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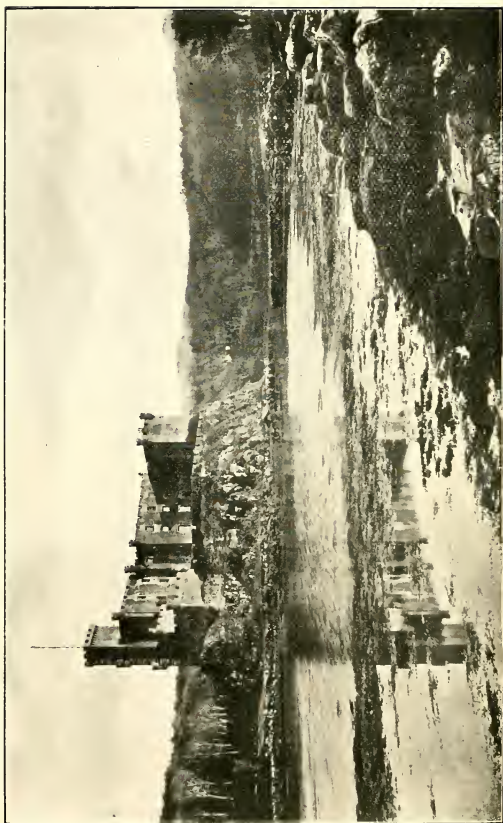
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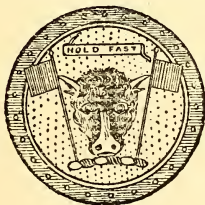
Janet MacLeod Golden
from MacLeod of MacLeod
1906



THE MACLEODS:^c

A SHORT SKETCH OF THEIR CLAN,
HISTORY, FOLK-LORE, TALES, AND
BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES OF . . .
SOME EMINENT CLANSMEN. . . .

BY THE
REV. R. C. MACLEOD
OF MACLEOD.



PUBLISHED BY THE CLAN MACLEOD SOCIETY,
EDINBURGH.

1906.

“Land of the beautiful and brave—
The freeman’s home—the martyr’s grave—
The nursery of giant men,
Whose deeds have linked with every glen,
And every hill, and every stream,
The romance of some warrior dream !
Oh, never may a son of thine,
Where’er his wandering steps incline,
Forget the sky which bent above
His childhood like a dream of love.”

J. G. Whittier.

ERRATA.

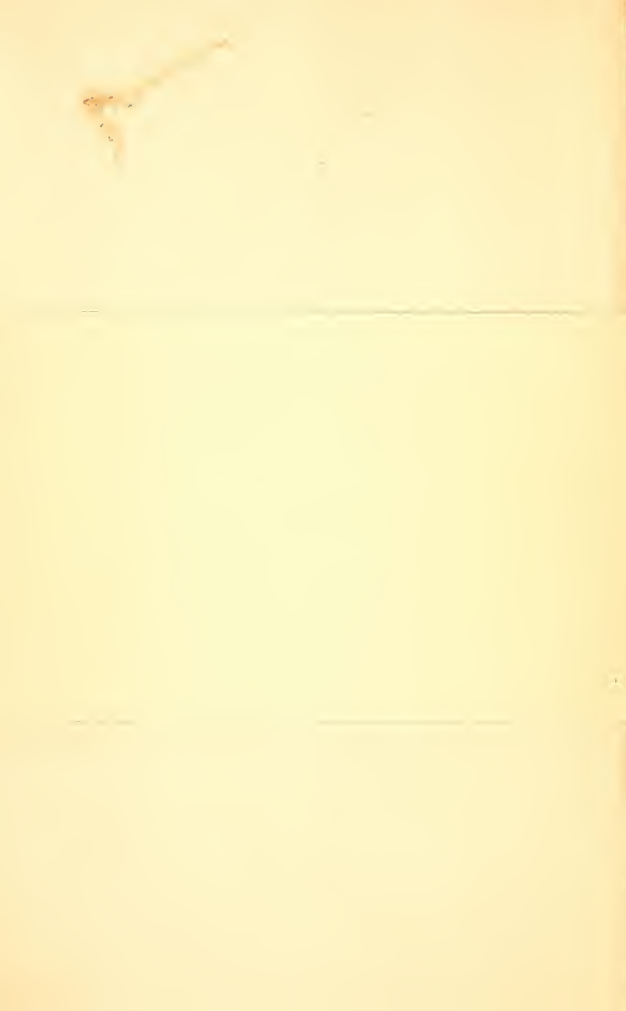


Page 13, line 10 for "fifth" read "second."

„ 30, „ 21 „, "prescribed" read "proscribed."

„ 30, „ 29 „, "Sir Walter Scott's Visit to Dunvegan
was made in 1815, in the time of the XXI.
Chief, not of the XX. as stated here."

Page 81, line 1 for "Oubost" read "Orbost."



1816334

P R E F A C E.

THIS short sketch of the History and Traditions of the Clan MacLeod, for which we are indebted to the Rev. R. C. MACLEOD of MacLeod, is the initial effort of the Society to give effect to one of the most important objects of its constitution, viz. :—"The collection and preservation of Records and Traditions," and "the publication of such Literature as may promote the interests of the Clan." The Rev. R. C. MACLEOD probably knows more about the Clan history than any other man living. He has spent many years in a study of the subject and of the old manuscripts in which Dunvegan Castle is so rich. He has, at the present moment, a most voluminous typewritten volume compiled (which we hope he may see his way to publish at no very distant date) and from that volume the present sketch has been principally drawn; its immediate production is mainly due to a suggestion made by Vice-Admiral ANGUS MACLEOD, C.V.O., one of the most distinguished members of our Clan. It is intended to be followed by a series of publications dealing with subjects of interest to the MacLeods, and we hope the work, now so well begun, will meet with the cordial approval and support of the clan.

The survival of Clan feeling and the founding of Clan Societies may seem strange in these prosaic and

PREFACE.

utilitarian times, but it is really no very remarkable phenomenon, when we remember that a Highlander never forgets his origin nor the ancient and honourable name which he bears. To those connected with the Clan, we feel sure this little book will appeal—we believe it will be welcomed by Clansmen in all parts of the world and, we hope, it may also do something to maintain and strengthen that mystic bond which binds Clansmen to one another.

As the volume is published under the auspices of the Clan Society and the superintendence of the Secretary, who has devoted much time to its production and contributed to the matter, it is hoped a perusal of its pages will induce some, who are not already members, to join the Society, the objects of which are to further the interests of the Clan in every way possible.

No pretension is made to literary style; the writers have simply aimed at putting together a brief historical and traditional sketch.

The promoters solicit communications from Clansmen, at home and abroad. With a view to future publications, they will gratefully acknowledge such information as any one may be able to give on history and traditions of the Clan, eminent Clansmen, etc.

Signed in name of the Society.

R. C. MACLEOD,
Hon. Secy.

EDINBURGH, 1906.

THE MACLEODS.

THE ORIGIN OF LEOD, the undoubted progenitor of both branches of the MacLeod family, has been much disputed, some claiming for him a Norwegian descent, others a Celtic. This, however, is hardly the place to go into the details of a knotty point of genealogy, and it may suffice, therefore, if I express my own opinion, that the Norwegian origin is the correct one—that Leod was a son of Olave the Black, King of Man and the Isles, and that he was born towards the end of the twelfth century. Leod married the daughter of McCraill Armuinn, who brought Dunvegan as her dowry, and it has remained in the possession of his descendants ever since. By her Leod had two sons—Tormod, the ancestor of the Harris MacLeods, and Torquil, the ancestor of the Lewes MacLeods—called the Siol (or race of) Tormod and the Siol Torquil respectively.

For something like 200 years very little is known of the history of either branch. Each of them about 1340 got grants of mainland estates

from the Crown—the Harris MacLeods in Glenelg, and the Lewes MacLeods in Assynt, but both were Island Chieftains and held their lands in Skye, Harris, and the Lewes under the Lords of the Isles, so that their history is merged in that of those powerful potentates; they were present at the Battle of Harlaw, 1411, where they occupied the post of honour (the right wing) of the Islander's army; they were present at the Battle of the Bloody Bay in 1480; and we find their names occasionally, as witnesses to Charters, but, as already stated, little is known of them, and that little not of very great interest. After the final forfeiture of the Lords of the Isles, however, in 1493, the public records have much more to relate. Then both families received grants of their Island Estates from the Crown and, thus, became tenants *in capite* having direct dealings with the King of Scotland and his Council. But at this time, it was clearly seen that the Highlanders, if united, were most dangerous neighbours, and the Scottish Kings adopted the subtle policy of sowing dissention amongst the clans. No effort was spared to set them at loggerheads. The method commonly employed was to give grants of the lands belonging to one family to another. For example the Bailliary of Trotternish was in 1498, granted to *both* branches of the MacLeods—the estates held by the Macdonalds of Sleat

were in 1542 given to MacLeod of Harris and many other instances might be cited. This policy was eminently successful in its object; feuds between the clans were continual, and effectively destroyed any power they might have possessed of injuring the rest of the kingdom.

During the sixteenth century the most important events affecting the MacLeods were—

- (1.) The ruin of the Lewes branch of the family.
- (2.) The succession of Marie MacLeod to the estates of the Dunvegan MacLeods.
- (3.) The usurpation of Ian Dubh.
- (4.) The Eigg Massacre.

The story of the extinction of the Lewes MacLeods is a very long and complicated one, of which the main points are as follows:—

Rory MacLeod of the Lewes, Chief during the latter half of the sixteenth century, married a daughter of Mackenzie of Kintail, but believed, rightly or wrongly, that Torquil (his heir by her) was not really his son. (There is a notarial instrument in the Dunvegan charter chest, which contains an account of a confession made by Hutcheon, the judge of the Lewes, on his death-bed, and which bears out Rorie's contention that Hutcheon, and not Rorie, was Torquil's father). Acting in this belief, Rorie disinherited Torquil, (who was known as Torquil Conanach) and named

as his heir a son by his third wife, a daughter of MacLean of Duart. This son was also called Torquil, but distinguished by the appellation "Dubh." A great dispute arose in consequence and was carried on with extraordinary fury and cruelty for many years, during which the Lewes was reduced to a condition of extreme misery and wretchedness. In the year 1568, the old Chief of the Lewes was seized by his alleged son, Torquil Conanach, who detained him four years in captivity. In a deed of revocation, the old Chief gives a pitiable account of his sufferings. His son, he says, "held him in miserable captivite in montanis and cavernis of craigis, far distant from ye societie of men, pereist thro' cauld and famine." This unnatural son brought his father before the Council, and extracted from him an appointment in his own favour as heir, and it is this appointment that Rorie revoked on the ground that he had been compelled to make it "by evill handilling, captivite, fear of my lyfe, perell of hunger and cauld, and manifest compulsionne."

If ever house was divided against itself this unhappy family of the Lewes was so divided.

Rory MacLeod had five illegitimate sons, three of whom sided with their father and two with their half-brother, Torquil Conanach. The ablest of these sons was Neil MacLeod who sided with

the father and afterwards with his half-brother, Torquil Dubh, and it was mainly through the talents and address of Neil that Torquil Dubh maintained himself in the Lewes. Torquil Conanach however, established himself in Coigeach, the mainland estates of the family, and was supported in his claim to the Chieftainship by the Mackenzies. About the year 1595, Torquil Dubh attacked his brother (Conanach) in Strath Coigeach, and the Mackenzies in Loch Broom "in such barbarous and cruel manner that neither man, wife, bairn, house, cover nor bigging had been spared but all barbarously slain, burnt and destroyed." For this Torquil Dubh was denounced as a rebel, and later, having been betrayed into the hands of Conanach, he, and many of his adherents, were put to death, 1597. His son Torquil, however, with the assistance of Neil, remained in possession of the Lewes.

Now, by this time, the two sons of Torquil Conanach were dead.—John, the eldest, having been murdered by his uncles, Rory Og and Donald, the latter of whom was, in turn, slain by Conanach. The daughter of Conanach thus became heiress to her father; she had married a brother of Lord Mackenzie of Kintail, and to Kintail, Conanach conveyed all his rights as far as writings could. In this way the ancient inheritance of the MacLeods of Lewes, ultimately passed to the

Mackenzies, though they did not succeed in establishing their claims till some years later.

In 1596, all the Highland Chiefs were ordered to show their title deeds on pain of forfeiture; among those who failed to do so, were the heads of both branches of the MacLeods. The Lewes was, in consequence, granted to a number of persons who were called the Fife adventurers. The new owners duly invaded the Island and for some years a civil war, accompanied by every barbarity the mind of man can conceive, raged in this unhappy part of the King's dominions. Neil MacLeod opposed them on the spot with the utmost energy; and Lord Mackenzie, for his own purposes intrigued against them in every way possible. Mackenzie even set at liberty Tormod, the surviving son of Torquil Dubh, whom he had made prisoner some time previously, and sent him to the Lewes to assist Neil in his efforts to defeat the Fife men. The result was that the Fife adventurers retired from the contest in disgust, and the estates were, in 1608, granted to three other persons, viz.:—Lord Balmerino, Sir Patrick Spens of Wormistoun, and Sir George Hay of Nethercliffe. (The same persons also obtained a grant of the estate belonging to the MacLeods of Harris.) In 1609, Lord Balmerino was convicted of high treason, but his partners invaded the island and endeavoured to enforce

their rights. However, they succeeded no better than their predecessors and were eventually glad to sell their rights to Lord Mackenzie, who all along had been intriguing, so that he might eventually obtain possession of the Lewes, and in the year 1610, Sir Roderick Mackenzie, brother of Lord Mackenzie, went with a strong force to the Lewes. The MacLeods, greatly reduced and wearied by the many recent conflicts they had been engaged in, were badly conditioned to meet this new and great danger, but the indomitable Neil held out, and when all else failed entrenched himself on the island of Berneray, where he had accumulated large quantities of supplies; here, for three years, he set all the efforts of Sir Roderick at defiance. At last Sir Roderick kidnapped a large number of the wives and children of the Berneray garrison and placing them at low tide on a rock in sight of the island, declared that he would leave them there to be drowned, unless Neil and his adherents surrendered. To save the lives of the women and children Neil agreed to do so, and thus was stamped out the last efforts of the MacLeods to maintain their rights in the Lewes.

Neil MacLeod was given his liberty and sought refuge with Sir Rory MacLeod of Dunvegan. Sir Rory is here charged with having been guilty of an act of the blackest treachery. Neil, it is said,

was in possession of a large sum of money, stolen from the captain of a pirate ship, which had put in to the Lewes some time previously, and Sir Rory, tempted by a desire to possess himself of this money, basely betrayed Neil to the government. I believe this story to be utterly false. It is true that Neil came to Sir Rory, that the latter undertook to arrange for his escape into England, and that Neil was arrested at Glasgow when in Sir Rory's company, but there is no evidence whatever, that the Dunvegan Chief betrayed him and the high character of Rory Mor forbids us to accept any story of treachery on his part, unless it is based on irresistible evidence. It was the intention of Sir Rory to embark with his protege at Glasgow for England, but "he was charged, vnder pain of treason, to delyver Neill Macloyd to the privie councill."

Neil MacLeod was executed at Edinburgh, in April 1613, and is said to have died "very christianlie"—his son was banished.

So terrible were the results of these fifty years of fratricidal strife that when the Mackenzies ultimately obtained possession of the Lewes in 1610, they found Christianity had practically died out and Lord Mackenzie, to his honour be it said, sent over a missionary to the island, the Rev. Farquhar Macrae, a clergyman who appears to have been a man of very high character, and

by him the islanders were again taught the rudiments of Christianity.

Of all Rory MacLeod's numerous children, legitimate and illegitimate, not one in the main line remained, and the MacLeods of Raasay became the representatives of the Lewes family. They in their turn also died out, early in the sixteenth century, and MacLeod of Cadboll, (Invergordon Castle), as oldest cadet, (descended from the second son of Torquil fifth of Lewes,) is now head of that branch of the family.

The story of Marie MacLeod throws some light on the conditions prevailing in the Highlands in the sixteenth century. She was the daughter of William, the ninth Chief of Dunvegan, by his marriage with Agnes, daughter of Lord Lovat.

A dispute had been going on for a long time, between Lord Lovat and MacLeod as to the ownership of a portion of Glenelg. It appears that, between the years 1533 and 1536, the lands of Glenelg which belonged by possession to Alexander MacLeod of Dunvegan, were on two occasions given by the Crown to Lord Lovat, and his Lordship got a title to these lands in virtue of a Crown Charter under the Great Seal, yet Lord Lovat utterly failed in his efforts to enforce his rights by legal process, because, as one old paper naively remarks, "MacLeod lives in ye Highlands, where ye officers of ye

law dar not pas for fear of their lyvis.' Ultimately Lord Lovat, probably despairing of obtaining possession of the land, negotiated a marriage between his daughter and William MacLeod then heir to his father, Alexander, and by the union of the two families the dispute over Glenelg was happily settled for a time.

Alexander died in 1547, and was succeeded by William, who died in 1553, leaving an only child, Marie, who became the heiress of the estates. Huntly, Argyll, James MacDonald, Lord Kintail, all in turn became guardians of the young heiress, and each formed projects of marrying her to some clansman of his own. For two years she was attached to the Court of Mary, Queen of Scots. This is proved by entries in the books of the Lord High Treasurer as—"A.D., 1562, the 14 day of December be the Queen's precept to Marie McCloyd ane elne 1 quarter of black velvot to be hude mufell and turet" "1564, the 16 day of March to Marie McCloyd in her graces chalmer to be ane cloke and dewanter of scarlet staining 111 elnes."

Though, legally speaking, the owner of all the MacLeod estates, Marie never succeeded in obtaining possession; her uncles successively seized the property and they were supported by the clan, so that Marie, who had meantime married Duncan Campbell of Castle Swinney, heir to Auchenbrech,

found it advisable to resign all her claims in consideration of receiving a dowry of £1000 Scots, no very large sum even in those days, for the heiress of such a property to receive. Her uncles, however, did not find the position they held a bed of roses, for it was at this time the usurpation of Ian Dubh took place.

Ian Dubh was the second surviving son of Tormod MacLeod of Minginish, who claimed the chieftainship, maintaining that his ancestor Tormod, son of John Borb MacLeod, sixth Chief, and not William, who had succeeded, was the elder brother of two twins, and in any case failing the issue of Alastair Crottach, he was the male heir.

Ian Dubh, who aimed at becoming chief himself, had, in order to attain his object, to clear out of the way the two surviving sons of Alastair Crottach (Donald and Tormod), his own elder brother, Donald, and to reckon with the Campbells who had claims in right of Mary, William MacLeod's only child and heir. He succeeded in murdering Donald, (Alastair Crottach's son) and six of his adherents at Kingsburgh, 1557; treacherously slew a number of Campbells at a banquet to which he had invited them at Dunvegan, and his own brother and nephews he killed at the same place later. He held the Castle for two years, at the end of which time Tormod, Alastair Crottach's third and only surviving son, returned

home, and claimed the chieftainship as rightful heir. Ian Dubh, who, as we have seen, was a man of evil deeds, dreaded and hated by all who knew him, and could hope for no assistance from the clan, shut himself up in the Castle, but Torquil McSween, the warder, agreed to admit Tormod. The noise made by Tormod's followers in entering, however, gave the alarm and Ian with the assistance of his four foster-brothers, who alone were faithful to him, succeeded in escaping to Ireland. Here he lived for some time but at length was seized and put to death by one of the O'Donnell chiefs.

Tormod who now became the head of the clan, was the Chief who entered into the agreement with Argyll by which he succeeded in compromising the claims of his niece, Marie, to the family estates. He is, probably, also responsible for the Eigg massacre.

This terrible event took place in the year 1577. Tradition says that a party of MacLeods, including the Chief's son, had landed on Eigg and insulted some of the women of the island; in consequence of this they were seized, bound hand and foot, and turned adrift in a boat, which however, the wind and waves brought to Dunvegan. The Chief enraged at this treatment resolved on revenge, and sailed with an overwhelming force for Eigg. The Islanders retreated

to a secret cavern where they remained in safety, until MacLeod, having ravaged the island, was sailing away. Unfortunately, however, they sent a man to reconnoitre just too soon, for he was seen from the galleys of the retiring MacLeods, who at once returned, and through footprints in the snow, which covered the ground, were able to track him to the hiding place. The Islanders refused to surrender, so MacLeod had a stream which formed a natural waterfall over the entrance to the cavern, diverted from its course, and lit fires at the mouth of the cave, the smoke from which suffocated the miserable fugitives. It is said that MacLeod set his fires alight while the wind was blowing away from the mouth of the cave and that he left the matter by express invocation to the judgment of heaven. If the wind remained steadfast it was heaven's will, that the inhabitants of Eigg were to be spared and spared they should be; if it changed the guilt was obvious and the judgment supernatural.

There are other traditionary details which might serve to palliate the barbarity of such a massacre, while the age was both barbarous and superstitious, but it is unnecessary to enlarge on the story in this sketch.

The bones of the unfortunate Islanders still remain to attest the truth of this terrible story.

Tormod died about 1538, and was succeeded

by his son William, on whose death in 1590 Tormod's second son, Rory Mor MacLeod, became tutor, and afterwards, on the death of his nephew, William, about 1596, Chief of the Clan.

Rory Mor was an extremely able man and succeeded in extricating himself and his clan from difficulties of a very serious nature. As we have already seen his estates were forfeited in 1597, and he was not admitted to the King's favour till 1611 at which date however, his lands were erected into a free Barony. He seems to have become a Royal favourite and had a standing invitation to visit the King at any time. In 1613 he went to England and was received into the good graces of the King who conferred upon him the honour of knighthood.

For several years he was engaged in a violent dispute with Donald Gorm Macdonald of Sleat, a dispute which was not finally healed until the Island Chiefs all agreed to become friends under the Statute of Iona, subscribed by all of them in 1603.

Sir Rory Mor was the first of his family who could write, the earlier Chiefs all signed their names "with my hand led at ye pene of the notar," and he is said to have been the last Highland Chief who continued to write in the language of his fathers. He left a numerous family of both sons and daughters. From the

sons descend the MacLeods of Talisker, Bernera, Muiravonside, Hamer and Greshornish, while the daughters became wives of the most powerful chiefs in the islands. One married Clan Ranald receiving a dowry of "ane galley with 26 airis and sailing geir complete and nyne scair quick ky;" another married MacLean of Duart; a third MacLean of Coll, and a fourth MacLeod of Raasay.

Sir Rory died at Fortrose in 1626, comparatively speaking, a young man.

It was in the time of Sir Rory Mor's son, John, that what is perhaps the most interesting chapter in Highland history begins, that is—the relations between the Kings of the House of Stuart and the Highlanders.

It has often been remarked as strange that the Highlanders should have been such troublesome subjects up to the middle of the seventeenth century and such devoted loyalists afterwards.

The reason is a simple one. Where they seem inconsistent the Highlanders were really extremely consistent. They were steadily opposed to the central Government, and as long as the Kings of Scotland represented that central Government the Highlanders opposed them as vigorously as possible; but as soon as the Princes of the House of Stuart, themselves, became its opponents, they found no more ardent backers than the clans

which had been so ill affected in the past. Two other factors may have had something to do with their change of front. One was the religious question.—Large portions of the Highlanders were still Roman Catholic. (The MacLeods only became Protestants about the end of the seventeenth century. I believe “Ian Breac” sixteenth Chief (died 1693) was the first Protestant Chief.) The Stuarts were either Prelatists or Papists, therefore the sympathies of the Highlanders would, naturally, be with them against the Covenanters and Presbyterians. The other motive was—hatred of the House of Argyll. The Argylls supported the Kings in the earlier times, were Whigs, and supporters of William III., and of the Georges in later times, therefore, whatever the Earl of Argyll did, the instinct of the clansmen was to take the opposite side.

John MacLeod of Dunvegan, was an ardent supporter of Charles I., and in 1639 received a letter of thanks from that monarch, dated at Durham, 2nd May 1639, which unfortunately is lost.

The clan did not join Montrose’s forces in the brilliant campaign which shed so much lustre on the valour of the Highlanders, and a clansman, MacLeod of Assynt, has no doubt been for centuries credited with an act of the blackest treachery in betraying the great Marquis to his

enemies. A full discussion of that regrettable episode in the annals of the clan would take far too much space here, but, I may say, there is good reason for stating that the charge of treachery is an unfounded one and that at all events Assynt's conduct was not nearly so black as it is painted.

Assynt had *not* taken part with Montrose. He even sent out people to capture him, and when he succeeded, Graham we are told offered Assynt great rewards to send him to Orkney, which Assynt refused. The deed may have been unpopular, but it was not treachery.

After John MacLeod's death, his brothers, Sir Rory of Talisker and Sir Norman of Bernera, acting as guardians to the youthful Chief, continued to espouse the cause of Charles. Sir Norman commanded a battalion of 700 MacLeods in the campaign which culminated in the disaster at Worcester.

The King himself fought at the head of the Highlanders with great bravery, and so animated the clansmen, that they became irresistible, drove back Cromwell's vanguard—captured their cannon, and had Leslie come up with his cavalry then, the defeat of Cromwell was inevitable. Leslie, however, did not come—Cromwell was able to bring up a large reserve of veterans he had kept in hand—the Highlanders weakened and unsupported

were driven back with great slaughter, and Charles's chance was gone.

No clan suffered so severely at Worcester as the MacLeods. Indeed so heavy were their losses, it was agreed by the other clans that the MacLeods should not be asked to take part in any further conflicts until they had had time to recover.

When all seemed lost after Worcester, (1651) and Loch Garry (1653) General Middleton found a refuge at Dunvegan. There also went Lochiel and many other Chiefs, and there was held the Council which decided that the Royalist clans should make such terms as they could with the usurper. In 1665, MacLeod submitted to the Government paying a fine of £2,500 sterling,—a large sum in those days—and also finding a surety for a further sum of £6000 as a pledge of good behaviour.

Sir Norman's sword, which led the clan to glory, if not to victory on that fatal day, is now at Dunvegan. It was given to the late Chief by Captain MacLeod of Orbost, a descendant of Sir Norman.

After the Restoration the Chief went to London, spending, as the tailors' bills at Dunvegan show, for his outfit to go to Court, something like £300 sterling. "The exquisite urbanity" (as Macaulay calls it) of Charles was for once

at fault; he never even referred to the services of the clan or to the losses they had sustained in his cause, and the Chief went home swearing that no clansman of his should ever again draw sword for the ungrateful Stuarts.

The vow was well kept. Thirty years afterwards, James II., then in dire need, wrote from Dublin imploring MacLeod to join Dundee, and that great leader himself wrote more than once to the same effect, but MacLeod turned a deaf ear to their appeals. Yet, although the MacLeods had no share in the Earl of Mar's unfortunate campaign in 1715, the King conferred a peerage on the Chief 1716; an honour which he shared with many other Highland Chiefs. Perhaps this may have induced Norman, nineteenth Chief, known as "The Wicked Man," to engage freely in all the Jacobite plots by which Scotland was riddled in the early years of his Chieftainship. Certainly he was concerned in the abduction of Lady Grange, as the following story shows:—

This unfortunate lady was wife of one of the Scots Lords of Session but, while her husband was a Jacobite she was a strong Hanoverian.

At a Jacobite meeting held in Edinburgh, about the year 1725 she concealed herself under a sofa and overheard all that was said; being unable to suppress a sneeze she was discovered and the conspirators, fearing she would reveal what she

had heard, placed her in confinement, gave out that she was dead, and buried a coffin full of stones. She herself was conveyed by night out of Edinburgh and confined for a time at Heisker, an island belonging to MacDonalld of Sleat; but, this not being considered sufficiently remote, she was taken to St. Kilda where she remained for eight years. She then succeeded in concealing a letter in a ball of wool which, with more, was being sent to Inverness for sale. The purchaser of the wool sent the letter to its address and on being opened it revealed the amazing fact that Lady Grange was still alive.

A ship of war was sent to effect her release, but MacLeod learning what had happened, brought her over to Skye, where she was confined in a cave near the Maidens, for eighteen months—or until the hue and cry had blown over. She remained a prisoner in Skye until her death, which took place at Trumpan in 1745, as is shewn by a bill preserved at Dunvegan.

MacLeod paid for her keep and defrayed her funeral expenses, and it is curious to note that her keep for a year and her funeral expenses cost the same sum—£30.

The same Chief was one of those who invited Charles Edward to come to Scotland but he attached to the invitation the conditions that the young Prince should bring with him French

troops and supplies of arms, ammunition and money. When Charles landed almost alone and threw himself upon the unaided support of the clans he, in common with many others—notably Sir Alexander MacDonald — considered himself released from the promises he had made and eventually joined the Hanoverian forces under Lord Loudon. But the sympathies of himself and his clansmen were, probably, enlisted far more on the side of their enemies than on that of their friends. I have always thought that the failure of these Highlanders to do anything to advance the interests of King George was due to their half-heartedness in his cause.

It was when the MacLeods were leaving Dunvegan to join Lord Loudon that M'Crimmon composed the exquisite lament which Scott has put into English verse.

For centuries the M'Crimmons had been the hereditary pipers of the Clan. Boreraig, their dwelling place in Skye, was famous over all the Highlands of Scotland as a school for pipers. I have heard it said, but cannot learn on what authority, that the first piper of the name came from Cremona, in Italy, and that his name was derived from his birthplace.

So famous were the M'Crimmons that traditional tales exist of fairy assistance having been bestowed upon them.

MACCRIMMON'S LAMENT.

MACLEOD'S wizard flag from the gray castle sallies,
 The rowers are seated, unmoor'd are the galleys ;
 Gleam war-axe and broadsword, clang target and quiver,
 As Mackrimmon sings, "Farewell to Dunvegan for
 ever !

Farewell to each cliff, on which breakers are foaming ;
 Farewell each dark glen, in which red-deer are roaming ;
 Farewell, lonely Skye, to lake, mountain, and river ;
 MacLeod may return, but Mackrimmon shall never !

"Farewell the bright clouds that on Quillan are sleep-
 ing ;

Farewell the bright eyes in the Dun that are weeping ;
 To each minstrel delusion, farewell !—and for ever—
 Mackrimmon departs, to return to you never !

The *Banshee's* wild voice sings the death-dirge before me,
 The pall of the dead for a mantle hangs o'er me ;
 But my heart shall not flag, and my nerves shall not
 shiver,

Though devoted I go—to return again never !

"Too oft shall the notes of Mackrimmon's bewailing
 Be heard when the Gael on their exile are sailing ;
 Dear land ! to the shores, whence unwilling we sever,
 Return—return—return shall we never !

Cha till, cha till, cha till sinn tuille !

Cha till, cha till, cha till sinn tuille,

Cha till, cha till, cha till sinn tuille,

Ged thilleas Macleod, cha till Mackrimmon !"

M'Crimmon's premonition of death contained in the lament proved only too true ; he lost, and I believe was the only clansman who lost his life in this campaign. This happened at what is known as the "Rout of Moy." Lord Loudon, who had

received information that Prince Charles, with but a small attendance, had put up at Moy Castle, resolved to attempt his capture, and marched during the night, with some 1500 men for that purpose. MacLeod with about 70 of his Clan formed the vanguard. At a part of the road they were fired on by a party of about a dozen men commanded by the Moy Smith, who, running about shouting orders to imaginary bodies of men, deceived the MacLeods into the belief that they had fallen into the midst of the whole Jacobite army—or the MacLeods disliking the work before them pretended such—at anyrate they fell back on the main body apparently in such panic that the latter fled in wild disorder. M'Crimmon was killed by the first shot fired. This evident half-heartedness is in itself enough to show that the MacLeod's (who, whatever their faults, were no cowards) were not very keen about the cause they had nominally adopted. It is well known, too, that though the Chief and the bulk of the clan did not join Prince Charlie, many MacLeods had a large share in his glorious if unfortunate enterprise. Donald MacLeod of Galtrigil was one of his most devoted companions, and the account of that clansman's exertions to secure the escape of the Royal fugitive is full of interest; while the story of their parting is singularly pathetic and touching. And in Raasay, where

the wanderer found a refuge for some days, the loyalty displayed to him by the Raasay MacLeods fills one with admiration for their devotion and self-sacrifice.

“Donald MacLeod was taken prisoner a few days after parting with the Prince. He was put on board the “Furnace,” and brought down to the cabin before General Campbell, who examined him most minutely. The General asked him if he had been along with the Pretender? “Yes,” said Donald, “I was along with that young gentleman, and I winna deny it.” “Do you know,” said the General, “what was upon that gentleman’s head?—No less a sum than thirty thousand pounds sterling, which would have made you and your family happy for ever.” “What then?” replied Donald, “what though I had gotten it? I could not have enjoyed it for two days. Conscience would have gotten the better of me; and although I could have gotten all England and Scotland for my pains, I would not have allowed a hair of his body to be touched if I could hinder it, since he threw himself upon my care.” Campbell observed that he could not much blame him.

Donald was sent to London, but released on the 10th of June 1747. When he arrived in Leith from London, on his return to Skye, he had no money to carry him thither; but his wants were supplied by the Rev. Robert (after-

wards bishop) Forbes, an episcopal clergyman in Leith, who set a subscription on foot in that town, and in Edinburgh, "to make out," as the bishop says, "for honest Palinurus, if possible, a pound sterling, for every week he had served the prince in distress; and," continues the bishop, "I thank God I was so happy as to accomplish my design directly." In acknowledgment of his fidelity, Donald was presented by Mr. John Walkinshaw, of London, with a large silver snuff-box, handsomely chased and doubly gilt in the inside. Upon the lid of this box there was the representation of an eight-oared boat, with Donald at the helm, and the eight rowers making their way through a very rough and tempestuous sea. The Long island is seen in the distance upon one of the extremities of the lid, and the boat appears to be just steering into Rossinish, the point of Benbecula where Charles landed after leaving Lochnanuagh. On the other end of the lid there was a landscape of the end of the isle of Skye, as it appears opposite to the Long island, on which the sites of Dunvegan and Gualtergill are marked. The clouds were represented as heavy and lowering, and the rain descending; and above the clouds, *i. e.*, near the hinge, the following motto was engraved:—"Olim hæc meminisse juvabit, Aprilis, 26to, 1746." Upon the bottom, and near the edge of the lid, was this inscription:—"Quid Neptune, paras? Fatis agita-

mur iniquis." The following words were engraved on the bottom of the box:—"Donald MacLeod of Gualtergill, in the Isle of Skye, the faithful Palinurus, æt. 68, 1746." Below which there was a representation of a dove with an olive branch in its bill. Donald never put any snuff into this box, and when asked the cause by Mr. Forbes, he exclaimed, "Sneeshin in that box! Na, the deil a pickle sneeshin shall ever get into it till the King be restored; and then, I trust in God, I'll go to London, and then I will put sneeshin in the box, and go to the Prince, and say, 'Sir, will you take a sneeshin out o' my box?'" *

And now we approach the end. To the disastrous Field of Culloden may be ascribed the termination of the Clan system in Scotland. The government, thoroughly alarmed by the very great dangers they had just escaped, enacted the most severe measures against the Highlanders. The disarming act of 1715 was rigidly enforced; the national garb prescribed; the heritable jurisdiction of the Chiefs abolished—everything was done to destroy the organisation and power of the Clans, so that history now, practically becomes that of individuals. Many clansmen rather than suffer under these galling acts left the country altogether and entered the service of continental powers—particularly the Netherlands. Many of them rose to important positions and their descendants of to-day

* Jacobite Memorials.

occupy distinguished places in the countries of their adoption.

The Chief who had been elected M.P. for Inverness-shire 1741, continued to represent that constituency for some years; he mixed with the leading men of the time, contracted extravagant habits unfortunately, and involved himself in a considerable amount of debt. He died about 1772.

Of his son John, not much is known. His name appears in the list of officers, as Commander of a Company in Loudon's Highlanders, the second regiment raised in the Highlands for Government Service (1743), and again as commanding one of the seven Companies of MacLeods which were under the command of the Chief in the '45. He died about 1765, thus predeceasing his father.

Not very long after the '45 William Pitt, afterwards Lord Chatham, with rare sagacity conceived the plan of enlisting the Highlanders, who had shown themselves to be such formidable foes to the Government, to fight the battles of the nation generally. Later, in 1766, while addressing the House of Commons he said—"I have sought for merit where it could be found. It is my boast that I was the first Minister who looked for it and found it in the mountains of the North. I called it forth and drew into your service a hardy and intrepid race of men; who had gone nigh to have over-turned the

State in the war before last. These men in the last war were brought to combat on our side; they served with fidelity as they fought with valour and conquered for you in every quarter of the world." Many regiments were raised but none have been more distinguished than the 42nd or Black Watch, the second battalion of which was raised by General MacLeod, twentieth Chief. This regiment has covered itself with glory in all parts of the world.

The second battalion was embodied at Perth 21st March 1780. In December it embarked at Queensferry for the Cape of Good Hope but ultimately landed in India; was there engaged in the wars against the famous Tippoo Sahib where it earned its first laurels, the conduct of the men being reported on as follows:—"The intrepidity with which the Highlanders repeatedly charged the enemy was most honourable to their character." MacLeod led them in this wearisome and trying war until promoted General in charge of the whole operations.

On the conclusion of the war it was decided to disband the battalion and draft the men into other regiments. MacLeod opposed this vehemently; in a letter to the Commander-in-Chief of India he says . . . "My own company are all of my own name and clan and if I return to Europe without them I shall be effectually

banished from my own home after having seduced them into a situation from which they thought themselves spared when they enlisted into the service . . . I must entreat your Excellency to allow me to carry them home with me, that I may not forfeit my honour, credit and influence in the Highlands which have ever been exerted for His Majesty's Service. My connections and mode of entering into the army are not unknown to the King, and I am certain the favour I solicit for myself and Clan from your Excellency will meet with his Royal approbation."

This spirited communication saved the situation; the battalion afterwards became the 73rd regiment, only however to revert to its original position as second battalion of the Black Watch on the introduction of the linked battalions system. The original colours of the battalion are preserved at Dunvegan among the Castles choicest treasures.

Norman, XXth Chief succeeded his grandfather, the Wicked Man, and appears to have been a man of much character and ability. For some years previous to the death of his grandfather, he had devoted himself to an effort to retrieve the fortunes of his clan and house which his late grandfather had so seriously endangered.

He took up his residence at Dunvegan and it was in his time that the Castle was visited by Pennant, Dr. Johnson, and Sir Walter Scott, all

of whom seem to have been highly gratified by the excellence of their entertainment. Dr. Johnson, we are told, found that he "had tasted lotus and was in danger of forgetting that he was ever to depart." . . . "Boswell," he said, "we came in at the wrong end of the island," and referring to the difficulties MacLeod had to contend with, Johnson said, "If he gets the better of all this he will be a hero; and I hope he will."

On the outbreak of the War of Independence in America, MacLeod raised a Company of his Clansmen for "Fraser's Highlanders" in which regiment six Chiefs, besides himself served. On the voyage to America the ship in which he sailed was captured by the enemy and he was detained a prisoner in that country for a time. He made the acquaintance of General Washington, for whom he seems to have formed a very considerable regard, and afterwards always spoke of him with great respect.

About 1780 he returned to this country and was commissioned to raise the second battalion of the 42nd Highlanders or Black Watch, mentioned above, which he speedily succeeded in doing. He accompanied the battalion to India and was so successful in his operations there, that later, on the removal of General Mathews, he was appointed General and Commander-in-Chief. He returned home in 1789, and shortly after was elected to represent his county in Parliament, a seat which

he held until 1796. At the General Election of 1796, he contested Sudbury with a member of the Paget family, but was defeated. His son Norman, was a victim of the Queen Charlotte disaster, and his death is particularly notable on account of the Braham Seers prophecy (noticed later). The General died in 1801, and was succeeded by his second son, John Norman.

John Norman, 21st Chief, was born in 1788. He represented Parliament for Sudbury, from 1828 to 1832. After the passing of the Reform Bill in 1832, he contested the County of Inverness, but was unsuccessful by a few votes; he died in 1835 and was succeeded by his son Norman.

Norman XXII. of MacLeod, was born in 1812. After the death of his father he resided for several years at Dunvegan. During the famine of 1847-48 he remained constantly at home and made every effort to alleviate the distress of his tenants. The result of the famine was disastrous to them and to him. They were impoverished, and he was reduced to the verge of financial ruin. He was obliged to leave home and go to live where he could obtain employment. With a manliness much to be admired in a gentleman occupying his position, he resolved to work out a career for himself, and began life again in 1849, in the public service of his country, at the age of 37 years, as a junior clerk in the Prison Department of the Home Office.

Here he remained working hard for a mere pittance, until in 1852, he was appointed Registrar or Assistant Secretary in the Science and Art Department, under Mr. (afterwards Sir) Henry Cole, on whose retirement in 1874 MacLeod succeeded to his position and remained in charge at the head of the Department until 1881.

In 1854 he was appointed by the Queen, Sergeant-at-Arms in Her Majesty's household.

In 1860 he was appointed to Command a Volunteer Engineer Corps—the first formed in the United Kingdom. He held this appointment for some years and until press of other duties forced him to resign when he became its Honorary Colonel. He died in Paris in 1895, and was succeeded by his son Norman Magnus, the present Chief.

Norman Magnus XXIII. of MacLeod—*See page 76.*

R. C. M.



FOLKLORE AND TRADITIONARY TALES.

I now turn from History to Tradition. Stories of great interest have been handed down from generation to generation, but I have refrained from including any of these in the historical sketch, because tradition knows nothing of chronology. "Once upon a time," or "Hundreds of years" ago, is considered quite near enough for tradition, therefore I have thought it better not to interrupt the thread of the history with traditional tales, the dates of which can never be fixed; but I have put a few of these together to form part, and perhaps not the least interesting part, of this sketch.

Probably there is nothing, at least in traditional lore, which appeals more to the Clansmen than the stories which surround the famous relics of Dunvegan, notably the Fairy Flag, the Horn of Sir Rory Mor, the Cup or Chalice, &c. These are tangible and visible evidence of things past—long, long past—of things unknown to us save in a few obscure traditional tales, indeed so obscure they do not even give themselves birth.

THE FAIRY FLAG.

Who can say what our forebears thought of their Fairy Flag or what mighty influence it may have held in the minds of those primitive, if warlike, men, for what a power is faith, and the clansmen had faith, full and strong in their wonderful banner as witness the confidence with which it was displayed at the battle of Waternish. "MacLeod thought the time had come to wave his magic banner and, feeling certain of victory detached a small party to take possession of the enemy's galleys."

Did the flag, in its fairy might, actually magnify the numbers of the MacLeods or did the MacDonalds themselves know the legend, believe in it, and, in the superstitious spirit of the time, take fright at the very appearance of the flag? Who shall say? I fear in these rather degenerate times we can but poorly appreciate the feelings of our ancestors on such subjects.

In my boyhood I heard two quite distinct legends as to how the MacLeods got the Fairy Flag. One relates that one of the Chiefs married a fairy who was only allowed to remain for twenty years with her mortal husband. Her summons to leave him came to her near "Fairy Bridge," which is about three miles from Dunvegan and that,

as she flew away, the flag, which formed part of her attire, was dropped by her, either accidentally or intentionally, and found and preserved by the bereaved Chieftain. The other tells how on the birth of an heir to one of the Chiefs, great rejoicings were held at Dunvegan, to celebrate the event; that, as the child was slumbering peacefully, the nurse, who was anxious to join the festivities, slipped away and left him alone, but being restless in his sleep the clothes in which he had been wrapped fell off and he lay exposed to the cold; the fairies, however, were watching over him and wrapped him up in a flag. Meanwhile the clansmen had been clammering to see the young heir and the nurse being sent for her charge, found him thus arrayed and brought him so into the hall. As she entered, a chorus of fairy voices was heard singing the magic powers of the flag, and thus the fact that it would have virtue to save the Clan three times, when in dire need, was communicated.

The flag it is said, has been twice waved. On the first occasion the MacDonalds of Clan Ranald, during one of the awful feuds which raged between them and the MacLeods, landed in very great force at Trumpan, in Waternish. The MacLeods were surprised while at Divine Service, their enemies surrounding the church and setting it on fire. The whole congregation perished, either

by the sword or the flames, except one woman who, grievously wounded, effected her escape and brought the news to Dunvegan. MacLeod, with such forces as he could collect in a short time, sallied forth and found that the MacDonalds, having finished their work of destruction at Trumpan, had re-embarked, sailed up to the head of Loch Bay, landed there, and were marching on Dunvegan. MacLeod thought that the time had come to wave his magic banner, and feeling certain of victory, detached a small party to take possession of the enemy's boats which they had left lying on the shore. Fighting desperately to check the enemy's advance MacLeod sent a messenger for the Flag, and when it arrived he at once waved it.

On the moment the MacDonalds imagined that they saw large reinforcements coming up to join MacLeod and were seized by such a panic that they broke and fled to their boats but these they found had been removed by MacLeod's party and anchored out in the Loch. A handful of men swam out to a boat and succeeded in escaping, but the rest were cut to pieces; their bodies were gathered in a long row under a wall, the wall was then thrown down upon them, and thus they were buried. The place has in consequence always been called "Milleadh Garaidh"—the destruction of the wall.

On the second occasion on which it was waved

the magic power of the flag is said to have arrested a cattle plague which was devastating the island.

It was brought to light for the third time under circumstances so remarkable that I give in full a letter written by Dr. Norman MacLeod the famous father of a still more famous son, describing what then happened.

“In the summer 1799, the late General Norman MacLeod (grandfather to the present Chief), came to the manse of Morven on his way to the Isle of Skye. My father (the Rev. Norman MacLeod then Minister of Morven) had at one time been tutor to this brave and talented man, who had been a distinguished soldier in the American war and had afterwards obtained great renown in India during the conflicts with Tippoo Sahib and other rebellious chiefs. MacLeod insisted that my father should allow me to go along with him to Dunvegan, and I was delighted at the prospect of visiting the place of which I had heard so many traditionary legends. There were no steamers at that time and we took passage in a small wherry from Oban.

MacLeod was accompanied by Mr. Hector MacDonald Buchanan, his man of business, and Mr. Campbell of Gornie, his commissioner. We arrived at Loch Bracadale next day after

leaving Morven where we found horses and carts and crowds of people waiting us. On reaching the old Castle of Dunvegan we were met by many of the gentlemen, tacksmen of the MacLeod estates, and MacLeod was welcomed to the home of his fathers by Captain Donald MacCrimmon, (the representative of the celebrated MacCrimmon pipers who had for ages been connected with the family) who had gained his commission and no small share of renown with his Chief during the American war.

I can never forget the impression which the whole scene made on my youthful mind, as MacCrimmon struck up "Failte Ruari Mor," the famous tune of the clan.

Dinner was served in the great dining-room, the keys of the cellar were produced and a pipe of claret was broached also some Madeira, said to be of choice quality and brought by MacLeod from India—the wine was carried up to the dining-room in flaggons.

I was put to sleep in a small closet off MacLeod's own bedroom, and I never shall forget the affectionate kindness which my beloved Chief showed me during the three months I was with him in his Castle.

The number of visitors who came there was great. Among others I remember MacLean of Coll, Grant of Corriemoney, Mr. Grant the

father of Lord Glenelg, Principal MacLeod of Aberdeen, Colonel Donald MacLeod, father of the present MacLeod of St. Kilda. I had a special regard for Major MacLeod of Ballymeanach, who had been a distinguished officer in the Dutch wars, and who kindly entertained me with many interesting anecdotes regarding the warfare in which he had been engaged.

A circumstance took place at Dunvegan Castle at that time, which I think it worth recording, especially as I am the only person living who can attest the truth of it. There had been a traditional prophecy written in Gaelic verse regarding the family of MacLeod which on this occasion received a most extraordinary fulfilment. This prophecy I have heard repeated by several persons and I now very much regret that I did not take a copy of it when I could easily have got it. My father had a very beautiful version of it, so had Mr. Campbell of Knock in Mull, and also, I think, the Rev. Dr. Campbell of Kilinver. There are few old families in the Highlands of whom such prophecies are not current. The family of Argyle are of the number, and there is a prophecy yet unfulfilled regarding the Breadalbane family which I hope may remain so. The present Marquis of Breadalbane is fully aware of it, as are also many of the connections of the family.

Of the MacLeod family it was prophesied at least a hundred years prior to the circumstances I am about to relate. That when Norman—the third Norman (Tormaid n'an tri Tormaidean), the son of the hard-boned English woman (Mac na maighdean caol Sassanaich) would perish by an accidental death—when the 'MacLeod Maidens' (certain well known rocks on the coast of the MacLeod country) would become the property of a Campbell, when a fox had her young ones in one of the turrets of the Castle, and particularly when the Fairy enchanted banner should be exhibited for the last time, that then the glory of the MacLeod's family should depart, a great part of the estate would be sold to others, so that a small Curach (a wicker boat) would be sufficient to carry all the gentlemen of the name of MacLeod across Loch Dunvegan, but in times far distant another John MacLeod should arise who would redeem those estates, and raise the power and honour of the name of MacLeod to a higher pitch than ever. Such, in general terms, was the prophecy.

And now as to the curious coincidence of its fulfilment.

There was at this time, an English smith at Dunvegan, with whom I became a favourite, and who told me in solemn secrecy that the iron chest which contained the Fairy Flag was to be

forced open next morning, and that it was arranged by Sir Hector MacDonald Buchanan that he (the smith) was to be at the Castle with his tools for that purpose. I was most anxious to be present and asked permission of Mr. Buchanan, who granted me leave on condition that I should not inform anyone of the name of MacLeod that such a thing was to be done, and especially to keep it a profound secret from the Chief, this I promised to do and most faithfully acted on.

Next morning we proceeded to the chamber in the east turret where the iron chest containing the 'Fairy Flag' was kept. The smith tore up the lid with great violence, but in doing so a key was found under part of the covering of the chest, which would have opened it, had it been discovered in time. There was an inner case in which the flag was found enclosed in a box of strongly scented wood. The flag consisted of a square piece of very rich silk with crosses wrought on it with gold thread, and several elf spots stitched with great care on different parts of it. After it was closely examined it was returned to its old case as before where for many years it had been neglected, and when brought to light it soon went to tatters, pieces of it being carried away time after time, so that I fancy there is not a remnant left. (In this

the writer is mistaken). At this time the news of the death of the young and promising heir of MacLeod reached the castle, this Norman 'the third Norman' was a lieutenant on board of H.M. Ship the 'Queen Charlotte' which was blown up at sea and he along with all the rest perished; at the same time the rocks called 'The MacLeod Maidens' were, in the course of that week, sold to Campbell of Ensay, and are still in the possession of his grandson; a fox in the possession of a Lieutenant MacLean residing in the west turret of the Castle, had cubs there which I saw and handled, and thus it happened that all that was said in the prophecy was literally fulfilled.

I merely state the facts as they occurred without expressing any opinion whatever as to the nature of these traditionary legends with which they were connected.

My father is known by his well deserved title of 'Caraid nan Caidheal' for truly he was such."

THE HORN.

The Horn of Sir Rory Mor is a great ox horn tipped with silver, and holds about two English pints. The custom is that each Chief on attaining the age of manhood should drain at one draught, this horn, filled to the brim. What memories must cling around this old horn!

When was its test of manhood first instituted? Was Sir Rory himself the first? How many Chiefs have proved their metal in this deep, long mighty draught? What men of strength, deep of chest and power of lung, to drain that terrible Horn in one long breath. None such now; the greater part of the Horn is filled up and it is but a moderate drink the present day Chiefs have to quaff. With what contempt, what mighty scorn would these stern warriors of the past look upon the puny performances of their descendants. Traditionary tales associated with the Horn are noticed in the account of the MacLeod Crest.

THE DUNVEGAN CUP.

The Cup or Chalice is made out of a solid block of oak. It stands about ten inches high and rests upon four short legs of silver. All over, the Cup is curiously wrought and embossed with silver, once studded with precious stones and still retaining bits of coral.

It has the following inscription, engraved on a rim of silver, in very superior style:—

“ Katerina the daughter of King Neil,
 Wife of John M'Guiger, Prince of Fermanagh,
 Had me made in the year of God 1493,*
 The eyes of all hope in Thee, Oh Lord !
 And Thou givest them their meat in due season.”

* See note page 119.

The following legends relate to the history of the Cup:—

In the time of Malcolm, the third Chief, the lands of Luskintyre were possessed by two brothers who were at mortal feud with one another. Their cattle were herded in common, in charge of a man named Lurrán Casinreach or swift-footed. This man's mother had nursed one of the brothers—she was considered a witch, and lived with her son in a small cottage near her foster-son's house. Lurrán folded the cows every night in Buaille Rossinish, where during the harvest season it was customary to have them watched. On the first night of the season it was Lurrán's turn to watch, and as the place was considered to be a resort of fairies, Lurrán's mother took the precaution to charm all her foster-son's cows, as well as her son Lurrán on whom she uttered a spell, proof against the devil himself. About midnight Lurrán saw the Bruthach (or mound) open, and an immense concourse of people issue from it. They proceeded towards the fold where they began to converse and examine the cattle. They found the cows of one brother all charmed, but those of the other not so fortunate. Of the latter they immediately killed two of the best and fattest and carried away the carcasses, leaving the hides filled with froth and slime, resembling bad carrion. In the morning the two cows were found dead, and conjectured to

have been killed by lightning. The same thing however occurred for several nights—the cows of the same brother always being selected. Watch was set but none possessed the power of seeing the fairies, while Lurran kept what he had seen a secret from all but his mother. When it again came to Lurran's turn to watch he saw the same thing happen, but this time he joined the crowd and entered the Bruthach unobserved, and found himself in a spacious hall where was prepared a feast of which all partook. Lurran took care to get a place next the door. After the feast wine was handed round in a beautiful cup, out of which each one drank and then handed it to his neighbour. At last it came to Lurran's turn, who, pitching out the contents, made a dash for the door and escaped, carrying the cup with him, before the company were aware of what he was about. He was hotly pursued but succeeded in reaching his mother's hut, which she immediately charmed so as to prevent the ingress of any spirits, good or bad. Lurran, however, was eventually killed by the fairies for stealing their cup, which his mother then gave to her foster-son, Neil Glundubh. Neil was soon after murdered by his brother, who seized the cup with other property.

When the Chief heard of this outrage he had the murderer arrested and put to death at Rowdell.

The cup was then taken to Dunvegan, and there it has ever since remained.

It may be mentioned that the cup is always called the cup of Neil Glundubh, and in the Dean of Lismore's book this Neil is said to have been the progenitor of the O'Neil family in Ireland who flourished in the tenth century.

Another legend says that the son of one of these same brothers having been insulted at a feast by Magnus, (the Chief's fifth son) rose from the table to leave the room, muttering threats of vengeance. Magnus sprang up and opposed his exit, on which the offended vassal drew his dirk and stabbed Magnus to the heart. A rush was made by the assembled vassals to seize the murderer, who succeeded in escaping to the top of a rock, which is still shown, where he was brought to bay. He had twelve arrows in his quiver and with each of these he killed one of the Chief's followers. He was then captured and flayed alive; his kindred were outlawed or put to death and all their property confiscated to the Chief who in this way became possessed of the cup.

THE MACLEOD CREST.

The following legend concerning the origin of the MacLeod Crest and Motto was given to me by a friend not very long ago:—

Tormod, second Chief of MacLeod, was a great soldier. He married Marjory, daughter of John Bisset of Glenelg, by whom he had three sons — Malcolm, his heir, Leod and Godfrey. Malcolm the third Chief, although said by some to have married the daughter of Fraser, Lord Lovat, is believed to have married Christian the divorced wife of Hugh Fraser of Lovat, and a daughter of Sir Neil Campbell of Lochow, ancestor of the Duke of Argyll. He was a man of great courage and physical strength, and the story goes that while returning from a stolen interview with the young and beautiful wife of the Chief of the Frasers, who held the half of Glenelg, he encountered and killed a wild bull which infested the woods of Glenelg and was a terror to the inhabitants around. Malcolm, when he engaged the animal, was armed with his dirk only, but, seizing the bull by the horns, he, by sheer strength, threw it and then despatched it with his dirk. From this encounter the bull's head is said to have become the crest of the MacLeods with the motto "Hold Fast" added. The story adds that the horns were removed from the bull's head, one of them was mounted with silver and preserved as a trophy, and that the horn which every Chief has to drain when he comes of age, is the identical horn which adorned the head of the bull slain by Malcolm MacLeod.

Another story about a bull tells how MacLeod once went on a visit to Argyll at Inveraray, and when he got there he learned that a clansman of his host had, for some offence, been condemned to be gored to death by a bull. An arena was prepared and the criminal placed therein with a bull of singular strength and ferocity. MacLeod, much struck with the appearance of the man, interceded for him with Argyll; but Argyll declared it was now too late, that the man and the infuriated animal were in the ring, and no human power could save him. MacLeod was only armed with his dirk, but, on hearing this, sprang at once into the ring, attacked and killed the bull. He thus saved the man's life, and when he went back to Skye he took the man with him, and there is a family living at Dunvegan now who claim descent from the man whom MacLeod saved from such a terrible death.

TALES.

Of the simple tales, one of the most picturesque relates how a daughter of Dunvegan was engaged to be married to a young Harris man who was drowned on his way to Dunvegan.

I wrote some verses on this story some years ago, and I venture to give it here in my own poor rhymes:—

A TALE OF THE MINCH.

There is joy at Dunvegan—the glad bridal morn
Of its daughter has come ; on the breezes are borne
The sounds of rejoicing, of music and song,
As troops of glad clansmen come singing along.
The feast is all ready, all spread is the board,
And the maid, ready decked, is awaiting her lord,
Who is sailing from Harris to claim his fair bride,
And to stand at the altar with her by his side.

The glad sounds are hushed ; for a wild sudden gale
Has risen, and faces are anxious and pale.
'Gainst hope the maid hopes ; one so gallant and true,
Who sails such a boat, with so gallant a crew,
Can never have perished—he must come—he will—
His promise to her he will surely fulfil.
Alas ! for her love—she awaits him in vain,
For he's lost in the Minch with the whole of his train.

There is woe at Dunvegan ; for since that sad day
Its daughter has slowly been pining away ;
All shrunk is her form and all hollow her cheek,
As she tells her last wishes in tones low and weak.
“ Oh grant that my body may rest in the deep,
That I in the grave of my true love may sleep.”
They promised, with weeping, and soon all is o'er,
Her voice on earth they may never hear more.

Forgetting their promise, her body they lay
In the galley to bear her to Rodell's calm bay,
Where stands the old abbey, the last resting-place,
In which lie the dead of her proud ancient race.
They start in a calm, but soon springs up a gale,
At which e'en the soul of the bravest may quail ;
They know its a message that charges them keep
The promise they gave e'er the maid fell asleep.

“Heaven wills,” said the Chief, “that my daughter be laid,
As she wished—in the sea, and she shall be obeyed.”
He tenderly takes in his strong arms her form,
Casts her on the waves; and amid the wild storm
There rises a figure, majestic and grand,
Clasps her to his heart and, with hand pressed in hand,
Those two, whose fair lives had by stern death been
 blighted,
Beneath the waves sink now in death re-united.

E'en Nature herself will preserve such a tale,
And men, to this day, who upon the Minch sail,
Find, 'mid all the tumult of mountainous waves—
To mark of this couple who loved well,—the graves
One spot of still calm, which no winds can disturb;
Some mightier force on their strength puts a curb.
And here sleep those lovers on great ocean's bed,
Till the trumpet shall sound and the sea yield her dead.

THE SPIRIT ARMIES.

A curious story is that which relates how a man, at some unknown period, happened one night to be near the church-yard at Eynort. At midnight the ghosts of all who had been buried there arose, seized the man, and taking him with them visited in turn all the burying places in the MacLeod country, being joined at each by a large number of spirits. They flew across the Minch to North Uist. Here they met all the MacDonald ghosts, also having a living man with them. The two spirit armies formed a ring, and the two living men

fought in the middle. Neither, however, was victorious, and when the first sign of dawn appeared, each party of spirits took off their man and returned to their respective resting places. The man taken from Eynort was left exactly where he had been found.

THE ONE-EYED WIFE.

One of the Chiefs (Alaster Crottach probably), must have had a somewhat grim sense of humour. He had, rather rashly engaged himself to marry a daughter, whom he had never seen, of MacDonald of Sleat. I suppose the bride must have been thickly veiled during the ceremony, any how MacLeod did not discover, until he got her home to Dunvegan, that she had only one eye. Availing himself of the rights which, under the system of hand-fasting then in vogue, he considered he possessed, he indignantly sent the lady back; and, by way of making the insult a more cutting one, she was made to ride a one-eyed horse, was attended by a one-eyed man, and followed by a one-eyed dog. (This story, I believe, is sometimes told the other way about when the one-eyed lady becomes a MacLeod.)

But, which ever is correct, this incident led to the great battle of Corry na Craich in the Cuchullins, where a great number of clansmen lost their lives.

CORRY NA CRAICH.

“In this battle of Corry na Craich fought between the MacLeods and the MacDonalds, there were nine MacLeods of the name of Norman killed, one of them was an exceptionally big man—very clumsy and awkward in every way. When the battlefield was being cleared of the dead bodies, one of the MacDonalds came across the body of big Norman, and, in trying to lift it found he had a somewhat heavy and difficult task. At length, with a great effort he succeeded and heaving the body over a rock, exclaimed ‘Bu Ghlagach beo’s marbh thu’ (clumsy alive and clumsy dead.)”

A good many traditions are preserved in the names of places—

CNOC AN H'IP.

Cnoc an H'ip.—The following singular occurrence is related by some old people in Skye. One of the Chiefs of the Clan Nicol, called MacNicol Mor from his great size was one time engaged in a warm discussion with MacLeod of Raasay. MacLeod's servant entering the room and not understanding English, in which language the argument was being carried on, imagined the pair were quarrelling and drawing his sword struck MacNicol a deadly blow.

A council of Chiefs and comhairlichean, or elders, was forthwith called to determine in what manner so unhappy a deed could be satisfactorily arranged, and the shedding of blood avoided; when it was agreed, upon some old precedent, that the meanest person in the Clan Nicol should behead the Laird of Raasay.

It speaks highly for the respectability of the MacNicol's at that time that the individual of least note who could be found among them was one Lomach, a maker of keisans, which are a sort of woven baskets that are slung on each side of a horse's back and are used for the conveyance of grain and like commodities. Raasay was accordingly executed at Snisort, and by this judicial decree a feud was prevented. The tradition informs us that so cleanly did Lonach sever the head from the body of the unfortunate Chief, who was at the moment in the act of speaking, as it rolled down the hill the half articulated sounds, "ip, ip" were said to have been distinctly heard, and hence the little eminence on which the execution took place has since been distinguished as "Cnoc an h'ip."

BALLA NA CROICHE.

Balla na Croiche is the place of the gallows, because here executions were carried out. It is said that the last man who was put to death here

was not hanged but stripped, tied up, and left to perish slowly from attacks of midges, etc. This was in 1728.

CNOC A CHROCHADH.

Not far from Trumpan there is a strip of land called Aird Mor, the highest point of which is known as "Cnoc a Chrochadh" (The Hanging Hill) because the son of Judge Morrison was hanged there on three of his own oars. Morrison had been staying at Dunvegan Castle, but on his way returning home he started murdering the MacLeods of Isle Isay. He was caught near the top of this hill and sentenced to be hanged. He asked that he might be allowed to pray, and on receiving permission retired behind a rock for that purpose. Many years afterwards a large quantity of silver coins was found behind the very rock where Morrison had prayed, and which was supposed to have belonged to him.

ARD-NAN-ATHAN.

A point just below the castle, at Dunvegan, was called "Ard-nan-athan" (The point of the kilns). In these kilns a fermented liquor was made from barley—the barley was grown on the ground now

occupied as a kitchen garden—and it is said Alaster Crottach used this liquor to slake the lime for mortar when building the Fairy Tower, about the end of the fifteenth century.

On this point also, was the arena where all sorts of games and sports were held. On one occasion there was "A Great Athletic Meeting," Argyll, Glengarry, Raasay and many other Chiefs came to Dunvegan; each of them bringing his strongest and best men to compete in the games.

Raasay's man proved to be the best wrestler, while Argyll's man putted the stone further than any other. MacLeod had at that time, in his Clan a man named Paul Crupach, who, though deformed, possessed extraordinary strength. This man, MacLeod had dressed in very rough and ragged clothes, and when all the athletes had done their best, he laughed, and said "Is that all your men can do? Why, the meanest of my clan can do better than that." He then called Paul and told him to show the gentlemen what the MacLeods could do. Paul knelt down on his knees, and from that position putted the stone much further than Argyll's man had done. He then wrestled with Raasay's man and threw him with such force that the poor man's back was broken. In regard to such feats I give a few more instances of remarkable performances.

BEINN A GHOBHA.

Some years after the fight of "Millaedh Garaidh, the MacDonalds sought revenge for their defeat. They, as was the custom, made a raid on the country of the MacLeods, and carried off a number of cattle. The MacLeods soon discovered their loss and started in pursuit of the thieving MacDonalds whom they overtook near Trumpan; there a bloody fight took place and the MacDonalds were killed almost to a man. On each side a smith, in full armour, remained fighting. The MacLeod smith was feeling weak through loss of blood when his wife arrived on the scene of the conflict—striking the enemy with her distaff, she cried, "Turn to me." He turned his head involuntarily, and that moment was his last, as the MacLeod smith seized the opportunity and promptly run him through.

The place is still called "Beinn a Ghobha," or the Blacksmith's Hill.

CNOC MHIC IAIN.

At this same fight Roderick, son of Ian MacLeod of Unish, did great execution with his sword. At last a MacDonald rushed upon him and cut off his legs at the knees, but the doughty clans-

man continued to stand on his stumps cutting down all comers. At last he fell—on the knoll named after him, Cnoc Mhic Iain; “The knoll of the son of ‘Ian’ and ‘Crois Bhan,’ the white cross from a wooden cross placed there to his memory.”

TOBAR-NAN-CEANN.

There is a well not very far from the Castle called “tobar-nan-ceann” (the well of the heads) because here a clansman, who had killed three foreigners, and wished to take their heads to the Castle, as proof of his prowess, washed the heads after he had decapitated the men.

PAUL'S ROCK.

There is a rock on the Uighinish side of Skye called to this day “Paul’s Rock,” because Paul while fishing was caught on the rock by the tide, and saved himself by leaping ashore, a bound of extraordinary agility.

FINLAY MACLEOD OF GALTRIGAL.

Some years after the Eigg massacre, the clan Ranald and other MacDonalDs decided to punish the MacLeods; so one very foggy night they sailed

for Skye. As they drew near Dunvegan Head they discovered Finlay MacLeod of Galtrigal and four others fishing. To prevent these men giving the alarm, the MacDonalds sent a sixteen oar boat to capture them. Finlay and his companions saw them coming and made for the shore. Finlay alone succeeded in escaping, the others being cut off and caught in a cave, where they had taken refuge, and cut to pieces. Finlay ran to the top of a hill and gave three mighty shouts which the watchman at Dunvegan heard—a distance of three miles. MacLeod at once sent out the Crann-tara with one end burned and dipped in blood, to inform the clansmen that an enemy was coming. No one seems to know the end of this story or which side was victorious.

Finlay MacLeod of Galtrigal was celebrated for his great strength. He was named “Fionalaidh na Plaide Baine,” meaning Finlay of the white blanket, because he was always dressed in white homespun. In his time MacLeod kept twelve powerful men called “Buannaichean,” or conquerors. These men oppressed the tenants greatly, and no one dared to question them except Finlay, who reported their doings to the Chief. These men, it is proper to say, were chosen by tests of strength, such as tossing the caber, putting the stone, etc.; then a large bull was killed, and they had with one hand to twist off its four legs at

the knees before they were successful in being engaged as Buannaichean. On one occasion, after being reported to the Chief, these men came to Finlay's house while he was out, ordered the wife to prepare their dinner, and to punish Finlay for reporting them they killed his best cow.

When Finlay returned he asked what they meant by killing his cow. They replied it was to please themselves, and that they would kill him too if he did not mind what he was about. Finlay then went to his byre and returned with a heavy cow-tail with which he attacked the Buannaichean, making their skin and hair fly all over the room. Those who were not killed were so terrified that they offered to pay the price of the cow and more if Finlay asked it; but their offer was sternly refused. Next morning Finlay took them over to Dunvegan in a boat, (he had bound them with fishing lines). When MacLeod saw his twelve strong men so severely punished and bound by one man, he dismissed them and never more kept any Buannaichean at Dunvegan.

SWORDSMANSHIP.

It is related of one Donald MacLeod, a man of magnificent physique and longevity, who entered the service of King William and enjoyed for many years a pension from George III.; that he fought

various single combats both at home and abroad. On one occasion he cut off part of the calf of a German's leg, and wounded him in the sword arm, to show he had it in his power to take his life. In the rebellion of 1715, he accepted a challenge from a Captain MacDonald, a celebrated fencer in the Earl of Mar's service, who had openly defied the whole of the Royal army. In this trial of skill, MacLeod cut off the other's purse and asked him if he wanted anything else taken off, on which MacDonald gave up the contest, acknowledging his inferiority, and left the victor his purse as a trophy. The Earl of Mar, himself an excellent swordsman, also acknowledged MacLeod's victory, as did his own General, Argyle.

ST. KILDA.

It appears that at some early period there was a dispute between MacLeod and MacDonald, as to the ownership of St. Kilda, and it was decided that two boats manned by men of the respective Clans should race for the island, and that the one who first touched the shore should win its possession for his Chief. The race proved a very close one, but as the boats approached the island, the MacDonalds drew slightly ahead, whereupon one of the MacLeods seized an axe, cut off his hand and flung it on shore, thus touching St. Kilda first.

QUAINT JUSTICE.

A story of a quaint dispute is handed down by tradition. A cow fell over a cliff into a boat. The cow was killed and the boat destroyed. The owner of the boat claimed damages, while the owner of the cow made a counter-claim on the ground that if the boat had not been where it was, his cow would have fallen into deep water and probably have escaped with its life. MacLeod, to whom the matter was referred, found some difficulty in coming to a decision, and accompanied the men to consult a "wise" man who lived near. The sage asked who was the owner of the cow and who of the boat; and then asked who was the owner of the rock from which the cow had fallen—the last was MacLeod. Then said the sage "MacLeod must pay for both the cow and the boat. For, if MacLeod's rock had not been there the cow would not have fallen over it, and, of course, the boat would not have been injured." MacLeod good-humouredly assented and so the dispute was settled.

THE WICKED MAN AND ROB ROY.

An interesting and amusing story is told of the relations between the "Wicked Man" and the famous Rob Roy.

MacLeod sent his fool (people still kept fools in those days) to Inverness to fetch a sum of money which he required. On his way the fool fell in with a gentleman riding a fine horse. This gentleman made himself extremely agreeable, and to him the fool confided the mission he was engaged on. Naturally enough (seeing the gentleman was no less a person than Rob Roy) on his return journey, MacLeod's messenger met his friend again. On this occasion Rob Roy was not quite so pleasant, he put a pistol to the poor fellow's head and demanded the money of which he was the bearer. Pretending great fear the fool threw a parcel on the ground, this rolled down a steep hill and Rob Roy, supposing it contained the money, sprang from his horse and rushed after it; leaving the fool, who like most of his class was a very shrewd fellow, to mount his assailant's horse, a very superior one to his own, and make off with the money all safe. The parcel he had thrown away contained nothing of value, but in the saddlebags on Rob Roy's horse however, was found a large sum of money, which the fool triumphantly delivered to his master as well as that which his ready wit had preserved. MacLeod having some elementary notions of honesty, which I daresay the fool thought extremely silly, insisted on sending him back to find Rob Roy and restore to him his horse and

money, sending also an invitation to visit Dunvegan; the invitation was accepted and the famous outlaw and MacLeod became great friends.

The portrait in the Castle, of this Chief, was painted by Allan Ramsay and curiously enough is clothed in the Rob Roy tartan. A tradition, however, exists that MacLeod was actually painted in the yellow and black tartan, and that for some reason he had altered it in the finished picture.

TRANSLATION OF BEANNACHADH BARD.

*Written by DONALD MACLEOD of Bernera, and
Presented to each of his three wives.*

Now that the matron's curch proclaims thee mine,
May health, without alloy, be ever thine,
Long be thy days and undisturbed thy peace,
Still may thy virtues—still thy stores increase.

Oft in that dress, in which thou'rt now arrayed,
Have women's highest virtues been displayed.
May thine be so. And, as thou hast begun,
In life and gay spring—thy wedded course be run.

To Heaven's High King do thou thy prayers address,
And hope from Him all that thy days may bless ;
Learn to be hospitable, not profuse ;
True spirit show and yet due caution use.

Talk not too much, yet be not always mute,
Thy years not giddiness nor dullness suit ;
From sudden friendship guard thyself with care,
And yet of coldness and reserve beware.

Speak ill of none ; and should it be thy lot
 To be reviled by others, show no hate.
 When fortune frowns, be to thy state resigned,
 And when she smiles, lift not too high thy mind.
 Regard not vice—let grace thy path adorn.
 Thus, thus I greet thee on thy bridal morn.

MACLEOD'S MAIDENS.

The "Maidens" are three remarkable basaltic pillars rising vertically out of the sea, to a height of some 200 feet. Seen looming through the mists the rocks assume forms well justifying the name bestowed on them by the people, of "The MacLeod's Maidens" from their fanciful resemblance to gigantic women clad in cloaks and hoods.

MACLEOD'S NURSE.

A waterfall close to the Castle is known as the "Nurse of Rory Mor." Sir Rory is said to have had a wonderful—almost affectionate—feeling for this waterfall and that he could not sleep well when away from the sound of its falling waters.

"I would old Torquil were to show
 His maidens with their breasts of snow,
 Or that my noble liege were nigh
 To hear his Nurse sing lullaby.
 (The maids—tall cliffs with breakers white,
 The Nurse—a torrents roaring might)."

Scott.

MACLEOD'S TOMB.

Rodel Cathedral in Harris—"the last resting place of her proud ancient race"—is one of twenty-eight monasteries established in Scotland by the Canons Regular of St. Augustine, and seems to have been the Ecclesiastical Superior of the various religious houses scattered over the Western Isles. This was the burial place of the MacLeods of Harris; the tomb of Alaster Crottach is particularly notable with its elaborate sculpturing, much of which, however, has become illegible but many interesting bits may still be traced and interpreted.

MACLEOD'S TABLES.

Two mountains in the west of Duirinish rising to a height of about 1700 feet; they are remarkable for the verdure of their slopes, and the plateau-like form of their summits. A tradition exists that at one time MacLeod held his Courts and administered justice there.

A beautiful view of them is obtained from the drawing-room window of the Castle; and when covered with snow, as they frequently are for months, look like great tables covered with spotless napery.

CAVE IN IDRIGAL.

Just opposite the " Maidens " is a bold headland called Idrigal Point, in which is a deep cave chiefly remarkable as the place where the unfortunate Lady Grange was for a time confined.

ARMORIAL BEARINGS.

The Arms of the Lewes MacLeods were—Or, a mountain azure, inflamed proper ; their Crest—a Rising Sun. The Arms of the Dunvegan family, as matriculated in 1752, are—Azure, a castle triple towered and embattled, masoned sable, windows and porch gules ; supporters—two lions regardent, each holding a dagger proper. Crest—a Bull's Head, cabossed between two flags. Motto—" *Murus ahenevs.*" Device—" Hold Fast." But there is abundant evidence that in early times the family bore on their " coat " a galley—the arms of the Isle of Man during the Norse occupation of that island, and later they have borne the three legs of Man.

The badge of Dunvegan is the Juniper.



DUNVEGAN CASTLE.

“That mighty stronghold of the west
In lonely grandeur reigns supreme ;
A monument of feudal power,
And fitting haven for a king.”

M. C. MacLeod.

No sketch of the history and traditions of our clan would be complete without some reference to the ancient Castle which for seven hundred years has been the home of our Chiefs—modernized as it may have been. The old Keep, which McCraill Armian’s daughter brought to Leod, still stands in all its majesty on the shores of Loch Follart, now known as Loch Dunvegan. In the thickness of its huge walls may still be seen the dungeons in which prisoners languished and died. It may still be approached by the old sea gate and narrow passage, which, defended by portcullis and huge doors, alone, in the old days, gave access to the Chief’s friends or kept his enemies at bay ; and though portcullis and doors may have passed away, two sets of rusted hinges are still embedded in the solid masonry, and attest the extreme antiquity of the building. The tower which Alaster Crottach built in the latter days of the fifteenth century still shelters his descendants ; and men may still climb the winding stair he placed in the thickness of the wall, to the room which bears his name. In this chamber is still preserved the Charter he

received from James the Fourth, and countless other documents bearing on the history of himself and his descendants. Within the Castle are still preserved the suits of chain-mail in which bygone Chiefs fought; the huge broadsword, which in Rory Mor's hands led the clan in many a stricken field; the claymore which Sir Norman of Bernera wielded at Worcester, and many other ancient weapons. Men may still see here the old Drinking Cup, the Fairy Flag and the Horn, round which, as we have seen, cluster so many legends.

Mingled with the old is much that is new—parts of the building are comparatively modern—the walls of the rooms are graced by the art of such men as Ramsay, Raeburn, Reynolds, and a host of other painters. Letters from such men as Dr. Johnson, Sir Walter Scott and others are preserved side by side with old documents in the Court hand. For the Castle is not a ruin but a home—not merely a relic of the past, but a dwelling-place of the present, and destined, we will hope, to shelter as many Chiefs in the future as have dwelt within its walls in the past.

The "Fairy Room"—a room in the old Danish tower from which a view of marvellous beauty is obtained of open sea and surrounding country. Originally a bedroom, in it Dr. Johnson and Sir Walter Scott slept when they visited the Castle, the latter of whom, enchanted with the delightful prospect, at once dubbed it the Fairy Room.

EMINENT CLANSMEN.



OF the many distinguished men who have borne the name of MacLeod there is but little space to speak, but no work such as this could be complete without some reference to those who have brought us honour—"the brave and true of our kith and kin," who have carried the name into every sphere of life and into every part of the world with credit and honour to themselves, and clan and country. Church, Law, Science, Commerce, &c., &c., have all found celebrated exponents from our ranks, but the military profession has secured the largest share of all. The MacLeods, like all other Highlanders, have from the earliest times been a fighting race, and have been engaged in many exploits of no small note. They took their share in the stirring times of the "45,"—in connection with which the story of the gallant Donald of Galtrigal and his devotion to the unfortunate Prince Charlie must ever remain a cherished memory—and the country generally, certainly owes much to our clansmen. Away back in the Marlborough campaigns we find them distinguishing themselves as we are told "Colonel

Æneas MacLeod served with great distinction in the campaigns and sieges of the Duke of Marlborough." . . . In 1780 the Chief raised the 2nd battalion of the Black Watch, and accompanied it to India, where, subsequently, as commander-in-chief of the Malabar Army he rendered considerable service to his country, in successfully contending with the famous Tippoo Sahib. . . . In 1799, The MacLeod or Princess Charlotte of Wales Fencibles were raised by Colonel John MacLeod of Colbeck . . . Lieut.-General Sir John MacLeod organised the British Artillery, formed the first horse batteries (R.H.A.), and afterwards became (the first) Director-General of Artillery. . . . Major General Norman MacLeod raised the third battalion of the Rifle Brigade, 1809. . . . General Sir Alex. MacLeod, C.B., promoted the famous Laboratory School at Dum Dum, which is now associated in the public mind with the rifle bullet of that name, while one, Lt.-Colonel Alex. MacLeod, C.B., of the 59th Regiment, seems to have rendered signal service in India, as the regimental records tell us that "On the 29th of March, 1821, Colonel Alex. MacLeod died at Dinapore, a loss to the King's Service in India not to be repaired, and an event long and unfeignedly lamented by the 59th Regiment, at the head of which he had so long served with distinction, and the "Calcutta Journal" expresses itself in the following verses:—

Hark ! the deep muffled drum's low saddening sound,
 The soldiers' heavy footfall wends this way,
 With martial pomp they seek the sacred ground,
 Where they their honoured burden soon must lay.

Halt ! Soldiers, halt ! Now the dull earth receives
 The cold remains of one beloved and brave,
 With tremulous hand and heart that inly grieves
 They fire the volley o'er the soldier's grave.

What virtue graced not thy heroic mind ?
 In duty, just ; in friendship, most sincere ;
 Thy name shall leave a soothing charm behind
 To check the tears that friends shed o'er thy bier.

"Son of the Valiant," though no more we view
 Thy manly form, yet shall thy honoured name
 Live in the memory of the brave and true.
 And dark Cornelis Fight record Thy fame.

Glory shall bind a wreath in days to come,
 And "Brave MacLeod" be sculptured on thy tomb.

This short epitomised reference to the military annals of the clan may well be concluded with the general statement, that in all the strenuous conflicts in which this country has been engaged, the MacLeods have nobly borne their part.

Surgery found one of its most famous exponents in the late Sir G. H. MacLeod, who was senior surgeon to the forces before Sebastopol, and afterwards Professor of Surgery in Glasgow University, and Surgeon-in-ordinary to the Queen. . . . The Navy has a distinguished member in Vice-Admiral Angus MacLeod, C.V.O. . . . Law found an

ornament in Sir Bannatyne William Macleod, a distinguished advocate and Lord of Session. . . . Henry Dunning MacLeod is a noted authority on Banking, his publications on that subject being standard works. . . . Professor Roderick MacLeod filled the chair of Philosophy in King's College, Aberdeen, and we have another Professor MacLeod in M'Gill's College, Canada, now, while the Church has probably found its most celebrated men from our clans—the fame of the Macleods of Morven being world wide. . . . Some intrepid and enthusiastic clansmen have planted the name pretty thickly in the far west of Canada. There is a Fort MacLeod in British Columbia; another in Alberta; a MacLeod Bay west of Hudson Bay; a Dunvegan in Athabasca, and scattered round quite a number of Lewis's. In India there is a MacLeodganj. There is a distinguished branch of the family settled in the Netherlands who have risen to high positions in the service of that State. There are "MacLeods of Manilla," and in Australia and other places Clan names may be found on places of residence.

In the succeeding pages and in future issues of this publication we hope to give more particular accounts of eminent clansmen, and we seek the help of our clan people everywhere to assist us in building up, preserving and recording the deeds of the great of our kith and kin.





MACLEOD OF MACLEOD, C.M.G.

XXIII. CHIEF,

From a painting by Sir Geo. Reid, P.R.S.A.

CAPTAIN NORMAN MAGNUS MACLEOD
OF MACLEOD, 23rd CHIEF.

NORMAN XXIII. of MacLeod was born on the 27th of July 1839. He was educated at Harrow, and, adopting the army as a profession, obtained his commission in the 74th Highlanders in 1858. In 1862 he received the appointment of aid-de-camp to General Sir Hope Grant, Commander-in-Chief of the Presidency of Madras, which position he held for three years. Returning home in 1865, he rejoined his regiment, accompanying it to Gibraltar in 1869 and to Malta in 1872, where he acted sometime as Brigade Major. Later in the same year, he sold out and retired from the army with the rank of Captain.

It is related that, while lying at Gibraltar, the 74th, under the command of the Chief, was relieving the 83rd on the main guard, when suddenly the 83rd sentry fired a shot into the crowd of civilians. There was a market going on and a crowd of people, who, of course fled in every direction. The shot killed one man and wounded another, who fled down the street pursued by the sentry with fixed bayonet. The Chief followed with a sergeant and two men. The wounded man had got into a house and shut the door, and when MacLeod came up the sentry was smashing at the

door with his bayonet. The sentry who had gone off his head, refused to give up his rifle and bayonet, and as he had ten rounds of ball ammunition in his possession, he was an ugly customer to tackle. MacLeod walked quietly up to the poor fellow and in quite careless fashion asked him for his rifle. The man handed it over quietly enough and was immediately secured. The poor fellow died before he could be tried.

In 1873 MacLeod went out to Natal, whence he accompanied the British expedition sent to crown Cetewayo King of the Zulus. In the following year he was sent by the Government of Natal on a special mission to India to arrange for the re-opening of coolie emigration to the colony. On his return he was appointed Protector of Immigrants with a seat in the Legislative and Executive Council. This position he resigned in 1875, declining also the post of Acting Colonial Secretary, in order to accompany an expedition into the interior of the country; in the course of which he visited the Victoria Falls and spent some months among the Barotse people. This expedition occupied some fifteen months, and a short time after its completion he made another visit to the home country. The outbreak of the Zulu war, however, found him once more *en route* for Africa. There he was appointed by Sir Bartle Frere political agent on the Transvaal border attached to Sir

Evelyn Wood's forces and with a special mission to the Swazies to prevent them joining the Zulus, in which he was wholly successful.

On the completion of the Zulu war it was found necessary to bring the Basuto Chief, Sekukuni, to his senses and a force commanded by Sir Garnet Wolsey was despatched against him. MacLeod raised an army of 8000 of his Swazies to assist Sir Garnet and led them in the attack on Sekukuni's stronghold in which there was severe fighting, the Swazies losing some 800 men. For his services MacLeod received the Zulu war medal and the honour of C.M.G.

At the close of the war, in 1880, he resigned, having spent sixteen months of hard and strenuous work on the Transvaal, Swazie and Zulu borders. He returned home and in 1881 married Emily Caroline, daughter of Sir Charles Islam, Baronet of Lamport Hall, Northampton. He has two daughters.

MacLeod succeeded to the Chieftainship on 5th February 1895, he takes a great interest in all that concerns the Clan; he frequently presides at the Society meetings, and no meetings are happier or a greater success than when he is present. He is a J.P. and D.L. for Inverness-shire, and a member of the Congested District Board.

SIR REGINALD MACLEOD, K.C.B.

Sir Reginald MacLeod was born at Dunvegan in 1847, being the only member of the late MacLeod's family who enjoyed the privilege of first seeing the light in the ancient house of his race. The disastrous famine which so shortly followed his birth compelled his father to leave Dunvegan and earn a livelihood in England, and Sir Reginald's childhood and boyhood were passed far from his Highland home. In 1863, however, MacLeod was enabled to take Dunvegan into his own hands, and from that time forward, the young man's holidays and vacations were largely spent at Dunvegan. After spending some time at a private school at Blackheath he went to Harrow, which school he left early, and passed a couple of years between a private tutor at home and the study of languages abroad. In 1866 he went up to Trinity, Cambridge, where he spent three happy years: at this period he made a rather adventurous voyage in a Rob Roy canoe, accompanied by Mr. Balfour, the late Prime Minister, and the present Lord Kinnaird. The party started from Dunvegan and sailed or paddled round Dunvegan Head past the Maidens and Loch Bracadale to Scavaig and Cornisk, then across to Rum, where they enjoyed the hospitality of Captain



SIR REGINALD MACLEOD OF MACLEOD, K.C.B.

*Had Reginald Macleod of Macleod
succeeded by his eldest daughter
She inherited the estates as heir and
was invested by the British Government as a peeress.*

MacLeod of Oubost. From Rum they made an expedition to Eigg, and slept in the cave where the MacDonalds of Eigg met with so terrible a fate. On the way back they encountered a violent gale, and reached Rum again with great difficulty. Finally they returned to Skye, and rounding the point of Sleat they made their way up the Sound of Skye as far as Portree. These canoes were the first canoes seen in Skye and caused much astonishment to the people.

Sir Reginald was, I imagine, the first man to ride a bicycle in Skye. He was in Paris in 1869, and learnt there to ride the newly invented "bone shakers," one of which he brought to Dunvegan in that year.

His first public employment was as one of H.M. Inspectors of Factories, and he served in that capacity for eleven years. In 1883 he became the principal agent for the Conservative Party in Scotland and took an active share in the work of organisation, which contributed to the success of the Unionist party in 1886 and subsequent elections.

In 1885 he contested his native County of Inverness-shire against Sir Kenneth MacKenzie of Gairloch, and Mr. Charles Fraser MacIntosh. The last named gained the seat, Sir Reginald being second at the poll.

In 1889 he became Queen's Remembrancer for

Scotland, receiving in recognition of his services the Companionship of the Bath, not from his own political friends, but from Lord Rosebery. During his sojourn in Scotland the Clan Society was formed; he became its first president and took the warmest interest in all its proceedings. He was never so happy as when attending its meetings or extending hospitality to its members in his home at Granton, and his interest in Clan matters was warmly shared by his wife and daughters.

In 1900 Sir Reginald became Registrar General for England, which involved leaving Edinburgh, and taking up his residence in London. He was there responsible for the direction of the census of 1901. In 1902 he became Under Secretary for Scotland, the duties of which post once again brought him in intimate touch with Scottish affairs, and with Scotsmen in all parts of Scotland.—Long may he continue to discharge these responsible duties. He became a K.C.B. in 1905; an honour which all who have worked with him felt was most thoroughly deserved.

Meanwhile in 1877 he had married Lady Agnes, daughter of the first Earl of Iddesleigh, better known as Sir Stafford Northcote. He has two daughters, Flora and Olive Miranda, the eldest of whom has married Mr. Hubert Walter, one of the distinguished family which made the "Times" the first newspaper in the world.



CAPTAIN R. W. MACLEOD OF CADBOLL.

MACLEOD OF CADBOLL.

The representation of the "ancient and powerful family of MacLeod of the Lewes," who, as Douglas tells us "made a great figure in Scotland for several centuries and were possessed of an immense estate, viz.—The Baronies of Lewes, Assynt, Coigach, Castle Leod, Strathpapher, Rasay, Edrachills, Garloch, easter side of Troterness, Waterness, Strathannan, &c., &c.," now rests in Macleod of Cadboll.

The Macleods of Cadboll have registered arms at various periods, and in their declaration always claim descent from a second son of Torquil MacLeod, second Baron of the Lewes. MacKenzie in his history of the MacLeods deduces the descent through the Assynt branch of the Lewes family, and remarks, somewhat strongly, on the alleged betrayal of Montrose by a member of that branch. This charge, it has already been pointed out, (page 20) is entirely without foundation. The following extract from Douglas' Baronage may be worthy of note here:—After the Restoration, "His Majesty sensible of the service of Sir Norman MacLeod of Bernera, furnished him with an order to put him in possession of Assynt's estate, which, 'twas thought, would have been forfeited for his having corresponded with the King's enemies, betrayed

Montrose, &c., but Assynt compeared, stood his trial, and having proved his innocence, he was acquitted, so that Sir Norman reaped no benefit." Be that as it may, however, the Macleods of Cadboll are entirely free of the taint. Neil XI. of Assynt, the alleged betrayer, died without issue, and the line, after the decease of a brother who succeeded Neil, went back to Donald Ban Mor VIII. of Assynt, for a fresh start.—From him both Neil and Cadboll were descended, but by different mothers, Donald Ban having been twice married. The descent is as follows.

Donald Ban VIII. of Assynt, married :—

First—Marion Mackay, daughter of Donald, Lord Reay, and had issue, a son, Neil, afterwards X. of Assynt. Neil X. married Florence, a daughter of Torquil Conanach MacLeod, of Lewes, and had issue, a son, Neil, afterwards XI. of Assynt and the alleged betrayer of Montrose.

Second—Christian, daughter of Nicolas Ross, of Potcalnie, by her he had issue, (1) Donald, (died without issue), and (2) Hugh, of Cam-busbury, the progenitor of the Macleods of Cadboll. As has been already shown, on the extinction of the Assynt family, that of Cadboll succeeded to the chieftainship of the Lewes MacLeod.

ÆNEAS MACLEOD, first of CADBOLL and CAMBUS-BURY, early in life went to Edinburgh, where he studied law, and subsequently became Town Clerk of the City—a position of much importance at that time. He purchased from the Earl of Cromarty, the estate of Cadboll, and founded his family there. For some years (1703-07) he represented the County of Cromarty in the Scottish Parliament, and was one of those who signed the Treaty of Union with England, in 1707. He was succeeded by his son RODERICK II. of CADBOLL, who was a warm supporter of the Stuart cause and greatly imperilled his estates by taking part in the Rising of 1745. Through the influence of the Earl of Sutherland, however, the estates were preserved to him, but only on condition that he should live abroad for some time. Being of a literary bent of mind, he, while abroad, accumulated a large number of valuable books. When he at length returned home he brought these books to Cadboll, where he had four rooms constructed of solid masonry for their reception. He registered Arms in 1730. Died in 1770.

ROBERT III. of CADBOLL, was a minor when his father died, being only some six years of age, the estate therefor was vested in trustees, who about 1780 acquired Invergordon Castle as a family seat for the Macleods of Cadboll. The famous library was removed from Cadboll to Invergordon, unfor-

tunately, as it proved, for, in 1805, the Castle took fire and was burned to the ground, the library and many other priceless relics, including a large collection of Indian curiosities and a valuable collection of silver-plate, which Roderick had inherited from a relative, being completely destroyed.

Robert III. of Cadboll, seems to have been a man of much ability. In 1826 he obtained an Act of Parliament in his favour, empowering him to "make, build and construct, a safe and commodious harbour and other works connected therewith," at or near the village of Invergordon. A work he carried out at his own expense, and which has since proved of immense value to the district. He contested the County of Sutherland in 1790, sat for Cromarty from 1807-1812, and was Lord Lieutenant of the latter County from 1794 to 1833. On his death he was succeeded by his son.

RODERICK IV. of CADBOLL, who practised for some years as an Advocate at the Scottish Bar, was M.P. for Cromarty from 1818 to 1820, for Sutherlandshire from 1831-37, and for Inverness Burghs, until 1840, when he resigned. He also held the appointments of Deputy Lieutenant of Ross-shire, and Lord Lieutenant of his County of Cromarty, from 1833 until his death.

He was succeeded by his eldest son, Robert Bruce Æneas.

(A second son, Henry Dunning Macleod, M.A.,

Barrister-at-Law, was a most distinguished member of this family, he devoted himself to a study of the science of political economy, particularly in its relation to Banking, and was the author of quite a number of books on the subject, most of which have become standard works. In 1867, after a keen competition among leading members of the Bar, he had the honour of being selected by a Royal Commission to prepare a Digest of the Law, as to Bills of Exchange. His works have obtained for him a world wide reputation, and have been translated into several European languages.)

ROBERT BRUCE ÆNEAS MACLEOD, V. of CADBOLL, succeeded to the estates in March 1853, on the death of his father, Roderick IV. He served for some years in the Navy, in which he attained the rank of Commander, when he retired and settled down to a quiet country life on his estate. He took much interest in local affairs, and spent a large sum of money in improving the facilities of the harbour—building a new jetty and giving it deeper water, &c. He was appointed Deputy Lieutenant of Ross-shire and Vice-Lieutenant of Cromarty. On his death in 1888, he was succeeded by his eldest son, RODERICK WILLOUGHBY VI. and present MACLEOD of CADBOLL, was educated at Eton and Cambridge, he joined the Inverness Militia in 1879. In the following year he was gazetted to the 79th (Cameron) Highlanders, and served with that regiment in

Egypt, from 1882-87 ;* when he was promoted Captain. He retired from the army in November of 1892, and in the following year made a tour round the world,—a trip he enjoyed so well, that he repeated it in 1894. In January 1897 he married Alice Olivia, daughter of Mr. Edward Tierney Darell, and grand-daughter of the late Sir Lionel Darell, Bart., of Fretherne Court, Gloucestershire.

Since his marriage Cadboll has devoted himself to estate work and to local affairs ; he has recently carried through, at considerable expense, great improvements on the Harbour of Invergordon, which, it is anticipated, will place the Harbour in a position superior to anything north of the Forth. Since 1900 he has acted as Brigade Major to the Highland Volunteer Brigade (Seaforth and Cameron), is an enthusiastic Freemason, and has occupied many high offices in the craft. He takes a good deal of interest in politics and is President of the Constitutional Association of the County.

He has four children—(1) Robert Bruce Darell, his heir, a bright little fellow who is just entering on his first school course at Ardvreck, Crieff ; (2) Torquil Harry Lionel ; (3) Hector Roderick Æneas, and (4) Beryl May.

* Egyptian Medal and Clasp—Tel-el-Kebir ; and Khedive Star.

MACLEOD'S OF MORVEN.

In modern times many of the most distinguished members of our Clan have belonged to the family known as the Morven MacLeods. The early origin of this family, whose fame is world-wide, is not known. The first, of whom any clear trace can be found, was Donald MacLeod of Swordale (or Sworldland), Armourer to the XIXth Chief. (A brother, Neil, was Chaplain to MacLeod's forces in 1745). Donald's son, Norman, was the first of Morven, having been presented to that parish by the Duke of Argyll in 1775. He was succeeded in Morven by his second son, Dr. John MacLeod, his eldest son, Dr. Norman, having accepted a charge in Campbeltown in 1808 whence he was translated in 1825 to Campsie, Stirlingshire, while, in 1836 he was appointed Minister of the Gaelic Church of St. Columba, Glasgow, where he laboured until his death. 1836 was an eventful year for Dr. Norman as, in addition to his appointment to St. Columba's he had the honour of D.D. conferred upon him and was chosen Moderator of the General Assembly. Subsequent honours were those of Dean of the Chapel Royal and Chaplain to Her Majesty, in which capacity he preached before the late Queen and the Prince Consort in 1842.

Possessing a fine knowledge of Gaelic he devoted

much time to its language and literature and was himself the author of a number of important works in Gaelic. He was joint editor of "MacLeod & Dewar's Gaelic Dictionary" and compiled a metrical version of the Psalms of David in Irish Gaelic, which was, by special permission, dedicated to H.M. King William IV. and was extensively used in the Churches of Ireland.

During the famines of 1836-7 and 1847 he worked both hard and successfully for his famishing country, earning the heartfelt thanks of all concerned. His zeal for the Highlands, people, and language won for him the title of CARAID NAN GAIDHEAL (The Highlanders' friend), "and," as his son remarks, "truly he was that." It is this Dr. MacLeod who tells the tale of the strange fulfilment of the prophecy of Coinneach Odhar which took place while he was staying at Dunvegan. He died in 1862 at the age of 80, and was succeeded as head of the family by his son, the Rev. Norman MacLeod, D.D., of the Barony Church, Glasgow, who became even more famous than his father; the following account of his life is taken from Blackie's Popular Encyclopædia:—*

"MacLeod, Norman, a minister of the Church of Scotland, born at Campbeltown, in Argyllshire, 3rd June 1812; died at Glasgow, 16th June 1872.

* Kindly revised and corrected in some details by the Rev. Dr. Donald MacLeod.

He was educated partly at the University of Glasgow, after leaving which he spent some time in Germany, and finally completed his course at the Universities of Edinburgh and Glasgow. In Edinburgh he came under the influence of the foremost man then in Scotland, Dr. Chalmers. Almost immediately after being licensed, he was presented to the parish of Loudon, where he was ordained by the Presbytery of Irvine in 1838. Here he continued to perform the duties of pastor for about five years, when the secession of the Free Church from the Establishment took place, and in the many changes consequent thereupon, Norman MacLeod was presented by the Duke of Buccleuch to the charge of Dalkeith. In 1845 he was intrusted by the General Assembly with a mission to Canada on the affairs of the Church, which he fulfilled with success. In 1849 he became editor of the "Edinburgh Christian Magazine," which he conducted for ten years. When the Barony parish, Glasgow, in the gift of the Crown, became vacant in 1851, he was, with the unanimous consent of the people, inducted into that charge, one of the most influential in Scotland. From this time his fame as a preacher gradually increased, and the Barony Church was every Sunday filled to overflowing by crowds eager to hear him speak. About this time he made his first adventure in literature by the

publication in 1854 of Memorials of his friend John Macintosh, under the title of "The Earnest Student." In October of the same year, he preached before the Queen by her special command in the Parish Church of Crathie. Further marks of royal favour soon flowed in upon him; he was appointed one of the Deans of the Chapel Royal, Holyrood, and became one of the Queen's chaplains for Scotland, and Dean of the Order of the Thistle. In 1858 he received the honorary degree of D.D. Henceforth his life seems to have been one continuous series of labours. Not content with the arduous duties of his large and populous parish, which he performed with an efficiency and zeal that has been seldom equalled, he threw his whole soul also into the general work of the Church. Not that he took any leading position in party politics in the Church; for he was, by inclination, altogether unsuited for that. But in all her schemes of public usefulness, all her efforts to elevate and Christianise the masses at home or the heathen abroad, he ever took the warmest interest. Especially as convener of the Foreign Mission Scheme he showed immense zeal in labouring for this truly noble object. Year after year he travelled through the country, everywhere addressing meetings, and seeking to infuse into others some of the enthusiasm that burned within himself. On all matters pertaining

to Christian life, every scheme that aimed at improving the social or moral condition of the working poor, no one could speak with more eloquence than he, and no one was ever listened to with more rapt attention. Nor all this time was his pen idle, as is shown by the large number of works published under his name, including sermons, lectures, addresses, devotional works, treatises on practical subjects, tales, travels, children's songs and stories, all bearing the impress of his warm heart and enthusiastic nature. In 1860 "Good Words" was begun, a magazine which he continued to edit till his death; and every volume of it was enriched with many articles from his own pen. But it is to his tales that he chiefly owes his position in literature: "The Old Lieutenant and His Son;" "The Starling," a Scotch story; "Wee Davie," a charming little study of humble life; and the "Reminiscences of a Highland Parish," in which he gives a picture of life in the parish of Morven, in the Presbytery of Mull, where his grandfather was minister. These, which appeared originally in the pages of "Good Words," were afterwards printed separately in London. In 1867 he was commissioned by the General Assembly, along with his friend, Rev. Dr. Watson, of Dundee, to visit the mission-field of the Church in India. His "Peeps at the Far East" are a memorial of this visit; but from the

shock which his system received from the fatigues of the journey and the climate he never quite recovered. In May 1869, was conferred upon him by acclamation the last honour which he lived to receive, that of being elected to the Moderator's chair in the General Assembly." *

He died in 1872, and it is safe to say no man was ever more mourned for than Dr. Norman MacLeod of the Barony Church. The late Queen on hearing of his death sent a letter to his brother, Dr. Donald MacLeod, of which the following is a part :—

BALMORAL, *June 17th, 1872.*

“The Queen hardly knows how to begin a letter to Mr. Donald MacLeod, so deep and strong are her feelings on this most sad and most painful occasion—for words are all too weak to say what she feels, and what all must feel who ever knew his beloved, excellent, and highly gifted brother, Dr. Norman MacLeod!

First of all, to his family—his venerable, loved, and honoured mother, his wife and large family of children—the loss of this good man is irreparable and overwhelming! But it is an irreparable public loss, and the Queen feels this deeply. To herself personally, the loss of dear Dr. MacLeod is a very

* A memoir of Dr. Norman MacLeod, was published in 1876, by his brother, the Rev. Donald MacLeod, D.D.

great one ; he was so kind, and on all occasions showed her such warm sympathy, and in the early days of her great sorrow, gave the Queen so much comfort whenever she saw him, that she always looked forward eagerly to those occasions when she saw him here ; and she cannot realise the idea that in this world she is never to see his kind face, and listen to those admirable discourses which did every one good, and to his charming conversation again !”



ADMIRAL MACLEOD
OF THE NETHERLANDS.*

Admiral MacLeod of the Royal Navy of the Netherlands, whose portrait is given on the opposite page, is the head of a notable branch of the Harris MacLeods, one of whom entered the Dutch service some 200 years ago.

The Netherland MacLeods trace their descent through the Gesto MacLeods to Murdo the third son of Malcolm III., Chief of Harris and Dunvegan. The space available in this little book prevents the family history being traced in detail, but the first member to cross over to the Netherlands was Norman, son of Donald MacLeod, third son of John VI. of Gesto. He was appointed, in 1706, an ensign, first in Hepburn's regiment, and afterwards in Douglas' regiment, in the Dutch Scots Brigade, and served with his regiment until it was disbanded; subsequently he obtained an appointment in England and died in London in 1729. He married Gertrude Schrassert, and had one son —

John, born in 1727, who also took service in the Dutch Scots Brigade (Colyer's regiment) and rose to the rank of colonel. In 1782, the Scottish

* A more detailed account of this distinguished family will be found in the "Brave Sons of Skye."



ADMIRAL MACLEOD,
OF THE ROYAL NAVY OF THE NETHERLANDS.

regiments lost their nationality and were transformed into Dutch corps. Colonel MacLeod obtained his discharge the following year and returned to this country, where he lived for some time. He then went back to Holland for a little, but again returned to England, where he died, at Chelsea, in 1804. He had married Margaretha Arnolda van Brienen and had one son—

Norman, who was born in 1755, became like his ancestors an officer in the Dutch service and rose to the rank of colonel: he returned to this country in 1795, on account of the revolution in Holland and the exile of the Prince of Orange; and in December of 1797 entered the British service, having been presented by the Duke of York with a commission in the 60th regiment. The following year, however, he transferred back to the Dutch service as Lieut.-Colonel of Bentink's regiment. He continued in the Dutch service for some years, and attained to the rank of Major-General. . . . General MacLeod took part in the campaign of 1794, but unfortunately his work was of short duration, as he was taken prisoner in November of the same year at the siege of Nimeguen; on the occupation of that fortress by the French troops. He also participated in the blockade of the Helder in 1814. In June, 1809, he married a Welsh lady, Sarah Evans, by whom he had three sons:—

1. Norman, born in Wales in 1811, became an officer in the Dutch service, in which he served with much distinction. He was actively employed during the insurrection in Belgium, 1830-34—in 1830 with the mobilised army, in 1831 in the Tiendaag campaign, and in 1832-33-34 in the fortress Gorinchem. He was appointed A.D.C. in extra ordinary service, and was the recipient of a large number of honours and decorations. In 1878, he retired with the rank of Lieut.-General, and “was pensioned with thanks for the good and true services rendered by him during the period of his long-continued military career.” He died at the Hague on the 3rd April, 1896.

2. Wiliam Pasco, also born in Wales, entered the Dutch service and, as a lieutenant, served with the mobilised army during the Belgian rising, 1830-4, receiving for services the honour of the “Metal Cross.” He died at Kedong-Kebo in the Dutch East Indies in September, 1846—unmarried.

3. John van Brienen, who was born at Kampen, Overyssel, in 1825. He, too, entered the Dutch service, and had attained to the rank of captain when he died in camp at Milligen in 1868. In 1860, Captain MacLeod was awarded the “Honour Badge” for long service.

Admiral Norman MacLeod, the present head of the family, and a son of the above-mentioned General. Norman MacLeod was born at Bergen-

op-Zoom on the 18th September, 1837, and has had a most distinguished career in the navy of the Netherlands. He has seen much service and held many important posts, including those of Chief of the Department of Material, Superintendent of Yards, and Director and Commandant of the Marine, with the command of the mouths of the Maas and other rivers, and finally Director and Commandant of the Marine at Amsterdam. Like his father, the General, Admiral MacLeod is the possessor of a long list of honours and decorations. He retired from active service in August, 1894, receiving a pension and the thanks of the State for the many good and important services he had rendered it.

It is gratifying to MacLeods to know that though settled in the Netherlands for such a long time, the gallant Admiral and his family have never forgotten their origin, and are as keen clansmen as any in the old country. Some time ago, in reply to a letter the Admiral had received from a distant relative in Skye, he replied:—"I cannot tell you how glad I am with this kind token of interest from a relative, however unknown, in the dear little island which I have always considered as my fatherland, although it is more than 150 years ago that my great-great-grandfather left it. If anything can prove that 'blood is thicker than water,' I think this does."

And again, in reply to a letter from the Secretary of our Clan Society, he says:—"I was much pleased with your letter, which shows again how clanship is always kept up by Scots, and how they are never tired of keeping the clan-people together." The Admiral is now in his 69th year, but we trust he may be spared for very many more to do honour to our name and race. He married Johanna van Voss, with whom he has had four daughters, one of whom recently married her cousin, Lieut. Y. A. MacLeod Manuel, of the Neth, East India Infantry.

Major-General Edward Donald Henry MacLeod, second son of General Norman MacLeod, was born September, 1842, at Maastricht, Province of Limburg. He joined an instructional battalion at the age of 16 years, and for over 40 years has been actively employed in the military affairs of the State, earning credit and distinction as the list of honours and decorations which he possesses amply proves. He married Anne van Bochove, with issue:—Donald John Edward, a medical officer in the army—he volunteered, and was accepted for service with the Red Cross in the late S.A. war.



VICE-ADMIRAL ANGUS MACLEOD, C.V.O.

VICE-ADMIRAL ANGUS MACLEOD, C.V.O.

Vice-Admiral Angus MacLeod, C.V.O., who lately relinquished the command of the Irish Coast, on promotion, has seen considerable service and filled numerous important offices at home and abroad; sometimes involved in dangerous and delicate situations, but, having been endowed with courage and tact, he has always succeeded in emerging from them with honour to his country and credit to himself.

Born in 1847, some of the first thrilling stories of adventures at sea were gleaned at the knees of that distinguished old Arctic navigator, Captain Sir John Ross, and, growing up in a nautical environment, he developed such an evident desire to serve his country in the Royal Navy, that a nomination was obtained, and, in due course, he was entered as a naval cadet, when thirteen and a-half years of age.

Upon completion of his training, he commenced his career in 1862 on board the *Magicienne*, under Captain H. S. H. Prince Leiningen, and as Midshipman, served in that ship for nearly four years on the Mediterranean station. In addition to many interesting but ordinary duties, the *Magicienne* was frequently employed in conveying or escorting Royalties and diplomatic officials, includ-

ing His Majesty the King—then Prince of Wales—and other members of our Royal Family. Among events of some historic importance in which the officers of the *Magicienne* participated, were Sir Moses Montefiore's Mission to the Sultan of Morocco, on behalf of persecuted Jews; Garibaldian skirmishes and arrests in Naples; the salvage of a derelict barque; watching French operations, (including the bombardment of Sfax) on the coast of Tunis; our cession of the Ionian Isles after demolition of the Vido fortifications and withdrawal of all our troops; the liberation, after three months' negotiations with a notorious Italian brigand, of Mr. Moens, an English captive, taken near Salerno; and the accession of King George to the Greek throne.

Returning to England, young MacLeod next served in the *Pallas*, a new and experimental armour-clad, attached to the Channel Squadron, in which vessel, towards the end of 1866, patrol duty was carried out on the West Coast of Ireland, on account of the Fenian disturbances and movements of the leaders.

Having passed the usual examinations he joined the *Rodney* battleship, early in 1867, as Sub-Lieutenant, and proceeded in her to the China station, where she flew the flag of that most gallant and beloved officer, the late Admiral Sir Henry Keppel. In 1868 he was given a death

vacancy as Lieutenant, an old naval privilege, (improved away some years since), which rendered service on unhealthy stations popular !

Between the coming and going of our Hong-Kong gunboats on pirate haunts, usually attended by success ; the hardly veiled desire for the removal of our unwelcome presence from among the Chinese ; and the unmistakable awakening and activity of the Japanese, times were by no means dull. A good deal of the fighting between both the naval and the military forces of the Mikado and of the Tycoon, was actually witnessed from the *Rodney* or her consorts, and the opening to trade of Hiago and Kobi was an event of great importance, graced by the presence of the ships.

Owing to a gross attack upon missionaries, the *Rodney*, with a small squadron, went up the Yangtse to Nanking, whence a strong naval brigade was despatched to Yang-Chow, and three weeks' residence in the Temple of the Ten Thousand Genii, (greatly enjoyed by the unawed blue jackets and marines) brought about reparation and the payment of a solid silver indemnity, with a promptness which suggested discretion having proved stronger than Chinese valour. Another occasion for the display of naval brigade force, but with the result of considerable loss of life among the Chinese, was the attack upon, and destruction of three pirate villages near Swatow.

Once more in England, Mr. MacLeod qualified as a Gunnery Lieutenant, and was immediately afterwards, in 1872, appointed to the frigate *Aurora*, a sea-going training ship for young seamen and boys. Early in 1873 he was unexpectedly called home as a junior staff officer of the principal gunnery ship *Excellent*, at Portsmouth where he remained until the following autumn, when an opening came for more active service.

He volunteered for, and was accepted as, first lieutenant of the *Barracouta*, then employed in the earlier phase of the Ashantee war, joined her on the Gold Coast and in January 1874 was sent up country with a detachment for the Naval Brigade, which latter had instructions to co-operate with the land forces under Sir Garnet Wolseley. A little later in command of a company of Royal Marines, he took part in the fight at Amoaful, he was slightly wounded, but continued in the advance and after the skirmish for possession of the crossing of the river Ardah entered Coomassie with the main body.

The bivouac of the Naval Brigade that night was unpleasantly close to the veritable Golgotha which contained the remains of countless sacrificed slaves, and a further element of interest was furnished by the palace buildings getting on fire, which was only subdued by the exertions of the blue jackets and a few soldiers.

King Coffee had escaped to the royal tombs, so Sir Garnet decided to destroy Coomassie and return to the coast as, if they continued, the heavy rains threatened to decimate the force by fever and dysentery. Lieutenant MacLeod was made prize agent for the navy, and associated with two military officers (one of whom is now Sir Redvers Buller) looted the palace during the night, and in the morning the palace was blown up, the British force commenced the homeward march, and the Ashantee war of 1873-4 was over.

On the way to Cape Coast Castle, fever claimed the Naval prize agent and he was stranded in a somewhat crude field hospital, only mentioned because the principal medical Officer was Sir William Mackinnon, whose tender care and natural kindness were intensified when he discovered a MacLeod and a distant kinsman in the ward. It need hardly be said that Skye proved the strongest bond that could be produced between these two Highlanders, met under such unexpected circumstances in the equatorial jungle.*

After rejoining the *Barracouta* that vessel proceeded to England to be refitted for a tour on the Australian station, to which, in due time, she was despatched, and until 1877, cruised almost continuously, and included nearly a year spent

* For this little campaign he was mentioned in dispatches and received a medal with clasp.

among the Fijian and Samoan Islands at that interesting period when King Thackamban took British protection and cannibalism was just dying out.

In Samoa the *Barracouta* became involved in troubles through the course of island political affairs leading to a civil war, and when escorting the deposed King, Malietoa, to a council meeting one day, with a body-guard of blue jackets and marines, Lieutenant MacLeod's little force had a severe conflict with the natives in the bush, resulting in loss of life on both sides, and a narrow escape of capture, as the Samoans got in between the naval party and the distant beach.

Invalided from this ship, a few months afterwards, MacLeod's next employment was on the coast guard, in Ireland, followed by three years as first lieutenant of the Channel troop ship, *Assistance*, and promotion to Commander, in October 1881.

The Commander was not long left idle. Early in 1882 he was appointed to the *Bondicea*, flagship of Rear-Admiral Nowell Salmon, on the Cape of Good Hope and West Coast of Africa station. In 1844 he was temporarily given command of the *Algerine*, gun vessel, and as senior Naval Officer watched events along the coast from the Congo to the Gaboon, where matters had reached an acute stage between France and Portugal owing to M. de

Brazza's activity in that region, which led nearly to a breach of the peace. Upon the conclusion of this cruise and return to the flagship, the Commander-in-Chief commended Commander MacLeod "for the very able and judicious manner in which the orders were carried out, and for the valuable reports made."

March 1885 witnessed his resumption of duty in the *Excellent*, and three years of most interesting gunnery experimental work, as Commander, led to his promotion to Captain. One of the events in which he was closely concerned, was the bursting of a 43 ton, 12 inch B.L. gun in one of the barbets of the *Collingwood*, at Spithead, when testing the armament preparatory to commissioning that vessel; he was stationed on a look-out place almost over the gun, when nine feet of the muzzle was blown off and went hurtling up in the air, to fall in the water, a couple of hundred yards away.

After the *Excellent* came a long time of waiting for employment, as there were fewer appointments for junior captains in those days than now, but in June 1891, Captain MacLeod commissioned the new *Pallas*, cruiser, for China, and served three years in far Eastern waters. Numerous diplomatic missions were carried out by him, in addition to the ordinary routine of "showing the flag," and he was senior Officer in the Gulf of Siam, throughout

the Franco-Siamese difficulty of 1873, when, owing to the forcing of the entrance to the Menam River by the French, our own relations with our present great friends were critical in the extreme, but, happily, peace was preserved and when everything had resumed normal conditions, the Lords of the Admiralty were pleased to inform Captain MacLeod that "recognising the extreme difficulty and delicacy of the position," they "appreciated the efforts made to maintain an attitude of strict impartiality under very trying circumstances."

Owing to the part Captain MacLeod (who was entirely left by our Government without a hint to guide him) had to play, and the steps he felt it incumbent upon him to take, he encountered considerable disapproval and resentment from the French Officers. This made it all the more pleasant, when, shortly after the Siamese trouble was over, he had the good fortune to get the chance of "heaping coals of fire" upon his somewhat belligerent friends. Getting information of the stranding of the Messageries Maritimes steamer *Godavery*, on a reef in Rhio Straits, near Singapore, he at once proceeded to the scene of the disaster and after two days' effort successfully floated her. For this service the British Admiralty expressed approval, and the French Republic presented him with a handsome silver *épergne*, as a token of gratitude.

The *Pallas* returned to England in 1894, and

was paid off, but her Captain was quickly again in harness, and ordered to North China, in the cruiser *Gibraltar*, to strengthen Sir Edmund Fremantle's squadron, in view of the probable rupture between Japan and China, which might lead to wide complications, and involve other nations. The rupture took place and though no other combatants were drawn in, the *Gibraltar* was fully occupied in watching progress and witnessed the daily fighting in the vicinity of Wei-hai-wei, at sea and on shore, until the crowning act, a very sad one, took place, in the surrender of that fortress and the suicide of its three principal officials, the Admiral, Commander and General. Peace was declared almost immediately, the *Gibraltar's* bow was turned homewards, and in June 1895 she was paid off.

While studying at Greenwich College, Captain MacLeod was directed in December of that same year, to commission the battleship *Empress of India*, for service in the Channel squadron, then commanded by the Vice-Admiral, Lord Walter Kerr, and to take part in the grand Diamond Jubilee Naval Review: turned over with officers and crew, to the new battleship *Jupiter*, in June 1897, in which ship he remained until October 1898, when he was given command of the Chatham Naval Dépôt and Fleet Reserve, with his pendant flying on board the *Pembroke*.

In the *Jupiter* he was selected to carry out some important gunnery experiment, including problems connected with night attacks upon Gibraltar,—the first practical test of firing under battle conditions. While in the *Pembroke*, Captain MacLeod enjoyed the honour of being made an A.D.C., to Her late Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria, and in that capacity accompanied her memorable funeral cortége. Upon the accession of the King, the office was confirmed and held, until promoted to flag rank.

Before completing the usual term in the Naval Depôt, Captain MacLeod was appointed Director of Naval Ordnance, at the Admiralty, as adviser to their Lordships, in all matters concerning the supply of guns, small arms and ammunition, to the Fleet, a highly responsible and arduous position. During the time of his being thus employed, he was promoted to Rear-Admiral in July 1901. .

Having served at the Admiralty for nearly three years, his flag was hoisted at Queenstown in February 1904, as senior Officer, Coast of Ireland, and soon after succeeding to that position, His Majesty visited Ireland and was so pleased with the Naval arrangements—that upon departure he conferred the honour of Commander of the Royal Victorian Order upon Rear-Admiral MacLeod.

The Admiral's tenure of office in Ireland, has just been prematurely brought to a close by an

unexpectedly rapid run of vacancies, chiefly caused by retirements, which led to his being advanced to Vice-Admiral in December last.

In wandering often over pretty well all the eastern hemisphere, Admiral MacLeod has naturally met with many strange and amusing experiences, but none have proved of more interest to himself than those of coming unexpectedly into touch with brother clansmen—"cousins," as he calls them usually, recognising not only the far-reaching nature of such Highland relationships, but (in so many cases) the great convenience of it.

At a recent meeting of the Clan Society, the Admiral related some incidents which happened to him on foreign service, exemplifying very practically the advantages he had derived from having a strong clannish spirit. He said, that in Australia some thirty years ago, when availing himself of the hospitality of the principal club, he noticed that the steward seemed to take him particularly on the matter of choice viands under his wing, and put it down to mere civility to a strange officer; but one night, leaning confidentially over as he removed a cover, the worthy steward said proudly—"Sir, I am a MacLeod," and the mystery was solved. Very pleasant were the remaining days spent at the club under the guardian angelship of his kindly clansman, and the best of everything was at his disposal.

Another happy reminiscence carried his mind back to days in the Phillipine Islands, some years before the American-Spanish war, when upon arrival of the *Pallas* at Manilla, a steam launch called the *Hold Fast*, of unmistakable ownership dashed alongside, and at the seldom visited island of Ils-ils a few days were spent, and, owing to the discovery of a certain genial and most hospitable MacLeod residing there, the vessel's stay was made a round of festivity and enthusiasm, heartily participated in by the British and Spanish alike. The population soon realised what it meant when two MacLeods met in their midst.

Again, having obtained permission to go to Blehleh in Northern Sumatra (where none of our ships had been for nine years) to see anything the Dutch officials might allow, of the progress of the interminable war between the Dutch and the Acheenese, which began in 1872 (and is still in progress) the Governor gave him a most hearty reception and welcome, and made elaborate arrangements for a visit round the stockade-outposts, in the armour-clad train. Two aides-de-camp were placed at his disposal, one naval, the other military, and his pleasure may be imagined when the latter proved to be a very distinguished Captain Rudolph MacLeod (the Dutch spelling being a little different but the pronunciation very nearly the same as our own) of the Gesto Netherland's branch. Some.

pleasant days were spent under the guidance of this fine representative clansman, whose ancestors have supplied so many naval and military officers of high rank to the Dutch nation.



LIEUTENANT-GENERAL

SIR ARTHUR LYTTTELTON-ANNESLEY,

K.C.V.O., F.S.A., F.R.G.S., F.Z.S.

Lieut.-General Sir Arthur Lyttelton-Annesley, late of Camolin Park and Airley Castle, Staffordshire, eldest son of Captain Arthur Lyttelton MacLeod of the 42nd Highlanders, and grandson of General Norman MacLeod, C.B., of Gillen, Waternish, Skye, was born, September 1837, and bore the surname of MacLeod till 1844, when his father took that of Annesley (his mother being heiress of the senior branch of that family).

General Lyttelton-Annesley was educated at Harrow, and entered the army in July 1854. He was appointed to the 11th Prince Albert's Own Hussars, and served with that regiment during the Crimean War, including the siege and fall of Sebastopol and the battle of Tchernaya, for which he received the British medal and clasp, and the Turkish medal.

Returning home in 1856, he remained with his regiment in England and Ireland till 1866, when he embarked in command of it, and arrived in Bombay on the 25th of October of the same year—the last regiment that went to India by way of the Cape of Good Hope in a sailing vessel.



LIEUTENANT-GENERAL
SIR ARTHUR LYTTELTON ANNESLEY, K.C.V.O.

Colonel Lyttelton-Annesley was in India with his regiment for over ten years, only returning home on leave twice during that period, coming to England the second time with His Majesty the King (then Prince of Wales), who had taken him on his staff after the Delhi camps.

In 1877, Colonel Lyttelton-Annesley brought his regiment back to England by way of the Suez Canal. Soon after his arrival in England, he retired from the command of the 11th Hussars, under the new rules, and was appointed A.D.C. to H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge, whom he accompanied to Malta when the Duke went to inspect the Indian contingent. Not long afterwards, Colonel Lyttelton-Annesley was appointed Assistant-Adjutant-General of the Horse Guards, which appointment he held for several years and then went to Bombay as Adjutant-General of the Bombay army, holding that important post for over five years, with the approbation of the three Commanders-in-Chief under whom he served.

He returned to England in 1881, and, after a short time, was selected to command the North British District (which embraces the whole of Scotland) for a period of five years, with the rank of Major-General. His term of service on the Scottish station having expired, he received the rank of Lieut.-General. In the following

year, he was offered the important command at Portsmouth, which, for private reasons, he was obliged to decline. He remained unemployed from that time. Under the new regulations, he was compulsorily retired on the 23rd of February 1898. At the time of his retirement, General Lyttelton-Annesley was in the enjoyment of the annuity for distinguished and meritorious services.

In 1903, he was created a Knight Commander of the Victorian Order. He is a Knight Commander of the Order of Christ, of Portugal; he holds the Kaiser-i-Hind medal, commemorating the late Queen Victoria becoming Empress of India; he is a Fellow of the Society of Arts, the Royal Geographical Society, and of the Zoological Society.

General Lyttelton-Annesley is representative, in the female line, of the Annesleys, Earls of Anglesey, Earls of Mount Norris, and Viscounts Valentia; and of George, first Lord Lyttelton.



COLONEL JOHN MACLEOD OF COLBECK,
AND
THE MACLEOD LOYAL FENCIBLE HIGHLANDERS.

There is, in the possession of Mr. M. C. MacLeod, Edinburgh, a Presentation Sword, bearing the following inscription :—

“ Presented to Col. John MacLeod of Colbeck, late Col. Commandant of the Princess Charlotte of Wales Loyal Fencible Highlanders,—7th Jan. 1809.”

As this is an eloquent appreciation of a probably distinguished clansman, of whom not much is known now, it may be well to give here such particulars as we have been able to gather, others perhaps may be able to supplement these.

His grandfather, first of the family of whom any trace can be found is described as one of the “ Old MacLeods of the Lewes,” he married Janet, daughter of Malcolm MacLeod VIII. of Raasay, and had issue, a son John, afterwards described as of Colbeck, in the Isländ of Jamaica, where he had been an eminent planter. Colbeck registered arms in 1762, and in his declaration claimed to be heir-at-law of Roderick, last Baron of the Lewes. He married his cousin Jane, daughter of John IX. of Raasay, and had issue, s son, also described as of Colbeck, the raiser of the MacLeod Fencibles and recipient of the sword mentioned.

The Princess Charlotte of Wales or MacLeod Loyal Fencible Highlanders, as they were called, were raised by John MacLeod of Colbeck, who was appointed Colonel, in 1799. Few details unfortunately, are known of this clan regiment, which was the last Fencible regiment raised in the Highlands. It was inspected and embodied at Elgin, by Major General Leith Hay, in June 1799, and was sent at once to Ireland for active service there. After three years in that country the regiment embarked for England and was reduced at Tynemouth Barracks in June 1802. This does not mean that the regiment was disbanded; it probably existed for some years longer, and it is most probable that the sword was presented when it was finally disbanded. Such is all we know, yet the sword is sufficient evidence that the regiment and its Commander had borne themselves well.

Colonel MacLeod married and had issue, one son, Barlow, and five daughters, (Barlow and the four elder daughters died unmarried, the fifth, Susan, married Mr. Andrews and had two sons, Hastings (buried at Canterbury) and Greville). He died in 1823, as the following notice from *Blackwood's Magazine* of that year shows—"In Bury Street, St. James', London, Colonel John MacLeod of Colbeck. With him expired the last of a branch of an ancient and distinguished clan."

NOTES.

Though the date in the inscription on the silver rim is 1493, experts hold that the Cup itself is a remarkably fine specimen of early Irish work, probably of the IX. or X. Century. Certainly it has always been called the Cup of Neil Gluin Dubh, who was King of Ulster about the year 993 A.D. (He was the great hero of his race.) The inscription shews that the Cup belonged in 1493 to a lady descendant of that family, and it may very well be a relic actually handed down from Neil. On the top of the Cup is a silver rim, bearing the inscription given on page 47. *This rim* may have been added in 1493 and the inscription of that date may refer to the rim only. The engraving is in the Court hand of the period and many contractions are used. Scott gives a version of it in the notes to the Lord of the Isles, which is certainly a mistaken one.

It seems probable that this Cup passed into the possession of the MacLeods about the middle of the XVI. Century, when a large force of Highlanders, the MacLeods among them, was engaged in military operations in the North of Ireland.

Nothing has been said of the tartans, but the tartan of the Chief is that known as MacLeod and MacKenzie, the latter wear the same pattern as the MacLeod and there is a dispute between the two clans as to the rightful ownership.

The clansmen objecting to be taken for MacKenzie's, have appealed to the Chief to introduce some distinguishing mark, which it is hoped he may see his way to do.

MacLeod of Cadboll's tartan is the well-known yellow and black Raasay tartan, sometimes, but wrongly, called the dress tartan.

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