireland in the train of the daughter of O'Cathan, who married Angus Og of Islay and Kintyre, the friend of Bruce. A pedigree of the family was written by one of themselves on a blank leaf of the medical MS. in the Library of the University of Edinburgh. There are six branches of the family named. These are all traced up to a common ancestor, Fergus *Fionn*, or "The Fair." Fergus Fionu is traced up to Beath, the founder of the family, and he again to Niall of the Nine Hostages, monarch of Ireland. One of the witnesses to the Islay charter of 1408 is "Fercos Macbeth." As "Fercos" was the only one of the four witnesses able to write his name, the others signing with a mark, he was probably the writer of the document, and may well have been the Fergus Fionn of the pedigree. King Robert II. granted to Ferchard *Leche*, or "The Leech," all the islands on the Sutherland shore from Stoer Head to the Point of Armadale, together with lands in Melness and Hope in the parish of Tongue. The tradition has always been that the gift was a mark of gratitude on the part of the King to Ferchard for curing himself or his son of a painful and dangerous disease after the case had baffled the Court physicians. Ferchard is said to have been the Islay Ollamh of his day. This name does not appear in the pedigree. The names of several members of the family are found on the margin of many of the Gaelic MSS., especially of the medical MSS. Malcolm, Donald, Christopher, and Fergus M'Bheath appear to have owned the Edinburgh University MS.; the last of whom was of the Mull branch of the family, as the entry, *Hic liber est Fergusii M'Veagh, habitantis Peanagross*, shows. The ruins of the *Ollamh Muileach's* house are seen at Pennycross, in Mull, to this day. One of the Mull M'Bheaths was, according to Martin, on board the "Florida" when the vessel was blown up in the Bay of Tobermory, in 1588. John Beaton, family physician to the Macleans, died in 1657, as the Latin inscription on his tomb in Iona bears. According to Martin, a Fergus Beaton was in Uist

at the time he wrote, and had in his possession the works of Galen, Hippocrates, Avicenna, Averroes, Barnardus, and others. Farquhar Beaton, as appears from the Antiquarian Library MS., practised in Skye in the first half of the seventeenth century. It is mainly to these men we owe the preservation of the rich collection of Medical MSS. we now possess, and which are worthy of a thorough examination by a competent medical man. Many changes, educational, ecclesiastical, political, and economic, have taken place in these parts during the last 400 years, and I do not know a way in which these can be brought more strikingly home than by a perusal of the medical books of the Gaelic Ollamhs. These men were familiar with the literature of their own profession; and the names of Galen, Hippocrates, Averroes, John of Damascus, Barnard De Gordon, Jacques De Forli, Isodore, and, as the author of MS. x. puts it, a thousand others, were household words among them. [According to a pamphlet published in 1778, and attributed to the Rev. Thomas White, minister of Liberton, whose wife was Anne, daughter of Daniel Bethune, minister of Rosskeen, the Bethunes and Beatons of Skye and Mull are traced to the Bethunes of Balfour in Fife. The McBheaths of the old Gaelic MSS. seem to have been unaware of this relationship.]

The principal departments of the purely native literature are the Historical, including history proper, annals, genealogies, biographies, &c.; the Scientific, including law, treatises upon language, grammars and dictionaries; and the Legendary, including heroic literature and works of imagination. The compositions that embrace these are in prose and verse. But it is a feature of Gaelic literature that the driest historical facts and pages of genealogies are thrown into verse, while works of pure imagination are mainly in prose, with verse interspersed.

In the Scottish collection the historical department is poorly represented. MS. v. contains a good copy of the history of the proceedings at the National Convention of Druimceatt, where St. Columba was the central figure; and where, among other questions, the future relations of Dalriada to the mother country of Ireland was disposed of. The arrangement come to, suggested by Columba, was proposed by a young priest named Colman; and this is how the men of old solved the Home Rule problem of their day:—The people of Dalriada, in the matter of hostings and expeditions, that is to say, in their foreign policy, were to remain one with Ireland; in their purely domestic affairs they became independent. MS. l. contains a history of the Macdonalds of the Isles by one of the

M'Mhuirichs. Copies of portions of Keating's History of Ireland are given in one or two of the later MSS. Then there are the lives of St. Columba and St. Margaret. But in the Scottish Collection there are no annals to be compared with those preserved in Ireland. Records were kept in Iona, and by the Lords of the Isles, but these, with others, are, it is to be feared, lost for ever. Neither have we genealogies to compare with the genealogies preserved in the Book of Ballymote and elsewhere in Ireland. The first folio of MS. i., written by Dugald Albannach in 1467, contains the genealogy of several of the clans, and has been printed by Mr Skene, first in the Collectanea de rebus Albanicis, and afterwards as an Appendix to volume iii. of Celtic Scotland. MS. li. gives a genealogy of the kings of Ireland; and the old heroes, whether Grecian or Gaelic, are usually traced up to Adam, or at least to Noah. As already stated, the leaf constituting MS. ix. gives a genealogy of the Macdougalls, and the pedigree of the MacBheaths is given in the University Medical MS. Short biographical notices of distinguished persons are found in MS. vii.—of men, beginning with Art the Solitary, and of women from Scota, the daughter of Pharoah, downwards.

A formal treatise on Gaelic Law, such, *e.g.*, as the *Lebar Aicle*, does not exist in the Scottish collection. The subject, for many a long day, did not possess a living interest to Highlanders. The Gaelic tribal organisation seems to have been completely replaced in the Hebrides by the Norse occupation, as witness not merely the prevalence of Scandinavian proper names, but the *borelands*, the *penny lands*, the *teirungs*, &c. When native ways recovered themselves by the end of the thirteenth century, the country was rapidly consolidating into a kingdom, the feudal law was established in the south and east, and, without in practice interfering with old customs, may have begun to be tacitly acknowledged in the west. A considerable amount of lore describing the various classes of Bards, with the rights and privileges of each grade, is found in several MSS., and specially in vii. There are good copies of the so called precepts of Cormac, and here and there fragmentary notices, etymological and legendary, of famed places, all, or nearly all, in Ireland. A copy of the great grammatical and philological treatise found in the Books of Balimote and Lecan, &c., is also in MS. i. of our collection. Our copy does not contain the chapter on the Ogham Alphabet, and several sections and paragraphs are awanting here and there. It is to be hoped that thisdocument, by far the most complete source of information regarding the ways and practices of native poets and scholars in existence,

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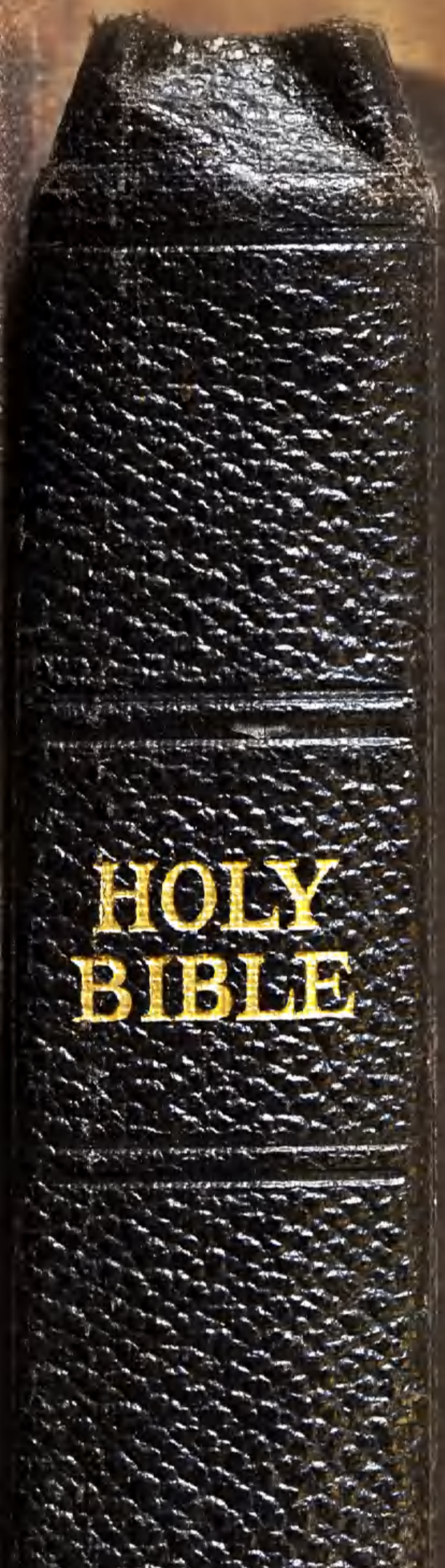

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Many of these compositions are of a truly epic character; but as preserved in the MSS. they are more commonly in detached form—episodes, or *remscela*, of a larger drama. Sometimes, and especially in more recent times, the particular episode is recorded entirely in verse—a ballad; but the classical form is the Tale. The Gaelic Tale is of a distinct type, varying somewhat in the MS. and in popular literature. The MS. tale is a skilfully composed narrative of events in historical order. Here and there, the more important incidents are gathered up, and repeated by the leading actor for the time, in lyric verse. The style varies. As a rule, the prose tale is wordy, inflated, exaggerated; but not infrequently the style is vigorous and chaste, adapting itself with ease to the varying mental movements of the narrator. In the popular tale the style is less elaborate; the diction as a rule is simpler, the syntax easier. The *laoidh*, or "lay," so frequently met in the MS. tale, hardly ever appears. But the reciter, in recounting a stirring incident, passes from plain prose into a semi-rhythmical movement which is neither prose nor verse, but partaking of the character of both. This peculiar style is technically termed *ruitheannan* or "runs." In the mouth of a skilful reciter, this impassioned recitative is highly effective. Examples are found in all the most elaborate of Campbell's Tales—a very good one, *e.g.*, is the description of the *Iubhrach Bhallach*, or "Speckled Barge," in the opening of the Tale of the Knight of the Red Shield (West Highland Tales II., 456), and which Macdonald of Ardnamurchan must have had in his mind when composing Clanranald's *Birlinn*.

The Scottish Gael has preserved orally and in MS. a large and valuable collection of this heroic literature. In the Dean of Lismore's Book there are some thirty poems and ballads classed as Ossianic. Down through the later MSS. (xlviii. and others) are additional ballads and variant versions. Mainly in consequence of Macpherson's publications, Ossianic literature has since been diligently collected by several scholars, and published. The exploits of Fionn and his band form the subject of many a MS. tale, as well as of a large number in Campbell's and other publications. Of the earlier periods of Gaelic romance, our Scottish Collection preserves valuable relics. Our oldest copy of the great Gaelic saga, the *Tain Bó Chuailgne*, was in MS. xxxii. now amissing. And MS. xl., of which Dr Kuno Meyer has given a detailed account in Vol. XII. of the *Celtic Magazine*, preserves better versions of several characters and incidents of the Cuchullin epoch than any found in the larger and fuller Irish MSS.

Of two at least of the three classical Gaelic tragedies—The three Sorrows of Story telling, as they are technically called—our Scottish Collection has preserved the oldest, and presumably the best, copies. These tragedies are—the *Aided*, or "Death by Violence," of the Children of *Tuirenn ;* the *Aided* of the Children of *Lir ;* and the *Aided* of the Children of *Uisneach.* The two first belong to the Mythological period ; the last to the Cuchullin period. The Children of Tuirenn kill *Cian*, the father of *Lugha Lamhfhada*, and the son imposes upon them as *eric* nine tasks or labours which they successfully accomplish, but from the effects of which they die. The tale is in MS. lvi. of our collection. The main incidents, apart from the labours of the Children of Tuirenn, are concerned with the wars of the Tuatha Dé and the Fomori, who, according to the tale, dwelt at the time in Lochlann. In the opening pages, we are told that Nuada, King of the Tuatha Dé, had only one hand, and his doorkeeper only one eye. Two famous doctors came the way of the palace, and they fitted the king with a silver hand, whence he is known, not as *Nuada Lamh Airgid*, as we should say, but as *Nuada Airgiod-lamh.* The name survives in *Maynooth*, the *Magh* or "plain" of Nuada. Into the doorkeeper's head the doctors put a cat's eye, and the author, with delicious humour, tells of the poor doorkeeper's troubles with his new organ :—When everything was quiet, and the porter needed sleep, the cat's eye was wide awake, starting "at the squeaking of the mice, the flying of the birds, and the motion of the reeds ;" when the doorkeeper was marshalling a pageant, and required all his wits about him, at such times the cat's eye "would be in deep repose and sleep." Ireland was the nightmare of politicians then as now. In our own day, a statesman suggested the removing of the island 1000 miles out into the Atlantic as a solution of the Irish problem. John Bright's remedy was but an echo of that of the King of the Fomori, Balar of the Mighty Blows. Balar charged his son Breas, after he had conquered the Tuatha Dé, "to put his cables round Erin, which gives so much trouble, and tie it to the stern of his ships, and tow it to the North of Lochlann," evidently hoping that the transfer of the Green Isle to the North Pole would remove all difficulties.

The *Aided Cloinne Lir* is found in our MSS. xxxviii. and lvi. The Children of Lir, three sons and a daughter, were, through the jealousy of their stepmother, changed into swans, and doomed to pass 300 years on *Loch Dairbhreach*, 300 in *Sruth na Maoile*, as the wild belt of sea between Kintyre and Antrim was appropriately named, and 300 in the Western Sea round Glora

Isle, their spells to be broken when they would hear the voice of the Christian bell. Their human reason and Gaelic speech remained to the wanderers, and so the Lady Fingola, who occupies the leading place in the tale, describes with spirit, in one of her many *laoidhs*, the discomforts of life on a winter night off the Mull of Kintyre :—

Olc a' bheatha-sa ;
Fuachd na h-oidhche-sa;
Mend an t-sneachda-sa ;
Cruas na gaoithe-sa.
. . . . .
Do chuir leas-mhathair,
Sinn an ceathrar-sa ;
A nochd 's an dochar-sa,
Olc a' bheatha-sa.

The tragedy of the children of Uisneach is the most popular and best known of these tales. Copies of the shorter version are found in the old Irish MSS. But the oldest copy of the expanded version is found in our MSS. liii. and lvi. Deirdre was a child of surpassing beauty, reared in seclusion by King Conchobar Mac-Nessa, with the view eventually of marrying her. Meanwhile the young lady causes Naoise, son of Uisneach, to elope with her. With a large retinue the pair, to avoid the vengeance of Conchobar, pass over to Alba, and spend happy days on the shores of Loch Etive. They are induced to return to Ireland, their safe-conduct being guaranteed by Fergus MacRoich, a champion of honour who comes to Alba for them. The lady has her suspicions, and on leaving Alba she sing the well-known *laoidh*—

Inmain tir an tir ut thoir
Alba cona h-ingantaibh
Nocha ticfuinn eisdi ille,
Mana tísainn le Naise.

On their arrival in Ireland, Fergus is by stratagem detached from the party. Naoise and his brothers are treacherously put to death, and the lady commits suicide. On the cover of MS. liii. (the Glenmasan MS.) is the date 1238. The existing MS. is assigned on linguistic grounds by Whitley Stokes (who has printed this tale, Irische Texte, Leipzig, 1887) to the fifteenth century, but it may well be a copy of a MS. of the earlier date, the transcriber altering the orthography and grammatical flexions to the standard of his

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The feasting over, song and story go round. Bricne is asked whether he will be good enough to contribute anything to the entertainment, a *duan* or *airchetal* or *ealadha.* The poet calls for his nine-stringed harp with its *uaithni* made of gold, and sings, the *cliar* accompanying, a song which he made *ar cepoig* to the prince. (O'Curry explains that *cepog* was the technical term used in Alba for what the Irish called *aiobsi* "great chorus or vocal concert.") In Sutherland *ceapag* is (or was until recently) the term for "a catch," a verse composed *impromptu* (cf. Rob Donn Ed. 1829 p. 344.) The Gamanraid applaud; they never heard a better *duan.* It had only one fault; they were not able to understand a word of it. Whereupon Bricne is good enough to expound the verses for them, clause by clause. In conversation with the prince, Brieue says he never lived in better quarters—the castle needed only a queen to make it perfect. He is told that Queen Flidais is temporarily absent, being at the time looking after the *Maol* Flidais, a wonderful cow that yielded at one milking sufficient for 300 men, besides women and children. Bricne is invited to visit the Queen, and here the festivities of *Dun-atha-fein* are repeated. The poet is popular to a degree; but he so manages matters that wherever he goes, no two men however friendly previously but are deadly enemies thereafter. Flidais asks what sort of man this champion Fergus is of whom she has heard so much. "Vain to ask such a question;" says Bricne, "for though I had seven heads, and in each head there were seven mouths, and in each mouth seven tongues, and on each tongue the eloquence of a *suadh*, I would be unable to speak of the man aright. Among the heroes of the earth there is none to compare with him. Nor have I ever heard of any except *Lugh Lamhfhada* or 'Longhand' (the famous king of the Tuatha Dé), and Hercules the son of Amphitryon the hero warrior of the Greeks, and Hector, son of Priam the hero warrior of the Trojans; and I give my word that Fergus is superior to these heroes in courage, in valour, in sense, in nobility, in spirit, in generosity; and besides there is no king on earth whose gifts to his household at each *samhain* are so rich as his." The poet then expatiates in detail on the magnificence and generosity of Fergus. Bricne shortly thereafter is able to return to his patron at Cruachan, loaded with gifts from *Oilill Fionn*, and bringing a secret message from Flidais that she is prepared to follow the fortunes of Fergus, and to contribute men and treasure for the approaching war between Connaught and Ulster.

Fergus now goes to the west in person, and the remainder of the saga is taken up with his intrigues and adventures among the

Gamanraid, as the inhabitants of that remote part of the country are called in the MS. The champion gets imprisoned, and now Queen Meave fits out an expedition partly to rescue her fickle lover, partly to induce the king of the *Gamanraid* to join her in the great campaign against Ulster about to open. The *Tain Bo Flidais* printed by Professor Windisch three years ago from the Book of the Dun Cow, the Book of Leinster, and the Egerton MS. is but a mere episode or *remscel* of the great epic the *Tàin Bò Chuailgne.* In our MS. the subject is expanded into an independent saga, containing a full complement of feasting and fighting, "moving accidents by flood and field," valuable descriptions of men and manners, and thus forming an important addition to our stock of Gaelic literature.

The contents of this valuable collection of Gaelic Literature are as yet but imperfectly known even to scholars. Too few of the MSS. have been read, and still fewer printed. A good catalogue is much needed. The first to attempt a description of any of the manuscripts was Dr Donald Smith, a very competent man. The collection at the time consisted of the MSS. now catalogued xxxii. to lxv., those, viz., that belonged to the Highland Society. MSS. i.-iv., the property of the Faculty of Advocates, and MSS. v.-xxxi. from the Kilbride collection were not at the time available. Dr Smith gave an account of nine MSS., viz.—xxxii., xxxiii., xxxiv., xxxv., xxxvi., xxxvii., xl., xlvi., and liii., with extracts (Report on Ossian, Appendix pp. 285-312). The Rev. Donald Mackintosh, collector of the Proverbs, prepared the carefully written catalogues appended to the great 1807 edition of Ossian (iii. pp. 566-573), and made copious transcripts from MSS. xxxiv. and xxxvi. which are preserved. Mr Mackintosh died in 1808, and about 1812 the Highland Society commissioned Mr Ewen Maclachlan of Aberdeen to examine the more important of the Gaelic MSS. in their possession. Mr Maclachlan in a volume which has been preserved made a careful and full analysis of 14 MSS., 6 of those formerly described by Dr Smith and 8 others, viz., those now catalogued xxxii., xxxiii., xxxvii., xxxviii., xl., xli., xlvi., liii., liv., lv., lvi., lviii., lxii., and lxv. Mr Maclachlan made besides very voluminous transcripts which he intended, when the time and opportunity which never came permitted, to publish with translations. Of MS. xxxvii. (the Dean of Lismore's) he has left two transcripts. In a volume which he designated the *Leabhar Caol* there is a transcript of the whole of MSS. xlvi. and liii.; of all the tales in xxxviii.; of the tale of the Son of Uisneach from lvi.; with copious

extracts from xl., liv., lv., lxii., and lxv. There were no Grammars or Dictionaries of the old language at the time, and so Mr Maclachlan was unable at all times correctly to extend the contractions of the older MSS. (xl., xlvi., and liii., *e.g.*), but the work which the indefatigable scholar did, though now apt to be forgotten, was most valuable and important.

Mr Skene in addition to preparing a general catalogue of the whole collection and making some transcripts, has printed the greater part of the Genealogies on the first folio of MS. i. (Collectanea de rebus Albanicis, Celtic Scotland iii. p. 467), and a considerable portion of MS. l. (Celtic Scotland iii. p. 398). Dr Maclauchlan and Mr Skene printed the greater part of the contents of MS. xxxvii. (Book of the Dean of Lismore: Edinburgh, 1862), and the former scholar gave in Celtic Gleanings (Edinburgh, 1857) brief notices of two or three other MSS. *e.g.* iv., viii., xxv., and the Edinburgh University Medical MS. Mr Campbell in *Leabhar na Féinne* gave nearly all the versions of Ossianic Ballads that he could lay his hands upon from the Dean of Lismore downwards. Within the last twenty years we have diligently cultivated "Ossianic" literature. The late Mr Macpherson revised the "Ossianic" portion of the Dean's Book. Dr Cameron made a fresh transcript of a large part of the published portion of the Dean's MS., and of the Ballads printed in *Leabhar na Féinne*, with others that escaped Mr Campbell's collaborateurs. The collection of ballads by the late Mr Macdonald of Ferintosh was printed by Dr Cameron in vol. xiii. of the Transactions of the Society, while the collection by Jerome Stone, made about the middle of last century, was sent by me to the Society two years ago, and printed in vol. xiv. of the Transactions.

The first scholar furth of Scotland who took notice of the Scottish collection of Gaelic MSS. was the Very Rev. Dr Graves, Bishop of Limerick, who published a note regarding MS. xlvi. and one or two others in the fourth volume of the proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy. Of recent years Mons. Henri Gaidoz wrote a brief but very accurate note regarding the collection in the *Revue Celtique* (Tom. vi., 109-114); Dr Kuno Meyer of Liverpool has read several MSS., and in particular has described MS. xl. in the Celtic Magazine (vol. xii.); while Mr Whitley Stokes has printed the Tale of the Sons of Uisneach from MS. liii. and lvi. (Leipzig 1887), and transcribed with a view to publication MS. xv. (the Destruction of Troy), and the *Mesca Ulad* or Intoxication of the Ultarians from MS. xl.

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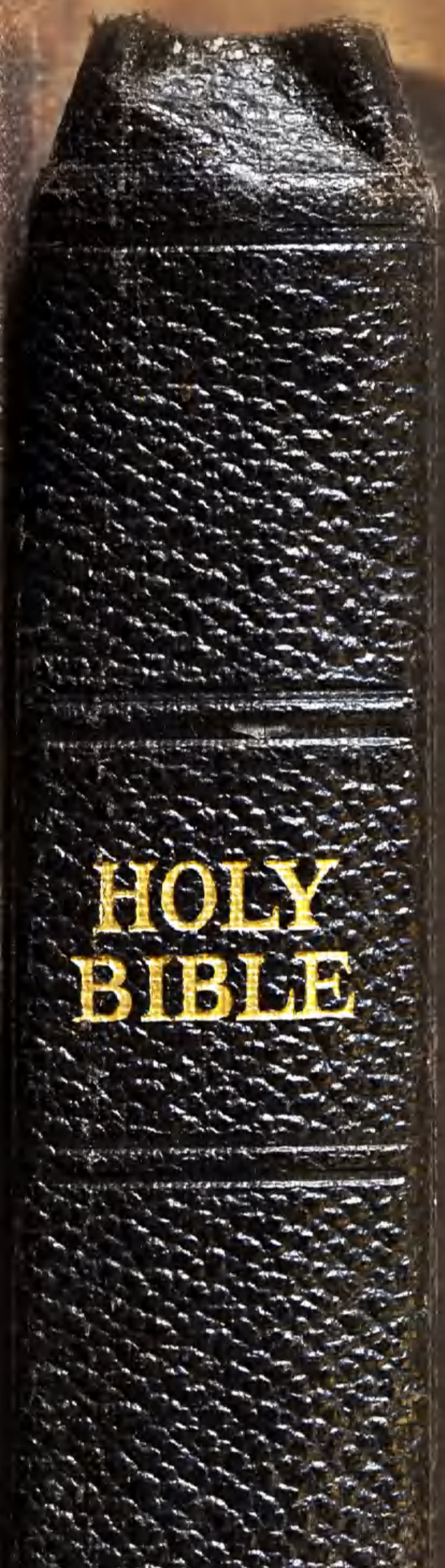

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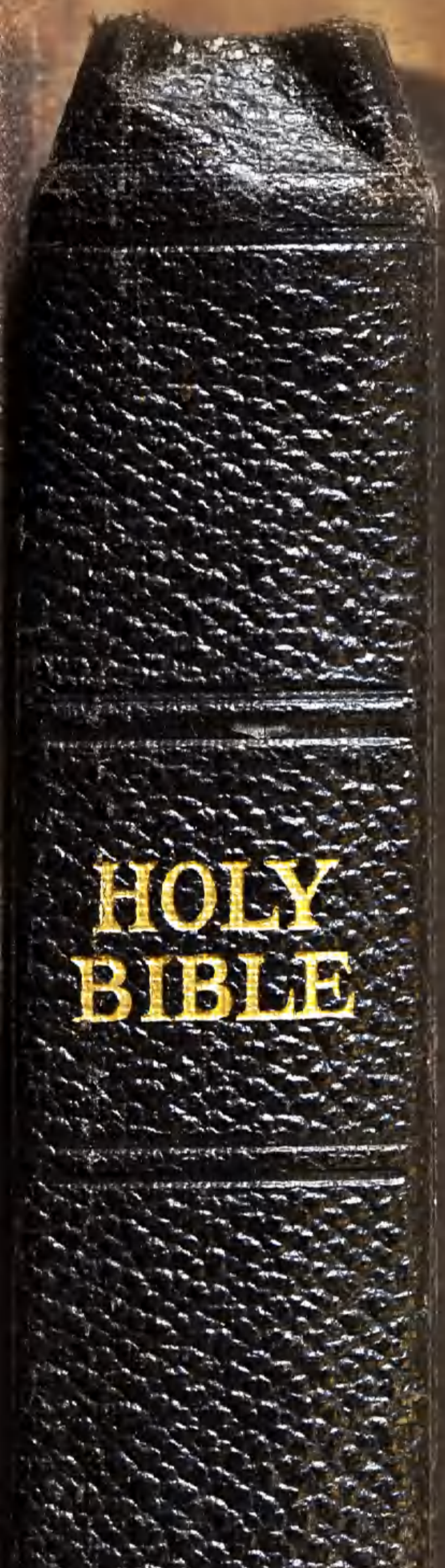

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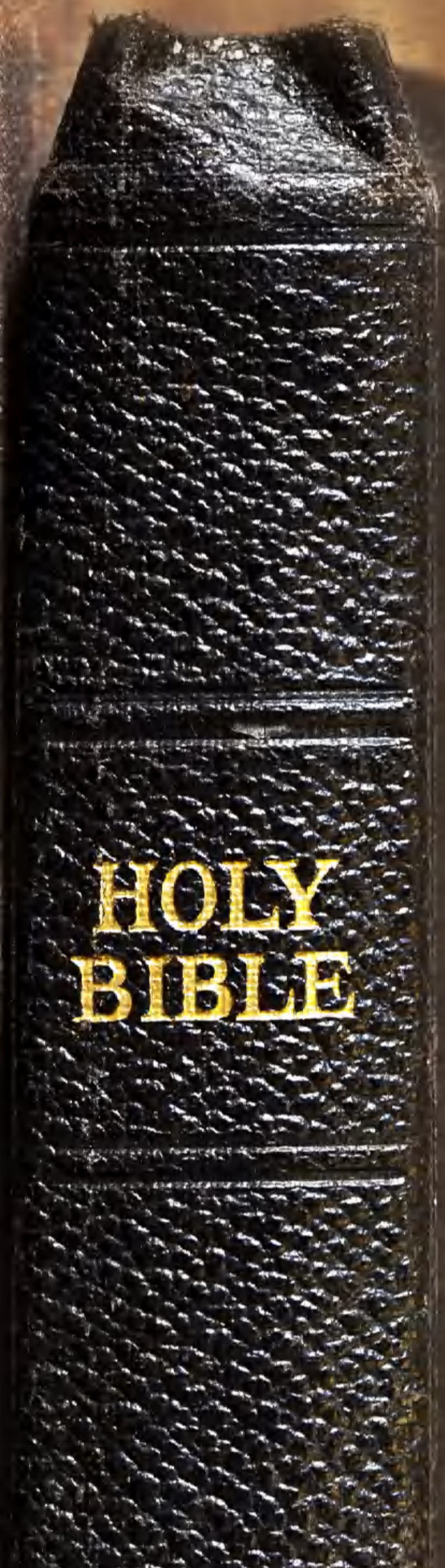

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