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TRANSACTIONS
OF
THE GAELIC SOCIETY OF INVERNESS

VOLUME XXVI.

1904-1907



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OF INVERNESS

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Clann nan Gaidheal an Ghailllean a Cheile

Inverness

THE GAELIC SOCIETY OF INVERNESS

1910

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INTRODUCTION.

THE Twenty-sixth volume of the Society's Transactions covers the period from 1st January, 1904, to 31st December, 1907. The delay in publication, which puts the Transactions now three sessions in arrear, has been due chiefly to lack of funds. The Society has in the past profited considerably by generous donations towards its publishing fund, but as it has happened to receive no such donations since the issue of its Twenty-fifth volume in 1907, the Council have had to rely on the ordinary subscriptions. It is pleasant to record, however, that this volume is issued free of debt. Its contents, as will be seen, are of exceptionally high standard, and several new contributors appear.

The roll of membership stood on 31st December, 1909, at 28 Life Members, 34 Honorary Members, and 246 Ordinary Members. Since the publication of last volume, the Society has lost by death an unusual number of valued members. Among these we have to lament Mr Lachlan Macdonald of Skaebost, who died in April, 1910. Mr Macdonald was Chief of the Society in 1879, and was well known and deservedly respected as a good man and a true Highlander. Sir Ewen Cameron, K.C.M.G., manager of the Hong-Kong and Shanghai Banking Company, died in 1908. Of an old Inverness-shire family, he possessed great personal charm and great business ability. His memory will not soon be forgotten. Mr

Paul Cameron, Blair-Atholl, who died in 1908, was a valued contributor to our Transactions. His loss is the more to be deplored in that with him has gone to a large extent the store of Perthshire tradition and legend, song and topographical knowledge; which he had so diligently accumulated. We have also to record the death of Mr Thomas A. Mackay, a true-hearted Gael and a most lovable man, who, while Agent of the British Linen Company's Bank in Inverness, was a regular attendant of the Society's meetings. The Rev. John Kennedy, U.F. minister of Caticol (latterly of Pirnmill), Arran, was a well-known and enthusiastic member. He was a native of Badenoch, and the life-long intimate friend of Dr Macbain, in conjunction with whom he edited the *Reliquiæ Celticæ* of the Rev. Dr. A. Cameron of Brodick. Mr Kennedy was related both to Dr Cameron and to Dr John Kennedy of Dingwall. He died in January, 1910, aged fifty-five.

Since the death of Dr Macbain in 1907, Celtic scholarship has suffered severe losses. At home we have lost Dr John Strachan and Dr Whitley Stokes, and now the veteran French Celtist, Mons. d'Arbois de Jubainville, has also gone. Dr Whitley Stokes died in the fulness of years and honours. He was the father of Celtic studies in this country, and he continued his work to the last. John Strachan died at forty-five. He was one of the most brilliant students of his time at Aberdeen and Cambridge. At the age of twenty-three he was appointed Professor of Greek in the Victoria University, Manchester, a post which he held till his death in 1907. His Celtic work is mainly grammatical, dealing with the difficult and obscure system of Old Irish. He was joint editor with Dr Whitley Stokes of the *Thesaurus Palæohibernicus*. At the time when he was called away, his Introduction to Early Welsh was

passing through the press. Strachan was one of the foremost European scholars in his department. His successor will be hard to find. The Society mourns in him one of its most distinguished members. M. d'Arbois de Jubainville, who died aged 86, was of a noble French family, and a member of the Legion of Honour. In addition to editing the *Revue Celtique*, he wrote much on Celtic philology and ancient Celtic religion. A great scholar and a well born gentleman, he was one of the simplest and most genial of men.

Sir John A. Dewar, M.P. for Inverness-shire, Chief of the Society for 1905, was created a Baronet in 1908. Mr Alexander Carmichael, an Honorary Chieftain of the Society, whose collection of *Carmina Gadelica* forms a unique treasury of Gaelic lore, received the degree of LL.D. in 1909 from the University of Edinburgh. This current year the same distinction was conferred by the University of Aberdeen on Mr W. J. Watson, now Rector of the Royal High School of Edinburgh, an Honorary Secretary and Chieftain of the Society. To these gentlemen the Council tenders hearty congratulations.

In January, 1908, Mr D. F. Mackenzie, solicitor, Inverness, was appointed Treasurer, and on Mr A. Morrison's resignation in March following, owing to his leaving town, Mr Mackenzie was also appointed Secretary to the Society. In both capacities, Mr Mackenzie has done, and is doing, excellent work.

The Council have to thank the Rev. Thomas Sinton for presenting the Library with a copy of his *Poetry of Badenoch*.

We can notice only very briefly Celtic literary activity since 1907. Mrs Kennedy-Fraser has done a great service to Gaelic music by her *Songs of the Hebrides*. She has had the

invaluable collaboration of Mr Kenneth Macleod on the linguistic side, and the result is really worthy of the subject. Two other books of Gaelic poetry deserve high praise—*Modern Gaelic Bards*, by Mr M. C. Macleod, and *Binneas nam Bard*, by Mr Malcolm Macfarlane. Both are published by Mr Eneas Mackay, Stirling. The Gaelic Society of Glasgow have published, after a long interval of quiescence, a third volume of *Transactions*, containing much good matter. On the historical side there are several noteworthy books, perhaps the most remarkable of which is *A Military History of Perthshire*, by the Marchioness of Tullibardine. Mr Duncan Campbell's *Reminiscences and Reflections of an Octogenarian Highlander* is a goodly volume containing ripe wisdom as well as valuable historical matter. The Rev. Thomas Sinton's delightful book, just published, *By Loch and River*, is a charming delineation of the customs, scenes, and characters of his native Badenoch. *The Norse Influence in Celtic Scotland*, by the Rev. George Henderson, M.A., B.Litt., Ph.D., collects in convenient form much information, historical, archæological, artistic, and linguistic, that would be otherwise difficult to come by. An important addition to the documentary evidence for the history of the Highlands from the 16th to the 18th century has appeared in Mr MacGill's *Tain and Balnagown Records*, for which the painstaking Editor deserves all credit and thanks. Mr J. M. Mackinlay's *Ancient Church Dedications in Scotland* deals with the dedications of the Roman Catholic Church in this country, and may be regarded as a continuation of his "Pre-Reformation Church in Scotland and Scottish Place Names." The literary remains of the venerable Dr Gustavus Aird of Creich, which were arranged for publication by the Rev. John Noble, Lairg,

have, on Mr Noble's death, been edited by the Rev. J. K. Cameron and the Rev. D. Maclean, under the title of *Religious Life in Ross*. Mr W. C. Mackenzie deals with *Simon Lord Lovat, His Life and Times*. Mr Evan M. Barron's *Inverness in the Middle Ages* is a valuable contribution to local history. Among periodical publications, the *Celtic Review*, which has now completed its sixth volume, maintains its high reputation for articles both of scholarship and of general interest. The *Deo-Gréine*, the monthly organ of An Comunn Gaidhealach, continues its useful career, and the *Celtic Monthly*, under the editorship of Mr Henry Whyte, has shown signs of renewing its youth. Celtic work outside of Scotland goes on steadily, if slowly. Space permits mention only of the Rev. P. Power's *Place Names of Decies*, a solid achievement on scientific lines.

In Autumn, 1907, an Comunn Gaidhealach held a great and successful Féill in Glasgow, which produced a net sum of upwards of £7000. This sum has been invested under Trustees in behoof of the purposes of An Comunn, and if wisely used should be of great service. The success of the Féill was due in a large degree to the efforts of Mrs Burnley Campbell of Ormidale, Argyllshire, President of An Comunn for that year, and other ladies who gave freely of their time and work. In the meantime, An Comunn has committed the mistake of spending almost all the free income from the money realised by the Féill on officials located in Glasgow, with no corresponding increase in efficiency, propagandist work being left to look after itself. In spite of this, local branches of An Comunn continue to be formed, and additional local Mòds are held

year by year, the most important of which continues to be that held in Inverness.

The Education Act of 1908 gave friends of Gaelic an opportunity of bringing their views before the Government. In the result the teaching of Gaelic in day schools over the Gaelic speaking area has been left to be decided by the people themselves, through their School Boards. It remains for them to show themselves worthy or unworthy of the trust.

In the course of last year, the Sociëty, acting together with others interested, successfully withstood a proposal of the Highland Trust to withdraw the sum of £500 allowed by Section 34 of their scheme to be expended in paying teachers in the Highlands capitation grants for teaching children to read Gaelic. As a result of detailed representations made by the Society and others, the Scotch Education Department refused to consent to the proposal.

The Gaelic paper in the Leaving Certificate examination continues to be popular in a few centres. It has, however, produced very few candidates from the mainland.

The Universities of Aberdeen and Glasgow have introduced far-reaching changes into the regulations for their bursary competitions. In future, four subjects (instead of five) may be taken. All subjects are of equal value, and Gaelic ranks with the rest. Edinburgh University is practically certain to adopt the same policy. This offers a great opportunity, wherever there are highly qualified teachers of Gaelic. These, however, are still to seek. The two great obstacles to progress are, on the one hand, the apathy of the people, which, it is fair to say, is not quite what it was; on the other, the widespread illiteracy which is the inevitable result of long

neglect. The latter is the more serious of the two. The provision by the Provincial Committees of facilities at the respective centres for instructing their students in Gaelic will in time, it is hoped, tend to remedy this state of matters. Such facilities are already afforded in the three Universities above named.

In Ireland the outstanding event has been the foundation of a National University, for whose preliminary examination Gaelic is to be an obligatory subject after 1913.

COMUNN GAILIG INBHIR-NIS.

CO-SHUIDHEACHADH.

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

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

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

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

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

GAELIC SOCIETY OF INVERNESS.

CONSTITUTION.

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

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

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

4. The Annual Subscription shall be, for—

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

GAELIC SOCIETY OF INVERNESS.

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CHIEF.

J. P. Grant, Esq. of Rothiemurchus.

CHIEFTAINS.

Councillor John Mackenzie.
Dr F. M. Mackenzie.
Mr William Macdonald.

HON. SECRETARIES.

Mr William Mackay, Solicitor,
and
Mr W. J. Watson, M.A.

SECRETARY AND TREASURER.

Mr A. Morrison, 15 Union
Street, Inverness.

COUNCIL.

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Mr D. F. Mackenzie.
Mr Andrew Mackintosh.
Mr Roderick Macleod.
Mr Alexander Macdonald.

LIBRARIAN.

Mr Alexander Macdonald.

PIPER.

Pipe-Major Ronald Mackenzie.

BARD.

Rev. Dugald MacEchern,
M.A., Coll.

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Mr D. F. Mackenzie

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Mr Alexander Macdonald.

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Mr D. F. Mackenzie.

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and

Mr W. J. Watson, M.A.

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Mr Roderick Macleod.

Mr Andrew Mackintosh.

Dr F. M. Mackenzie.

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The Marquis of Tullibardine.

CHIEFTAINS.

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Mr Alexander Macdonald.

Rev. D. Connell, M.A.

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Mr William Mackay, Solicitor,
and

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Mr Andrew Mackintosh.

Mr William Macdonald.

Mr Roderick Macleod.

LIBRARIAN.

Mr Don. J. Macdonald.

PIPER.

Pipe-Major Ronald Mackenzie

BARD.

Rev. Dugald MacEchern,
M.A., Coll.

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TRANSACTIONS.

ANNUAL DINNER.

The thirty-first annual dinner of this Society was held in the Royal Hotel on Thursday, 21st January, 1904. Sheriff J. P. Grant of Rothiemurchus presided, with Councillor John Mackenzie as croupier, and there was a fair attendance. Apologies for absence were read from Lord Lovat, Mr Bignold, M.P.; Mr Dewar, M.P., and a number of others. Mr Christie purveyed an excellent dinner, after which the customary loyal and patriotic toasts were honoured, Colonel Hughes-Hallet replying briefly for the Imperial Forces.

The Council's report stated that the Society's proceedings during the past year had been to a satisfactory degree successful, and that the balance in bank was £43, against £31 the previous year at 31st December. This sum would help to meet the expenses of the 24th volume of the Transactions, which was now in an advanced state of preparation. The volume would be larger than the last one. As the books were considerably in arrear the 25th volume would be put in hand at once, and after it was published there was a proposal to begin a new series, with larger pages, better paper, and a more handsome binding. The report also made appropriate reference to the late secretary and treasurer, Mr Duncan Macintosh, who for sixteen years discharged the duties in a manner that met with general approbation, and conducted much to the Society's success.

Rothiemurchus, in proposing the toast of the evening, Success to the Gaelic Society of Inverness, said:—In the first place let me thank you for the honour you have done me in inviting me to preside over this interesting meeting. Through unfortunate circumstances I have had no opportunity of being present at one of these gatherings before, so I come as one unworthy for many reasons and as a novice. I also feel how greatly I am at a disadvantage in not being able to

Gaelic Society of Inverness.

address you as I should like, in fluent and coherent Gaelic. My Gaelic is not of the quality to discourse with, especially before such a critical audience as I see before me—(laughter). I regret that, but I hope with better opportunities to be able to cure it—(applause). I can understand Gaelic better than I can speak it. There is one allusion in the report just read to which I cannot refrain from adding my meed of testimony, the tribute very justly paid to the late lamented Secretary of this Society. I came across him not infrequently in such dealings as I had with the affairs of this Society. I knew his work in connection with the Society was a labour of love in which he never spared himself, and the results of the work, I believe, will remain in the minds of all who were associated with him. The present position of the Society is largely due to him. He held the position of secretary for a great part of its history, and for a longer period than any previous secretary. His place will be a difficult one to fill. I trust the good work of his life will live after him, and that the Society will continue to be worthy of the traditions of its past—(applause). Otherwise, the report before me contains no great matter of transcendent importance, except so far as it alludes to the new volumes of the Society's Transactions, which I, for one, have been anxiously longing for. I am very fond of those green volumes, which I may like the none less in another garb, as is suggested by the report—(applause). I am the fortunate possessor of a complete set of the Society's Transactions. I know very little more interesting than to take down a volume and see what the Society has done in the past with the view of helping on the antiquities and literature of the Highlands of Scotland—(applause). Going through these pages we see the monuments of admirable work accomplished, such as the antiquarian researches of the late Dr Fraser-Mackintosh and my old friend, the late Provost Macpherson, Kingussie, not to mention those who are with us to-night. The literary and antiquarian papers that are scattered through the records of the Society are such that they fairly do credit to a Society of its size and opportunities. In addition, much has been done for Gaelic scholarship and for folklore by the scholarly papers which may be found scattered up and down the pages of these volumes, which will remain as a monument of the ancient literature and language of the Gael. All this is so much valuable work. It has preserved in a convenient and referable form material which might have died out if the opportunity had not been taken,

and if the men had not been there who had the knowledge, ability, and skill to make use of it—(applause). But I venture to suggest that there is another sphere for the Society's activities in which I, for one, will be glad to see a little more done. That is whether this Society can not use its influence, cannot devise fresh means for doing something to keep alive the language and literature of the Gael—(applause). The literary work is admirable, and I do not think it should be slackened in the least for the benefit of scholars. But I do not want them only to have the living Gaelic shut up so to speak on shelves and in book-cases. We have something to do to preserve the living language in what is a critical time in the history of the language. A friend of mine being in a country where there is a kindred Celtic population, told me that within the last fifteen or twenty years there had been an extraordinary upheaval in that country to preserve the old language before it perished from the face of the earth. Particularly is that the case with the Celtic population nearest to us in blood—Ireland—(applause). Ireland is now studded with societies for the preservation of the ancient Gaelic of the country. Classes have been formed in Dublin and in London, and are eagerly attended. In the eastern part, where only one a year ago spoke the native language, you will now find a dozen—(applause). Educated men are taking a pride learning the subject. That is what I am told, and it is corroborated by other evidences. I think we can do something here in the same direction. Much the same thing is done in Wales and Brittany. There in Wales the process has been longer, and the result is practically the whole Welsh nation is bi-lingual, to their great advantage—(applause). There are other societies working much in the same direction, and with kindred aims to those of ourselves. Let me give you an instance. There is the Society that met here last September, a Society that meets in different centres, and which we in Inverness were fortunate in having among us last year—the Mod. I cannot help admiring the very thorough way in which the colloquial side of the language is brought out to many individuals in remote parts of the Highlands by their system of versification and prize competitions, and above all in singing and choral work. Surely we can do something in that direction too?—(applause). Another instance occurs to me. However unworthy, I am a director of the oldest secondary school in this town, the Inverness Royal Academy, of which my friend on the right is rector with so much success—

(applause). It is not so very long ago that our rector, with the full consent of his directors, asked to be allowed to get the subject of Gaelic added to the subjects for the Leaving Certificate examination. One would have thought that the Education Department, that was so anxious to broaden the mental training ground of the pupils of this country would have been glad to have the services of such an eminent scholar offered to them for such a purpose. I cannot say the answer was discouraging. The Department is human like all of us, and is rather slow to move, and all I can tell you is that the proposal was not accepted. There is no healthy public feeling to force the Department to take up a particular line, and until there is, we are not likely to get the advantage of a practical recognition of Gaelic among educational subjects in this country. The manufacture of that public opinion is precisely one of these points in which a society like this can be of help—(applause). Stick to your antiquarian, literary, and scholarly researches, but do try and infuse into that a little more practical help to Gaelic as a living language and prevent it dying out—(applause). I am sorry to see that in the use of Gaelic by Highlanders there has been a vast diminution within the past twenty or thirty years. It is getting to such a pass that the lads and lasses at school have hardly a word of Gaelic. Now is the time for action. If you put it off for a year or two more the cure will be impossible. I should humbly commend it to the wisdom of the Council of this Society to see that they, in conjunction with societies having similar objects, try to save the old tongue from practical extinction. It is a language fit for something more than shelves and book-cases—(applause). With these words I shall conclude by asking you to drink to the success of the Gaelic Society of Inverness. I hope I shall have made at least a pious addition in your thoughts for the success of the Society, particularly on the lines I have commended—(loud applause).

Dr F. M. Mackenzie said he had the honour to propose the time-honoured toast, "Tir nam Beann, nan Gleann, 's nan Gaisgeach"—(applause). I must confess, at the outset, he said, to a feeling of incongruity in preaching an English sermon from a Gaelic text, and more so as I find that the first object mentioned on the Constitution of our Society is "the perfecting of the members in the use of the Gaelic tongue." But as I very much fear that that process of educating the members has not yet arrived at perfection, I hope you will

excuse me if I speak to you to-night in a foreign tongue—(laughter and applause). “*Tir nam Beann, nan Gleann, ’s nan Gaisgeach?*” What a flood of thought passes through the brain of the genuine son of the mountain at the bare mention of these mystic words! The influence of the mountains and glens upon our thoughts and feelings and character is powerful and lasting. Some may call it sentiment, but what is life without sentiment?—a poor, barren, lifeless thing. The love of country has ever been a characteristic of the Highland races, whether you find them in Scotland, or Wales, or Switzerland, or any other part of the world. Hence it is appropriate that we should include the mountains and glens in our toast, for they are the makers of the heroes—(applause). In speaking upon this theme, I cannot help looking back to our younger days, and touching upon the changes which have come over the Highlands and Highlanders in our own time, in the feelings of the people, and on their general outlook upon life. There was a wonderful spirit of friendliness and kindness among the people. In springtime and harvest the strong ones went to the help of the weak ones, never thinking of reward of any kind—(applause). In the long winter nights the “*ceilidh*” was kept up with song and story. Grown-up young men and women were numerous everywhere, who appeared to be comfortable and contented with their lot. Love of home and country was strong among all classes, and when one emigrated to the Colonies, the parting was painful on both sides, for it was looked upon as a parting never to meet again. But all this, as you know, is changed. A spirit of unrest has taken possession of the people. They now roam over the planet with the ease and unconcern of a commercial traveller—(laughter). There are several causes to account for this great change, no doubt largely due to education and the comfort and cheapness of travelling. But to a greater extent it has done away with the old romance which we associate with the bye-gone generation, which gave voice to its feelings in the beautiful Highland sentiment—

“From the dim-sheiling in the misty island,

Mountains divide us, and a world of seas;

But still our hearts are true, our hearts are Highland,
And in our dreams we see the Hebrides.”

But we are “the heirs of all the ages,” and what we are we owe largely to the past. It well becomes us, therefore, as a Society, to drink to this toast. I have still another

claim for "Tir nam beann," which those of us who live in towns and cities can fully appreciate. What would have become of our towns were it not for the young fresh blood which ever pours into them to put new strength into their failing hearts? The physical degeneration of the dwellers of our large cities is becoming a serious national question—(applause). But the benefits of the Highlands to our city life does not end here. I would like to speak a word on behalf of our Highland hills and glens as the finest health resort in Europe. Our jaded town and city people cannot find anything better to restore their lost health and revive their drooping spirits than a sojourn among the Highland hills, where the scenery is so beautiful and varied, the air so pure and bracing, and everything calculated to bring back to health and strength the sick and weak ones of city life—(applause). But, gentlemen, we must take note of the terrible drain which our Highlands have been subjected to for generations past. Not only have they helped to keep our towns and cities from falling into consumption and decay, but they have largely peopled our various colonies and dependencies over the sea. The brightest brains and the brawniest muscles have crossed the ocean to till the soil and build up those distant parts of our vast Empire. No wonder our Colonies are prosperous, when you consider that we gave them the best of our manhood and womanhood, and kept to ourselves the aged, the less enterprising, and less useful. Ruskin says that the duty of a parent is to bring up and educate his child to the best of his ability. When the child is able to support himself, the duty of a parent ceases towards a child; but the duty of a child towards the parent never ceases till that parent is laid in his grave. On this theory, it has occurred to me that it would be a graceful thing on the part of our prosperous colonies to give old-age pensions to the aged parents in their declining years—(laughter). As with individuals, so with States and communities. We are all subject to make mistakes, even with the best intentions. One mistake was made in the treatment of our Gaelic tongue, even in my own boyhood days. In the school we were forbidden to speak our mother tongue—the only tongue we could speak—under threat of pain and penalties. As you can fancy, this did not help our love for the foreign tongue; but we managed to learn to read English fluently and correctly, although we did not understand a word of what we read—(laughter). The plea put forward for this enthusiasm for English to the

neglect of the mother tongue was the commercial one of "getting on in the world." No wonder the old spirit of romance got a rude shock in this process. I am very pleased to find associated with the toast a gentleman who has for years been trying to remedy this blunder, who, instead of trying to kill the Gaelic language, has been teaching it in a sane, scientific, and common-sense manner, and who is not only a distinguished scholar and educationist, but also one of the greatest authorities on Celtic matters now living. I refer to Mr Watson, rector of the Inverness Royal Academy, who is to reply to this toast—(applause). One word regarding another mistake in dealing with the Highlands. I mean what is known as the "Highland Clearances." This was done according to the laws of political economy, as these were understood at the time. But they left a sore wound which is not yet healed, but which the healer of many wounds will some day close up—(applause). One thing is sure—there is no one who is callous enough to approve of the ways and means used in carrying out these clearances. Gentlemen, I hope I have shown you that our Highlands have every claim upon our regard and affection. If I were to speak of the prowess of our heroes in the Army and Navy and Volunteer Forces, why, words would fail me. In every clime and country they have held up the honour and prestige of the British Empire. Let us hope and pray that the dawn of a bright future is close at hand for the Highland people. Who knows but the same laws of political economy that drove them away from their beloved glens and straths will some day soon bring them back to their old homes? We have plenty of the raw material amongst us—plenty brains, plenty water power in loch and river. We have excellent schools, and bright and apt pupils. Science is gradually revealing the hidden powers of Nature in the shape of electricity, and bringing it into the service of man. Let me conclude in the prophetic words of the bard—

"Nis togaidh na Gaeil an ceann,
 'S cha bhi iad am fang ni 's mo;
 Bi'dh aca ard fhoghlum nam Gall,
 Is tuigse neo mhall na choir.
 Theid innleachdan 's oibridh air boun,
 Chuireas saibhreas 'n ar fonn gu pailt;
 Bithidh an diblidh cho laidir ri sonn,
 'S am bochd cha bhi lom le airc."

Nise, Fhir-na-Cathrach, 's a dhaoir' uasail, olamaid gu cridheil sunndach deoch-slainge, "Tir nam beann, nan gleann, 's nan gaisgeach"—(loud applause).

Mr W. J. Watson, B.A. (Oxon.), said, in reply to the toast—Rothiemurchus and gentlemen, I have to thank you for associating my name with this toast, which has been so ably proposed by Dr Mackenzie. It is a toast which really needs no reply in a gathering held in Inverness, and under the auspices of the Gaelic Society. The prosperity of the Highlands and of the Highlanders is dear to the heart of every one of us, and it would indeed be strange if the toast of "Tir nam beann" were not received with all the enthusiasm which it has so often aroused—(applause). At the present time we have at least one cause for satisfaction, namely, the extent to which educational facilities have increased, and are still increasing. Nothing can be more striking than the increase of efficiency displayed by schools at various centres in the Highlands, and the wonder is that so much is being done with the sorely limited funds at the disposal of educational authorities. The subject of Highland education was brought into prominence at the recent Educational Congress at Inverness, and one point most properly emphasised was the enormous disparity of the sums allocated for purposes of higher education to small, compact, and wealthy Lowland counties, as compared with our Highland counties, with their great areas, their scanty means of communication, and their comparative poverty. The educational problem in the Highlands resolves itself into two elements: we require good schools, and we require to help pupils to attend them—(applause). And this is exactly the policy adopted by the County Committees who deal with education, when on the one hand they grant subsidies to central schools, and, on the other, award bursaries for attendance at these centres. As things are, the position of these Committees is singularly difficult. With the £1000 a year, less or more, at their disposal, it is practically impossible for them to provide adequately for both bursars and schools, and it seems high time for all who desire education to flourish in the Highlands to protest against the present principle of allocating large sums of public money in counties that actually find difficulty in spending them, and at starving counties less fortunately situated. The present system of allocating grants in proportion to population is a fine illustra-

tion of the maxim, "Summum jus, summa injuria"—(applause). But, gentlemen, there is one other thing that I venture to think requires urging at the present time. In the Highlands we have still, thank goodness, a large bilingual population, who speak both English and Gaelic; very many, too, to whom Gaelic is their mother tongue. In these circumstances it is but right that the Gaels of Scotland should claim their right to have their ancient and honourable language recognised in all schools, elementary and secondary, over the Highlands. This is a matter that does not rest with any Department. It is a thing entirely within the power of the Highland people themselves. This is not the time or the place to argue the question, if, indeed, it needs argument; but I would ask simply whether the history and the traditions of the Gael are such that they should lightly cast them aside to be mere matters of antiquarian and philological interest, as they will inevitably be if the language that embodies them is tamely allowed to die?—(applause). The Irish have discovered at the eleventh hour that nationality cannot exist without language. For us in the Highlands that hour has not yet struck, but it is at hand, unless the Highland people and their representatives on School Boards, County Committees, and in Parliament bestir themselves. I have ventured to allude to the question of Gaelic because I firmly believe that the more that language is fostered, the better it will be for the Highlands and the Highlanders—(applause). The last century saw great economic changes. In the North it saw too often men give place to sheep. It is now the turn of the sheep to make way for deer and grouse. Perhaps, as Dr Mackenzie has hinted, the wheel may yet go full round, and under changed conditions we may once more find our glens and straths the home of a vigorous and thriving population. It is a consummation on every ground devoutly to be wished. In the meantime the problem is how to keep the present population on the soil. It must be confessed that it is disappointing, in spite of the labours of the Crofters Commission and of the Congested Districts Board, to find the rural population still persisting in declining, and that "bold peasantry, their country's pride," becoming fewer census by census. It may be that our Highland countrymen, under modern utilitarian instruction, have too much worshipped the great goddess of Getting-on, and in the quest of her have gone forth to seek that happiness which they might

have found at home—(laughter and applause). It may be that the land laws are still to blame. In any case, there can be no doubt that the danger is pressing, and that it demands the attention of statesmen, irrespective of party politics—(applause).

The minor toasts included "Kindred Societies," proposed by Mr James Barron, and responded to by Mr D. S. Chisholm, president of the Field Club, and Mr Andrew Mackintosh for the Mod; and "Non-resident Members," given by Mr Duncan Campbell, coupled with Rev. Father Keenan, in the absence of Father Bisset. Mr Campbell strongly emphasised the Chairman's remarks on the necessity for making a strong stand in favour of the cultivation and maintenance of Gaelic, adding that it was getting about the eleventh hour for this being done, and that unless it was done quickly the neglect would end in disaster to their language. Mr Wm. Mackay proposed the health of the Chairman, who, he said, represented an old, honoured, and distinguished family, who had for 400 years owned the historic lands of Rothiemurchus. The present laird was the fourth of the same Christian name, John Peter Grant, and they hoped there would be many future generations of John Peters in the family—(applause). The toast was pledged with Highland honours. The Chairman, in replying, said he was thankful to believe that the Highland proprietors of the present day were in closer touch with their people than were their fathers, though it was perhaps no fault of theirs. The question of rural depopulation had become very serious for the country, and, as one interested in the land, he said it was in their interest, even from the most sordid point of view, that no man should leave them—(applause). But there was also a wider and deeper feeling that they were all of one race, and he believed that in the principle of shoulder to shoulder they should get on much better for the social and economical advantage of the Highlands—(applause). Dr Alex. Macbain proposed the health of the croupier, Councillor Mackenzie, and an interesting evening terminated.

4th FEBRUARY; 1904.

On this date Mr J. L. Robertson, H.M.I.S., read a paper entitled

LOG OF THE "DUTILLET."

INTRODUCTORY.

In 1901 there was published at Nantes (Imprimerie, Emile Grimaud et Fils) a remarkable collection of Jacobite correspondence discovered during a ransacking and classifying of papers in the archives of the Chateau of Serrant, France, the family seat of the Comtes de Serrant. The collection is entitled "*Une Famille Royaliste, Irlandaise et Francaise, et Le Prince Charles-Edouard.*" On the frontispiece the period is given as 1689-1789.

In editing and arranging these archives, a number of letters, says the French compiler, were found addressed to a M. Le Grand, and signed Douglas, generally "*J. Douglas,*" sometimes "*J. D.*" The mysterious air and the friendly tone, which, however, became occasionally imperious, of this correspondence quite puzzled the patient editor of the archives, until the discovery of a letter addressed by Prince Charlie to a M. Antoine Walsh solved the enigma. "*Henceforth,*" wrote the Prince, "*you will address me as M. Douglas, and bear in mind that you are always and for everybody to be M. Legrand.*" The proof was therefore absolute that the correspondence, which began in 1745 under the fictitious names of "*Douglas*" and "*Legrand,*" was a correspondence between Prince Charles Edward Stuart and M. Walsh.

Who was M. Walsh? Antoine Walsh was a wealthy merchant of Nantes, of Irish descent, and was born at St Malo in 1703. His ancestors in Ireland were of some distinction. In the narrative of letters patent of French nobility granted to Walsh in 1755 by the French King, the family had apparently satisfied the King that they were of an ancient noble house, "*laquelle remonte à leur dix-neuvième aieul, Phillipe Walsh, surnommé le Breton (en Irlandais, Brenagh), qui en 1174, tua de sa main l' amiral de la flotte danoise qui avait envahi le pays*"; and the family papers in the archives contain a duly authenticated nomination by Queen Elizabeth, dated 2nd January, 1580, of Walter Walsh of Mountayne as

Vice-Lieutenant of the County of Kilkenny, and some formalities of heritable transference and succession occasioned direct reference later to James I.

Walsh was devotedly attached to the cause of the Pretender,* and had the highest credit at the French Court of Louis XV. The prestige of the French victory of Fontenoy (1745), the support promised by Louis, and other circumstances combined to reanimate the hopes of the Old Pretender, and to induce the fateful resolve of his son, Prince Charles Edward, to attempt a descent on Britain in the cause of his father. It was certainly to the best interest of France that the Pretender's cause should succeed, and Louis XV., in order to give substantial aid to the hazardous venture, had ordered a number of warships to rendezvous at Dunkirk, and had ready eighteen battalions of infantry and two squadrons of cavalry as a landing corps for the coast of England. Maurepas, the Minister of Louis, was entrusted with these arrangements, and to Antoine Walsh was given the full direction and disposal of this French fleet. A memorandum of instructions to Walsh bears the Royal sign-manual of date 16th November, 1745. But with all this ostensible sympathy on the part of the French Government, it must be borne in mind that the more fervent and importunate Jacobites in the inner circle of the Pretender became seriously disappointed with what they regarded as the dilatory and inconclusive aspect of these negotiations prior to the departure of Prince Charlie for Scotland. Chafing under the delays, and to start the enterprise, however, Walsh, along with the Prince and others, embarked in the armed brig, the "Dutillet," Friday, 2nd July, 1745, for the memorable voyage to Scotland. The "Dutillet" was a mercantile brig owned by Walsh. She was specially rigged and armed for the expedition, and carried a large amount of military stores for the future service of the Prince. A Government frigate, the "Elisabeth," mounting 60 to 64 guns—the accounts vary—was to convoy the "Dutillet" from Belle-Isle-en-Mer to Scotland. The "Elisabeth" was nominally in the employ of Walter Rutledge, an Irish merchant of Dunkirk, to whom the French

* A caveat must be entered here. "Pretender" is retained in this paper to represent the French "Pretendant." "Claimant" might be a more accurate translation, but it grates, and as for "Chevalier"—a courtesy and frequently disregarded designation of lesser French nobility—it won't suit. In the same entry in the log we find "S. A. R. le Prince de Galles" and "Chevalier Scheriden."

King had granted letters of marque for the ship as a privateer, on condition, as was not uncommon in those days, that Rutledge should bear the running expenses of the ship. She was heavily laden with all kinds of stores and munitions of war for the Prince, and also carried his main war chest. As the log of the "Dutillet" will show, Walsh returned in her via Holland to France, after safely landing the Prince at Lochnanuagh, and it is interesting here to quote a short valedictory letter from the Prince to Walsh, when the latter was just about to leave Lochnanuagh for France, and had presumably gone on board the "Dutillet":—

" Boradel 16 Aug. (O.S.) 1745.

" Chevalier Walsh, notwithstanding what I have said to you in words, I cannot let you go away without expressly stating in writing the satisfaction your kind services have given me. Of this I have begged the King my father to bestow on you the most signal proof, and I myself would do so now if I were able. All the same, you may be quite sure that if I ever come to the throne to which my birth summons me, you will have as good reason to be satisfied with me as I am now with you. More than this I cannot say.—Your true friend,

" CHARLES P."

On Walsh's return to France, the Old Pretender handsomely acknowledged Walsh's good services in "transporting our dearest son Charles Prince of Wales in to Scotland, through manifold risques and dangers," and grants (in blank) to Walsh, "upon the request of our said dearest son," three Irish "titles of honour and precedence" in a Royal letter dated 20th October, 1745, "to our Attorney or Solicitor general of our Kingdom of Ireland for the time being." Several letters of later years in the archives—some from Cardinal Henry—emphasise the cordial gratitude of the exiled and distressed Stuarts to their devoted adherent. Well, so far as the Stuarts were concerned, did the Walsh family justify their heraldic motto, "Semper Ubique Fideles." In 1753 Antoine Walsh was ennobled by Louis XV., and in 1755 the family estates on the lower Loire were consolidated by Royal letters-patent into the "Comté de Serrant." The Walshes were henceforth Comtes de Serrant. The present head of the family is the Duc de la Trémoille.

The above explains the title of this interesting compilation of family papers, among which was discovered, by the Duc de la Trémoille, the log of the "Dutillet," in the form of an

autograph manuscript of 35 pages in 4to, somewhat yellow with age, and in places obliterated by, it is conjectured, the vinegar of the ship's lazaretto. The book was still very scarce in 1902, and was lent me for the purpose of this translation by Mr R. L. Thomson, of Eigg and Strathaird, from his valuable Eigg library.

A word, in conclusion, as to the chronology of this compacted and eventful stage in the early days of the *Adventure* of '45. The accounts show considerable discrepancies as to dates within the very limited period. One instance may suffice here: the "*Lyon in Mourning*," which follows the Old Style, or Julian Calendar, gives 22nd June as the date of embarkation of the Prince (at Nantes), and July 4 as the date on which the "*Elisabeth*" joined the "*Dutillet*" at Belle-Isle, while the journal of the latter, which follows the New Style, or Gregorian, throughout, gives Friday, 2nd July, as the date of embarkation (at Bonne Anse), and the 13th as the date on which the convoying frigate joined her. Here is a difference of one and two days respectively.

The most acceptable explanation seems to be that some of the leading narratives were given long after the events, and that the confusion and excitement of the stirring time were against accurate memory of details and the sequence of events, especially in the case of men who must so often have "bitterly thought of the morrow."

I am inclined to think that the log of the ship "*Dutillet*," now published in English for the first time by the Gaelic Society of Inverness, is of outstanding authority on the vexed question of dates, and especially sequence in the opening of Prince Charlie's venturesome enterprise, and we shall see later that the undoubtedly trustworthy topographical information furnished by the log in the Hebridean section of the outward voyage does not accord with that of the generally accepted itinerary.

LOG OF THE SHIP "DUTILLET."

(Friday 2 July—16 Sept. 1745.)

In the name of God and the most holy Trinity,

Be this journal begun for my use, Durbé, commanding the frigate *le Dutillet* (1) of Nantes armed with 18 guns, 24 swivels, and carrying a crew of 67 men, for the purpose of a voyage to Scotland.

(1) *La Doutelle* in English texts.

Friday 2 July 1745 at 5 a.m. I weighed from the anchorage of Mindin (2) in company with the *Dryade*, the (3), the *Fauvette*, His Majesty's frigates, six transports of His Majesty & 84 barges convoyed by these three frigates for the coast of Brittany, the wind being steady from the East. I came to anchor in Bonne Anse (2) to await there my passengers who arrived one after the other in small parties in boats. At seven o'clock in the evening I sent a boat ashore to take off three who had remained behind, these being H.R.H. the Prince of Wales (4), the Chevalier Scheriden, M. Walsh. Also arrived in boats M. O'Kelly, chamberlain; M. Macdonald, colonel; M., colonel; M., Captain of the Guards; M. Touliann, Captain; M. Macdonald, banker in Paris (5).

Saturday 3 July at 5 a.m. I ordered the anchor to be weighed, and set sail from Bonne Anse in order to get to the open; at six o'clock I was abreast of La Chapelle Saint Marie. At 10 a.m. sighted a fleet close by of 140 sail, convoyed by three of his Majesty's frigates, on the way from Nantes to the Brittany coast. The *Pilier* (6) bore by compass S.S.E., distant 4 leagues: at noon the wind veered to the

(2) Lighthouse and battery (Loire Inférieure). Bonne Anse, near St Nazaire, mouth of the Loire.

(3) Elisabeth; see later.

(4) Charles Edward.

(5) The Prince's companions in the embarkation were:—

1. William Murray, attainted Duke of Atholl.
2. Sir John Macdonald, an officer in the French service.
3. Sir Thomas Sheridan, the Prince's tutor.
4. Colonel Strickland, said to be an Irishman.
5. Captain O'Sullivan.
6. Æneas Macdonald, banker in Paris, brother of Kinlochmoidart.
7. Rev. George Kelly, an Irishman.
8. Buchanan, for many years assistant to Macdonald, the Paris banker.
9. Anthony Welch (Walsh), owner of the *Dutillet*, and others, among whom were Michel, the valet of the Prince, and Duncan Cameron, servant to "Old Lochiel at Boulogne," who was hired for the expedition, "to descry the Long Island for them," as he said.

Durbé must have known the main purpose of the projected voyage, but the identity of all his passengers was not yet revealed to him. To ensure secrecy they had reached the coast by circuitous routes and in detached parties. The Prince had disguised himself by growing his full beard, and otherwise.

The Irish element is conspicuous: indeed, Æneas Macdonald declared to the Privy Council in his examination later that the expedition was entirely an Irish one.

(6) The island of *Pilier*, outside Noirmoutier.

west, and I was obliged to tack up to 5 a.m. Sunday (4 July) when I let go anchor in the roadstead of Belle Isle. My bearings were, the fortress of Belle Isle W., the point of Taillefer N.W., the point of Locmaria S.E., and the Teignouse N.E.

Thursday 8 July passed two Dutchmen making for Nantes. At mid-day three frigates passed through the Teignouse, conveying about 100 boats for the coast of Brittany.

Sunday 11 July. Two ships hove in sight coming by the Pointe des Poulains, and heading for the sound (6a) of Belle Isle. I prepared for action. When the two vessels were within range and a half of my guns I hoisted my flag and saluted it with one blank round. Both the ships ran up a white flag, but did not salute it, and as I did not care to trust myself too much to them, I fired a round shot in their direction to bring them to, and make them send their boat to inform me who they were. As they did nothing, however, I fired another round. The shot passed between the masts of Captain MacCarthy, who put his ship in the wind, and came on board to report himself. The enemy's vessels are daily cruising close in to Belle Isle, and one must keep a sharp look-out on all craft in that neighbourhood.

Tuesday 13 (July). His Majesty's ship, The Elisabeth, came to anchor in the roadstead of Belle Isle at 11 a.m.

Thursday 15 (July). I weighed anchor and left the harbour of Belle Isle in company with the Elisabeth, Captain Deau, about, I should say, 5 a.m. (7). At 8 p.m. Groix was to my N.E., and Les Glenans N.

Saturday (17 July), noon to Sunday 18. Sighted at mid-day in the N.W. 7 sail, "seemingly" standing to the S.: we took them for some Brest ships.

Sunday (18 July), noon to Monday 19. Again sighted at noon the 7 ships seen yesterday.

Monday 19 noon to Tuesday 20. We heard some heavy firing in a north-easterly direction: at five o'clock eight sail hove in sight, and we made out that they were giving us chase, and sailing free so as to run down on us from windward. Seeing that they were coming up to us, we hailed and had a talk with M. Dau (d'O.), commanding the Elisabeth,

(6a) "Venant . . . chercher les coraux de Belle Isle": coraux is for *coureaux*, a local (Brittany) term for "canal, passe entre les îles."

(7) The "Lyon in Mourning" gives the date as 5th July (O.S.): this would be 16th July (N.S.).

and at mid-day we cleared for action. One of the ships was to the east of us about a league and a half off, and she was crowding all sail to overhaul us. We made her out a two-decker, with guns on foredeck and quarterdeck, and probably English.

Tuesday 20 (July) noon to Wednesday 21. Being ready for action, and the chaplain having given absolution, at 1 p.m. M. d'O. and I hauled close, in order to have a talk. M. d'O. told me that he was to clew up his lower sails. M. Walsh, with the consent of the Prince (Charles-Edouard), told me to wait an hour yet, and meanwhile to carry on our voyage. M. d'O. was quite willing, and we agreed with him that if he were forced to engage, we should come up alongside him as soon as he had fired his first broadside, and that when he had grappled and fixed with the Englishman, we also should board him with about 50 men. This was the arrangement at 2 p.m. Seeing that the Englishman was steadily gaining on us, M. d'O. clewed up his lower sails, launched his long-boat, and hove to. It was now clear to us that this ship only wished to make us lose way, so as to give time to the ships which we sighted in the morning to come up with us. We decided to bear away and keep our course, and so we did. The Englishman noticing this, and going through the water faster than we, also bore away, and cut his long-boat adrift, so as to give himself further advantage over us, and to give himself a freer deck. At half-past 5 o'clock evening he was abeam of the Elisabeth; all of us had shortened lower sail. The Englishman fired one of his port guns, and to this Mr d'O. replied with his full starboard broadside. The Englishman holding the weather-gage of the Elisabeth, smartly clewed up his foresail, and hoisted his standing jib: the Elisabeth was rather slow in the same manœuvre, and so the Englishman forged ahead, until he was able to place himself so as to rake the Elisabeth from stem to stern with his full port broadside. This, of course, must have killed a lot of her crew and disabled her badly, and so the Englishman got right between both our ships, and gave me three rounds from his starboard guns, the shot passing between my masts, tho' my sails were pierced by his grape shot. We did not reply, as the range of our small guns would not cover him. The two ships now altered course and headed S.E. They had placed themselves abreast of one another, so that the Englishman fired his starboard and the Elisabeth her port batteries. We were always wait-

ing till the Elisabeth had boarded, as had been agreed upon, and were following her closely, so as to throw some men aboard of her in case of a boarding attack. Other assistance we could not give her, seeing that the Englishman's guns, which were 33 pounders, did not allow us approach. We had great fear that keeping a S. easterly course we should sail right into the men of war of the morning. We continued to follow close in the wake of the Elisabeth, in order to render assistance to her in the event of her boarding. At ten o'clock in the evening the fire had ceased on both sides, and we made for the Elisabeth to speak her. Mr Barr, her flag-captain, informed us that Mr d'O. had been dangerously wounded, and that the ship had been more severely handled than he could tell us: he asked me to put out my cutter, and to send him some hands to refit his ship. I told him I would do so at once, and would keep my boat out, and asked him to bring his ship to the wind, so that I might be able to send her to him. He answered that he was unable to do so, and that I must follow him. As we were in constant fear of falling among the vessels sighted in the morning, we held a council, and it was resolved to ascertain whether the Elisabeth was in a seaworthy state, and whether it was worth while to follow her. I then asked Mr Bar, and he said she was not, and that it was absolutely necessary that he should run into Brest. Thereupon, as we did not wish to put back, we determined, by order of the Prince, to continue our course for Scotland, and this we did after having bid good-bye to Mr Bar. We set a course then to S.W., our latitude at the time being 47 deg. 5 min., and longitude 5 deg. 3 min. (8).

Friday 23 (July) noon to Saturday 24. At 1 o'clock afternoon the lookout sung out, Sail ahoy! She was dead ahead, and immediately after, ten came in sight, bearing

(8) This was a desperate fight, and both ships seem to have fought "to a finish." The English ship was the *Lion*, mounting 60 guns—Captain Percy (afterwards Sir Percy) Brett. At the end of the engagement both ships had been completely disabled, and the last shot from the *Lion* mortally wounded the gallant d'O. and his brother. It is said that the *Lion* struck to the Elisabeth, but it will be noticed that Durbé does not mention this very visible incident. The *Lion* is said also to have rehoisted her colours when she discovered that the Elisabeth was so mauled that she could not send a boat to take possession. The *Lion* lost 45 killed and 107 wounded out of a complement of 400 men, and the Elisabeth lost about 200 killed and wounded. The ships drew off at the close of the fight in a terribly battered condition. The *Lion*'s officers were Court-martialled on her reaching England, and one of them was shot—a most unjustifiable sentence, but characteristic of the naval administra-

N.N.E. from us. We thought that these ships were on a N.N.W. tack, and we put about on the other tack to avoid them, keeping our head to E. At 5 p.m. saw that these ships were in the same windward position, so I went aloft and made out that they were heading E. I came about to N.W. on a pretended course, for I feared they would give me chase.

Saturday 24 (July) to Sunday 25. At 6 a.m. sighted a ship right ahead, making E. In coming up on her I was steering so as to cross her bows, but I was ordered to give her a wide berth, and this I did. At 10 o'clock made out another ship under shortened sail to the N. of the former: at mid-day they spoke to one another, and I believe they are really in company.

Sunday 25 (July) noon to Monday 26. At 4 afternoon I saw the ships of the morning bearing down on us: we took them for privateers. We clapped on all sail: high wind with rain, which lasted to 1 a.m., when it fell flat calm. The wind chopped round to N.: took in our studding sails and stowed top gallant sails, and boarded the starboard main tack. Sighted at noon two vessels to windward steering E.

Monday 26 (July) at 4 p.m. I found myself above a shoal, which I clearly saw, of fine soft sludge.

Tuesday 27 (July) noon to Wednesday 28. Saw lots of birds, like gulls and divers, and feathers on the water.

Friday 30 (July) noon to Saturday 31. At 4 a.m. sighted the land. It looked to me a big hill, very high, flat above like a plateau, and bore due S. There were other peaked hills to the number of 5 or 6 in the S.S.W., and a mass of others also, like small round hills, bore by compass S.E. I came on the other tack, the wind being shifty. The big flat hill did not, I noticed, alter its bearing—which proves that the currents set very strongly to the east at the mouth of the

tion of the day. The Lion was splendidly fought and manœuvred, as Æneas Macdonald testified at his examination before the Privy Council ("Lyon in Mourning," 1, 281).

The Dutillet of course stood by out of range during the action. The retreat of the Elisabeth was an ominous and most material loss to the expedition. The need of special precautions to ensure concealment from a watchful and seemingly ubiquitous enemy was now too apparent to the anxious occupants of the Dutillet. A deep-sea course was set, and, barring the faint gleam of the binnacle, all lights were dowsed at nightfall.

The fight was rather off Ushant than the Lizard, as the Supplement to the "Lyon in Mourning" states. The dates correspond—9 July (O.S.), 20 July (N.S.). The longitude is manifestly "Greenwich."

channel in the N. of Ireland. As a matter of fact, I found myself more to the E. than my reckoning by 26 leagues. The French Neptune (9) is more S.S.E. than the Dutch charts by 30 minutes. This accounts for our error in latitude: we thought we were now sighting the S. of the Wice Islands (10), but this was not the case, the land in sight being the N. of Ireland. The big head I saw I made out on the Neptune to be the island of Tores (11), bearing S.E., distant 7 leagues, and the big stretch to the S.W. of Tores, and what looked like a chain of small round hills to my S.E., to be the small islands off Cape Scheeps Hawen (12). The French Neptune is better than the Dutch charts: it agrees with the observations made with my quadrant.

Saturday 31 (July) to Sunday first August. No land in sight at mid-day: this course is not a good one. I notice that I am N.W. of Tores Island, distant 12 leagues.

Monday 2 (August) noon to Tuesday 3. I set a course N.E., so as to try to pick up the island of Bernera, which is the most southerly point of the island of Wice (10). At 6 p.m. sighted Bernera, bearing E., distant about 9 leagues. These islands are very high, and are studded with small ones between. At daybreak I bore away to the E. of these small islands of the island of Wice. On my starboard there were several islands, 5 or 6 leagues off, which are marked on the charts, and I found myself abreast of a big lump of an island, very high, deeply scored, and very perpendicular on all sides, behind which on the main island there are houses. I put out my small boat, into which got M. Macdonald, the Paris banker, and his servant, who went ashore to pick up information and get a pilot. This place is called Bara (13). At 10 o'clock a large boat which was crossing from the mainland to Bara came alongside: she had on board a horse, a calf, a woman, and children. We took the master of this boat to

(9) "Le Neptune Francois," a collection of French charts.

(10) Uist (Hebrides). Durbé thinks the whole stretch from Butt of Lewis to Barra Head has the same name.

(11) Tory Island, off Donegal.

(12) Sheep Haven, Donegal.

(13) Bernera, sighted 22nd July, O.S. ("Lyon in Mourning"), 2nd August, N.S. On Bernera is the Barra Head Lighthouse. The islands to starboard, with Mull looming in the far distance, are Coll and Tiree, and the big lump of an island off which he lay-to to send a boat ashore is Mulldonich. About four miles off is the magnificent stretch of Castlebay, with the picturesque ruin of Caisteal Cisemuil, the old stronghold of the McNeills of Barra. Close behind is the village of Castlebay.

pilot us. At 11 o'clock my boat came back with a pilot. M. Magdonel brought back the news that the whole plot had been discovered, and that an English gentleman had been captured in these islands and sent to the Tower of London—all which was to put us on our guard how to act. We made up our minds and stood for the island of Canay ⁽¹⁴⁾. No sooner were our sails set and trimmed than we sighted a ship thrashing to windward, under close-reefed topsails. She was a big craft, and we take her for a man-of-war. We held a council to see what we should do, and it was agreed to alter our course, and make for a harbour ⁽¹⁵⁾ which is between the island of Bara and the island of Uyst, and is very large, though one cannot get out by the west side. (One can recognise this harbour by a square tower which in old days served as a light-house: its top is now in ruins, and it is on the N. side of the entrance.) As we had a pilot on board, we came to anchor here.

Tuesday 3 August at 2 o'clock afternoon. The ship that had forced us to put into this harbour, as soon as she saw us change our course, put about and gave us chase. She was doing her very best to come up with us in the harbour. Seeing this, all our passengers went aboard our pinnace and a native boat, and landed in Uyst at the house of the chief man of the place, a MacDonald (Magdonald) ⁽¹⁵⁾.

At 4 o'clock the English ship, not being able to make the harbour where we were lying, brought up in another harbour $1\frac{1}{2}$ leagues off, farther to leeward than we.

In the belief that she was to anchor there, I sent a native boat with an officer to warn our party to come back, and to tell them that we might be able to slip out of port under cover of night. The weather got terribly dirty, and our

(14) Canna. As regards Durbé's bearings generally, it must be remembered that in 1700 the variation of the compass at London was about 6 deg. west, and in 1800 about 24 deg. W., since when the drift there has been easterly. The variation in the Hebrides now is two points ($22\frac{1}{2}$ deg.) W.

(15) "Un port . . . qui est fort grand, d'autant qu'on ne peut sortir par la partie O." This is undoubtedly An-t-Acarsaid Mhor, a spacious anchorage in the Sound of Barra, between the islands of Gighay and Fuday. This roadstead rapidly shoals towards the West, and there is no exit for a large ship through the Sound of Barra. Last year a number of men-of-war anchored here. Durbé wisely put in there, as he had to hold the suspicious stranger in observation, and be ready to slip out with a favourable change in the weather, now very threatening.

Coilleag a' Phrionnsa, the traditional landing-place of the Prince in Eriskay on 23rd July, O.S. (3rd August, N.S.), is on the west of that

gentlemen were not able to return to the ship. At 10 o'clock at night I despatched the pinnace to have a look into the harbour the ship had entered, and see if they could find her.

Wednesday 4 (August). At 5 a.m. our boat came back alongside, and reported that she had seen no ship. We considered this a feint, that she had made a pretence of going into this anchorage, and had sailed out through the night with the purpose of capturing us if we had made for the open. At 6 a.m. I sent back my boat for our party, and they returned on board at 8 o'clock drenched to skin with rain.

At 9 o'clock we observed, at two leagues off the land, the same ship as yesterday with a frigate in company. They both tacked at their hardest to make our harbour, but they were not able, as the wind was strong ahead. Being always afraid of these vessels, we had a talk, and made up our minds to set sail as soon as night fell, without any stir, and favoured by the gloomy weather and the squalls. At half-past 9 in the evening I had the anchor hove up, and got under weigh with the spritsail—the cutter ahead—so as to let as little sail as possible be seen. We hugged the land on the N. of the anchorage as close as we could to get the cover of the land, and as soon as we thought ourselves between the land and the stranger, I crowded sail and coasted as near inshore as possible, steering N.E. I must actually have passed the ship about only one league off.

Thursday at 5 a.m. The island of Skye bore N.E., Canay S.E. (14), and Rum E.S.E. I came up between Scaye and Canay, and held my course to the E., as I had no intention to come to anchor in any of these islands, from a fear that these ships might come to look out for us there. When I had sailed

island, and north of the position of the Dutillet, and the square tower in ruins on the north of the entrance to the "port" is Caisteal a' Bhreabadair, a very conspicuous landmark. On the east side of Eriskay there is a long inlet, also called An-t-Acarsaid Mhor. The ground is very foul here, and quite unsuitable as an anchorage for a ship of the Dutillet's draught.

The stranger had evidently taken shelter to leeward, near Northbay.

Durbé's route to Cann could not have been by the tortuous and reef-strewn narrow Sound of Eriskay, as indicated on the conjectural tract issued with the Supplement to the "Lyon in Mourning."

Angus Macdonald was tacksman of Eriskay. His house was at Baile.

Durbé, in saying that the passengers landed in Uist, shows here, as he shows hereafter, scanty acquaintance with the topography of the Long Island. The Prince was visited in Eriskay by Alexander Macdonald of Boisdale, younger brother of Clanranald. Alexander refused to assist the Prince, and did all he could to dissuade him.

past Rum and Canay, I got Eigg on the starboard hand and the mainland on the port. I stood S.E. In front of us stretched the mainland, and I held on my course to reach it. To the E. of me on the port hand I made out a low point of the mainland, and off this point a rock like an island. I steered to pass to starboard of this small island. M. Macdonald got into a boat—which we had brought from the island of Barra—along with his servant, in order to look up a brother of his in these parts (16). When I got abreast of the little island I came on the port tack, and sailed round it, keeping a good offing. Ahead I saw two large bays: I then steered due east, and at 3 o'clock afternoon I came to anchor at the head of one of the bays. [All along these coasts the tides are every six hours.] A fine flat bit of country, with some poor-looking houses, and a lot of cattle about. The place is called Lochnanuagh. At 4 o'clock I launched my cutter, in which our chaplain, the Prince, and three or four other gentlemen went ashore, and up to the houses (17). There they met Mr Macdonald, known as chief man of the place. We gave ourselves out as smugglers. Magdonoel's son came on board along with the priest of the place.

Friday 6 (August). We began to find out how things were going on. Some of the leading men of the district came on board, and we asked them for a place where we could land our arms. We cleared all our water casks of foul water, and filled them with fresh water, and shipped three tons of ballast.

Saturday 7th. Several chiefs came on board, and returned straightway to warn the country.

Sunday 8th. Went ashore.

Monday 9th at 10 a.m. Set sail to anchor in another small bay called Loch-Aylost (18). At the entrance to this bay are three biggish islands: in entering we kept close to the south side, between the most southerly island and the coast. At

(16) The "Lyon in Mourning" says that Æneas Macdonald took boat from Eriskay on 24th July to the mainland to visit his brother Kinlochmoidart, and that the latter returned to Eriskay with him. The statement in the log seems to throw doubt on this. Forty miles each way in an open boat, in tempestuous weather, and with an apparently hostile ship on the lookout, seems rather an imaginative interlude in the story of the short stay at Eriskay. The group of small islands in the mouth of Lochnanuagh is called Eilean an Tri.

(17) Prince Charlie landed from the Dutillet (Doutelle) 25th July, 1745, Julian Calendar (5th August, Gregorian), near the farm of Borrodale, belonging to one Angus Macdonald.

(18) Loch-Ailort.

the entrance to this bay are three biggish islands: in entering we kept close to the south side, between the most southerly island and the coast. At 10 p.m. we unloaded, and landed a part of our arms and war stores.

Tuesday 10 (August). A large boat came along side with several headmen of the district to see the Prince (19). On her way back she took a lot of things belonging to the Prince and these gentlemen. During the day we went ashore to amuse ourselves. At 10 p.m. we started discharging and landing arms and war stores, and kept on to 3 a.m.

Wednesday 11 (August). We had a lot of wood cut, and during the night discharged war stores. The large boat came alongside with a number of gentlemen, and took off a quantity of baggage. Next day we went ashore to have some fishing and hunting.

Thursday 12. An idle day: we went ashore to amuse ourselves, and have a look at the Highlanders.

Friday 13 (August). We took in a supply of water and wood, and loaded two big boats with goods for M. Magdonel.

Saturday 14. We took in a supply of water and wood. A bishop of the district came on board.

Sunday (15 August). Nothing doing. We went ashore and brought our dinner with us, and started fishing for oysters.

Monday 16 (August). Five of our passengers went off to the house of M. Magdonel, a brother of the banker, and the Prince, with four gentlemen, landed in our cutter, and went

(19) The Prince lived partly ashore and partly aboard the *Dutillet*. He writes his father on "2 aout V.S., aboard du vaisseau le dutellier, à l'ancre dans la Baie de Loughaylort," and also on "August 4th, O.S., 1745." When ashore he was probably "hard up" for luxuries.

He was visited on board the ship by the following chieftains and others:—Ranald Macdonald, younger of Clanranald; Alexander Macdonald of Glenaladale; Æneas Macdonald, the banker (who had gone for his brother); Kinlochmoidart himself; Allan and Ronald Macdonald, brothers of the last; Macdonald of Morar and his brother Hugh, a Catholic bishop; Macdonald of Scotus (for Glengarry); Alexander Macdonald of Keppoch; Donald Macdonald of Glencoe; and Dr Cameron (for his brother Lochiel).

Lord President Forbes received notice of the landing of the Prince from Norman Macleod of Macleod, in a letter from Dunvegan dated 3rd August, 1745:—

"To my no small surprise, it is certain that the pretended Prince of Wales is come to the coast of South Uist and Barra, and has since been hovering on parts of the coast of the mainland that lies between the Point of Ardnamurchan and Glenelg. He has but one ship, of which he is aboard."—(Culloden Papers, p. 203).

to spend the night with M. Magdanoel at Lochnanuagh. We landed all our swivel-guns, and stored them with our other munitions.

Tuesday 17 (August). I got under sail in the bay, where I had been all the while, and returned to the anchorage in Loch-nan-Uagh. I got there at 8 a.m. We sent the Prince something for his dinner, who was hard up. M. Walsh went ashore in the afternoon.

Wednesday 18 (August). We took on board some cattle and sheep by way of provisions. M. Walsh and I landed to visit the Prince, and wish him good luck. We left him with two of the gentlemen who had come over with him, with two chiefs of the district, and with no more than a dozen men—these being all his companions. Thursday 19 (August). We set sail from Loch-nan-uagh at 8 a.m. When I got between Aige and the mainland, I brought her head to the north with a view to make the passage between the island of Skye and Scotland, and as soon as I was between the point of Skye and the coast of Scotland, I set a coures N.E. One must not go by the charts here, as they are not reliable. I kept mid-channel all along, sailing the same course between all the headlands. There is good anchorage in this sound, as soon as you are well inside. At mid-day I was abreast of a big building⁽²⁰⁾ lying between two mountains in a flat, the approach to the building being, say, 4 leagues off. When we got well in front of it, we made out soldiers about. I rounded a point behind which were four small English craft in a bight called Callioyheston⁽²¹⁾, and these I captured without firing a shot. Names of these vessels:—

1, The Margaret, of Aberdour, Captain William Moyes, from Nairn to Londonderry, 31 ton oatmeal; ransom, £100

(20) This was the Government barracks of Bernera, Glenelg. From 1722, the year of erection, till after the '45, there were commonly one or two companies quartered there: after 1745 a smaller command was deemed sufficient.—(Old Statistical Account, Parish of Glenelg, written by Rev. Colin Maciver, 1795).

(21) "Calligarry, Skye," is the French editor's conjecture. This is untenable. The place is the Cailleach Stone (Sgeir na Caillich), near Rhu na Caillich, where vessels frequently anchor waiting a favourable wind or tide through Kylerhea. It is interesting that the old Judicial Rent-Roll (dated 1733) of the Macdonald estate indicates a township of Collistown, which must have been near Rhu na Caillich, by all the evidence available. The traces of a deserted township are still quite visible from the sea.

Durbé left Lochnanuagh on 19th August (N.S.) for home; the "Lyon in Mourning" gives 4th August (O.S.)—another discrepancy.

sterling, with £10 for the cabin. 2, The Unity, Captain Charles Thomson, from Portsoy to Londonderry, 31 ton oatmeal; ransom, £200 sterling, and £10 sterling for the cabin. 3, The Princess Mary, Captain Snaip, of Renfrew, from Inverness to Londonderry, 10 ton oatmeal and 30 ton barley; ransom, £100 sterling, and £10 for the Captain's cabin. 4, The Lirwindiwin, Captain William Millers, laden with plank-iron and iron, from the Baltic to . . . ; ransom, £650 sterling, and £10 for the cabin (22).

Friday 20 (August). Lay at anchor.

Saturday 21 (August). Set sail from Callioyheston.

NOTE.—After setting sail I no longer had in sight the narrows which I left the previous Thursday. The channel was completely blocked by high land. To see it one must be right in the fair way. At its entrance there is a rock.

I found myself right abreast of a ruined Castle (still keeping mid-channel), of which there remains a small square tower, called Albermate (23), and below it are two rocks, jutting considerable into the open. The channel is very narrow at this part, and it is much better to keep the N.E. shore than the other. When we had passed this fort, we stood N.W.: we soon got right into a wide bay, out of which we could not see our way. There are several islands inside this

(22) On 17th August (O.S.) Macleod of Macleod writes to Lord President Forbes from "Scouser on the road to Glenelg". . . . "The privateer is sailed to the northward, and it is true she took three meal barks and ransomed them, and sent some of her crew with the ships, where the young Chevalier was. They took as much of the meal as they thought proper, and paid for it, and dismissed them."—(Culloden Papers, 208). The "Lyon in Mourning" (l. 293) states that £60 was the ransom of the biggest ship, and that the others were in proportion. They were released on the condition that they should carry their cargo to the Prince, and sell it to him—the ransom to be treble unless they could produce a certificate to this effect. Very little of this meal reached the clansmen at Glenfinnan, owing to the difficulty of transport from Lochnanuagh.

(23) This word "Albermate" cannot at present be identified. It was probably some phonetic jumble of Durbé's—of what? See (21) and (24). The French editor suggests "Armadales Castle." This Castle did not exist in 1745. Sir Alex. Macdonald's principal residence was at Monkstadt, Duntulm having been abandoned between 1715 and 1733. When Dr Johnson and Boswell visited Skye in 1773, they found Sir Alexander (a son of the '45 Chief) and his lady in one of their tenant's houses at Armadales. The Doctor and his companion both complain of the accommodation and reception generally. The ruined Castle described by Durbé was certainly Castle Moil, Kyleakin, and as he skirted the N.E. coast (the mainland), the two rocks, or rather rocky islands (Na h-Eileannan Dubha), would, as the result of parallax, seem to lie near the Skye shore, well below the Castle.

bay (23a) which is formed by the Isle of Skye and the coast of Scotland. When you are well into this bay you cannot guess how on earth you are to get safely out. I now found myself off a stretch of low-lying land, with a fine white mansion, surrounded by a small wood, belonging to a Mr Albecross (24), who sent out a boat to enquire whether we were taking the Pretender back with us. We sent him a letter saying that we were not, and that he ought, with all his men, to hurry up to join him.

Saturday 21 (August) noon to Sunday 22. I lay becalmed all the night, and was obliged to make use of my sweeps to keep steerage-way on the ship, as I had an idea that I might be able to weather the north of the island of Uist (25). But it was no use, for I found myself more than five leagues to leeward. It is well to take care when passing between the island of Skye and the Island of Uist not to keep the channel, for one cannot get through owing to reefs.

Sunday 22 (August) noon to Monday 23. We tacked about all the night, and at 6 a.m. sighted two craft standing for the sound between the two small islands (26) and the island of Uist (25). I ran up the English flag, and the two craft bore down on me. As soon as they were alongside I hoisted the white flag, and ordered their captains on board. They were Captain W. Ettring Haru, of the ship *Princesse*, of Ligne, whom I ransomed for £150 sterling, and £10 for the cabin; and Captain Jean Clampit, of the *Fontaine*, of Ligne, ransomed for £320 sterling. Sighted a brigantine coming up from the south, and passing between the two little islands (26) and Uist (25).

Monday 23 (August) to Tuesday 24 at noon. Very high sea: close reefed topsails. I tacked between Uist (27) and the

(23a) This is doubtless the large arm of the sea in which lie Scalpay, Longay, Pabbay, Crowlin Islands, and in the far distance Raasay and Rona, bounded on the south by the parish of Strath, Skye, and on the east and N.E. by the mainland (Lochalsh, Lochcarron, and Applecross).

(24) Applecross, surely. The Chief (Mackenzie) of the time was John, fifth Chief—died "at his house in Ross-shire" (*Scots Magazine*) 7th May, 1774. The fourth Chief (Roderick) had re-purchased the estate of Applecross (forfeited for his father's share in the '15) from the Commissioners of Enquiry in 1724. The Applecross Chief was not out in the '45.

(25) Lewis. Durbé, who relies almost entirely on his pilots, continues to show a very confused acquaintance with the coast here. He confounds Uist and Lewis in later entries.

(26) Shiant Islands, off S.E. of Lewis.

(27) Of course, Lewis.

mainland of Scotland, pressing her hard till 8 a.m. The island of Uist (27) was still in sight, and Cape Wart (28) bore S.E., distant 4 leagues. The distance between the island of Uist (27) and the coast of Scotland is only 12 leagues, though the charts make it much more. As we had strong head-winds we discussed matters in order to see whether we should make a passage between the Orcades. We had on board two English pilots as hostages (29), and they undertook to do this, and we agreed. *Note.*—We had not at all picked up the island of Rona, marked on the charts about 10 to 12 leagues to the north of the island of Skye. Our pilots told us that it (30) lay N.N.W. of the island of Uist (27), and they also said that at 8 leagues to the N.E. of Cape Faro (28) there are two rocks very high out of the water. We sighted these (31).

Tuesday 24 (August) noon to Wednesday 25. I picked up the island of Hoy, in the Orcades, bearing E.S.E., distant 4 leagues. It is a very lofty island, lumpy and very steep on the west side. At 6 p.m. we were shaping to pass between Hoy and the island of Kiroualle (32), our pilot stating that the channel was clear and the anchorage good. As, however, we had a stiff breeze and a strong tide, he offered, if we liked, to get us through between the island of Hoy and the mainland in two hours' time. We all agreed to this, and stood to the S.E. to get into the channel, which is very open. We set plenty of canvas, but all we could do was to get through by midnight. We kept some small islands on the starboardhand, and when we passed them we hauled close to Cape Cailliere or Rongisby (33), on the mainland. At midnight I set a course to the east: at 5 a.m. I sighted a fleet of several herring fishing craft, along with two Dutch men-of-war. I kept them company till noon.

Wednesday 25 (August) noon to Thursday 26. Sighted a brig flying the Danish flag steering west. At daybreak sighted a big ship, which gave us chase, and began to gain on us.

Thursday 26 (August) noon to Friday 27. This ship continued to follow us: at 8 p.m. it fell flat calm: I had eight

(28) Cape Wrath. "Cape Faro," probably For-out or Farrid Head.

(29) For the merchantmen ransomed.

(30) This is North Rona, about 40 miles N.W. of Cape Wrath and 37 miles N.E. of Lewis. Durbé confuses the two Ronas.

(31) Stack Skerry.

(32) Pomona, the island on which Kirkwall is.

(33) Duncansbay Head.

sweeps rigged out: at 10 o'clock a breeze sprung up: I ordered the sweeps to be taken in, and sailed as close to the wind as she would lie, her head being S.S.W.

Friday 27 (August) noon to Saturday 28. A strong gale with very heavy sea: we shifted course several times, under reefed topsails and main course, and shipped some heavy seas.

Saturday 28 (August) noon to Sunday 29. A full gale.

Sunday 29 (August) noon to Monday 30. Sighted a lugger close-reefed and lying to. On the Dogger Bank the water appeared very clear and green.

Wednesday (first September) to Thursday 2. Picked up the light of the Tower of Vly (34). I kept tacking all night, and at daybreak I stood for the land. A pilot boarded me. At this time I was flying the English flag, and so the pilot directed me to steer for the sound of Vly. At 11 o'clock I got into the roads, and found there six vessels belonging to the Dutch Company (35) and one of the English Company. The pilot wished to make me come to anchor, but I refused, and he brought me in one tide up to within eight leagues of Amsterdam.

Friday 3 (September). At 4 a.m. I weighed and set sail. I only managed to get as far as the Pampus (36), 4 leagues from Amsterdam. M. Walsh had got into the cutter with the chaplain, and went off to Amsterdam, where they took a coach that very day for the journey to France.

On Saturday 4 (September), as the wind was contrary, I went off to Amsterdam to see my correspondent, who informed me that I was in a bad mess, and that my ship had been confiscated. Accordingly, I went to the Town House (37) to make a declaration that I was on my way from France, and that I merely put into this harbour. I was asked why I had not made any declaration at Vly. I said I did not know the usage, that my pilot wished me to let go anchor, but that I was so afraid of a large English ship lying there that I carried on.

Saturday 4 (September) to 15. We got orders from M. Walsh to dismantle, and pay off the ship. But to do so the

(34) On the island of Vlieland, at the entrance to the Zuider Zee, Holland.

(35) East Indian.

(36) The outer roadstead or basin of Amsterdam.

(37) In the text, "Maison de Ville."

hostages (38) I had on board gave me a lot of concern, as I did not wish to lose them; so I chartered a local craft to take my crew and carry them as far as l'Ecluse (39), about 3 leagues from Bruges. With them I sent my hostages as if they were part of the crew. The thing turned out capitally, and no one was a bit the wiser.

The 16 (September). A Dutch captain and crew were sent to me on board, and they hoisted their own country's flag. My correspondent had given over the sale of the ship to a merchant of the place, and the ship entered the port as Dutch. Otherwise she would have been arrested for the voyage she had made.

(38) The English and other prisoners, hostages for the prize merchantmen, which had been partly manned by some of the crew of the Dutillet.

(39) Sluis, Holland.

[LOG ENDS.]

In taking leave of Durbé, one must confess that his whole record, as contained in the foregoing autograph journal, reveals a rattling sailor, of whom the mercantile or naval traditions of any country might be proud. Anthony Walsh certainly would never have entrusted him with the momentous responsibility of carrying the young Prince to Scotland, over a most perilous track, without being satisfied in this delegation that Durbé was a careful navigator and a daring and resolute seaman. Durbé's privateering exploits in the narrow waters on his way home, and especially his almost reckless disregard of precaution in lying at anchor for a whole day at the Caileach Stone, strike the imagination very forcibly. He probably got home to France about the time of Prestonpans or "Gladsmuir" (Sliabh 'Chlamhuinn).

"Bidh dùil ri fear-fairge, ach cha bhi dùil ri fear-rèilge."

[The translator has to own obligation to Sir Evan Macgregor, K.C.B., Secretary, British Admiralty, for revision of the rendering of several obsolete and difficult naval and nautical expressions in the original: to the Maire of Belle-Isle-en-Mer for guidance in an obscure part of the text: to Ronald Macdonald, Esq., solicitor, Portree, for topographical and contemporary historical information relating to Skye and the adjacent mainland; and to Rev. Allan Macdonald, Eriskay, for some useful local notes.]

18th FEBRUARY, 1904.

On this date was read a paper by Mr James Macdiarmid, Morenish, Killin, entitled

MORE FRAGMENTS OF BREADALBANE FOLKLORE.

To deal fully and exhaustively with such a subject as the folk-lore of so wide a district as Breadalbane would require far more leisure and higher talents than I have at command. For such a purpose a series of papers and a house to house visitation would be necessary, and even then one might fail to get a full knowledge of all the tales, incantations, and superstitions belonging to the district. Of course there are some phases of superstition which still remain to be described, and there are various fairy, witch, ghost, and urisk stories which a few persons can relate because they heard them frequently in their youth.

It will be my endeavour to avoid as far as possible a repetition of what was contained in my former paper; and this may be considered as a supplement to the first paper, bringing forward new material, and adding what was recently gleaned by me in the field of folk-lore.

Among the Highlanders of old iron was highly valued, because, with the means at their disposal, it was difficult to get, and because their safety to a great extent depended on the weapons and implements manufactured from it. So we need not wonder although it was almost deemed sacrilege for a man to steal his neighbour's plough irons, or the iron teeth of his harrows. If such a miscreant did not repent and restore these implements during his lifetime, his spirit was doomed to frequent the roads in the vicinity of which he had committed his crime; and what was worse, his ghost annoyed the innocent passers by until some brave man stood his ground, and heard the ghost disclose its dread secret, thus enabling him to restore what was stolen to the rightful owners. In "*Taibhse Choimh-sheilg*," which will be given later on, the ghost's chief object in appearing to the weaver was to acquaint him with the fact that the iron teeth of harrows which had been stolen were hid in a certain place. But why, we may ask, did not the ghost reveal the secret of the theft to those from whom the iron had been taken? It may seem strange to us that an innocent man should have been troubled and driven distracted on that account, but then the vagaries

and antics of the ghosts of the olden times are incomprehensible to men of the present age. We must just try to relate the actions of the ghosts without attempting to discover the motives which influenced them in their sayings and doings.

It was firmly believed that ghosts could appear in many different forms, sometimes in human shape, at other times in the shape of dogs, cattle, and deer. Probably about ninety years ago it was rumoured that a ghost haunted the neighbourhood of the farm-house of Claggan, on the south side of Loch Tay, and that it occasionally at least took its nightly rambles in the shape of a dog. The story spread, and men were afraid to venture past the haunted place when once the shades of night had fallen.

One evening my maternal grandfather crossed Loch Tay from Lawers, intending to visit his sister, who was married to one of the tenants of Glenardtalnaig. It is possible he may have previously heard of the uncanny thing. However that may have been, as soon as he was within a quarter of a mile of Claggan House, a big grey dog came on the scene at a cairn called "An Carn Mor." The dog kept parallel with him, but at a distance of several yards. My grandfather was young and strong, and not wanting in courage, and at first he paid little attention to the dog, but when it persisted in keeping parallel with him, stopped when he stopped, and walked on when he walked on, then fear seized hold of him, and he quickened his pace. When he reached Claggan House he passed along in front of the house, and the dog disappeared for a short time. My grandfather's courage revived, because he thought the ugly thing had left him, but such was not the case, however. At the other end of the steadings the spectral dog was waiting for him. Panic-stricken, he rushed back, and went over his hose in the midden; then he burst open the door of the farm-house, and alarmed the inmates by fainting. On being restored to consciousness, the Mackays, for such was their name, asked, "Did you see anything, John? What frightened you so much?" He told them about the grey dog and its strange doings. He then desired the company of some of the young men as far as Tomflour, where his sister lived. Although the distance between the two houses was only a mile, the old farmer was so awed that he would not permit any one to leave his house that night. So my grandfather stayed with the kind family all night, and so much was he disturbed by what had happened,

that instead of visiting his sister, he returned home next morning. Be the explanation what it may, the Mackays and he were thoroughly convinced it was something supernatural that had appeared to him. This ancestor of mine seems to have had an uncommon faculty for seeing fearsome things. On a certain occasion, when coming home past Allt-phater-leidh, he noticed an object by the side of the road, and near the end of the bridge, which resembled the body of a man, but no sign of a head could be seen. Somewhat startled, he went to the nearest house, and related what he had seen, expressing a desire that a man or two would go with him to examine the uncanny thing. "No, no?" said the head of the house, "no one will go in that direction to-night, for two men were forced to go off the road at that same place the other night." It is reported that a mason was killed a few days after that while engaged in blasting operations in connection with the building or repairing of the bridge. So, according to the popular judgment, the mystery of the eerie sight was duly solved.

If a grave happened to be desecrated, and the corpse maltreated, there was a constant risk of the ghost of the dead man troubling the violator of the corpse; and a gruesome tale used to be related at the firesides of this district about what befel a woman who rashly interfered with the dead. The tale ran somewhat as follows:—Once upon a time a married couple lived in a lonely cottage, having no near neighbours, but not far from a churchyard. During the day the husband was away working at a distance from home. On returning at nightfall, his wife invariably had a good pot of broth ready for his consumption. Being of simple tastes, and having a healthy appetite, one of his favourite articles of diet was a sheep's liver well cooked, which his careful wife had always provided for him. One afternoon, however, she began to taste, and still to taste the liver to see if it was well boiled. That tasting went on till not a particle of liver remained for her husband's supper. Then it suddenly struck her that the guidman would be very angry, and might ask some awkward questions about what had become of the liver. Exercising her wits as to how to procure a substitute for the vanished liver, she remembered that a funeral had lately taken place in the churchyard, and rather than face her husband's wrath she determined to dig up the coffin, cut open the dead body, and appropriate its liver. With the proper

implements she accomplished her object, and consigned the liver to the kail-pot. Seemingly untroubled by the awful thing she had done, she attended to the pot until its contents began to boil. It was then dark, and her husband might be expected to come any minute to the horrible supper she had prepared for him. There was a knock at the door, and she rose from her chair to see who the visitor might be. Great was her consternation at seeing a fearful figure in a winding-sheet gazing at her with no kindly eyes, and saying in a fierce voice, "Diuid! diuid! fuar! fuar! C'ait am bheil mo ghruan?" The timely appearance of the ghost thoroughly frightened the unscrupulous woman, and prevented her from making an unconscious cannibal of her husband.

Ghosts have the reputation of having the power of appearing in various forms and in unlikely places, but it is questionable if any of them ever acted more sensibly than did the ghost which laid itself in an open coffin, and showed to the astonished onlooker that the coffin was too short for the corpse for which it was intended. A man had died, and a country carpenter had measured the body, and made a coffin for it. Not having mounting for the coffin, he set off to the nearest village to procure what was necessary. During his absence an old beggar came to his house soliciting shelter for the night. The carpenter's wife informed the old man that there was no room for him unless he would go to the workshop, where an empty coffin lay on the carpenter's bench. Tired and footsore, he gladly accepted the offer, notwithstanding that there was such a reminder of mortality near him. He was not long in bed when he saw a spectre, clad in white, glide up to the bench and place itself in the coffin, over the end of which part of the unearthly visitant seemed to protrude. The man was amazed and not a little frightened at what he saw, still he was not inclined to leave his shelter and brave the inclemency of a winter night, and as the ghost did not interfere with him, he resolved to remain where he was. Later on the carpenter came home, and brought the mounting into the shop, making ready to fix on the coffin. While thus engaged, the beggar accosted him, and said, "That coffin is too short for the corpse you intend to lay in it." The carpenter, much surprised, said, "How can you possibly know that such is the case?" "Because," answered the beggar, "I saw the ghost of the dead man measuring the coffin by lying in it, and it was not long enough." The car-

penter was somewhat dubious about the old man's tale, but, on reflection, he thought there would be no harm in taking the measurement of the corpse again. On doing so, he found that the man's predictions were true, and that the coffin required to be altered in order to admit the body.

In some instances where the coffins were too small, and of which I have heard, the ghosts of the dead men evidently did not deem it part of their duty to warn the carpenters regarding the size of the coffins; they were not so mindful and considerate as the ghost which revealed itself to the old man.

According to all accounts wandering and troublesome ghosts could be "laid" or made to disappear for ever by making them speak and tell the cause of their appearance on the earth. If a man had plenty of courage, and had enough presence of mind to draw a circle within which he could stand, then he might hope to tackle a ghost with every advantage. If a witch dare not cross a running stream, neither could a ghost malevolent or otherwise enter the sacred or charmed circle, and strange to say a dog, but especially a greyhound, was considered an efficient protector against a ghost or witch.

Long ago there lived a man in Glenlochay, near Killin, who was a famous swordsman, and whose reputation as a skilful and fearless pacifier of restless ghosts had spread much beyond his own neighbourhood. His name has come down to the present day as "Donncha-mor-ruadh-na-feusaig." His real name is supposed to have been Duncan Campbell, and his tombstone, on which the figure of a long bearded Highlander is cut, can still be seen in Killin churchyard. It is related of him, and the incident shows his absolute fearlessness, that one night when returning home a thoughtless ghost, not knowing the man it had to deal with, impertinently shouted to him, "Cha duine, duine 'na onrachd!" Quite unmoved by the unexpected words, and with a wholesome contempt of ghosts and their ways, Duncan replied, "'S duine mise an cuideachd no 'm onrachd, a bhiast!" About that time a terrible ghost haunted Lochan-nan-damh on Corry-charmaig Hill, Glenlochay. Even in broad daylight men were afraid to pass the lonely lochan in case they might meet the ghost, for it performed its antics in daylight as well as at night. Such was the state of matters that the people were so terror-stricken that none would cross the hill. Duncan,

however, determined to remedy all that, and he set out one evening alone and unaided to visit the lochan. An acquaintance meeting him, asked where he was going. Duncan said, "To put the ghost to rest." The other strongly advised him not to go in the night time, or else to get some one to accompany him on his dangerous expedition. The long-bearded man would accept neither of the proffered advices, but went his way, encountered the ghost, and expelled it for ever. Then he came back rejoicing in his victory. Hearing in his old age that a troublesome ghost haunted a certain place between Callander and Gartmore, where a murder had formerly been committed, Duncan resolved at all hazards to force the ghost to speak, and so rid the country of such a nuisance. His wife observing him one day girding on his claymore, enquired what he was to do with the weapon. "To meet the ghost of the Tibbert" he answered, "and get it to go to rest." She urged him to remain at home, but her pleading was in vain. He had made up his mind to go, and go he would. Seeing that it was useless to argue further with him, she took another course. Calling a young man to her, she instructed him to proceed with all possible speed along the west side of Glenlochay to Killin, so that Duncan might not see him. On reaching Killin, he was to visit a friend of hers to whom he would make known Donncha Mor's intended journey and the cause of it. The young man was in Killin before old Duncan, and found the friend at home. The latter, who was a very astute and ready-witted man, strolled leisurely along the road to meet Duncan. Expressing his surprise at seeing him armed in such a manner, he said, "C'ait am bheil thu dol mar so a Dhonnachaidh?" Duncan replied, "Tha mi cluinntinn gu'm bheil taibhse aig an Tiobairt a tha cur dragh air gach neach a tha gabhail an rathad sin an deigh bheul na h-oidhche, agus 's e mo run toirt orra bruidhinn agus a cur gu fois gu brath." "Tut! a dhuine," said the friend, "s i taibhse Ghallda tha'n n; cha'n 'eil Gaidhlig aice san, agus cha'n 'eil Beurla agadsa agus cha'n urrainn duibh a cheile a thuigsinn." Duncan thought for a minute and then said—"Tha thu ceart ni's leoir; cha do smuainich mi air sin." He immediately returned to Glenlochay, much to the delight of his wife, though his expedition had a most amusing termination. So far as is known, Donnacha mor-ruadh na feusaig never afterwards went in search of ghosts.

Few persons of the younger generation are able to relate fairy tales having local colouring, or associated with certain places in the district, but tales of that sort still linger in the memory of some of the old people. A Glendochart tale, dealing with the doings of men and fairies lately came to my knowledge, and it is my intention to reserve it for the Gaelic portion of this paper.

Not many years ago there lived in the neighbourhood of Killin a man who was in the habit of recounting his wonderful adventures with the white horse of the fairies. When coming home one night from Kenmore market, and just as he was passing Sithean, Lawers, he heard most enchanting music proceeding from the knoll. Unable to resist the temptation, he gradually went nearer and nearer the fairies' place of abode, till at last he was fairly among them. They received him most kindly, and on parting gave him one of their white horses to carry him home. His steed went through the air at a speed almost equalling that of lightning, and in a few minutes he found himself above a house at Clifton, Tyndrum, some twenty-five miles westward from Lawers. Happening to shout "ho!" when he was right above the chimney, the fairy horse threw him off its back, and down he dropped feet foremost through the wide, old-fashioned chimney, and alighted in the midst of a wedding party, much to their surprise and alarm. He continued in their pleasant company till daylight, when he returned home at his leisure, thanking the fairies for the pleasure they had so unexpectedly given him!

As is well known, fairies as well as urisks could act as millers when occasion required, or when they were in the mood to do so.

A miller returning home late one night heard the mill wheels going, and all the noise betokening the making of meal going on. Suspecting who the millers were, and being a cautious, prudent man, he opened the mill door, and said aloud, "Take care of wood, iron, and stone, and remember to keep my dues." Having uttered these words, he shut the door, and went contentedly to bed, knowing that everything would be right in the morning. Nor was he disappointed, the mill floor was swept, and everything was in its proper place when he entered the mill next morning, and even his own share of meal was carefully put in a wooden dish. He handed the meal to his wife, and told her to keep it separate and to use it first. She did so, and there was no

sign of diminishing. At last she remarked to her husband, "That is the strangest meal I ever saw in my life. I use it daily, and it does not seem to become less in quantity." Her husband said—"You had better see if it is still there." The woman went and quickly returned, saying, in surprised tones, "It is all away!" Her husband, in an aggrieved voice, answered, "If you had not spoken about it, that meal might have lasted for ever!"

Fairies and evil spirits could not abide the mentioning of the name of the Deity, but quickly vanished as soon as they heard it. The following is an illustration of that remarkable trait in the case of the fairies.

A man who dwelt on the north side of Loch Tay heard that his kinswoman, the wife of one of the tenants of Cloishrain, on the south side, was dangerously ill. So he resolved to visit her. He was ferried across to Ardeonaig in the dusk of the evening, and wended his way westward through Coille-chromadain. As he was passing over a bridge he saw a little woman, with a green cap on her head, sitting on one of the parapets. She briskly asked him, "C'ait am bheil thu dol anochd?" He replied, "Dh' amhar* mo bhana-charaid tha ro thinn." She said, "Ach c'ait am bheil thu dol chuir seachad na h-oidhche so? Tha do bhanacharaid ni's fearr nise." He answered—"Tha mi dol do thigh mo bhana charaid, ach c'ait am bheil thusa dol a bhi anochd?". She replied—"Aig Ard-na-murchan." He was so astonished at her answer that he ejaculated, "Gu'n gleidheadh Dia sinn!" In a moment his little companion disappeared in blue flames.

He found his relative better as the fairy had said. It is somewhat surprising that the fairy should have disappeared in such a manner, but such is the story as told by old Robert Campbell, Carie.

Fairies were notorious for stealing, or spiriting away, newborn babes and their mothers, and many were the devices for preventing them from accomplishing their nefarious designs. The danger was, however, lessened by the fact that the little kidnappers had to appear in a visible form, and the mother had only to command them in the name of the Deity to depart, when they were obliged to obey. While the mother slept, her friends watched the bed. When, as was sometimes the case, the mother dwelt in an isolated place, with few friends near, she dragged the bed to the middle of the room, after which she walked round it three times, waving the leaves of an open Bible, and commanding all the enemies of mankind to fly to the Red Sea!

His Satanic Majesty was in the olden times supposed to visit this terrestrial scene in various guises when he had business of an evil kind on hand, but late or soon, his cloven hoofs disclosed his identity, and warned people of his presence. At times he adopted the voice and form of a goat, and at other times he appeared as a man of dark aspect, but strangely and fortunately human feet he could not assume. The catastrophe that befel Captain Macpherson of Ballechroan and his men in the forest of Gaick was commonly attributed to infernal agency by the Highlanders, and in the Perthshire Highlands it was told in horrified tones how on a former hunting expedition the Captain was heard by one of his ghillies conversing one night with the Devil, who had the voice and form of a goat. According to the then popular opinion it was Auld Nick, and not such a natural cause as an avalanche of snow, that swept the unfortunate men to destruction.

There is a legend in connection with Tigh-an-righ-lubnam-mart, an inn on the Breadalbane property, which tends to show that the Devil could sometimes condescend to take a hand at cards.

One Saturday night a company of young men were drinking and playing for money. This they continued to do till a late hour, when, heated by drink and ill luck at play, one of them began to swear awfully. One man was so frightened that he stopped playing, but the swearer declared with a frightful oath that he would continue to play even though the enemy of mankind himself should come to play with them. Shortly after that boasting a man of a darkish hue of countenance stepped quietly into the room, and asked permission to play with them. That was granted, and the stranger sat and played cards with the noisy crew. The landlord came into the room, and happening to glance under the table, saw something that revealed to him the character of the stranger. With rare presence of mind the landlord said nothing, but went to another part of the house, from which he returned with a large bowl full of water in his hands, and with the family Bible under his arm. Approaching the players he said—"Tha mi fhein a smuaineachadh a chlann nach bu mheisd sibh a bhi air bhur baisteadh," at the same time beginning to sprinkle them with water in the name of the Trinity. As soon as the holy names were uttered, the dark-visaged stranger disappeared in blue flames through the wall. So the card-playing ended abruptly. As a confirmation of the

truth of the tale, it is said that no mason is able to make that part of the wall water-tight through which Clootie so quickly passed—the rain always oozes through!

Card-playing was believed to be very favourably looked at by the Devil, and cards were called the Devil's books, and his occasional appearance among card-players was not considered miraculous at all. So firmly had that belief established itself in men's minds that sometimes very trifling and mundane incidents tended to frighten them. A little over twenty years ago a rather ludicrous thing happened at Tirarthur farm-house in this neighbourhood. The worthy farmer, some of his family, and one or two of his servants, were one night having a quiet game at cards in the kitchen. So intent were they all on their game, that they heeded not, and paid no attention to it, though they heard the kitchen door being opened. But we may imagine their horror and terror when a black-haired, black-bearded, dark-skinned man, mounted on a black pony, demanded a hand of cards. In their fright and confusion, they at first thought that Satan himself had come among them. However, they were relieved at finding that it was one of the Carie crofters who had thus unceremoniously intruded on them. He had been imbibing a little freely in the Killin hotels, and that accounted for his escapade. Till quite recently the marks of his horse's shoes were visible on the kitchen floor.

Perhaps the devil never assumed a stranger guise than that which was given him by the excited and terror struck imaginations of the Glenquaich people of auld lang syne. He haunted one of the houses in the form of a gigantic rat! and his tail was constantly coming through the chinks of the walls, and through the cracks in the floor. Many were the plans and devices adopted for getting rid of the unwelcome visitor, but none was successful. By day and night the dreadful rat unceasingly played his pranks, and there was no rest for the hapless family. Latterly it came to their knowledge that there was a godly man in the north who was renowned for exorcising evil spirits, and for removing spells. It would appear that the poor Glenquaich folk were not sufficiently conversant with the dark ways and subtle wiles of Auld Nick to cast him out. However, the good man from the north knew how to deal with the fiend, and was not long in ridding the house of his loathsome presence. He never afterwards appeared in that house in the form of a rat, whether he appeared in any other guise or not.

Many persons still believe in premonitions, or forewarnings of deaths and funerals, and at times it must be confessed that there are rather strange coincidences. A man, surnamed MacEwen, once lived in what is now called Pink House, Killin, and his brother, who had been ill, died somewhat suddenly at Ardchyle, Glendochart. As the death took place at night, James MacIntyre, Innisewan, accompanied by one of his neighbours, went away to break the news to the brother in Killin. They had not gone more than half-way to the village when they met the brother. To their surprise, his first words were—"When did my brother die?" They asked him, "How do you know that your brother is dead?" He replied, "I was in the closet, and saw my brother's 'gealbhan' at the window, and was sure he was dead."

Peter Fisher, who was latterly tenant of the farm of Croftmill and Baile-na-leacainn in Glenquaich, believed to the last that he had remarkable experiences in his boyhood and youth. He was acting as herd boy on the farm of Briantrian, Ardeonaig, and had sometimes to sleep in the "sabhal mor," or big barn, when his master's house was crowded by visiting friends. One night while lying in the bed in the barn he heard a noise as if some one was sitting on the chair in front of the bed, and trying to untie the laces of his boots. Then the bedclothes were almost pulled off the bed; and during a great part of the night he heard a sound as if the sheaves that were piled up in one end of the barn were being dragged across the floor to the other end. When he rose in the morning he saw that the sheaves were in their old place, but on going to the house he was told that a woman had died during the night. The bedclothes had belonged to her. So he was convinced that that death accounted for the strange noises. Had the boy been oppressed by nightmare? One night when walking along the public road on the west side of Ardeonaig he felt as if he had received a severe blow on one of his legs from some hard material. He looked around, and commenced to scold, thinking some person had hit him with a stone or stick, but he could not see or hear anything. On reaching home he found that there was a blue mark on his leg as if something had struck it. Next day he heard that his brother had died of a fever. About a week later he had to pass the same bit of road by night, and thinking to avoid evil consequences he left the road and entered a wood. His precaution, however, was of no avail. His other leg suffered, and he went limping home. Very shortly after, he received

tidings of the death of his brother's widow. She also had succumbed to the fever. Honest Peter believed to his dying day that these blows on his legs foreboded death.

The howling of dogs was considered ominous, and was held to portend a death, or a funeral. Between forty and fifty years ago there lived in the hamlet of Tomachrochair, Mornish, an old shepherd, Archibald Brown, whose collie is still remembered by the natives on account of his remarkable prophetic instincts. Duly on the day before a funeral would pass Tomachrochair the dog stationed himself at the end of his master's house, or on a small knoll near it, and howled most dismally, thus forewarning the people. It is to be feared that Breadbalbane dogs have sadly degenerated since then. It is questionable if they are as good sheep dogs as those of former days, and certainly they do not foresee coming events as their predecessors are said to have done.

A Cameron family were at one time tenants of a part of Baile-mor, Mornish. One of the sons served in the army, and attained the rank of lieutenant. Afterwards he was commonly designated "an t-oifigeach Cam-shroin" in the district. During his absence from home two of his brothers died of a fever, and were buried in Kenmore churchyard. When home on furlough he caused the two coffins containing his brothers' bodies to be taken from Kenmore and re-interred in Killin churchyard. Peter Ferguson, Glenlochay, informed me that on the night previous to the day on which the coffins were conveyed by water to Killin two "gealbhain," or balls of fire, were seen flitting along Loch Tay in the exact course afterwards taken by the boat which carried the coffins.

Donald MacLaren, crofter, Mornish, is responsible for the following awe inspiring and eerie tale. Peter Macpherson, in the days before the Breadalbane clearances, had a small holding on the farm which is now called Edramucky. He was a widower, and his sister-in-law acted as his housekeeper. One day word was brought him that his daughter, who was in service in the Lowlands, was dangerously ill, and that he would require to bring her home. With the least possible delay he started with his horse and cart to the south. On reaching his destination he found his daughter very ill indeed, but, as it was a case of fever, her heartless employers would not allow her house-room. So he had no other alternative but to take her away in his cart, and risk the consequences. He proceeded homeward, and at night-fall no better resting place could be found for his sick daughter than an empty

barn at Drumvaich, near Callander. About midnight the sister-in-law was wakened by the growling and barking of a dog which she kept in the house for company and protection. Glancing at the window, she saw the "tannasg" or apparition of her niece gazing at her. Taught as she was, it was easy for her to divine that her niece had just died at that moment, as it subsequently proved was the case. Macpherson sorrowfully conveyed his daughter's corpse to Killin churchyard for burial. A belief in the existence of witches was prevalent in olden times throughout the civilised world; and even at the present day such a belief is sometimes held by people of whom we might expect better things. It seems that Breadalbane could boast of a notable witch, whose name has been handed down to posterity as "Cailleach Dhomhnuill Bhric." Previous to, and some time after the year 1760, she lived with her husband at Cuiltrannich, Lawers, and her fame as the witch of Cuiltrannich spread far and wide. Like Tam O' Shanter's Nannie she kept the countryside in fear, and did many an evil deed. She was believed to be in league with his Satanic Majesty, and was an adept at the black art. Many an innocent person is said to have suffered at her hands, and all her neighbours shunned her as much as possible. She was reputed to have had the power of causing abortion in cows, and of depriving them of their milk-giving power in a single day. She was also accused of bewitching young children, so that they fell into a decline. At other times she mesmerised or cast a spell over horses, and they would neither eat, drink, nor work until she had been called in to undo the spell. She assumed many guises in order to accomplish her wicked designs, but according to good authority, that of the hare was her favourite guise. It was masquerading in the form of a hare that led to her detection, and enabled the "gobhann mor," or big smith, to put an end to her wicked and mischievous career as a witch. Some time about the fore-mentioned date, and on the 12th of May, Latha Bealltainn, or Beltane day, Malcolm MacMartin, or the big smith as he was usually called, was making his way to his smithy, when casting an eye in the direction of his croft he saw a large brown hare performing many curious antics. His suspicions were aroused, and getting as near the hare as possible he was surprised at hearing a well-known voice invoking the Beltane deity, and saying, "Transfer the summer's growth, and the harvest's crop from the smith's croft to the adjoining one." The adjoining croft was none other than the "Cailleach's"

own, and so the smith's suspicions were fully confirmed. Hastening with all speed to the smithy, he told his apprentice that there was a hare on the croft which would afford them an opportunity of testing the flint gun which the latter had just finished repairing. The gun was duly loaded and presented at the hare, which was immediately transformed into a woman. The apprentice took a steady aim and fired, but though his hand was steady, and his eye unerring in its aim, his shot had no effect; and the woman again turned into a hare. The smith and his assistant were confounded, but reloading with a silver sixpence instead of lead, the smith fired in God's name at the hare and wounded it. The hare made straight for Donald Breac's house, which it entered by the cat hole in the door. Donald Breac and his wife were the smith's nearest neighbours, and as they were not seen by him on that day, nor yet on the following forenoon, he resolved to call on them to see if anything was wrong. Accompanied by his apprentice he proceeded to do so, but was refused admittance. Thereupon he ordered his apprentice to hold the door while he himself was setting fire to the house. On hearing that threat the terrified inmates soon opened the door, but shame and confusion were depicted on their countenances, for the "Cailleach" was found limping on one leg, owing to the sixpence having penetrated one of her thighs to the bone; and all around her were scattered in wild disorder the magic implements of her craft. These included charms, urns, hair tethers, stone balls, wooden cups, dried kail stocks, and a bladder full of cow's hair and raven's feathers. The contents of the bladder, when properly dried, she pounded into a fine powder, which she used for blinding people. Being at last caught, to save herself from an untimely end, she made a full confession of all her misdeeds. The smith, who knew something of veterinary science, attended to the woman's wound, and extracted the sixpence. Then he applied Archangel tar to the wound, and bandaged it with a strip of leather cut from his apron. The wound soon healed, but the "Cailleach" remained a cripple for the rest of her life. She destroyed all the implements of her devilish trade, and repented of all the evil she had done. It is believed that she died a good Christian, and at peace with all men. She was buried in the gateway of Lawers burying-ground; and at the beginning of last century her name was well known on the shores of Loch Tay. The heroic smith was a famous maker of swords and dirks, as well as an accomplished swordsman.

On one occasion in 1741 there was a row at Kenmore market between some of the country people and a company of the Black Watch. An old *vétéran*, called *Par-na-feusaig*, who had not cut or shaved his beard since 1715, when he had gone out with the Earl of Mar, was killed in the scuffle, and the smith thought it high time to make tracks for his home at Lawers. On reaching the ferry boat (a bridge did not then span the Tay at Kenmore), he found the boat fastened by a chain and padlock. Drawing his claymore he cut the chain with one stroke of his well-tempered weapon, then, accompanied by his apprentice, he leaped into the boat, and quickly made his way to the opposite bank of the river, where the boat was left, thus preventing immediate pursuit. His apprentice at that time was a MacNaughton from Glenlyon, and a brother of that faithful MacNaughton, who preferred to suffer death at the hands of the executioner at Carlisle, rather than that he should endanger the life of Menzies of Culdares by disclosing the fact that it was that gentleman who had sent the horse by MacNaughton to Prince Charlie.

There is a tradition among the smith's descendants that *Par-na-feusaig* was accidentally killed by the former. Indeed, it is highly probable that such was the case, or wherefore the smith's hot haste to cross the Tay? According to their account the smith and some others were in Kenmore inn having a dram. A simpleton, or half-witted man, was present, who passed round his snuffbox, so that all in the company might take a pinch. An Atholeman got hold of the box, and refused to return it to the owner. MacMartin interfered on behalf of the "natural," and he and the Atholeman quarrelled. As there was only one way of deciding a quarrel in those times, both men left the inn, and began a duel with their swords. Seeing that the Atholeman was getting the worst of the sword play, *Par-na-feusaig* wishing to aid the Jacobite Atholeman, or to stop the fight, threw his plaid over MacMartin. The smith endeavoured to free himself with a side sweep of his weapon, but while doing so, he unintentionally killed the bearded man.

For the information about the witch and smith I am indebted to the great-grandson and namesake of the latter, and the great-grandson, Mr Malcolm MacMartin, Duallin, Lawers, got the information in turn from his aged aunt, the smith's granddaughter, and she is still living.

Until lately I was under the impression that "*trusadh an dealt*," or dew gathering, on Beltane morning had long ago

fallen into desuetude in this district, but there is at least one instance of the superstitious ceremony having been performed within the last thirteen or fourteen years on the south side of the Tay. A young relative of mine had occasion to pass through the farm of Keprannich early on Beltane morning, when he observed a woman of his acquaintance going through some strange performance on the dewy grass. She had a rope, a pail, and a rake. Never having heard of dew gathering, he was very much astonished at her doings, and instead of hiding himself, and thus hearing her incantations, he walked up to her and asked what she was doing there. Somewhat frightened she replied, "Don't tell John Crerar what you saw me doing in his field." He told the tenants of a neighbouring farm what he had witnessed. In angry tones they said, "Sann tha bhaobh feuchainn ris a bhainne thoirt o chrodh Iain Chriath-arair"—"The wicked woman is trying to take the milk from John Crerar's cattle." The young man then understood that the woman had been engaged in an unhallowed act. Notwithstanding her own and her husband's devotion to "giseagan," fortune did not smile on them. They had to leave their farm almost penniless, and both of them have been dead for several years. Peace be to them.

Dail-chill-fhinn lies about three miles west from Amulree, and in the memory of people still living it formed a separate farm, though it is now incorporated in the farm of Caolvellach and Croftmill. Its graveyard was disused after the "galar mor," or great plague, which probably visited Glenquaich in the same year in which it brought death to Bessie Bell and Mary Gray in their bower on the banks of the river which flows through the neighbouring glen. But there is no ballad to the memory of any of the plague-stricken natives of Glenquaich.

Some generations after the "galar mor" had done its deadly work, a worthy man and his industrious wife tried to make a living on a part of the farm of Dail-chill-fhinn, but in spite of all their endeavours things did not prosper too well with them. Their oats, on which they and their cattle depended so much, were year after year stunted in their growth, and it seemed as if some evil blight had fallen on their crops. Strange to say their neighbour, who cultivated similar land, had always good crops of all kinds. That state of matters continued so long that the farmer and his wife were almost in despair. But relief was near at hand, and

that in an unexpected form. One evening a drover came to the house asking food and lodgings for himself and his dog. The guidwife told him that food was not too plentiful in the house, and that the oats were in a pitiable state. The drover listened, and then said, "Just give me some food, and make brose for my dog, and we will watch all night beside the field of oats, when perhaps we can discover what destroys your corn." He fulfilled his promise, and he and his dog waited and watched. It was a calm, clear moonlight night, and every object in the field could easily be seen from his hiding place. After a while he observed a large hare coming towards the oats from the north side of the glen. As soon as it reached the oats it began to eat most voraciously, and soon had a large space nibbled quite bare. The watcher set his well-trained dog after the hare, while he himself joined in the pursuit. Over the Quaich burn, where it enters Loch Fraochie, swiftly fled the hare, closely followed by the dog. Directed by the barking of the dog, the drover found that the hare had escaped into the mill wheel at Turrich. What was his astonishment when the hare suddenly assumed the form of the miller's wife, and begged for mercy. He returned and informed the farmer and his wife what had happened. The miller's wife was ill in bed for several weeks after that, and no more damage was done to the corn. She bore a grudge against her neighbours on the south side, and as she was a witch she assumed the form of a hare in order to gratify her malevolence by eating their crops and lessening their food supplies. Thenceforth she ceased her wicked pranks, and Dail-chill-fhinn produced abundant crops, and the farmer and his wife had reason to gratefully remember the drover and his dog.

Another version runs somewhat as follows:—The farmer told the drover that a large hare came every night to devour his crops, and that he had never managed to wound or kill it, although he had often tried to do so. The drover requested the loan of the gun for a night, and promised to watch for the hare. He, however, had a suspicion that he had to deal with something worse than an ordinary hare, so he prudently loaded with a silver sixpence instead of lead. He fired at the hare and wounded it. The hare was seen running in the direction of the miller's house at Turrich. The miller's wife died soon after, and at her death it was found that she had been badly hurt in the side. No more proof was needed.

Near the top of Turrich hill, and not far from the source of the Moness or Aberfeldy burn, stands "Carn-na-mna-uile."

The cairn marks the spot where a grim tragedy took place in bygone ages. The cruel deed commemorated by the heap of stones must have been committed prior to Prince Charlie's time, because Amulree church was built on its present site on the south side of the Braan about the time of the rebellion.

A minister was conducting open air services at or near Kilmaruidh, the old burying-ground on the north side of the river at Amulree, when an unusual disturbance began among his hearers. Fierce looks were being exchanged, and angry words were being spoken, and even swords and dirks were being unsheathed, for each man suspected his neighbour of hitting him with clods, bits of sticks, and small stones. When the commotion was at its height, and when there was danger of blood being shed, it was discovered that a woman was responsible for the uproar. She had pelted the men indiscriminately, and as she was suspected of being concerned in the unhallowed rites of witchcraft there was a loud cry for vengeance on her. The poor creature, who was probably an imbecile, sought safety in flight, and the strongest and swiftest men pursued her unrelentingly for four or five miles until they caught her on Turrich hill, where they hanged or strangled her over a low rock. Thus they murdered the unfortunate woman without any compunction. Such times could not with any truth be called the good old times.

In close proximity to "Carn-na-mna-uile" are two sets of stones put endwise in the ground, which are called "Clachan-na-breige," or the stones of the lie. The stones surround two holes which are several feet apart. Tradition says that in these holes a gibbet once stood, on which a man who was guilty of perjury was hanged. In some dispute about the marches and boundaries of the lands of Moness, the laird himself, or a man who favoured his claims, swore that he stood on the land of Moness when he stood where the stones are. He had put earth from the estate of Moness in his "currain," or shoes, but his trick did not avail him much, for when it was discovered that Moness estate did not really extend as far as he had sworn it did, a gibbet was erected on the spot where he had told the falsehood, and he was promptly executed as a warning to others.

A little more than half-a-mile to the westward from Dail-chill-fhinn, and at the roadside within a few yards of each other, are two springs bearing the remarkable names of "Creidag bheag" and "Creidag mhor." In olden times "Creidag bheag" was considered to have curative qualities,

and people came from a distance to drink its water ; “ Creidag mhor,” on the other hand, was reserved for cattle and horses.

The small island in Loch Fraochie is said by the natives to have been the scene of the terrible and deadly fight between the hero Fraoch and the wild beast which had its lair in the island. Fraoch, according to the Glenquaich version of the tale, had his home at Croit-nam-fiodhag, on the north side of the loch, and Mai’s home was Caisteal-dubh-nan-cro, about three-quarters of a mile south-east from the island. Caisteal-dubh-nan-cro was built on a knowe not much more than a stone throw from the U.F. Church of the Glen, and on the south side of the public road. It is evident there was a circular building on the knowe, and it measures some twenty yards in diameter. Jerome Stone wrote down, in the eighteenth century, the Glenquaich version of the Gaelic poem commemorating the love, bravery, and death of Fraoch, but I am aware that an island in Loch Awe is also said to have been the scene of Fraoch’s tragic death, and there may be other islands for which a similar claim is advanced.

Women who dealt in “giseagan,” or had the power of the evil eye, could so manage matters as to deprive the milk of their neighbour’s cows of all substance. The milk would not yield butter or cheese, however skilfully treated.

A crofter’s wife who lived in Upper Acharn, near Kenmore, found that neither butter or cheese could be made from the milk of her two cows. Like a prudent woman she consulted a “ wise ” or “ skeely ” neighbour, who advised her to put the cattle’s urine in a pot on the kitchen fire, and then allow it to boil and boil. At the same time the door had to be barred so that none could get in. When the contents of the pot would boil the evil-doer was sure to appear. The evening came, and the woman acted on the instructions given her. As soon as the pot boiled someone tried to open the door, but could not. Then a woman’s face, bearing traces of agony and anxiety, appeared at the window. It was the face of a neighbour, and the woman within the house recognising it said, “ Bheir mi teannadh eile dhuit ; ’s fheumach air thu.” The woman at the window entreated for mercy, and promised never again to interfere with the milk of the cows. Still the boiling went on, and the woman within would answer the entreaties of the other one with, “ Bheir mi teannadh eile dhuit ; ’s fheumach air thu.” However, she relented at last, and the pot was taken off the fire on condition

that her neighbour would cease her "giseagan" and evil ways. Ever after that scene the milk was all that it should be!

Long ago it seems there was another method adopted in Breadalbane for getting back the substance of milk which had been abstracted by the enchantments of wicked neighbours. A little milk was put in an egg-shell, and in the Devil's name was carried secretly into the house of the person suspected of tampering with the substance of the milk. If it was the house of the evil-doer, the milk would curdle, and the substance would be restored to the milk of the bewitched cows. Another, and a simpler remedy, was to milk three drops from the ewes or cows belonging to the suspected neighbour, and then the useless milk would become all right. In 1747 two girls belonging to Acharn were hauled before the Kirk-Session of the parish of Kenmore for attempting to practise the last two methods. After having to appear several times before the Kirk-Session, they were finally rebuked, suitably exhorted, and dismissed.

When writing my former paper for the Gaelic Society I was unable to give any information about Triubhas-dubh, the famous Fortingall urisk, but since then I have been fortunate enough to get the following story:—Once upon a time the shepherds went out to Tullichvullin hill to gather the sheep. They could not, however, do so owing to mist. For some reason or other the laird was not pleased, and said he would pay a visit to East-Allt-Odhar to see if Triubhas-dubh could do anything. The laird accordingly told Triubhas-dubh about the matter. The urisk set off, and was not long in gathering the sheep and putting them into the fank. On asking the laird to see if all the sheep were gathered, the latter could hardly believe that Triubhas-dubh could have gathered them all in so short a time. Taking a look at the sheep the laird remarked, "The numbers seem to be there, and you have taken in two more than the number." Triubhas-dubh said, "Thug an da dhiabhul bheag ghlas sin tuilleadh dragh dhomh na thug an corr uile!" He had taken in two mountain hares with the sheep! There were swift urisks as well as giants in the days of yore. Tullichvullin was the birthplace of the Dean of Lismore, James Macgregor.

The Gaelic portion of my paper must now be introduced. Perhaps the English portion has been made too long.

TAIBHSE-NA-COIMH-SHEILG.

Thuirte seann Mhac-Labhruinn a bha ann an Edra-mhucaidh rium:—

Chroisg m' athair a Choimh-sheilg an oidhche roimhe mu 'n do thachair an Taibhse air an fhigheadair mhor. Bha sin mu mheadhon oidhche, agus bu chiuin, bhlath an oidhche shamhraidh i. Cha 'n fhac agus cha chual e ni sam bith na bu mheasa na 'n fhuaim a rinn na h-eoin 'nuair a bha iad ag itealaich a measg nan geug. Tha e na aite uamhalt, creagach, agus an amhainn Lochaidh a ruith gu domhain, dubh fo 'n seann rathad far an do choinnich aon ni a bh' ann air Macaphearsain am figheadair. Mar thuirt Aonghas Caimbeul, bard Mhor-innis mu 'n Choimh-sheilg—

“ An t-aite b' abhaiste a bhi o thùs
Na chuilidh uruisgean nan còs.”

Bha m' athair na chibeir an Gleann-lochaidh aig an am sin, agus o'n am sin a mach cha do ghabh esan, no neach sam bith eile rathad na Coimh-sheilg an deigh bheul na h-oidhche gun eagal na chridhe, agus a shuilean sealltuinn air son tannasg anns gach preas agus aig gach cloich. Bha gun teagamh aobhar uamhais ann; oir cha robh am figheadair mor ceart 'na chorp no 'na inntinn a sin suas, agus cha robh rath air tuilleadh. Tha iomradh gur e fear de mhic an duine de 'n robh an tannasg r'a fhaicinn a fhuair an t-eagal mu dheireadh leis an ni neo-chneasda. Bha 'n gille na dhuine ro-fhoghlumte, agus cha chreideadh e gu 'n robh leithid ni ri taibhse ann; agus chaidh thoirt gu muth barail mu 'n deachaidh moran uine seachad. Thachair gu 'n robh e mach aon oidhche fagus do 'n Choimh-sheilg, agus ciod air bith a choinnich air, no chunnaic e thainig e air ais dhachaidh a critheadh mar dhuilleag, agus a ghnuis mar anart le h-eagal.

Dh' fheoraich muinntir an tighe ciod a chunnaic e, agus ciod a b' aobhar de 'n staid 's an robh e. Cha d' fhuair an ceasnachadh freagairt uaith-san, ach thuig iad gur e ni uamhasach eigin a thachair air.

Feumaidh sinn nis tionndadh gu naigheachd an fhigheadair agus an Taibhse.

Bha tigh agus croit an fhigheadair beagan ni 's faigse do Chill-fhinn na bha seann tigh Dhuin-chroisg, agus bha thigh ann an glaic chiuin, bhlath, thiorail air a dhionadh o gach taobh le cnuic agus coille. Aon oidhche air do 'n fhigheadair

a bhi tighinn dhachaidh o Chill-fhinn, agus e dluth air craoibh dharaich thainig ni oillteil 'na choinneamh, coslas an seann tuathanaich, Iain Mac-ill'-dhuinn, a bha roimh sin ann an Dun-crosg, agus a bha 's an uaigh iomad bliadhna. Chlisg am figheadair mor foghainteach 's mar a bha e, agus dh' fheuch e ris an Taibhse 'sheachnachadh mar a b' urrainn e, ach chuir i bacadh air an sud agus an sò. 'Nuair dhireadh e am bruthach bha bheist roimhe, agus 'nuair rachadh e ri leathad bhi i ann an sin cuideachd. Air adhart cha robh doigh aige dol, agus air ais cha 'n fhaigheadh e. Chunnaic e gu 'n robh an Taibhse sior dhluthachadh air, agus thug e oidhirp chruidh air craobh og dharaich a ruigheadh mu 'n deanadh i greim air. Chaidh aige air sin a dheanamh, ach bha beir air bheir aig an Taibhse air earball a chota. Gu grad chuir am figheadair a ghairdeanan timchioll air bun na craoibh, agus rinn e greim bais oirre.

Tharruing an Taibhse am figheadair null agus nall le spionnadh nach bu bheag, ach chum esan a ghreim gu teann.

An sin labhair an Taibhse ris, agus thuirt i—"Mur bhith gu 'n robh do bhacan cho teann 's n talamh bhiodh do leabaidh an nochd ann an grunn linne-nan-gamhna." Leig i dhith bhi 'g a shlaodadh, agus thoisich i air a radh ris. "Rach dh' ionnsuidh mo theaghlach agus abair riu nach 'eil aon dhiubh tha deanamh ceart, ach an neach a's oige." A rithist thuirt i—"Amhaire an so, agus abair am fac thu riamh sealladh coltach ris." Sgioblaich i a cleoc gu taobh, oir bha shamhuil sin de rud oirre. Ciod chunnaic am figheadair ach mar gu 'm biodh broilleach an Taibhse 'na chaoir dhearg theine, no mar gu 'm biodh lanndair laiste a dearsadh 'na com.

Chuir an sealladh deisneach uamhas anabarrach air an duine bhochd, agus cha robh iongantais ann.

An deigh sin thuirt an Taibhse—"Bi cinnteach gu 'n iarr thu air mo mhac e shealltuinn air mullach balla 'n atha-chruadhachaidh gus am faigh e faclan cliath-chliata, agus iarannan chroinn paisgte ann an seann chludan. Ma ni thu mar sin gheibh mo spiorad fois, agus cha chuir mi dragh tuilleadh ortsa. Ghoid ni na nithean sin 'nuair a bha mi 's an fheoil, agus cha 'n fhaigh mo spiorad clos, no tamh gus an d' theid an toirt gu follais, agus an toirt air ais do 'n fheadhainn d' am buin iad. Am bheil thu gealltainn gu 'n dean thu a reir m' iarrtais?" Bha uiread oillte air an fhigh-eadair thruaigh 's gu 'n robh e ullamh airson ni cuimseach sam bith a dheanamh chum saorsa fhaotainn o'n Taibhse.

Fhreagair e uime sin: “Tha mi co-aontachadh.” Dh’ fhaig an Taibhse e aig an am sin, agus dh’ fhalbh an duine dhachaidh fo thrioblaid mhor inntinn, agus gun fhios ro mhath aige ciod bu choir dha dheanamh. Na’n rachadh e thun teaghlach an seann tuathanaich bha eagail air nach gabhadh iad ris an naigheachd aige le tlachd, agus gu ’n sealladh iad air mar dhuine tuailleastach agus breugach. Air an laimh eile mur coimhlionadh e a ghealladh bha e ’s a bheachd gu ’m faodadh an Taibhse tuilleadh dragh chuir air. Cha deachaidh e rathad tigh Dhuin-chroisg car latha no dha, ach mur deachaidh ’s ro bheag fhois fhuair e. Gach aon oidhche thainig an Taibhse thun na h-uinneig, agus i ag radh—“Cha d’ rinn thu mar a gheall thu dhomh, ’no mar a dh’ iarr mi ort.” Bha teaghlach Dhuin-chroisg measail ’nan latha fein agus bha inbhe nach bu bheag aca measg sluagh na duthcha. Cha robh e idir iongantach ged bha am figheadair car fionnach mu oilbheum thoirt dhoibh. Gun teagamh bha e na ni amailteach dhoibh gu ’n abrainn riu gur e meirleach a bha nan athair agus gu ’n do ghoid e iarannan ’nuair a bha e ann an tìr nam beo. Chnuasaich am figheadair air sin, agus cha robh e deonach air a ghealladh a choimhlionadh. Chuir e seachad oidhche no dha gun ghealladh a choimhlionadh, ach bu neo-fhoisneachail an t-am dha e. Re gach oidhche bha a bheist a barbhanaich aig an uineag, agus cadal cha robh ann. B’ fheudar dha geilleadh, agus cha b’ ann d’a dheoin. Air latha araidh chaidh e gu muladach a dh’ innseadh a theachdaireachd neo-thoileil do theaghlach an seann tuathanaich. Ach ma chadh b’ olc ghabh iad ris; ’s ann sguirsadh iad e le ’n teanga, agus bhagair iad e a chuir roimh an seisein mu ’n chuis. Tha e air a radh gu ’n deachaidh faclan iarann fhaotainn mar thuirt an Taibhse. Biodh sin mar a dh’ fhaodas e ; chaidh am figheadair a chasaid ri Maighstir Eoghan, agus dh’ imir esan am figheadair a ghairm roimh an seisein, a chum gu ’n rachadh a chuis a rannsachadh. An deigh am figheadair a bhi air a cheasnachadh thuirt e riu—“Gheall mi dol dh’ ionnsuidh an teaghlach a dh’ innseadh gach ni a dh’ iarr an Taibhse orm a thoirt f’an comhair, ach mur bi mo luchd casaid samhach ’s urrainn dhomh tuilleadh innseadh na rinn mi fhathast.” Fhreagair Maighstir Eoghan—“Leigibh leis an duine; cha bu choir dha bhi air a thoirt air an beulaibh idir. Falbh dhachaidh, a charaid.” Mar sin chrìochnaich e an ceasnachadh.

Ghabh am figheadair uiread sgath agus eagal ’s gu ’n robh e air a chuir gu buileach o fheum, gus an do chrìochnaich e a

thurus talmhaidh. 'Nuair a bha e air leabaidh a bhais chaidh bean Iain Chaimbeul, Ceann-a-chnoic, 'ga fhaicinn. "Innis nis do 'n mhnaoi so," thuirt bean an fhigheadair ris, "ciod a chunnaic agus a chual thu air an rathad." Rinn e sin, agus gu latha bhais bha e 's a bharail gu 'm fac e Taibhse an tuathanaich. Car iomad bliadhna bha Taibhse na Coimh-sheilg 'na cuis-eagail do gach neach a ghabhadh an rathad sin 's an oidhche. Tha e air innseadh gu 'n robh an Taibhse a gabhail comhnuidh aig clachan mor ris an abhair, "Sgiath-ille-fhrioghain."

Thachair gu 'n robh leth amadan an Cill-fhinn d' am b' ainm Uilli Chaluim, agus air latha araidh, fada, fada an deigh sin uile 'nuair a bha fear de mhic an seann tuathanaich a caig air, thuirt e: "Bha m' athair-sa falbh na charbad, 'nuair a bha d' athair-sa falbh na Thaibhse!"

BAS A BHAIGEIR.

"'S i mo bharail," thuirt Rob Caimbeul an Càraidh, "nach robh duine air da thaobh Locha-tatha na b' fhirinneich, agus na b' onoraich na bha Donncha Macpharlain. 'S tric a dh' innis e an naigheachd dhomhsa. Air an aobhar sin tha mi lan chreidsinn gur fìor gach facal dhith. Ma ta air oidhche bha 'n sud ghabh Donncha an 'Leabhar,' leugh e caibideil, sheinn e Salm, agus rinn e urnuigh mar a b' abhaist da dheanamh. An sin shuidh e mu choinneamh an teine a smuaineachadh air an ni a leugh e, ach chaidh a bhean a laidh 's an leabaidh a bha 's a cheàrn. B' iongantach an rud a thachair an sin. Thainig neul dorch, dubh stigh air an dorus, agus aig cheart am thuit da chathair air an lar, agus ghlaodh a bhean, 'O Dhonncha, dean greim orm, oir tha cuidthrom uamhasach 'g a chuir orm.' Cha b' e sin uile, ach stad an t-uaireadair-cluig, agus thuit an crochadan air an urlar le gleadhraich eagallach. Cha robh moran fois, no cadal am fardach Dhonncha air an oidhche sin. Dh' fheoraich iad de cheile ciod bu chiall do na nithean oillteil sin uile; ach cha robh an fhreagairt ro fhada 'nuair thainig i, agus sin ann an doigh air nach robh iarrtus aca idir. Beagan laithean an deigh sin fhuair duine bochd siubhal am bas 's an tigh. Bu mhath b' aithne dhomh an creutair, oir is tric dh' iarr e deirc aig tigh m' athar, ach 's ann an tigh Dhonncha a bha e 'cleachdadh an oidhche chuir seachad. Cha 'n urrainn dhomh a radh le firinn gu 'n

robh e na bhaigeir leamh; 's e nach robh. Air feasgar samhraidh araidh 'nuair a bha mise 'nam ghiullan agus a' dol dhachaidh o sgoil Chrannaich maille ris a chlann eile, agus gach aon againn a ruith, agus a leumadh le h-aoibhneas mar a b' abhaist duinn chunnaic sinn am baigeir truagh aig taobh an rathaid, agus coltas an eug air a ghnuis. Stad ar cluich, agus ar faoineas, agus sheab sinn uile seachad gu ciuin, oir b' eolach sinn air. Le stri mhor, agus le spairn chruaidh chaidh e ris a bhruthach, agus 's iomad anail a ghabh e mu 'n d' rainig e Bràigh Chàraidh. Aig dorus Dhonncha leig e chuid-throm air a bhata, agus e air ti a tachdadh dhith anail. Car uine cha b' urrainn da bruidhinn ri Donncha. Mu dheireadh am beagan fhacail dh' iarr e fuireach na h-oidhche. Ged a bha Donncha 'na dhuine caoimhneil, truacanta bha e 's an tomhartich,* mu'n duine bochd a ghleidheadh rè na h-oidhche, oir bha e follaiseach da shuilean nach biodh an truaghan fada beo. Thuig an creutair mar a bha 'chuis, agus thuirt e: ' Mur toir Dia bheannachd dhuit airson do choimhneas, cha 'n 'eil e 'na mo chomas-sa airgid no òr a thoirt dhuit.' ' Seadh, seadh; thig stigh; feumaidh sinn do ghleidh car oidhche codhiu,' thuirt Donncha. Chaidh an deora truagh stigh, agus mach cha d' thainig e gus an deachaidh a ghiulan air falbh airson adhlacadh beagan laithean an deigh sin. Bha ciallachadh na nithean miorbhuileach a thachair soilleir ni 's leoir do Dhonncha, agus cha robh feum air innseadh dha c'arson a thuirt crochadan an uaireadair, or bu uaireadairiche an duine marbh, agus bu chiunteach Donncha gur e rabhadh bais an uaireadairiche bha 's gach ni diubh sin. Chiod bu fhreagarraich na gu 'n tuiteadh an crochadan, agus gu 'n stadadh an t-uaireadair roimh bais an uaireadairiche?"

SITHCHEAN SHITHEIN-DUBH, BHOOTH-BHAINN.

'S an am 's an robh Ach-loinne air aiteachadh le moran de tuatha bheag, 's cha 'n ann de 'nan diu bha sin, bha sithchean Shithein-dubh ro-iomraideach feadh na duthcha, agus sgaoil an cliu seach Gleann-Dochart gus an robh deanadas 'nan sithchean ainneal air fad 's air leud Bhrìdalbainn. Bha iad a luineachadh ann an cnoc ard, comhdaichte le coille tha mu leth mhile air taobh an iar de thigh Bhoth-bhàinn, agus air an taobh dheas de an rathad mhor. Ma bha leanabh tinn, truagh 's a choimhearsnachd is iad na sithchean a fhuair a choire, nach e bh' ann " faodalach sith," agus nach d' thug

* hesitating.

iad air falbh an leanabh dligheach, agus nach do chuir iad an creutair diblidh 'na aite? Is cinnteach gur ann mar sin a bha; cha robh teagamh idir ann. Ged a bha iad ri droch phratan ann an iomad doigh air an t-sluagh, air uairean eile bu toileach muillear Ach-loinne air a bheannachd a thoirt dhoibh air son an obair ghlan, sgairteil a bha iad deanamh air a shon feadh na h-oidhche. Ma bha deadh-ghean aca do dhuine 's tric a chomhnadh iad e leis a bhualadh aige, agus 's e an t-aon ni dh' fhagadh e 's an t-sabhal meadar lan de chèithe mar dhuais dhoibh. Air oidhchean soilleir samhraidh bhiodh an sluagh beag r'a 'm faicinn dannsadh gu clis, 's gu cridheil air Croit-an-Deoraidh fagus do Chaibeal-na-Fairge, agus b' aoibhinn an sealladh iad da rireadh. Aig amanna eile bha an ceol binn aca r'a chluinntinn teachd o'n Sithein-dubh, agus cha robh duine beo comasach air leithid de cheol ginn a thoirt a inneal chiuil sam bith.

Thuileadh air sin uile bha na sithchean nan lighichean sgileil, agus is iomad tinneas a leighis iad, ach air uairean bha iad toirt air an sluagh tinn, no air an cairdean cumhnant a dheanamh riu nach robh idir furasda ghleidheadh. Bha giullan ro thinn an aon de thighean a Ghlinne, agus bha mhathair ann an trioblaid mhor inntinn m'a thimchioll. 'S beag nach deanadh i ni cuimseach sam bith a thoirt slainte do 'n phaisd. Cha robh cor a ghiullain folaichte air na sithchean, agus air feasgar araidh chaidh fear dhiubh stigh do 'n tigh. Mu 'n do shlanuich e an giullan thug e air a mhathair gealltainn gu 'n rachadh i maille ris dh' ionnsuidh an Sithein-dubh, agus gu 'm furicheadh i an sin, agus dh' fheum i cumhnant a dheanamh ris nach gairmeadh i air Dia airson coibhre. Ged bu chruaidh e oirre cho-aontaich i, oir bha gradh d'a mac ro mhor. Chaidh am paisd a shlanuchadh, agus thainig an t-am gu bhi falbh cuide ris an sithiche, ach cha robh a bhean idir deonach. Bha an giullan air an taobh eile de 'n seomar, agus thainig e oirre mar phladhadh greine ciod a theireadh i chum saorsa choisinn, agus aig a cheart an gun a gealladh a bhriseadh. Thionndaidh i ris a ghiullan, agus thuirt i—" 'Nam bithinn-sa 'na d' aite fhir tha thall theirinn—Dia le mo mhathair." Cha luaithe thuirt i na facail sin na chaidh an sithiche as an sealladh 'n airde troimh an luidheir, agus cha do chuir na sithchean tuilleadh dragh air a bhean, no air a mac.

Ann an earrainn eile de Bhoth-bhainn tha cnoc d'an ainm Sith-bhruaich, agus a reir barail sheann dhaoine bha ulaidh

aig na sithchean bha gabhail comhnuidh ann, ach ma 's fìor cha ghabhadh an ulaidh toirt as a chnoc. Tha an ulaidh air a gleidheadh air chuimhne 's na facail so—

“ Tha ulaidh 'n Sith-bhruaich,
Cia b' e uair thig i as;
Cha 'n fhaighear gu brath:
Tha i 'n aite nam breac.”

An e aite nam breac an amhainn? Cha 'n 'eil an Dochart fada o'n chnoc. Ach ciod air bith rinn no nach d' rinn na sithchean leis an ulaidh, agus ged bha naigheachd an ulaidh agus ged bha naigheachd an ulaidh air a cumail air chuimhne 's a Ghleann, 's i an naigheachd a leanas bu trice a bha air innseadh ann an tighean a Ghlinne; agus innte bha cumhachd nan sithchean thairis air corp agus inntinn dhaoine air fheuchainn gu soilleir. Le 'n ceol agus le 'n cleasachd chuir iad daoine fo gheasaibh.

Bha dùil aig Domhnull fear de thuath Ach-loinne gu 'm biodh leanabh 's an tigh am beagan laithean, agus smuainich e gu 'm bu choir dha cleachdadh nan Gaidheil a leantuinn le uisge-beatha sholar' airson an am shodanaiche sin. Air oidhche araidh chaidh e agus Iain a coimhearsnach maille ris gu clachan Chill-fhinn a cheannachadh buiteal uisge-beatha. Cha 'n fhios dhuinn, 's cha 'n fharraid sinn cia cho fhada dh' fhuirich na h-òlaich 's an tigh-osda, agus cha 'n fhaighneachd sinn an deachaidh dad de 'n stuth laidir thar an ruchan aca. Biodh sin mar thogair bha na fir sunndach iollagach 'nuair a dh' fhag iad Cill-fhinn le 'm buiteal, agus air an rathad sheinn iad orain gu suilbhir. Ma bha daoine sona 's an duthaich b' iadsan na daoine. Ghiulain fear ma seach am buiteal, ach 'nuair thainig iad fagus do 'n Sithean-dubh 's ann air gualainn Dhomhnuill a bha e. Is fìor thuirt am bard mu thimchioll fear ainmeil eile, agus is i mo bharail gu 'm freagaraich na facail do 'n da dhiulnach aig an robh am buiteal:—

“ Chual e fuaim is danns is aoibhneas,
Dheadh spiorad an eorn, chinn-feadhna chruadal,
Ciod an cunnart nach cur thusa suarach.
Le leann da sgillinn cha bhi eagal olc oirnn:
'S fo uisge-beatha choinnich'maid an droch spiorad.”

Dh' eirich am misneach na h-uile ceum thug iad, agus cha robh eagal orra roimh bhocan, no shithiche, roimh thaibhse,

no thannasg ; bha iad tuilleadh 's ard-inntiuneach airson sin. Bha an Sithean-dubh f'an comhair agus chual iad ceol ro-bhinn a teachd as. Thalaidd an ceol iad air adhairt ni 's faigse, agus ni 's faigse, gus mu dheireadh an a' rainig iad dorus fogailte an cliathaich a chnoic, agus chunnaic iad talla dealrach anns an robh na ficheadan de shluagh beag a dannsadh na tulaichean ni b' fhonnmhòr agus ni bu sgiobalta na b' urrainn do mhaighstir dannsaidh talmhaidh sam bith a chaith cuarain riamh. 'S ann an sin a bha 'n ceol ; ceol fheadan, ceol fhiodhull, agus ceol o iomad inneal cuil eile air nach 'eil clann nan daoine eolach. Sheas an da dhuine, agus sgeann iad le iongantas air na nithean briadha bha 's an talla, agus air na cuir ealamh a chuir na dannsairean dhiubh. Mar sin dh' fhuirich iad car uine fhada, ach bha Domhnall ni bu dhian air na sithchean a chluinntinn agus fhaicinn na bha a chompanach. Smuainich Iain gu 'n robh trath dhoibh a bhi ag imeachd, agus thuirt e : " Thig dhachaidh, Dhomhnuill ; tha sinn air bhi fada ni 's leoir an so." Fhreagair Domhnall : " Stad beagan ; ciod i chabhag mhòr tha ortsa ? Cha chual, agus cha d' amharc sinn air leithid so riamh roimh." Bu diomhain oidhirp Iain ; cha charaicheadh Domhnall. B' i a bharrail nach robh iad ach mionaid, no dha ann an dorus nan sithchean, ach thuig Iain nach ann mar sin a bha chuis gu 'n robh uairean thime o'n thainig iad thun a chnoic. Cha robh e na dhiorra-san, ach las a chorruich ri Domhnall, agus thuirt e ris ; " Mur tig thu, fuirich far am bheil thu gu bliadhna na braoisge !" Le sin a radh dh' fhalbh e dhachaidh, agus dh' fhag e Domhnall agus am buiteal. Air an ath latha bha buaireas nach bu bheag am easg cairdean Dhomhnuill a chionn nach do thill e dhachaidh. " C'ait' an d' fhag thu Domhnall ?" dh' fhaighneachd iad de Iain. Fhreagair e : " 'S an t-Shithein-dubh measg nan sithchean." 'Nuair a bha latha agus latha dol seachad, agus nach robh Domhnall tighinn dhachaidh bha an sluagh leth-char teagamhach mu dheibhinn naigheachd Iain, agus bha iad a deanamh cagar ri cheile gu'm bu choir Iain a thoirt gu cùrte mu 'n ghnothach. Thainig a chagarsaich gu cluasan Iain, agus thuirt e ri cairdean Iain. " Leigibh leam car bliadhna agus latha o'n am 's an d' fhalbh Domhnall agus mur toir mi air ais e gu slan, fallain, faodaidh sibh no tharruing gu cùrte, no a dheanamh rium mar a's aill leibh." 'S ann mar sin a thachair, agus chaidh an tim seachad. Rinn Iain a dhichioll gu comhnadh a thoirt do theaghlach Dhomhnuill re an uine, agus cha d' ionndrain

bean agus clann Dhomhnuill e cho ro mhor air an aobhar sin. Mu dheireadh thainig an oidhche airson an robh Iain a sealltuinn, agus dh' fhag e thigh le inntinn neo-fhoisneach, oir cha robh e idir cinnteach cia mar a bhiodh crìoch a thuruis. Dhluthaich e ris a chnoc, agus chual e ceol binn nan sìthchean ach bha eagal mor air nach biodh an dorus fosgailte, no Domhnull ri fhaicinn no fhaotainn. Ach bha gach ni fabharach; agus co chunnaic Iain ach Domhnull, agus am buiteal fhathasd air a ghualainn! Ghnathaich Iain an doigh a bha eifeachdach ann an gnothach de 'n seorsa sin, agus rainig e far an robh Domhnull 'na sheasamh agus e a spleachdadh mar gu 'm biodh e air ur thighinn do 'n aite. Rinn Iain greim teann air gairdean Dhomhnuill, agus thuirt e: "Trobhaid dhachaidh gu luath, agus leig dhiot d' amaideachd." Fhreagair Domhnull: "Nach ann ort tha chabhag anabarrach; cha mhor do dhuine ged ghabhas e toileachas-inntinn ann an conaltradh nan sìthchean car mionaid no dha." "Car mionaid no dha!" ghlaodh Iain. "Dhuine gun chiall dh' fhulaing mis tuilleadh 's choir air do sgath 'sa cheana, agus mach a so theid thu." Spion e Domhnull leis, agus dhuin an dorus. Bha Domhnull am boile, agus thuirt e—"Is tu duine as ùtraiseiche agus neo-fhaidhidiunniche chunnaic mi riamh. C'arson nach faodadh sinn fuireach tacan a chluinntinn a cheoil, agus a dh' amharc air an dannsa?" "A bhurraidh bhochd," fhreagair Iain, "am bheil thu 'sa bheachd nach robh thu ach uine ghoirid 's a chnoc so?" "Tha cuimhne agad gu 'n robh duil ri leanabh 'na d' thigh 'nuair a chaidh sinn do Chill-fhinn dh' iarraidh an uisge-bheatha. Ma ta, tha 'n paid nis ruith air feadh an tighe, agus mur creid thu do shuilean fhein cha 'n 'eil fhios agam ciod a ghabhas deanamh riut." Thuilleadh air sin seall ciod a chi thu ilar * 's an achadh, agus dearbhaidh an da ni sin gu 'n robh thu da mhios dheug 'n a d' thachran truagh measg nan sìthchean.

Chuir bean agus teaghlach agus cairdean Dhomhnuill failte air le furan, agus rinn iad gairdeachas nach bu bheag. 'S iomad tigh anns an deachaidh naigheachd Dhomhnuill innseadh, agus fhada 's bu bheo e, agus car mhoran linntean an deigh a bhais bhruidhneadh daoine mu thimchioll Dhomhnull nan sìthchean.

* down.

21st. APRIL, 1904.

On this date was read a paper by Mr William Mackay, solicitor, Inverness, entitled

THE CAMERONS IN THE RISING OF 1715:

A VINDICATION OF THEIR LEADER, JOHN CAMERON, YOUNGER OF LOCHIEL.

Among papers of historical and antiquarian interest which have come into my possession is a statement by John Cameron, younger of Lochiel, in regard to his own and his clan's conduct in the Rising of 1715. That document, which I now exhibit, is of the period to which it refers, and probably in Cameron's handwriting.

During the last years of the reign of Queen Anne a project for the restoration of the Stewart line in the person of James, son of James the Seventh of Scotland and Second of England, was quietly encouraged by the Queen and other high personages; but her Majesty's sudden death in August, 1714, found the promoters of the project unprepared; and the scheme for the succession of the House of Hanover was carried into effect with apparent unanimity, and George I. ascended the British throne. No party was more cordial in congratulations and expressions of devotion to the "German Lairdie" than the Jacobites were, and the Earl of Mar, who was their leader in Scotland, not only addressed a loyal letter to the new King, but he also got Sir John Maclean of Duart, Macdonell of Glengarry, Mackenzie of Fraserdale, John Cameron, younger of Lochiel, the Tutor of Macleod, Macdonald of Keppoch, Grant of Glenmoriston, Mackintosh of Mackintosh, The Chisholm, Macpherson of Cluny, and Sir Donald Macdonald of Sleat—all of them sympathisers with the exiled royal race—to address to him a letter expressing their liveliest satisfaction at the prospect of being "governed by His Sacred Majesty King George, a Prince so brightly adorned with all Royal Virtues that Britain, under his Royal Administration, shall still be flourishing at Home, and able to hold the Ballance in the affairs of Europe;" and entreating his Lordship "to assure the Government in our Names, and in that of the rest of the Clans, who, by Distance of the Place, could not be

present at the signing of this Letter, of our Loyalty to His Sacred Majesty King George.”* But these professions by Mar and his friends were only intended to deceive. On 27th August, 1715, the famous Hunting of Braemar was held, and the raising of the standard of “King James the Eighth” soon followed. The Hunting was attended by Glengarry, for himself and as representing Lochiel and other heads of clans. Chiefs and clansmen and Lowlanders rallied round the standard; but Mar was without military genius, and much valuable time was lost before he, on Sunday, 13th November, found himself at Sheriffmuir, face to face with the Hanoverian army, under the Duke of Argyll. By this time his army numbered 10,000 men, and great things had been expected of them—

- “ Will ye go to Sheriffmuir,
Bauld John o’ Innisture,
There to see the noble Mar
And his Highland laddies;
A’ the true men o’ the North,
Angus, Huntly, and Seaforth,
Scouring on to cross the Forth,
Wi’ their white cockadies?
- “ There you’ll see the banners flare,
There you’ll hear the bagpipes’ rair,
And the trumpets’ deadly blare,
Wi’ the cannon’s rattle.
There you’ll see the bauld M’Craws,
Cameron’s and Clanronald’s raws,
And a’ the clans, wi’ loud huzzas,
Rushing to the battle.
- “ There you’ll see the noble Whigs,
A’ the heroes o’ the brigs,
Raw hides and wither’d wigs,
Riding in array, man;
Ri’en hose and raggit hools,
Sour milk and girning gools,
Psalm-beuks and cutty-stools,
We’ll see never mair, man.

* A Collection of Original Letters relating to the Rebellion, 1715:
Edinburgh, 1730—p. 5.

“ Will ye go to Sheriffmuir,
 Bauld John o’ Innisture?
 Sic a day, and sic an hour,
 Ne’er was in the North, man.
 Siccan sights will there be seen;
 And, gin some be nae mista’en,
 Fragrant gales will come bedeen
 Frae the Water o’ Forth, man.”

The expectations of the Jacobites were not realised.

“ Sic a day, and sic an hour,
 Ne’er was in the North, man,”

was the only prophecy that was fulfilled. The fulfilment was not, however, what the author of the ballad had expected. To the surprise of all Scotland the Highlanders, with the exception of the Macdonalds and the Macraes of Kintail, scarce struck a blow. The Mackenzies fled; the Macphersons looked on without firing a gun or drawing a sword; the Gordons, the Camerons, the Mackinnons, and the Stewarts of Appin broke away without showing fight. On both sides the order of battle was faulty in the extreme; and on the Jacobite side generalship or leadership there was none. The issue of the confused struggle was that the right wing of each army had won the day, and the left wing of each had lost it; and, taking the battle as a whole, no one could say whether Jacobite or Hanoverian had got the victory—

“ There’s some say that we wan,
 And some say that they wan,
 And some say that nane wan at a’, man;
 But one thing I’m sure
 That at Sheriffmuir
 A battle there was that I saw, man.
 And we ran, and they ran,
 And they ran, and we ran,
 And we ran, and they ran awa’, man!

“ Whether we ran, or they ran,
 Or we wan, or they wan,
 Or if there was winning at a’, man,
 There’s no man can tell,
 Save our brave Genarell,
 Who first began running of a’, man!”

“ Among those who retired,” writes Chambers, “ were the Camerons. This clan, usually so brave, went home, partly ashamed at their own indecisive conduct, and partly disgusted by the general result of the day. It is related that, on reaching their native country, the young chief of Lochiel, who had led them out on this occasion, endeavoured for a long time to conceal the event of the day from his father, being ashamed to tell that old grey chieftain, who had fought for the house of Stuart from the days of Cromwell, and always maintained the honour of his name, that the day had at last come when the Camerons did not acquit themselves like their fathers.” * Among the Camerons themselves there was a deep feeling of disgrace and humiliation; and it was remembered against their unlucky leader that at his birth it was found impossible to place on his over-large foot the small silver shoe which had supernaturally come into the house of Lochiel to be put on the left foot of every son born into the family.†

The indignation in the Highlands was great, and bards poured rhymes of contempt on the discredited clans. Julia Macdonald of Keppoch (*Sile na Ceapaich*), in her “ Battle of Sheriffmuir,” does not spare Mackenzies, Camerons, Gordons, Atholl-men, or Rob Roy Macgregor. At present we are concerned only with the Camerons:—

“ Fire, faire, 'Lochiall,
Sud mar thriall do ghaigich,
Nan ruith leis an t-sliabh
Lan fiamh is gealtachd;
Ged is iomad fear mor
Bha mu Lochaidh agaibh,
'S thall 's a bhos mu Ghleann-Laoigh,
'S mu dha thaobh Loch-Airceig;
Fir na seasadh ri teine
'S an cnap geire nan achlais!” †

Another Macdonald bard, who witnessed the battle, sang—

“ Bha 'n lamh thoisgeil air dhroch ceann,
'S an am 's an cridhe briosganaich,
'S nuair theann ar namhaid an nall
Ghabh Clann-Chamarain brisdeadh bhuainn.

* Rebellion of 1715.

† Maclean's *Hist. of the Celtic Language*, p. 266—quoting *London Literary Gazette* for March, 1824.

‡ Transactions of this Society, XX., p. 16.

Ruitheadh agus throtadh iad,
 Bhocadh agus leumadh iad,
 'S iad nan duibh-rith leis a ghleann;
 'S ann 's droch am a threig iad sinn.

Mur h-e 'n sronan bhi cho cam
 A chuir nan deann ratreut orra,
 Gun an cruadul 'chur ri crann,
 'S i 'n fhoill a bh' ann 's gum b' eucorach.
 Bha 'n ruaig air meirlich nam bo
 Feadh mointich agus fheitheachan;
 'S bho nach d' fhuair iad mir de 'n fheoil
 Cha deantadh leo car feuma dhuinn." *

The Gordons, Macgregors, Macphersons, Mackenzies, Mac-kinnons, and the men of Atholl shared the discredit equally with the Camerons, but the circumstance that the clan of the famous Sir Ewen Cameron, who was now nigh ninety years of age, was found wanting, was especially deplored. How the aged chief received the news, if it was ever allowed to reach his ears, is not recorded; but so keenly did his son feel his unhappy position that he considered it necessary to pen the *apologia* which is now before us. It is not such a document as Sir Ewen would have put his name to; I have called it a Vindication, but it is a poor one; it exaggerates the risks and dangers from the garrison of Inverlochy; and altogether it is a disappointing paper from the pen of the *de facto* chief of the Cameron men. It does not give the true cause of the miserable appearance made by the clans—the want of a leader like Montrose or Dundee, and the failure of Mar to rouse a spirit of enthusiasm; but it is a useful contribution to the history of the period, and as such it is worthy of a place in the Society's Transactions.

In the letter written by young Lochiel to the gentlemen of his clan, from Uist, when on the way to France, he promised to return; but Fate had otherwise decreed, and although he lived till 1747 or 1748, he saw Lochaber no more. His place was taken by his son, Donald Cameron, "The Gentle Lochiel," who, with his clan, played so brave and so good a part in the Romance of the Forty-Five that they wiped out for ever the Reproach of the Fifteen.

* This Society's Transactions, XX., p. 21.

The document is as follows :—

“ That my ffather and predecessors have been allways most faithfull and Loyall to His Majesty’s Royal progenitors, and have given frequent proofs of their courage & conduct upon all occasions, to assert their Interests and commands; which, since the Union of the Crowns, is evidenc’d by severall missive letters and certificates from King James the 6th, his present majesties Royal Great Grand ffather, King Charles the 2d, his royall uncle, and the late King, his Royall ffather of ever blessed memory, to Allan Cameron, my Great Grand ffather, and to my ffather.

“ Tho the said Allan was about eighty years of age and infirme, consequently not in condition to take the field when the Marqs. of Montrose set up the Royall Standard in Scotland, his sons, my grandffather being dead severall years before, my ffather being a child, yet my Great Grandffather had part of his men wt his Lop. [Lordship] at the Battle of Inverlochy, commanded by a gentleman of his name, his near relation, who had a Leieutenant Collonells Commission, and continued wt that command all along during Montrose’s War, till my ffather was of age to head the Clan; this gentleman being wounded, and severalls of the Clan killed with him, was afterwards rewarded by a pension from the King during life.

“ My ffather took the feild at eighteen years of age, and had severall successfull and remarkable ingadgments agt. the Rebels, the Enemy being generally double his number. In time of that usurpation, he having a Commission from his Majesty to the Collonell, Recd. for his services a regiment of seven or eight hundred men, was the last who capitulated, severalls belonging to him being killed, and his own lands by the enemy plunderd and destroyed; which is evidenc’d under the hands of the Earls of Midlton and Glencairden, his Majestys Generals.

“ That after the happy Restoration of King Charles, my ffather was most active in securing the peace of the Country in reducing Rebels and outlaws to obedience, as is attested by the then Lord High Chancelour of Scotland, and Leiutenant Generall Drummond there.

“ That in the Rebellion agt. his present Majestys Royall ffather, when Argyle landed in Scotland, my ffather being then at London, the private Commitee of Scotland having wrote up to his Majesty to appoint my father to return to Scotland to help to surpress the Rebellion, he at his Majestys order

went home to convocate his freinds and followers, and was the first head of a Clan who joynd the Marques of Atholl when he came to Inverera, who, having sent him with a party after Argyle, made his escape from the Army, he came so quickly to the ferry of Portindoragin Coull, that he did pursue and take Campbell of Ilingreig, wt his eldest son and some others, which he gave as prisoners to the said Marques.

“ That how soon the Earle of Perth, who was then Chancelour of Scotland, had account that the Prince of Orange was to land in England Sr. John Drummond of Machonie being Lieutenant of Argyle Shyre, and then at Inverera, his Lop. [Lordship] wrote to my father to march immediatly with as many of his men as he could suddenly get together to assist Sr. John Drummond to keep the peace of that Shyre, they being afraid of ane insurrection, Argyle having gone over to the Prince of Orange, and Campbell of Auchinbreak in Holland since the former Rebellion, and then with that prince.

“ Therefore, to call together such men within the Shyre of Argyle, as they had most confidence in, qch. they Randesvouzed at Kilmichell, being the first time I had the honour to have any command in his Maties [Majesty's] service, my ffather having given me ye command of a party of his men (tho I was, in time of the former Rebellion, with my father at Inverera, I was too young to have any command). After Randesvouzing about twelve hundred men there, they were all dismissed, except my ffather's, and some of Apine's men with whom my ffather continued at Inverera wt Sr. John Drummond untill the Chancelour wrote to my ffather that the King was obleidged to leave England and retire to ffrance; Therefore Desyred he would march to Drummond Castle with his men, where the Chancelour was to meet him in order to goe straight to Lochabar, and from thence to Imbarque for Ireland, and that I was to goe alongst wt. the Chancelour, which he obeyed; but how soon we came to Comery, within six miles of Drummond, we had acct. that my Lord Chancelour had taken another resolution and took shipping in the road of Leith, where he was seiz'd and sent prisoner to Stirling Castle; which how soon my ffather understood he marched home.

“ We continued pretty quiet that Winter, till, towards the latter end of the Spring, that my ffather had account the King was come to Ireland. Upon which newes he immediately sent to Glengary, being his nixt neighbour, desyring a meeting with him, who, how soon he had discoursed, my ffather sent

to the Tutor of Clanronald (Clanronald not being of age), begging he would meet him in Suinort, the tuttor being then in the Neighbourhood in Muidort, who accordingly mett my ffather. My ffather went from thence to Mull, and had a meeting with the Gentlemen of the Mcleans, Mclean being then abroad, These and some other neighbours being all very ready to rise in Armes for his majesty's service, my ffather appointed a Randesvouz with them in Lochabar, the 28th of May.

"At my ffather's returne home My Lord Dundee came to Lochabar, who was mightily pleased yt. affairs were so advanc'd agt. his arrival, his Lop. was entirely satisfied to hold yt. day for the Randesvouz which my father had appointed. At the same time great offers were made to my ffather by the Prince of Orange's Authority under the hands of MacKay, his Generall, and Cromarty, then Viscount of Tarbat, such as Titles of honour, & Governour of Inverlochy, where they were to plant a garrison, Collonell of a Regiment of foot, and a considerable sume of money in hand, with other things contain'd in these letters; which he entirely rejected, and show'd the letters immediately to my Lord Dundee.

"My Lord Dundee, having intelligence that MacKay was on his march, while Coll. Ramsay was marching north with twelve hundred men to joyn him at Inverness, his Lop. marched before Sr. Donald's, Clanronalds, and Mcleans Islanders had time to come up to Badinoch, in order to intercept Ramsay, where my ffather mustered Eight hundred and fifty men of his own, besides officers, which made much about the half of my Lord Dundee's party on that march. After the Castle of Ruthven in Badinoch being garrisoned by the enemy surrendred to Dundee he pursued McKay from the braes of Strathspey to Edinglassie, where McKay was reinforc^d with some regiments of foot and Dragoons, my Lord Dundee then retyred to Lochabar untill the Islanders whom he expected came up.

"In the mean time part of my ffather's men, and of the other Clanns who had made that march, were allowed to goe to their severall homes for some dayes, and to be ready at a call, there being no garrison then placed at Inverlochy in Lochabar to disturb them or hinder their joyning.

"How soon the Islanders came Dundee began his march towards Atholl, my ffather marched wt what he had of his Lochabar men, and left my cousin Glendisory and me to bring up the rest of his men who live at a greater distance, which

we rais'd in very few dayes, and we marched so hard that we cam up the next day after the battle of Killikranky was fought, being the second day after my Lord Dundee entered the Country of Atholl. Other neighbours suffered a great dale at that ingadgment, but my ffathers loss was the more that he was obleidged to attack ane entire regiment with less than the half of his Clan, and was at the same time flanked by the fyre of another Regiment. Our Clan had a considerable loss at that unhappy business of Crombdale, where Major Generall Buchan commanded the Army, and likewise at Dunkeld, qr I had the honour to attack at the head of my ffather's men.

"That, after the King's affairs miscarried in Ireland, and that his majesty despaired of sending us any succour as he design'd and allowed such of us as were in armes during that war to capitulate, and that ye Prince of Orange had granted ane indemnity for our lives and fortunes, even during his government my ffather, tho old, was frequently imprisoned by the Garrison of Inverlochy, sometimes kept 4 months, other times 6 months, and I often charg'd to Edinburgh, and sometimes oblidge'd to keep the hills so as not to dare to come to my own house untill these alarmes were over.

"That the Marques of Drummond can attest, since his Lop. came first to Scotland from ffrance during the Prince of Orange's time, and during his Majesty's Royall Sister's Government, that I was ready to goe into any project tho never so desperate, towards the restouraon of the late King and his present Majesty, which I always ingadg'd to all the Messingers that came to Scotland from the late King or from his present Majesty, My Zeall and mannadgment on all these occasions being very well knowen to his Lop., as well as to oyr persons of merit and distinction.

"That of late, in latter end of his Majesty's Royall Sister's Government, when McIntosh of Borlum went over, he can informe how stirring I was to gett people to goe into a concert for his Majesty's service, and that I went with him, after being with the Marques of Drummond, to my Lord Atholl, Broadalbaine, Huntly, and oys to incurrage them.

"That, after my Brother Allan had gone to his Majesty on his Royal sister's death, and returned to Scotland wt his Majesty's Instructions that I was doing all in my power to advance his Majesty's service; which I gave my Brother under my hand.

"That, after he returned to his Majesty wt ye answer of his instructions conforme to his Majesty's order, when Sr.

John florrester arrived soon after, The Marqs. of Drummond, who was still ready to take all opportunities to serve his Majesty by interest or otherwayes, sent for me that I might acquaint such of my neighbours in our part of the Highlands as I thought would be interested yrwith, to take care of themselves (for fear of being taken up by the Government, especially such as lay near Garrissons, not doubting but his Majesty would land sometime before the month of May) which accordingly I did. The Marques of Huntley, or Seaforth, were not then in the North, but my Brother acquainted me he had seen them, and brought their sentiments to the King, as well as the other Nobility and Gentry he had been with, and was myself on my guard from that time, so that I lay few nights in my house, being within three hours march of the Garrison of Inverlochy, untill I had acct of the Earle of Mar's coming to Scotland.

"How soon his Lop. came to Mar he was pleased to write to Glengary and to me that he had a designe to see us both at Mar; Upon which Glengary and I met in order to goe together to receive his Lop's commands, but we having considered that our going both there at the same time might give ground of Suspition to the garrison of Inverlochy, and they advertise the government too soon might be of bad consequence; Upon these considerations we thought it more proper that one of us should goe, and the other stay at home to advertise the rest of our neighbours to be all in readiness at a call. Therefore, since I lay nearer the Garrison of Inverlochy, my going would be more suspected and sooner taken notice of, it was judg'd fitter that Glengary would goe, and that I would write with him to my Lord Mar, which I did to the same purpose, adding that whatever orders his Lop. would be pleased to send me and the rest of my neighbours for his Majesty's service, We would unanimously receive them.

"Upon Glengary's return Glendaruale came along with him, who engaged that the most of ye Campbells in Argyle Shyre would joyn us, particularly Auchinbreak and Lochnell, to whom he had orders from my Lord Mar to rise immediately in armes for his Majesty's service, and Glengary brought our order for the Clans, which he delivered me to intimate to the rest. A day was condescended on for our randesvouz at Glenurcha, and Glendaruale was to goe from my house nixt day on his way to Lorn, Glengary, he and I having stayed together in ane Isle belonging to me closs by my dwelling, not venturing

to stay a night at my house for fear of the Garrison of Inverlochy.

"That night I asked Glengary and Glendaruale what measures they proposed to my Lord Mar would be taken with the Garrison of Inverlochy, Seing that all my friends, their familys and effects, and mine, lay exposed to the enemy how soon we left the Country, besides what his Majesties service might otherwayes suffer by leaving such a strong party of the Enemy behind us at liberty to doe what they pleas'd. They told me all that could be done at that time was to leave a detachment of each clan to keep them within their trenches, with which I was satisfied if performed, since no better could be done then ; But, if not, that I could not make such a compleat rising as otherwayes might have been expected.

"Glendaruale and I concerted before Glengary parted with us that we should meet on a prefixt day at Lochnell's house, in order to influence Lochnell to joyn us.

"This would remove some of the difficulties I lay under by the Garrison in caice the Campbells, who were my next neighbours on that hand, had joyn'd us ; besides such a number gain'd for his Majestys service, so that I was resolved to be att all pains to gain them if it was possible ; Accordingly went to Lochnell's house the day I appointed with Glendaruale, where I found Sr. John McLean and severall of his freinds who had occasion to meet there on some private business.

"I told Sr. John and Lochneill, finding them merry, that they had reason to be cheerfull, for that ye King's Standard was to be set up Thursday nixt, Therefore this was the time for all Loyalists to appear for their King and Country.

"As all the joy imaginable appeared, not only by Sr. John's expressions, but every way about him, to the Contrary Lochneill's and his freinds spiritts sunk, and begg'd we would keep all as privat as possible for fear of the Garrison's about. I answered Lochneill that it was past all kind of reserve now, Since we were immediately to raise in Armes, and yt Glendaruale was to be with him that night with a Commission from the Earl of Mar. Sr. John went off next morning to Mull in order to rise his freinds, and I waited three nights at Lochinell's for Glendaruale to make sure of Lochnell, but had no word of him or from him ; which made me very uneasy, having lost so much time. Therefore would stay no longer. In the meantime I desyred Lochnell to goe to Lorn,

where he would certainly find Glendaruale, and in case Glendaruale came that night to send after me; if not, that Lochneill should goe to Lorn next day. Upon these terms Lochneill and I parted, and I went to raise my men of Morvine. In two days after I parted with Lochneill he sent his Brother to acquaint me that Glendaruale was come to Lorn, and that he was to be with him that night there.

"Therefore, being very sensible how much it would advance the King's interest in these parts to have the Campbells in Argyleshyre fully ingadged in his Majesty's service, and likewayes how much it would facilitate ye rising of his Majestys freinds who lay next adjacent to them, I was resolved to spair no trouble to get them once to rise, and trysted Lochneil munday nixt to Apin's house with Glendaruale and others, having seen my own freinds of Morvine and Suinart Saturday and Sunday before, who were very ready to rise wt me for his majesties service; But in the meantime told me if there was not some course taken with the Garrisson of Inverlochy, and, if Lochneil and Auchinbrake did not joyne, The Countrey would be left in such bad circumstances, leaving enemies on all hands behind them, that its impossible I could expect to make such a compleat rising as I could if any of these obstacles were removed.

"On munday I went to Apin's, where I found Lochneil and Apin and others, but not Glendaruale, as I expected. I asked Lochneil if he was now fully resolved & ready to joyn; he told me in these words, that he was fully resolv'd to answer the Government's citation, and that all wise & prudent men would doe the same, for that it was promised that none would be desyred to rise till once the King Landed, and then it was time enough.

"I answered how could he ever hold his face in any Company, besides his duty to his lawful Sovereigne, and to his Countrey, after to my certain knowledge he having receiv'd the King's money, to desert his majesty; that he would be the man most reflected on of all his name, haveing made so many promisses to the King's freinds, and that, after others had answered for his honesty to the Earl of Mar, that when it came to the push to go off qn others are joyning; but, seing no Arguments would prevail, I parted wt him.

"Finding by this that none of the Argyleshyre Campbells were to joyn us, and that there was no methode taken wt Inverlochy, which was still in condition to ruine my Countrey

and friends, I Resolved to goe with all expedition to the Earle of Mar in order to represent to his Lop. that the circumstance of my Country and freinds was worse stated than we expected, my Campbell neighbours having refused to joyn notwithstanding we were made believe that we might rely as much on their Loyalty as on any of ourselves, and particularly Lochneil.

“Without making any further delay I sett out for Dunkell, where my Lord Mar was then. I took Teymouth in my way, and saw Broadalbine, who was very hearty, yet saw difficulties in raising his men, the King not being come, and Auchinbreak and Lochneil, who were to command his men, having broke measures with him and others of his frindes, which he complained to me.

“When I came to my Lord Mar, and represented all this, his Lop. answered that I could expect nothing to be done to Inverlochy at that juncture. I told his Lop. that I was very sorry for it, for that I could not expect to raise all my men at that time, the Country being left wholly to the Mercy of the enemy, there being none in the Highlands exposed to that degree but my friends and me.

“However, that tho. I might reasonably expect to be the first sufferer, I would bring as many for his Majesty’s service as the above circumstance would allow, without lossing time.

“I parted that same night wt my Lord Mar and took journey homeward, met wt Generall Gordon on his way to Glenurchy, and I told him, it being my orders to joyn him, that I would doe it with all expedition, and, tho. my circumstance was worse than any of my neighbours, I would bring what number I could in my present Situation to his Majestys service, without any further delay. So I went straight home immediately, rais’d ’twixt six or seven hundred of my men, as well armed & cloath’d as any in the Army, and march’d by the Garrison of Inverlochy in the Enemies view in day light, wt.in less than Cannon Shott, notwithstanding of the Governour’s threatnings to destroy my Country how soon I left it.

“I marched straight towards Inverera in order to joyn Generall Gordon there, If I found he was gone yt length: but when I came within eight mylles of Lochou I had acct. that Generall Gordon had returned from Inverera, having stay’d two or three nights there, and that he was that night at Strathfillen. On this Intelligence I altered my march and followed him to Auchteradar, where we continued encamped

untill my Lord Mar came up with the rest of the Army from Perth, and appointed a general randesvouz on the moor of Auchterarder.

"Nixt day Generall Gordon, with the Clanns, was ordered to take possession of Dunblain; but as we advanced a little before sun sett to the bridge of Ardoch, within three short myles of Dunblain, we had acct. from a woman (my sister, who lived in Dunblain) sent express from that place, that Argyle had possessed that place ye afternoon wt his Army. Upon this Information Generall Gordon sent back ane express to my Lord Mar, upon qch his Lop. came up wt the rest of the Army yt night.

"We joyn'd that night, and encamped at Kinbuik, and by day light marched to the moor yrof, where my Lord Mar, after the Army was drawn up in order of battle in two lines, and the Clanns in the front, call'd a Councill of war of all the Nobility, Generall officers, and heads of clanns, and propos'd whether or not they thought it proper to fight Argyle in the grownd which he then posses'd himself of. We agreed to fight and to march along the Skirt of the Sherriff moor till we came above the Enemie.

"In the mean time my Lord Marrishall was ordered with his squadron to attack a party of ye enemys horse which appeared on the top of the hill, and Sr. Donald's Batallion, who happened to be that day on the right, to sustain him; and at the same time the whole Army to begin our march, we were then ordered into four Colums. How soon the Earl Marrishall came close upon the Enemies horse, which we saw on the hill, he perceived Argyle's whole Army on their march up ye hill; of which he immediately acquaints my Lord Mar; upon which our whole Army marched up in very great haste, which occasioned some confusion, tho never men marched with greater cheerfulness towards ane Enemie.

"The horse were call'd all to the right of ye Army; none stayed on the left; so that the right hand was engaged before the left could come up. And before I came to the ground, where I attempted to draw up, the fire began on the right, and some of the Lowland Regiments of foot being on the left of the front line where I should have been by the order of battle when the Councill of War was called, were it not our being chang'd into columns, and that those that were in the front of the two collumns made off. The second lyne were so far advanc'd on the hill as those who were in the front

of the first line, so that such as were in the rear of the columns upon their march, tho of the first line, were oblig'd to continue in the second line, which was my fate.

"While my men were drawing up closs by a Regiment of the lowland foot who were formed in my front, (I being in the right of the front of my men waiting impatiently for an open by which I could get a view of the Enemy in order to advance and attack them) this Regiment of Lowland foot, after they had fyr'd at ye enemy, and recd. their fyre, broke in all at once upon my Regiment and carreyed them off before the half of them were formed, or of McKinins men who were drawing up wt them, as well as some of the Mcphersons. A litle before this Regiment broke in upon mine there was a party of the black dragoons came pretty near us, at whom those who were on my right, and the few of my men who were drawen up in the right of my Regiment, fyred and kill'd severalls, and beat them back. I being advanced some few paces before the right of my Regiment, in order to get sight of the Enemy, me being in a hollow grownd, which how soon I had gott I look'd about to order my men to advance, but to my great surprise saw them caryed away in this manner, and all those who were nixt to me and drawen up on my right and left gone off. All this time we saw no generall officer, neither received any orders; only by the confusion we observed our right had been broke. So finding my self in this situation, with three or four gentlemen of my freinds who chanc'd to be nixt me, made off, and found none of my own men untill I cross'd the River of Allan, where I found some of them with Apin and some of his men.

"I rallied there all I could meet with, and caused such of them as had fyred to charge their pieces. At the same time I perceived Rob Roy Mcgrigar on his march towards me, coming from the Town of Down, he not being at the engadgement, with about two hundred and fifty, betwixt Mcgrigars and Mcphersons. I marched towards him wt the few I had got together; perceiving Argyle opposite to us, I intreated, he being come fresh wt these men, that we would joyn and cross the River to attack Argyle; which he absolutely refused; so that there was such a very small number left when Rob Roy went off, and not knowing well then what became of our right, could not attempt any thing with that number. Major Lawder was present at all that passed there.

"So night coming on, and not knowing what was become of the rest of the Army, having no word from them, I went that night to a little village above Bracko and sent to Drummond castle to know what account was to be got there. My Lord having gone that night to see My Lady, sent me word to joyn the Army nixt day at Achterarder which accordingly I did. From thence We marched all to Perth, where I continued wt a Battalion of my men till the King arived.

"A little time after we came to Perth some of our number pressed my Lord Mar to look for termes from the Government, which his Lop. resisted with all riggour, tho by the grumbling and importunities of that sett of people he condescended to send Coll Loraine (?) who was then prisoner, to Argyle.

"The Duke of Mar called all the heads of clanns to his quarters, and told us how much he was press'd to capitulate by part of our army, and before any spoke I had the honour to tell his Grace that it would be the greatest hardship imaginable to enter into any termes with the Government till once we were assured what was become of the King, not knowing but he was then at Sea, coming to us. So all who were present of the heads of the Clanns assured his Grace that they would stand by him to the last.

"Upon this the Duke of Mar proposed to all ye Nobility and principall officers of the Army to enter into ane association that none would attempt to make any separate terms without the consent of the Major party, qch we all signed, and continued so untill his Majesties arrivall.

"Soon after his Majesty came to Perth I had ye honour to receive his Majesty's orders to goe home to ye Highlands to raise all who were there of my own men, and of my neighbouring Clanns, and to march them to ye Army. So I parted about the midle of Janry, and left ye command and charge of my men I had in the Army with my Brother Allan. I went by Teymouth, and saw Broadalbine, who was very earnest I would raise his men in Lorn, and to march them to the Army with the rest of my command.

"The weather was so extraordinary hard, and the snow lying so deep on the hills, that I had difficulty to make my way to Lochabar; and, as I was ready to march wt my own men, after I concerted every thing necessary wt my neighbours, and with Mclean of Lochbuie, who did not Sturr before, I had a letter from the Duke of Mar acquainting me that His Majesty was to leave Pearth and march north to joyn his freinds there, wt orders to me to march with what was at

home of my own men, and of my Neighbours, to Strathspey by the way of Stratharag, and there to wait till further orders. There came afterwards another order for me to march with all my command north & in order to joyne Huntley and my Lord Seaforth about Invernes, to reduce that place. Accordingly I appointed all my neighbours to meet me at Moy in Lochabar. In the meantime I marched such as were furthest off of my own men, being within twelve miles of the place where I appointed my randevouze, I had account of the Kings embarking at Montrose, and that a great dale of the Nobility and Gentry, the Irish officers, wt the rest of the Clans, had entered Lochabar, & were to be that night at my house. This newes was very surprysing, being ready to march in a few dayes with about fifteen hundred men North, conforme to my orders; and such as were then with me were very much grieved to return.

"Nixt night I went home, where I mett the Noblemen and others who were going to the Isle of Sky. Glengary came there. Sr. Donald, Clanronald, and Apin desyred him to stay there that night untill I came, in order to concert what we could doe further for his Majestys service, the Safety of such Noblemen and Gentlemen as came amongst us, and our own; which, these gentlemen told me, he refused, when I came home that night.

"My being so near the Garrisson of Inverlochy was the reason why none of the nobility or officers could stay then with me, since I could not be a night wt safety in my own house. Therefore they went all to the Isles, as the safest place for their retreat, and where such as had a mind to goe abroad would probably get the best and readeest opportunity, either by a Ship from ffrance or some Scott Merchand Ship.

"From the time the Noblemen and these gentlemen went to the Isle of Skye we were not much troubled with any of the forces, untill the beginning of Aprile, there being none then in the Highlands but what was at Inverlochy who came out sometimes in parties of two or three hundred in the night, but went into the Garrisson nixt morning before we could get together.

"Generall Gordon, from ye time the army dissipated at Badenogh untill he had acct. of Cadogan's coming to Atholl in order to march to Lochabar, stayed at Badenoch; but how soon he had acct. of the Enemie being on their March he came straight to Invergary Castle, where my Brother Allan

mett him, he being return'd from Kintail, where he had been to wait on my Lord Marqs Seafort.

"Nixt day Generall Gordon trysted Kepoch, Glengary, & me half way betwixt Glengarys house and mine, where we mett at the hour appointed; Brigadier Ogilvie and my Brother present likewise.

"Generall Gordon, after showing us his Commission as Commander in cheif, with very ample power from his Majesty, told of Cadogans designe of coming upon us, being already at Blair of Athole on his march, and proposed what number of men we could expect to make against that day se'night, this being on Fryday, 30th March. The number we condescended to be gote together amongst us on such advertisement, betwixt my Lord Seafort and all, was about two thousand five hundred men. It was then agreed that we should Rendevouze at each of our particular dwellings, and be ready to march upon advertisement, in order to meet Cadogan at his entering Lochabar; to which we all agre'd. At the same tyme we hade account that one Coll Cleyton was come to Apine with five hundred foot, and that a party of one hundred more went by water from Inverlochy to join him; that Apine's men had begun to take protections, and to deliver their arms, as some others had done before. This was the more suprysing that Apin had sent us no word. However we prosecuted our designe, and Generall Gordon determin'd to goe on munday to meet my Lord Seafort, and my Brother to goe with him. So we parted on these tearms.

"The nixt day I sent expresses to all my frindes to meet on fryday following at my house. At night I hade account that Coll Cleyton was come to Inverlochy with his party, and that he was to march some tyme the nixt week to my house in order to get in the arms of the contry. On this newse I went nixt day, being Sunday, near the Garrison to get Intelligence, and had account that Cleyton had sent to the minister to advertise his whole parishioners to meet him on Tuesday at my house to give in their arms, and, in case of their not answering, that he would burn and destroy The contry.

"It was night before I hade such a certant account of this that I could rely on it; so I went home under night, and sent express to the Generall and Glengary aquenting them of what I had learn'd concerning Cleyton, desyring Glengary would be at me Tuesday by ten a'clocke with what men he could bring, and that I would get as many as possible on such short notice for that Cleyton was to be at my house against twelve.

My Brother press'd to return to me, but Glengary advys'd General Gordon by all means to bring him with him to my Lord Seaforth's, since he had been with his Lo. a litle before. Therefore the General told him it was absolutely necessary he should goe with him, since they were all to return so soon. I apointed such as could be at me of my men to be with me Twesday morning; but such as lived on the road betwixt the Garrison and my house took all that day to put their Catle and effects out of the Party's way, and these who were some furdur off did not come till night.

"Glengary came about half an hour before Cleyton and his party, which consisted of nine hundred men, tuixt his own party and what he brought from Inverlochy. Glengary had about a hundred men, and I had much about the same number. We did not think fit to attack him at such a great disadvantage that night, we not being the fourth part of his number.

"I told Glengary that I did not doubt but I would have a good party to gether nixt day; Therefore that I expected he would not disperse his men. However, Glengary went home that night, and I stay'd all that night with what men I had gote together within a myle of Cleyton, and nixt day, being Wednesday, I got more of my men together, these who had been putting their Catle out of the way; upon which I sent to Glengary to come up, but he sent me no return.

"Upon Thursday night my nephew, young Bohaldy, came up from my frindes of Morvine and Swinart, to aquent me that they were on their march, and, according to my order, they would be with me next day.

"Upon this notice I went straight, fryday morning, to Invergarry to talk with Glengary, and in hopes to heve found General Gordon ther as was concerted, and to aquent them that I had gote such a good party together; but when I came to Invergarry, and found that General Gordon was not return'd, I told Glengarry that my men were come against the day appointed for our Randevouze, and that the McLenes and Muidort men were proposing themselves to come to us, so that it was for us now to joyue; that we would very soon destroy Cleytons party, and then make head against Cadogan; and desyr'd he would let me know his last resolution. He told me plainly that he was fully resolved to surrender himself to athole, and his house to Cadogan, and that he expected in a day or two Cadogan would send a party to take possession and garrison it. He likewise advys'd me to doe the same.

This answer of Glengary's suprys'd me mightily. Amongst other things, I told him I did not think fit to take his advyce, and that I thought that he ought to have told his designe sooner, both to General Gordon and his neighbours; so we parted.

"Therefore, seeing Kepoch did not joine, notwithstanding I wrote to him, and that Glengary went off two dayes thereafter in order to give himself up prisoner to Cadogan at Inverness, I thought it hard to expose my frindes alone, Glengarys house being garisson'd by the enemie on the one hand, and The Garissin'd of Inverlochy in their Center, and ships on the Sound of Mull to destroy such as liv'd on the coast; so that I allowed some of them to take protections, as others in my neighbourhood; to which they condescended with great reluctancy.

"My Brother Allan came to the contry the day thereafter from General Gordon, who he left with my Lord Seaforth in Kintail, and gote a party of my men together at the head of Locheill. He was, in concert with others, to joyne him, but, hearing that Cadogan had passed all of a sudden with a few horse to Inverlochy, my brother marched under night over hills with a small party of choice men in order to intercept him half way betwixt Inverlochy and Glengary at his return, and miss'd him very narrowly. The particulers of what pass'd whyle General Gordon was in the Highlands my Brother hes given such a true account of that I need not enlarge. I was afterwards oblidg'd to lurke up and down the contry of Lochabar, and at last was necessitate to leave it and goe amongst those of my frindes who lay further from the garison, in Swinart and Morvine, where ther was partys soon sent in search of me. Having then account from my Brother, who followed General Gordon (when he was informed that he was gone to the Isles), that the General was to seize a ship ther, in order to goe to france, I went back to Lochaber as private as possibly I could, and was resolved to stay some few nights to order my affairs before I left the contry. I had account that on Capt. Ogilvie, with a party of the forces and a detachment of the Independant companys, was within a myle of me; so was oblidg'd to come off without looking after any of my private affairs. I made the best of my way to the Isle of Sky, where my Brother was waiting me, from whence we went together to Wist [Uist] and found General Gordon there.

"From the tyme Cleytone came first to my house there

was a party of the forces kep't ther, even when we came away, destroying and plundering all they could seize of my effects of all kinds. Having come away from my frindes without tyme to aquent them (since I did not think fitt to slipp the occasion of that Ship, and the good Company), I return'd my nephew, Bohaldy, who was then ready to come with us, and in Wist General Gordon gave him likewise orders to bring back to france ane exact account of the state of affairs in the Highlands, I wrote the following letter with him to the principal and leading gentlemen of my name, which I then showed General Gordon :—

“ ‘ Seeing that by the present posture of affaires my continuing with you cannot advance the King my master’s service, nor our Contry’s, nor contribute in the least to your safety or my own, obliges me to leave you so abruptly, and take this occasion, with some other worthy persons, to follow my prince, and run the fate of the rest of my Contry men who suffer abroad in such a just and honourable cause, least, by my staying amongst you at this juncture, you be harrassed and ruin’d by partys in search of me, as you have been for some weeks past, and so rendered incapable hereafter of rysing with me for the service of your King and Contry, of which I entreat you doe not in the least dispair notwithstanding of our late misfortunes.

“ ‘ Meantyme, if the Government call on such as have taken protections to appear at the Garisone of Inverlochy or any other town, and that it be found dangerous to answer that citation, in that case I desyre you take . . . [paper worn] as you have preserved and let me know your . . . [paper worn] by my nephew, young Bohaldy, who is left behind for that purpose, that I may come to your relief wt what succours I can bring, to live and dye with you. Lastly, I earnestly recommend to keep good heart, and not be dispirited, to live in intyre frindeship with on another, to harbour and entertain with pleasure such as have not taken protection and have kept their arms, whyle you are allowed to live peaceably yourselves, to take pains to keep the comons in minde of their duty, and not to doubt but all will end to your satisfaction and mine in the happy restoration of your rightful and lawful Sovereigne, for whom, under God, we all suffer. Your observing punctually what I have here enjoyned will preserve your Loyalty and the reputation you and your predecessors have gote with my ffather and predecessors, and oblige me to aply my utmost endeavours to make you a hapy clan.

“ ‘ Wist, june 24th, 1716.’ ”

THIRTY-SECOND ANNUAL ASSEMBLY.

The thirty-second annual assembly of the Society took place in the Music Hall on Thursday, 14th July, 1904. The gathering is always a highly popular one, and the programme submitted on Thursday evening attracted a crowded and enthusiastic audience. The chair was occupied by Mr J. P. Grant of Rothiemurchus, Chief of the Society, who proved a popular chairman. The platform and the side galleries were tastefully and effectively decorated with tartans, stags' heads, and shields. There were present on the platform Rev. Mr Macdonald, Killearnan; Rev. Father Macqueen, ex-Provost Macbean, Mr Wm. Grant, vice-president of the Gaelic Society of London; Dr Farquhar Matheson, hon. secy., Highland Society of London; Mr Wm. Mackay, solicitor; Councillor Roderick Fraser, Councillor John Mackenzie, Mr W. J. Watson, rector, Royal Academy; Dr F. M. Mackenzie, Mr Kenneth Macdonald, town-clerk; Rev. Canon Brook, Mr Mackintosh, Inland Revenue; Mr Alexander Macdonald, accountant, Highland Railway; Dr Alexander Macbain, Mr James Grant, president of the Gaelic Society of Glasgow; Rev. C. MacEchern, Mr Stevenson, collector of customs; Mr Angus Morrison, secretary, and others. At the outset the Secretary intimated apologies for absence from Sir Hector Munro, Bart.; Mackintosh of Mackintosh, Mr Macpherson-Grant, younger of Ballindalloch; Mr William Mackenzie, of the Crofters' Commission; Mr Mackay, Hereford; Captain Wimberley, Sheriff Campbell, Portree; Sheriff Davidson, Fort-William; Captain Burgess, Gairloch; Mr Mackintosh of Raigmore, Provost Macrae, Dingwall, and others. Sir Arthur Bignold, M.P., a former Chief of the Society, telegraphed as follows:—"Luck nath dhuibh. Tha mi 'gearbsa gu seinn Sheonaid Nic Lachlan, braigh Loch Lomond"—(laughter and applause).

The Chairman, who was heartily applauded, expressed his thanks to the members of the Society for the honour conferred on him in appointing him Chief of the Society. His first message to them was one of comfort, as he had been assured by the Secretary that the Society continued to flourish. One of the new members was Sir Kenneth Mackenzie of Gairloch, who, he had no doubt, would tread worthily in the footsteps of his late father, who had done valuable work for the Society; and another was Major Matheson of the Lews, who

was connected with the largest Gaelic-speaking community in the Highlands—(applause). He congratulated the Society on the issue of a new volume of Transactions, and those who had glanced through its pages thought it was a valuable addition to the long line of preceding volumes—(applause). It was a matter of sympathetic regret that no less than four of the contributors to the new volume were no longer with them. In Sir Kenneth Mackenzie, Dr Fraser-Mackintosh, Provost Macpherson, of Kingussie, and Mr Fergusson, Nairn, the Society had lost a quartette whose ability enhanced the volume now in their hands—(applause). Let them hope that the succession of able and learned men might be kept up, in order that future volumes would be equal to those already published. It would be almost invidious to particularise any of the papers in the new volume, but he might be permitted to say that the contribution by Mr Macritchie, Edinburgh, on "Shelta, the Cairds' Language," was a curiosity in philology, and important results might follow from an investigation by scholars of the curious words embalmed in that philology—(hear, hear). The article by the Rev. Charles Robertson on the local peculiarities of Ross-shire Gaelic was a specimen of the philological work done by the Society from its inception, and he believed it to be of the utmost value—(applause). There was also a promise in the preface of a work by Mr Watson on place names, to the publication of which they would look forward with the greatest interest. It would be a potent weapon with which to smite the ignorant Southron when he presumed to lecture them on the language—(laughter and applause). The Chairman then asked the Society to direct its best efforts to secure the continuance of Gaelic as a living language. He was afraid that while they were digging at the roots of the tree the top might wither away, and that Gaelic would no longer be a spoken language—(hear, hear). The present was a golden opportunity. They were promised a new Education Bill. The deputation that waited recently on the Secretary for Scotland—himself no mean Gaelic scholar—to urge that provision should be made for the teaching of Gaelic in the elementary schools of the Highlands, was replied to on the line—and it was a sound one—that it was not a legislative but an administrative matter. He (the Chairman) asked them to see that the new local authorities did their duty. When they came to vote for members of the larger School Boards, they should ask each candidate: "What are you to do to keep the Gaelic alive in the Highlands?"—

(applause). It was highly important that the new Boards should be trained in the way they should go. What they did in the first few years would stereotype their action in the future. It was therefore of the greatest importance to take care that only members were returned who were willing to help them—(applause). He was sure that the worthy headmasters of their country schools would also help. They were well provided with Gaelic text-books, with the aid of which the rising pupil teachers could be trained. There was a large class of those teachers who were familiar with the native Gaelic, but were unable to read the printed page or to explain the grammatical construction of the language. That was why they must appeal to the headmasters, who never shirked work of the kind, to take the matter in hand and see that the new generation of teachers was properly equipped to teach Gaelic and make it the living speech of many generations that were to come—(applause). Concluding, the Chairman said when they remembered the beautiful songs they would hear that night, they should remember the advice he had given them on the polling day—(laughter and loud applause).

The programme was admirably sustained by a representative company of local and other artistes. The choruses sung by the Inverness Gaelic choir, under the leadership of Mr Roderick Macleod, were highly appreciated. Their singing was pleasing and effective, and showed the result of careful training. Mr D. Millar, who possesses an excellent tenor voice, was deservedly and warmly applauded for his singing of "Tell me, Mary, how to woo thee," and "Macgregor's Gathering." Mrs Munro, Strathpeffer, who is always a popular favourite, sang "The Lea Rig" and "Cam' ye by Atholl" with her accustomed sweetness and charm of expression, and she had to respond to hearty re-demands. Miss Jessie N. Maclauchlan was in capital voice. She rendered Gaelic songs with her usual exceptional power, and was enthusiastically encored. Mr Roderick Macleod was also highly successful in his rendering of Gaelic songs. An interesting addition to the programme was the appearance of Mr Ruthven Macdonald, who is a member of the Canadian bowling team now on a visit to this country. The intimation that Mr Macdonald would sing was made by the Chairman through Miss Maclauchlan, who had met this famous baritone on her recent visit to Toronto. Mr Macdonald sang "The Maple Leaf" with characteristic fervour and true effect, and he was heartily cheered. The members of the choir and the

audience, at the desire of Mr Macdonald, joined in singing the refrain, all standing, out of respect for the Canadian National anthem. The members of the Highland Strathspey and Reel Society, under the conductorship of Mr Alexander Grant, contributed violin selections with success. Pipe-Major Sutherland danced the sword dance and Highland fling in effective style, winning the cordial plaudits of the audience. Piper Ronald Mackenzie, son of Pipe-Major Ronald Mackenzie, Gordon Castle, the esteemed piper to the Society, contributed first-class pipe music.

Rev. Charles McEchern said:—Fhir na Cathrach agus a chairdean ionmhuinn,—Cha 'n 'eil agam ach deich mion-aidean agus bithidh mo shearmon goirid. Tha mo steidh-theagaisg air a tharruing bho 'n da oran Gaidhlig a chuala sibh an nochd, “Am faigh a' Ghaidhlig bas?” agus “Suas leis a' Ghaidhlig.” Ma gheibh a' Ghaidhlig bas laighidh a bas aig dorus nan Gaidheil fhein. A chum suas leis a Ghaidhlig feumaidh Gaidheil fhein a cumail suas, cha 'n e aon uair 'a' bhliadhna aig coinneamh mhor mar th' againne nochd—cha 'n e gaol na Gaidhlig a leum mar thachas 's an druim. Feumar Gaidhlig a bhruidhinn 's a bhi 'g eisdeachd ri Gaidhlig a thuile latha; feumaidh Gaidheil smuaineachdadh leughadh agus sgrìobhadh na 'n canain fein. Mur dean iad so gheibh a' Ghaidhlig bas mar fhuair an Laidionn agus canainean mor eile, agus cha 'n urrainn Granaiche, piobaire no oraidear 's an t-saoghal a toirt air ais bho na mairbh. Tha e maith gu leoir clanna nan Gaidheil bhi ri guaillibh a cheile. Ach 's e 's feumaille 'n toiseach gum biodh clann Ghaidhealach a leughadh Gaidhlig ann an sgoiltean a Ghaidhealtachd. Agus a chum na criche so, bu choir Gaidheil anns gach cearn eirigh mar aon duine; bu choir na Comunnan Ghaidhealach ann an Inbhirnis, 'n Peairt, 'n Dun-Eideann, 'n Obair-eathain, 'n Glaschu, 'n Lunnain, America agus Australia dusgadh suas, agus air urlair Pharlamaid thoirt an gnothach mhor so bhi air a chur ceart. Sin agaibh an doigh a chuir suas ris a' Ghaidhlig, agus an aite na h-eaglaisean a bhi cur a mach air a cheile, agus a sgoltadh roineagan ann an deasb aireachd faoin mo dheighinn creidimhean agus creudan bu choir dhoibh cordadh air an aon ni a chumas iad aonaichte—speis do 'n Ghaidhlig agus an luchd-duthcha fein, ge b' e de 'n eaglais da 'm buin iad. Tha e maith gu leoir tiodhlacan agus coirean iarraidh bho Pharlamaid as leth na Gaidhlig, ach ma chi ar riagh-ailtèaran gu bheil ministirean agus comhthionalan suarach ma cumail suas, cha ruigear leas saoil-

sinn gum faigh i cuideachadh bho 'n Staid. Bliadhna 'n deigh bliadhna tha Ghaidhlig a faighinn bas 's na h-eaglais-ean. Bhasaich a Ghaidhlig ann 's an Eaglais is motha 's an duthaich so. Co bu choireach? Muinntir na h-Eaglais—cha tigeadh iad ga h-eisdeachd—ged b' e am ministear a bha aca an duine b' fhileanta, agus a b' fhoghluimte a sheas riabh ann an cupaid Ghaidhlig. Agus ged a bha blas na Gaidhlig air a shearmoinean Beurla, roghnaich iad a chluinntinn 's a Bheurla a mhain. Aig coinneamhan mor ann an Glaschu agus Dun-eideann cluinnear daoine'-uaise a glaothaich comhla ri Seonaid Nic Lachuinn "Suas leis a Ghaidhlig"—ach air an t-Sabaid theid iad seachad air an Eaglais Ghaidhealach bhochd, agus fagaidh iad an airgiod geal agus an or buidhe air trinnsear an Eaglais mhor bhriagh Shasunnaich. Mar so tha Gaidhlig Ruaraidh Mhic Leoid "a faighinn bas"—a faighinn bas cuideachd a chionn 's gur e 'n t-seirbhis Bheurla air am bheil parantan a fritheal air Di-domhnaich, agus gur e sgoil-Shabaid Bheurla dh' ionnsuidh am bheil iad a cur an clann. Tha clann agus parantan le cheile ag altrum am beacad, aineolach, agus amaideach gu 'n cum a Ghaidhlig daoine air an ais anns an t-saoghal, agus a chum ruigsinn braighe na beinne gur e 'n doigh a bhi bruidhinn Beurla, agus bhi balbh 's a' Ghaidhlig. Tha cuid a dhaoine saolsinn chum clann Ghaidhealach ionnsachadh Beurla, gur e 'n doigh iad a leughadh leabhraichean Beurla gun am maigheastar sgoil agus sgoilearan labhairt aon fhacal 's a' Ghaidhlig. Is mearachd mhor so. Tha milltean chlann feadh na Gaidhealtachd nach urrainn bruidhinn na Beurla. Cia mar a theagaisgear Beurla dhoibh? Troimh 'n cainnt mathaireil fein. Gabh clann (milltean dhiubh) ann an Uist a chinne tuath agus deas, 's an Leodhas, etc. Rachamaid do 'n tigh-sgoil. Tha 'm maighstear-sgoil toirt do 'n chlann leabhraichean Beurla ri leughadh, agus aig deireadh an leasan tha e cur a cheist ann an Gaidhlig, "Innsibh dhomh a nis a chlann 'd e bha sibh a leughaidh?" Cha 'n 'eil aon a freagairt. "Na thuig sibh aon fhacal do 'n leasan?" Tha lchann ag radh, "Cha do thuig." Do na milltean chloinne aig nach 'eil Beurla 's an troimh na Gaidhlig a dh' fheumar teagasg brigh na tha iad ag ionnsachadh anns a Bheurla. 'S na ni so tha sinne fad' air dheireadh air muinntir Ghaidhealach Eirinn. Tha thairis air muilleandhaoine 'n Eirinn (moran mhilltean tuillidh daoine na tha an Gaidhealtachd na h-Alba) a labhra-Gaidhlig. Tha lagh an rioghachd a toirt dhoibh maighstirean sgoile Gaidhealach comhla ri leabh-

raichean Gaidhlig—agus mar so tha Ghaidhlig air a leughadh agus Beurla air ionnsachadh le milltibh chlann ann an Eirinn. Tha Eaglais an t-sagairt ann an Eirinn eudmhor mu'n Ghaidhlig. Nam biodh na h-eaglaisean 'n ar duthaich fhein air shamhail cheudna cha bhiodh aobhar air gearan. Cha 'n fhaicear ann an Eirinn an ni tha cumanta 's a Ghaidhealtachd—Gaidhlig air a putadh a thaobh, agus Beurla gabhail a h-aite anns na h-eaglaisean. Gle bhitheanta atharraichear uair an t-seirbhis Ghaidhlig. Tha so air a dheanamh chum efragairt amanna dinneir nan Sasunnaich (a bhios air chuairt a losgadh air feidh agus iasgach bhradain). Cuiridh na daoine sin airgid mor 's an laidir. Cha 'n urrainn an t-seann Ghaidheil bochd gun a bhi faicinn gu bheil airgid mor-chuis agus meud-mhor a milleadh eagal Dhe agus cur as do 'n Ghaidhlig "'s a ghleann 's an robh e og." Chum cuisean na Gaidhealtachd a chur agus a chumail ceart feumaidh ard-sheanadh a bhi againn—ard-chruinneachadh aon uair 's a bhliadhna—Parlamaid Ghaidhealach na buill a iran tarruing 's gach aite far am bheil moran Ghaidhil a comhnuidh. Bhiodh mar so na Comunnanan ann an Lunnain, Dun-eideann, Glaschu, agus aiteanan eile, cur a dh' ionnsuidh a cho-chruinneachaidh bhliadhnal na daoine bu fhreagarraiche. Tha milltinn do dhaoine dubh cho maith ri daoine geal a labhras Gaidhlig ann an America. Bho am gu am dh' fhaodadh feadhain nam measg 's thighinn do 'n cho-chruinneachadh so. Dh' fhaodadh paipeir-naigheachd fo ughdarras an ard-sheanaidh so bhi clo-bhuailte ann an Gaidhlig gach mios. Am measg nitheana eile a bhiodh oraidean, orinn agus sgriobhanan eile a leigeal ris aobhairean air imrich do dhuthchanan cein, amaideas tuath na Gaidhealtachd ann a bhi treigsinn an duthaich, agus lionadh nam bailtean, amaideas, oganaich laidir agus maighdeanan bhriagha, fagal obair fhalan an fhearainn, agus dol do 'n bhaile mhor gu bhi nan traillan air an sathrachadh le obair ghoirt, uairean fada, agus tuarasdail a chumas iad daonnan an air eiginn chruaidh. Bhiodh ann cuideachd fios mu thomhas agus shuidheachadh na tire agus a luchd-shealbh mu na beanntan achaidhean, coilltean lochainean, aimhnichean, aireamh nam feidh agus na caoraich. Mar an ceudna mu na doighean anns am biodh an dealanach (electricity) cur easan na 'm beanntan gu feum: agus mar so obraichean mora cur nan gleanntan air chrith ar am biodh milltean dhaoine air an deadh doigh—ag obair gun ghearan agus iad buidheach le 'n cor.

The concert was brought to a close with the singing of "Auld Lang Syne." A hearty vote of thanks was accorded the Chairman, on the motion of Mr James Grant, president of the Gaelic Society of Glasgow, who congratulated the Society on having Rothiemurchus at their head, and wished it a prosperous year. Mr Morrison, secretary, carried out the arrangements with efficiency and success.

1st DECEMBER, 1904.

On 1st December, 1904, the Society met to hear the following paper by the Rev. George Henderson, Scourie:—

A MANUSCRIPT FROM RATISBON.

The Basilica of the Scotie monks at St James's in Regensburg, as the Germans name Ratisbon, was situated opposite the point where the river Regen enters the Danube. It has long been honourably associated with traditions of learning, of culture, and of piety. In 1067 Marianus Scotus from Donegal (Marianus miser filius Robertaci—Muiredach trog mac Robertai) arrived at Bamberg in Bavaria. On becoming a Benedictine, and desirous of making his pilgrimage to Rome, he had occasion to pass through Ratisbon, where he was influenced by his countryman, Mercherdach, to sojourn for a season and seek guidance from on high, while he passed some time in prayer and in fasting. At last, ere the early dawn, he found his way to the old church of St Peter, a foundation dating at least from the age of Charlemagne, and therein he entered to engage in prayer. As he arose to take his departure, staff in hand, the first rays of the sun broke in upon his path, a signal he interpreted, from the circumstances of a prior vision, as a divine command to abide in Ratisbon, a city where the followers of S. Benedict were much honoured for their obedience to duty and a religious walk. The Abbess of Obermünster, for whom he made a copy of religious writings, gave him the church and ground, on which thus arose, aided by the contributions of many others, the first monastery of the Scotie Benedictines in Germany, viz., the Priory of Weih S. Peter (1075). The brethren had missions as far away as Poland, and the house increased, thus necessitating by 1090 the founding of a branch establishment, that of S. Jacobus, the larger monastery of S. James, to which in 1111 A.D. the

Emperor Henry V. gave his special protection. To the history of the house of S. James, interesting contributions were made in 1897 by G. A. Renz of Stift Raigern in his "Beiträge zur Geschichte der Schottenabtei zu St. Jacob," as well as by Fischer in his interesting and praiseworthy volume on "The Scots in Germany." Marianus Scotus himself is credited by the Monastery Chronicle (of date 1185) with having written the greater part of the works in the Scotie script which then belonged to Ratisbon or to the numerous foundations which sprang from it. I have myself examined in the Royal and Imperial Library at Vienna the copy of S. Paul's Epistles in 160 sheets of superfine penmanship, the work of Marianus Scotus in 1079, written apparently between March 23rd and May 17th. He had some bent for history, or as we should perhaps say, for chronicling—for histories, in spite of the much abused use of the word, are rare—and essayed to write a chronicle of the world. Other countrymen from Scotia Major, such as Malachias, Patricius, Maclan, Finnian, soon followed him, and brought many writings from Ireland, which have since been scattered elsewhere, when not destroyed. Scotia Minor also was very likely represented; at least Abbot Christian in 1152 set out for Scotland ('ad nostrum regem'), to King David I., to collect money for building and enlarging the church and Abbey; he returned with other monks in 1153 (Brockie: *Monasticon Scoticum*, Pedeponti, Stadt am Hof, Ratisbon, 1752, p. 112), and there soon was erected the Church of S. James, an exquisite specimen of the Norman style in combination with Celtic ornament. The Lateran Council of 1215 formed the mother house of Ratisbon with its younger offshoots at Vienna, Erfurt, Würzburg, Nürnberg, Constance, Memmingen, Eichstadt, Kehlheim, Altenfurt, in a combined chapter, with the Abbot of Ratisbon as president. There was a constant coming and going between our country and Bavaria. Yet with years the old discipline became relaxed; many with no vocation were entered as pupils, attracted by the love of comfort. When the name Scotia became ambiguous, and finally applied exclusively to Scotland, the title *monasterium Scotorum* proved a convenient handle for those who now held the Irish as intruders. The destructive fire of 1433 deprived the inmates of much; affairs were soon afterwards at a low ebb. In 1515 Leo X. appointed an energetic Scotsman, John Thomson, from a seminary in Rome, as Abbot, "being the true and legitimate owner of the Monastery, since he is Scottish by birth and not an Irishman." Of course, the

Irish Gualterus protested—a prodigal like several of his predecessors, deposed for misrule, and kept prisoner at the Bishop's Castle at Wörth. Joannes Thomson soon got recruits from Dunfermline, Incholm, and Paisley, and improved the situation, so that from 1515 onwards only Scottish Abbots reigned at Ratisbon.

Leslie, Bishop of Ross, was able to persuade the Pope of the time to appoint as Abbot of Ratisbon in 1577 Ninian Winzet, who had entered the Scottish ecclesiastical arena with his *Four Score and Three Questions* against John Knox, and soon found Edinburgh rather unpleasant. Winzet, who published at Ingolstadt in 1581 his commentaries on S. Paul's Epistles, as also his *Flagellum Sectarium* (The Sectarials' Scourge) in 1582, died in the Abbacy, after an active life, in 1592. The Catechism of Canisius the Jesuit he did into the tongue of the Lowland Scots, and wrote verses and epigrams in leisure hours. "In him," says Fischer, "the Catholics lost a candid friend, the Protestants an honest foe, and the world of letters an independent thinker; an advocate of practical reform, though a faithful adherent of the old Church."

Of the succeeding Abbots, I must mention Placidus Fleming (1672-1720), of the family of the Earls of Wigton. He greatly enriched the library, among other beneficent deeds, and from his time St. James's at Ratisbon became an asylum for members of the old Scottish aristocracy. During his rule, one Joannes Dunbar, ex opp. Neribus, dioc. Argillensi, occurs on the Monastery's list of Professors under March 1, 1681. He seems to have had a relative who preceded him in that office, also named Dunbar, and from the diocese of Argyll, entered the professoriate on July 29, 1674.

On the leaf annexed to the cover of the manuscript I am now to describe, this Professor Dunbar records in his own hand, in English:

"I. F.: John Dunbar gott a gift of this book from Mr O Roicke, 1688, which he had from Mr Dugall O Niel."

In his hand, in Latin, on the top margin of the first page, and in a different ink from that used in the Gaedhlig poem, there is written: *ex lib. S. Jacobi Scotor. Ratisbonae 1689*. In very dark ink, in a hand different from either, is written 1688, part of the last figure above the initial Gaelic letter. On the

second last page there is a Latin poem ; on the back of this, in O'Rourke's hand, of a rather flamboyant character :

Ex libris Constantini O'Rourke—

This Book I present to my

Loueing Contrymon f.

J. Dunbar * &c.

On the last page is written, in the hand of the original possessor, apparently :

Dugall O'Neill.

Dugall Phillip O Neile [underneath the above.]

On the leaf annexed to the binding his name again appears as Dugall Phillip Neile, but some one has written *Monsieur* before it, pointing to some French connection, and after it a few words in Latin, to the effect that he is the possessor of this book. O'Neile was possibly connected with the O'Neils of Tyrone.

I shall here not further follow the fortunes of the house of religious at Ratisbon. Thomas Campbell, the poet (*Life and Letters*, ii. 575), was guest of the monastery at the beginning of last century, and graphically describes life in Ratisbon. The late Father MacColl said the table and inkstand and pen the poet used are still in Ratisbon. The skirmish he witnessed under the very walls was the occasioning origin of the famous lyric "Hohenlinden." From 1713-1855 one hundred and forty-one Scottish youths were here trained. In 1862, September 2nd, the Monastery of St. James was acquired by the Bavarian Government for the purposes of a clerical seminary, the sum paid being £10,000, Pius IX. being Pope.

* Father Dunbar

Anno 1681 Maius 1. F. Joannes Dunbar, ex oppido Neribus, Diœces. Argillens. Obiit in monasterio lue correptus anno 1713 die 16 Septembris ; ab anno 1687 usque 1690 superior monasterii nostri Erfurtensis ; ab anno 1690 cellarium egit hic Ratisbonae usque 1702, perrexit in Patriam per duos annos, an. 1704 iterum cellarium agere jubetur usque ad mortem anno supradicto.

There was another of the name: Fr. Erhardus Dunbar, de civitate et Diœces. Argillens. Obiit in monasterio nostro Erfurtensi die 2 Martii 1699, post 9 annorum in patria missionem, id est anno 1678 sacerdos ordinatus anno 1679 usque 1686 curam culinæ domesticæ habuit, eodem anno missus in Patriam, rediit 1695, quo missus Erfurtum œconinum et Parochum usque ad mortem egit.

Vide Records of the Scots Colleges, New Spalding Club, 1906.

One of the three last Scottish students educated there was Donald MacColl (Fort-William), who in 1862 returned to Scotland. Born at Ardgour in 1835, at the age of sixteen he went to Blair's College, Aberdeen, where he appears to have remained for four years, as it is in 1855 that his name is entered on the monastic roll of Ratisbon, now at Fort-Augustus. The Ratisbon Register No. 141 records: "Donald MacColl, natus in Achagphouple apud Fort William 1835; sacerdos 12 Mart. 1859; was ordained priest." He was stationed as priest at Ardkenneth, S. Uist; thereafter at Laggan, Badenoch, whence he returned to Uist in 1877. After a term of years he retired to the charge at Drimnin, in Morvern. Thereafter he lived at Oban since 1895, at the Bishop's residence, where he died in the spring of 1899. German, which he knew well, he spoke with a strong Bavarian accent. I know he enjoyed Schiller. To botany and shooting he was addicted; even at Ratisbon, I am informed, his gun and fishing-rod proved very useful for the monastery. His memory was good, and he was not only a fluent conversationalist, but possessed of rare humour, and an unusual knowledge of history. He had much independence of mind. I well recollect how he professed his liking for the Gaelic rendering of the 1826 Bible, which he used, and strongly adverted on the late Bishop Grant's liberties with Father MacEachann's translation of the New Testament into Scottish Gaelic. His knowledge of Gaelic was singularly idiomatic, and he had many alterative renderings to suggest in certain passages of the Gaelic version, which he was satisfied would be an improvement. He told me that on the breaking up of the monastic house at Ratisbon, many books and MSS. went to Munich and elsewhere, and that he rescued this Irish-Gaelic Manuscript, which was left uncared for. To him it was a keepsake. He was unable to give me information as to its contents, but thought they were of a religious nature. He offered me the MS., but the last time I called on him it was impossible to see it, as it was in a safe, of which the Bishop, who was absent that day, held the key. After Father MacColl's death, I met with every kindness from Bishop Smith, who gave me the document, the contents of which I shall describe. The Manuscript originally, it is my opinion, came to Ratisbon from the Irish establishment of the Franciscans at Louvain. Its opening poem throws light on one in the Fernaig MS., and Stern has found an Irish original in the

Brussels Library, among the MSS. from Louvain, for *Crosanachd Illebhrighd*, with which the Fernaig MS. opens.

This Manuscript from Ratisbon is a little over 9 in. in length, 4 in. in width, and 7 in. in thickness. It is neatly bound in vellum, with notches for thongs which are now worn off. It is written, with numerous contractions, on thin paper, in a fine hand. It exhibits three styles of penmanship. Except seven leaves at the end, written in the English hand of about the reign of Charles II., the whole of the MS. is in the Irish character, or *corra-litir*. These seven leaves have seemingly been bound up with the rest, and consist of a short account of the devotion to the Rosary. The bulk of the MS. is taken up with *Sgáthan Shacramaint Na h-Aithrighe*, composed by the poor brother of the Order of S. Francis, *Aodh Mac Aingil, leghtheóir diadhachta a ccolaisde na m bráthar neirionnach a lobbáin* (i.e., Hugh Mac Caghwel (as his name has been Englished), reader or professor of Divinity in the College of the Irish Brothers in Louvain). This is a solid treatise, written in Irish Gaelic, explaining and enforcing Penitence. It has been published in 1618 at Louvain, filling 583 pages, 12^o, of which there are three copies in the British Museum, one with the leaf following the title mutilated, another imperfect copy, lacking in the title page and in all before page 73; a third, however, with the full title—

Scathan Shacramuinte na haithridhe, ar na chuma don bhrathair bocht dord San Froinsias, Aodh mac Aingil leghthoir diadhachta a ccoleisti na mbrathair heirionnach a lobbáin.

This printed treatise shows certain imperfections which are lacking in the MS. The author was a Franciscan Friar, and this book was much in esteem, with the result that several transcriptions—one also in Egerton, 183—were made of what was regarded as a valuable doctrinal treatise, of which the printed copies were not many, and were hard to be had. It is described in Latin as *Tractatus de Pœnitentia et Indulgentiis*. A native of Saul, Co. Down, five Latin works proceeded from his pen, among them, a defence and vindication of the philosophy of John Duns Scotus, entitled *Apologia Apologię pro Joanne Duns Scoto*, etc., 1623, 8^{vo}; an edition of a work by that philosopher, the *Quaestiones Subtilissimę nunc noviter recognitę* per H. Cavellum, 1620, fol. He commented on the philosophy of Duns Scotus, and a complete

edition of that philosopher, Duns Scoti . . opera omnia . . commentariis (H. Cavelli) illustrata, appeared in 1639 in folio, after Mac Aingil's own death. His youth was passed in the Isle of Man. Hugh O'Neill employed him as tutor, afterwards, for his sons, Henry and Hugh, and Mac Aingil accompanied Henry O'Neill to Spain, where he was when Queen Elizabeth died. Civil and common law he studied at Salamanca, and on taking the vows of a Franciscan he became a reader there in theology. In 1616, soon after the Irish Franciscan College of S. Athony of Padua was founded at Louvain, Aodh Mac Aingil became guardian, as the phrase was, and the celebrated and deservedly eminent Father Colgan, and Patrick Fleming, were among his pupils. He rendered good service in organising the institution at Louvain, and we meet with him now and again in Paris and Salamanca. When in 1623 he went to Rome, he was appointed reader in theology at the Convent of the *Ara Cæli*. He was almost elected in the following year to the generalship of the Franciscan Order, but soon thereafter the See of Armagh fell vacant, and Mac Aingil had the all-powerful support of John O'Neil, titular Earl of Tyrone, the brother of his old pupils. Urban VIII., on 27th April, 1626, promoted him to Armagh; he was to be consecrated on the 7th June, and the pall given on the 22nd. On setting out for Ireland he fell ill, and died at S. Isidore's at Rome, 22nd September, 1626. A monument was erected, with inscription, on the grave by O'Neill. I will conclude this account of Mac Aingil by giving from the Ratisbon MS. the testamur in Latin regarding *Scáthan Shacramuinte na hAithridhe*:

Vidimus et legimus tractatum de pœnitentia et indulgentiis quem nuper edidit V: pr. fr. HVGOCVELLVS nostri collegii S. Theologiæ primarius lector, vulgari idiomate, ad instructionem cleri et populi afflictæ patria, in quo nihil continetur præter salutarem doctrinam ecclesiæ et communem Doctorum: imo breui et clara methodo comprehendit omnia tam confessoribus quam pœnitentibus necessaria ad forû pœnitentiæ. 19 Feb. 1618. Ita sentimus

Fr. Antonius Hiquæus ejusdem Collegij Praeses

Fr. Robertus Chamberlinus lector sacrae Theologiæ.

Visa censura et approbatione prædictoru patru facultatem concedimus venerando admodum P. F. HUGONI CAVELLO tractatum illum de pœnitentia imprimendi, observatis iis quae statuta generalia nostri ordinis sacri circa excursionem et

impressionem librorum observari precipiunt. Datum in nostro Minorum Bruxellen conventu, 23 Februarii: anno 1618

Fr. Andreas A. Soto

Commissarius Generalis.

For Highlanders the first four pages are of special interest as containing, in excellent caligraphy, the poem entitled in the Fernaig Manuscript (Cameron's "Reliquiæ Celticæ," Vol. II., ed. Macbain and Kennedy, pp. 42-46) *Bhreishligh Ghonochi Voihr*—i.e., Breisleach Dhonnachaidh Mhóir: the Dream of Donnachadh Mór, but in the Ratisbon MS. is headed, no doubt more correctly,

Baothghalach mac Aodhagain cecinit.

If Macrae were correct in ascribing the poem to Donnachadh Mór, from the nature of the composition and the language, and of the metre, this could be none else than Donnachadh Mór O'Dalaigh, who died in 1244 at Boyle, Roscommon, and was regarded as the Virgil of Ireland, certainly the most famous member of the greatest family of hereditary poets in Ireland. He lived at Finnyvarra, Clare, and was head of the O'Dalys of Corcomree; a pious layman, likely, not an abbot, as was said. He was a voluminous composer, and pieces by him are to be found in the British Museum MSS. Add. 18,749, art. 56; Eg. 97: 2-5; 111: 2-3; 142: 30-32; 158: 41; 161: 48; 178: 21; 195: 11-14-19. Also in the Edinburgh Advocates' Library, where this very poem is ascribed to him in a transcript, in a large, coarse hand, made not long after the year 1800 in Dublin, for, or by, the Secretary of the Highland Society of London, who is associated with the interesting Report on the Ossianic Poems. This version has many corruptions. It will be recollected that Macrae also attributes to Bishop Carsewell the piece *A cholann chugad an Bás*—"O Body, to thee pertains (or belongs) death," attributed in Irish MSS. to Donnachadh Mór O'Daly. On the other hand, I find this poem, in a form less correct than in the Ratisbon MS., in the British Museum MS. Add. 18,945, with title *uas baothghalaigh dhuibh annso*; also 31,847: 44; in Egerton 135, with heading, *uas baothluig duibh son*; in Egerton 128, with the superscription *baothghalach ruadh mac Aodhagain*. The contraction *uas* seems to be for *uacht*, older form *udhacht*, 'will, testament, confession,' still used in the Irish phrase, *fágaim le huadhacht*—"I bequeath by will, I

solemnly declare or protest' (Irish Texts' Society's Dict.). It is an archaic word, very likely to have been used by a member of the Mac Egan family, who for centuries had schools of law, poetry and literature at Dún Doighré, on the Galway side of the Shannon, a little below Athlone. The *Leabhar Breac*, properly known as *Leabhar Mór Dúna Doighré*, is a very important compilation we owe to them from older books at *Mainister ua g-Ćormaic* Abbey Gormacan, Co. Galway; *Leacain* in Lower Ormond; *Ćluain Sosta*, Clonsost, Queen's Co., and from works at *Clonmacnois*, a centre of the Early Celtic Church. From Michael O'Clery's *Gadhelig Glossary*, published at Louvain in 1643, we know that he and his cousin, Lughaidh O'Clery, received their Gaelic, if not their primary classical education, from Baothghalach Ruadh Mac Egan. Michael O'Clery, the chief of the Four Masters, was born about 1580, at Kilbarron, Ballyshannon, Donegal. Though Baothghalach Ruadh Mac Aedhagain was then dead, his relative and namesake was Bishop of Elphinn. He was the Baothghalach (Latinized *Bœtius*) Mac Aegain who gave his signature in approbation and in witness to the truthfulness and importance of the *Annals of the Four Masters*, along with, among others, Flann Mac Aedhagan of Bally Mac Aedhagain, Tipperary, and Conor Mac Bruaideadha (Mac Brodie) of Co. Clare. The Glossary, "in which are explained some parts of the difficult words of the *Gaedhlig*, written in alphabetical order, by the poor rude Friar Michael O'Clery, of the Order of St. Francis in the College of the Irish friars at Louvain," is dedicated (in Gaelic)

"To my honoured lord and friend, Baothghalach Mac Aegain, Bishop of Ailfinn (Elphinn) . . . I know not in our country many to whom this gleanings should be first offered before yourself. And it is not only that our conventual habit is the same (a reason which would otherwise be sufficient to point our attention to you above all others) that has moved us to make you the patron of this book, but along with that, and specially because of your own excellence, and the hereditary attachment of your family to this profession. And further, that a man of your name and surname, Baothghalach Ruadh Mac Aegain, is one of the chief authorities whom we follow in the explanation of the words which are treated of in this book."

Further, in the Address to the Reader, Baothghalach Ruadh is spoken of as, of the masters in the knowledge of difficult words, the one "we have followed the most, because it was from him we ourselves received, and have found written with others, the explanations of the words of which we treat. And because he was an illustrious and accomplished scholar, etc."

I am inclined to regard the heading of Egerton 128, viz., Baothghalach Ruadh Mac Aodhagain, as in this respect more detailed than *Baothalach Mac Aedhayain cecinit* of the Ratisbon MS., and thus ascribe to him, the teacher of Michael O'Clery, the poem *Dia do chruthaich grianbhrugh nimhé*, being his last composition, tantamount to a testament or confession.

The third and last portion in Gaelic is written in a very delicate hand, with the contractions usual in classical Irish writings. It opens with a Dán or long poem by Bonaventura O hEodhusa, Latinized at times elsewhere as Brigidus Hosseus, an Irish Franciscan, from the diocese of Clogher, Ulster. On November 1st, 1607, he was admitted as one of the original members of the Irish Franciscan Monastery of S. Anthony of Padua at Louvain. From Douay, in 1605, he wrote in (Irish) Gaelic to Father Robert Nugent requesting his influence with the College President to be transferred to Louvain as the best centre for theological studies, and more especially as the son of O'Neill was likely to be in that neighbourhood. He had been asked to go to Salamanca or Valladolid (Calendar of State Papers of Ireland 1603-1606, p. 311). At Louvain he lectured first in philosophy, afterwards in theology, and was guardian of the College at the time of his death there from small-pox, 15th November, 1614. He was the author of *Crosanachd Ille-bhrighde*, given in a corrupted text by Macrae in the Fernaig MS. (v. Stern* in Zeitschrift für Celtische Philologie, ii. Band. 3 Heft). E. Llwyd says in his Archæol. Britannica that "the works of Gilabrid, especially his Meditations on Death, are recommendable." Gillebrighde is known as O'Hussey, sometimes Englished Hussey, properly O'Hosey. He was the author of *An Teagasg Criosdaidhe*, which came out at Louvain in 1608, a small volume, 16^o size; again at Antwerp in 1611 (apud J. Mesuim: Antverpiæ). Some

* Dr Stern prints and translates it from a Brussels MS. which came from the religious house of S. Anthony of Padua at Louvain. Very likely Macrae came in contact with a cleric in Scotland who learned the piece as a student there

copies have a frontispiece of St. Patrick, as in the British Museum copy, G. 5485, lacking in others. Another edition, not so rare, appeared at Rome in 1707. This work contains a preface of 32 lines of verse. The poem in the Ratisbon MSS. begins—

Is truagh liom a chompain do chor
(Sad to me, O companion, thy state),

and is given in the 1707 edition of *An Teagasg Criostaidhe*, pp. 237-255 (cf. also Giessen MS. and O'Hosey's Catechism, v. Rev. Celtique, 16:10).

It deals with the affair of Meiler Magrath (1523?-1622), Archbishop of Cashel, who for nine years was a Papal bishop and an Anglican archbishop at the same time. In 1612 the Franciscan Provincial had some hopes of winning him to his side. His first wife was a Roman Catholic, and he kept on good terms, it is said, with her co-religionists, nor did he try to proselytize nor hunt down priests. A question of family property seems to have been mixed up with this case. "His simony, rapacity, and evil example did incalculable harm to Irish Protestantism, and Strafford spoke truly of the ugly oppressions of that wicked bishop Melerus." I am here only concerned, of course, with the occasion of O'Hosey's poem: *Dán do rinne an brathair bocht dórd S. Proinsias, Bonaventura O heodhasa, gairdián brathar néirionnach a lobbhain d fhíorcharuid áiridhe do thuit anéiriceacht, le merghradh an tshaoghail, agus ainmhian a cholna. Cuid de thrachtas ar leighios dorchachda agus ainbhfeasa a inntleachta, ina bhfoillsighther le réasunnuibh soileire (ar nach éidir freagra do thabhairt) aondacht, naomhtacht, coitchinne, abstaltacht, agus gach iomlaine eile dha mbeanann go díleas ré fíoregluis ndé do bheith amháin ag an eaglais Rómhanach agus accodarsna no accontrárdha sin do bheith ag gach coimhthionál éiriceadh, madh lúath no mall tháinig no thioctas. Cuid eile ar leighios ansmacht agus ainmhiana atholo do réir mar as léir san dán.*

Truagh liomsa a chompáin do chor
truagh an modh ar a bh fhuil síbh;
ní léir dhuit solas fan ngréin
an dorchacht féin ní léir dhuit
Ar eiriceacht do thréig tu
Día na ndúl is creideamh Dé
méud an uile si tárta dhaoibh
móide ar maoith ní thuige féin

Da bhfaicthea mar do chíd cách
an tshoillsi ata deasbhuidh ort
bur ndorchacht do bá léir libh
do thuicfeadh sibh féin bhur ccor
Do thuigsi ghéar ghríanach ghlan
do dalladh í dha toil féin
trúagh nach ttárla ribhsi o thús
líiaigh do fhóirfeadh thú od phéin
Dod tfhurtacht do rachfuinn féin
acht go ccluín mé (meisde ar ndóigh)
othar neimhneach ribh dá rádh
nach léig lámh leagha dá chóir
Ad ghoire o nach blféaduín dol
cuirsi chugam ar son Dé
ar cháirdios na sinnsior rómhainn
cúis theasláinte dod dhóigh féin
An dall atá do thuigsi ariámh
no an í an toil le mían an chuirp
do chuir an ceó-sa ar do chéill
soillsi an chreidimh nach léir dhuit
Masí an tuigsi mas i an toil
as ciontach réd chor tar cheill
biodh or(a)m-sa an tuigsi do chosg
is biodh cosg na toile ort féin
Mas i an tuigsi as ciontach ribh
ag so dhuit an leighios súd
creid ón Egluis briathra Dé
ós di nochta féin a rún
Disi thrá nochta a rún
Eóin da dhearbhadh dhúinn is Pól
Spiorad Dé ré a hais do ghnáth
ní bhí ar merfall,* gatt ám dhó
An Pápa sa ngabhan leis
así an Egluis adeir mé
ní bhfuil eaglais oile acht so
aguinn abhus ar bith cé
Do gheall Dia da dhearbhadh sin
iomdha scriptúir ribh dha radh
Eaglais sho fhaicsiona chríosa
nach ccuirfith í síos go bráth
Dón Egluis Romhanta amháin
do coimhleadh so dáil go bhfios

* recte mearbhall.

atá anúas ó aimsir Chríosa
 gan chlaochlódh gan díth gan sgrios
 Gach eiriceacht tainig ríamh
 mall do thall nó as gerr do mhair
 mar sin nach eaghuis do Chríosa
 éanchuid díobh na labhraid air
 Na habradh trá Cailbhín cláon
 no luitéar nar cláon o bhréig
 no gibé drong leanas díobh
 gur ab d eaghuis Chríosa iád féin

This piece follows O'Hosey's *Dán* on Bishop Magrath:—

a rígh na ccréacht fhuair éug am bárr an chroinn
 is croidhe do chléibh dha réubtha ag lámh an doill
 is fuil do ghéug ag téachtadh ar talamh na linn
 ar sgáth do sgéithe beir féin go Párrthas inn.

as truagh an téacht an té do chruthuigh inn
 ré fúaim a bhreithe eachtmhair luchtmhair bhinn
 mar uán chéasadh préachta amullach croinn
 mo nuár a thaebh dha réabtha ag buille an doill.

Here follows the reading of the Ratisbon Manuscript of the poem given in the Fernaig MS. by Macrae (cf. Cameron's *Reliquiæ Celticae*, Vol. II., pp. 42-46). I note that in the first stanza *ghronnghlan* is a compound from *grinn*, to which various meanings are assigned by Irish lexicographers, viz.: (1) *grinn* .i. daingean, (2) .i. glan, (3) .i. cubhaidh, (4) .i. fésóg, (5) .i. grennmhar. In composites before a broad-vowel *grinn* becomes *grionn*, just as *fionn* before a slender vowel becomes *finn*, e.g. *fionnbhán*, *finnbhean*: so *grinnngheal*, *gronngheal*. It connotes 'pure-white,' &c.

BAOTHGHALACH MAC AODHAGAIN *cecinit*. *

Día do chruthaich gríanbhrugh nimhe
 ina lía cluithe, is ceólchuire ¹
 ina lía aingeal diádha daithgheal ²
 is briathra blasda ³ beóilmhilis
 ina lía gile, ina lía binne
 ina lía gloine is glórmhuire
 ina lía soillsi ghríanach ghronghlan ⁴
 is ⁵ liág lonnrach lóghmhúrdha.

* Add. 18,945—uas baothghalaigh dhuibh annso

Eg. 135—uas bhaothluig duibh son

Eg. 128—baothgalach ruadh mac Aodhagain

Teagh is ⁶ teaghlach, teagh gan díamhuir
teagh gan fhíacha ar ósduighthe ⁷
teagh na nesbal, ⁸ an teagh seasgar
teagh gan easbhuidh órduighthe
teagh na maighden nglaicgheal ⁹ ngreadhnach
mhaiseach ¹⁰ mheadhrach mhórfholtach
teagh na ninghean ¹¹ mhúinte, mhúirneach,
shúgach shoilbhir shompladhach.

Cúirt mhic Muire, cúirt gan chionta
cúirt an chuire chomhnui^{gh}the ¹²
cúirt na fáilte, cúirt na sláinte
cúirt gan chás ¹³ agcóguireacht
cúirt gan íota, ¹⁴ cúirt na bhfionta
an múr síthgheal srólldhathach ¹⁵
cúirt na macaomh is na mbannaomh,
an múr gealchaomh glóirfheithmheach. ¹⁶

Dún an Duilimh, dún gan diultadh
dún as múinte mórmhaithe, ¹⁷
dún gan fhoradh, dún gan dorrdhacht ¹⁸
dún gan cholg ré comhursnaibh,
dún gan ghorta, dún gan chogadh
dún gan chrosa, ¹⁹ ar chóirbhreathaibh
dún gan mhagadh, dún gan mhasladh
dún gan tacha * trocaire ²⁰

An chathair nemhdha, an chathair chennsa ²¹
theastach tharbhach thóramhach
cathair bhuadha, an chathair uasal
dathach, dualach dochaimhe ²²
an chathair cherrdach ²³ ghreadhnach dhealbhach
ealtach ámlach órdhathach ²⁴
an chathair chainneoch tharphach ²⁵ shoillsech
lasrach lonnrach ²⁶ lóghmhurdha.

Rígh na righthe do dhealbh ²⁷ daoine
do dhealbh tírrthe is tórunna ²⁸
do dhealbh ceathra daoibh chum bethadh
an fáidh fertach foghnamhach ²⁹

* scarcity—G. H.

is e do rinne iath * na cruinne
iasg is uise is eoinbhinne
luibhe na ³⁰ talmhuin is accranndhail
mac Dé cerd accóirighthe ³¹

Do dhealbh ifrionn *dá* lucht díomhdha ³²
áonmhac múirneach ³³ mórmhuire
do dhealbh ³⁴ spéire do dhealbh realtna
grían is easga eólasach ³⁵
is é sgaoiles lá is oidhche
traígh is taoide tórchurthach ³⁶
as é an trean rí do sgaoil béarluidhe ³⁷
fá gach éintír fhóidhreabha ³⁸

Do dhealbh geimhredh luaimnech linntech
ruaimnech rinn[fh]liuch róthanach ³⁹
do dhealbh earrach siocraidh ⁴⁰ seacach
fliuchfhuar frasach feóthonnach
do dhealbh samhradh géugghlas greannrach ⁴¹
néullach neamhdha ⁴² nódhuilleach ⁴³
do dhealbh foghmhar bruthmhar brónach
clúthmhar cnómhar cnósadhach. ⁴⁴

Do bheir díle báite daoine ⁴⁵
tar na críochaibh accomhchoitchinn ⁴⁶
do bheir tóirnech ghaothach ghlórach ⁴⁷
do bheir reodh ⁴⁸ is róitheasbhach;
cerd na nuile do bheir duille ⁴⁹
ar ⁵⁰ gach muine mórtorthach
le ⁵¹ alíacht cleasa do ní an mac sin
ní gar mesda mhórthesda. ⁵²

Cé binn tiompán, agus órgán
is ⁵³ gach comhghair cheólchruite
cé binn liúte, cé binn músic ⁵⁴
's gach ionnstramaint chiúil chóirighthe ⁵⁵
ceól na cruinne sa ccuid binnis
do chuir uile accóimhsheinnimh ⁵⁶
as binne aingel dha mbí a bhflaithes
mun rí rathmhar roichliste ⁵⁷

Déis mo fhriotail as mé an ciontach
craosach cuithech comhraicthech ⁵⁸
as mé an peacthach ⁵⁹ cealgach cleasach
meabhlach mengach mór gothach

* Eg. 128 here transposes *iath* and *iasg*.

as mé an meirlech amhuirsech ⁶⁰ eitheadh ⁶¹
 sanntach saethrach ⁶² sronfhoclach ⁶³
 minic fhobhruim ⁶⁴ milledh ógbhan
 brisedh pósta ⁶⁵ is pótaireacht.

Is mé an sionnach sgéalach sgigeach
 breugach brionnach beólocrach ⁶⁶
 brisim saoire, brisim aointe ⁶⁷
 iomrim ⁶⁸ maoin ar órduighibh
 is mé an ladronn ⁶⁹ uaibhreach ainmhinn ⁷⁰
 ghruamdha, ghaibhtheach, ⁷¹ ghleóghonta ⁷²
 minic ⁷³ mhúsghlas coir ⁷⁴ na druise
 mé ⁷⁵ dom chluimhthe chóirighthe

Gnáth dom ⁷⁶ chealg is peacaidh marbhtha
 formad fearg dom fhorlogadh ⁷⁷

- *5 do ním leisge ⁷⁸ is bím ar mheisge
- 6 gan rocheilt ar choisreacha ⁷⁹
- 3 ní gan uabhar bhím ⁸⁰ ar uairibh
- 4 ag maoidhemh m'uaisle is ⁸¹ m'eolusa
 bím go sanntach ciontach ⁸² cáinnteach
 liopthach ⁸³ labharthach leodhloisgneach.

O ⁸⁵ táid peacuidhe ar tí ar ccengal
 guidhim an t athair trócaireach
 an spiorad nertmhar ⁸⁶ do ní ferta
 san mac fesrach ⁸⁷ fóirnetartmhar ⁸⁸
 guidhim an tríonóid liom mar dhíontóir
 lá na tt tri ⁸⁹ slóigh ttoichedol ⁹⁰
 guidhim Peadar sna ⁹¹ hesbail
 na .z. cethrair chomhthroma ⁹²

Fuil do dheischich ⁹³ fuil do ghealtaoibh
 fuil do bhas ⁹⁴ mhín mhóirshnighthe ⁹⁵
 neimh do chésta thríd do saeris ⁹⁶
 daoine daera deóranta
 dén go haebhdha ⁹⁷ ag iarramh éarca
 's tú gan bhéim ar m beo mharthoin ⁹⁸
 a Dhía ghrádhmhar fhialmhuir fháiltech ⁹⁹
 na hiarr dáil sna déonib ¹⁰⁰

Mar do sgaoil tu as an b príosun
 Ioseph fíorumhal foghnaighthech ¹⁰¹
 mar do shaorais ¹⁰² Susanna aobhdha
 o choir bhréige an bhródhmhuir(e)

* The order of the lines in MS. Add. is indicated by the numerals

mar do sgaoilis do Longinus
 an phían daor do róthuile 103
 beir *gan* deacair mé on b *peacadh*
 áen mhic éachtuigh 104 óg mhuire.
 Dia.

Readings chiefly of British Museum MS. Adds 18,945, with occasional ones from others:—

1 ccolmhaireacht. 2 daingean; Eg. 128 as in text. 3 breathach. 4 gringheal. 5 iona lia leagh . . .

6 an tigheairna; also Eg. 128. 7 ósdaighthibh. 8 napstal . . . seasguir. 9 nglac nglan. 10 misneach mbraighaidhgeal. 11 ninghion.

12 choimhneaghthach. 13 cháil air chócareacht. 14 fionta . . . gan iota. 15 sróllaightheach. 16 glór shiothamh; glór ghothach, Eg. 128.

17 moirbheatha. 18 doircheacht. 19 chrosadh, Eg. 128. 20 a tbrocaire.

21 cheannsa. 22 dheaghtach . . . do chaithmheach. 23 chairadach dhrongach; Eg. 128 agrees with Ratisbon. 24 alltach alach orduightheach. 25 tapairach. 26 lonnradhach lochrannach; so, too, Eg. 128.

27 dhealbhaidh. 28 tíorthh . . . teoranna. Eg. 133 agrees with Ratisbon. 29 fóirteartmhar; fóirthinneach, Eg. 133. 30 an talmhan san cuid chrannthal. 31 a goórgta.

32 do diamdha. 33 múrneach. 34 dhealbhaidh. 35 eolgusach; Eg. 128 agrees with Ratisbon. 36 tóchuireach, Eg. 128. 37 -laoi. 38 fóid-treabhar; -threabhúigh, Eg. 128.

39 róightheannach; Eg. 133 -thonnach. 40 siothchruidh saothrach. 41 geamhrach. 42 niamhdha, Eg. 128. 43 nuadhuilleach. 44 cnóisteathach.

45 na daoile báigte taoine; Egerton 128, bháite daoine. 46 críoch-aibh cóimhchoitichionn. 47 is gaoith ghlorach. 48 MS. róg; róigh (MS. Add.). 49 nduille do bheir duile. 50 tre, Eg. 128. 51 is lia ealadh cleasradh do ghnidh . . 52 ní géar masda móirtheasda.

53 agus cóimhdhail. 54 lúite . . músaic. 55 anstrim ciul cóireagtus. 56 cóimhseinnim. 57 san Rígh . . ríochleasach.

58 chuthaig choimhrichteach. 59 peacach. 60 amhurasach eithig. 61 edmhar, Eg. 128. 62 saothrach srónolach. 63 saoghalta, Eg. 128.

64 oibrighim míle oigbhean; obruim, Eg. 128. 65 pósda.

66 Eg. 128, -olcach. 67 aoine. 68 imrim maoin . . ordaighthaibh; impighim, Eg. 128. 69 leadran. 70 ainmhean. 71 gailgneach gleoghantach. 72 gleoghonnach, Eg. 128. 73 mhúsglas cuir na drúise. 74 coir, Eg. 128. 75 me dom chluimh . . Eg. 128.

76 chealgaidh an peaca marbhtach. 77 fhárlosgadh. 78 bím leisge. 79 choisreachaibh. 80 bhíim. 81 ar mhórfholaib, Eg. 128. 82 cumhghach; comhuidheach, Eg. 128. 83 líomhtha. 84 lórlaisgthe; Eg. 128 as in Ratisbon.

85 O ta an peaca . . cceangail. 86 naomh neartmhar do ghnídh. 87 feasach fóirghanach. 88 fóirthinneach, Eg. 128. 89 dtí dtóstalach.

90 ttóichiosdalach, Eg. 91 is Pol eapstal. 92 s na trí ceathrar cómhstroma.

93 gheilchioch . . ghealtroighe. 94 ghlac, Eg. 128. 95 meorshnuite. 96 nimh do chéasda as tríd do saoradh;

páis na haoine 's trithe do saoradh
 daoine daora doitheagais—Eg. 128.

97 haodha. 98 bheodhmhairthaimh. 99 mhar fháiltig; a Dhia laidir fhialmhuir fháiltig, Eg. 128. 100 deonachso; san deonughadh, Eg. 128.

101 fíor uil feoirmhilis; foghnaimhach, Eg. 128.

102 mar do thialluis as a phiantaibh

Iob ciallmhar chomhthuigseach:

(Iob glan ciallmhar comhraiteach—Eg.).

103 ciabhar caoiche is ceoduille.. 104 fheartaig.

Fernaig MS. adds:—

Oir is ann a'do laimh-sa ta na grasan
'S nach teid tràigh air do throcaire
Beir air m'anam leat bho dheamhnaibh
Eadar ainglean óg-ghlana.

MS. Add. adds:—

Lazarus daithbheodhadh mar do rinis¹
a rígh sa chruthóir chomhachtaig²
Mar do shaoruis Susanna aobhdha
o chóir bhréige an bhród mhuire
Os ad laimhsi taid³ na grasa
s nach téid traigh ad throcaire-
Beir an t-anam leat on b peaca⁴
Idir aingiollaib[h] óglana

There follows in Eg. 128 this staza:—

Is diomhaoín gach príomhrígh da dtharl^t ríamh
sas diomhaoín gach ríoghbbhruighín da háille niamh
is diomhaoín s ní siorruidhe táinte is triath
sas diomhaoín gach aon ní da sháimhe acht Dia.

Other poems by Donnachadh Mór O'Daly are to be found in:—

Eg. 97—Donnachadh mór ar a adhbhar féin (fol. 139b). Duan an lóchrain—'Poem of the torch'—begins: Lóchrann soille ag síol Adhaimh. A devotional poem, entitled *Athchuinge Dhonnchaidh mhóir úi Dhálaigh*, in 11 quatrains, begins on fol. 141: Fóir a Mhic Mhuire mo ghuais (my extremity).

Eg. 142—*ar lá na breithe*, 35 quatrains, on fol. 109: *garbh éirghid íodhna brátha*—terrible will be the ushering pains of the judgment. Rogha gach betnadh beith bocht—Of all lives the choicest is to be poor (cf. "Is there for honest poverty," etc.). *On the pride of man*,

1 do bhethaigis mar do ghnaithighis—Eg. 128.

2 a rígh is athair chóircheartaigh—Eg. 128.

3 ataid—Eg. 128.

4 Beir an t-anam-sa leat o dheamhnuibh—Eg. 135 and Eg. 128.

12 quatrains: iarr dot uail claochládh a chuirp—O body! pray that a change be wrought in thy pride (fol. 110^b).

Eg. 111—Gabaim dechmad ár ndána—[To God now] let us sing a tithe of our poetry (fol. 7^b, Col. 1. Or na mban banchenn nime—Gold of all women is heaven's blessed woman-head.

Eg. 195—Fóir m'amgar a Dia bin (fol. 76). Is truagh mo thuras ga loch deirg (fol. 78). Triuir ata breith ar mo bhas.

Vide also Book of Dean of Lismore; and O'Grady's Catalogue of British Museum Irish Manuscripts, pp. 16, 633, 660, 345. Also, Leabhar Breac, p. 108, col. 2, line 66—Dreen enaig inmhain cach—Wrens of the marsh all dear to me.

A few notes may be useful regarding Donnchadh Mór, to whom MacRae ascribed the poem. The cradle and county of this, perhaps the most famous, bardic kindred in Ireland was Corca Adain or Adaim (so called from the remote ancestor Adan or Adam, of Niall naoighiallach's race) in the now Westmeath portion of Teffia. Ninth in descent from Adan was Cuchonnacht na sgoile ['of the school'], chief professor of poetry, 1139, at Clonard, whose grandson, Angus (common ancestor of all extant O'Dalys), had seven sons:

- i. Cerbhall fionn, progenitor of O'Dalaigh fionn ['the fair O'Daly'], poet to O'Keeffe of Duhallow, Co. Cork.
- ii. Donnchadh mór.
- iii. Cormac na Casbhairne (i.e. of the C., one of the dán díreach metres).
- iv. Muiredhach Albanach (cf. Add. 19,995, art. 9, 16).
- v. Gilla Isa (servus Jesu, Gelasius).
- vi. Gilla na naomh.
- vii. Tadhg, father of Cerbhall fionn and of Cerbhall buidhe, churchmen and poets; 36 entries in IV. Masters, 1139-1589.

1244 A.D.—Donnchadh mór ua Dálaigh saoi nar sáraigheadh ocus nach sáireochar le dán do ég ocus [a] adhnacal hi mainistir na Búille

i.e., 1244—Donough More O'Daly, an expert that in exercise of the poetic art never has been nor ever will be surpassed [in Ireland], died, and was buried in the monastery of Boyle [Co. of Roscommon].—IV. Masters.

Hence, perhaps, and from the fact that his extant poems are religious, the tradition that Donough was Abbot of that House (cf. Eg. 97, art. 3), whereas there is no direct evidence that he ever was an ecclesiastic at all, and the presumption is the other way. From him came the O'Dalys of Finnyvara in Burren, Co. Clare (where the sites of his house and honorary monument are still pointed out); one of whom accompanied O'Brien's daughter Raghnaile (wife of Teigue Rua O'Kelly, of the Callow † 1519) into Connacht, and founded the O'Dalys of Dunsandle, *e quibus* Lord Dunsandle and Clan Conal.

Poems by O'Hosey are found in the British Museum—Sloane MS. 3567, art. 7, 8, 9; Eg. 195, art. 16; Eg. 128, art. 4; Eg. 195, art. 20-21; Eg. 111, f. 86, col. 2—Decair suan ar chneidh charad—i.e., Hard to sleep on a friend's hurt. Truagh cor Chloinne Adhaimh: Sloane MS. 3567, art. 9; and Eg. 195, art. 16. He compresses the Christian Doctrine into a poem of 240 lines in Deibhidh Metre. Hyde (Lit. Hist. of Ireland, p. 535) quotes from a poem by O'Hosey on leaving Erin for a foreign home:

Do chuadar as rinn mo ruisc
Do tholcha is áluinn éaguisc
Is tuar orcra dá n-éisi
Dromla fhuar na h-aibheisi

(Slowly pass my aching eye
Her holy hills of beauty
Neath me tossing to and fro
Hoarse cries the crossing billow).

Also from another poem, wherein he laments leaving Ireland's poets and schools, though from religious motives, to "try another trade":

Now I stand to try a trade, 'mid bardic band less famèd
Than the part of poet is: hacked is my heart in pieces.
'Tis not that I veer from verse, so followed by my fathers,
Lest the fame it once did win, in vain be asked in Erin.

Ni fuath d'ealadhain m'aithreach
Thug fúm aigneadh aithrigheach
No an ghlóir do gheibhthí dá chionn
Ar neimhnidh ó phór Eirionn.

For further references to O'Hosey, see Hyde's *Religious Songs of Connacht*, Vol. I., pp. 13, 17, 55. Dr Hyde gives an elegant rendering of the poem concerning Miler MacGrath; I may quote a few stanzas, as I have transcribed a portion from the Ratisbon MS. :—

Sawest thou, as others see
All the light from thee cut off
Thou wouldst know how dark thou art,
Thou wouldst start instead of scoff.

Thy intelligence once bright,
Borne so light on soaring wings,
Now is clouded; since the will
Takes its fill of worldly things.

As physician I were come
To thy home with wholesome speech,
Long ago, but that there are
Those who bar me from thy reach.

Since I cannot come to cure,
I conjure by God's decrees,
By our friendship's holy tear,
Let me hear of thy disease. &c.

Hyde's verdict is: "It would be difficult to put into verse more compact and neater arguments." MacGrath was 102 years of age when he died. The insults of the bards, adds Dr Hyde, did not much affect him.

Another sample of O'Hosey's work is:—

Suim Bhunadhasach

*an teagaisg chríosdaighe a ndan, do rein an
[t-]athar Bonaventura ó hEoghusa dórd*

San Phroinsias

A nChre

Atáid trí doirsi ar teach nDé
Ní féidir le neach fan ngréin
Gan dul tríoitha so fa seach
Róchtain anonn don rightheach

Na trí subhailce diadha
Creidiomh, dotchas, guadhcialldha
Is iad na doirsi a deir me
Do bheith ar rightheach nimhe

Ni cás da gach neach fa nimh
Tríall go doras an chreidimh
Eochair gach glais do bhfuil air
Fuairsom ó na hapsdalaibh

Na heochracha deirim ribh
Airtioguil chinnte an chreidimh
A gcré na nesbal madh áil
Do gheabhuidh iád go hiomlan.

Teaguid seacht nairtioguil díobh
Ar dhiadhacht airdrigh na ríogh
Is seacht nairtioguil eile
Ar dhaonnacht mhic mhor Mhuire

Na seacht nairtioguil ar tús
Le a nochtar an diadhacht dúinn
A taid sonna bíodh ré ais
Gan té théid dfhios an dorais

Creid go bhfhuil aoin dia ann
'Trionóid trén na ttri bpersann
Athair, mac, spiorad naomh
Go comh uaisle gcomhaosta

O aoin neach ní thainig sin
An tobar diadha an tathair
An athair gheintear a mac
Uatha araon thig an spiorad

As día an tathair, sas día an mac
Día fire fós an spiorad
Is ní trí déé iad soin
Acht aondhia a ttri b persannaibh

As é an taoindhía sa do chom
Neamh, talamh agus ifrionn
Sgach a mbí eatorra so
Sa mbí ag áitíoghadh ionnta

Uaidh do gheabham mas í ar ttoil
Grasa is maitheamh ar bpeacadh
Eiseirghe na gcorp la an luain
Glóir síor a mbeathuidh bhioth bhuain

Ag sin na hairtioguil daoibh
Trachtas ar an diadhacht naoimh
Tigiom a nois do nochtadh
Airtioguil na daonnachta

Do chéid neithibh creidte dhúinn
 Gur ghabh Muire a ndioghrais rúin
 On spiorad naomh na bruinne
 Mac a nathar shíordhuidhe

Go ndearnadh dia na dhuine
 S duine na dhía siordhuidhe
 Go mbeith don da náduir soin
 Gan chomasg anaomh persoin

A gcionn naoi míos da éis sin
 Rug a nóigh e san mbeithil
 Gan chaill a hóghachta dhi
 Na dhiaigh, roimhe, na an uairsin.

Aon mhac dé, dia, is duine
 Fuair na naduir dhaonduighe
 Bás croiche adhlacadh soin
 Tré chóirtheibh chloinne Adhóimh

An bás sin acht ge do sgar
 A chorp naomhtha ré a anamglan
 Nír sgaradh ré ceachtar dhiobh
 Diadhacht iodhan an airdríogh

Téid go hifrionn da éis so
 Dfuasgladh na naithreadh naomhtho
 Eiseirghios ó mharbhaibh go prap
 An treas la ar na adhlacadh

A gceann da fhichiod lá lán
 Do chuaidh ar neamhdha na naoingradh
 Ar dheis a athar gur shuidh
 A naonghloir ris a narthuir

Do bhreathnughabh bleo is mharbh
 Tiocfadh sé budh tuirionn gharbh
 Mar a gcuirf gach duine
 A nglóir nó bpéin síordhuidhe

Os cionn a nabraim a nois
 Gach a naibeora a neglois
 Mas sgríobhtha geion gur abeadh
 Cóir don chriosduidhe a chreideadh

An Phaidior

Dothchas an dara doras
 Ge be thogras triall chuige
 Gach aisge ar dhía is iarrtha
 Iarradh, smeasadh go bhfuighe

Gach itche is oircheas díaraidh
Ata a hiarraidh san phaidir
Abradh i so go minic
Ge be le sirthr (*sic!*) aísge
Bíodh a dhé athair neamhdha
A meanma a mbél gach duine
Hainm re saoghal na saoghal
Da naomhadh feadh na cruinne
Tigíodh chuguinn dho ríoghacht
Go rabham síothach saghail
Gan ghuaís dheamhan na domhuin
Gan omhan bhreithe an brátha

Do thoil mar ainglibh nimhe
Dentar linne ar talmhuin
Betha dar gcorp a athuir
Tabhair a niogh sdar nanmuin

Maith na coirthe do níamuid
Ge táid na bhfhiacaibh trom
Mar mhaithmid féin agoirthe
Do chach uile ar do shonsa
Na leig cathaighthe an díabhail
Do dhul a bfiachuibh oirn
Acht saor inn o gach en olc
Dentar aniarrmaid oirbhsi

An Beannchadh Muire

Dia do bheatha a Mhuire
A thuile lán do ghrásaibh
A ta an tigherna ad fhochuir
A ghein socair clann n Adhaimh

Beáunaighthe thusa tharsda
Deagh mhná na talmhan uile
Sas beaunaighthe an ghein ríogha
Iosa toradh do bhruinne

Anaomh mhathair Dhé a Mhuire
A bhuime mar an ceadna
Guidh oirne na peacuidh
Nar mbeathuidh, sa nam éuga.

This copied from "The Elements of the Irish Language, Grammatically Explained in English in 14 Chapters by H. Mac Curtin. Printed at Lovain by Martin Van Overbeke, near the Halls. Anno 1728"—now a fairly rare work.

THIRTY-SECOND ANNUAL DINNER.

The thirty-second annual dinner of this Society was held in the Palace Hotel on Thursday, 12th January, 1905, under the chairmanship of Mr John A. Dewar, M.P. for Inverness-shire. There was a large and representative attendance, the company numbering between fifty and sixty, and including Major Lord George Murray, of the Black Watch, who supported the Chairman on the right, with Mr Robertson, Inspector of Schools, on the left; Mr William Mackay, solicitor, Dr F. M. Mackenzie, and Mr W. J. Watson, rector of the Royal Academy, who acted as croupiers; and Councillor J. S. Fraser, Mr Andrew Macdonald, Sheriff Clerk; Dr Alexander Macbain, ex-Provost Macbean, Messrs H. V. Maccallum, solicitor; Beaton, H.M.I.S.; Macdonald, H.M.I.S.; Chief-Constable M'Hardy; Lieut. Johnston, H.M.S. Briton; Messrs D. Campbell, James Barron, Stevenson, collector, H.M. Customs; T. Gibson, solicitor; Wm. Macdonald, carpenter contractor; Chief Gunner Ouseley, H.M.S. Briton; Messrs Maclean, C.A.; Burnett, architect; Councillors Alex. Fraser, John Mackenzie, Messrs P. D. Mactavish, solicitor; George Batchen, draper; Fraser, draper; D. Reid, C.E.; D. F. Mackenzie, solicitor; Forrest; Colvin, auctioneer; A. M. Ross, Wick; Macdonald, accountant, Highland Railway; Andrew Mackintosh, H.M. Customs; Murray, clothier; Medlock, jeweller; Ross, Rhynie; Falconer, hatter; F. Macmahon, photographer; W. J. Maclean, merchant; John Maclellan, wine merchant; Macdonald, chemist; Davidson, Waverley Hotel; John Mackenzie, grocer, Castle Street; E. C. Jack, grocer; W. D. Kemp (of Strother and Company), and Morrison, secretary.

Mr Rusterholtz had the dining-room effectively decorated with clan tartans, and provided a very superior dinner, which was also excellently served. While it was being enjoyed, Pipe-Major Ronald Mackenzie supplied pipe music at intervals with his usual ability, in addition to playing the Chairman into and from the room, and also giving the haggis a fitting introduction to the table.

In giving the toasts of the King and Queen, the Chairman mentioned that His Majesty had been so impressed with the delightful scenery of the Western Highlands that he had promised to return some time soon; and as for Queen Alexandra, no one could witness the behaviour of the people when she drove out without coming to the conclusion that, as in the

case of the King himself, the affection with which she was regarded by the people was deepening and strengthening every day—(cheers).

The Chairman said he liked the concrete form the toast of the navy, army, and the country's other forces had now taken, as it embraced the Colonies as well as the fighting men at home. He was a great admirer of the British Navy and Army; and also of our Reserve forces. With regard to the latter, he had himself for some time, with more or less distinction, served in a reserve force—(laughter and applause). Whatever views people might entertain as to the administration of Army affairs, there was one thing upon which, he was sure, they were all agreed, viz., that the material of which the Army was composed had not deteriorated—(applause). Various things had happened in South Africa—many mistakes were, no doubt, made—but there was one thing which did not happen: it was never alleged against the British soldier that he was deficient in bravery and those other qualities which went to constitute the perfect soldier. It was a remarkable thing that during the close investigation upon the conduct of the war that, while corruption was found to have existed in many departments, there had never been a charge made against a British officer for doing what a British gentleman should not have done—(applause). That was a remarkable testimony to the kind of men who constituted the Imperial forces—(applause).

Lieutenant Johnson, R.N., replied for the Navy, which, he said, could simply not be beaten—(applause). It was equal to anything it might be called upon to do—there could not be the slightest doubt about that. He had been 38 years in the Navy, and his father and grandfather before him, and he had the fullest confidence in the efficiency of the service—(applause).

Lord George Murray, in responding for the Army, said these were the days of changes, but they were, unfortunately, slow and uncertain. They had seen a great strategic change carried out in the Navy the other day, and it was carried out effectively and with despatch; but the Army seemed to be regarded as a kind of Aunt Sally, and, while there was any amount of shying with the cocoanut, nobody knew what the changes or their effect were to be. However, whatever might happen they in Scotland need have no fear, as it was only the

inefficient that would suffer, and in Scotland they had none—(applause).

The Secretary here intimated apologies from Lord Lovat, Sir Kenneth Mackenzie of Gairloch, Sir Robert Finlay, K.C., M.P.; Mr Grant of Rothiemurchus, Mr R. C. Munro-Ferguson, M.P.; The Mackintosh of Mackintosh, Mr Grant of Glenmoriston, Mr Mackay, Hereford; Mr. R. L. Mackintosh, Inverness; Provost Ross, Captain Burgess, Gairloch; Provost Macrae, Dingwall; Mr Macpherson-Grant, yr. of Ballindalloch; Lt.-Colonel Macdonald, Hawick; Mr William Grant, London; Rev. D. Macechern, Coll; Rev. Dean Bisset, Nairn; Very Rev. Dr Norman Macleod, Inverness; Rev. Mr Sinton, Dores; Rev. Mr Bentinck, Kirkhill; Mr Chas. M. Brown, Caledonian Bank, Inverness; Sheriff Campbell, Portree; Mr Steele, Bank of Scotland; Rev. A. J. Macdonald, M.A., Killearnan; Mr John Bartholomew, advocate, Edinburgh; Mr David Macritchie, C.A., Edinburgh, and others.

Mr. A. Morrison, the secretary, read the annual report by the Council on the proceedings of the past year, which was characterised as in several respects a successful one. There are two outstanding features to chronicle—1st, the annual summer assembly held last July was a record one, both as regards the drawings and the number in attendance; and, 2nd, the members of the Society have had placed in their hands the largest volume ever issued since the formation of the Society, extending to 495 pages. The Council is pushing ahead with Vol. XXV., and it is expected that the book will be in the hands of members before the end of the year. It is intended that this volume will be the last of the present series, and it is almost needless to remark that any member who has in his possession a complete set of the Transactions of the Society has a good mine of Celtic history, poetry, tradition, and folklore, from which he can draw much valuable information on matters bearing on Highland subjects in particular, and on Scottish history in general. The Council further contemplates amending the Constitution and Rules of the Society, but full particulars of these changes will be laid before the members, as it is thought if such should be decided upon, any new rules should be embodied in the first volume of the new series. The constitution and rules which were drawn up at the formation of the Society have been admirable in their day, but the Council feels that with the lapse of time certain changes have become desirable. It is gratifying

to note that the syllabus in the hands of members for session 1904-5 is up to the average. There are several learned papers by eminent Gaelic scholars, and the Society has reason to congratulate itself on obtaining valuable assistance from new members in the way of further research in the Celtic field. The income and expenditure for the year show a balance at the credit of the Society's ordinary account of £29 1s 3d. Volume XXIV., the last issued, has, however, been more expensive than any hitherto published, both on account of its size and the better quality and binding of the book, and as there is still a balance of £30 11s 6d standing against the Publishing Committee, it is hoped that, with a view to clear off this debit balance, members who may be in arrear with their subscription will pay up. During the year 32 new members joined the Society—2 of these as life members, 4 as honorary, and 26 as ordinary members. Altogether, the Council has reason to be pleased with the progress made, and have every hope that this progress will be maintained in the future."

Mr Dewar, who was received with much cordiality, spoke to the toast of the evening, "Success to the Gaelic Society of Inverness," in terms of high appreciation of its work, and of the importance, from a national point of view, of preserving the Gaelic language. I want to thank your Society, he said, for the honour done me in asking me to preside upon this occasion; I feel and appreciate it very highly. It is a Society which is valuable in its aims and objects, and which is doing valuable work. Its records show how valuable that work is; I have had the privilege of reading several volumes of its transactions, and was very much impressed with the literary material they present. I see that one of the objects of the Society is the cultivation and preservation of the Gaelic language among your members. In this respect I am afraid the Society has failed as far as I am concerned, as I regret to say that it is a part of my education which has been shamefully neglected, but that does not prevent me from appreciating the work of such societies, and being a warm supporter of them. I do not exactly know how many Gaelic societies I am a member of, but I think I belong to every one I was asked to join, and I have never regretted doing so. To come to the point, briefly, I am in favour of preserving and cultivating the Gaelic language. I believe it is a beautiful language, and rich in a great many of those qualities which go to make the best of languages. Now, the preservation of the

Gaelic language in itself is perhaps not so important as what it means in other respects. The preservation of the language means the preservation of the spirit of nationality, which is a very important asset in the British Empire, and it means a great deal more, perhaps, in the case of the Highlander than of other peoples. It means the preservation of the history and traditions and aspirations of a great and interesting race. What are the characteristics of the Highland race? Of course, we all know the limitations of the Highland character because we are all Highlandmen. But all thoughtful observers know that the Highland character stands for courage, for chivalry, for devotion, and for affection. Nothing can be more touching than to read of the love shown by the race to their chieftains, to their clans, to their families, to their country, and perhaps one of the most valuable national assets at the present moment is this love of country, this patriotism, which we try on so many occasions to foster and to cultivate. Here we have it ingrained in the Highland race. And with the preservation of the language you do a great deal to preserve all these noble characteristics which I have mentioned. There is also about the Highland character an elevation of thought that is not to be found among certain classes in the south; and we have above all, perhaps, the strong religious temperament of the Celt. Perhaps it is a little too strong. Perhaps I should not say much on this subject at the present moment, but we all admire and appreciate and value the strong religious sentiment, the strong devotion to the higher and spiritual character, and the stern attachment to principle which have been shown all through the ages by the Highland people. What is it, then, that gives the Highlander all these special qualities? What is in the blood comes out in the bone. We have, first of all, the influence of the race, and that is all the foundation; but it seems to me that the Highlander, all through these generations, has been educated by Nature. He gets nearer to nature in all her moods than almost anybody else. This is, of course, true of Highlanders in every country, and we have more or less the characteristics shown by Highlanders in every country. As Miss Freear, in her recent book, so beautifully put it—"The Highlander gets his ear closer, than other people, to the beat of Nature's heart." All those considerations convince me that it is of the utmost national importance that Societies such as ours should be encouraged, and that the Gaelic language should be preserved. Scotland in this

respect is behind Ireland and Wales, but still she has done something, and perhaps the latest, and, in my view, one of the most important accomplishments that the Gaelic Societies have attained, and they are entitled to a great deal of credit for it, is the recent Minute of the Education Department. I am speaking in the presence of a distinguished representative of that Department (Mr Robertson). The Department has never been considered too favourable to the teaching of Gaelic, but they have now taken a step which, I believe, will have a most important effect in the future of education in the Highlands. It is in my view a very great injustice to the Highlands that there is such a small proportion of bilingual teachers in Highland schools. I have seen on more than one occasion an Englishman from London or from the Midlands carrying on the education of Gaelic-speaking children, and unable to hold any communication whatever with at least the younger pupils at his school. Of course the education in such circumstances cannot be accurate and cannot be complete. The difficulty hitherto has been to get a sufficient number of Gaelic-speaking teachers to remain in the Highlands. It is a fact that they are usually of a specially high class, and able to get better employment in the South, and naturally they drift away to the better paid positions. The recent Minute, I think, should do something towards increasing the supply of teachers who are able not only to teach Gaelic, but to teach English through Gaelic. This is of very great importance. You have in Inverness, without doubt, the best English in Scotland, and, as was remarked in a discussion of the School Board the other day, it is due to the fact that the Inverness people, at least the older generation, had Gaelic as their mother tongue. We are now, I believe, at a point when we are likely to make considerable progress in the direction which this Society has been created to encourage, because we are just about to have a new Scotch Education Bill, and we are in the fortunate position of knowing pretty accurately the lines on which that bill will go. When the bill was under discussion, I had an opportunity more than once of expressing the view that the Highlands required special treatment in regard to education, and this was given effect to in the bill introduced by the Government. We require special educational treatment in the Highlands not only on account of the language difficulty, but also on account of the sparsely populated districts and the great distance children have to go, on account of the poverty of the districts, and the struggle

School Boards have to provide remuneration which will get active and efficient teachers. Another difficulty which faces us, and which ought to and must receive special treatment, is the special necessity for technical education in the Highlands, particularly in the outlying districts. The boys in the Outer Islands, for instance, and in many glens, seldom or never see artisans at work, as compared with the boys in the mainland and in the towns, where a great deal of work is constantly carried on by masons, carpenters, and other workmen. Where these artisans are to be found, the boys naturally gravitate towards a trade or profession which takes their fancy. Boys in the outlying districts of the Highlands have no such opportunities, with the result that, when they attain to 19 or 20 years of age, they have no trade, and when they find work on the mainland or elsewhere they have to be content to accept the remuneration of labourers. Now this is not fair treatment towards our Highland population, and I am glad to be able to say that this matter is about to be dealt with by the Congested Districts Board. I am not revealing any secret, because the whole question will be put forward in a few days. The Board are devising a scheme whereby the boys in the congested districts of the Highlands who desire to learn a trade will be taken to the mainland and apprenticed to the particular trades that they desire to learn. I welcome this departure on the part of the Congested Districts Board very warmly indeed. I believe it will have most beneficent results, and, as the Board hope to combine with it a scheme whereby they may teach girls to become valuable domestic servants, it should have the very best effect in the congested districts. We all desire to maintain an active and thriving population, as far as possible, in the Highlands, but there always will be ambitious and restless dispositions who will desire to go further afield, and they ought to be properly equipped for the struggle in larger spheres. If this scheme attains any dimensions, I would suggest that the Gaelic Societies in the various towns should see that these Gaelic-speaking boys have special care and attention. But, gentlemen, as I have said, if you are going to preserve the language, you must preserve the people who speak the language. I am glad nowadays this is a subject one can speak of with great freedom in a mixed audience—in an audience where all shades of politics are represented—because it is not now, so much as it used to be, a party question. People of all shades of opinion deplore the depopulation of the Highlands, and there is no

great difference of opinion between us in regard to the remedies suggested. No responsible reformer would ever desire to do a personal injustice to anyone; neither would a responsible reformer seek to commit an economic blunder. Laying down these two fundamental propositions, I do not think there is any great difference of opinion among people who know the Highlands as to what is the best remedy to be applied. This changed feeling is very gratifying, and is due to various causes. I think that, first of all, we must give the main part of the credit to the Crofter Act for having brought about peace and contentment. It has worked very well indeed. I think that all now recognise the advantages of that Act, and I have not seen anyone who desires to have it repealed. The change of feeling is also due to the change of economic conditions. Sheep-farming is not so profitable as it used to be, and sheep farms are not so readily let. Perhaps I may also mention, as another reason, that the recent war in South Africa showed what a very valuable asset it was to have a population in which such a body as the Lovat Scouts can be freely recruited. But perhaps the main reason of the changed feeling, and certainly the most gratifying reason for it, is the improved relations between the various classes in the Highlands. In Inverness-shire, at any rate—and it is the only county that I know very well—a very excellent feeling exists between landlords and tenants, and the landlords, so far as I know them, deserve the confidence of their tenantry. With this improved feeling all over the Highlands, I hope that something may be done before many years have passed which will fix a contented and prosperous population in our glens and all our Highlands. I hope the efforts of the Congested Districts Board to distribute the population which at present exists over the land, where they will have a better chance to make a decent and respectable living, will be successful, and I trust that further efforts will be made, and that a well-considered scheme may be devised whereby greater progress may be made in the future than in the past in bringing about a consummation which all lovers of the Highlands most ardently desire. The more successful such a scheme becomes, the greater certainty there will be that the Gaelic language will be preserved, that the traditions and history and aspirations of the race will be continued, and that we shall have a population in our Highlands ever ready to take their share in the development of this great Empire.

Mr Duncan Campbell gave the toast, "Tir nam beann nan gleann 's nan gaisgeach"—a very good toast, he said,

with a little bit of boast at the end of it. Still, the Highland race was naturally more heroic than others, because their life called for more endurance and strenuous effort in battling with the storm, in putting "a stoot heart to a styè brae," and in living upon simpler fare—all things that conduced to heroism; though while the glens and bens remained, the heroes were perhaps fewer now than in the past. The difficulty now was to prevent the people from turning their backs upon agricultural pursuits—give them a little technical education and they went south to the towns, and a good many of them to the devil.

The Chairman—There is no reason why they should go south.

Mr Campbell said, reason or no reason, it was "off to the towns," the very vices of which were attractive. Then it was considered objectionable to have Gaelic at all where nothing but English was spoken, and so the language was discarded through a miserable sense of false pride. There was no objection to Highlanders going to the Colonies, for in doing so they leavened and strengthened the Empire, but in the towns they too often became degenerate specimens of their noble race. Clearances were bad enough in their day, but this migration to the towns was infinitely worse for the Highlands. Fifty years ago the towns could take them and improve their condition, but now even the villages which had sprung up about the railways were not capable of providing for their own surplus population. Neither were they producing fit people to go to the Colonies. With regard to this technical education business, it was a mere cram. He had seen people stuffed with technical education whom he would not trust to lay down a bed of onions. It was different in the old days, when every boy gained an all-round experience of country work. Mr Campbell blamed the parents that the young generation had turned their backs upon the language, and what the Gaelic Societies had to do was to shame the young and shame their parents for the great dropping away of the Celtic language. As it was, he saw the grey doom of decay creeping over the hills and up the valleys, because the young generation had turned its back upon a language that had awakened the echoes of the Highland rocks for two thousand years, and were losing hold of one of the best things in our national life.

Mr William Macdonald, whose name was coupled with the toast, said its proposer had expressed those sentiments with

which all good Highlanders regarded the land of their birth. They were proud of their hills and glens, proud of the Gaelic language, and proud of their race. Apart from that, continued Mr Macdonald, I am sure I express the feelings of all of us when I say it is a very great pleasure to members of the Gaelic Society to see our old friend Mr Campbell with us to-night, and to see also that his spirit is as young and as fresh as ever. Mr Campbell has had a long and honourable connection with Gaelic literature, and I hope he will allow me to refer to the latest of the important works which has been turned out by the "Chronicle" press, namely, the "History of the Clan Donald," which is now completed, and will shortly appear. As a humble member of that great clan, I may be allowed to congratulate the authors on the completion of their task. It is one which has occupied their leisure time for many years, and it will remain as a solid memorial of them and of the Clan Donald. The names of the authors, Rev. Mr Macdonald, Kiltarlity, and Rev. Mr Macdonald, Killearnan, should live long in the hearts of all Highlanders, and especially of all Macdonalds. I believe that in my own way I yield to none in my love for our hills and glens, and I only hope that some of us may see the day when they will be, all of them, once more peopled by healthy and hardy Highland men and women. I have no quarrel with our present system. I recognise the good that has been done by the proprietors and the tenants of our Highland shootings. Without them our present population would have lost a great source of support; but I firmly believe that there is room for both, and that with more crofters in the glens our country would be richer in men, and that the sport would be all the better. As it is, it seems to me that one good stag a week, got by fair play and really cunning stalking, would be a trophy better worth having than the six stags of which we sometimes hear at present. I cannot help thinking that sport is got too easily, and I have too good an opinion of our northern sportsmen to believe that they would not rather welcome increase of difficulty in securing their game, particularly if this would in some degree tend to the good of our country as a whole.

Mr William Mackay, in giving "Highland Education," said the toast had been omitted from the dinner programme during the last few years for time-saving reasons, but it had been thought proper to revive it on this occasion, having regard to the new circumstances which had arisen, and he had pleasure in presenting it. Highland education, as had been

said by the Chairman, had its own peculiar phases and its special features, which distinguished it, so to speak, from Lowland education; its difficulties were, like the Gaelic question, always with them, demanding attention and solution. In this connection the Gaelic Society had by no means been idle. When the Society was instituted in 1871, Scotland was in a state of agitation over the education question. That question was solved for a time by the Act of 1872, but, unfortunately, not as regards the Highlands, as the Gaelic element was practically ignored by the framers of the measure. It must be recognised, however, that no volume of public opinion then existed upon the question of Gaelic teaching; for though all gave Gaelic their warm support, there was no bond of union between its supporters. He claimed credit for the Gaelic Society of Inverness in that it created that necessary bond of union, and of being the means of organising a strong body of opinion in favour of teaching Gaelic in schools. On looking over the Transactions of the Society, he found that during the whole of 1872-3 the question of the use to be made of Gaelic educationally was repeatedly under serious discussion. In 1874 the Society passed a resolution to the effect that the national system of education in operation in the Highland counties was inadequate, and protesting against the Gaelic language being treated with indifference by the educational authorities. Immediately afterwards another resolution was adopted, and parties appointed to make representations in its favour, on the importance of having English taught to Highland children through the medium of their native language. The appeal for support was heartily taken up by many eminent and public men all over the North, and the outcome of this movement was the presentation of a strongly-worded petition—though its demands were temperate enough—to the Government of the day, embodying that demand. Among those who took a prominent interest in the success of the agitation were Lochiel and Mr Charles Fraser-Mackintosh—who did yeoman service, taking charge of the petition and presenting it to Parliament—who were strongly assisted by Sir Kenneth Mackenzie, Professor Blackie, Dr MacLachlan, Dr Macphail, and Rev. Mr Mackenzie, Kilmorack. The result was that at last the Education Department moved. But the motion was very mild; all that was granted was that an inspector might allow pupils to express themselves in Gaelic if they found it difficult to express themselves in English. That was really the first concession made upon this

Gaelic question, and the concession was not found in the Code even, but only in a footnote. However, the matter was still pressed upon the Government of the day, and in the Code of 1878 the very important concession was made that Gaelic might be taught in school hours every day by a certificated teacher, or by anybody certified as qualified. He considered this an important concession, because it was the first time Gaelic had been recognised as a subject to be taught for itself, and not merely as a medium through which to teach the English language. Since then further concessions had been made, such as giving a grant for pupil-teachers able to teach the language, and special marks being allowed in connection with the examinations for the King's Scholarships. He was afraid, however, that the privilege given to pupil-teachers in connection with the examination for the King's Scholarships—for it was a privilege—had not been taken advantage of to the extent that it ought to be. He thought there was a great deal in what Mr Campbell had said with regard to the apathy of parents in connection with the subject. The Minute issued the other day was a most important concession. It had been issued by the Department without any strong pressure from without, and he thought the Department was entitled to the full credit. No doubt they in Inverness pointed the way. In 1900, at their annual summer meeting, it was urged that Gaelic should be made a subject for examination for the Leaving Certificate. Very soon afterwards the Directors of the Royal Academy of Inverness brought the matter within the bounds of practical politics by calling upon the Department to set a paper for their pupils for the Leaving Certificate. The Department did not do that, but their reply was not unsympathetic. The Minute had now been issued, and it was rather a coincidence, and he hoped an omen for good, that the Minute was the first issued by the new Permanent Secretary of the Department—Mr Struthers. The Minute took the Gaelic out of the elementary section of the school and placed it upon the secondary platform. It was intended for pupils who required the language, not for the simple purpose of the acquiring of English, which was an important thing, but for the purpose of studying the language as a linguistic exercise, and it was on that footing that he wished to say it was a most important concession. The difficulty, he was afraid, would be that there would be no rush to take advantage of the concession. In the present state of pressure in the school it would be difficult to find teachers who were prepared

to give the necessary time to the teaching of Gaelic. He hoped their Gaelic Societies and Clan Societies would raise a fund, out of which substantial and adequate premiums could be offered to teachers who would present a certain number of boys and girls in Gaelic for the Leaving Certificate, and that adequate prizes be given to boys and girls who would succeed in passing the examination. If he might be allowed to give advice to the societies in the South—where there was much enthusiasm in these matters—they should leave the Gaelic question as it was for a time, and help the teachers and pupils to take full advantage of the provision now made. Then, if they found that pupils did so, they could ask the Education Department for further concessions.

Mr Watson, Royal Academy, with whose name the toast was associated, said the circular issued by the Department was really a great step in advance; the only difficulty would be to get teachers to teach the pupils who desired to come forward for the certificates. However, by the proper encouragement of pupils and teachers a great deal might be accomplished to prove the worth of the Department's more generous policy. Another demand which could reasonably be made was that the Scottish Universities should recognise Gaelic as a fifth subject for bursary examinations. At present there were four subjects and a fifth, which might either be French, German, or Dynamics. Why should a student from the West Coast not have the choice of a paper in Gaelic? Were this done, and it is a concession he considered absolutely reasonable and justifiable, he would be disposed to think that this leaving certificate would prove a powerful means of effecting what they all had in view. There was no part of Scotland where education was more highly valued than in the Highlands, or where greater results have been achieved in the past by individuals who by their own shrewdness and perseverance, won for themselves positions of high responsibility and trust. One result of this scholarship had been the creation of a body of literature dealing with the Highlands, which was highly creditable to its authors; and there was still another volume in the "Chronicle" press, to be issued shortly, which would be of great interest to all natives of Inverness-shire and others—one by Rev. Mr Sinton, Dore, containing a collection of the poetry of Badenoch. With regard to Scotland in general, the Highlands had shared in the advance made by the rest of Scotland. It was quite evident that the Education Department, whatever their sins of omission or commission in the

past, have been very carefully considering the state of education, with regard to Gaelic in particular; and he thought Mr Mackay's advice was wise to mark time for a little, in order to utilise what has been granted, and with a feeling of confidence that the Department will consider favourably any further concession if it is reasonable, and calculated to enhance the value of those already made. Referring to the agencies and funds available for the promotion of higher education in the Highlands, Mr Watson said they were well off in bursaries, no fewer than 80 being available from the Highland Trust alone, not reckoning other agencies such as County Committees, ranging in value from £7 10s to about £25, but they required subsidies for the schools in greater number and amount. When the Education Bill came to be considered he hoped this deficiency would be put right. At present the basis upon which grants were allocated was that of population, with the result that a densely populated county like Lanarkshire received a large amount of money, while sparsely peopled areas like Sutherland were practically left out in the cold. The grants should be allocated, he considered, in the inverse ratio of population; that is, the fewer people to the square mile the greater the grant.

Dr F. M. Mackenzie gave the toast of Kindred Societies, remarking that it was one of the best auguries of the present day that societies, instead of meeting as the old clans did, to fight and kill, now meet to consider how they could help each other. Mr Alex. Fraser, president of the Field Club, acknowledged the toast, and referred to what the Gaelic Society and Field Club had accomplished by the publication of volumes of Transactions. Mr Andrew Mackintosh proposed the Non-Resident Members, and Mr A. M. Ross, Wick, acknowledged the toast in humorous terms. Mr P. D. Mactavish proposed the Provost, Magistrates, and Town Council of Inverness, and Mr Wm. Macbean replied. Mr D. F. Mackenzie gave the Croupiers, and Dr Mackenzie replied. Mr James Barron, in proposing the health of the Chairman, said that Mr Dewar in former days had made his mark in the municipal life of Perth, and in later times he had acquired political distinction by becoming member for the county of Inverness. He would not say that they were all now his political friends, but he would say that Mr Dewar had shown a marvellous faculty in rubbing off the edge of opposition. They also gladly recognised that he attended assiduously to the local interests of his constituents. They felt that he was a genial and likeable man, and

he had shown those qualities in the manner in which he had that evening presided over the dinner of the Gaelic Society. The toast was pledged with Highland honours. The Chairman returned cordial thanks for the toast, and expressed the pleasure it gave him to occupy the chair. Several gentlemen contributed songs and recitations, and the meeting was in all respects successful, the Secretary's arrangements being excellent.

9th FEBRUARY, 1905.

On Thursday, 9th February, 1905, a paper by the Rev. John Kennedy, Arran, was read by Dr Alexander MacBain, entitled—

THE MAC CODRUM MS., BEING No. 68 OF THE
McLAGAN MSS.

AN SMEORACH.

Le Eoin Mac Codrum o Uist a Chinn a Tuath, no *alias*
Eoin Mac Fhearchair mhic Iomhair.

Verse 1, lines 3 and 4 are—

“ Gun deòrachd a theid ni 's fhaide,
Truimid mo bhróin thoirleim m' aigneadh.”

“ Knocked down ” is given as the rendering for the second last word.

Verse 4, line 1 is—

“ Ma mholas gach fear a thìr fhéin.”

Mackenzie & Macdonald have “ eun ” for “ fear.” Line 2 is—

“ Ciod e ris nach moladh mis' i.”

M. & M. have got “ Ciod am fàth.”

Verse 6, line 1 is—

“ An tir riabhach, ghrianach, dhaite.”

M. & M. have “ thaitneach.”

Verse 7, line 1—

“ An tir choirceach, eòrnach, dhaite.”

M. & M. have “ phailte.”

Verse 8, line 2—

“ Tir nan dithean miogach daite.”

M. & M. have “ miadar.”

Verse 9, line 2—" Dreachoil." M. & M. have " dreach-mhor."

Verse 10, line 2—" Fhuair mi togail." M. & M., " Chaidh mo thogail."

Verse 10, line 3—

" Fradharc a' chuain a chi mi thugam."

M. & M. have—

" Fradharc a' chuain uaimhrich chuislich."

Verse 11, line 2—

" Buidheann nan seòl 's nan sròl daite."

M. & M. have—

" Buidheann nan sròl 's nan seòl daithte."

Verse 13, line 2—

" Buidheann nach fann greann 's an aithshith."

M. & M. have—

" Buidheann nach gann greann 's an aithshith."

Verse 17, line 1—

" Suighimid mu bhord stoilde, beachdoil."

M. & M. have—

" Suidheam mu bhord stòlda, beachdail."

Verse 17, line 2—

" Slàint Shir Seumas dheagh thigh'n dachaidh."

M. & M. have—

" Slàint Shir Seumas 's e thigh'n dachaidh."

DIO-MOLADH PROB DHOMHNUILL BHAIN.

Verse 1, line 6—

" Conduili is Tearlach."

M. & M. have—

" Clann Duilidh a's Tearlach."

Verse 2, line 7—

" 'S na bheil an Dun-eidin."

M. & M. have—

" 'S na th'ann an Dun-eideann."

Verse 2, line 10—

" Bàs an ruaig nàmhad."

M. & M. have—

" Bràs an ruaig nàmhaid."

Verse 2, line 12—

" Feidil nan Spàineach."

M. & M. have—

" Feadannan Spàineach."

Verse 4, line 13—

“ Rinn iad le fòirneart.”

M. & M. have—

“ Rinn iad le fògradh.”

Verse 5, line 2—

“ Do bhrisgirdich Thearlaich.”

M. & M. have—

“ Do bhriogardaich Thearlaich.”

Verse 5, line 6—

“ Nach tigeadh a Baidi.”

Macd. has—“ Nach dligheach de bhàidse.”

Mack. has—“ Nach dligeadh de bhàidse.”

Verse 6, line 5—

“ Cha bhi seithir aig Dòmhnall.”

M. & M. have—

“ Cha bhi cathair aig Dòmhnall.”

Verse 6, line 9—

“ Plàigh bhloigh puirt, gair droch dhuis.”

Macd. has—“ Plàigh bhloigh phort, gair dhroch dhos.”

Verse 7, lines 9, 10—

“ Mal' caol cam le thaosg rann ” (ronn).

M. & M. have—

“ Mal' caol cam le thaosg rann.”

Verse 9, line 4—

“ Far (thar, M. & M.) òrdugh na fuinn.”

Verse 9, line 10—

“ Osna chràmh chrìonaidh.”

M. & M. have “ chnàmh chrònaidh.”

Verse 11, line 3—

“ 'S inneach air eadach.”

M. & M. have—

“ 'S innèadh air aodach.”

Verse 11, line 10—

“ Fhir an droch shaothair.”

M. & M. have—

“ Fir ri droch shaothair.”

Verse 12, lines 1, 2—

“ Bith an iunsramaid ghlagach

Air a lubadh an craicinn.”

M. & M. have—

“ Tha 'n ionnsramaid ghlagach

Air a lobhadh 'n a craicionn.”

Verse 12, line 9—

“ Mar chom geuraich (flux) 'ga chràdha.”

M. & M. have—

“ Mar chom geuraich 'ga chreuchdadh.”

Verse 12, line 12—

“ Tiunnal a dh' innseadh.”

M. & M. have—

“ Samhuilt da innseadh.”

Verse 13, line 2—

“ Meòir traiste gun fhurus ” (Mack.)

Macd. has—“ Meur traiste gun fhuras.”

Verse 13, lines 5, 6—

“ Sheinneadh a bhrollaich (unintelligible stuff)

Le solus an eòlain ” (Mack.).

Macd. has—“ Sheinneadh a bròlaich

Ri sòlus an eòlain.”

Verse 14, line 5—

“ Bith(idh) seannsar caol crochta.”

M. & M. have “ crotach.”

A CHOMHSTRI.

There are four verses more of this song in the Mac Codrum MS. than in Mackenzie & Macdonald. Two of these occur at the beginning, one after the fourth verse in Mackenzie, and one after the twelfth verse.

The following is the heading in the Mac Codrum M.S.:—

“ Air Connstribh edir Diais an Uibhist a Chinne-tuath.

Leis an Ian Mac Codrum cheudna.”

Here are the first two verses:—

“ Ge fada cian 's na beannaibh mi,
Nach tiom' re triall na h-Earadh dhomh?
Gu neartadh Dia mo bharanta.
Cha bhi mo mhiann 's na glaineachan,
Co fad 's a dhiolas drama mi.

“ Mo Leodach, is mòr urram thu,
Gu'n tigeadh airm a' churaidh ort,
Gur ann ort féin nach guileadh iad,
Gur scaiteach geur a ghuineadh iad,
Bhiodh dath an Deirg far 'm buineadh iad.”

I take now the verses in the order given by Mackenzie & Macdonald.

Verse 1, line 1—

“ Cha ’n (Gur, M. & M.) e dhùisg mo sheanchas domh.”

Verse 1, line 3—

“ Gach Hungaireach ’s gach Gearmailteach.”

M. & M.—“ Gach Turcach ’s gach Gearmailteach.”

After verse 5, the Mac Codrum MS. has—

“ Gu m’ slàn dh’ an armunn cheanalta
Nach do chuir an Rabhard eallach air,
Thug dhomhsa càil gun mhearachd dheth;
Ge ta cha tug e barantas domh,
An réil’ ud c’ait a mhaireadh i.”

Verse 8, line 1—

“ Gur maing a bhiodh ’s an ùbraid ud.”

M. & M. leave out the last word.

Verse 8, line 5—

“ Air bhreaban cha bhiodh cumhnadh ann.”

M. & M.—“ ’S breaban cha bhiodh cumhnadh orra.”

Verse 11, line 2—

“ Bhiodh doirneagan gan tarruing ann.”

M. & M.—“ Bhiodh doirneagan gan sadadh ann.”

Verse 11, line 5—

“ Bhiodh gu leòir aig fear dha aithris ann.”

M. & M.—“ ’S nì’s gu leòir,” &c.

Verse 12, line 1—

“ ’Nuair nach maireadh giubhas Lochlannach.”

M. & M.—“ ’Nuair theirgeadh,” &c.

After the 12th verse, the Mac Codrum MS. has—

“ Mac Fhiunlaigh a bha Ealanta,
Tha dà iarruin deug a’s teallach aig,
Iad uile diolta garaidh aig,
Am fear a bheir e tarag dhiubh,
Chuid eile dhiubh cha bhean e dhoibh.”

Verse 13, line 5—

“ Cuing mu mhnai ’s mu phaistin ann.”

M. & M.—“ Caoidh mu mhnai,” &c.

MARBH-RANN UISDEIN ’BHAILE-SHEAR.

There are twelve more verses in the Mac Codrum MS. of this elegy than are given in Mr Macdonald’s book. I give the whole to avoid confusion.

Mo thruaighe bristeadh Shiol Choinn,
Mo chreach bhar diobhail 's bhar sgath!
Sgeul doilghich is mòr am beud,
Re taulag gur geur an gath.

Gur geur an gath, gath an Aoig,
'N ar taobh a dh' fhalaich e 'ghuin;
'N ar (uair) dh' fhuadaicheadh uainn na suinn,
Sgeul is cruaidh re innseadh 'n diugh.

Nuair thugadh ar ceann priseil uainn,
Gur mio-fhortan cruaidh a bh' ann;
Càch a bhi tearnadh cho cas,
'S a thearnadh a' chlach leis a' ghleann.

Mu 'n tàinig leith-bhliadhna slàn
Chaill sinn Fear Bhalai 's a mhac;
Ar sàr Chaiptein, Fear an Uird,
Gileaspuig gun dùil re theachd.

Tha fir 's a' Chaibeal nan tàmh,
Ian 's am Baili air thùs;
Bu deagh chreideas iad air tìr
'Ga seasamh sìos an cliùth.

Nach mòr am bristeadh oirnn sin,
Cuide re 'r bristeadh an diugh;
Na h-urrad bharanta mòr
Do bhrollach Chlann-domhnuil nam fir.

B' iad sin na fir 'bu mhòr meas,
An ionad nach do sheasamh an cas;
Air an cluinnteadh 'n t-ìomradh còir,
An àite nach robh 'n eolas ac'.

Cuideachd is mòran 'g an dith,
Feadaidh iad bhi cruinn air cnoc;
Nach cianail a nochd a' chuirm,
'S ogha Iarla Dhun-tuilm fo bhrot.

Am fìor-ghaisgeach ag dol fo lic,
Mu 'n iargaineach iomadh neach;
Sàr churaidh a chaisgeadh tòir,
'S nach cuireadh ob ob (threats) air 'n ais.

Nan tigeadh trioblaid 'nar caraibh,
Sheasadh fearoil air ar ceann;
Gun mar bhitheadh (if it were not) re fhaotainn,
An cridhe, no 'n gairdean no 'n lann.

An duine bu duin' air gach càs,
 Ionadail (steady), càirdeil gun phlìd (not contemptuous);
 Ceannard sluaigh gun tuar (appearance) bhi sgàthach,
 Gualadh (ainn) làidir anns an t-sreup.

Duine sgairteil, tapaidh, teomadh,
 Duine seadhar anns gach beirt,
 A' lèbhradh an fhirinn le grùnd,
 'S nach biodh an teagadh leam is leat.

Gur mise 'chunnaic an uair
 Gu 'm b' urramach do shnuagh 's do dhreach,
 Fear fearoil bu fhlatheoil gnùis,
 Amharc na sùl' nach robh tais.

Calba foinidh, sliasaid mhainmneach,
 Colluinn dhealbhadh bu mhòr neart;
 Am faicinn 's an gaisge 's an gnìomh
 Bu leòr dio-mholadh Iarla do mhac.

Ceannard dùcha 'n éirigh chruaidh,
 Ceannard sluaigh an éirigh feachd;
 Ceann-feadhna nach fuilgeadh spìd,
 'S a b' urrainn 's an t-stridh a chasg.

Duine fearoil a dh' fhàs cruaidh,
 Duine 'n robh cruadal is smachd;
 Duine 'n robh iochd agus truas,
 Gu fuasgladh air fear 'na airc.

Duin' an robh smear agus sgoinn,
 Duine nach robh foill 'n a bheachd,
 Nach buaileadh a' bhuille chùil,
 'S nach gleidheadh mio-rùn do neach.

An aon mhìle 's a sheachd ceud,
 Tri fichead bliadhna 's a naoidh,
 Ghabh Uisdean cridhe chead dinn;
 Tri fichead 's a tri b' e 'aois.

Tha sinn a nis air ar leòn'
 An fhineadh mhòr bu lìonmhor buaidh;
 Ma bha sibh riamh 'nur cùis fharmaid,
 'S an aimsir-se ('n ur) culaidh-thruais.

Craobh a ruisgeadh air gach taobh sinn,
 Craobh nach do ghiùlain a meas;
 Cha 'n fhan ar luchd aoise beò,
 'S cha tig ar daoine' dga ris.

Seallamaid a nis air Dia ;
'S cinnteach a' chrìoch dhuinn am bàs :
Ruitheamaid an cùrsa réidh,
'S iarramaid Mac Dhé mar ghàrd.

DO SHIR SEUMUS TRIATH CHLANN-DONUILL A DH' EUG
'SAN ROIMH.

Verse 1, line 3—

“Tha cnuimh air mo ghiùlan ta àmgharrach ciùraidh.”
Macd. has “cneadh,” Mack. “chnead” and “cuirra.”

V. 1, l. 8—“Chuir mi làn-dochas bhi ni 's òige na ta mi.”
M. & M. have “ann an dòchas.”

V. 2, l. 5—“Gradan a' gheamhraidh a lagaich gu teann sinn.” Macd. has “Greadan.”

V. 3, l. 4—“Gu do bhuin an t-eug dhinn e ar mio-fhortan làidir.” Macd. has “Gu'n d' thug,” &c.

V. 3, l. 6—“Bi thusa 'n a' d' bhuachail, air na fhuair sinn 'na àite.” Macd. has “Bi thusa 'n a' d' bhuachail, air an uair so 'na àite.”

V. 3, l. 8—“Gu chuideachda fhéin Mhuire 's eibhin atharsail!” M. & M. have “Gu chuideachda fhéin éibhinn a (mar) tharsuinn.”

V. 4, l. 5—“Ar baranta mùirneach, carraig ar bunntais!” (bounty). Macd. has “Baranta tha mùirneach,” &c.

V. 6, l. 4—“Goirear an trogbhail (confusion), bochdan mo làmhsa.” M. & M. have “Canar 'n am togbhail ris,” &c.

V. 7, l. 2—“Fear mor-dhalach gasda gun ghaise gun tàire.” Macd. has “Fear mor-dhalach gasda gun ghaisgeadh gun tàire.”

V. 8, l. 3—“Cuiridh mi airtneul air fògradh gu chair-lealan,” or “chairtealan.” M. & M. have “air fuadach.”

V. 10, l. 1—“Bhi rusgadh do bhratach gu h-aigeannach statoil.” Macd. has “Bhi dusgadh,” &c.

V. 10, l. 4—“Fraoch tomach nam badan ri crann-dait air a chàramh.” M. & M., “ri brat-chrann.”

V. 15, l. 7—“Iadsan co iséal fo shàilean nan Guineach.” M. & M. have “Duineach.”

DO SHIR SEUMUS AN DIADH A BHAIS.

This elegy, as given in the Mac Codrum MS., contains 45 stanzas, and, as given by Mackenzie & Macdonald, 40 verses. I give the five verses in the order in which they occur, that is, indicating after what verses they are inserted. Most of the differences or different readings in the rest of the poem are given.

After verse 1, the MacCodrum MS. has—

'S bochd mo chaib'deil (sheaptar) re leughadh,
Ge b' e stadadh re éisdeachd
Leantail fad' air bheag féin air an ta-ghal " (perpetual weeping).

V. 2, l. 1—" Cha 'n 'eil agam da éis sin." M. & M. have " Cha 'n 'eil agam 'na dhéigh sin."

V. 6, l. 3—" Gur a dùbailt a nis oirnn e làthair" (do ghabhail). M. & M. have " Chuir e," &c.

V. 10, l. 1—" Thàinig meadhail (mireadh) gu bròn duinn." Macd. has " meaghar."

V. 11, l. 3—" Fhuair luchd fuath dhinn is mio-rùn an ailleas." M. & M. leave out " dhinn."

V. 12, l. 3—" So an ruaig tha 'gar 'n iomain gu àmhradh." M. & M. have " annradh " and " ànradh."

V. 13, l. 1—" Bhi fui adhar (mark) an sgeòil ud." Macd. has " Bhi fui chumhachd " ; Mack., " Bhi fui phuthar."

Verse 15, l. 3—" Rinn ar n-anail a mhùchadh 's ar aèan " (liver). M. & M. have " dàna."

After verse 15, the Mac Codrum MS. has—

Bhi a ghnàth ris an tiùrsa,
Gun fhear bàigh a bhi dolùth dhuinn
Ach fui thamailt rin-Iunns' air an airidh.

After verse 18, the Mac Codrum MS. has—

Chuir ar dòchus an laigead,
Chuir ar dòruinn am pailteas,
Chaill sòlas ar n-Absalom àluinn.

V. 19, l. 2—" Bha gun agradh, gun ghaiseadh." M. & M. have " Bha gun àrdan," &c.

V. 19, l. 3—" Muir a thàinig le graid a thug bhàir (creachadh) oirnn." Macd. has " Muir a thàinig le graid a thug bàrc," &c. ; Mack. " bhàrc."

V. 21, l. 3—" Bithidh sinn tùirseach 'na dhéigh gu là bàis duinn." M. & M. have " gu 's a bàs."

V. 23, l. 1—" 'S fheadar fuireach ri sìth-shàimh." Macd. has " 'S éiginn fuireach ri sìochainnt." Mack. has " 'S eudar," &c.

V. 24, l. 1—" Ma thig fòirneart no bagradh oirnn." M. & M. have " oirnn " after " thig."

V. 24, l. 2—" Sinn gun dòigh air am bacail." M. & M. have " Sinn gun dòigh air am bacadh."

V. 24, l. 3—" Ach mar Throi 's i gun Hector air làrach. '
M. & M. have—" Tha sinn leòinte 'nar pearsa 's 'nar càileachd."

After verse 24, the Mac Codrum MS. has—

Sinn mar Throi gun Hector,
Bochd na sgeòil sin ri 'chlaistinn,
Tha sinn leòinte 'nar pearsa 's nar càileachd.

V. 26, l. 3—" Gun thu thilleadh gu d' dhuchanna sàbhailt.'
M. & M. have "e philleadh."

" After verse 34, the Mac Codrum MS. has—

No neach a shiùbbhlas gach rioghachd,
Gheibh do chliùth ann am fìrinn,
Eidir Liùis na Frainc is am Papa.

V. 36, l. 2—" Gun Gholl fosgarra fialaidh." M. & M.
have "osgarra."

MOLADH CHLANN DOMHNUILL.

V. 3, l. 2—" Cha robh e saoireach air *Poet.*"

Macd. has—" Cha robh e air aon dòigh soirbheach."

Mack. has—" Cha robh e soirbheach air aon dòigh."

Verse 4, l. 4—" An gaisge 's an cruadal 'n am trogbhail."

M. & M. have "togbhail."

V. 6, l. 7—" Càit am feadadh tu àireamh?"

Macd. has—" Càit am facas riamh ri 'n àireamh?"

V. 6, l. 8—" Aon daoine b' fhearr na Clann-domhnuill."

Macd. has "fhine"; Mack., "chinne."

V. 9, l. 3—" Na fir mhòra bu mhòr alladh." M. & M.
have "Na fir chròdha," &c.

V. 10, l. 8—" Gu bun na Stuidhe am Morran."

M. & M. have "Mòr-thir."

V. 11, l. 4—"Le 'm piob 's le 'm brataich sroltaidh."

M. & M. have "brataichean sròile."

Verse 13 has got slightly mixed up. Line 5 in Macd. is
line 3 in Mac Codrum—" 'S iomadh urra mhòr bha innte. '
M. & M. have "curaidh."

V. 14, l. 4—" Rinn iadsan argumaid a chòmhdach." M.
& M. have—" Rinn an argumaid a chòdach (chòmhdach)."

V. 15, l. 8—" Rothaich is Tàilich is Ròsaich." M. & M.
have "Sàilich."

V. 16, l. 3—" Thigeadh uaisle Chlainn Ill' Ian." Macd.
has "uaislean Chlann-Ill'-Sheathain." Mack. has "uaislean
Chloinne-Lean."

V. 16, l. 5—"Iad fo ruaime (tears) an uair a' chatha." M. & M. have "ghruaim."

The Mac Codrum MS. is No. 68 of the McLagan MSS., which were returned by me last May to Mr McLagan Wedderburn, 3 Glencairn Crescent, Edinburgh. I understand that these MSS. are at present lent to Rev. Dr Henderson, Eddracholas. I retained this MS. for the purposes of this paper, after which it will be sent to Mr McL. Wedderburn.

A well-written and interesting Life of John Mac Codrum, the famous Uist bard, along with his poems, was published in 1894 by Rev. Mr Macdonald, Kiltarlity. This bard was born about 1710, and died in 1796. Several of his more important poems were published in the "Beauties of Gaelic Poetry," by John Mackenzie—a most valuable work, recently reprinted by Mr Norman McLeod, George IV. Bridge, Edinburgh.

Seven of Mac Codrum's poems appear in this MS., and I have noted most of the variations that occur, and indicated the additional verses that find a place in it.

23rd FEBRUARY, 1905.

At a meeting of the Society held on the 23rd February, 1905, the following paper, by Mr John Macdiarmid, Killin, was read:—

FOLKLORE OF BREADALBANE.

The district of Breadalbane is the upper part of the valley of the Tay. It extends from the borders of Argyllshire to the neighbourhood of Aberfeldy, a distance of about thirty-five miles. Its boundaries, to the north and to the south, are two ranges of hills, which separate it from Glenlyon and from Strathearn. The name Breadalbane is composed of the two Gaelic words, *braghad*, the upper part, and *Albainn*, Scotland. The natives pronounce the first syllable of the word like *braid*. The name Breadalbane means the upper part of Alba, using Alba in its narrowest sense of the old kingdom of Scotland, practically the district between Forth and the Grampians. How old the name Breadalbane is, there is no means of knowing; but the word Druimalban occurs in early Scottish chronicles, and its Latin equivalent—*dorsum*

Britannicæ—in the works of Adamnan. It is probable that Breadalbane is the name which has been used by the inhabitants of the district ever since it has been occupied by the Gael.

In former days Breadalbane was not easy of access from the Lowlands, there being no highway to it until a road was made through it by General Wade. It has, in all probability, been occupied by the ancestors of its present inhabitants for the last thousand or two thousand years. It was inhabited by the people of the Bronze Age, for they have left their weapons and instruments, and funeral urns, behind them. There are three "Druidical" circles within its bounds, once used for burial purposes, and probably other pagan rites as well: and there is no other part of Scotland where there are so many cup-marks, one hundred and twenty being found on a rock on the north side of Loch Tay, and many others on stones and rocks on almost every hill-side. The people are almost all Gaels, and, until about forty years ago, were all Gaelic-speaking. Breadalbane, then, is just the kind of locality in which folk-lore would linger. Many of the older people had stores of folk-lore, but as neither they nor the younger folk seemed to have much regard for such knowledge, a great deal of it has been lost. An old gentleman, named Donald M'Laren, who claimed to be Chief of the MacLarens, died in Killin this year, at the age of eighty-four years. A MacLaren, who occupied the farm of Ardveich, on Lochearnside, signed Ragman Roll for Clan Laurin in the time of Edward I. of England. Many generations of the ancestors of this Donald M'Laren were farmers in Ardveich. This man could tell many stories of olden times. He was the last of the old men of Breadalbane who knew folk-tales accurately and extensively.

In connection with Loch Tay are many traditions. Its origin is accounted for as follows. Once on a time, the large spring which rises on Ben Lawers was kept secured by a strong door, under lock and key. Near this fountain, on the hillocks, was tethered a herd of polled dun cows, which a dairymaid had to supply with water. One evening she was late in finishing her work, and forgot to lock the door of the fountain after watering the cattle. The water flowed all night, and formed Loch Tay in what was formerly a valley. The same myth is told of other Scottish lochs. An old rhyme about the dun cows runs as follows:—

“ Tri naoi cnocan,
 Agus tri naoi bacan
 Air na h-uile cnocan;
 Agus tri naoi bo mhaol odhar,
 Air na h-uile bacan.”

In English it is: “ Three nines of hillocks, on every hillock three nines of stakes, and to every stake three nines of polled dun cows.” *

Of course, Loch Tay was formerly believed to be the haunt of the water bull—a black polled one. Cows, on farms around the loch, used to get mysteriously with calf, and, on being watched, were seen to go to the water edge, to low for the water bull, which came ashore to meet them. There were many stories of such meetings related at the *ceilidhean* in former days.

There were at one time, in Breadalbane, many legends told about Fingal. One was that the mighty Celtic hero was buried in a hillock above the village of Killin. Until about twenty years ago a large boulder covered the supposed grave. The stone lay in a field belonging to the hotel, and the hotelkeeper of that time broke this memorial of the past, because visitors to it trampled down his crops. There is a belief current in the Highlands that the man who interferes with “ Druidical ” circles, old churches, or churchyards, or any other of the remains of the past, never succeeds or does well in this world, and may expect a death by accident or violence. It is in curious coincidence with this belief, that the hotelkeeper has been twice a bankrupt since committing the act of vandalism. A few years ago a fragment of the stone, which remained in situ, was, with due ceremony, set up as the grave-stone of Fingal.

It is a common belief in Breadalbane that the name Killin is derived from the two words, *kill*, a churchyard, and *Fheine*, or *Fhinn*, the genitive of Fion or Finn, the first part of the word Fingal—Fingal being *Fion* and *geal*, white or fair. Killin, in Gaelic *Cill-Fheine*, or *Cill-Fhinn*, would thus mean the burying-ground of Fingal, or of the Fingalians. This derivation of the name Killin has been objected to because the word *kill* or *cill* has been derived from the Latin word *cella*,

* “ The fairy cow is dun (*odhar*), and ‘ hummel, or hornless ’ ” (“ Superstitions of the Highlands and Islands,” &c., by the Rev. J. G. Campbell, p. 29). So that the myth, after all, is just a fairy tale.

a cell, and was introduced into Gaelic at a date later than the time of the great warrior-hero. But the earliest name by which the clachan of Killin was known was *Kandrochit*—*ceann-drochaid*—bridge-end—which occurs in a document of the fifteenth century. Killin may be a name of later origin than Kandrochit, and may be derived from the tradition about the last resting-place of Fingal. The more probable explanation of our Killin, as of the other places of that name, is from *cill-fhinn*, white church.

The people of Glenquaich and Glenalmond believed that Ossian was buried beneath a large stone in *Caol-Ghleann*, "Sma' Glen" of Glenalmond. The poet Wordsworth and his sister, in their journey in Scotland, passed through the Sma' Glen, saw the stone which covered "the bard of Cona's grave," and heard the legend. Wordsworth wrote the poem called "Glen-Almain; or the Narrow Glen," about the Sma' Glen and the traditions connected with it. It begins as follows:—

" In this still place, remote from men,
Sleeps Ossian in the ' Narrow Glen,'
In this still place, where murmurs on
But one meek streamlet, only one," etc.

But the warrior which lies behind Killin, whether Fingal or not, could not very well have been the tremendous giant of which they used to tell tales in Ardtalnaig, in Breadalbane, if there was any truth in them. According to one story, Fingal used to stand with a foot on each of two hills, fully a mile apart as the crow flies. The valley between the two hills is called *Caol-Fheine*, or *Caol-Fhinn* (the Narrow Glen of Fion), and is the pass from Breadalbane to Glenalmond. Standing thus, so the legend vouches, Fingal washed his hands in a mountain tarn in Glenlednock, in Strathearn, and without moving his feet from the two hills, stooping down, he quenched his thirst in Loch Tay. The little loch in Glenlednock is called the "Loch of the Hands," and the distance between it and Loch Tay is at least seven miles, and the hills are about midway between the two lochs. Fingal, to fit the story, would require to be about four miles long, and proportionately broad and strong. The two hills of this myth are called *Cioch-na-Maighdinn* and *Ciste-buille-a-Chlaidheimh*. The tale in Gaelic rhyme is as follows:—

“ Chuir Fionn cas air Cioch-na-Maighdinn,
 A’s cas eile air Ciste-buille-a-Chlaidheimh,
 Nigh e lamh an Lochan-nan-lamh
 A’s ghabh e deoch a Loch Tatha.” *

According to all accounts, Fingal’s wife was a faithless jade, and he, being in a rage, struck at her with his mighty sword, but, missing her, hit the rock on which his foot rested, splintering it into shivers. The rock is called *Ciste-buille-a-Chlaidheimh*, the “ Kist of the Sword Cut,” to the present day. This rock contains several clefts, called *kists*, as large as an ordinary room.

Verily! the Celtic imagination was, and is, prodigious. In connection with this legend about Fingal, I may mention that the Highlanders of Breadalbane had a somewhat similar one about the great national hero, “ the Wallace wight.” They believed him to have been of supernatural strength. When I was a boy, elderly men used to point out the two conical and highest peaks of the Lomonds in Fife, and tell me they were called *Cuspairean Wallace*, because the great patriot had thrown the putting-stone from the top of the one hill to the top of the other. The distance between the two peaks, as seen by me across Strathearn, seemed to be a good many leagues. We can understand how the achievements of a Fingal or of a Wallace, as narrated by a succession of bards and sennachies, lose nothing in the telling, but, probably, become magnified by each successive story-teller, perhaps for the purpose of excelling a competitor or astonishing his audience.

Somewhere and sometime, I heard an account of the funeral procession of Fingal as it passed down Strathfillan and Glendochart to the grave at Killin. But I do not remember who told the story, nor can I find any note of it in my notebooks, so that it is probably lost.

* The inhabitants of Ulster had a similar tradition, expressed in the following rhyme:—

“ A chos air Cromleach, druim-ard,
 Chos eile air Crom-meal dubh,
 Thoga Fion le lamh mhoir,
 An d’uisge o Lubhair na sruth.”
 “ With one foot on Cromleach’s high ridge,
 The other on Crommeal the dark,
 Fion took up with his large hand
 The water from Lubar of the streams.”

Cromleach and Crommeal are two neighbouring hills in Ulster, and Lubar is a river which runs between.

A mile or two to the south-east of Killin are the ruins of an old building, said to have been a castle of Fingal, or of the Fingalians, and called the "Castle of Brianraray." The "castle" occupies the top of a hillock, and at the bottom are the ruins of an old round tower. On the first day of this year (1905), I visited and examined the Castle of Brianraray. I found it to be a fortified camp rather than a castle as commonly understood. The site had been selected with consummate skill, for the encampment occupied the top of a rounded eminence which could not be overlooked by any place nearer than a hill about a mile away. It was thus not commanded by any elevation from which any arrow could be discharged into it. The defences of the camp consisted of a rampart of unhewn stones and of earth. The foundations and parts of the wall could be traced all round the hillock. The wall was six or eight feet thick. It had been built in such a way that any rocks projecting from the hillock had been escarped all round, except on the east side, so as to form a steep glacis, forty to sixty feet high. On the east side was a narrow-sloping ridge, which was evidently the approach to the camp. The area enclosed by the rampart is oval in shape, and about one hundred and ten yards long and seventy yards broad. The camp had evidently been fortified with all the military skill of the period in which it had been made. A friend who accompanied me, and who is an enthusiastic antiquarian, declared the encampment to have been, without doubt, an ancient Celtic one. He had examined "Dun Mac Tuathail" some years ago, and found it, and the camp described, to be identical in plan and construction. "Dun Mac Tuathail" is, however, much smaller than the *dun* near Killin. "Dun Mac Tuathail" is on Drummond Hill, near Kenmore. In the *dun*, or fortified camp, which I examined was a depression which had evidently been a sunk well, or a pit for collecting and storing rain water for the use of the garrison. "Dun Mac Tuathail," and all the other *duns* found in Perthshire, were probably old Celtic strongholds. The *dun* near Killin is said to have been a castle of Fingal. "Dun Mac Tuathail" is on Drummond Hill.

From the position of the camp near Killin, no marauding band could pass down the south side of Loch Tay without the knowledge of its garrison. From "Dun Mac Tuathail" could likewise be espied any enemy which issued from Glenlyon, or tried to get down the north side of Loch Tay.

There are, or were until quite recently, many legends circulating in Breadalbane about the good St Fillan. The memory of this pious man is kept alive by St Fillan's Fair or Market—*Feille Feolan*. The ninth of January (old style) was dedicated to the saint, and kept as a holy day in loving and reverent memory of him in the years immediately after his death. There can be no doubt that some religious ceremony, perhaps a procession carrying the relics of the saint, pertained, at first, to the day. But what was, perhaps, at first a fast-day, degenerated into a feast-day, and a holy day into a holiday. In Roman Catholic times, in all likelihood, pedlars sold crosses blessed by the Pope, and relics of the saints, to the assembled people, or palmers brought their curios from the Holy Land. But, by degrees, St Fillan's Day became a market for sheep and cattle, a three days' carouse, a scene of drunken jollity and mad pranks. Now the Fair has shrunk to one day, and to a part only of that, given up almost entirely to the settling of accounts.

Even when the clan feuds were at their worst—and that was bad enough—the days dedicated to the saints were times of truce. The Roman Catholic Church made it sacrilege to break the peace on such days, and its influence lingered much longer in the Highlands than in the Lowlands. St Fillan's Day was regarded by the Highlanders as of peculiar sanctity; and in the year 1605 or 1606 a party of Macgregors appeared at the Fair at Killin, as they thought that friends and foes might meet there and then in perfect safety. The leader of the band was *Ian Dubh Ciar*, Black John M'Gregor of Roro, in Glenlyon. Their inveterate enemies, the Campbells, notwithstanding the long-sanctioned custom of a "truce of God," set upon the Macgregors, and captured or killed most of them. Black John, after killing or wounding seven or eight of his foes, escaped to the house of a man in Glenlochay, from whom he was accustomed to get concealment and hospitality. He was received, apparently, as usual, but when the old woman of the house went out, as she said, to fetch a bowl of milk, the old man, her husband, told Black John to fly, as she was gone in search of her two sons to kill him, in revenge for a relative of hers who had been killed by him in the affray at Killin. The young men, entering the house with arms, were slain one by one by Black John, who also dealt the mother a mortal blow as she attempted to bar the door. John, as he ran away, exclaimed, "This is how a Macgregor avenges breach of trust."

An old Gaelic song describes the fight in Killin as follows—

" B' ann an Tigh na Sraidé,
 A thug iad ionnsuidh bhàis air
 'S mur bitheadh è ro ladair
 Bha ochdnar riamh ro mhurrach air.
 Ach labhair Iain-Dubh-Gearr riubh,
 Bha mi ann 's a cheardaich,
 'S cha chrom mi sios mo cheann duibh,
 Ge d' thionndadh sibh uile rium.
 'N sin bhuail iad uil' air còladh,
 'S ge d' bha Ian Dubh na onar,
 Cha b' ann d' am buannachd toiseach,
 Bha fuil mu 'shroin na h-uile fir."

Tigh na Sraidè is the Gaelic name for Killin Hotel.

This same Black John is credited with having invented and first danced the " Reel of Tulloch," or " Hoolachan," the famous " Tulaichean." After the affair in Glenlochay, he fled north to Strathspey, where he wedded a young woman, Isabella Grant, said to have been the daughter of the laird of Tulloch, Abernethy. " Iseabail Dubh Thulaich," as she was called, led with him the life of an outlaw on the hills and the rocks, and in the brackens and the heather. One night, when sleeping in a barn, John and Isabella received warning that an officer of the law and twelve armed attendants were on their track. Before John and his wife could make their escape, their foes were upon them; but he and his true helpmeet were equal to the occasion, and having a Spanish gun and large pistol, Isabella loaded and he fired them to such effect that soon their enemies were stretched on the ground, or fled. It was on this deliverance that " Ian Dubh " composed and danced the first " Reel of Tulloch." We can understand with what joy and abandon the poor unfortunates must have flung their heels about and " cleekit."

The old Gaelic song, already referred to, thus attributes the composing of the air of the " Reel of Tulloch " to Black John:—

" Bu Ghriogarach do rìreamh
 A Ruadh Sruth ann Gleannliomhunn,
 A rinn an ceol tha riomhach;
 Ris canar leinn na Tulaichean.
 'O Thulaichean gu Bealaichean,
 'S 'o Bhealaichean gu Tulaichean,
 'S mur faigh leann 's na Tulaichean
 Gu'n òl sinn uisge Bhealaichean."

It is said that when St Fillan came to Breadalbane he was accompanied by St Eonan, or Adamnan. They came at the command of the Abbot and Chapter of Iona, or impelled by the missionary spirit to become the apostles of Breadalbane and Glenlyon. Staff in hand and wallet on back, they made their way up from the sea coast of Argyle or Dumbarton to Tyndrum, or thereabouts, where the land on the eastern slope of Druimalban lay before them. They cast lots, story says, at the Cairn of Druimalban. Breadalbane and Balquidder fell to St Fillan; Glenlyon and adjacent districts to St Eonan. Strathfillan, the western part of Breadalbane, is, of course, named after Fillan.

St Fillan is the reputed builder of the first meal mill driven by water at Killin. This mill was on the site of the present Millmore, which grinds the corn for a wide district. St Eonan is also believed, in Glenlyon, to have built the first meal mill there, at Milton-Eonan. This mill, or its successor, was grinding corn until about forty years ago, when a jack-in-office of a factor, through spite to the miller, pulled the slates off it. For mills, there must be corn to grind, and it is possible that the two good "servants of God" first taught the wild hunters and herdsmen of Breadalbane and Glenlyon to till the ground, and to settle round the primitive church or *cill*. In this way may have been formed the first clachan of Killin.

More than one legend connects St Fillan with the meal mill. On a stone seat, a little above the bridge over the river Dochart, and close by the mill, he is said to have sat and baptised the people in hundreds. This seat was swept away by a spate in the river in the autumn of 1856, the like of which has not been seen since. An old ash tree, blown down in the great storm of November, 1893, is said to have sheltered the good man when performing the holy rite. It was regarded as sacrilege by the people of Killin to burn a branch of this tree, and when a former tenant of the mill ventured to use a fallen bough for firewood, the old folks shook their heads and croaked all sorts of dismal forebodings. This would be about sixty years ago.

The miller of Milton-Eonan would not grind corn on St Fillan's Day, and a similar rest was observed at Millmore on St Fillan's Day until within the last forty or fifty years. When the mill on the Dochart was set to grind on St Fillan's Day, all kinds of disaster were prophesied to the miller by the older

people; but I am not aware that anything serious happened in consequence of going contrary to long-established beliefs.

St Fillan's Pool is on the Dochart in Strathfillan. The water of this linn was for long believed to be a perfect cure for insanity. The unfortunate lunatics were well ducked in the river, and then bound and left lying all night in the neighbouring chapel of the old monastery of Strathfillan. The Chinese method for the cure of lunacy was to burn a house over the head of the afflicted person. Both modes of treatment were very drastic, and may have cured the unhappy beings by frightening them into their wits. Perhaps Daft Will Coumbrough, of Strathblane, who was brought to Strathfillan for immersion, hit the truth when he said: "Those that brocht me here were dafter than mysel'." The spell of the Pool was broken by a mad bull, pursued by dogs, plunging into it.

The names St Eonan and St Adamnan are said by antiquarians and scholars to be the same. Adamnan was the biographer of St Columba, and Abbot of Iona, but came into disfavour with monks for his Roman Catholic tendencies. Adamnan—Gaelic Adhamhan—means little Adam. Adhamhan sounds much the same as Eonan. Ardeonaig, a district and hamlet on the south side of Loch Tay, is named after this saint. The word Ardeonaig is compounded of the Gaelic words *ard*, a height, and *Eonan*, with the terminal *an* of the latter word changed into the diminutive *aig*. St Eonan may have built the first church in Ardeonaig, and as he died in 703 A.D., the clachan or hamlet named after him may have been in Breadalbane since that time. St Fillan was probably in Breadalbane about the same time, and so the village of Killin may have been in existence for twelve hundred years.

The descendants of the servants of Fillan are known by the name of Dewar. At the saint's death, his successor as Abbot of Strathfillan gave to the Dewars the relics of their master. The name Dewar is derived from the Gaelic word *deòra*, an exile, stranger, or wanderer, because the men who bore the name had to go wandering over the country in search of stolen cattle, in which quest they were protected by the veneration for the relics of St Fillan. Those relics, in the time of King Robert the Bruce, and down to the Reformation, were the crozier, the bell, the bones of the left arm, and, probably, the psalter of the saint. The crozier was found in possession of a Dewar in Canada about twenty-five years ago, and is now in the Antiquarian Museum, Edinburgh. The crozier was

called the *cogerach*. When a Dewar went to recover stolen cattle, he carried the *cogerach* in his hand, and there is no record or tradition of any violence having been offered to him anywhere in Scotland when so employed. The bell was stolen about two hundred years ago from the Churchyard of Strathfillan by a roving young Englishman, but was restored to Scotland by his descendants, and placed in the same museum a few years before the crozier was deposited there. This bell had the legend connected with it, that if by any means it was carried from its place in the graveyard of Strathfillan, it would return there of its own accord through the air, singing, in angry tones, "That which belongs not to you, belong not you to it." The Englishman, wishing to test the truth of this superstition, carried it to his house in the South of England, where it was discovered by accident, and from which it was carried back to this country, but not through the air. The silver reliquary containing the bones of the left arm was carried along the lines of the kneeling Scottish army, by the Abbot of Inchaffray, on the morning of the Battle of Bannockburn. This relic was called in Gaelic *an main* (spelled *mayne* in some documents), from the Latin word *manus*, a hand. It was lost or destroyed at the Reformation. The crofts possessed free by the Dewars as keepers of the relics of St Fillan are called in Gaelic *Croit-an-Deor*, or Dewar's Croft. Of pieces of land so named there are to-day five or six in Breadalbane.

St Fillan is believed to have died in or near the village of St Fillans, in Strathearn. The men of Breadalbane carried his corpse thence to bury it in their own land; but when they arrived where the paths diverged to Strathfillan and to Killin, the men of those places strove with each other for possession of the remains. Swords were drawn, and bloodshed was like to ensue, when they saw that the corpse, coffin or bier, had become two! So tradition avers. And the men of Strathfillan went away with one body, and the men of Killin with the other. The Rev. Mr Calder, at present minister of Strathfillan, suggests that the bearers were so drunk that they saw double.

On a rounded hillock, near Killin, St Fillan used to preach. At the foot of this knoll is an ancient cottage called *Tigh a' Mhanaich*, or the monk's house. Behind the hillock is a rock called *Craig Neamhaidh*, or the heavenly rock. Both names are said to have been given in connection with St Fillan's preaching and residence in the neighbourhood of Killin.

I have been told by old people, natives of Killin, that once upon a time, one of the little streams which wimple down from the hill behind the village, ran red with human blood. It happened in or about the year 1646. Colonel James, the first Menzies of Culdares, in Glenlyon, was being married to Sophia, the daughter of the Campbell of Breadalbane of that time. The marriage festivities were going on merrily at Finlarig Castle, when a messenger arrived with the news that four hundred of the Macdonalds of Keppoch and Glencoe had plundered Strathfillan and Glendochart of cattle, sheep, goats, and horses, and of everything else movable, and were driving the spoil round by Sronaclachan, the hill behind Killin. The Campbells, excited by drink and rage, demanded to be led immediately against the robbers. Colonel Menzies, an old and experienced soldier of Gustavus Adolphus, counselled caution, as he saw that an attack straight up the hill would be dangerous, as the Macdonalds, in addition to the better position, had the evening sun at their backs, while its glare shone in the eyes of the Campbells. The wind was also in favour of the Macdonalds by speeding their arrows. Menzies proposed a plan of going up Glenlochay, on the north flank of Sronaclachan, reaching the higher hills behind that on which the Macdonalds were, descending upon the raiders from the rear, and catching them in a trap between the rivers Dochart and Lochay, which join near Killin. The Campbells would thus recover the *creagh*. A too fiery Campbell retorted by calling him *Meinearach bog*,* that is, "soft or cowardly Menzies." Stung by the taunt, Menzies, who was a soldier of fortune and owed everything to his sword, said: "Each man's blood be on his own head; charge the foe in God's name. We shall see before night who is soft and who is not." Now Colonel Menzies was better known by the nickname of *Cruinear Ruadh nan Cearc* than by his own name. *Cruinear Ruadh nan Cearc* means "Red Crowner of the Hens." How he acquired this appellation was as follows. When an orphan boy, he was brought up by his distant kinsman, the Chief of Clan Menzies, at Weem Castle, where he had to look after the hens. When a youth, he joined the Swedish armies in the wars of the Protestant Succession in Germany, and rose by his valour and skill from the ranks to be an officer. At the time of his marriage, or previously, he was employed as a

* The nickname for Clan Menzies is *Meinearach bog an ìme*, "Soft Menzies of the butter."

coiner, or maker of crown pieces, at Finlarig Castle, for the Lord of Breadalbane had then the right to mint his own money. He was red-haired, and so was called *ruadh*. Hence he came to be very well known in folk-tales as the "Red Crowner of the Hens."

In the furious fight which took place between the Campbells and the Macdonalds, the Red Crowner had a hand-to-hand combat with Angus Odhar of Keppoch, the leader of the marauders. Angus had the bad taste to cry "Cearc," "Cearc," in derision, but Menzies cut off his head with such dexterity and quickness that it went rolling down the hill calling "Cearc," "Cearc." The Campbells were defeated, and eighteen cadets of the House of Breadalbane were slain. Since that fatal day, that lordly family has been dying out.

The Crowner, after performing prodigies of valour, had to retreat with the Campbells, pursued by their enemies to the walls of Finlarig. Menzies had nine arrows sticking in the back of his coat of mail when he got safely within the castle, one received just as he entered the gate. In a very queer book, by Archibald MacDiarmid, at one time an official of the Breadalbane Estates, it is written that the Crowner, when he had to retreat before his foes, flung a dead or dying Macdonald over his shoulders to cover his back, and that it was in this man the arrows were found.

"Black Duncan with the Cowl," or Sir Duncan Campbell of Glenorchay and Breadalbane, has a reputation with most Highlanders of being cunning, cruel, and greedy beyond words to describe; in fact, a person too diabolical to be comprehended. There can be no doubt, for it can be proved by official documents and public records, that he tried by hook and crook to get hold of the land of his neighbours, that he broke his word when it suited his purpose, and that he took the lives of such as stood in the way of his schemes without much scruple.

The following story about Black Duncan used to be told by the Highlanders of a former generation. I give a version told me by an old man in Milton-Eonan, in Glenlyon.

"Duncan with the Cowl" coveted the lands of the Laird of Edramucky, in Breadalbane, and sent for a noted *ceatharnach*, or assassin, or fighter, to kill the man. He bribed the bravo, with the promise of a purse of gold, to bring him the head of Macgregor of Edramucky. Macgregor was bald. The *ceatharnach* was not so base as his employer wished him to be, and so he killed a calf and scraped the head

bare. Putting the calf's head in a sack, he carried it to Finlurig Castle by night. He was admitted to Black Duncan's chamber, where he was lying in bed. "Have you brought me that old fellow's head?" said Duncan. "Yes," answered the *ceatharnach*, showing as much of the calf's head as resembled a bald pate. "Then," said Duncan, "fly, for the hue and cry will be after you, and I will be after you myself." "Not so," said the other, "until I get every penny you promised; and if you do not give it at once, with this same dirk, with which I cut off the head in the sack, will I lay your grey-headed one beside it." Black Duncan, very much alarmed, told his visitor to go to a cabinet in the room and to take out of it the money agreed upon. The man took the gold, and got out of Duncan's reach as rapidly as possible.

Colonel Stewart of Ardvoirlich told the late Donald MacLaren, already referred to, that this tale is true, and that the man who who played the trick on Black Duncan was none other than Captain James Stewart of Ardvoirlich, the hero of Sir Walter Scott's "Legend of Montrose," where he is described under the name of Allan Macaulay. The truth of the story is vouched for by the archives or family papers of Ardvoirlich. Captain James Stewart was of great personal strength, and noted for his bloody deeds, so that it is no wonder he frightened Duncan.

Black Duncan lived in the reigns of James I. and Charles I. In the year 1611, in the first of the two reigns, John Campbell, brother of the Laird of Lawers, presented the head of John Dhu Macallister Macgregor to the Scottish Privy Council of State. Duncan's command to bring him the head of the Laird of Edramucky was not so very unusual at that time. At a place called Duncrosk, in Glenlochay, lived a Campbell who was so successful in head-hunting that he was called *Donnach nan Ceann*, or "Duncan of the Heads." A price was set on the heads of the Macgregors. A few years ago a number of human skeletons, minus the heads, were found in a gravel pit near where this man lived. This man may have been a noted swordsman, known by the name of *Donnach Mòr Ruadh na feusaig*.

My informant in Glenlyon told me that Macgregor of Edramucky fell a victim to the intrigues of the Campbells, and that his wife, deprived of her lands, fled to the very house in which he lived in Milton-Eonan. She was called the *Ban-tighearna bhuidhe*, or the yellow-haired lady. This part of the tale is probable enough, for the Campbells of Glenlyon

never persecuted the Macgregors, but helped and protected them as much as they could.

An old man, a Macgregor, who died a few years ago at Crofts of Morenish, told me a tale of a Macgregor, laird of Edinample, on Lochearnside, who lost his life through the wiles of Black Duncan. Duncan was on a visit to this laird, and after dinner made a bet with him that he would not walk along the "rigging" of Edinample Castle. The laird performed the feat and won the bet. Duncan made the bet a second time, and when the laird tried to win it again he fell off the roof and was killed. Duncan seized his estate, and kept it. If this tale is true, the laird had probably imbibed too much alcoholic liquor. The man who told me the story was for years a servant at Edinample Castle.

A gentleman, well known in Perthshire, told me how an ancestor of his lost the farm of Achallader, in Glenorchay, through the unscrupulous devices of Black Duncan. The owner of this farm was a Fletcher, who was of a very fiery temper. Black Duncan told an English servant of his to tether his horses in the ripening corn of Fletcher, right under the windows of the house of Achallader. Fletcher saw the man tying the horses in his field, and shouted to him to remove them. But as Fletcher spoke in Gaelic, the Englishman did not understand him, and went on with his work. Fletcher, enraged at this, threatened to shoot the man if he did not take the animals away, and, getting no answer, proceeded to carry his threat into execution. When his servant was dead, Black Duncan appeared on the scene, and told the murderer that his life was forfeit to the law; but if he went away from the country for a time, and surrendered his estate to him (Black Duncan), the penalties of the crime might be evaded. Fletcher went into hiding, and after some years returned to Achallader, but only as the tenant of Black Duncan. Black Duncan, at this time, was Sheriff of Perthshire, which meant judge, jury, and executioner, all in one. My informant showed me documents which proved that his ancestor was the legal proprietor of Achallader when the tragedy took place.

But, bad as Black Duncan undoubtedly was, he had crimes attributed to him, in the tales of the people, of which he was innocent. In the year 1551, one Alexander Macgregor was laird of a part of Morenish. He was known as *Alasdair Odhar*, and was a descendant of Duncan Beg, of the family of Roro, in Glenlyon. One Sunday evening, in November, he was enticed out of his house by another Macgregor, and assas-

sinated at a big stone, which was broken up a good many years ago. According to the story, as related to me, Allister Odhar had treated his murderer with every hospitality, and had given him a pair of half-tanned shoes, and had accompanied him, as an act of courtesy, as far as the stone, where he was killed in the act of parting. The old man who told me about Allister Odhar said that Black Duncan had paid the assassin to do the deed. But Black Duncan in 1551 was a very small boy indeed, and must have been very precocious in wickedness to have had any share in the crime. As can be proved by historical evidence, Allister Odhar was slain by the notorious Duncan Macgregor, *Ladassach*, who was acting at the time as Chief of the Clan Gregor, during the minority of the real chief. The reason why the murder was committed was because Allister had become friends with his neighbours, the Campbells, and had signed a bond of manrent with Colin Liath, the father of Black Duncan. In other words, Allister had promised Colin to help him in his battles with all comers, even if they should be Macgregors. For this deed, as well as for killing another Macgregor (a Macewan), a piper, in Killin, on the same Sunday night, Duncan Ladassach was captured and beheaded by Colin in the following year.

When I was a child, living on the farm of Claggan, in Ardtalnaig, I often heard of a noted archer, who at one time resided in the neighbourhood. He was known by the name, or rather nickname, of *Stalcair Riach nan Saighead* — i.e., “Brown Stalker of the Arrows.” He was of great strength and of marvellous dexterity. It was told of him that he could send an arrow with his bow across Loch Tay, where it is nearly, if not quite, a mile in breadth. It was narrated that his servant, when cutting withes or walking-sticks in a wood on the farm of Achnafree, in Glenalmond, was surprised by the Laird of Lawers, in Strathearn, and his men, out hunting, and was pursued and killed. Achnafree, then as now, belonged to the Laird of Lawers. The Stalker determined to avenge his dependant’s death, as by the code of honour of the times he was bound to do. Disguising himself as a beggar, and having an old plaid or blanket over his shoulders to conceal his bow and arrows, he went to Lawers, and loitered about the house until he got an opportunity of the Laird walking in the fields, when he killed him with an arrow. In leaving Strathearn, he directed some men whom he met to go to a certain park in Lawers, where he told them they would find a good fat deer dead. This deed led to a blood feud, and a party of men were

sent in pursuit of the archer. They, being strangers in Breadalbane, and not knowing the Stalker by sight, went to his farm, where they found him splitting a tree for firewood. They asked him if he could direct them to the Stalker's house. "Yes," he said, "but as you are strong men, just take hold of the halves of this tree and tear it asunder, to save time, and then I will guide you to the man you want." As soon as he got their hands in the cleft of the tree, he knocked the wedge out, and had their fingers caught as if in a vice. "I am the man you seek," he then said, and without more ado cut off their hands at the wrist with the axe, and allowed them to find their way home the best way they could. Another version of the story has it, that he seized his bow and arrows, which were concealed near him, and despatched every one of them. So much for tradition. There is, however, plenty of evidence to connect one *Seumas Mac-an-Stalcair*—James McStalker—who lived in Breadalbane, with many atrocities. This James McStalker was either the *Stalcair Riach* or his son. This James whose surname was Robertson, was the hired assassin of the Campbells in destroying the Macgregors, and was altogether a sanguinary and ruthless character.

The following extracts from the *Chronicle of Fortingall* will show what James McStalker did, and what happened to him in consequence.

"Gregor, son of the Dean of Lismore, alias M'Gregor, and Robert M'Donald M'Gregor were slain in Ardeonaig on the 11th June, viz., on the day of Pentecost, after midnight, and their house was burnt by James M'Stalker and his accomplices, year of our Lord 1565."

"James M'Stalker mhic Phatrick and his accomplices put to death by Gregor M'Gregor of Stronmelecan and his followers at Ardeonaig, 14th July 1565. He (James) was a very wicked wretch and an oppressor of the poor, whence it is said you shalt not suffer evil-doers to live upon the land."

The *Chronicle of Fortingall* was written by the curate of Fortingall, a Macgregor. Gregor Macgregor of Stronmelecan was Macgregor of Glenstrae, in Argyleshire, and Chief of Clan Gregor. He had travelled all night from Argyleshire, surprised James M'Stalker in the early morning, avenged the death of the son of the Dean of Lismore, and was away again before he could be intercepted. The Dean of Lismore was the writer of the famous manuscript. For slaying M'Stalker, Macgregor of Glenstrae was hunted over hill and dale by the

Campbells, with "Black Duncan of the Cowl," then a young man, at their head. This much must be said to the credit of Black Duncan and of Colin Liath, his father, that however well or ill they may have treated their tenants, dependants, and followers, they protected their clansmen and servants to the best of their ability, and severely punished any injury done to them by others. No man but himself must shear the sheep of a Campbell.

Macgregor of Glenstrae, when a young man, had been the ward of Campbell of Glenlyon, and had married his daughter. Black Duncan, finding out that Macgregor frequently visited his wife, had him dogged by secret spies, and captured in Glenlyon in August, 1559. The Campbells of Glenlyon did all they could to save Macgregor's life, but in vain. The *Chronicle of Fortingall* records the end as follows:—

"The seventh day of Apryll, Gregor M'Gregor of Glensra heddyt at Belloch anno sixty and ten years," which means that he was beheaded at Taymouth in 1570.

The *Black Book of Taymouth* tells us more about the beheading in the following words:—"He (that is Colin Liath) was ane great justiciar all his tyme, throch the quhilk he sustenit deidlie feid of the Clan Gregour, ane lang space. And besydes that he caused executit to the death mony notable lymmaris, he beheidit the Laird of Macgregor himself at Kandmoir in presence of the Erle of Atholl, the Justice-Clerk, and sundrie other Nobilemen." In other words, that Sir Colin Campbell of Glenorchay was a great judge, for which he gained the hatred of Clan Gregor, and that he executed many notable rascals, and beheaded Macgregor of Glenstrae in presence of the Earl of Athole, the Lord Justice-Clerk of Scotland, and other noblemen. The *Black Book of Taymouth* was written by Master William Bowie, a clerk or chaplain in the pay of the Campbells.

Sir Colin's sister was the mother of Macgregor's wife. The unfortunate woman went to Taymouth Castle to plead for her husband's life from the assembled nobles, but was too late. When she began to lament her sad fate, Black Duncan, with callous cruelty, told her to be comforted, because she would soon be married to MacOmie, the Baron of Dull, and, as his wife, forget the rebel Macgregor.

The pathetic lament which the hapless lady composed used to be often sung in Breadalbane. I frequently heard snatches of it in my childhood. One bit that stuck in my memory is—

“ Oh ! that Finlarig were wrapt in flames,
 Proud Taymouth lying in ashes,
 And the fair-haired Gregor of the white hands
 Were lying in my arms.”

In the song, the little Baron of Dull is referred to with great contempt. The ghost of this lady is believed by some worthy people to haunt the ruins of Finlarig Castle in this year 1905, and to be seen flitting about the old dungeon as a spectral flame. I am afraid the so-called spectre is only an optical illusion, caused by the indulgence in a little too much whisky.

One more extract I give from the *Black Book of Taymouth*. “ In the month of December, 1615, the Laird of Lawers sought ane suit of the Council for entertaining three or four score bairns of Clan Gregor, and desired the Council to burden the landlords with the sum of two thousand merks in the month therefor.” The Laird of Lawers, in Breadalbane, was Sir James Campbell, the cousin of Black Duncan, and his right-hand man in hunting the Macgregors, which was done with bloodhounds. I heard once a most revolting story about these hounds, “ the black dogs of the Macgregors,” as they were called. It was said that the Campbells seized the nursing-women of the Macgregors and made the puppies suck their breasts—that is, they reared them on human milk. It was said that dogs so fostered would follow the track of no man but a Macgregor.

But to return to the extract from the *Black Book*. The “ Council ” to which the Laird of Lawers made his suit was the Council of State of Scotland, and the “ landlords ” were the lords and lairds of Perthshire, such as Sir Duncan Campbell, the Earl of “ Tullibardin,” the Earl of Perth, Lord Madderty, and so on. The “ bairns ” were the orphans of the Macgregors who had been executed, or had died in battle or of wounds and hardships. Just think of sixty or eighty innocent little children, orphans, in the hands of strangers, in the district of Lawers, by the side of Loch Tay ! What Sir James wanted was an order of the Council for a contribution from the other lairds to help him with the feeding and clothing of the children.

A large part of Breadalbane was at one time Royal property. In the reign of James V. the rents of the King’s farms in Breadalbane were paid regularly into the Royal exchequer. In the Exchequer Rolls of Scotland for 1541 are to be found the terms of lease of the King’s farms in Breadalbane as fixed

on the 11th of April in the town of Perth by the Royal comptroller or factor.

The Kings of Scotland had also deer forests, fishings, castles, and hunting lodges in Breadalbane almost from time immemorial. Sybilla, Queen of Alexander I., had her favourite residence at Kenmore, and lies buried in the isle named after her, at the east end of Loch Tay. King Alexander built a monastery on the isle, "for the honour of God and Saint Mary and of all the saints, and for the soul of Queen Sibilla." The island was anciently called *Inchadin*, or Aidan's Isle, and there seems to have been a Celtic institution on it before the monastery built by Alexander I. The monastery was afterwards converted into a Cistercian Nunnery. According to tradition, the nuns were allowed to visit the mainland on one day of the year only. This day was then or afterwards kept as a fair, known as *F'eill nam Ban Naomh*, "The Feast of the Holy Women." It was held in the month of July, was attended by many people, forty or fifty years ago, and is now extinct.

One of the early Scottish Kings, Donald IV., the friend and patron of St Aidan, frequently resided on Sybilla's Isle. He was drowned, when fishing for salmon, in a ford of the Tay, where the bridge of Kenmore now stands. This was in A.D. 646. The salmon of the Tay seems to have been famous hundreds of years ago.

The King's lands in Breadalbane were called his "Lordship of Dessair and Tuair," the sunny and the shady sides of Loch Tay. In this Lordship the King's authority was exercised by the Royal baron-bailie, who tried, condemned, and executed the inhabitants of the district just as seemed "right in his own eyes." At one time, "Toshach," that is, Macintosh of Monzie, near Crieff, was King's baron-bailie in Breadalbane. He was noted for his severity as a judge. His character has been well summed up in a proverb which has come down to our day: "It would not be well if Macintosh held a court every day." It was said that he hanged a man every time he held a court in Breadalbane. Macintosh kept his assize on the farm of Milton in Ardtalnaig, and probably in the open air. The memory of the Royal baron-bailie is still kept alive by a field called the *Bawlie*. It is so named because the horses of the judge and of his attendants, including priests, hangmen, and men-at-arms, were kept in six enclosures while the court was held. Mr M'Dougall of Claggan, the well-known breeder of blackface sheep, and tenant of Milton, with

his own hands removed the stone walls of the six enclosures, and made of them one field, the *Bawlie*. The gallows were always ready in those days, and stood in the next field. Mr M'Dougall, when a young man, removed the stump of the gallows from the field. It was of oak. The bodies of the persons executed were buried at the foot of the gallows; their bones have been turned up, in cultivating the land, within the memory of those now alive.

Did the inhabitants of Breadalbane of the time of Macintosh deserve all the hanging they got, or were the judges as much or more to blame than the condemned? I am afraid many innocent men were hanged because they had incurred the ill-will, or had excited the greed of, those in authority. There was, I fear, a good deal of hanging in former times "to please the Laird," throughout the length and breadth of the Highlands. This is the only reasonable explanation, to my mind, of the numerous *Tom-na-Croichs*, gallows hills, and *Tom-a-Chrochairs*, hangman's knolls, to be found at the present day in our land. There are two *Tom-na-croichs* at Killin, and the beams of the gallows were used as the door-posts of a house in the village until very recently. There is a *Tom-a-Chrochair* in Glenlochay, and another at the Crofts of Morenish. A crooked bough of an old tree at the Castle of Finlarig showed the mark of the deep notch caused by the running of the hangman's rope. The bough was broken off in the great gale of November, 1893. The guide to the ruins will tell you that five hundred Macgregors were hanged on this tree. There was also the "kindly gallows" of Crieff, which no Highlander was said to pass without crossing himself and muttering, "God bless her nainsel', and may ta teil tamn you."

I may conclude this paper by stating that I am a descendant of a John Macdiarmid who lived in Glenlyon about the end of the eighteenth century, and was known to the people of the glen by the designation of "Baron" Macdiarmid (*vide* "The Book of Garth and Fortingall," by the Editor of the *Inverness Chronicle*, Mr Duncan Campbell). In the same "Book of Garth and Fortingall" it is suggested that the ancestors of this "Baron" Macdiarmid were "Toisich" or thanes—that is, baron-bailies—of the early Scottish Kings in Glenlyon. The nickname of "Baron" was given to my father, but I am glad to say that I have not inherited it. It has passed to another well-known man of my clan, Mr Duncan Macdiarmid, Camusericht, Rannoch.

9th MARCH, 1905.

At a meeting of the Society held on 9th March, 1905, at which Mr W. J. Watson presided, the Rev. C. D. Bentinck of Kirkhill contributed a paper, entitled

LETTERS OF A JACOBITE CHIEF AND A
LOYALIST LADY.

The examination some time ago of a collection of old papers that had for long lain in the house of Achnagairn led to the discovery of some letters which I thought might interest the members of this Society. For though they may possess little or no literary value, a certain measure of historical interest may be claimed for them. They are the productions of Simon, Lord Lovat of the '45, and Isobel Forbes, sister of Lord President Forbes, and widow of James Fraser of Achnagairn—the letters of a rebel chief and a loyalist lady. They were, with few exceptions, written at one of the most momentous and critical periods in the history of this country, when the determined attempt to overthrow the reigning House of Hanover was made and thwarted, and the fate of the Stuart dynasty was finally sealed. And though they, as private letters, contain nothing that adds to our knowledge of the history of that time, each group has its own interest, the one by reason of the fascinating, if by no means attractive, personality of the writer, and the notoriety he has achieved in history; the other as showing how a pious, intelligent, and loyal lady of good family, though unknown to fame, regarded the doings of those troubled days in which the evening of her life was spent.

Lovat was one of the most voluminous letter-writers of his time, and his productions appear to have been carefully preserved, to judge from the great number that still remain to us. Of these, so many have already been preserved in the Culloden Papers, and in the Transactions of the Gaelic Society, that the claim of those now offered to a place in the same repository may reasonably be questioned. These are submitted, however, in the hope that they may be found to add even a few rays to the fierce light that has already beat upon the public and private life of one who, if not a good, was at all events a great man; who had genius, if not character; whose tragic and sorrowful end must surely excite our pity, however much we may abhor and condemn the selfishness,

duplicity, and immorality that blasted his reputation and ruined his life.

I. Holograph Letter—Lovat to Belladrum, 1731.

My Dear Cusin Beladrum,

I am heartily sory yt. you are not in perfect health. I wish wt. all my soul you may be soon well, & live long for ye good of your family & for ye comfort of yr. relateives & ffrds., & I offer you & yr. Lady & litle ones my kind Respects. I spok to doctor Clark & to Sur McGill & they desire you should take a vomit & then a dose of Rhubarb, & if yt. does not do, another vomit, & a dose of Rheubarb two days after. I have sent you three vomits & three doses of Rheubarb yt. I take myself. Drink much warm watter when you vomit, and take blanche broth when you take your Rheubarb. I am sory I gave you so much trouble, that I must beg of you to take some more, if your health will allow it. Yr. Cusin ye Laird of Luss has proposd a marriage for me wt. Sir Robert Dalrymple's daughter, ye Lady Lusses niece, ye president's grandchild by his eldest son, a girl of ye best character in Edinr. & without dispute ye best Related. I am resolvd to make no bargain yt. will wrong my Bearns, yt. you may depend upon. But if this match goes on, it will be a great support to my ffamily & to my Bearns. I have sent for somethings to be caryed south, if ye mariage hold, yt. I canot want. I send you all ye keys you had befor, & ye key of a Brown box where two litle boxes are wt. litle Jewels in a litle drawer wher their is a purse wt. gold in it which is not to be stirrd or sent. But all ye boxes must be searchd and all ye litle cases & boxes yt. have rings or Jewels in them must be sent South & the gold watch & chain yt. my wife had, yt. all yt. may save me money here. If you canot attend ? desire you intrust this to John Calumbeg's son my factor. The keys & ye vomits & Rheubarb are in ye strong box of which you have ye key in this letter, & you are to inclose every thing in ye said strong box & send it south with ye bearer & send ye key of it in your letter to me, so yt. it canot be opened wtout your letter be broke, & ye bearer Hugh More is a very honest man who will cary every thing honestly. I beg you pardon this ffreedom & command me when you have to do & believe yt. I am wt. great affection

dear Beladrum

Your faithfull slave

.Edr. ye 8th of decre. 1731.

LOVAT.

Notes on I.

The first of these letters, unlike the rest in this series, and indeed most of the Lovat letters belonging to this period of his life, is *holograph*. This may be explained by the fact that it was written from Edinburgh, where the services of the secretary whom he usually employed were probably not available. It bears the date 8th December, 1731, and was addressed to James Fraser, the 6th Laird of Belladrum, who appears to have been in bad health at the time. Expressive of the writer's sympathy, his anxiety for his friend's speedy recovery, to which he endeavours to contribute by consulting two eminent Edinburgh doctors, whose prescriptions illustrate the somewhat rude and drastic remedies in vogue at that time, the chief interest of the letter lies in the commission with which he intrusts the sick laird. We are left to conjecture whether his indisposition allowed him execute a duty to which even his friendship for Lovat and loyalty to his chief may not have disposed him. Simon's regard for the memory of his first wife, for whose death, in July, 1729, he expresses, in a letter to her brother, Grant of Grant, the most overwhelming sorrow, does not make him shrink from the idea of bestowing her personal belongings upon the lady with whom he now sought to console himself, if by doing so he might save his pocket. This lady, after a courtship of a few months, positively declined his advances, and firmly adhered to her decision, notwithstanding the pressure brought to bear upon her by her family, who regarded the match with favour. Closer acquaintance with her suitor had not increased her respect and regard for him, for to her observation of his Lordship's conduct and behaviour she attributes her distaste to his proposals. Simon keenly felt and resented the indignity implied in his rejection, as his letter to Ludovick Colquhoun bears. There he characterises the lady's treatment of him as "an indignity put upon my person and family that I can hardly bear." His letter to Belladrum destroys any sympathy one might be tempted to extend to the disappointed wooer, proving, as it does, that in entering upon these unsuccessful matrimonial negotiations he was actuated mainly, if not wholly, by selfish motives: he regarded the proposal in the light of a *bargain* that would be of profit to himself and to his family. The cruel stratagem by which he not long afterwards forced Miss Primrose Campbell to marry him, and his harsh treatment of that unhappy lady, must have confirmed Miss

Dalrymple in her conviction as to the wisdom of her decision, and made her thankful she had escaped a connection little calculated to bring her happiness.

*II. Lovat to Dr Duncan Fraser of Achnagairn—
Letter of condolence.*

My Dear Cousin,

I this moment received the honour of your most melancholy Letter, & I do sincerely assure you, that except the Lady Achnagern, and yourself, and sisters, and his very nearest relations, there is not a Fraser on Earth that is more concerned for the Death of your brave worthy father than I am. If you lost an affectionate & tender hearted father, I lost a brave, kind & faithfull relation & kinsman, that no earthly considerations of party, interest, or politicks could ever make him forget his natural affection to his chief and kindred, and I must regrave him the more that he has not left such a fine gentleman of my family alive behind him in many respects. But I wish God may preserve you for many years to be a support to your family & a comfort to your relations, & friends, and may you enjoy the same good character that your worthy Father did both as to his personal merit & to his manly affection to his kindred.

I shall certainly, if I be able to stir, be with you as early as I can on Tuesday morning, & if I be able to go abroad, I shall pay my Duty to you & to my dead friend tomorrow forenoon at Achnagern, & I am with a very sincere esteem & respect,

My dear Duncan,

Your most affectionate Cousin & most obedient
faithfull humble servant,

(Signed) LOVAT.

Beaufort, 2d Nov. 1737.

Notes on II.

The above letter is one of condolence with Dr Duncan Fraser of Achnagairn on the death of his father, James Fraser, the date of which, vaguely given by Mr Mackenzie in his History of the Frasers as "before 1750," is here shown to have been the end of October or beginning of November, 1737. That Simon excelled in the composition of letters of sympathy, this and other similar specimens of his style clearly prove. He carried out to its fullest extent the good old rule—"De mortuum nil nisi bonum," until it became with him "Nil nisi summa laus," whether it was deserved or not, and

whether he himself believed it or not. One would fain credit the sincerity of his eulogy upon the deceased Laird of Achnagairn but for the difficulty of reconciling it with the fact that, so recently as the year previous to his death, an action for libel had apparently been instituted against him by Lovat and Fraser of Balloan.

A brief reference to Dr Duncan Fraser, to whom this and the three letters that follow were addressed, may not be out of place here. Born in 1705, he appears to have studied at Aberdeen University, of which his grand-uncle was at one time Principal, and where he took the degree of M.D. Whether or not he practised before his succession to the estate of Achnagairn in his 32nd year, there is nothing to show. That he gave his friends and neighbours in after years the benefit of his medical knowledge and skill we gather from the letters of Lovat and Lord President Forbes, as also from the Latin epitaph inscribed upon the tablet erected to his memory in Wardlaw Chapel by his nephew, which bears that he ministered to rich and poor alike without reward. He appears to have enjoyed the confidence and friendship of both the President and Lovat, and in the numerous letters that passed between these two there are frequent references to the Doctor. They indeed seem to have vied with each other for his society, and to have had the utmost confidence in his professional ability. Thus the President, in one of his letters to Lovat, says:—"This cursed weather has kept me from the kirk; and fearing it might play you also a trick I dispatched the Doctor this morning to see how you did. Send him back as soon as you can, for I feel myself pretty much out of order." Lovat, in a P.S. to a letter to the President on 1st October, writes in a tone of tender reproach, "I salute my unkind relation, Duncan Fraser of Achnagairn"; and in his reply, the same day, Forbes says: "If you have any occasion for the lazy Dr, though I have some occasion for him, he shall attend you." Dr Fraser appears to have been a good deal at Culloden House during the autumn of 1745, which must have been a most trying and anxious time for his uncle, the President, to whom he may have been of great assistance privately, though he took no public part in the affairs of the time. That he was a man of wide reading and culture, we have evidence in the library he formed at Achnagairn, a most interesting and varied collection of books, many of them of considerable value because of their rarity.

Dr Fraser was married, and had at least one daughter, who married Andrew Ross of Pitkerrie, and whose daughter may be the Miss Ross mentioned in the next letter. The long Latin inscription on the tablet erected to his memory unfortunately furnishes little information regarding his career, beyond the fact that he died on the 11th October, 1776, at the age of 71. The rest is eulogy, from which these lines, descriptive of his character, may be quoted:—

“ Cunctis benevolus: suis benignus
Sociis jucundus: Lenis servus
Gratus omnibus: odiosus nullis.”

III. Lovat to Dr Fraser of Achnagairn, Dec. 7th, 1741.

My Dear Cousine Achnagairn,

I hope this will find you & the good Lady Achnagairn your worthy mother, and my dear Cousines Miss Bell your sister and Miss Ross and Miss Campbell in great and good health, and I sincerely assure you and them of my most affectionate humble duty and best respects.

I give you joy of the good weather you had since the beginning of this winter, the oldest man in this country never saw any such weather. It looks liker April or May than like November and December weather. But I am such an unlucky fellow that I could take no benefite by it, for I have been now these five and twenty days laid up and confined to my chair by five small boills that I have got in my right leg, and one in my left. They have been mighty painfull & troublesome to me, and my lyeing in a constrained posture has affected all my body with uneasiness and weariness. I had the two chirurgeons that are at Inverss., Menzies and Relick's son, to see my sores, and I applied the remedies that they sent me. They both said that there was no danger, however notwithstanding of their opinions & my own expectation my sores continue very troublesome to me, so that they fright me and my friends, and this forces me to take the freedom to begg of you to come without loss of time to see me. You know that if I was in condition of health and of body to serve you that I would ride a hundred miles to do you any essential service. My case is now past Bairsns' play. My sores grow rather worse than better, my rest is broken entirely. I'm feverish every night and day almost. My appetite is gone & I am fallen out of my flesh, and I wish to God that I had sent for you a fortnight ago, tho. you had not stay'd two days with me. You would have given directions for my cure, which I'm afraid will

now be more difficult, and if you do not come to see me and that my sores do not grow visibly better this week, I am fully determined to go to Edinr. cost what it will rather than die like a fool in this countrey. I wrote a letter to Evan Baillie yesterday and begd of him to speak to Baillie James Fraser and entreat of him to write to you to come as soon as possible to see me. I send you B. James Ffraser's letter to Evan Baillie about me, and a copy of a Paragraph of Evan Baillie's letter to me on the same subject, and I likeways send you Baillie James Ffraser's letter to yourself. I am very much obliged to Baillie James. He is an honest, pretty fellow, and a kind Relation and kinsman, and I am resolved that he shall be my man at Inverness. I wish that you did long to see a Mistriss as much as I long to see you, and then I'm very sure you would soon augment the number of the family of Lovat. I ever am in all situations of life with unalterable esteem and attachment,

My dear Achnagairn,

Your most affectionate Cousine, most obedient
and most obliged humble servant,

(Signed) LOVAT.

Beaufort, 7th Dec. 1741.

P.S.—My Eldest Son has had a cold at Edinr.; he was bled and vomited. Dr Clark and Mr —— waited of him four times. I bless God he is now recovered. My son wrote to me that when he went to wait of the President after Mr Donald Ffraser's defeat the President was so good as to tell him that if he had thought that Mr Donald would have lost his cause he would have gone into the Commission himself and voted for Mr Donald and gain'd him his cause.

Notes on III.

Simon's next letter to Dr Fraser was written, or rather dictated, when he was in great distress and anxiety regarding his health. He had already consulted the Inverness doctors, who had apparently done him little good, and he now with all earnestness begs his friend to come and prescribe for him. He prefaces his appeal with an expression of sincere regard for the Doctor and the members of his household, whom he mentions in detail, and with a reference to the exceptional mildness of the season, which was perhaps intended to aggravate the hardship of his condition. This he describes at great length, entering into the minutest details, and the picture he draws of himself is a harrowing one, calculated to touch and

melt the hardest heart. Lovat appears to have suffered at intervals from the ailment which now confined him to his chair. That it was not of a serious nature, and need not have caused him such alarm, we gather from the assurances of Doctors Menzies and Fraser, as also from a letter written in the following June by his Edinburgh medical attendant, Dr Clark, to Dr Fraser, which says: "I am heartily sorry to hear my Lord Lovat is so much indisposed, though I am hopeful it is no more than one of his ordinary intermitting fevers with nervous symptoms to a greater degree than usual. . . . I do not believe the pains he complains of in his legs can be relieved any other way than by sweating, unless they should break out, of which he is always so unreasonably afraid, though nothing contributes more than such a natural discharge to the health of people of his age. . . . I wish you success in the recovery of one of my best friends, of whose kindness, if I was insensible and unmindful, I should deserve the worst of names; ingratitude comprehends them all."

Lovat does not rely entirely upon his friendship with the Doctor for the success of his appeal, but brings the influence of others to bear upon him in a somewhat round-about and surely unnecessary fashion. It was by no means complimentary to Dr Fraser that he should need the intervention of others to persuade him to render his friend and chief a service. But it was characteristic of Lovat that when he had set his heart upon anything, he spared no pains, and used every possible means to achieve his purpose.

*IV. Lovat to Dr Duncan Fraser of Achnagairn,
10th September, 1743.*

My dear Cousin Achnagairn,

I was mighty glad to know by the glyd post that he met you this day in perfect health coming from Culloden to Bunchrew with my Lord President. I wish from my heart that you may live for many years in good health, & I assure you of my sincere respects and good wishes.

I beg you may do me the honour to offer my most humble duty to my Lord Presidt., and my kind compliments to Mr Steel if he is with you.

The occasion of my sending this express to you is that the worthy honest man your father's cousin german John Culmiln's son continues dangerously ill, much liker to die than to live: I sent within this hour to know how he did, and he sent me word by the servant that I sent that he is extreemly

bad. His stich continues to trouble him much in his right side, and he is extenuate to a skeleton, and he is not able to walk up and down the house. He and his wife have little or no hopes of his recovery. I do sincerely declare to you that I regrate him from the bottom of my heart and soul. For I think he is the only honest, faithfull man that ever I employed to take up my rents, or meddle with my private affairs in this countrey. Therefor my dear Cousin Duncan I most earnestly entreat of you for your cousin german's sake, for my sake, and for your own sake, that you may not fail to come and see him tomorrow morning, and take a Dinner from me in place of a Sermon. I am very certain that my Lord Presidt. will be so far from stopping you from coming that he will press you to come, especially when you tell him what the honest man is, and your concern and mine in him.

I met this day with a slight that I did not expect. But my comfort is that it was from a fool that has no manners. The Earl of Murray promised to my Secretary at Braan that he & his Countess would come & see me to this little house as he went by. I did not think that he would fail in his word, since I have the honour to be his Relation, and very near related to his Countess, but he came by 10 o'clock this morning to the Corfhouse, and not daring to cross the ford in his coach he took a small fishing coble and crossd in it with the Countess and the Ladys that were with her, and sent his coach by the fford which had almost been drown'd and his horses. For there was above a foot of water in the coach and the windows open. I wish with all my soul the Earl had been in the coach and only the Ladys in the coble. When he was coming up from Braan he desird his principall servant to come and tell me that he was to dine with me, but when he crossed the River he sent the same servant to tell me that he could not come to Dine with me because he behoov'd to be at McIntoshe's house this night. I own if it had been a man of sense and manners that had sent me this message I would have been much more surprised at it than I was, however I told my mind very freely to his gentleman or principall servant, and desired him to tell his master that I was very easy about the Earl's visite, but that I was sorry that I had not the honour and pleasure to see his Countess, who is my near Relation & a very pretty woman. I told him that when his master was James Stewart, son to Mr Francis Stewart, that he did not think it amiss to stay three or four nights with me, but it seems that

his great honours * chang'd his manners—however that he might tell him that I think myself as good a man as he is, or any Earl of his countrey, and that I represent as good a family as his which has done more and better services to our kings & countrey than ever his did. That I bless God I have an Estate that affords me as good meat and drink as any Earl in the north had, and I thank God I had no dependance upon his Lordship nor upon any belonging to him. So as he had regard for me I would have none for him, and that if I liv'd to go to Murray I would go of purpose to the gate of Darnaway and come out of my chariot and go in again without sending as much as a how-do-ye-do to the great Earl of Murray or to his great house of Darnaway.

I desir'd the servant not to conceal a word from his master of what I said to him. I afterwards order'd my Secretary to entertain the Earl's servant with the best things that were in the house which he did. I am told that they are to be two nights at Culloeden on their way home. I wish with all my heart that my friend my Lord Prest. would . . . and put horns upon as great an animall as any in the Highland forest.

I shall long to see you, and I am with great attachment & friendship,

My dear Cousin Achnagairn,
Your most affectionate & faithfull slave,

LOVAT.

Bt., 10 September 1743.

P.S.—I bless God I am in better health than I have been these twenty years. And this day I walk'd afoot as far as betwixt this & Bonechroove if it was put together, keeping my shearers and others at work.

Notes on IV.

There are few of Simon's letters in which he does not beg for some favour. Self bulked largely in the horizon of his view, so much so that even when, as in this letter, he entreats a favour for another, one is tempted to suspect that self-interest is at the bottom of it. But this may be an unfair aspersion on one in whose character one would fain find some redeeming traits. A bitter and unscrupulous foe is often an equally kind and sincere friend: if Simon was a bad enemy, he may have been a good friend. And yet he himself lends

* Moray was made a Knight of the Thistle in 1741, and was three times elected one of the 16 Scotch representative peers.

colour to the suspicion that the element of self was not entirely eliminated from his kindly efforts on behalf of John Culmiln's son, for whom he begs Dr. Fraser's assistance on the score of his usefulness to himself in the conduct of his affairs. The connection of the Culmiln family with that of Lovat does not appear in Mackenzie's History of the Frasers. That the family was of some standing is clear from the fact that they had the right of burial in the Wardlaw Chapel, where a tablet bears that John Fraser, Tacksman of Inchbairy and representative of the family of Culmiln, died in December, 1782. Anderson's statement that Simon, the first of the Frasers of Fingask, was also of Culmiln, suggests their identity or close connection.

But the chief interest of this letter lies in the account Lovat gives his friend of an insult he had received from the Earl of Moray, which he felt deeply and resented keenly. It is positively refreshing to find him lay aside the suavity and reserve of the diplomatist and courtier, and give free expression to his feelings of wounded pride and the rage that consumed him. The dire offender against the majesty of Lovat was James, 7th Earl of Moray, whose offence in breaking his engagement to dine at Beaufort was doubtless aggravated by the fact that he was to stay one night at least at Moy Hall, and two nights at Culloden. The unfortunate servant who conveyed his master's excuses had to bear the full brunt of Lovat's wrath, and to listen to some plain speaking about his master, to whom he was enjoined to report every word that was uttered. For this trying ordeal he received some compensation in the hospitality that, declined by the Earl, was showered upon his messenger. With Simon's feelings of resentment were mingled those of regret at being deprived of the opportunity of entertaining the Countess, whose beauty doubtless commended her to his Lordship more than their relationship to each other. His burning desire for revenge upon the Earl overrides any feelings of respect he may have entertained for his lady and any regard he may have had for her honour and happiness.

V. Lovat to Dr Fraser, December, 1744.

My Dearest Doctor,

I hope this will find you, the Lady Achnagairn and Miss Ross in perfect health, as I heartily assure you and them of my best respects and good wishes. I hope you are not the worse of this bad day, but remember you went away

against my will and that you promised faithfully to be heard Sunday morning, and I don't doubt but you will be always a man of your word. I got just now the inclos'd Letter from my poorer distress't cousin Loachiell's Brother, he has done what I am afraid you and I never will do which is to sacrifice his Life for his Religion. I begg my Dearest Doctor that you write a note to James Kenard and tell him to send you what Drugs you think proper for poorer Mr Cameron, and let Mr Kenard know that Mr Cameron has acquainted you that he has some money of his in his hands which is the reason you send to him and not to another for the Drugs necessary for Mr Cameron. I begg you may send me back my own letter, though there is nothing in it but may be seen, yet I do not care to have it go about so that I begg you may give the letter to Mr Kenard to Mr Cameron's little boy how is a very sagacious one. I send the naked Laird of Egish to carry back my own Letter how goes along with Mr Cameron's boy to Achnagairn early tomorrow. I begg you a thousand pardons my Dear Doctor for using this freedom and I hope you will forgive the trouble since it is really charity obliges me to give it you, and believe that I am more than I can express with constant attachment and respect,

My Dearest Doctor,
Your most affection Cousine and
most faithfull slave,

(Signed) LOVAT.

Beafort, Decemb. 6th, 1744.

Notes on V.

The last of this series of Lovat's letters to Dr Duncan Fraser is perhaps the least interesting. It exhibits the fondness Lovat had for the Doctor's society, and, taken along with a reference in one of the former letters, suggests the fact that Simon liked to have his friends with him on a Sunday: the offer in the former letter of a dinner in place of a sermon suggests the suspicion that the day was given up more to *spirituous* than to *spiritual* exercises!

Could the "Lochiel's Brother" of whom he writes be the Rev. Alexander Cameron, a priest of the Society of Jesus, who, along with two other priests, was for a time in hiding in Glen Cannich because of his devotion to the Stuart cause, and who afterwards was taken prisoner, and died on board a vessel in the Thames that was on its way to Hanover with

captives? The story of his sad fate is told by the late Mr Colin Chisholm in the *Celtic Magazine* of January, 1882.

Lovat's policy of maintaining an appearance of loyalty to the Government while secretly espousing the Pretender's cause necessitated his adopting every precaution against detection, and doubtless explains the anxiety he here displays to have Mr Cameron's letter returned to him, for which purpose he sends a special messenger, whom he facetiously calls "the naked Laird of Egish."

VI. Lovat to Lord President Forbes, August 28th, 1745.

My Dear Lord,

I receiv'd this morning the honour of your letter of yesterday's date. I pass'd a bad night and I am still out of order. I hear some of my good friends are so kind as to say that my Indisposition is only politicall. I wish to God that any that thinks so had a week's tryall of it.

I congratulate you my Lord with all my heart on Sir John Cope's not going by Corryearack for if he had gone thro. that wild hill, by all the Information I have the Highlanders would certainly have fought him, and they would have a greater chance to beat him in that rough ground than any where else. It is certain that if they get no assistance of which there is not the least probability they must certainly vanish of themselves, and I envy those gentlemen that can easily make an Appearance for the Government, and make a show before the Generall. But my Dr. Lord tho' I had arms, which I have not, and all other Encouragement, how could I raise my men of Stratherick and Abertarf when the highland army as I am just now inform'd was in the heart of my country last night? I shall be very glad of how great an Appearance The Laird of Grant will make. But if I had his arms and Encouragement, and so much health as enable me to walk and ride a little I would soon make as Effectual an Appearance as he will make for the Government this year. I beg your Lop. may remember a little what you agreed on with me on that subject, and that I will stand by sacredly.

As to my Son I told your Lop. positively that I was resolv'd to send him off to his education to Utrecht, and that while I live I never will allow him (as far as I have power with him) to meddle with politics of any sort. If that was a good trade I have got enough of it, And I truly do not much envy any of those who are most dip'd in it, Let their advantages be what they will. If I am not myself able to Stir, I will send

my son to wait of your Lordship and beg of you to Introduce him to Sir John Cope, that he may make my Complements to him and let him know the state of my health which only keeps me from paying my duty to him.

It is certain that Glenmorison and all his people went to the Highland Camp but none went out of Urquhart yet as I am told. And the Accounts of their number is very uncertain but I truly believe that it's not near what their Party give out. I am in spite of all my infirmities & bad circumstances,

My Dr. Lord, Your affect. Cousin and most
faithfull humble servt.,

LOVAT.

Beaufort, Aug. 28, 1745.

Post 1 o'clock afternoon.

I am particularly inform'd that young Hiltown McKenzie went to the Highland Camp, with a strong Party of McCraes and others from Kintail and Lochalsh and that others were to go, but the great meeting of Seaforth and his kindred these 2 or 3 days past will certainly oblige them to make an Appearance for the Government. If your Lop. knew what trouble and difficulty I have still in keeping Foyers & his family right in Stratherrick, and Kilboky in Strathglass, you would be as much convinced of my zeal as you are of your own.

Notes on VI.

This letter is of some importance as forming one of a series of communications that passed almost daily between Lord Lovat and Lord President Forbes during the period in which the President sought—though in vain, as the issue proved—to win Lovat for the Government, while Lovat assiduously, but not quite successfully, endeavoured to throw dust in the eyes of the foremost lawyer of his time. This letter is in reply to one from President Forbes, of the same date, in which he informed Lovat of Cope's decision to avoid Corryearack, and adds: "The Laird of Grant has made him a large offer, which he has accepted of; and I should be very sorry if any one outdid your Lop. in zeal. What I therefor submit to you is, whether you ought not immediately to arm as many people as you can in Stratherick and the Aird, and order them forthwith to assemble, and be disposed of as shall be most fit for the service." I have quoted this passage because it serves to explain much in Lovat's reply. He excuses his failure to comply with the President's repeated request to muster his clan for the Government on the plea of his ill-health and the

want of arms, which he repeatedly urges the President to procure for him. His reminder to Forbes may be explained by a passage in his letter to the President of 27th August:—"I trust entirely to your true friendship and generosity that you will in the first place obtain arms for my people to defend themselves; and in the second place, that you will obtain for myself what encouragement your Lordship thinks I deserve, or may deserve from the Government" (C.P. 260).

The President, in his letter, had written:—"I wish that you would send the Master down hither to me: giving him such authority as you shall think fit." But Lovat had good reasons of his own for not wishing the President to interview his son, with whose alleged determination to join the rebels in defiance of his father's authority the latter afterwards endeavours to screen his own treachery. His unnatural conduct towards his son at this time is one of the foulest blots on his career. Having withdrawn him from his studies at St Andrews, he forced him, much against his will, to take up arms against the Government, notwithstanding the entreaties of his friends that he should send the young man to Utrecht to complete his studies. Having done so, he enlarges in several letters to President Forbes on his son's wilful obstinacy, which he feared would break his heart and ruin his family. In order the more effectually to convince the President of his loyalty; he sends him information regarding the movements of the rebel army and the attitude of the various clans. He had, when dining at Culloden on August 15th, 1745, engaged to do so, at the request of the President, whose secrecy on the subject he is anxious to secure, for in the postscript to a letter of August 24th he writes:—"My dear Lord, you know that you engaged to me in honour never to give me as author for any intelligence or Information that I give you; and I am persuaded that you will keep your word; for if you do not, the next thing you must do is to cut my throat; for of all things in the world I hate to be called an Informer." He had no objection to act as an informer; but he hated to be *called* one!

VII. Lord Lovat to President Forbes, August 29th, 1745.

My Dear Lord,

Two hours after I dispatch'd your own express to you I received a letter from Gortuleg which I longed much for. He has suffered a great deall of fatigue, and he and Belloan and Simon Erchet's son had almost been shot with a Cannon ball that they madly fired from Fortaugustus at a

publick house there kept by Culduthell's nephew, over against the Fort. They escap'd very narrowly, for the wind of the ball had almost laid them flatt to the ground. And that made Gortuleg and the rest of the gentlemen travel all night because they could not go up the hill from Ffort Augustus all day for fear of getting another cannon ball. He says in his letter :—

“ After waiting of Lochiel and others of your friends in the highland army, Lochiel assures me that he will do all he can to save your Lop.'s countries so far as it may not interfier with the System that his Prince and other associats have laid down: That is he will endeavour to keep the men from mal-
rodeing or pillageing while in the neighbourhood. But that he cannot answer for Resolutions that they may enter into with regard to your Lop.'s countries, as well as other countries in the neighbourhood, and that these things must happen as circumstances cast up. And this is all I could make of him. Lochiel and all the people seemd to me to be in great spirits tho. their numbers be very small, for they are not above 1800 instead of the 4000 they give out. I parted with Lochiel yesterday at Aberchalder, when they knew no more of Sir John Cope than that he was the night before at Dalweeny, but were not sure if he was to come by Corriyearack or go by Inverness. And this day I heard from their Camp about 9 o'clock which lay then at Laggan vain in the middle of Corriyearack, when they were still in the dark as to Mr Cope's motions. I continue to keep the country from doing foolish things at this juncture, a part of them being Desireous to join their Allies the Camerons, but I hope to prevent it though with trouble and Difficulty.”

This is all my Lord that is in Gortuleg's letter that regards the publick. When he sends me any account worth your Lop.'s while I shall send you an Express wt. it, since all I can do is to let your Lop. know what passes in the Countries about me, that I shall do faithfully.

Whenever I am able to travel a mile in my chariot, I shall go & wait of your Lop. at Culloden. And I hope to convince you easily that I ever am with sincere attachment,

My Dear Lord,

Your Lop.'s affectionat Cousin & faithfull slave,

(Signed) LOVAT.

Beaufort, 29th Augt.

$\frac{1}{2}$ hour past 4.

P.S.—This moment I receiv'd another Express from Gortuleg acquainting me that he was inform'd yesterday morning

from the highland camp that they got an account there that Sir John Cope took the Rout of Inverness from Ruthven and that they were positively resolved to follow him. But I suppose they are come a day after the feast, for Sir John Cope may have been at Inverness before now, if he pleas'd. Gortuleg writes to me that he has sent a pretty fellow Express after the armies to know if there was an engagement, and that he would acquaint me immediately, but I believe if there is any engagement that we'll sooner get the accts. of it from Inverness than from Stratherrick. There was never such a mad attempt. Gentlemen cannot now travel about their lawful affairs in any countrey where that Highland Army goes without the hazard of their life and their money.

I have order'd Gortuleg to come over here Immediately wtout delay and endeavour to get as much money as will defray my son's expense to Edinr. where he should have been 3 weeks ago.

Notes on VII.

Lord Lovat's next letter to the President, despatched the day following his last communication, indicates that however much he abhorred the idea of being *called* an informer, he was most anxious to impress his correspondent with his zeal and diligence in that capacity. Having received a letter from Gortuleg, he hastens to communicate the contents to the President, though he takes good care not to send the letter itself. It may possibly have contained something not intended for the President's eyes, and calculated to open them to his Lordship's true character and attitude.

Gortuleg had been sent by Lovat to endeavour to persuade Lochiel to protect his estates and people from any ill-treatment by the rebels, who (he heard) "were resolved to burn and destroy all the countries where the men would not join them with fire and sword"—tidings which seriously alarmed him, as he pretends.

Lovat ends his letter with the usual intimation of his intention to visit the President at Culloden, whenever his health should permit. He never seems to have carried out his intention, if indeed he ever intended to do so. The following quotation from a letter to his son, of date 14th January, 1746, shows how hollow were all his pretensions to loyalty, and his protestation of attachment to the President himself. Referring to an Association he and others had formed seven years ago for the furtherance of the Stuart cause, he writes:—"So

my dear child since that Association I made it my business wherever I was to promote the King's interest and to gain and engage faithful subjects to serve him, so that I have done more against this Government than would hang fifty lords and forfeit fifty estates. . . . Nothing made me even speak so much as a fair word to Lord Loudon or the President, but to endeavour to save my person from prison, since I was not able to go to the field." His duplicity and treachery met ultimately with the fate they deserved, and so did his Lordship, who, as we all know, forfeited both his life and his estates. However ill he lived, he is credited, even by those opposed to him, with having "died well."

Whether his body was ultimately laid to rest in the family vault at Kirkhill, or not, is a disputed question, which the recent discovery of a small copper plate, which lay beside the coffin supposed to contain Simon's remains, may help to solve. It bears a Latin inscription, of which I give a free translation:

Inscription on Coffin Plate.

In plumbeo hoc Sarcophago Conduntur Exuvie, Simonis Domini Fraserij de Lovato, qui post viginti annorum in patria et apud exteros summa cum Laude, et Gloria, vitæ Pericula, ab Atholi Tyrannide, et Mackenzeorum de Tarbato, dolis et Insidiis, Genus suum Tribum et Familiam restituit et Servavit.

Antiquum servare Domum non ultima Laus est,
Non honor est hosti qui Spoliavit eam.
Hic licet Insidiis et duro marte valebat,
Hunc populit bello Simon et arte Sagax.

Translation.

In this leaden sarcophagus are disposed the remains of Simon Lord Fraser of Lovat, who after twenty years in his own country and abroad with the highest praise and glory, and perils of his life from the tyranny of Athol and the wiles and plots of the Mackenzies of Tarbat, restored and preserved his race, his clan, and family.

Is it not the highest praise to preserve an ancient house?
There is no honour to the enemy who has despoiled it:
Although by tricks and the stress of war he was strong,
The sagacious Simon drove him out both by war and skill.

N.B.—If not Simon's own composition, it is an inscription after his own heart and style!

Cope's march north from Dalwhinnie was a strategical blunder. It was undertaken doubtless with the expectation

that the rebels would hurry north too, to defend their homes, and that he could thus offer them battle on more favourable ground. Instead of doing so, they made for the South, and Cope had to follow them by sea from Aberdeen. Though a good soldier, he does not appear to have possessed the military genius necessary for such a command, and he erred in underestimating the martial ability and prowess of the Highlanders.

VIII. Lovat to Baillie James Fraser, 18th October, 1745.

My dear Cousin Baillie James,

I hope this will find you and my dear cousin your Lady and my dear pretty Jock and my Dr. Provost and his Lady in perfect health, and I sincerely assure you and them of my most affectionate respects and best wishes.

I have been so confounded since I heard of the villainous attempt upon the house of Culloden that I truly Don't know well what I am doing. No accident that happened in my life has so much vexed my soul and spirit as that villanous attempt. It has really taken away my rest & appetite. For tho, as I must answer to God at the great day, that I am as innocent of that affair as your little Jock yet I am certain some malicious persons who often took pleasure to load me with what I never was guilty off will attribute it to me in some shape or other.

I presume to send you the Inclosed letter which I write to my dear Lord President, and I beg you do me the honour to deliver it out of your own hand to his Lop. after you peruse it, and put a drop of wax under the seal, and I hope my dear Cousin you will do me the honor to come here and see me and let me know what passes Betwixt the Lord President and you which will singularly oblige me. Forgive this freedom and Believe that I am with a very sincere esteem & attachment,

My Dear Baillie James,

Your most affectionate Cousin and most obliged
faithfull humble servant,

(Signed) LOVAT.

Beaufort, Oct. 18th, 1745.

P.S.—Lady Achnagairn yesterday as my mad, foolish son was rendevouzing his people, wrote to Gortuleg about her Labouring servants and she desir'd him to speak to me—to beg of me to give her my protection. I desir'd Gortuleg to assure her of my most affect. respects and to tell her that I was not well pleased with her message to me, that she might assure

herself that I woud do her all the service in my power as soon as I woud do to my moyr. or sister and she may depend upon it for I love and honor all the concerns of my Dear Cousin James of Achmagairn who was ane honor to his Clan, and who loved his cheif as much as any Ffraser alive.

Notes on VIII.

The last of this group of Lovat letters was written on the 18th October, 1745, to Baillie James Fraser. The younger brother of Dr Duncan Fraser, he was a merchant in Inverness, and Provost of that town from 1764-1767. His brother Duncan having died without male issue in 1776, Bailie James succeeded to the estate of Achmagairn. He had at least one son, John—the “pretty Jock” mentioned in the letter—who became a merchant in London, where he does not seem to have prospered, and who, on the death of his father, became proprietor of Achmagairn.

The Provost referred to was doubtless Provost Hossack.

Lovat's letter to Bailie James covered one to Lord President Forbes, dealing no doubt with the unsuccessful attack made, two days before, on Culloden House, by Foyers and his men, to whom had been entrusted the task of capturing the Lord President. Lovat is most anxious to remove from the President's mind all suspicion that *he* had any hand in the outrage, and that probably was the purpose of his letter, which has unfortunately not been preserved. It crossed one from the President which must have somewhat allayed Lovat's fears, as in it the President clears him from all suspicion of his having any share in the affair.

Bailie James does not appear to have carried out the mission Lovat here begs him to fulfil: instead of going himself either to Culloden or Lovat he employs the services of an express messenger. As an honest, straightforward man, he would naturally be averse to acting as the messenger and agent of Lovat in so shady a matter. It is hard to know whether Simon's vehement protests as to his innocence are to be accepted or not. If he was not a party to Foyers' attempt, he at least must have been aware that such a project was afoot, as he himself had not long before been entrusted with a warrant for the President's apprehension—a part which he thought it prudent to decline, though he never thought of warning his friend of the danger that threatened him.

The Lady Achmagairn mentioned in the postscript was doubtless the widow of the former proprietor, the sister of

President Forbes, and the writer of the letters that follow. She appears to have continued to make Achnagairn her home after her husband's death, and probably until her own. Her letters were written from "Ach" (probably a contraction for Achnagairn), and were addressed to the Rev. David Ross, the minister of Tarbat. Educated at St Andrews University, he was ordained in September, 1707; married Margaret, the daughter of Alexander Ross of Pitcalnie, and died on 18th October, 1748. Dr Fraser would appear to have had some property in Tarbat, and the minister evidently exercised a friendly supervision over his affairs there. These letters show the writer to have been a lady of piety, keen business capacity, a loyal supporter of the Government, and an interested and intelligent observer of the signs and doings of the time. It is for you to judge whether they are worthy or not of a place in the published Transactions of the Gaelic Society, which would ensure their preservation for the benefit of those that come after us.

I.

Rev. & Dr. Sir,

It seems you are in great quiet in your end of the world tho. we are not, for we have a pretender who has an armie and has sent out his manifestos and cleams posible views to the crown of these Kingdoms as haveing been under usurpation these many years and promises to maintain church government in England by Bishops and here by presbyterys as now by law established and Liberty of conscience to all to worship God in ther own way. What this will Land in is more than I can say since I see non that can inform me what method is a takeing for queling such ane open rebellion nor will I add more now only pray the Lord may not remember against us our unthankfullness for and unfruitfullness under former deliverences so as now to Leave us under anticristian darkness and cruelty. I still am,

Revd. & Dear Sir,

Your much oblidged & sincer friend,

ISO. FORBES.

II.*

Rev. & Dear Sir,

I have yours of the fifth and woud have wrot you befor now but realy our confusions here are such that

* Of date September 27th [1745].

it's scarce possible to wret or to beleive what's said. There is such a power of malignancy in this countrie that it's a burden to be in it. In the meantime it has pleas'd the Lord to allow the enemies of our constitution to prevail hitherto and to goe forward as far without any opposition as they pleas. As I am now more solitary than ever I was, and seem to be forgot as if I were not, I can wret nothing that I can asert is truth. I am told that Coop's litle armie was defet and many of them kil'd and all that remained taken prisoners and that the pretender's son returned to Edr. and waits there for more men from the north, also that Lovat is to rais his men and send them to him under inveralachy as there head; he is at Inverness this two days. What influence the president's advice may have on him I know not, tho it has hitherto prevail'd with most of all the clans to Ly still, but it's to be fear'd that the report of that success will make people whose inclinations are very keen that way quit madd and unmanagable. I pray that God whom we have highly provok'd by our manyfold sins especially our unthankfullness for former wonderfull deliverences and fruitlessness under the sunshine of gospel ordinances have not given up with a sinfull Land and in his rightious judgment determined to leave us under anti-cristian darknes becaus we have showed that we Loved Darknes rather than light As I have oportunity I'll drop a Line again. I ad no more now but that I still am,

Reverd. Dear Sir,

Your much oblidged and sincer friend,

ISO. FORBES.

Ach. Septr. 27th.

. III.

Ach. Oct. 19th.

Rev. & Dear Sir,

I have yours and woud willingly ansure your demand as to Leting you know what's a-doing but it's a task scarce possible for as I wrot you formerly I am in this place as great a stranger to what's a doeing, I meen as to suporting the Government, as you are tho' in this end of the country we have been rendevouzing the men these severall days. My Lord says he has no hand in it, that it's the master's deed. in the meentime if they folow ther project it's lick they'll leave non in the country that can cary a gun to labour the ground.

it's said but with what certainty I know not that M'Leod and Sir Alexr. † is to meet the men of this country at Kilichuiman and to goe forward to the pretended regant. ther is a pece of news that I think youl wonder at which is that Wadsenday morning last ther was ane attack made by three in the morning on the house of Coloden by no les than 2 hunder Strath-erick men who in the silence of the night slipt in through the Bushes clos to the get, and hade two Leders planted. When observ'd by the centrys emidiatly as they were discovered they shot six shot at the centries who gave them a warm return. A small canon was fired which made them fly. the darknes of the night hinderd fireing more but the vilans plunderd the Gernar and hooks the weaver they took all his cloaths and cut webs out of Looms. there was one man found very sore wounded nix day who I am told has told all that wer there. They took 60 waders of my Broyrs. and 29 head of catel from his tenants. I am to goe in to the town very soon my Daughter being near her time. if there be any news that can give you or me satisfaction either in writing or reading I'll by post write you. Our catel goes down with the berer. I wish they may be beter car'd for than last year. There is only two oxen sent and it's more probable that McQuian will get ane ox to buy wt. you as chep as here for throw the confusions ther is no probability of any markat here for there was litle or non at Michalmis. I wrote you about the claying of the girnall and kiln loft. the boy tels me that Stronach says it's to no purpos without lime. I'm told that pitcalnie has lime. I hope he'll be so kind as to give a boll or two to so necessary an use. His son * has been at Castledoney 2 or 3 nights but was not so kind as to see me. I wish the master of Lovat's visit to his ffather may not have badd effects. I am in a hurie at the time and for the most pairt my mind weeried and much weighted. Our sins which are past numbering and highly agravat fills me with fear and confusion so that even in prayer I am some times afraid to express my desires lest they shoud be contrary to what the Lord is purposing in his Righteous

† Macleod and Sir Alexander Macdonald both remained loyal to the Government, and did yeoman service to the Hanoverian cause.

* Pitcalnie's son, notwithstanding the remonstrances and warnings of his father, and the Lord President, his uncle, persisted in joining the rebels. Forbes felt this keenly, and wrote a forcible letter to the young man, assuring him that if he persisted in his mad course, he need expect no mercy from him.

judgments for our open transgressions. May he by his Spirit direct and influence to what is Duty is all from,

Rev'd. & Dear Sir,

Your much obligd and sincer friend,

ISO. FORBES.

IV.

Rev. & Dear Sir,

Though the bearer importunes me for a line to you it's not in my power to give you the satisfaction I could wish and that I am sure you desire as to what's a doing by the Government to defend itself or the Gospel. I can tell you nothing for the posts bring us no news but what the rebels please nor comes there a letter here but what's opened by them so that we can know nothing that's to be depended on. By last post it's said that Carlisle is possessed by the Highland army. Some here think that's of no import, but that has been a general way of talking by many from the beginning. But to me things seem quite otherways; for our sins are so very great and so many and so very little laid to heart by any as far as I can discern that the conduct of our Government and the prosperity of these enemies of our peace look very judgment-like. We have got a good number of men here at the Government's charge, but what trust may be put in them is a question I will not undertake to solve; in the meantime I think those who have power at a throne of grace ought not to be idle but earnest with the Lord that our sins may not provoke him to desert us and the interest of his own glory. This in a hurry is all from,

Rev. & Dear Sir,

Your much obliged and real friend,

ISO. FORBES.

Inverness, 28th Nov. [1745].

V.—*No date.*

After giving directions as to arrangements for the grazing of her son's cattle, which were committed to the care of a man who had "got a protection" from Brigadier Mordaunt, she goes on to speak of the scarcity of victual, and writes:—

"The oatmeal is a shilling the peck in Moray and not to be had at that, so that considering my out and in servants and how we have been trysted all this year with rebels exactions and spending you may believe it's but needful all care should

be taken of the little that's left. You desire news, but it's not in my power to give you any satisfaction that way. The Lord knows not only how much I long'd for the Duke's coming but how greatly I rejoiced in our deliverance from apprehended popery and slavery, yet our present trials are such and the cruelties exercised on human fellow creatures is such that the seeing of our eyes and the hearing of our ears gives us daily matter of concern, but as I hope you'll see my son soon, I will only add that I am,

"Your most assured & obliged friend to serve you,

"ISO. FORBES."

VI.—*This letter came to hand on the 17th of May, 1746.*

Rev. & Dear Sir,

You might expect after such a time of silence I would now entertain you with news, but the truth is I know not where to begin. While we were under the feet of rebels we had a very heavy time of it both for my body and mind, and I hope you will believe their defeat as earnestly desired and prayed for gave me very great joy; but I own the cruelties exercised on all by robberies, plunder, imprisonment and banishment without distinguishing betwixt those were friends or enemies to the Government is a behaviour so unexpected that I am in a fresh measure apprehensive our calamity is not yet at an end. Sin was never at a greater height. Sabbath breaking, despising of ordinances, contempt of ministers, in one word it would take time were we to see one another to represent but some of the hardships the very firmest of those stood for the Government are trysted with. For instance the president his people are quite beggared by plundering them by the troops, and my Daughter has not a room in her own house but a very small garet, nor has the honest man the provost one place to bow his knee in save one room to make ready his victuals and lie in. Provost Hosack was kicked and imprisoned in the church amongst the vilest rascality they had there; so was James Murray. In a word time would fail me to write of all the hardships the most firm are trysted with, and how long this kind of thing may continue is what none knows. All these mischiefs is not to be laid to the Duke's charge but to vile informers which they are daily plagued with. This country is so ruined first by that monster of men Lovat and next by

the military and lastly by the Sutherlands the cruelties exercised on all that either were taken prisoners or gave themselves up is such as has made all the poor people in this country fly, so that most part of the country is Leay. I sent down a young lad to stay a while at Tarbat whose innocency I can pretty well know to. He was Lovat's grieve at Tomich, and compelled to go with others as really forced, but took the very first opportunity to leave them as still having an aversion to the cause & their way. My concern for him arises from a persuasion that he is well inclined. I know he has a very great principle of honesty and is a singular good servant. His brother with whom he lived till Jan. last is truly a pious worthy Christian whom no threat could move as he told my Lord to go contrary to his light to fight against the gospel as he believed, setting up a popish pretender, was my sympathy with the young lad, and my compassion for his brother who had the charge of him from a child made me send him out of the way; and I had such confidence in your friendship and I know so much of your tender-heartedness that I looked on it as a happiness for the poor young man to be some time under your ministry, & as he's come of honest people he wanted to be if possible in an honest family and as retired as possible. I thought if your sister could afford him lodging for a few weeks it could not hurt her and it will oblige me, nor can I allow myself to believe that you, Dear Sir, would jealous my countenancing such as he without my having satisfying grounds for my doing it. If I were so minded there are objects not a few in this country but they do not, yea they dare not come near me more than they would come to their greatest enemy, but as I believe what's writ will satisfy you as to this point I will only add that I still am,

Rev. & Dear Sir,

Your very affect. and often obliged friend,

ISO. FORBES.

30th MARCH, 1905.

At a meeting of the Society, held on 30th March, 1905, the following paper by Mr David MacRitchie, C.A., Edinburgh, was read:—

CELTIC CIVILIZATION.

Celtic civilization as a whole is much too large a subject to be rightly dealt with in this paper, even if the writer felt that he possessed the equipment necessary for such a survey. I shall therefore confine my attention chiefly to the Celts of the British Isles and Northern France, noting some of their most striking characteristics at the period of the Roman invasion, and during several centuries preceding that event. My statements are for the most part obtained through modern writers; but these are so careful and precise that one may safely accept their quotations as correct. It will be seen that several of the facts thus laid before us lead us to form a conception of early Celtic civilization differing in more than one important respect from the ideas generally current among our predecessors of the last two or three generations.

During the Victorian era the prevailing opinion among educated British people with regard to the inhabitants of the British Isles at the time of Cæsar's invasion was that they were painted savages, vastly inferior to the Romans in everything that constitutes civilization. This idea is very clearly reflected in Gilbert A'Beckett's "*Comic History of England*," a work which, although avowedly humorous in its method of treating the subject, professes nevertheless to convey a certain amount of actual historical truth. At the outset, and having the British Isles in view, but more especially their south-eastern corner, this author observes:—"The best materials for getting at the early history of a country are its coins, its architecture, and its manners." He thereupon asserts that there were then no British coins, an error which no doubt was shown up by some reviewer at the time of the publication of the book. British architecture at its best he holds to be represented by such a structure as Stonehenge. And as for early British manners, in both senses of that word, he comes to this conclusion:—"There is every reason to believe that our forefathers lived in an exceedingly rude state; and it is therefore perhaps as well that their manners—or rather their want of manners—should be buried in oblivion." "The first inhabitants of the Island (Great Britain)," he continues, "lived by pasture, and not by trade . . . Their dress was picturesque rather than elegant . . . Skins, however, were much worn, for morning as well as for evening dress." In

accordance with this account, Leech's * picture of the "Landing of Julius Cæsar" shows the natives as tattooed, half-clad savages, with skin garments, and armed with clubs and spears. The spirit of burlesque which permeates the book and its illustrations is here exemplified by a row of bathing-machines drawn up on the beach, on the top of which sits a pilot, wearing a reefing-jacket, and with a telescope at his eye. Moreover, one native man wears modern breeches and stockings, and the woman beside him has a modern skirt. But apart from deliberate incongruities such as these, of a kind to which we have recently become still further accustomed in Mr Reed's "Prehistoric Peeps," the general impression conveyed by the writer and the artist of the "Comic History of England" is that the people of South Britain whom Cæsar conquered were mere barbarians. A'Beckett does indeed speak of their chariots, with "a sort of reaping-hook" attached to the wheels, and he mentions their javelins, dirks, and swords, the last of which "were made of copper, and generally bent at the first blow." But in spite of details such as these, which imply a civilization of some sort, it is quite evident that he would have spoken of Cæsar's opponents as "savages," although he does not appear to actually use that term. A'Beckett was an Englishman of good education, as was also John Leech; and it may be safely said that very few contemporary Englishmen, of similar education, saw anything historically wrong in the picture presented by author and artist; the comic element being of course duly discounted. It is quite as safe to say that the average British schoolboy of to-day, if asked to depict the Britons who resisted Cæsar's invasion, would represent them very much as John Leech did in 1847.

Now, before attempting to learn whether the ideas upon this subject held by A'Beckett, Leech, and the modern schoolboy are erroneous, and if so, to what extent, it is necessary to consider for a moment the question—Were the South-Eastern Britons of two thousand years ago Celts? By the term "Celt" may be understood one speaking a Celtic language and living on the plane of Celtic civilization. This definition may, and probably does, connote a race-element common to all Celtic organisations. At any rate, the terms "Celt" and "Celtic" had a definite meaning at the period in question. And they certainly included a portion, at least,

* The book is illustrated by John Leech.

of the people of the British Isles. This may not have been the case for a very long time. The Greek traveller Pytheas, who visited Britain in the fourth century B.C., speaks of crossing from Kent into "Celtica," by which term was understood a great territory embracing much of Western Europe, but obviously (from that reference) not including Great Britain.† No one, however, would question the existence of a Celtic people in that island at the time referred to. For the present purpose, it will suffice to accept Professor Rhys's estimate of the race elements in Great Britain in Caesar's day. Professor Rhys recognises first of all a non-Celtic substratum, and, super-imposed, three varieties of the Celtic stock; namely, the Gaelic, the Brythonic, and the Belgic. "Thus," he observes, "we get at least four peoples to deal with—three Celtic and one pre-Celtic; and a great difficulty in writing the history of early Britain arises from the circumstance that the ancient authors, on whom we have to rely for our information, never troubled themselves to make nice distinctions between these races, though they were probably in different stages of civilization."* This deduction coincides very closely with that arrived at by M. D'Arbois de Jubainville,† who asserts that there have been two separate Celtic invasions of the British Isles. He believes that the first body of these immigrants came from what is now North Germany, about the year 800 B.C., and that they were of Gaelic stock. They first colonized Great Britain, and thereafter Ireland. They were succeeded by the Belgic Celts, whose arrival he places in the second century before Christ. That is to say, the Gaels had been living in the British Isles for six hundred years when these later colonists arrived. The new-comers were of Cymric or Brythonic stock, and De Jubainville goes on to say that they occupied as conquerors the whole of Great Britain and a small part of Ireland, namely, the south-west corner of the latter island, and probably the north-west. He adds that the Gaels of Great Britain migrated in part to Ireland at this juncture; those who remained behind adopting the language of their conquerors—that is to say, the Cymric form of speech, represented to-day by Welsh, Breton, and the surviving fragments of Cornish. It ought

‡ See Elton's *Origins of English History* (2nd Ed., London, 1890, pp. 45-46).

* *Celtic Britain*, London, 1904, pp. 4-5.

† *Les Celtes*, Paris, 1904, p. 17, *et seq.*

to be mentioned in explanation of the circumstance that Gaelic has long been the language of the Highlands, that De Jubainville shares the general view that that is the result of a wave of Gaelic conquest which, rolling back from Ireland in the sixth century of our era, spread itself over most of Scotland. With regard to the aboriginal or pre-Celtic inhabitants of the British Isles, the French writer agrees with Professor Rhys as to their existence; although not wholly agreeing with him as to their language. Both writers, however, are of opinion that the non-Celtic element was eventually absorbed, or, at any rate, modified by the Celtic.*

The recognition of an earlier non-Celtic population living on under Celtic suzerainty is manifestly a circumstance of the greatest importance. Assuming that the opinions which I have just summarized are almost or altogether quite correct, it is clear that the special manners, customs, and appearance of those natives belonging to the first of these four divisions cannot be described as Celtic. To so describe them would be to commit as great an error as if one were to speak of the aboriginal Ainos of Japan as "Japanese." The Ainos are no doubt politically Japanese, and their lives and interests are protected from foreign aggression by the Japanese. But in all other respects the two races are quite distinct and separate. That is to say, those of unmixed lineage; for there is an infusion of Aino blood in the general population of some parts of the chief island of Japan. And it is more than likely that similarly the pre-Celtic and the Celtic peoples of the British Isles became to some extent intermingled. But their separate existence at one time, and "probably in different stages of civilization," is a matter of vital importance when the accounts of classic authors are taken into consideration. With the non-Celtic race or races, therefore, the present paper does not deal, except in a casual way.

It may be accepted, then, that an important number of the natives of the British Isles, two thousand years ago, were Celts, in custom, language, and race—as far as race can ever be defined with precision. Consequently the accounts given

* It ought also to be mentioned (as showing an alternative view), that Professor Kuno Meyer, in a lecture delivered before the Celtic Union at Edinburgh, on 6th March, 1905, expressed his conviction that Ireland was the earliest home of Gaelic in the British Isles, and that Great Britain never received any Gaelic direct from the Continent, but exclusively from Ireland.

of Celts in general, at or about that period, are applicable to them. In Mr Elton's erudite work * many of these accounts are thus summarized :—

“ All the Celts, according to a remarkable consensus of authorities, were tall, pale, and light-haired. . . . The women, especially, were singularly tall and handsome; and their approximation to the men in size and strength is the best evidence that the nation had advanced out of the stage of barbarism. . . . The men and women wore the same dress, so far as we can judge from the figures on the medals of Claudius. When Britannia is represented as a woman the head is uncovered, and the hair tied in an elegant knot upon the neck; where a male figure is introduced the head is covered with a soft hat, of a modern pattern. The costume consisted of a blouse with sleeves, confined in some cases with a belt, with trousers fitting close to the ankle, and a tartan plaid fastened up at the shoulder with a brooch. The Gauls were expert at making cloth and linen. They wove their stuffs for summer, and rough felts or druggets for winter wear, which are said to have been prepared with vinegar, and to have been so tough as to resist the stroke of the sword. We hear, moreover, of a British dress, called *guanacum* by Varro, which was said to be ‘woven of divers colours, and making a gaudy show.’ They had learned the art of using alternate colours for the warp and woof, so as to bring out a pattern of stripes and squares. The cloth, says Diodorus, was covered with an infinite number of little squares and lines, ‘as if it had been sprinkled with flowers,’ or was striped with crossing bars, which formed a chequered design. The favourite colour was red or a ‘pretty crimson’: ‘such colours as an honest-minded person had no cause to blame, nor the world reason to cry out upon.’ They seem to have been fond of every kind of ornament. They wore collars and ‘torques’ of gold, necklaces and bracelets, and strings of brightly-coloured beads, made of glass or of ‘a material like the Egyptian porcelain.’ A ring was worn on the middle finger, at the time with which we are dealing (the first half of the first century); but in the next generation the fashion changed, and that finger was left bare while all the rest were loaded.”

* *Origins of English History*, 2nd Ed., London, 1890, pp. 109-112.

With regard to their farming usages, Mr Elton makes the following statements:—*

“ The British Gauls appear to have been excellent farmers, skilled as well in the production of cereals as in stock-raising and the management of the dairy. Their farms were laid out in large fields, without enclosures or fences; and they had learned to make a permanent separation of the pasture and arable, and to apply the manures which were appropriate to each kind of field. We find no trace of a co-operative husbandry, such as was afterwards established in the English settlements. The plough was of the wheeled kind, an invention that superseded the old ‘over-treading plough,’ held down by the driver’s foot, of which a representation in bronze has been discovered in Yorkshire. They relied greatly upon marling and chalking the land. ‘The same soil, however, was never twice chalked, as the effects were visible after standing the experience of fifty years.’ The effect of the ordinary marl was of even longer duration, the benefit being visible in some instances for a period of eighty. Pliny said that he never knew a case where the marling required to be repeated. But the process needed some care; for the marl had to be united with salt, and scattered thinly over the grass, or ploughed into the arable with a proportion of farm-yard manure; and even then the effects were hardly noticeable for a year or two.”

During his visit to Great Britain in the fourth century B.C., Pytheas noticed in the southern districts of the island “an abundance of wheat in the fields, and he observed the necessity of thrashing it out in covered barns, instead of using the unroofed floors to which he was accustomed in the sunny climate of Marseilles. ‘The natives,’ he said, ‘collect the sheaves in great barns and thrash out the corn there, because they have so little sunshine that our open thrashing-places would be of little use in that land of clouds and rain.’ He added that they made a drink ‘by mixing wheat and honey,’ which is still known as ‘metheglin’ in some of our country districts (i.e., in England).” †

This last statement is corroborated by Posidonius, who, writing in the first century B.C., with regard to the Gauls, states that “they drank beer and hydromel, which was carried

* *Op. cit.*, pp. 115-116.

† Elton’s *Origins*, p. 30.

about in metal beakers or jugs of earthenware. . . . The minstrels sang and the harpers played, and as the company drank they bowed to the right, in honour of their god. The guests sat in three rings—nobles, shield-bearers, and javelin-men, all in order of their precedence, and everyone of whatever rank had his full share of the meat and drink.” Sometimes they sat “on the grass in front of little tables, on which the bread was set in baskets of British work. There was always plenty of meat, both roast and boiled,” which they usually gnawed off the bone; “but if a man could not get the meat off, he would use his little bronze knife, which he kept in a separate sheath by the side of his sword or dagger.” *

These historical facts, which I have extracted from the rich store of information garnered by Mr Elton, will suffice to give us a good idea of the appearance and social condition of those British Celts against whom Cæsar fought. They were a comely people, tall of stature, fair-skinned, and light-haired. Men and women wore tartan plaids, tunics, and trews; the women having their hair “tied in an elegant knot upon the neck,” and the men covering their heads with “a soft hat of modern pattern.” This style of dress, so far as regards the men, appears to have persisted, although with some slight modifications, down to the nineteenth century, especially in Ireland and the Scottish Highlands. It is a dress of great antiquity, as shown by M. D’Arbois de Jubainville in his study of *Le Pantalon Gaulois*,† having been worn in ancient Persia, as well as in Central and Western Europe. It may be remarked, in passing, that the circumstance of their bodies being entirely clothed goes far to dispose of the idea that those Celts practised tattooing. It is true that our sailors, soldiers, and criminals at the present day very frequently tattoo their bodies, although the marks are concealed by their clothes. But these three classes may reasonably be regarded as the professional descendants (not the actual posterity) of marauding races, who not only practised tattooing, but who were so scantily clothed that the tattoo-marks were at all times visible. Of course, it is possible to adduce instances of existing races who tattoo only the face and hands; and this fact could be held to support the view that the British Celts, although completely clothed, tattooed

* *Op. cit.*, pp. 118-119.

† *Les Celtes*, Paris, 1904. See also my article on *The Celtic Trews* in the *Scottish Historical Review* of July, 1904.

their faces and hands. There seems to be no positive evidence that they did so; and the Roman writers who speak of the tattooed natives of Britain, speak also of the naked, or half-naked, bodies on which these stigmata were displayed. Consequently, the presumption is that the tattooed tribes were not the well-clad Celts, but the non-Celtic aborigines referred to by Professor Rhys, whose remarks upon the co-existence in the same island of races in different stages of civilization must always be kept in view.

The tartan-clad Celts of Southern Britain, therefore, are presented to us as a distinctly civilized race. A'Beckett speaks of his imaginary Britons as unacquainted with manufacture or trade. But even the casual references here made imply a great deal both of trade and manufacture. The advanced state of their civilization is perhaps most clearly illustrated by their ships. Here again I shall quote from Mr Elton (*Origins*, pp. 230-232):—

“ The Damnonians (of Devon and Cornwall) had the advantages of trade and travel. It appears from a passage in Cæsar's Commentaries that their young men were accustomed to serve in foreign fleets, and to take part in the Continental wars. The nation had entered into a close alliance with the ‘ Veneti,’ or people of Vannes (in Brittany), whose powerful navy had secured the command of the Channel. A squadron of British ships took part in the great sea-fight which was the immediate cause of Cæsar's invasion of the island; and his description of the allied fleet shows the great advance in civilization to which the Southern Britons had attained. ‘ The enemy,’ he said, ‘ had a great advantage in their shipping: the keels of their vessels were flatter than ours, and were consequently more convenient for the shallows and low tides. The forecastles were very high, and the poops so contrived as to endure the roughness of those seas. The bodies of the ships were built entirely of oak, stout enough to withstand any shock or violence. The banks for the oars were beams of a foot square, bolted at each end with iron pins as thick as a man's thumb. Instead of cables for their anchors they used iron chains. The sails were of untanned hide, either because they had no linen and were ignorant of its use, or as is more likely because they thought linen sails not strong enough to endure their boisterous seas and winds.’ We are told by Vegetius

that the ships and their sails were painted blue for the purpose of making them less conspicuous at a distance.”*

The Celtic navy is still further described by Cæsar in the following terms:—

“ The encounter of our fleet with these ships was of such a nature that our fleet excelled in speed alone, and the plying of the oars; for neither could our ships injure theirs with their beaks (or rams), so great was their strength, nor was a weapon easily cast up to them, owing to their height.”

He then goes on to relate how he determined to engage the Celts in a naval battle, in spite of the superiority of their ships. The result was a complete victory for the Romans, but that was due to causes which made the Romans the best soldiers in Europe, and not to any merit in the Roman galleys. “ As soon as our fleet came up and was first seen by the enemy,” says Cæsar, “ about 220 of their ships, fully equipped and appointed with every kind of implement, sailed forth from the harbour, and drew up opposite to ours; nor did it appear clear to Brutus, who commanded the fleet, or to the tribunes of the soldiers and the centurions to whom the several ships were assigned, what to do, or what system of tactics to adopt; for they knew that damage could not be done by their beaks (or rams); and that, although turrets were built on the decks of the Roman vessels, yet the height of the stems of the barbarian ships exceeded these; so that weapons could not be cast up from our lower position with sufficient effect, and those cast by the Gauls fell the more forcibly upon us. One thing provided by our men was of great service, viz., sharp hooks inserted into and fastened upon poles, of a form not unlike the hooks used in attacking town walls. When the ropes which fastened the enemies’ sail-yards to the masts were caught by them and pulled, and our vessels vigorously impelled with the oars, the ropes were severed; and when they were cut away the yards necessarily fell down; so that, as all the hope of the Gallic vessels depended on their sails and rigging, upon these being cut away the entire management of the ships was taken from them at the same time. The rest of the contest depended on courage; in which,” Cæsar asserts, “ our men had decidedly the advantage. The sail-yards of the enemy, as we have said,

* For the above statements Mr Elton refers to “ Cæsar, *De Bell Gall.* iii. 9, 13; Vegetius, *De Re Milit.* iv. 37. See Hawkins’ “ *Tin-trade of the Ancients*, 50.”

being brought down, although two and in some cases three ships of their's surrounded each one of ours, the soldiers strove with the greatest energy to board the ships of the enemy; and after the barbarians observed this taking place, as a great many of their ships were beaten, and as no relief for that evil could be discovered, they hastened to seek safety in flight. And, having now turned their vessels to that quarter in which the wind blew, there fell a sudden calm, so that they could make little way, which circumstance, truly, was exceedingly opportune for finishing the business; for our men gave chase and took them one by one, so that very few out of all the number, and those by the intervention of night, came to land."

I have quoted fully from Cæsar's account of this great sea-fight, because it throws so much light upon the relative civilization of the Romans and the Celts. The latter are called "barbarians" by Cæsar; but the Romans called all their enemies "barbarians," as the Chinese do to-day; so that expression counts for nothing. As for the superior courage of the Romans, it need not be questioned in this connection, although it may be noted that Cæsar's statement is purely *ex parte*. Our present purpose is to consider the indications of civilization on either side from the evidence furnished by Cæsar himself. The comparison is entirely in favour of the Celts. Their navy of 220 ships, fully equipped and appointed, was superior to that of the Romans in every respect. So far as one can judge from Cæsar's description, the Celtic ships were of the style that we now call "Dutch built," broad in the beam, with high fore-castle and poop. They were built entirely of oak, and their stout timbers were well riveted together with iron pins "as thick as a man's thumb." Their bulk was such that the idea of the small, light Roman galleys attempting to ram them was regarded by the Romans as out of the question; and the ships of the Celts rose so high above the water-line that the projectiles from their fore-castles were thrown *downward* upon the deck-turrets of the Roman galleys. Conversely, the missiles of the Romans lost half their effect by having to be thrown upward. Other details show the same superiority in culture. The Romans do not appear to have known or thought of anything better than ropes for their anchors until they saw the chain cables of the Celts. Further, although Cæsar refers to benches for rowers in the Celtic ships, he distinctly states that "all the hopes of the Gallic vessels

depended on their sails and rigging." It was, in short, a contest between a numerous and well-equipped fleet of sailing ships and a much inferior fleet of large rowing boats. According to all the theories of naval warfare, the Roman galleys ought to have been annihilated. But in this battle, as in other historical instances, ingenuity and resourcefulness gave the victory to what seemed the weaker party. The captains of the Roman galleys very quickly realized that their hope of success centred in the scheme of cutting the enemy's rigging, and this plan, carried out with much dash and daring, proved most effectual. With their sails and yards rattling down upon their decks, the Celtic ships became helpless hulks, deprived of the very qualities that had rendered them superior to the Roman galleys. The manœuvre closely resembled in character that formerly practised by the tribesmen of India, who cut the bridles of our cavalry, thereby destroying the dragoons' power of guiding their horses. In this sea-fight off the Brittany coast, the result of the device just described was that it gave an absolute and decisive victory to the Romans. The Veneti, or people of Guened, and all their allies in the region lying north of the Loire, passed under the Roman yoke. In his usual drastic way, Cæsar put to death all the senators who had opposed him, and the people of lesser rank were sold into slavery.

This memorable encounter between the two civilizations furnishes material for much reflection. The number of large vessels at the command of the people of Brittany is itself remarkable. Cæsar says that, prior to this incident, they possessed "a very great number of ships, with which they were accustomed to sail to Britain, thus surpassing the others in their knowledge and experience of nautical affairs." And in addition to his statements already quoted with regard to the size of the Breton ships, may be added his suggestion that their reason for using sails of skin instead of canvas was very probably because the latter material was not strong enough for ships of such great burthen. At this decisive battle, which presumably took place off the coast to the south of Vannes, they had mustered their full naval strength, 220 ships in all. It may be assumed that the harbour out of which their powerful fleet emerged was the land-locked bay of the *Mor Bihan*, the "little Sea," which forms a natural harbour for the town of Vannes. The destruction of this great fleet meant the crushing defeat of the people of Guened; because Cæsar

explains that although the Romans could besiege their fortified towns with success, yet, since these towns were always sea-ports, the besieged could, in the last extremity, get away in their ships. Everything that Cæsar says of the Celtic vessels, the nature of their construction, their size, and their ability to make ocean voyages, points to the conclusion that in this respect the Celts were more civilized than the Romans. And it may be remarked in passing that a consideration of these facts affords much justification for the Celtic legends of long voyages made to unknown lands across the sea. The flotilla of small craft in which Columbus and his comrades ventured to the West Indies would not have looked very important beside the fleet of the Veneti.

These observations have, moreover, a bearing upon the history of the British Navy. "There is no reason to think," observes Professor Rhys, "that the conquest of the Veneti and the Armoric league by Cæsar caused the art of ship-building, such as they had learnt it from the Carthaginians of Spain, to be lost on the shores of Gaul and Britain; indeed, his breaking down their monopoly may have had quite the contrary effect, and it is not impossible that the ships of the Veneti became the pattern for all vessels used afterwards by the Romans in British waters, so that our marine of the present day may be regarded as, in a manner, deriving its descent through the shipping of the Veneti from that of the Carthaginians and the proud merchants of Tyre and Sidon." *

Professor Rhys's supposition seems very reasonable. Military conquest, even when accompanied by the subjugation of a people and the execution of their nobles, does not necessarily mean the extinction of civil life, with all its arts and sciences. What Professor Rhys presumes may have happened in this case is the very thing that was most likely to happen. If that was not the case, if Roman conquest meant the end of Celtic ship-building, we are driven to assume that, many centuries after the destruction of the Breton Navy, there arose once more, on the seas of North-Western Europe, a class of vessel of exactly the same description. And this by pure accident. Of the two hypotheses, the first appeals much more strongly to common-sense. It may therefore be assumed as more than

* *Celtic Britain*, London, 1904, p. 51. Compare also a paper by Mr Emmanuel Green on the *Classis Britannica*, or British Fleet of the Romans, which they maintained for 400 years to guard the *Fretum Britannicum*: (Transactions of the British Archæological Association, London, 15th November, 1905).

probable that ships such as those used by the Veneti continued to be built after the defeat of that people, and to be used in Northern France and Southern Britain, by Celts and Romans alike, and that they were never displaced by vessels of an inferior type. And since the people of what is now Devonshire and Cornwall were specially named as the allies of the Veneti, the probability is that that district has never ceased to produce notable ships and seamen. To what extent Devonshire and Cornish men of to-day are of Celtic blood is something of a problem; but not unlikely they are mainly descended from the sailors who fought against Cæsar. It is curious to notice, in view of these well-founded hypotheses, that when one turns to modern historians of the British Navy, one finds that its origin is ascribed to Alfred, King of the West Saxons in the ninth century. No doubt he did much in the way of extending the number, size, and character of his ships. But it must have been after Celtic models, since the vessels of the Saxons are described as "clumsy galleys" five hundred years after Cæsar had encountered the Veneti, and had acknowledged the marked superiority of their ships over those of the Romans.†

There is one detail, however, that does seem to have reappeared by accident in the British Navy, after an interval of two thousand years. It will be remembered that Vegetius states that the Celts painted their ships and sails blue for the purpose of making them less conspicuous at a distance. It is only within recent years that, for the same reason, our battle-ships have been painted an unobtrusive colour, difficult to differentiate from that of the ocean, although not actually blue. So far as I am aware, there is no historical proof that this usage was followed by the English and Scottish navies in mediæval times.

Before quitting the consideration of the Veneti, or people of Guened, and their kindred and allies of Northern France and Southern Britain, one other item must be again referred to. This is their knowledge of iron. The fact that they possessed over 200 well-built ships, whose oaken timbers were riveted together with iron, and whose anchors were lowered with chain-cables, speaks volumes both for their skill as iron-workers and for their general civilization. It implies a hundred other things. If one thinks only upon the evidence

† See Elton's *Origins*, p. 383: Sidonius Apollinaris, *Carm.* vii., 86; *Epist.* viii., 3, 13.

afforded by these ships and their equipments, one is inevitably led to the deduction that the Veneti were unquestionably a civilized people. They must have had some kind of iron-foundries, or at least smith-work on a large scale. They must have had ship-building yards of no inconsiderable size, and they must have had many minor industries that such vessels predicate. Moreover, the towns which they dwelt in, and the life which they led in them, must have been in keeping with the civilization implied by their ships. Napoleon III. refers to their *oppida* as "petty fortresses," but without any warrant. *Oppidum*, the word used by Cæsar, denoted a town, and was even applicable to Rome itself. The Veneti were a great maritime and commercial people, and it was their command of the sea and their monopoly of the trade with Britain that led the Romans to attempt their overthrow. The more one reflects upon the various statements which I have quoted with regard to the people, their attire, their ships, and their other usages, the more clear does it become that they must be credited with many other evidences of civilization which the historians have overlooked or have omitted to record. It is absurd, indeed, to take for granted that Cæsar's enemies stood on a lower plane than the Romans. Owing to the accidents of history, our knowledge of them is chiefly derived from the Romans; but a people whose ships were admittedly constructed on more scientific lines than those of the Romans, and who used iron chains instead of ropes, were at least as civilized as the Romans. An impartial referee might even decide that they were more civilized. The question of iron-working alone is of much importance. A'Beckett speaks of the bronze swords of the Britons, which "generally bent at the first blow." And Posidonius, who wrote in the first century B.C., states that they carved their meat with bronze knives. But the iron cables of exactly the same period testify to a much fuller knowledge of metallurgy. Iron was undoubtedly manufactured by the Celts at an early date. Dr Schrader points out † that the Teutons obtained their name for iron from the Celts; and this, he suggests, connotes their (the Teutons') first acquaintance with the metal itself. "The Continental Celts are known to have used iron broadswords at the battle of the Anio in the fourth century before Christ," observes Mr Elton,*

† *Prehistoric Antiquities of the Aryan Peoples* (Jevons's English translation), London, 1890, pp. 208-9 and 236-7.

* *Origins*, p. 122.

“and iron was certainly worked in Sussex by the Britons in Julius Cæsar’s time.” Referring to this question, Professor Rhys † observes:—“When Cæsar states that iron was found on the sea coast of Britain, but that the supply was small, he probably alludes to the iron mining in the weald of Kent and Sussex, which Professor Boyd Dawkins believes to have been carried on before Cæsar’s landing, as it certainly was during the Roman occupation, and for many centuries afterwards,” down, indeed, to the year 1825. It may be that Cæsar knew of other British iron mines besides those of Kent and Sussex. It is at least significant that some of the ships whose timbers were joined by iron rivets, and whose cables were iron chains, belonged to the men of Devon and Cornwall, and not, so far as we know, to those of Kent or Sussex. It is clear, at any rate, that iron was well known to some of the British Celts before the Christian era.

But it is right to point out that M. D’Arbois de Jubainville rejects as untrustworthy the evidence of the use of iron broadswords by the Celts who confronted the Romans on the banks of the Anio, a tributary of the Tiber, in the year 367 B.C. Cicero and Livy among ancient writers, Mommsen and Elton among modern scholars, have all accepted as accurate the story of a certain Celtic warrior who, on that occasion, was armed with a long iron sword, not pointed, but having a slashing edge. De Jubainville, on the other hand, produces strong evidence to show that, even in the third century B.C., the Celtic swords, which then also were used for slashing and not for thrusting, undoubtedly bent after the first few strokes, and had to be straightened by placing the point upon the ground and pressing upon the blade with the foot. Whether this denoted bronze or a very inferior iron may be a matter for discussion. But the question is one that ought not to be ignored.*

Enough, however, has been said to show that the Celtic confederacy which resisted, although unsuccessfully, the northward march of the Romans, possessed a distinct civilization. That confederacy included a number of small nationalities inhabiting the country to the north and north-west of the Loire, and as far east as the river Scheldt. And it further included the Celts of southern Britain, and possibly their

† *Celtic Britain*, 3rd Ed., 1904, pp. 20-21.

* See D’Arbois de Jubainville’s *La Civilisation des Celtes*, Paris, 1899, pp. 10-12 and 367-369.

northern kindred. In the naval battle already described, the British Squadron must have played a prominent part. Orosius, writing in the fifth century, confirms Cæsar's statement that the Veneti appealed to the Britons for succour on the eve of the great struggle.† From this it is obvious that the British Celts formed an important section of the confederacy. Consequently, the observations made with regard to the civilization of their Continental kinsmen may be held to apply with equal force to them. It has already been noticed that as early as the fourth century B.C. the traveller Pytheas found the British Celts to be skilful farmers, understanding the scientific treatment of the soil, and having "an abundance of wheat in the fields," which they afterwards stored and thrashed out in great barns. Farmers who build great barns for their grain may very reasonably be assumed to build good houses for themselves. And Pliny states that they had invented wheeled ploughs. All this implies a parallel degree of culture in town and country, quite commensurate with the possession of a fleet of large-sized well-equipped sailing ships.

Much interest attaches also to the statement of Pytheas, that the natives of South-eastern Britain, in the fourth century before Christ, brewed honey beer, a liquor which Mr Elton identifies with the "metheg-lin" which is still made and drunk in many parts of England. The word "metheg-lin" is Celtic, of the Brythonic or Cymric speech. In Welsh it is spelt *meddyglyn*, but the Welsh *dd* becomes *th* in English. The drink and its name are not only in common use in Wales at the present day, but also in the counties of Leicester, Northampton, Warwick, Worcester, Salop, Oxford, Huntingdon, Hants, Wilts, Somerset, Devon, and Cornwall. Under the simpler name of *medd* or *meth*, *mead* or *meath*, it is also known in Cheshire, Lincolnshire, Pembrokeshire, Essex, Somerset, and Devon.* There is great significance in the use of this beverage, and of its Celtic name, among the rural populations of a large part of England. No one, I think, would contend that the custom of brewing metheg-lin, and the employment of its Celtic name, is a usage that has spread outward from Wales during recent times, in the same way as the Gaelic *uisge* (whisky) has spread over the world within the

† Napoleon III. refers to Orosius, vi. 8, in his *History of Julius Cæsar*, chap. vi.

* Prof. Wright's *English Dialect Dictionary*, vol. iv., 1903, s.v. *Mead* and *Metheglin*.

last generation. "Metheg-lin" exists purely as a dialect word, and where the word is in use, the custom of brewing the liquor has been handed down from remote generations. The inference deducible therefrom seems to me simply to be that the word is a survival of the former Celtic speech of those districts, and that the people who use metheg-lin are of Celtic descent. An analagous case is that of the Yorkshire shepherds who employ the Welsh or Cymric numerals, not the English numerals, in counting their sheep, and of the Ayrshire school-boys who use the same numerals in their counting-out games. We know that both in Yorkshire and in Ayrshire the language was once Celtic, and the present existence of a Celtic score in these districts can most reasonably be explained as a survival of the former local language. Modern students of dialect in England are placing on record a very considerable number of Celtic words and idioms, accompanied by Celtic intonation, which they find in districts where the general language is English. And from this circumstance they infer that what has been happening over a great part of Scotland ever since the eleventh century has also happened over a great part of England, at one time or another. That is to say, people accustomed to use a Celtic speech have gradually given it up in favour of a Teutonic speech, until the former is forgotten, although its previous existence is still testified to by certain words, phrases, and accents. That such a linguistic transformation can easily take place without any change of blood is seen to-day in the Scottish Highlands. And history shows us that this process has been long going on in Scotland. In 1018, as the result of their victory at Carham, the Celtic nationality of "Scotia" annexed all northern Northumbria, from the Forth to the Tweed. From that time onward the English language of the conquered people became more and more the language of their conquerors, who speedily adopted it as their Court language, partly because they shifted their seat of Government into English-speaking districts. The survival of Celtic speech within recent times in several districts of Scotland where it is now quite extinct is a subject of much interest, deserving of careful study. Even more interesting would be a similar study made in England.

Of the coinage, the laws, the religion of the Celts, I cannot attempt to treat in this paper. But all evidence points to the conclusion that they were a civilized people. It is in some respects a matter for regret that this civilization was merged

in that of the Romans. Roman civilization is a well-established fact, and its influence in Great Britain, especially in England, has been immense. But in considering the individual civilization of the Celts one is often led to believe that the Romans are wrongly credited with much that is due to the Celts. The Roman *cachet* is visible in many things—in amphitheatres, fortifications, temples, and baths. And yet it is clear that of the British people who eventually became politically Romans, and who adopted many Roman ways, there was a ruling caste which had been civilized long before the advent of the Romans. There can be no doubt that after the Roman conquest they felt the influence of Rome to a great extent. But when Roman officialdom withdrew from Great Britain in the fifth century, the civilized population remaining in the island was presumably still Celtic in blood, to a large extent, and also in a great degree Celtic in speech. Their civilization suffered dreadfully during the next few centuries, at the hands of the Saxons and Danes, people greatly beneath them in culture; but that civilization eventually reacted upon the invaders. The extent and duration of post-Roman Celticism is, however, a question outside of my present theme.

It would seem, then, that A'Beckett's and Leech's pictures of the Britons who fought the Romans are not only caricatures by intention, but are also caricatures where they mean to be truthful. Instead of naked savages, they were well-clad, well-housed people, occupied in peace with farming, trade, and manufacture, and possessing good ships for the pursuits of traffic, exploration, or war.

All these considerations, however, must not blind us to the co-existence of other races in the British Islands, to whom the term "civilized" could not be applied. Yet, although we may be right in regarding those races as aboriginal and non-Celtic, it is no easy task to establish a line between them and the Celts. It may be thought that as the latter wore clothes they could not possibly be confused with the skin-clad or sometimes naked tribes whose existence in Great Britain is also testified to by the Romans. But, on the other hand, it must be remembered that many, perhaps most, of the Celtic nations stripped themselves before going into battle. De Jubainville, who furnishes ample testimony of this practice, mentions that at a battle fought between the Romans and the Gauls in the year 225 B.C., those Gauls who lived on the Italian side of the Alps went into action wearing their trews and plaids, whereas

the Gauls of this side of the Alps divested themselves of all clothing. De Jubainville points out the similarity between the Greeks of Homer and the Gauls in such matters, and although we view these things in a different light to-day, it is clear that those Celts who stripped for action did not imagine that by doing so they became savages. Indeed, if one looks at pictures of British sea-fights in the time of Nelson, one sees our sailors naked to the waist, and bare-footed; in short, not so well clad as one section of the Gaulish warriors in 225 B.C. But no one would assert, because of this custom, that Nelson's tars were savages, or semi-savages. This naked, or half-naked, condition raises, however, a question of much importance in this discussion: Is there any connection between the custom of tattooing among our sailors and the custom of going into action with the bare chest exposed to view? If so, then one has to consider whether those Celts who fought as naked men did so because they wished to display the *stigmata* tattooed upon their skin. Undoubtedly this is a question that ought to be fully considered. For my own part, I am disposed to draw a sharp line between the people who painted or tattooed their skins and those who wore clothes. It is true that the practice of tattooing survives to-day among our sailors, soldiers, and criminals—all of whom wear clothes. But the tattooing is little more than a survival, and usually a mere amusement. I can hardly imagine a race undergoing the pain and trouble of elaborate tattooing if the symbols displayed were to be concealed by clothes during the greater part of their lives. It seems to me, therefore, that the British Celts, whose daily outward attire consisted of tunic, plaid, and trews, were not tattooed or painted people. And that the Roman references to the *Virides* and *Caerulei* of Great Britain ought to be held to apply to the skin-clad or naked tribes of the interior.

To consider these latter castes, even in the briefest manner, would, however, be beyond the scope of the present paper, the aim of which has been to show that a very distinct civilization existed among the British Celts at the time of Cæsar's invasion, irrespective of any qualities belonging to the inferior races living in the British Isles at that period and at subsequent dates.

6th APRIL, 1905.

At the meeting of the Society, held on 6th April, 1905, the Rev. Archibald Macdonald, minister of Kiltarlity, read a further instalment of his

HISTORY OF KILTARLITY AND CONVINTH.

No. III.—TERRITORIAL FAMILIES (Continued).

Having traced the history of the old line of Lovat to its termination without heirs of the Hon. Archibald Campbell Fraser, I proceed to take up the records of those other families that were connected with Kiltarlity by territorial possession. These are mainly cadets of Lovat, but there were also the families of Mackintosh and Chisholm, though the former ceased to have any connection with the Parish nearly 300 years ago.

The oldest cadet of Lovat was the family of Faraline, descended from Alexander, son of Hugh, 4th Lord Lovat. The territorial connection of this family was chiefly with Stratherrick; but a junior branch which has escaped historical treatment appears to have had a connection with the Aird, particularly with Kiltarlity, and I propose to devote a short space to them. John, the son of Alexander, 1st of Faraline, was bailie of Stratherrick, and is said to have been armour-bearer to Lord Lovat at the battle of Kinloch Lochy, or Blar Leine, where, along with almost the entire gentry of his clan, he was slain. From him the race came to be known as "Sliochd Iain ic Alastair," the progeny of John, the son of Alexander. A Gaelic rhymster of many years ago celebrates the famous fight in two sets of stanzas, in which the praises of the Frasers and Clanranalds are alternately sung. It is somewhat of a solecism to propose the health of one who has fallen in battle, yet the versifier in question does not hesitate to say—

Deoch slaint' an armuinn churamaich
 Bhual snaip air sliochd Iain Mhuideartaich
 Cha b' ionnan sin 's na cupairean
 Ged tha iad ciuirt 's an am.
 Deoch slaint Iain Oig ic Alasdair
 Dha 'm bu dachas a bhi 'm Faralainn
 Olam le cruaidh chaithream i
 'S gu maireann buan an dream.

John, the son of Alexander Fraser of Faraline was succeeded in the representation of the family by his oldest son Thomas, and it is in his descendants that the tribe of Ian Mac Alasdair comes in contact with Kiltarlity. The family chroniclers of the Frasers do not give credit to Thomas Fraser, 3rd of Faraline, for more than one son. Yet if we are to credit the funeral oration by Professor Ker of Aberdeen, delivered on 20th September, 1731, upon a distinguished scion of the race—and it is unquestionably reliable—there was also Farquhar, the son of Thomas. “*Atavum habuit Farquhardum Fraserium Thomiden.*” It is hard to say whether this Farquhar had any settlement in Kiltarlity, but there is evidence that his descendants had a connection with the district, though the notices are somewhat scattered and intermittent. Hector, son of Farquhar, is identified in Professor Ker’s oration. Speaking of the grandfather of Dr James Fraser of Chelsea, he says, “*Avum autem habuit Hectorem Fraserium Fiduciarium praedi Kiltarletaeani.*” The lands of Kiltarlity, of which Hector was holder by some form of tenure, consisted of property which to a large extent belonged to the Church. It was there, in fact, that the minister’s glebe lay until 1766, and it was from these lands that the Parish derived its name. We also find the family having some holding in the davoch of Fanellan, which adjoins the lands of Kiltarlity.

According to Professor Ker, Hector Fraser, who must have flourished early in the 17th century, had by his first wife, whose name is unknown, four sons, John, Farquhar, Lachlan, and Donald. John, who was probably the oldest son, is identified by a reference in one of the Achnagairn papers. John Fraser of Clunevackie had a wadset of the lands of Muilzie in security for a loan of 6000 merks advanced by him to Lord Lovat. These lands at the time of the transaction—1634—were possessed by John Mac Eachin Mac Farquhar in Kiltarlity. This John, son of Hector, was succeeded in the lands of Kiltarlity by his son James, who appears on record in 1674 as James Fraser of Kiltarlity. On 16th December of that year, a marriage contract was drawn up between William, third lawful son of the deceased William Fraser of Culbockie, and Janet, eldest daughter of James Fraser of Kiltarlity. Fraser of Achnagairn was the bridegroom’s cautioner for payment of the marriage settlement of 800 merks Scots, and the latter was to contribute the sum of 700 merks towards the tocher, for which his brother, Hugh Fraser of Guisachan, was cautioner. The

contract—which the bride signs with her initials in the form of print—is written at Drumreach, and witnessed by Thomas Schivez of Muirton and Thomas Fraser in Newton. There is no further reference on record so far as we know to the Frasers of Kiltarlity.

Of the other sons of Hector Mac Farquhar by his first marriage, we have knowledge only of Lauchlan, who became a minister of the Church of Scotland. He graduated in St Andrews University in 1631, and was admitted to the Parish of Bracadale, in the Isle of Skye, before 7th October, 1641. He was there in 1648, but the General Assembly of that year, for reasons which can only be conjectured, ordained the Presbytery of Skye to proceed with his excommunication. It is most probable that a refusal to take the Covenant led to such a drastic measure being proposed. However this may be, it does not appear that he lost his ecclesiastical status, but there is reason to believe that he had to leave Bracadale, though the precise date is impossible to fix. He must have been for a number of years without a charge after his departure from the Isle of Skye, and to have lived at Fanellan, in the neighbourhood of his early home. In 1656 he appears at Inverness as Mr Lauchlan Fraser of Fanellan, witnessing a Bond of Relief by Glengarry to Macdonald of Sleat. In 1660 he signs a marriage contract between James Fraser in Mayne and Florence Munro, daughter of Hector Munro of Eriboll, as Mr Lauchlan Fraser of Fanellan. In 1669, after being many years out in the cold, he was admitted minister of Kilmallie, and the Episcopal *regime* being then in the ascendant, it seems safe to infer that Mr Lauchlan was opposed to the Covenant, and favourable to the Stewart policy in Church and State. He appears on record as late as 1681.

Hector, the son of Farquhar of Kiltarlity, married as his second wife Margaret, daughter of Malcolm Fraser of Culduthell. By her he had three sons, Alexander, Thomas, and William. Alexander studied for the Church, and became minister of Petty. His name appears as witnessing a discharge by Hugh Fraser of Belladrum at Inverness on 8th January, 1667. To the same document is also adhibited the name of his son James, then in his 22nd year. James afterwards had a distinguished career as Secretary of Chelsea Hospital, a position which he held for 40 years. He was a graduate of Aberdeen University, of which he became a distinguished patron. He restored the old University buildings, erected new ones, and contributed largely to the library. He

was the founder of the Bursaries for lads of the name of Fraser of the town and county of Inverness, to which town he gave a valuable library. His portrait hangs on the wall of the meeting place of the Presbytery of Inverness, being the side-room of the High Church hall, the library also being kept there. He died in 1731 in his 86th year. He was the third son of the minister of Petty. William, the fourth son of the minister of Petty, was Governor of Fort St George in Madras, and, like his brother, a liberal contributor to public purposes in Inverness. John, the eldest son, was a lawyer in Edinburgh, and a somewhat voluminous correspondence was carried on by him with Hugh Fraser of Belladrum regarding the business of the Lovat estates, as well as his own private affairs. Hugh, of whom there will be occasion to speak in another connection, was minister of Kiltarlity.

Reverting to the second family of Hector of Kiltarlity, a younger brother of the minister of Petty, was Thomas, who is referred to by Professor Ker as taking part on the Loyalist side in the civil war between Charles I. and the forces of the Parliament. The words of the funeral oration with regard to him are "*Horum natus secundus fuit Thomas qui tribunus militaris sub Carolo rege contra Cromwellium meruit.*" We find no reference to him in the family histories, though the leading Frasers who took part in the troubles of the time are for the most part mentioned by name. The reason for silence on the part of the chroniclers doubtless is that it was in England that the military career of Thomas was spent, a matter which the words of Professor Ker seem to place beyond reasonable question. We find him once or twice on record. On 5th November, 1655, and at Inverness, he grants receipt to Hew Fraser of Belladrum of all lands, sums of money, accounts, etc., that were between them, and discharges him of all such. He seems ignorant of letters and the use of the pen, as the deed bears the following docquet:—"Att comand of the said Lieut. Colonell Thomas Fraser, I John Neilson Notar publick subscrieves thir presents being specially requyrit becaus he cannot wreit himself as he affirmes. Jo. Neilson, notar publick." There is no further notice on record, so far as known to the writer; but it may be added that there is some risk of confounding him with another Lieut.-Colonel Thomas Fraser, who belonged to the Belladrum family, and could sign without professional aids. On the authority of Professor Ker, he left no descendants, and

this concludes—probably—all that can be said about this branch of the Faraline family in Kiltarlity.

The next oldest cadet of Lovat that possessed a territorial connection with the Parish was the family of Guisachan, better known as the Frasers of Culbockie. This family is descended from William, second son of Thomas, 4th Lord Lovat, who, along with Hugh, the 5th Lord, was killed at Blar Leine in 1545. From his oldest son and successor, Hugh Fraser, the family received the patronymic of Mac Uisdein. From his younger son James sprang the Frasers of Belladrum, and he had also a son John. Guisachan was the original patrimony of the family, as William appears on record as early as 1543 under that designation. In 1542, James Fraser of Phoineas, brother to William, 1st of Guisachan, was in possession of the lands of Culbockie, but in 1563 these appear to have passed by Charter from Queen Mary to Hugh Fraser, 2nd of Guisachan. The lands are described as the Wester half of Easter Culbockie and the Easter half of Wester Culbockie. In 1587 James VI. granted to Hugh Fraser of Guisachan and the heirs of his body, with remainder to his heirs male whomsoever, the mill of Culbokky with the crofts, multures, and profits, in the Earldom of Ross and Sherifffdom of Inverness, extending yearly in the King's rental to 16 bolls good and sufficient merchandise with the charity as the ferme continued in the rental. This same year, Hugh Fraser, 2nd of Guisachan, died. He was predeceased by his eldest son William, and his second son Alexander succeeded him, being served heir to his father in the lands of Guisachan on 16th April, 1588. Immediately on his succession he was induced to admit that he was "facile," and not capable of administering his affairs, and to put himself under the care of guardians. In 1590 he made a Disposition of his estates to his younger brother Hugh, whose title was afterwards confirmed, and whose descendants continued in possession. The mere fact that these transactions took place seem to prove the existence of a "facile" spirit; yet though the estates were diverted from Alexander and his progeny, the disinherited continued to occupy a position of some importance, and his descendants have a recognised place in the genealogy of the Clan Fraser. It is not easy to reconcile fatuity with certain facts recorded of this unfortunate head of the house of Guisachan. He was an arbiter in a decree of submission between Simon Lord Lovat and John Grant of Freuchie in 1599, and the same year he entered into a Bond of caution

for £1000 for John Munro of Pittonochty. If he was thus able to conduct important transactions on behalf of others, how was he so utterly incompetent to look after his own interests? We must be content to leave this question unanswered.

While tradition avers that Hugh Fraser, 3rd of Guisachan, accomplished the foregoing results by the exercise of shady tactics, he is also said to have obtained the barony of Drumchardine from Mackintosh by somewhat similar methods. It is said that Lovat purposed acquiring this property from Mackintosh, and employed Fraser of Culbockie to carry through the transaction conjointly with Fraser of Belladrum. These worthies worked the situation for their own advantage, with the result, so far as Culbockie was concerned, of obtaining a Crown Charter for the Barony of Drumchardine on the 20th December, 1616. This Barony included the lands of Kinerras and Easter Eskadale, in the Parish of Kiltarlity.

Hugh Fraser, 3rd of Guisachan and Culbockie, had four sons, William, Hugh Alexander, and John (Clunvackin). His eldest son, William, who succeeded, had during his father's lifetime been designated William Fraser of Drumchardine. Hugh having died probably in 1634, his son William was infeft in the lands of Guisachan, Kingillie, Kyllachy, Groam, and others, and shortly thereafter he was served heir to his father in the lands held from the Crown, namely, Culbockie and the lands of the barony of Drumchardine. In 1637 the lands of Wester Comer, otherwise known as Comer Croy, were disposed to him in wadset by Lord Lovat, but documentary evidence is not agreed as to whether these lands of Wester Comer are in Kiltarlity or Kilmorack. The same year his rental in the former parish was £736. From 1649 to 1651 William Fraser of Culbockie represented the county of Inverness in Parliament. In 1653 there is a contract of marriage between himself and Alexander Chisholm of Comer on behalf of their children, Hew, lawful eldest son of the former, and Christane Chisholm, lawful daughter of the Laird of Comer. The parties were—in terms of that contract—to be infefted in the Easter half of the lands of Drumchardine, called the half davoch lands of Delmoir, and in Comer Croy and crofts thereof, and in the lands of Culachik. The marriage contract was drawn up at Comer Croy, and among the witnesses was Hugh, lawful son to the late Alexander Fraser of Foynes. In 1655 William Fraser of Culbockie, Thomas Fraser of Strechin, and Hugh

Fraser of Belladrum, entered into a bond of relief on behalf of the first named to protect him from the consequences of an action at the instance of Kenneth Mackenzie of Coull, and to which the late lairds of Strechin and Belladrum had been parties. William of Culbokie lived for 14 years after the date last mentioned, having, according to the author of the Wardlaw MS., died in 1669 at the age of 73. That authority informs us that he got his "deade stroke" at the burial of his nephew, Hugh of Kinerras, that he sickened on his way home, died of a flux on 26th December, and was buried in Capella Montis Mariae. He left two sons, Hugh, who succeeded him, and Alexander, who had a lease of the lands of Kyllachy from his older brother, but who left no issue. In the time of Hugh of Guisachan, the family estates became embarrassed, with the result that they were all adjudged by Sir Roderick Mackenzie of Findon and others. The lands of Culbokie, and those embraced in the barony of Drumchardine, passed permanently out of possession of the Frasers, but Guisachan continued in their hands until much later times.

Hugh died before 1678, for in a contract of that year between Sir George Mackenzie of Rosehaugh and Hugh Fraser of Belladrum, he is spoken of as "the deceased Hugh Fraser of Culbokie." From this document we learn that Sir George had been making large advances, and had acquired a right of wadset to the lands of Guisachan. This disposition lasted till 1681, for in that year William, son and successor to Hugh, disposed the lands of the two Guisachans and Frigay to Alexander Chisholm of Comer, his uncle, who had advanced large sums of money to him, by which he probably redeemed them from Rosehaugh. The interest of the advance was secured out of the davoch lands of Grome and Fingask, and the eighth of the davoch of Ardrennich, commonly called the Moy, as it was possessed by Hugh Fraser, his grandfather.

William Fraser of Guisachan was thus only nominal proprietor of his inheritance, conveyed as it was to Chisholm of Comer in wadset, in 1681. The date of his death is uncertain, but he is said to have lived to an advanced age. He was succeeded by his son William, and it may be said that no fewer than six heads of the family bore that name in unbroken succession. In his father's time, the family estates seem to have passed from the hands of Chisholm of Comer to those of Fraser of Kinnairies, a cadet of Culbokie. Kin-

nairies proved himself a good friend to the Guisachan family, for in 1706 he made a disposition of the whole of the Guisachan lands to "William Fraser, younger of Culbokie, as the apparent stock of the family whereof I am descended." The Disposition was not absolute, being burdened with three thousand merks Scots money, for which the lands of Mid Guisachan, Gortonaven, with their grazings, the two Glasses, Altgarve and Tolour with their pertinents, were wodset by Fraser of Kinnairies to John Chisholm of Knockfin. Old William of Guisachan died before 1714, and was succeeded by his oldest son and namesake, to whom the foregoing disposition was made. It was in his time that the davoch of Fanellan came into possession of the family, and that the wodset on Mid Guisachan was redeemed. Judging by the Church records of his day, William Fraser was by no means a man of saintly temper. Mr Patrick Nicolson, minister of Kiltarlity, complained to the Presbytery in the course of 1719 that Culbokie gave him "rude and barbarous treatment" and "offered violence" to his person at a meeting with him at the Ferrytown of Brahan. The Presbytery had the matter several times under review, and finally decided that Culbokie, who had given no satisfaction, should be "Porteous-rolled." The aid of the Synod of Moray was invoked, and the indignities to Mr Nicolson remaining unredressed, Lord Lovat was at last called upon to intervene; but although the matter was still *sub judice* in March, 1720, we do not learn that Culbokie made the *amende honourable*.

William of Culbokie married Margaret, daughter of John Macdonald of Ardnabi, and a grand-daughter of Glengarry, a lady of great beauty, and possessed of poetic gifts of a high order. Very few of her compositions have survived, or, if they have, they cannot at this time of day be identified as the offspring of her genius. She had nine sons, almost all of whom followed the military profession. One of them named Donald was killed in battle in Germany, and his mother celebrated the sad event in an elegy of plaintive tenderness. The news arrived at Guisachan at Christmas-tide—

Nollaig mhor do 'n gnas bhi fuar,
 Fhuair mi sgeula mo chruaidh chais;
 Domhnull donn-gheal mo run,
 Bhi na shineadh an tiugh a bhlair*

* For more verses of this elegy *vid.* Trans. Gael. Soc. of Inverness, Vol. XII.

The second son, Simon, had a commission in the Glengarry Fencibles, and in 1773 went to America, where he fought on the Loyalist side in the War of Independence. He took with him a MS. collection of Gaelic poetry and music which had belonged to his mother, and his house having been wrecked in the course of the troubles of that time, these valuable papers were destroyed. He was taken prisoner by the rebels, and died after a confinement of 13 months. He left a large family, of whom there are probably still descendants in the Dominion of Canada.

William Fraser of Guisachan, whose wife and family we have been considering, died in 1755, and was succeeded by his oldest son William. In 1756 he received a Crown charter for the lands of Guisachan and others in the Parish of Kiltarlity, his immediate superiors, the family of Lovat, being then under attainder. Between 1755 and 1760 he built the mansion-house which occupied the site of the present residence, and was considered handsome and commodious in its day. In General Simon Fraser's entail of 1774 he was named immediately in succession to Alexander Fraser of Struy and his brother Hugh. He married Margaret, daughter of Stuart of Achnilly, and in October, 1663, his son and heir, William, was born. This fact he announces to Robert Fraser of Muilzie, who was his brother-in-law through his marriage with Margaret Fraser, his sister, in a letter dated from Guisachan on the 20th October of that year:—

“ Dr. Broyr.,—I send the bearer to know how you are and particular your son who I am told is much distressed with the chincough. All here wishes him a happy recovery. Mrs Fraser was safely delivered Saturday last of a son. She and the child both in a fair way of doing well. The child had a private baptism Monday and called William. All are desired to be fondly remembered to you and yours. And I am now & allwise, Dr. Sir, Your affect. Broyr & servt.,

“ WILLIAM FRASER.

“ P.S.—Peter goes to China but not before February. Anny goes home today.”

The parties referred to in the P.S. were Culbokie's brother, a medical man, who died at Madras leaving no issue, and his sister, who married Thomas Fraser of Achnacloich. Besides these two, he had a large family of sons and daughters. In 1797, Fraser of Guisachan, feeling the infirmities of age pressing on him, commissioned his son William, whose birth was

chronicled in the above letter, to act for him in the signing of leases and in the general management of his affairs. The power of attorney was granted in the following terms:—

“ I, William Fraser, Esq. of Culbokie, Whereas on account of my present state with a tremour in my hand but sound in mind and judgment, I find it necessary to grant a Commission to William Fraser, my eldest son, to sign the Leases already drawn out of my lands and Estate of Guisachan and any other that may in the course of any further arrangement be necessary: Therefore witt ye me, to have given, granted, as I do hereby give and grant, full Power, Warrant and Commission to the said William Fraser for me and in my name to sign the Leases of my Lands already sett, and to bind me and my Heirs and Successors in the whole clauses and oblidgements therein contained which have been approved of by me, as also to sett any of the Lands of new that may be found expedient from any arrangement that may be gone into for such rent and number of years that he may see necessary: To sign Leases and Bind me in the Clauses of Warrantice and all other necessary clauses. And further to give any consent he may see proper to any of the Tenants as to Exchanging their possessions, subsetting or assigning their Leases: And I Promise to hold Firm and Stable all and everything my said Commission shall lawfully do in the premises without revocation: And I consent to the Registration hereof in the Books of Council and Session or others competent, therein to remain for preservation, and for that effect I constitute

My Prors., & in witness whereof I have subscribed these presents, wrote on Stamp Paper by Alex. McDonell, writer in Inverness, At Guisachan the Twenty second Day of May One Thousand Seven hundred and Ninety seven years, Before these witnesses Alex. Urquhart, Teacher at Guisachan, and the said Alex. McDonell, writer hereof, Witnesses also to my signing of the marginal note wrote by the said Alex. McDonell.

“ WILLIAM FRASER.

“ Alex. Macdonell, witness.

“ Alexander Urquhart, witness.”

William Fraser, senior, died in 1798, and was succeeded by his son, in whose favour the foregoing Commission was executed. This William, who had been an officer in the army, and afterwards went into business in the West Indies, was on his way back to St Vincent when he received tidings of his father's death. After a short time he returned to his

native country, having amassed a small fortune, by means of which he was able to put the family estates on a sounder footing, and particularly to redeem the small property of Kyllachy, which had long been out of the possession of his forbears by wodset. On 1st January, 1803, he writes from Achnagairn to Mr Lockhart Kinloch, Clerk of Supply, Inverness, giving his qualifications for the position of Deputy-Lieutenant for the County of Inverness:—

“ Achnagairn, 1st Jan. 1803.

“ Sir,—Please inform Sir James Grant, Lord Lieutenant of this County, that my Estate in the Parish of Kiltarlity and County of Inverness is valued in the Valuation and Cess books as follows, vizt.:—

The Lands of Guisachan	£379	5
„ „ Killachy	25	
		<hr/>
Total valuation Scots	£404	5

I have therefore a sufficient valuation to qualify me for being a Deputy Lieutenant in the County of Inverness.—I am, Sir, your most obedt. servt.,

“ W. FRASER.”

The writer of the foregoing letter had two sons, William and James, who both predeceased him, the former dying in 1829. On his death, a few years thereafter, he was succeeded by his grandson, afterwards Colonel William Fraser of the Highland Volunteer Artillery, in whose time the family estate passed into the hands of the first Lord Tweedmouth, who purchased it in 1854. William Fraser of Culbokie bought the estate of Kilmuir, Skye, from the trustees of Lord Macdonald, but disposed of it in 1888. He died at Inverness in 1909, and was succeeded in the representation of the family by his only son, William.

The family of Kinnerras was cadet of Guisachan, Hugh, the first of the family, being third son of Hugh, 4th of Guisachan. He entered the Swedish military service, as many of his countrymen did in those days, greatly distinguished himself, and attained the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. He returned to Scotland in 1642, and, though the Lovat influence was on the side of the Covenanters, took the King's side in the struggle. The Wardlaw MS. tells us that his brother Culboky “made a scone in the carse of Kingilly,” and that Colonel Hugh Fraser, who must have studied military engineering, “drew this draught in the frame we see it, corners and bastions, a very fencible strength.” Probably

it was by the same advice that " Lovat also was fortified with a deep trench and ditch, a strong bulwark of earth within that, and a garrison put there, and Alexander Fraser of Foyness made Captain and Constable of it that yeare. The house of Beaully was also fortified, and John Fraser of Clunevacky Captain there, who also built a neat sconce eastward from the orchyard upon the edge of the plain carse." Colonel Hugh Fraser was among those who in 1649 took possession of Inverness, and, in co-operation with Montrose, expelled the garrison. From Sir James Fraser of Brae, who is said to have procured an Act of Parliament for the purpose, he acquired by purchase the barony of Kinmylies in 1648. According to the Wardlaw MS., he obtained from Lord Lovat a grant of the quarter land of Kiltarlity in excambion for 200 muskets, firelocks, guns, and picks which he brought to the country. The lands of Kinerras, from which his family was styled, he obtained in 1648. At an earlier date—1640—he purchased from Hugh Lord Fraser of Lovat and Thomas Fraser of Struy, the latter of whom held them in tack or wadset, the lands of Fanellan, Ardellan, Teaknok, and Culach. By Contract of Sale he provided these lands in favour of himself and the heirs of his body and their assignees, and failing these, to William Fraser of Culbokoy and his heirs, to be held of Lovat in feu-farm and heritage. He was infest on 23rd February, 1642, and the sasine was registered at Fortrose on the 2nd day of March immediately following. According to the Wardlaw MS., he died under circumstances of great suffering on October 6th, 1649, and was buried at Kirkhill. He married Christian Baillie, daughter of Baillie of Dunain, and by her had two sons, Hugh and Alexander. Hugh succeeded him at Kinerras, and on 20th January, 1666, seventeen years after his father's death, obtained a precept of Clare Constat for infefting him as heir male of his father in the lands of Fanellan, Kiltarlity, &c. The author of the Wardlaw MS. refers to his death, which took place on November 2nd, 1669, in these terms:—" Hugh Fraser of Kinnerras died at his own house in Kinmylies, an excellent youth *aetatis* 26, and was interred in the *Capella Montis Mariae*." It is, however, on record that this " excellent youth " was also " ane unfrugall man," and contracted a great many debts for which " his haill lands and estate were appraised." He married Barbara, daughter of Alexander Mackenzie of Gairloch; but it does not appear that he had heirs male of his body, though he left two daughters. He was succeeded at Kinerras by his brother Alexander, who, how-

ever, in view of the alleged fact that the debts affecting the estate exceeded its value, would not represent his late brother by getting served heir to him. He, however, purchased the right to an apprising, and took the same in favour of himself and his heirs. On 7th May, 1688, he obtained a charter of apprising of the lands of Fanellan and Kiltarlity from Hugh Lord Lovat in favour of himself and heirs whatsoever, and on the 5th June thereafter he was infeft therein. Alexander had three children, a son and two daughters, by Katherine, daughter of Hugh Fraser of Belladrum. Reference has already been made in connection with the Frasers of Guisachan to the manner in which Alexander of Kinerras restored to that family their patrimony in the year 1706. He died a few years thereafter, and was succeeded by his son Hugh. In 1710 Hugh obtained a precept of *Clare Constat* from Mackenzie of Prestonhall, as coming in the place of Lord Lovat, for infefting him in his lands as heir male to Alexander, his father. In a clause of warrandice, Prestonhall was to warrant and defend all and each of these lands to Hugh, his heirs male and assignees. On this precept Hugh was infeft on 5th September, 1718, and the sasine was registered at Fortrose on the 8th of the same month. In 1716 he is on record in connection with some monetary transactions, and in 1728 he was pursuer in an action against certain parties in Glenmoriston suspected of cattle stealing. The date of his death is authenticated by a decree of Court at the instance of Colin Campbell, surgeon, Inverness, who attended him during his last illness, disembowelled and embalmed the body, and dressed it in "shear cloth." The account was rendered for services beginning on 26th April and ending 22nd September, 1732. The decree was assigned to Lord Lovat, and the account is preserved among the Forfeited Estates Papers. We find an Alexander Fraser at Kinnerras in 1757, but it is doubtful if he belonged to the same family, as it is on record that Hugh died without issue, and that William Fraser was likely to succeed to the lands of Fanellan and others, as provided in the clause of warrandice.

We have thus, so far as our information goes, sketched the history of the Guisachan family and its cadet Kinnerras, thus apparently exhausting the descendants of Hugh, from whom this line of Frasers derives its patronymic *Mac Uisdein*. This, however, does not exhaust the family of William, who was in reality the first of Guisachan, though originally styled of *Tigh-a-Charsa*. We have already seen that his second son

was James, from whom descended the Frasers of Belladrum; but he had a third son—ignored by genealogists—named John, of whom, for one or two generations, were the Frasers of Little Struy.

The Frasers of Belladrum were always, excepting Lovat, but probably not excepting Guisachan, the most powerful Fraser family in the Aird. The earliest notice of James, its founder, is in the Inventory of Belladrum Writs, in which appears this entry under the years 1566:—"Assedation by Jean Campbell Lady Lovat to James Fraser of Belladrum." The document containing the assedation does not seem to be in existence, and the lands so set are not mentioned. There is evidence, however, that James Fraser of Belladrum was Lady Lovat's local man of business. Her husband, Alexander, 6th Lord Lovat, died in 1557, so that it must have been some part of her dower lands that was tenanted by James Fraser in 1566. In 1572, James, who is the watchful guardian of her interests, receives a letter from the Dowager Lady Lovat which bears the heading, "To our traist friend James Fraser in Belladrum." It is the letter of a business woman well able to safeguard her own interests, especially with so staunch a representative as James, whose inability to write does not appear to have in the least interfered with the success of his administration. The custody of the salmon fishings of the Forn and her "thrids" of the same gave her ladyship some concern, and it is interesting to note this early reference to "Donald Mac Andrew Dow," evidently the dauntless cleric of that name, as the custodier of her interests in this connection. The superscription on this letter indicates that James Fraser had a holding on Belladrum estate in 1572. As a matter of fact, his first extant record of tenure in that estate is in a letter of tack drawn out at Lovat on 3rd June, 1570. The tack was given by Hugh Lord Fraser of Lovat "for ye fauor and affection y^t we beir to our beluffit cousing and freind James Fraser in Belladrum." The subjects conveyed in the tack were the lands of Belladrum and Little Culmill, and Huchoun Fraser of Guisachan, brother of the lessee, was constituted bailie to proceed to the lands in question to give stait and seasing to the said James "be tradition of thak and reape." Here also among the witnesses Donald Dow, the future vicar of Kilmorack and parson of Wardlaw, appears as notar public.

James Fraser, first of Belladrum, died in 1594, and was succeeded by his son Hugh, or as he was commonly designated,

Huchoun. In August of that year he got a tack from Simon Lord Fraser of Lovat of the town and lands of Kirkton Convinth—a tack frequently renewed in future times until these lands became the property of the family. He also obtained charters for other lands, which also descended in the family. These were Belladrum, Little Culmill, and Keltachan, two crofts of Easter Downie, the lands of Crochell, Crive, Easter and Wester Main, Holm, Craggag, and Rindowy within the barony of Drumchardine. There were also the lands of Ben-charran, Muilzie, Ochtero, and Browline in the barony of Aigas.

Huchoun Fraser of Belladrum was thus an important man in the Aird, who appeared to possess the confidence of his neighbours. There is a last will and testament of “ the guidis and geir of the late John McGillebreid in the Kirktown of Convinth in 1599 made and given up by his awin mouth speiking ” before several witnesses. After the inventory of goods is detailed, amounting to £422 18s, and a statement of debts is recorded, he makes Huchoun Fraser of Belladrum his sole executor in the following terms:—“ Imprimis leaves to Huchoun Fraser in Belladrum my haill pairt of the guidis and geir within written, and leaves the said Huchoun my executor, and ordains the said Huchoun to be a fortifier to my friends in all their just and honest cause.” In 1596 Huchoun was Chamberlain of the lands of the barony of Drumchardine; but two years later some difference arose between himself and Mackintosh, from whom the lands were held. In 1598 he received a summons of removal from Lauchlan Mackintosh of Dunachton to quit the lands of Drumchardine and others, and Belladrum had to invoke the aid of his Chief of Lovat to enable him to resist the process, at the same time declaring that he had good grounds for not admitting its justice or legality. It does not appear whether the process was seriously pushed before the Sheriff.

On 26th February, 1600, Simon Lord Lovat gave two tacks to Huchoun Fraser of Belladrum and his spouse in security of certain sums of money advanced by the vassals. One of these was a grant of two crofts of arable land of Easter Downie to themselves and to their heirs. The mail was to be doubled at the entry of each heir to the estate. The other right of possession was a grant by Lovat to Fraser of Belladrum and his wife of the teind sheaves and parsonage of the same two crofts of Easter Downie. This tack was given for seven years following the date of entry, and thereafter as long as

certain advances made by Fraser of Belladrum remained unpaid. They were to pay yearly as duty the sum of four shillings Scots. The tenant in possession was John Dow McIntaggart, a member of a sept of whom a number are in evidence in the records of the Aird during the first half of the 17th century, and as to whom something may fall to be said hereafter.

Huchoun Fraser of Belladrum had a half-brother, a natural son of James, 1st of Belladrum, to whom Lord Lovat, on 17th April, 1600, gave a tack of the easter two part of Muilzie lying to the shadow side thereof. The tack was in his own favour and that of heirs born to himself and his wife, Marie Nien Rorie Vic Alister. We do not find that Alexander's descendants made a permanent settlement on these lands. It is to be noted that this distinction is always made between the sunny side and the shadow side of these regions.

In 1607, and on the 31st October, there is a contract of wadset between Lord Lovat and Huchoun Fraser of Belladrum and his spouse Jonet Fraser for the lands of Crochell. These lands were redeemed twenty years thereafter; but they were let on tack to his widow, the writ being drawn up at Dalcross on 12th May, 1627. Huchoun died towards the end of 1619 or early in 1620, for in that year we find Huchoun Fraser of Foyers acting as cautioner to Janet, relict of the late Huchoun Fraser of Belladrum, who was executrix for the children. This Janet was a daughter of Alexander Chisholm of Comar. On 12th September of the same year, Hugh, the oldest son and his father's successor, was appointed Tutor and Curator to William, John, Thomas, Alexander, James, Simon, and Catherine, his brothers and sister, Thomas Fraser of Strichen acting as his cautioner. Early the same year—January, 1620—Hugh and his mother had entered into a contract by which the latter gave over to him her right to the Town and lands of Belladrum and Little Culmullin, and the teind sheaves thereof, also Kirkton, Convinth, and Cudderish, and the pendicle of Easter Convinth, which lies to the west of the strip called Kechanessanduy, reserving for her and her remanent bairns crop 1620 of the Mains of Belladrum presently possessed by her. In lieu thereof he resigns to his mother the half davoeh Town and lands of Crochell, and the two crofts of Easter Downie; also the Town and lands of Holm, Craggag, Reindown, and half the mill of Holm and the multures and teind sheaves. The way was thus clear for Hugh being infetted in the lands which his mother had

resigned, and on the 4th May, 1621, he got a precept of sasine for the lands and bailiary of Belladrum and Little Culmullin and the other lands already enumerated.

On the 1st July, 1629, Jonet Fraser, widow of the late and mother of the present Fraser of Belladrum, gave up the Inventory of her estate and her latter will and testament in presence of James Fraser, her son, and Mr William Fraser, minister at Convinth. There is a detailed account of the property bequeathed and the various legatees, the section at the beginning of the latter provisions, commencing with the solemn declaration, "Leaves her soul to God and her bodie to be buriet besyd her husband." Her son William, who seems afterwards to have been tacksman or wadsetter of Fanklair, was enjoined by his mother's will to intromit with the share of his brother Thomas, who was at the time absent from the country. This Thomas had adopted the military profession, and rose to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, probably in the service of one of the European States, though the records do not throw any light upon the subject. After his return to his native country he became wadsetter of one of the Crochells, but he does not seem to have left any descendants. The lands of Wester Crochell were for many years and with little interruption in possession of the Belladrum family, and in 1633 Lord Lovat of the day gave a tack of them to Hugh Fraser, the head of that house. On 12th April, 1636, Lovat also let to Belladrum the lands of Cruive, with power to hold courts and special bailiarie. The dues were to consist of a silver rent of "8 score merks, 2 bolls meal, 2 mertis, 2 wadderis, 8 kiddis or lambis, 2 dozen eggs with each kid, also to lead 200 loads of fewell to the stackhill of Beaully." The tack was to last for seven years, beginning with 1637. There was also in 1636 a tack by Lord Lovat to Belladrum of the lands of Kirkton Convinth, and Cudderish, as well as a feu ferme charter of Belladrum and Little Culmullin, with the two crofts of Easter Downie, and a tack of the lands of Moulzie, Achtero, and Bencharran. Precept of seasine followed for all these lands in 1637. We have seen that the lands of Crochell were let by Lovat to Belladrum in 1633, and in 1649 we find them in possession of Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas Fraser, his brother, whose tenancy, however, was by this time drawing to an end. They had evidently been given on wadset to Colonel Fraser by Sir James Fraser of Brea, who was Tutor of Lovat and the ruling power on the family estates. In the year 1649 we find him reclaiming the

lands of Crochell, but resigning to the wadsetter the "maills" for the following Martinmas, and leaving him power to pursue tenants for the same. After that the rights were to devolve on Sir James. That year, however, a change came. Sir James died, and his widow, Lady Beatrix Wemyss, let these same lands once more to Hugh Fraser of Belladrum, for a space of 3 years. The witnesses were John Fraser Chamberlain and grieve of Lovat, and Alexander Fraser in Culmullin, Chamberlain and officer of the Brae of the Aird and Strathglass. Hugh Fraser of Belladrum died in 1650. In 1617 he had married Catherine, daughter of John Mackenzie of Gairloch, by whom he had Hugh, his successor, Thomas, who was afterwards of Tenakyle; James, who founded the family of Achnagairn; John, of whom we have no information; Simon of Fingask; George, Sub-Principal of Aberdeen. There was also several daughters—Margaret, who married James Fraser of Tomich; Janet, who married Roderick Mackenzie of Davochmaluag; Agnes, who married John Mackenzie, apparent of Applecross.

Hugh Fraser of Belladrum, who succeeded in 1650, was married in 1647 to Isobel, daughter of Alexander Chisholm of Comer, and the marriage contract was written out at Beaufort on 1st November of that year. Whether it was that some hitch occurred which prevented the marriage from being solemnised in the face of "halie kirk," or that the bride did not long survive the wedding day, certain it is that another marriage contract, with the same Hugh Fraser as principal, was drawn up in 1650, a few months after his succession. On this occasion the bride elect was Isobel, daughter of Mackenzie of Assint, and the document was drawn up at Kilchrist on the 24th April by Mr Donald Fraser, Minister at Kilmorack.

We have no clear indication as to the side the Belladrum family took during the great ecclesiastical and political struggles between the Crown and the people, which made the history of the 17th century so momentous both in Scotland and England. During the Covenanting period the Clan Fraser as a whole were regarded as politically on the popular side, and were under the leadership of Sir James Fraser of Brea up to the time of his death, and in opposition to the Crown. The head of the house of Lovat at the time was somewhat of a cipher politically, and matters were largely controlled by Sir James. It does not seem as if, especially after Brae's death, the clan were very warmly interested in the Covenant, or deeply implicated in the fortunes of the

period. It is clear, however, that after the Restoration Hugh Fraser of Belladrum was, for whatever reason, several years behind time in taking the oath of allegiance. The Restoration was in 1660, but it was not till January 31st, 1666, that Belladrum gave this formal acknowledgment of the restored monarchy, and the fact is recorded after this wise:—"Edinburgh ye last day of January 1666 whilk day Report was made by the Sheriff Deput of Inverness that Hugh Fraser of Belladrum has taken ye oath of allegiance and subscriyved the Declaration in obedience and conform to his Majesty's late proclamation Remitting ye second moyetie of the fyne to such as were charged as to whom his Matie has granted suspensions and that conform to ye tenor of ye comission direct be ye Lords of Privy Councill to the said Sheriff deput for that effect." It is a fair inference to draw from this statement that Belladrum had incurred disfavour with the powers that were, through being involved in the Commonwealth regime—that he had been subjected to a pecuniary penalty, and that his belated oath of allegiance saved him from the payment of one part of the fine.

Fraser of Belladrum, to whom we have just referred, had as his Edinburgh man of business a clansman of his own—John Fraser—son of the minister of Petty, and a scion of the Farraline tribe. Belladrum carried on a regular correspondence with him in regard to matters in the main legal and financial. Occasionally, however, the business tedium is relieved by matters of general interest. On the 30th January, 1677, John Fraser writes Belladrum on business matters, but though, like a lady's letter, the most interesting part is in the postscript, the whole letter may as well be quoted:—

"Edgr. 30 Jan. 1677.

"Much honored,—Yors of the 12 of this instant came to my hands the last week wt the three pounds sterling & twa dispositiones sent me yranent by this bearer Kenneth Drummer which indeed seemed very strange to me yt you should have trusted him with such prinll (unregrat) papers or mone. Conciving how unsure a hand he is to be trusted with either, but yt qch seemed more strange to me was yt att his coming to me he was very freshe and sober which I remember never to have seen of him before at his first aryvall here in town. I hope you have received my twa last before this tyme viz. ane directed wt one Donald Chissolme who brought me letters from Alexr. Chissolme in Teawick and my other directed since wt Alexr. Urquhart ane of yor Invernes

posts. I am about to raise the transferring of that proces agt. so many of the wadsetters as are dead since intenting yroff which I intend to send you shortlie. As for that process persued by the Chanter of Rosse against you and others anent yor teinds it is not lyke to come on this session but when it comes I will be carefull of your convenience yrin. I have no furdr at pnt to add but having my own & my wyfe's respects presented to yorselpe yor worthie bedfellow & sone Hugh and Mrs Catherine being in hast, I rest, yor most humble servant,

"J. F."

(P.S.)—"Two days ago Sir Geo. Mackenzie and Mr Geo. Bannerman anoyr adocat in the house fell so foule out yt they challenged & provoked ane anoyr to the combatt qrupon the Lords consigned ym both to yr chambers and ordained ym to find cautn for keeping the peace each of ym under the payne of Ten thousand merks. Upon the last Lord's day att night after supper Brea was apprehended by the town major in one Mrs Hamilton's house and comitted to the prison qr non of his friends or relations had access to him qr he was detained only these twa nights bygane, and this morning very tymlie (before any of his friends or acquaintance had knowledge of it) he was carried to the Bass together wt one Mr Mitchell (who is also to have fyred att the Bp.) I am sorie I have no better news send you of him. I hold it not very fitt to acquaint the lady his mither of it, only I have wrin to Major Batteman yt he acquaint her or not as he thinks convenient and yrfor I care not how few heare the news of it."

The postscript of this letter brings us into touch with matters of national interest. We have referred to the death of Sir James Fraser of Brea in 1649, who was succeeded in the lands of Mayne in Kiltarlity by his younger son David, while his older son James succeeded him at Brea. The latter came under deep religious impression in early life, the development of his religious consciousness being recorded at great length in his "Memoirs" written by himself. He became a minister of the Church, and was one of the ablest of the opponents of Prelacy. The interest of John Fraser's letter lies in its confirming substantially Brea's own account of this his first imprisonment for his covenanting principles.

Alexander, Belladrum's second son, seems to have been a man who was trusted for his business capacity. On 12th November, 1678, he received a commission of factory by Kenneth Earl of Seaforth Lord Kintail, Mr George Mackenzie

of Tarbert, and Hugh Fraser of Belladrum, Trustees, having an interest in the Lovat Estate, with power to uplift the rents. The Commission was signed at Chanonrie of Ross on the above date.

In 1680 there is yet another letter of some interest from the same John Fraser, who wrote Belladrum in 1678. Again it is in the postscript of a letter that matters of national interest, in those troubled times, are casually referred to. The date is 22nd September, and the reference is as follows:— "We have no late news but such I know that by this time you have there, yt the Parliament of England is to sit 21 of Octr. next and that some of Cameron's faction have dropt papers here in the Parliament close and affixt them also yr and at the weighouse and other publick places here qrin they have presumed most traitorouslie to excommunicate his matie, the D. of York Monmouth Lauderdaill Rothes, Dalzell the King's Advocate with severall others of his maties privie Councill expressing yrin severall pretended causes and crymes (or rayr abominable calumnies) for qch each of them is excommunicat att length being about 3 sheet in length Mr Cargill (as is sd) is the person that hath presumed to excommunicat them openly." The verdict of history, it need hardly be remarked, upon the persons of high estate above referred to, differs from that of the Edinburgh lawyer, but there can be but one opinion as to the courage of the individual who announced the excommunication. Richard Cameron, the leader of the extreme Covenanters, was killed at Aird's Moss in battle with the Royalists; but Donald Cargill, one of his ministerial supporters, a refugee from place to place, holding meetings wherever he could, performed this deed that astonished the whole nation by its audacity."

In 1680, or perhaps early in 1681, Hugh Fraser, younger of Belladrum, had married Janet, daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Patrick Grant, late tutor of Grant. The contract is dated 29th December, 1680, and in terms of it Hugh the elder disposed to Hugh the younger of Belladrum and to his heirs male of the marriage the town and lands of Belladrum, Easter Downie, the half davach of Craggag, the davach land town and lands of Holme and Rindue, the easter half of Brolone, Bencherrin, Easter and Wester Moulies and Island thereof, Muilireach, Ouchturro, Inchmuilt, Inchlyall, Balgan, and Luibreach. If there were no heirs male, and but one daughter, the latter to get 6000 merks. If more than one daughter, 7000 merks divided among them. Several years

thereafter Lieutenant-Colonel Grant complained that the Frasers of Belladrum, father and son, were purposing to sell, some, at anyrate, of the lands in question, and raised an action to prevent any such action being taken. On 10th March, 1687, the power to force the marriage contract was granted under His Majesty's seal in Edinburgh by the Lords of Council and Session.

Hugh Fraser, younger of Belladrum, represented the County of Inverness in the Scottish Parliament in 1685, and an interesting account of expenses incurred by him in the discharge of his political duties has been preserved. It is described as "Belladrum younger his expenses for his footmantle and furniture yrof, and other expenses for the Shyr of Inverness at the Parliament in anno 1685."

It. for 10 ells black velvat at 16d per ell is	£160	0	0
It. for 5 $\frac{3}{4}$ ells broad black Kyligo	5	0	0
It. for silk and working the knapes and friezes ...	26	0	0
It. to David Denoon for making the footmantle and mounting the same	24	0	0
It. for his part given in the Clerk Register with his submission	20	0	0
It. for 55 sitting dayes in Parliament and 16 days going and coming at 3d per day is.....	13	16	9
It. for letters of horning against the freeholders and others lyable in payt. of the forsaid money	002	16	9
<hr/>			
	£606	17	8

The M.P. was elected and his expenses and outfit provided by the freeholders of the constituency during the period of his attendance upon his Parliamentary duties, so that payment of members is an idea not absolutely novel in political affairs. It may be noted that he took eight days going to and the same time returning from Edinburgh, so that his progress was quite leisurely even for the slow days of 224 years ago. The account above written bears evidence that the parliamentary representative had to use pressure to enforce payment of the expenses for which the freeholders were liable.

I have referred to the marriage of Hugh Fraser of Belladrum in the end of 1680 or the beginning of 1681, and the enforcement of the marriage contract in 1687. Apparently his first wife, Janet Grant, died a few years after marriage. At anyrate this is the only explanation I can offer for Hugh's

second marriage in 1686. On this occasion he married Ann, daughter of the late Hugh Fraser of Kinerras, with consent of his father, the elder Hugh, and the contract was drawn up at Fanellan on 22nd April, 1686. He disposed to her in liferent the lands of Rindowy, milne and fish yeir; also the lands of Easter Downy and crofts thereof, and Inchvoul in Glenstrathfarrar; also free access to the mains of Finisk " horne crope and corne crope;" also the half town and lands of Newtown, Keiltachan, the mills of Belladrum and the lands called Fasniordan and Reveckuine. The precept of sasine was dated June, 1709. Just the day before this marriage contract, Hugh of Belladrum, senior and junior, entered into a contract of wadset with Alexander Fraser and Jean Shevez, his wife, for the lands of Wester Muily, and those lands having been included in the marriage contract with Janet Grant would have occasioned the action for reduction of any such transaction in 1687.

I have been unable to trace the precise date of the death of Hugh Fraser of Belladrum who succeeded in 1650, but it is certain that the next head of the house was Hugh, who represented the County of Inverness in Parliament in 1686-7. The probability is that the former died before 1691. In that year Hugh Fraser of Belladrum entered into a contract with Mr Hugh Fraser of Eskadale, the former of these having the consent of John Fraser of Culmullin. Eskadale had advanced 3000 merks Scots, and he disposed to him Easter Muilzie and Muilziereach in security. The disponees were to be free of all bygone feu and blench duties, and ministers' and schoolmasters' and readers' stipends. On 1st May of the same year Hugh Lord Fraser of Lovat let the town and lands of Kirkton Convinth and pendicle thereof called Cuidrash for 11 years to Hugh Fraser of Belladrum. The rent was to be 20 bolls good and sufficient victual whereof 2 part was to be bear and 3 part meal to be paid yearlie betwixt Yuill and Candlemas, to be " wett and measure" with the noble Lord's own measure upon barn floor and from thence carried be ye said Hugh Fraser and his heirs, &c., in their own sacks and upon their own horses to the ports of Lovat, Beaully, or Inverness, with "ane sufficient custom weathers or twenty merks Scottis as the price of said cow, and 4 lib Scots as price of custom weathers."

On 11th June, 1694, Hugh Lord Fraser of Lovat acknowledges having received 1000 merks Scots from Thomas Fraser, brother german to the laird of Belladrum, and in lieu thereof

the lender was to be seased and infeft in the town and lands of Glenvackie "as it is presentlie be Jon Fraser and his subtenents & coatters occupied and possest." The holding is described as a "quarter land," and the dues were to be twentie pounds money of silver rent yearly, one custom cow or twenty merks Scots, two custom weathers or four pounds Scots, "with hariage and cariage, hoasting, hounding, watching, warding, answering to Courts," etc. There is little or nothing to chronicle of the annals of the Belladrum family till 1713, when Hugh Fraser of Belladrum died, and his son James was served heir on 28th February of that year. We pass over the next nine years, and on the 13th October, 1722, find Belladrum entering on a contract of wadset with Alexander Chisholm of Teawig for the lands of Belladrum, Little Culmil, Midmain, Wester Eskadale, and the pendicle called Leamghorrie in free bleuch for payment of a penny Scots yearly at Whitsunday. All payment to Kirk and King to be made by Chisholm, who had advanced £3900, for which the wadset was security. James Fraser of Belladrum married in 1728 Isobel, second daughter of David Fraser of Fairfield, the contract of marriage being dated 6th December. At the time of the marriage Anna Fraser, widow of the late Hugh Fraser of Belladrum, was living, and the provision made for James' wife in the contract of 1728 was subject to her life interests. These consisted of a liferent of Belladrum, Little Culmill, with the mill and alehouse, croft extending to a davoch, also Cuderish, Midmain, Wester Eskadale, and pendicle thereof called Leamghorrie. It is not clear how Mrs Anna Fraser could have had any effective possession of these subjects, as the wadset under which they were held by Chisholm of Teawig was not redeemed till 1734. James Fraser of Belladrum died in or before 1739, and in that year sasine was taken of the lands before-mentioned on behalf of his widow, Mrs Isobel Fraser. He was in comparatively early life, and James, his heir, was only a boy of five. On 1st April, 1741, Peter, brother of the late Belladrum, was retoured as nearest of kin and tutor to James and Alexander, his sons, he having passed the complete age of 25 years. The jury consisted of Duncan Fraser of Achnagairn, Chancellor, John Fraser, merchant, and late bailie of Inverness, William Robertson, yr. of Inches, Archibald Geddes and Alexander Stewart, merchant, Inverness, James Fraser of Castleheather, Niel Menzies,

apothecary, James Houstoun, John Greig, Duncan Fraser, and William Hay, merchant.

In 1748, when young James Fraser of Belladrum was 14 years of age, an Act of Curatorship was granted by Evan Baillie of Aberiachan, Sheriff-Substitute of Inverness, by which Peter Fraser, brother of the late Belladrum, John Fraser in Downy, Duncan Fraser of Achmagairn, nearest of kin to James Fraser, now of Belladrum, on his father's side, and Alexander Fraser of Fairfield, John Fraser, his brother, and William Fraser, Town Clerk of Inverness, nearest of kin on the mother's side, were appointed curators of young Belladrum and his estate. The action was raised at the instance of James Fraser of Belladrum through his procurator, John Shaw. Inventories were submitted and passed, and a certain number* of curators were declared to be a quorum, and the Act was signed by the Sheriff on 19th March of the foresaid year. Little calls for remark in the history of the Belladrum family until 1757, when an event occurred which proved of marked import in the Annals of the Clan Fraser, namely, the raising of the Fraser Highlanders, which has already been referred to.† James Fraser of Belladrum, who was then a young man of 27, was one of the officers of this historic corps, and raised a number of recruits. The first man who joined him—the date being January 15th—was Alexander Cameron, butcher, Inverness. He was 21 years of age, and 5 ft. 6½ in. in height. On 2nd April Belladrum had raised 72 men, none of these being from his property or near neighbourhood. The youngest recruit was a boy of 15, and the lowest in stature was 5 ft. 1 in. Indeed, one is struck by the comparatively short average stature of the members of this particular band of recruits raised by Fraser of Belladrum—the height of the tallest not exceeding 5 ft. 9½ in. If they were average samples of the Highlanders of their day, the race has not deteriorated physically—rather the opposite—and we are satisfied that the Lovat Scouts could give a better account of themselves at any rate in point of inches.

Though these recruits were raised in 1757, two years passed before Belladrum and his company left for the seat of war. It seems to have been always assumed that the Fraser Highlanders all went to engage in the campaign in the Province of Quebec; but this is a mistake. Nothing is clearer

* The number is illegible on the record.

† Vol. xxv., p. 177.

on record than the fact that a considerable contingent were sent to the Continent of Europe, where Britain, under the statesmanship of the "Great Commoner," had espoused the cause of Frederick the Great of Prussia, who was in the death-grips with France and other European foes. On 23rd August, 1759, we find Fraser of Belladrum at Newcastle, where, with his Highland friends, he had arrived on the 20th of that month on their way to Shields, the port of embarkation.* The corps to which he belonged consisted of 2 captains, 3 lieutenants (of whom Belladrum was one), 1 ensign, and about 300 private recruits. Belladrum, being the youngest of the lieutenants, was anxious about his promotion to the rank of captain. From his letter to Bailie Fraser, and another to Mr George Ross, Inverness, we learn that of the recruits he had raised, 38 accompanied him to the Continent, the rest having been drafted into other companies. On 31st August they were still at Newcastle waiting for the arrival of the transports, and of Major Keith, who was to be in command. On 9th September they had not embarked, but one of the transports that were to convey them to Germany had just arrived with a convoy, and the other and its convoy was hourly expected. On the 14th September they embarked, and disembarked at the mouth of the Weser on the 2nd October. The name of the port of embarkation, as given in the records, is Geistendorff. After three days' halt there, they began their march towards the south, arriving at Hesse Cassell on the 24th October. On the 27th they set out for the main army, where they arrived in five or six days.

About this time Belladrum got intimation of having received a Captain lieutenancy, a piece of promotion at which he was naturally gratified. This commission passed the Royal Seal of George II. on 8th October, 1759. On 22nd February, 1760, we find Belladrum at Neiunkirken, where his detachment had arrived on the 1st of the same month, after a march of 153 miles. This was 12 miles beyond the town of Osnaburg, round which the British were quartered in scattered villages. In the correspondence referred to he gives an account of an engagement which took place at the village of Eyblehausen, where the Highlanders went into action for the first time, and were successful in capturing two field officers, two captains, four subalterns, and 84 privates, a very creditable afternoon's work for inexperienced soldiers. The casu-

* Letter from Belladrum to Bailie James Fraser, Inverness.

alties among the Highlanders were three killed and fifteen wounded. After this date we lose sight of Belladrum's campaigning, and it is very difficult, owing to the unreliable nature of much that has been written on the subject, and the paucity of records, to say, whether he ever joined the main body of the Fraser Highlanders, who were so gallantly making history on the American Continent. A further step of promotion remains, however, to be chronicled, when, on 20th December, 1760, being the first year of the reign of George III., he received a full captain's commission. In 1763 Belladrum is at home, and on matrimonial thoughts intent, for on 21st November of that year we find a marriage contract drawn up between himself and Hannah, daughter of the deceased Hugh Baillie of Dochfour, with advice and consent of her uncle, Evan Baillie of Abriachan, for himself and as taking burden on him for Alexander Baillie, merchant at St Christopher's, her brother. There is an obligation to provide the bride with a tocher of 6000 merks Scots, and Captain Fraser disposes in her favour, and in favour of her heirs, the town and lands of Belladrum, Little Culmill, Cuidrash, Easter Downie, and Eskadale, the last named property being a recent possession. In the event of there being no heir male of the marriage, Mrs Fraser was to be secured in an annuity of £60 sterling, but otherwise the sum was to be restricted to £40. Sasine of the lands held in security was taken in 1778. In 1767, Captain James Fraser of Belladrum lodged a claim to be enrolled in the list of freeholders qualified to vote in the election of a member of Parliament for the County of Inverness at their meeting in October of that year. The narrative proceeds to show that he was heritably infeft and seased as immediate vassal to the Crown in Town and Lands of Belladrum, with the Mill and Mill lands; also the Town and lands of Easter Downie conform to his special service as heir to his father on 5th March, 1755. In the half davoch lands of Kirktown Convinth and Cuidrash he was seased on 4th October, 1766, and this in consequence of a charter of resignation under the great seal in favour of John Macdonald, younger of Morar, of date 6th and 27th August of the same year, as also of a disposition by the said John Macdonald in favour of Fraser of Belladrum on 29th September year foresaid. He also held the lands of Mussadys and Grazings of Mealogy in Stratherrick by identically the same process in liferent but with reversion to General Simon Fraser and his heirs male in fee. The circumstances under

which John Macdonald, younger of Morar, came to possess the lands in question is not at present known to the writer. Belladrum also claimed to be vested in the Town and Lands of Merkadale, Talisker, Little and Meikle Ardhowles, with the Mill of Bracadale, all within the United Parishes of Eynart and Bracadale, conform to a Charter of Resignation under the Great Seal in favour of Norman Macleod, Esq., followed eventually by an instrument of seasing registered on 3rd October, 1766. Finally, he claims to be lawfully seased in the lands of Muilzie and Muilzie Riach, lying in the Parish of Kilmorack, conform to the special service as heir to the deceased Hugh Fraser of Belladrum, his grandfather, bearing date the 5th day of March seventeen hundred and fifty-five years.

The records of the Belladrum family do not disclose much material for comment for some years after this, other than is found in the family histories already published. In 1744 James Fraser's name appears in the entail of the estate made in that year by General Simon Fraser, and in 1799 he was appointed one of the Trustees under the Disposition by General Fraser, the estate having become embarrassed. By this time he had attained to the rank of Major, for in 1775, when the American War of Independence had broken out, several of the Fencibles were levied for the protection of the home land, a Fraser corps was raised with its headquarters at Fort-George, and under Belladrum's command. In 1793 he appears as one of the Commissioners of Supply, to whom a communication was addressed by Simon Fraser of Faraline, Sheriff of Inverness, regarding the state of grain in the district. In 1794, on the outbreak of war with France, it was again resolved to raise a Fraser regiment of Fencibles, and letters of service were issued for that purpose to Fraser of Belladrum, who commanded the corps thus recruited with the rank of Colonel. On 14th June, 1795, the Fraser Fencibles were embodied and inspected in Inverness. In November, 1797, he resigned his commission, but the regiment was in existence up to 1808, when they were disbanded in Glasgow. Colonel James Fraser died the year he resigned his commission, and was succeeded by his oldest son James. Of him history has little to record. He engaged in business as a West Indian merchant, but, being unsuccessful, his affairs became involved, and in 1827 the estate passed out of his hands.

ANNUAL ASSEMBLY. 1905.

The Assembly took place in the Music Hall on Thursday evening, 13th July, and, as on former occasions, it attracted a full house. With tartans, stags' heads, and other objects of war and the chase, the platform and galleries were effectively but not obtrusively decorated, and the function was altogether interesting and pleasant. Mr John A. Dewar, M.P. for Inverness-shire, came specially north from his Parliamentary duties to preside, and he was supported by Provost Arthur D. Ross, ex-Provost Macbean, Sheriff Campbell, Portree; Mr Wm. Mackay, Mr Alex. Ross, LL.D.; Mr Alex. Macbain, LL.D.; Dr F. M. Mackenzie, Rev. Father Macqueen, Mr A. Mackintosh, I.R.; Mr Macleod of Orbost, Councillor John Mackenzie, and others. The secretary (Mr Morrison) intimated letters of apology for absence from Lord George S. Murray, Royal Highlanders, Fort-George; Sir Kenneth J. Mackenzie, Bart. of Gairloch; Sir Hector Munro, Bart. of Fowlis; Sir Arthur Mackenzie, Bart. of Coul; Sir Arthur Bignold of Loch Rosque; The Mackintosh of Mackintosh; R. C. Munro-Ferguson of Novar, M.P.; Ian Macpherson-Grant, yr. of Ballindalloch; Ian Murray Grant of Glenmoriston; John P. Grant of Rothiemurchus; J. E. B. Baillie of Dochfour; Duncan Macpherson of Glen-truim; C. B. Macpherson of Belleville; T. A. Wilson, General Manager, Highland Railway; Sheriff Davidson, Fort-William; Captain Burgess, Gairloch; C. M. Brown, manager, Caledonian Bank; Hew Morrison, LL.D., Edinburgh; Wm. J. Watson, M.A., Royal Academy; James Grant, Glasgow; Provost Macrae, Dingwall; Rev. A. J. Macdonald, M.A., Killearnan; William Grant, London; David Macritchie, C.A., Edinburgh; A. F. Steele, Bank of Scotland; A. Cowan, Balblair Distillery Offices, and others.

Mr Dewar, who was loudly applauded on rising to introduce the programme, said—Mr Provost, ladies, and gentlemen, I appreciate very much the honour the Gaelic Society have done me in electing me to be chief of the Society. It gives the opportunity to preside at this great meeting of Inverness-shire people. It is a great pleasure and privilege to me to be permitted to help, in however small a way, the furtherance of the objects which the Society has in view. It is the oldest of all the Gaelic societies, having been established in 1870, and this is the 33rd annual concert held under its

auspices, while its continued activity and usefulness are also indicated by the fact that since January no fewer than thirty new members have joined. During the years of its existence the Society has done a very great deal of work in preserving the language, the literature, and the music of the Highlands. It has done this by research, by discussion, and by influencing not only public opinion but the Government Departments in the direction of promoting and encouraging the teaching of the Gaelic language. Among its many agencies, I should imagine that this great annual meeting, to hear the music of the Highlands, is perhaps one of the most effective. The vigour of the Society was shown by the fact that their honorary secretary had been appointed to edit the Inverness Burgh Records in behalf of the Spalding Club. So long as the Society continued to have Mr William Mackay as an honorary secretary, there was not much fear of its work and usefulness being allowed to fall away. It is important, I think, to preserve the Gaelic language not only on account of its own richness and beauty, but of—and this appeals to me more strongly still—its preservation of the national and patriotic spirit which has done so much to make the Highland people the great influence they have been in the development of our country. I think this Society deserves to be congratulated on the success it has attained, along with other Gaelic societies, with the Scotch Education Department. That Department, I am afraid, never looked with much favour on the teaching of Gaelic, although they have always done what could be done to secure teachers for Gaelic-speaking districts who had a knowledge of both languages. But now, at the request of this and other societies, the Department has given the option of Gaelic as one of the subjects of the leaving certificate. This boon was granted only at Christmas, and already no fewer than 86 candidates have presented themselves in this subject. It shows, I think, the necessity and the importance of the change. I hope the Gaelic Society of Inverness and other societies will not slacken their efforts now that educational changes are imminent. It is most important that arrangements should be made so that pupil-teachers from Gaelic-speaking districts should be put on some sort of equality with pupil-teachers from better equipped districts in trying to pass the examination for entrance to training colleges. Before this can be done a school of some kind must be provided for them, and I believe the suggestion is looked upon with favour by the Education Department. I hope that the

Government will be induced to again include in their Education Bill the proposal that there should be a provincial council meeting at Inverness for the special care and treatment educationally of the Highland district. I hope, as I say, that the Gaelic Society will continue its efforts in these directions. I have on more than one occasion drawn attention to the greater energy, especially when it is a question of getting money out of the Government, pursued by the Irish Departments than by the Scottish. This is very conspicuous in the Congested District Board management, but it would seem that it is equally conspicuous in the teaching of Gaelic. I do not know the amount spent in the way of Government grants in the teaching of Gaelic in Scotland, but it must be comparatively infinitesimal. In reply to a question in the House of Commons the other day, it was pointed out that in 1902 £3000 were so spent in Ireland, in 1903 £7200, and last year £12,000, which indicates that it was not only worth doing, but that it was found to be increasingly worth doing. All this is necessary and desirable, but if we are to preserve the Gaelic language it cannot be done through the schools alone. No Department can go further than public opinion, and public opinion is created in the homes of the people. It lies, after all, with the Gaelic-speaking fathers and mothers of the Highlands to say whether or not Gaelic is to be preserved or is to be lost. I read a very interesting letter in the newspapers the other day. A man described his father's household, in which the father read every evening to his family not only in the Gaelic Bible, but from the well-known Gaelic poets. This gave the son not only the language, but a love of the language in its higher forms. In this connection I also may be permitted to say that if the Gaelic language is to be preserved, it is important that the homes of the Gaelic-speaking should be preserved and multiplied. This subject is attracting increasing notice, and it was very gratifying to observe in a recent Government report that the landlords of the Highlands, and particularly the landlords of Inverness-shire, are increasingly anxious to restore the Highland population, and to that end are offering farms to be cut up into crofts. I am sure this is a wise and humane policy, and one that will have the best effects not only on the landlords themselves, but for the country at large. We have a population whose history and traditions and general inclinations make them stick close to their own land. This is surely a valuable national asset, and should be encouraged. We have in many districts of the

Highlands a deplorable condition of over-population, congestion, and poverty. As an indication of the condition of affairs in some parishes, it is enough to mention that the combined rates amount to 13s, 15s, and 17s per £. If the present rate of increase continues there is no reason why they should not reach 20s per £. While we have this congestion and poverty in one part of the country, we have in another part of the country great tracts untenanted or used as more or less unprofitable sheep farms. It ought to be the endeavour of everyone who loves his country to see that the population gets a chance to occupy the land where it can be occupied profitably, and on sound economic conditions, so that we may preserve not only the Gaelic language, but all the people who speak and enjoy the Gaelic language, literature, and music.

Mr Alexander Macdonald delivered the following address in Gaelic:—Fhir na Cathrach, a mhnathan uasal, agus a dhaoin' ualse,—Tha e, mar tha fios agaibh, mar chleachdadh aig Comunn Gaidhlig Inbhirnis oraid a bhith aira labhairt ann an cainnt bhinn, bhlas-mhor, na Gaidhealtachd, aig a' choinneamh bhliadhnail so; agus tha a glé fhaig air a bhith mar cleachdadh aig an luchd-eisdeachd am bruidhniche bochd, ach glé bheag, a sgiursadh a mach air an doras. Cha 'n 'eil a leithid sin, ann am baile ris an canar "Baile mòr na Gaidhealtachd," mar bu choir a bhith; agus is e their mise ris an dream a ta coireach—"Athair, thoir maitheanas dhoibh, oir cha 'n 'eil fios aca ciod a tha iad a' deanamh." Tha mi an dòchas gu 'u creid sibh nach ann le m' uile dhèid a tha mi ann an so an nochd; ach o 'n a thuit orm a bhith far am bheil mi, féumaidhmi 'chuid is fheàrr a dheanamh dheth mo staid; ach aon ni cinnteach, cha ghabh sibh fadachd ag eisdeachd riumsa; cha chum mi fada sibh. Cha robh riamh na h-urad de chothrom air bruidhinn mu'n a' Ghaidhlig mar cheann-teagaisg agus a tha an nochd. Eadhon o 'n a tharladh dhuinn an ceann a cheile mu'n am so an uraidh, dhuig ath-bheothachadh mor am measg chàirdean na Gaidhlig; agus tha mi ro-thoilichte innseadh dhuibh gum bheil an t-seann bhean eireachdail ag ath-nuadhachadh a h-òige mar an iolaire; agus gur ann tha aobhar dòchais againn gu 'm bi i gu h-aithghearra cho sùrdail, smearail, co-dhiu 's a bha i o chionn iomadh bliadhn' air ais. Is ann a tha h-uile latha mar tha 'dol seachad a' toirt barrachd-sgeula dhuinn air aiseirigh na Gaidhlig. Anns gach tir chein 's am bheil mic is nigheanan na Gaidhealtachd ri m' faotainn, tha ann an sin cainnt aosmhor nan Gaidheal Albannach a' fas gach latha na 's pailte 's na

's measaile. Ann an Eirionn thall, far an do thogteadh bho sheann Deo-Ghreine ri crann, tha bratach na Gaidhlig ann an lamhan churaidhean air nach teid fois no sith gus am bi i cho ard 's a' ghabhas i togail. Leugh mi an latha roimhe ann am paipear-naigheachd gu'n do thionailleadh còrr agus fichead mìle punnd Sasunnach ann am Breatuinn 's an Eirionn o chionn bliadhna ann an aobhar na cainnt Eirionnaich. Ann an Uales tha a' chainnt dhùthchasach am beul an t-sluaigh gu leir. Ann an Lunnainn, baile-mor Shasuinn, tha cainnt aluinn Thir nam beann, nan gleann 's nan gaisgeach a' buadhachadh am measg nan càirdean 's ga 'n dlù-tharruing ri 'cheile mar bu chòir; agus ann an Alba, far an do sheinn deidre bhòidheach, mheall-shuileach iomadh crònan tiamhaidh do Naois agus a bhràithrean, tha na Comuinn Ghàidhealach gu dìchiollach, duineil, a 'cur an t-sil phriseil o'n tig am barr ro luachmhor ri tim. Agus cha 'n e sin a mhan, ach tha 'n luchd-riaghlaidh a' toirt, misneachd mhoir a chum 's gu 'm biodh a. Ghaidhlig air a teagaisg gu ceart ann an sgoilean na Gaidhealtachd. Tha mi an dochas nach do leig sibh as 'ur cuimhne a' choinneamh ainmeil a bha anns a' bhaile so fhein an deireadh an Earraich so chaidh, mu 'n a' chùis sin; agus tha sinn a nise 'cluinninn sgéula thaitnich air an fhéum a tha air àrd-sgoil ann an Inbhirnis o'n cuirteadh a mach maighstirean-sgoil Gaidhealach a theagasg òigridh na Gaidhealtachd. Ach, mo, chreach! tha aon nì ro chudthromach air chall oirnn fhathasd, agus is e sin dùrachd an t-sluaigh feadh na Gaidhealtachd fhein a bhith a chum gu 'm maireadh a' chainnt mhathaireil beò. Fhad 's a bhios an Gaidheil 's a' bhana-Ghaidheil 's an dùil gur gne pheacadh agus aobhar-fanaid an cainnt fhein aideachadh, tha eagal orm nach bi a' chuis cho taitneach 's a' cheann-thall. A Ghaidheil, agus a chàirdean, bu mhiann leam o bhonn mo chridhe gu 'n tuigeadh sinn uile gur ann a bu chòir pròis mhòr a bhith oirnn eòlas a bhith againn air a' Ghaidhlig, agus gu 'm bheil e cho farasda dà chainnt a ghiùlan agus a tha e dà laimh, no da chois, no da shùil, no da chluais a ghiùlan. Is e dleasdanas gach neach leis a miann gu 'm buadhaicheadh a' Ghaidhlig gun a bhith air am faotuinn am measg na cuid-eachda bochda shluaigh a bhios a' cur di-meas air an cainnt nàdurraich fhein; agus na 's urrainn dà a dheanamh a chum a leigeil fhaicinn do 'n òigridh Ghaidhealach nach teid eòlas a bhith aca air cainnt an dùthcha fhein eadar iad agus a bhith na 'n daoine 's na 'm mnathan cho glic, 's cho tapaidh 's cho féumail ri feadhainn eile.

The musical programme was sustained by a very capable band of solo artistes, the Highland Strathspey and Reel Society, and Mr R. Macleod's Gaelic choir, and pipe music was supplied by Pipe-Major Ronald Mackenzie—now a veteran in the Society's service—with unabated skill and vigour.

23rd NOVEMBER, 1905.

At the meeting of the Society held on 23rd November, 1905, there was read a paper by the Rev. A. Maclean Sinclair, Prince Edward Island, entitled

A COLLECTION OF GAELIC POEMS.

ORAN DO RUAIRIDH MOR MAC-LEOID, THRIATH
DHUN-BHEAGAIN.

Soraidh no dhà le dùrachd bhuam
Gu cùrtear deas a cheòil ;
Gu guala thréin nan lùirichean,
'S nam bratach cùbhraidh sròil ;
Am marcach cùrsach pilleanach,
Le 'n gluais an cinneadh mòr ;
Am mac a dh' fhàg mac Alasdair,
Glac gheal a mhalairt òir ;
An Ruairidh so mu 'n cuala sinn,
Air bheil na buadhan còrr ;
Fear tapaidh, gasda, cruadalach,
Le aigheadh uaibhreach, mòr :
'S ann ort a dh' fhàs 'n cùl snìomhanach,
Nach brisd a chìr 's nach leòn :
Gur fada, bachlach, dualach,
A tha càmh-fhalt gruag an t-seòid ;
Mar tharruing theudan chlàrsaichean,
Buidh' cleachdach, air dhreach òir ;
Gruaidh dhearg a 's ro mhath seòladh,
'S a bheil fuil nan rìghrean mòr' ;
Tha fuil chlann rìgh á Lochlann innt',
Ma 's fìor mo thoiseach sgeòil ;
Is an fhuil uasal Leathanach,
Nach traigh, mar bhuinne mhòir.
Tha càirdean làidir dìleas dhuit

Am Fionn-Leitir nan cleòc;
 Is gur a farsuinn, fùghantach,
 Do phàirt ri Dùghall Og.
 Chaidh cliù a beus thar dhùthchannan,
 'S b' e sud 'bu dùchas dò,
 Le luchd nan dàn á Eirinn,
 Aig am bi na teudan ceòil.
 'M fear liath a tha 'n Loch-Airceig,
 Gur a h-ait leis thu bhi beò.
 Is caraid do 'n iar! Ileach thu,
 A rinn am mì-sta mòr;
 Mharbhadh rìgh fir Mhuile leis,
 'S cha d' rinn sud buinig dò.
 Is caraid do thriath Bharra thu,
 'S gun neach a thoibheim beò.
 Mo dhùrachd rath is sonas duit,
 'S gach toileachadh ri d' lò!

Alexander MacLeod of Dunvegan, Alasdair Crotach, married a daughter of Cameron of Lochiel, and by her had William, Donald, and Tormod. William married Agnes Fraser, daughter of Lord Lovat, and had Mary. Mary was married first to Duncan Campbell of Auchinbreck, and secondly to MacNeil of Barra. By her first husband she had Sir Dugald Campbell of Auchinbreck, Dùghall Og, and by her second husband a son who succeeded his father in Barra. Tormod, second son of Alasdair Crotach, married Marion, daughter of Hector Mòr MacLean of Duart, and by her had William, Rory Mòr, Alexander, and others. Hector Mòr of Duart had Hector Og, Marion, and others. Hector Og married a daughter of the Earl of Argyll, and by her had Lachlan Mòr, Mary, and others. Mary was the mother of James MacDonald of Islay, the "iar! Ileach" of the song. Lachlan Mòr, "rìgh fir Mhuile," was slain in 1598. Rory Mòr of Dunvegan succeeded his brother William in 1590, and died in 1636. Allan Cameron of Lochiel died at an advanced age in 1647.

BIODH 'N DEOCH SO 'N LAIMH MO RUIN.

Luinneag—Biodh an deoch so 'n laimh mo rùin,
 Slàinte le fear an tùir;
 Biodh an deoch so 'n laimh mo rùin.

Sùil ga 'n tug mi thar mo ghuala,
 Sheall mi air a chuan gu dlùth.

Chunna mi long thar nan caoiltean,
'S fear mo ghaoil a teannadh rium.

Bu sgairteil i a tigh'nn troimh 'n fhairge,
'S coltas laimh-dheirg air an stiùir.

Chunna mi a staigh mu 'n Mhaoil i,
'S badan fraoich am bàrr a siuil.

'Nuair a chunnaic mi air sàil i,
Bheannaich mi 'n long bhàn air tùs.

Bheannaich mi 'càbaill 's a h-achdair,
A buill-bheirte 's a cairt-iùil.

Dhìrich e mach gual' a bhealaich,
Fear dh' am math a thig bròg ùr ;

Fear dh' am math a thig an t-éileadh,
Calpa cruinn fo 'n fhasan ùr ;

Boineid ghorm a chosgadh gini,
Slat de ribinn dubh na 'cùil.

Bu dàna leam thu ràdh am balach
Ri Mac-Mhic-Ailein nan tùr.

Mac an athar b' fheàrr na t' athair-s',
An gnìomh, an tapadh, 's an cliù.

'S mairg a shamhladh Cola creagach
Ri Dun-bheagain no Duntuilm.

Oladh no na òladh càch e,
Bidh mo chàrt-s' air ceann a bhùird.

Cha 'n fhaca mi òl an t-seipein,
Gus 'n do sheas mi ann bhur cùirt.

'S e a chleachd mi òl nan gallan
Ann an tall' am biodh a mhùirn.

'S e a chleachd mi òl an fhiona,
'S iad ga 'riaghladh mu na bùird.

Ged a tha mi 'n so an Cola,
B' e mo thoil a dhol do Rùm.

'S rachainn as a sin do dh-Uibhist,
Ach mo ghuidhe a dhol leam,

'Chòimhead Muime chaoin nam mac
A rinn an t-altrum air a glùin,

'S mur a bhith gur tu mo bhràthair,
'S mi nach àicheadh idir thu.

I got the foregoing song from Jane Macleod, Sìne Mhòr nan Oran. She gave me the following account of its origin:— A daughter of Macdonald of Moidart had a child by one of her father's servants. The child was placed in charge of a woman in Uist, "muime nam mac." The girl went to Coll, and spent several years there as a tablemaid in the castle. On a certain day Maclean of Coll expected a visit from the son and heir of Clanranald. As he did not come when expected, the laird of Coll happened to say, "Cha tig am balach an diugh." Young Clanranald was greatly charmed with the tablemaid, chiefly because she resembled his erring sister. When he was ready to leave Coll she sang the song to him. He was glad to find her, and took her with him to Uist.

TUIREADH.

Le Fhionnghal Chaimbeul, Baintighearn a Chola.

Turus mo chreiche 'thug mi 'Chola!
Rinn iad mo leab' aig an dorus,
Comaidh ri fearaibh 's ri conaibh;
'S thug iad am bràisd as mo bhroilleach,
'S m' usgraichean 's mo chneapan corrach,
'S thug iad sud do Sheonaid dhona.

'Sheonaid air nach cinn an sonas,
Nior fhaiceam do chlann an coinnimh,
'S nior fhaiceam am blàr fo 'm boineid.—
Eachainn Ruaidh de 'n fhine dhona,
'S coma leam ged theid thu dholaidh,
'S ged a bhiodh do shliochd gun toradh.

'S truagh nach robh mi 'n Inbhir-Lòchaidh,
'S gu'm faicinn da shùil mheallaich Dhòmhnaill,
An t-òg fearail, smearail, bòidheach,
Mun spionadh fitheach iad no ròcais,
'S aghaidh Dhonnachaidh chalma, chròdha,
Laoch gun tiomadh ri uchd còmhraig.

Eudail de dh-fhearaibh an t-saoghail,
Cha 'n fhaic mise bean ga d' chaoineadh
Eadar Sorasdal 's an Caolas,
Breacachadh is Tota-Raonail.

'Cha b' ionnan sud is Inbhir-aoraidh,
Bhiodh na mnathan ann a ghlaodhaich,
'S gruagaichean 's an cuailein sgaoilte.

'S iomadh sùil 'tha 'n diugh a sileadh
Mu Acha-nam-breac am bun a ghlinne,
Caisteal Suibhn mu'n iadh an linne,
Carnasaraidh 'm bi na gilleann,
Is thall mu cheann Lochà-giorra.

Nan robh mis' an Inbhir-aoraidh,
'S ann an sin a bhiodh a ghlaodhaich;
Rachadh an glaoth thar mo ghlaoidh-sa;
Cha b' ionghnadh sin, bu mhor an t-aobhar.

Nan robh mis' an lagan Ghlasraidh,
'S ann an sin a bhiodh a bhasraich;
Falt an cinn dol fo na casaibh,
'S iad a caoidh gu cruaidh mar thachair.

Nan robh mis' an Inbhir-Lòchaidh,
'S claidheabh dà-fhaobhair am dhòrnaibh,
'S neart agam gu m' mhiann is eòlas,
Dheanainn fuil ann, dheanainn stròiceadh,
Air na Leathanaich 's Clann-Dòmhnail;
Bhiodh na h-Eireannaich gun deò annt,
Is na Duibhnich bheirinn beò as.

Duncan Campbell of Achinbreck married Mary, only child of William Macleod of Dunvegan, and by her had Dugald and two daughters. Dugald was created a baronet in 1628. He married Mary Erskine, grand-daughter of the Earl of Mar, and by her had Duncan, Florence, and others. He died in 1643. Sir Duncan commanded the Campbells at the battle of Inverlochy in 1645. He was slain by Alasdair Mac Colla. Florence was married to John Garbh, eighth Maclean of Coll, and had Hector Roy, John, Ewen, Florence, Janet and Una. Hector Roy fought at the battle of Inverlochy under Sir Lachlan Maclean of Duart. He was thus in the unpleasant position of being fighting against his maternal uncle. Tradition asserts that John Garbh's wife became deranged after the battle of Inverlochy. She died about 1648. The following chorus seems to have been used in connection with the song:--

A Bhadain, o, i, u, Bhadain!

A Bhadain, o, i, u, Bhadain.

It will be noticed that "Tuireadh Baintighearna Chola," and "Alasdair a laoi gh mo chèille," by Dorothy Brown, are both in the same measure. They were composed about the same time, and are about equal in bitterness.

ORAN BROIN.

Mairi Chamaran, nighean Fear Challaird.

A Mhic-Dhonnachaidh Inbhir-atha,
Is coimheach a ghabhas tu 'n rathad;
Ged tha Mairi Chamaran romhad,
'S òg a chaill mi riut mo ghnothach.

Rìgh, gur mis' a th' air mo sgaradh,
Bhi dol le fear eil' a laighe,
Is m' fhear féin air cùl an taighe,
Sealgair nan damh donn 's nan aighean.

Eudail a dh-fhearaibh na Dàlach,
Thug thu mach a taigh na plàigh mi,
Far an robh m' athair 's mo mhàthair,
Mo phiuthar ghaoil 's mo choignear bhràithrean.

Eudail a dh-fhearaibh na gréine,
Thog thu taigh dhomh 'n coill nan geugan,
'S bu shunndach ann mo laighe 's m' éirigh;
Cha b' ionghnadh sud, oir b' ùr mo chéile.

A plague carried off Cameron of Callart and his wife and all their children, except Mary. Patrick Campbell, son and heir of Campbell of Inverawe, was in love with Mary, and went to see her. At his request she walked to the sea, stripped off her clothes, and washed herself thoroughly. She then wrapped her lover's plaid around her and went off with him. He took her to Inverawe and married her. He built a house in the woods for her, and kept her there three months. He then took her home to live with him. He was severely wounded at the battle of Inverlochy in 1645, and died shortly afterwards. His father forced the young widow to marry the Prior of Ardchattan. The husband of her choice and love was buried near her new home. For the Prior she had no love, and, of course, no happiness with him.

CHUNNA MISE MO LEANNAN.

Luinneay—Na hi ù i ho-rin ó,
Na hi ó chall éile;
Na hi ù i ho-rin ó.

Chunna mise mo leannan,
'S cha do dh-aithnich e 'n dé mi.
Chunna mise mo luaidh
'Dol seachad buaile na spréidhe ;
'S e a direadh a bhealach,
Air each glas nan ceùm eutrom.
Cha do dh-fhiosraich, 's cha d' fharraid,
'S cha do ghabh e mo sgeula.
Cha b' ann aige bha choire,
Ach nach d' fhuirich mi féin ris.
Gur h-ann shuas air an àiridh
Thug mi, 'ghraidh, a chiad spéis duit.
Bhiodh do ghunn' air do ghualainn
Dol a ruagadh na h-éilde :
'S gheibhteadh fuil an daimh bhallaich
Ann am bannan do léine.
Cha taobh mise fear bàta
Ged a chàradh e bréid rith'.
'S mor gu'm b' fheàrr leam fear mullaich,
D' am biodh grunnan beag spréidhe.
Fear a rachadh do 'n mhunadh
Le a ghunna mu 'n eirinn.
Tha mo gaol-s' de na còmhlainn
Anns a chòmhrag nach géilleadh.
Sian nan soraidh 's an Dòmhnach
Le Clann-Dòmhnail nan geur lann,
Luchd nan calpanna troma,
Nan cùl donna 's nan réidh bhàs.
Luchd nam musgaidean dubha,
'Dheanadh bruthadh is reubadh.
Luchd nan claidheanna geala,
'Chuireadh faileas ri gréin diu.
Is luchd tarrainn nam biodag,
'Bhiodh air criosan an fhéile.
Thug iad mionnan a Bhiobuill
A dol sìos gu Allt Eireann,

Nach cuirt' claidheabh an truail leo,
 'S am biodh buaidh le Rìgh Seurlas,
 'S gus am faict' a luchd-fògraidh
 'Dol 's na còrdaibh na 'éirig.

TIGHEARN OG LOCHA BUIDHE.

Luinneag—Call uilirinn i,
 'S call uilirinn ó,
 Hó ró 'n t-Eileineach,
 Call eile hó ho ró.

Cò a chunna mi seachad
 Air an each ud 'n a leum?
 Cò a bh' ann ach am Muileach,
 An t-òg furanach, treun;
 Tghearn' òg Locha-Buidhe
 Is a bhuidheann na 'dhéidh,
 Bu tu sealgair na h-eala,
 'S a gheòidh ghlaig air an sgéith.

'Nuair a rachadh tu 'n mhunadh
 Bhiodh do ghunn' air dheagh ghleus;
 Bhiodh do ghunn' air do ghualainn,
 'S tu a ruagadh an fhéidh.

Bhiodh do mhial-choin air lomhainn,
 Cuid diu romhad 's na d' dhéidh,
 'S nuair a thigeadh tu dhachaidh,
 B' e do chleachdadh an réit'.

Bhiodh do thaigh an deagh uidhim,
 Aig nighinn 'b 'fhearr beus;
 'S bhiodh do sheòmraichean cadail
 Air an lasadh le céir.

Aghaidh fhathail gun ghruaman,
 Cas 'bu luainiche ceum:
 'S mòr an spionnadh a fhuair thu,
 'S i do ghual' a bha treun.

'S tric a chùin mi riut coinneamh
 Ann an coille nan geug,
 'S tric a ghabh sinn an t-anmoch
 Gu bhi seanchas ri chéil'.

Ciod a dh' fhairich, no 'chual' thu,
No a fhuair thu mu m' dhéidh 'n.
'Nuair a dh' fhàs thu cho fuar rium,
'S e bhi 'n uaigneas domh féin.

Cha 'n 'eil gin 's an Roinn-Eòrpa
'N diugh a phòsainn ad dhéidh—
Ach, a nionagan òga,
Bithibh seòlta 's gach ceum.

—Bho Shìne Nic Leoid.

ORAN AIR SIR IAIN.

Tha mi 'm shuidh' air Strath-Riabhach,
Ho i no hu ó;
'S fada, fiadhaich mo shealladh,
No ho i no ho i,
No i ri ri no hu ó.

'S fada, fiadhaich mo shealladh,
Ho i no hu ó;
B' fhearr gu'm faicinn Sir Iain,
No ho i no ho i,
No i ri ri no hu ó.

'S e na 'thighearna thall ud,
'S cha bhiodh bodaich an t-sùghain
'Gabhail cunntais na t' fhearann;
B' fhearr gu'm faicinn a nìos thu
An glaic dìollaid air seang each.

—Bho Alasdair an Ridge.

IAIN DUBH NA H-UAMHA.

Is òganach deas suaice thu,
Ged thuirt càch Iain Dubh na h-uamha riut;
Is tric an comunn uaislean thu
Gach uair a bhios tu 'g òl.

Is tric an comunn, àc.

Ag òl gu sunndach, suigeartach,
Gun stuirt, gun ghruaim, gun bhriogaireachd;
Cha stòp a ghlaodhar idir leat,
Ach slige mar-ri còrn.

'S ann dh' fhiosraich a bhean-sheinnsè dheth,
Ga 'fharraid, is i faighneachdail,
Cò e 'n duine uasal aoibheil so
Tha cur a choibhneis oirnn?

Ma 's i do thoil 's do shìobhaltachd
Do staoileadh fearainn innse dhomh,
Gu'n toir mi botul fiona duit
Is seilbh air nìonaig òig.

An Uamha Mhór an Ile
'S i mo staoileadh fearainn chinntich i;
'S bho Chlann Mhic Dhiarmaid shìolaich mi
'S bho Anna nighean Mhic Ceol.

Is cìnnteach ma 's fear fearainn thu
Nach gabh thu bhuamsa a chailinn ud,
Ged bheirinn ceud bò bhainne dhuit,
'S dà dhusan gearran òg.

Cha ghabh mi-fhìn 's cha 'n fhiach leam i,
'S gur h-iomadh maighdean shìobhalta
Le 'h-aid 's le gùintean sìoda
'Tha gu cìnnteach orm an tòir.

Mo làmh gur sgiobair mara thu
Ad shuidhe air stiùir gu h-ealanta,
Ga 'h-iarraidh 'suas neo-aineolach,
'S i ceangailte na 'sgòid.

Thig còta dh' aodach Sasunnach
Mu d' ghuailibh sìos a spaisdearachd;
Thig spuir is bòtuinn 's ad ort,
Gruag mu d' mhuineal 's car dhe 'n t-sròl.

Gur sealgair féidh am beanntan thu,
An àird 's an ìseal ghleanntannan,
'S gur h-uasal brìgh do ranntannan,
'S tu 'n crann a dh' fhàs gun bhòsd.

Fear sùgach, aoibhneach, leannanach,
Nach d' fhòghluim a bhi aineolach;
Bu chùirteir am measg chaileag thu,
'S bu mhath leat 'bhi ga 'n còir.

ORAN GAOIL.

Oidhche dhomh 's mi 'n Druim a Chlachain
Nan clach snaighte, stéidheach,
Anns an teaghlach mhùirneach, mhaiseach,
Bhinneach, fharsuinn, fheumail,

Chualas ceol gun doigh air fhaicinn—
Bha mi fad ag éisdeachd—
'S cha chuala riamh cluas mo chlaiginn
Fuaim 'bu bhlasd' o theudan.

Sud na ridhlichean 'bu mhire,
Bhoidhche, bhinne 'dh' éisd mi,
Bho na meoir bu chaoile, ghille
'G iomairt air na teudan.
Mar cheol sith-bhruth no fuaim fìdhle
'N oigh a's finealt eugasg;
'S cuimir, bòidheach, eutrom, sunndach
Air an ùrlar réidh i.

Slat de 'n abhall bho na chùl i,
Blàthor, ùr fo ceud bhàrr;
An ribhinn ùr a's aille gnuis,
Nach do chuir dùil 's an eucoir.
Mo mhacmeanmna cha'n fhaic cearb oirr'
Ann an dealbh no'n eugasg;
'S tha sar fhoghlum 's a deagh ghiulan
'Cosnadh cliu thar cheud d' i.

Mar an daoimean thu 'measg mhaighdean
Ann an loinn 's an ailteachd;
Do chul bòidheach mar òr toinntte,
'S do ghnuis aoibheil, càirdeil.
Beul o 'm blasda Beurl' ga cleachdadh,
'S air nach stadadh Gaidhlig,
'Labhradh socrach, ciuin le foisdin,
'S mor do choltas tàbhachd.

Blàths is àbhachd tha nad chridhe,
Suidheachadh is nàire.
'S beusach, céillidh, glan an nighean;
'S dligheach dh' i 'bhi pàirteach.
Bràghad min a's geal ri 'fhaicinn;
Deud bho 'n dreachmhor gàire.
Gnùis na maise, suil an taitnis;
Oigh dh' am pailt deagh chàirdean.

Tha fìor chaoibhneas, gradh, is onair
Fuaight' ad bhroilleach sàr gheal;
Ort cha'n fhaicear gruaim no corruich,
'S toilicht', ciuin a ghnàth thu.

'S iomad sruthan mear tha bualadh
 Ri do ghruaidhean àluinn.
 'S tu geug nam buadh a's fìor ghlan snuadh,
 Gur dluth gach buaidh a fàs riut.

'S dluth gach buaidh 'tha 'fàs ri cheil' ort,
 Stuaime is céill gun ardan;
 Ainnir cheutach 's glaine beusan;
 'S ainneamh te do nàdair.
 Tha do dhreach air dhath nan leugan,
 Beul nach treig deagh àbhaist;
 'S tha gach dearrsadh 'th' anns an fheucaig
 'N cul nan reidh chiabh fàinneach.

Cas cho eutrom ri gath gréine
 Air na sleibhtean arda;
 Deud dlùth snasta, 's geal ri fhaicinn
 Mar ur shneachd' an fhàsaich.
 'S iomad treunfhear anns an dùthaich
 A tha 'n duil ri d' thàirsinn.
 Mo ghuidhe dian ri Rìgh nan dùl,
 Gun cleachd thu chuis mar b' all leinn.

Gun stiuradh Dia an oigh gun ghiamh
 Air àite miadhail, càirdeil;
 Air og fialuidh, stocail, ciallach,
 Mar bu mhiann le d' chairdean.
 Tha do nial mar òr ga shnìomh
 No mar a ghrian a dearrsadh,
 M' iarrtus fhein gum faicinn pòsd' thu
 Ri Iarl' òg nan Saileach.

Is nam faicinn 'm brat air fhilleadh,
 'S do dheagh chinneadh ard leat;
 'Ceangal cumhnanta fir ionaid,
 Ceann do chinnidh b' fhearr leam.
 Cha b' ionghnadh dhomh 'bhi air mo sheol
 Nam biodh tu pòsd' ri Gaidheal.
 Mar dheagh shlait oig de 'n teaghlach chòrr
 Dha 'n robh mo sheors' a pàigheadh.

Teaghlach na Cùile 's na Comraich
 'S dluth ri d' shloinneadh chairdean;
 Teaghlach fughantach na h-Alba
 'Fhuair an t-ainm 's an t-aite.

Gach ard uaisle 's cliu bu dual duibh
Anns an duan s' cha 'n àirmhear.
Gach ni 'tha bhuaith' de 'r cliu ri luaidh
'S e chunntadh suas an Clàrsair.

Do chomhradh cinn 'tha ghnath cho binn
Ri eoin a seinn san fhàsach.
Le teang' a chaoidh cha 'n fhaodar inns'
Cho boidheach, grinn 's a tha thu.
Tha t' inntinn chaomh lan daimh is gaoil
'S a tàladh inntinn chaich riut,
Bho chùl do chinn gu sàil do bhuinn
Gur h-àluinn leinn a dh' fhàs thu.

Oigh a ghrinnis, 's glan do shealladh :—
Corp deas, fallain, sunndach ;
Canail chùbhraidh mar an canal,
Cochan 's broilleach cuimte ;
Aghaidh mhìn gun roc na 'sealladh,
Aoidheil, aithneil, ionnsaicht' ;
Beul a labhras cainnt gu tairis,
Brioghail, modhail, pùnncail.

—Bho Sheoc Ruadh Siosal.

The foregoing poem was evidently composed by some prominent bard. It is far superior to the work of an ordinary song-writer.

ORAN GAOIL.

A chailin sin a's rò ghlan
A sheoladh air chuan,
Cha b' ann air a mhòintich
A dh' fhalbhadh tu uainn.
Thoir mo shoraidh còmhla
Gu cailin òig gun ghruaim,
'S i gun uabhar, gun àrdan,
Is àilteachd na 'gruaidh ;
Ciochan corrach air uchd soluis,
Broilleach a's glan snuadh ;
'S i 'n t-seirce tha nad' bhràigh'
Dha 'n d' thug mi mo ghràdh gu buan.
Do chùl buidhe lùbach
Mar dhrùchd air an fheur ;
'S corrach gorm do shùilean,
'S gur geal 's gur dlùth do dheud ;

Ruiteach dearg do ghruaidhean,
 'S gur suairce do bheul;
 Do shlios mar eal' air chuan
 No mar shneachd air uachdar gheug,
 Beul milis glé thairis
 Ceum banail réidh;
 'S gur binne leam do chòmhradh,
 Na crònan nan teud.

B' fhearr leam na mo chòta
 Ge b' òr e gu léir,
 Gu 'm bidhinn is tu pòsda
 Le còir bho na chléir,
 Bho 'n 's tu mo chruit cheòlair,
 Mar smeoraich nan geug;
 'S math mo bharail fhad 's is mairean
 Mi air talamh réidh,
 Nach beag an t-aobhar bròin domh,
 Gun phòig bho do bheul.

Cia mar stòlas m' inntinn
 Gun innleachd bho léigh?
 Cha b' ann air a bhileach
 A dh' imich thu, 'n ceum;
 Cha b' ann le crodh nan gleann,
 Cha dean mi drann de 'n bhréig,
 Cha 'n eich is cha 'n àigich
 A thàir mi na'n déidh.
 Gach ni chleachd mi bhi as m' easbhuidh
 Bho 'n taice so 'n dé;
 'S an troigh nach lùb am feòirnean,
 Bu mhòdhaire leum.

—Bho Sheoc Ruadh SiosaI.

ORAN

Air Crò-chlach, nuair a ghabh an Ceannaiche Ruadh
 air mhàl e ré thri-fichead bliadhna.

Le Domhnall Friseal.

Tha mo chàirdean-sa tàmh gu tric
 Mu Shrath-Braoin is da thaobh an uisg',
 Ach a Bhràghad cha dean mi h-àicheadh
 Ge mór an calldachd tha 'n dràs nam measg.

Cha 'n 'eil caileag an diugh san tìr
Nach 'eil fo chailigu dubh is cìr;
Cùram orra nach faigh iad leannan
O'n chaill iad 'n gleannan 's am biodh an nì.

Cha bheag an t-ìoghnadh dhuinn bhi fo bhròn
Dur thigeadh àm dhuinn a dhol do 'n chrò;
'S na gearrain shunndach a falbh d'a ionnsaigh,
'S ann air an Fhionndainn a bhiodh an deòin.

Cha bheag an t-ìoghnadh dhuinn bhith fo bhròn;
Dur thigeadh àm dhuinn a dhol do 'n chro,
Na gearrain stàbuill gun àit an tàmh iad,
'S b' e sud am fàsach gu'n cumail beò.

Cha bheag an t-ìoghnadh dhuinn bhith fo bhròn;
Nuair thigeadh àm dhuinn a dhol do 'n chrò;
Gach caileag ghuamach a falbh le buarach,
An cròdh mu'n cuairt d' i 's na laoigh 's a chrò.

Uilleim Dhòmhnaillach, òlaich shuairc,
'S tric a chaidh tu am mach air chuairt,
Cha d' mharbh thu 'n t-uain oirnn no fu na caorach,
'S cha d' leig thu 'n caolanan air gach bruaich.

Bha Uilleam Dòmhnallach ann car treis
A ghleidheadh feoir ann gu teoma, deas;
Dur theid e Bhàideanach dh' iarraidh mhàil orr'
Bidh crathadh làmh ann air son nan each.

Cha 'n fheil e 'n taobh so de Ghleann an Eoin,
Gleann eile b' àilte leam na an crò,
Srath Eireann làmh ris 's gu'm faigh iad pàirt dheth,
'S gu'm bi na Bàideanaich dheth fo bhròn.

'S ann am Bàideanach urad, shuas,
Tha a thàmh aig a Cheannaich' Ruadh;
Cha bhi mi sàbhailt 's an déidh a chàradh
'S a chiste chlàraidh 's a cheann 's an uaigh.

'S ann am Bàideanach urad, shuas,
Tha a thàmh aig a Cheannaich' Ruadh;
Frasan luaidhe na 'sgaoth mu chluasan,
'S mur toir e buaidh air gu'm faigh e 'm bàs.

—Bho Ealasaid Nic-an-Tòisich.

COMHRADH EADAR FEAR AGUS NIGHEAN A THACHAIR AIR.

Esan.

Latha dhòmhsa falbh ri gaillinn
 Taobh na coille bige, bòidhich,
 Chunnaic mi a tigh'nn am choinnimh
 Maighdeann bharail nan ceum mòdhar;
 Sheas mi 's labhair mi gu caoibhneil
 Ris a mhaighdinn mhaisich, bhòidhich—
 “Gu'm beannaich an sealbh thu 'nighean,
 Ort a tha mo chridhe deònach.”

Ise.

Amhuil dhuit na briathran ceudna,
 'S ann dhuit féin a mhilsean bhòidhich;
 Cha 'n e 'm fàth mu bheil thu bruidhinn
 Dh' fhàg mo chridhe 'n diugh cho brònach,
 Ach nach faca mi mo leannan
 Bho cheann tamuill de Dhi-dòmhnach;
 Dhiùlt na glasaich bha 'm Poll-Iu mi,
 'N déidh dhom crùn a chur na'm pòcaid.

Esan.

'Na'm bu mhise féin na glasaich
 Dheanainn t' àiseag-s' bho Dhi-dòmhnach—
 Comharl' bheirinn ort, a nighean,
 Thu bhi suidhicht, gun bhi gòrach;
 Na tog balach air laimh laghaich
 Mur ceud roghainn leis do phòsadh:
 Na tagh fear air sgàth a bhriathran—
 Eisd ri siol nan daoine còire.

Na gabh Rosach, 's na gabh Rothach,
 Na gabh gnothach riu am pòsadh,
 Seachainn iad mar dhaoine coimheach,
 Cha dean iad dhiot ach beothach brònach;
 Tagh duin' uasal de Chlann Choinnich,
 'S a chaoidh cha shloinnear thu ad ònar;
 'S ma dh' éireas dhuit gu'm beir thu mac dha,
 Pàighidh e do thochradh còmhla.

—Bho Ealasaid Nic-an-Tòisich.

Tha e soilleir gur h-e Mac Coinnich a bha 's an fhear a
 bha labhairt ris an nighinn.

ORAN LE SAIGHDEAR.

'S mise Donnachadh Bàn Mac Neachdain,
'S mi air astar do bhràigh Lite,
Dìreadh am mach ri Màin-a-Chreagain,
'S mi an teagamh 'm feasd nach till mi;
Is dur sheallas mi ri m' bhrògan,
Fàth mo bhroin 's cha 'n fhaod mi innse;
'S dur a sheallas mi ri m' chasan,
'S mór mo thlachd na m' ghartan Ileach,
Cha doir caileag bhòidheach pòg dhomh,
Their i rium gur saighdear Rìgh mi.

Hu bha hó, tha mi fon liònna dubh.

—Bho Ealasaid Nic-an-Tòisich.

ORAN LE DROBHAIR.

Luinneag—Ho ró, mo ni 'n dubh ghuanach;
Ho ró, mo ni 'n dubh ghuanach;
Mo ni 'n dubh, chruinn, dubh, ghuanach,
Mo luaidh air an nighinn duibh.

Gur mise th' air mo sgéileadh
Nach cluinn mi 'n crodh 's a gheumraich,
Ach fifeachan ga'n gleusadh,
Is beus air an drum a 'cluich.

Ged bhidhinn-sa na m' chòirneal
Is réisimeid fo m' òrdagh
Cha ghabhainn bean am pòsadh
Le m' dheoin ach an nighean dubh.

Is là dhomh siubhal bheanntan
Air leam gu'm fac mi seann duin';
'S nuair tharruinn mise teann air
Co bh' ann ach an nighean dubh!

Ort féin tha mhaise dhealbhach,
Falt dubh is gruaidhean dearga;—
Air leam nach d' rinn mi dearmad
Nuair shealg mi mo nighean dubh.

'Nis innsidh mis' a dealbh dhuibh,
Tha bilean tana 's dearg aic;
'S tha deud air dhreach an airgid
An carbad na h-ighinn duibh.

Nam bithinn-sa na m' dhròbhair
 A siubhail bheann is mòintich,
 Gu'n ceannaichinn deise bhòidheach
 Le sòlas do m' nighinn duibh.

'S nam bithinn-sa na m' thàillear
 A dh' fhuaigheadh leis an t-snàthaid,
 Gu'n deanainn paidhir làmh'nean
 Do m' ghràdhaig, an nighean dubh.

Nuair dh' fhalbhas bhuainn an samhradh
 'S a thig a staigh an geamhradh;
 Ged chosdainn càraid ghamhna
 Bidh danns' aig mo nighinn duibh.

Mar bhliadhna tha gach là leam,
 Bho sheachdain gus am màireach,
 'S an ruig m ceann Loch Sàile
 Far 'n d' fhàg mi mo nighean dubh.

Is ann aig ceann Loch-Ile
 A dhealaich mi ri m' nìonaig—
 O, b' fhearr leam agam fhìn i
 Na mìle té eile 'n diugh.

—Bho Ealasaid Nic-an-Tòisich.

AILEAN GRIOGARACH.

Bha mac duine uasail ann an Rainneach a togail a suas ri nighinn bhochd. Chaidh e shealltainn oirre, 's fhuair e a buain i maille ri feadhainn eile. Do bhrìgh is nach robh moran duil aice ris bha i a ceadachadh do shuireach eile tighinn a shealltainn oirre. Cho luath 's a thainig a sean leannan dh' fhag i am fear ùr aig na h-igheannan eile. Phòs i-fein Ailein Griogarach.

Luinneag—O 'se mo rùn, mo rùn, mo rùn,
 O 'se mo rùn an Griogarach;
 O 'se mo rùn, mo ghaol, 's mo luaidh e,
 Ge b' e uair a thigeadh e.

O, chunna mise seachad suas
 An t-òigear uasal sgiobalta:
 A chlaidheabh glachdt' aige na laimh
 'S a ghunna lan mar thigeadh da.

Bu ghrad a dh' fhaighneachdadh , co e ?
Do chàcn cha b' aithne idir e,
Is suil dha 'n d' thug mi seachad suas,
Co bh' ann ach Ailein Griogarach.

Is bòidheach thu 's gur glan do ghruaidh,
'S gu bheil thu uasal, ceanalta,
Cha 'n eol domh cron a th' ort fo 'n ghréin
Mur creid iad sgeul nan caileag ort.

Mur can iad riut gur searbh do ghloir
'N uair 'dh' éireas seol na misge ort ;
Ach coma leatsa de their càch,
A ghaoil 's a ghraidh bidh mise leat.

Air m' fhacal 's e mo rùn an t-òg
Tha eòlach air a h-uile ni ;
An t-òganach a's guirme sùil,
Dha 'n tig an cul donn ribineach.

Mo chrìos-sa ceannaich air an fhéill,
Mo lamhainnean fein 's mo ribinean ;
Is fuath cha toir mi dhuit ri m' bheò
Ged 's poitear am measg cuideachd thu.

'S a nionagan labhraibh gu réidh,
Na cuiribh breug no sgainneal orm :
Tha chaingis oirnn a teannadh dluth,
'S le sunnd bheir mise Rainneach orm.

Am fear ud fagaidh mi na'm dheidh,
Cha 'n fhaod mi fein bhi fanachd ris,
Gu luath biodh te agaibh na 'dhàil ;
Air gràdh gur math an airidh e.

Gur goirt an speach a tha fo m' chèn,
Tha m' inntinn lionte, muladach ;
'S mo shul gu dluth a sileadh dheur
An deidh na fhuair mi dh' fhuaran deth.

Is tric a fhuair mi 'choibhneas beoil,
An t-òigear boidheach furanach ;
Is tric an uaigneas 'fhuair mi 'phòg—
Ri m' bheò cha 'n fhaigh mi tuilleadh dheth.

—Bho Ealasaid Nic-an-Tòisich.

NIONAG OG AN OR-FHUILT DUINN.

Luinneag—Nionag òg an òr-fhuilt duinn,
Tha cainnt do bheoil na 'cheol ro bhinn;
Thug t' àilleachd bàrr air àl gach linn,
'S gur mór 'tha loinn na firinn ort.

Nuair a thàinig mi do 'n àite,
Is mi fada bho mo chàirdean,
Fhuair mi uasal, suairce, càrdeil,
Maighdean bhàn nam miog-shuilean.

Nighean an fhir ruaidh o'n Apuinn
Air an taobh a tuath de 'n aiseag,
O ghleann uaine gorm nan gaisgeach
'Thogadh creach nan Liobhannach.

Tha do chàirdeas ri Gleann-Comhann
'S ri Glean-Cuaich an t-sluaigh neo-choimhich;
Càirdeas mòr is sloinneadh domhann;
Co bu chomhard sìnnse riut?

Tha do ghruaidhean mar an t-siris,
Sùil mar dhriuchd air chùl a ghlinne,
T' aghaidh chiuin a giulan grinnis,
'S beul 'bu bhinne, shiobhalta.

Chi mi thu mar chraoibh an gàrradh,
Gach aon mheanglan 's iad fo bhlàth orr',
Drùchd nan speur orr' a dluth thèarnadh,
'S eoin nam bàrr ri binn cheol duinn.

Ged a gheibhinn aois mo sheanar,
'S a bhì sgriobhadh 'h-uile mionaid,
'N coigeamh trian cha deanainn aithris
De mhaise na ribhinn ud.

—Bho Shìne Nic Leoid.

THA FALT MO CHINN AIR DOL GU LAR.

Tha falt mo chinn a dol gu làr
O'n chaidh thu Ghlasachu nan sràid;
Chuala mi gun d' thug thu gràdh
Do nighinn bhàin Mhic-Amhlaidh.

Ho ro Eileinich ho gu,
Ho i rithil ho i u;
Ho ro Eileinich ho gu,
'S ann 'tha mo rùn s' air Ghalldachd.

Ma rinn thu sin cha d' rinn thu 'chòir,
Cha b' e sin a gheall thu dhòmhs';
Gheall thu dhomh nam biomaid beò
Gu'm pòsamaid 's a Gheamhradh.

'S cìnnteach leam gur fìor a chùis
Mar thuirt an sean-fhacal air tùs,
Fad o 'n chridhe, fad o'n t-sùil;
Tha mis', a rùin, an call deth.

'S òg a thug mi dhuit mo ghaol
Ann an sgoil Mhic-Gille-mhaoil;
Na mo shuidhe ri do thaobh,
Bu chaomhail leam bhi cainnt riut.

Nuair a bhiomaid air an fhéill
Far 'm biodh cruinneachadh nan ceud,
Bu leam t' fhuran 's do ghean féin,
'S tu 'falbh gu ceutach làmh rium.

Nuair a thiginn gu do bhùth
Ged bhiodh ceudan mu na bùird,
Readh * tu seachad air an cùl * *i.e.*, rachadh
Gu crùn a chur am laimh-sa.

'S iomaid caileag 'th' ort an tòir
Cha 'n eil sud mar ioghnadh oirnn;
'S boidheach maiseach Domh'll Mac-Leoid
'S b' e 'n t-òganach gun mheang e.
—Bho Shìne Nic Leoid.

A MHAIGHDEAN OG NAM MEALL-SHUILEAN.

Luinneag—A mhaighdean òg nam meall-shuilean,
Gur h-òg 'thug mi mo ghealladh dhuit;
Nam faighinn thu le òrdagh cleir'
Cha 'n iarrainn spréidh no earras leat.

Cha 'n iarrainn stoc na stòras leat,
Do phearsa féin bu leoir leam e;
Cead bhi sìnte riut 's an leaba
Ann an cadal sòlasach.

Cha 'n iarrainn crodh no caoraich leat,
No tochradh bho do dhaoine leat;
Cha 'n iarrainn leat bò dhubh no ruadh,
Ged bhiodh na buailtean saor aca.

Chuirinn seol air aran duit,
Is an crodh laoigh gu bainne dhuit;
Chuirinn gearrain duit an croinn,
Is glinn fo chaoraich gheala dhuit.

Chuala mi, 's gur math leam e,
Gun d' thàinig thu do 'n bhaile so;—
Ribhinn òg 's a gruaidh mar ròs;
Cha chum cion òir mo leannan bhuam.

Bha dùil agam 'nuair dh' fhàg mi thu
Nach biodh fear eil' am àit' agad;
Ach 'nuair thionndaidh mi mo chùlaobh
Bha fear ùr 's do làmh aige.

'S i chùis a tha mi gearan oirr',
Nach d' fhuair mi còmhradh mionaide riut,
Nach d' fhuair mi urrad agus fàsgadh
Dhe do làimh 's an dealachadh.

Gur mis' a tha gu deireasach
Bho 'n sheol thu do dh-America;
An gealladh pòsaidh thug thu dhòmhsa
Dh' fhògair thu mu dheireadh e.

—Bho Shìne Nic Leoid.

MO ROGHAINN 'S MO RUN.

Latha dhomh 's mi siubhal àrd-bheann,
'S trom a thèarn an ceo orm.

Mo roghainn 's mo rùn a chunna mi 'n dé
Gun taghainn dhomh féin air bhòichid i;
Mo roghainn 's mo rùn a chunna mi 'n dé.

Latha dhomh 's mi falbh nam fuar-bheann
Thachair gruagach bhòidheach orm.

Bu ghorm a sùil, bu dearg a gruaidh,
Bu ghlan a snuadh 'a bu bhòidheach i.

Bha i foghainteach deas, àrd,
Is fiamh a ghàir' an còmhnuidh oirr'.

'S mi gu'm falbhadh leath air laimh
Ge b' ann do 'n Fhraing a sheolamaid.

Shuidh sinn air taobh tulaich ghrianaich,
'S dh' iarr mi 'n iasad pòg oirre.

Thog i 'ceann 's ghrad leum an t-àrdan,
'S bhuail e 'm bàrr na sròine i.

Thog i ri siubhal nan àrd
'S cha bhithinn-s' air fàireadh còmhla rith'.

Thuirt mi rith' i dheanamh dàil,
'S i 'chur gu làr a gòraiche.

Ma 's a fear thu th' air mo thàileabh
Ruig an t-àit an còir domh 'bhi.

Faigh toil m' athar is mo mhàthar,
'S toil an càirdean, 's cordaidh sinn.

Gheibh thu crodh leam agus meanbh spreidh
'S an t-airgiod geal na dhòrlaichean.

Cha 'n iarrainn bo dhubh na riabhach,
Riaraicheadh do bhòichead mi.

Bheirinn ginidhean air gùn,
'S gun toirinn crùn air brògan dhuit.

Cha bhi m' inntinn riumsa réidh
'S an toir a chléir le còir domh thu.

—Bho Mhairi Nic Fhionghain.

MAIRI DHUBH.

Luinneag—Mhàiri dhubh, o hù, o hó,
Mhàiri dhubh, ho rì, ho ró,
Mhàiri dhubh a's taitnich' leam,
Tha m' inntinn trom o'n dhealaich sinn.

Latha dhomh 's mi falbh nan sràid,
Co thachair orm ach mo ghràdh,
'S i toirt uisg' á tobar làn;
'S cha bhi mi slàn mur faigh mi i.

'S truagh nach robh mis' is mo ghaol
Air an taobh ud thall de 'n chaol,
'S mur a h-atharraich a ghaoth,
Gu'n seol sinn aotrom thairis air.

'S truagh nach robh mis' is tu féin
Anns a ghleann am biodh an spréidh;
'S binne thu na fiodhull theud
'S am beus an déidh a theannachadh.

'S ann ort féin a dh' fhàs a ghruag,
Air a pleatadh sìos na duail,
Ribhinn ùr ga 'ceangal suas,
Is prìne cluais ga teannachadh.

'S i mo cheist an nighean chaomh,
Air an d' fhàs a mhala chaol;
'S ann aig àiridh a chruidh laoigh
'Thug mis' an gaol nach aithreach leam.

Mhàiri dhubh a's gite còm,
'S bòidheach deas thu air do bhonn;
Thuit mo chridhe 's dh' fhàs e trom,
A ribhinn fhonnmhor, mheall-shuileach.

'S gur a mis' a tha gu tinn,
Dol a laighe 'n so leam fhìn,
Bantraichean 's iad rium a strì;
Cha taobh mi-fhéin te aigeannach.

Fhad 's a chì mo shùil a ghrian
'Tigh'nn bho 'n ear 's a dol do 'n iar,
Cha taobh mi fhìn te phreasach, liath,
'S a ciabhagan air tanachadh.

—Bho Mhairi Nic Fhionghain.

GU DE 'NI MI MUR FAIGH MI THU?

Tha mi mar smeoraich an crann
'Bhiodh an déidh a h-eoin a chall,
Seacharan air dol am cheann,
Gur beag 'tha 'shannt a chadail orm.

Luinneag—Hilinn o is hilinn ì,
Hilinn o is hilinn ì,
Oganaich 's na hó ro ì,
Gu de 'ni mi mur faigh mi thu?

'S e mo cheist an gille donn
'Rachadh an crannaig nan long;
Ged a bhiodh do phòca lom
Gun òr, gun bhonn, gun gabhainn thu.

'S e mo cheist an gille bàn,
Nach leigeadh a leannan le càch;
Teann a nall 's thoir dhomh do làmh,
Cha leig mi dàil na 's fhaide dhuit.

'S e mo cheist Mac-Gille-mhaoil,
 Broilleach geal na léine chaoil ;
 'S ann duit a thug mi mo ghaol
 'Nuair bha mi aotrom, amaideach.

'N giullan sin dha 'n dug mi gaol,
 Nach robh fichead bliadhn' a dh-aois ;
 Nam bu leamsa fearann saor
 Gur tus' a ghaoil a gheibheadh e.

'S ged nach 'eil an gill' ach òg,
 Tha e misneachail gu leòir ;
 'S nuair a gheibh e long fo sheòl
 Cha tig e 'chòir an fhearainn so.

—Bho Mhairi Nic Fhionghain.

DUANAG GHAOIL.

Hó, gur mise tha fo bhròn
 'Còimhead na luinge fo sheòl ;
 Tha mo leannan air a bòrd,
 'S e cur òrdaigh mu cuid chranna.

Luinneag—Fo dhubhar nan craobh 's nam beann,
 O 's ann tha mo ghaol-sa thall,
 Sgiobair thu air luing nam ball ;
 'S ann tha m' annsachd air a mharaich'.

Hó, gur mise 'tha fo ghruaim,
 'Còimhead na luing' air a chuan,
 'Stiuireadh seachad 's i 'dol bhuainn,
 'S muir na 'studadhan suas ri 'darach.

Hó, gur mis' a th' air mo chràdh
 Bho 'n la 'dh' fhalbh thu bhuainn air sàil.
 Mur a till thu rium gun dàil,
 Bidh mo chàirdean orm a fanaid.

Dh' fhalbhainn fasach leat is fonn,
 Shiubhlainn leat air bhàrr nan tonn ;
 'S ann orm féin dh' eireadh fonn
 'N àm do d' luing a thigh'nn do 'n chala.

'N uair a thogadh tu do chùrs',
 Gu'm bu mhath thu air an stiùir ;
 'S cha bu mhios thu air a cùl
 'N am na siuil a chur air faradh.

NOTE.

I published "*Clarsach na Coille*," 371 pages, in 1881; *Hymns* by Maclean and Macgregor, 215 pages, in 1881; the *Glenbard Collection*, 406 pages, in 1890; the *Gaelic Bards* from 1411 to 1715, in 1890; the *Gaelic Bards* from 1715 to 1765, in 1892; John Lòm Macdonald's *Poems*, 137 pages, in 1895; the *Gaelic Bards* from 1775 to 1825, in 1896; the first volume of the *Maclean Bards* in 1898; the second volume of the *Maclean Bards* in 1900; "*Mactalla nan Tur*," which is a supplement to the *Gaelic Bards*, in 1901; "*Filidh na Coille*," which is in reality the third volume of the *Maclean Bards*, in 1901; Alexander Mackinnon's *Poems*, 48 pages, in 1902; and the *Gaelic Bards* from 1825 to 1875, in 1904. "*Mactalla nan Tur*" fills up the gap in the *Gaelic Bards* between 1765 and 1775, and gives a number of additional poems for the period between 1400 and 1875. The *Gaelic Bards* and "*Mactalla nan Tur*" contain 975 pages, and give poems by 233 known bards or song-writers, and such biographical sketches as it was possible to give. If I were re-publishing the work, I would call it "*The Gaelic Bards of Scotland from 1400 to 1875*."

I have published all the poems in Dr Maclean's MS. Collection, and all the poems in John Maclean's MS. Collection, except a poem on the battle of Sheriffmuir, which is given on pages 20-24 of Volume XX. of the *Transactions* of this Society. I have taken poems from several of the printed collections, especially from Ranauld Macdonald's Collection, Gillies's Collection, Turner's Collection, and Dr Cameron's "*Reliquiæ Celticæ*"—all valuable works. Dr Maclean's MS. Collection contains 3600 lines; John Maclean's MS. Collection contains about 17,000 lines, exclusive of the collector's own poems. The poems and hymns by John Maclean, Dr Macgregor, and Dr Blair, I have taken from their own MSS., all of which are in my possession. To be strictly accurate, I should state that a few of John Maclean's later songs were not left by him in writing; these were obtained from men and women who had them by heart.

It is right that I should acknowledge my obligations to those who kindly assisted me, either by reciting poems to me, and thus enabling me to take them down, or by sending me poems which they themselves knew, or had obtained from others.

I took down from Ann Maclean, in Bailephuill, Tiree, 145 lines composed by her father, Donald Maclean (Domhnall

Cubair); from John Macgillivray, Antigonish, Nova Scotia, 416 lines by his father, John Macgillivray, piper to Macdonald of Glenaladale; and from John Macdonald (an Tailleair Abrah), 140 lines of Keppoch poetry, and also "Eachdraidh Dhòmhnaill Bhàin a Bhòchdain." John Chisholm (Seoc Ruadh) wrote down for me and sent me 515 lines that he had by heart. I took down from John Macdonald—Iain Mac Aonghais, mhic Alasdair, mhic Raonaill—about 200 lines. He came from Glencoe, and settled at Glenbard in 1834. He was born in 1801, and died July 22, 1895, aged 94 years. I took down from Elizabeth Mackintosh about 510 lines. She was born at Taigh-an-Fhraoich, in Aberarder, and was married to Donald Mackenzie at Tom-an-t-Sabhail. She came to Nova Scotia with her husband in 1822. She lived at the East River of Pictou. I took down from Alexander Macdonald (Alasdair an Ridge) 730 lines. He wrote down and sent to me 1120 lines. I thus got from him in all 1850 lines; all of which, and many more, he had by heart. He was born in 1823, and died February 27, 1904. He lived at Upper South River, Antigonish County. He belonged to the Bohuntin branch of the Keppoch family. I took down from Mary Mackinnon—a sister of the publisher of *Mactalla*, the Gaelic newspaper—310 lines; and from Jane Macleod, in Caledonia, Prince Edward Island, 668 lines.

The Rev. Ranald Macgillivray, Arisaig, Antigonish County, collected 210 lines of Dugald Maceachern's poems for me. Of the poems in the Maclean Bards, I received 262 lines of old poems from Counndullie Morison, Aintuim, Mull; and about 1700 lines of modern poetry, by different authors, from Neil MacLaine, 2 Rutland Crescent, Glasgow.

Towards publishing the Gaelic Bards, I received from persons in Prince Edward Island and Nova Scotia \$120 in sums ranging between \$5 and \$10, and \$20 from the Caledonia Club, Charlottetown, P.E.I. Towards publishing the Maclean Bards, I received from persons in Britain, North America and Africa, \$124, in sums ranging between \$2 and \$10. I received also \$62 from Colonel Sir Fitzroy Donald Maclean, Bart., C.B., Chief of the Clan Gillean, and \$62 from Mr Maclean of Breda. My actual loss on publishing Gaelic poetry has been only \$190. Of course, I never received anything for my work. I presume, however, that all who undertake to collect and publish old Gaelic poems understand that they are to give their time and labour for nothing, and

also to give all the money that they can afford to give. Unfortunately there is neither a Carnegie nor a Strathcona to take an interest in Gaelic literature.

7th DECEMBER, 1905.

On this evening the following paper from the pen of the Rev. C. M. Robertson, Strontian, was read:—

FOLK-LORE FROM THE WEST OF ROSS-SHIRE.

The following examples of the folk-lore of the West of the County of Ross and Cromarty have been collected during the years 1900 to 1904. Many, perhaps most, of them can lay little claim to novelty, but they supply evidence of the inclusion of this district in their area of distribution. They have been gathered almost wholly in Lochcarron, Kenlochewe, and, more especially, Torridon and Little Lochbroom. The two latter places are among the less frequented and less known parts of the district. In "Gairloch: Its Records, Traditions, Inhabitants, and Natural History," by Mr J. H. Dixon, a book whose high merits are well known, the folk-lore of that parish is well represented, and much of what comes under one or other of the sub-divisions of Folk-lore has found a place in various volumes of our Society's Transactions. Most of what is contained in the following pages belongs to the special division of Superstition. Of folk-lore matter noted, topographical sayings, communal nicknames and proverbs are not given. The last named, for the most part, are already known. Rhymes and sayings about places are plentiful. One that is said to have been uttered by Kenneth Odhar on first seeing the mountains named, is—

Beinn Eighe's Beinn an Eòin,
Beinn mhór a' Chearcaill duibh;
Liathach's a mac air a muin,
'S mairg air an tuiteadh an sac
Ann am bac mòine.

"Ben Eay and Ben of the Bird, the great Ben of the black Hoop; Liathach and her son on her back [in allusion to a boulder, it is said, on the eastern shoulder, or possibly to the humped appearance of that shoulder], pity him on whom the load should fall in a peat-bank." Kenneth, by the way, is credited also with a prediction that the Rathan of Liathach

will fall and overwhelm Fasag, and that the only one of the inhabitants of the hamlet to escape will be an old woman wearing a red flannel petticoat. Nowhere do nicknames for the inhabitants of districts and of hamlets seem to be so prevalent as here. In parts of the district not a single hamlet has escaped. The inhabitants of Lochcarron and those of Lochbroom are characterised respectively as Fithich dhubha Loch Carthann agus Clamhanan Loch Bhraoin—Black Ravens of Loch Carron and Buzzards of Loch Broom. The people of Gairloch are nicknamed Na Truisg, the Cods, but have amends made to them in Tuath-cheathairne [al. Ceatharnaich] Cheann-loch-iù agus daoine-uaisle Ghearrloch—the yeomanry [yeomen] of Kenlochewe and the gentlemen of Gairloch.*

The sentiment “ De mortuis nil nisi bonum ” is inculcated in—

“ Tha boineid beag biorach

Air Alastair Garbh..’

“ Ged a bhiodh e cho biorach

Ri snàthad no mionaidh,

Cha chòir bhi bruidhinn

Air fear tha marbh.”

“ There is a pointed little bonnet on Alastair Garbh.”

“ Though it were as pointed as a needle or an awl, one ought not to talk about a man who is dead.” The same is inculcated more tersely in “ Leig leis na mairbh,” “ Let the dead be.”

According to a very reliable informant, a woman who died near Torridon, thirty or forty years ago, left it as a last request that “ Deoch-slainge seann fhear Thoirbheartain,” “ The health of the old laird of Torridon,” should be drunk, and that “ Oran Srath a’ Bhathaich ” should be sung by the company at her funeral. Attempts to find confirmation of this report, and information about the song, were not successful. The old laird of Torridon, of course, had been in his grave for years. Whether any use other than the repetition of it as a curiosity is ever made of the following sentiment, or not, we are unable to say:—

“ Deoch-slainge an fheadhainn leis an caomh sinn,

’S cha’n e an fheadhainn is caomh leinn,

Gun fhios an fheadhainn is caomh leinn,

An caomh leo sinn.”

* A collection of topographical and communal sayings from this and other districts, by Mr William Mackenzie, has appeared in “ The Old Highlands.”

“ Here is the health of them who like us, and not of them whom we like, in case that they whom we like do not like us.”

The use of “ Mac an Tòisich ” (Mackintosh) as a name for whisky has doubtless been influenced by “ Ferintosh.” The following is possibly part of some song about whisky :—

“ ‘S e ‘n t-eorna buidh is athair dhomh,
 ‘S e ‘n t-atharnach mo sheanmhathair;
 Mise mac na poite duibhe
 Bhios ‘n a suidhe air a ghealbhan.”

“ The yellow barley is sire to me, the ‘ red-land ’ is my grandam, son am I of the black still that sits on the ingle fire.” In this district, ‘ atharnach ’ is explained popularly as ‘ ath-eorn-ach,’ and means land which has just borne ‘ green-crop ’ (potatoes and turnips), and which would next bear barley when that crop was grown.

As elsewhere, an itch in the nose is called ‘ meanmhainn,’ and betokens the coming of a friend, a letter, or news.

The sunwise-turn—*car-deiseil*—in leaving the shore with a boat, in at least some parts of the district, is still punctiliously observed.

The dark spots on either side of the haddock’s neck, according to some, are marks left by the thumb and forefinger of the Apostle Peter when he took the coin out of the mouth of the fish, and, according to others, show where the piece of money was found. A familiar saying is, “ Tha da bhall dubh air an adaig is earball fad air a’ chuidhteig,” “ The haddock has two black spots, and the whiting a long tail.” (Dative cases, however, are more disregarded than observed in the district, and the saying would be heard with ‘ adag ’ and ‘ cuidhteag ’).

The efficacy for warding off evil attributed in other districts to rowan, elder, and honeysuckle, is here associated in a special degree with the bird-cherry. The ‘ lunnaid ’ or pin of a ‘ buarach ’ or cow’s fetter must not be made of any wood but the bird-cherry; a walking-stick cut from this wood, as recorded in Mr Dixon’s “ Gairloch,” prevents the bearer from being lost in mist; and the call of the fairies for the materials for Macrae’s house at Clunes was—

Gach sgolb ‘s gach sgrath
 Gu tigh Mhic-ratha;
 Gach fiodh ‘s a’ choill
 Gu tigh Mhic-ratha,
 Ach eidhinn mu chrann is fiodhag dhubh.

“ Every pin and every turf for Macrae’s house ; every timber in the wood for Macrae’s house, excepting honeysuckle and black bird-cherry.” The rhyme of the builder of the house for Kennedy, Lianachan, also rejects the bird-cherry.

Any implement or tool made of iron, such as a coulter, a knife, or a needle, deprived witches and fairies of all power to harm. On the other hand, that metal was tabooed in gathering shell-fish and in lighting need-fire. If any iron implement were used on a beach producing shell-fish, the beach would be rendered utterly sterile for all time. In the feuds and animosities of the past, beaches that were famed for the abundance of their shell-fish are said to have been ploughed in order to render them worthless to the dwellers around. According to local traditions, the beach of Laig, in the island of Eigg, was thus treated by a hostile clan, and the great yellow beach of Barrisdale—*Tràigh mhór bhuidhe Bhàrasdail*—by the Tutor of Kintail. Need-fire to ward off a malady called ‘ *An Tinneas Dubh*,’ the black sickness, from cattle, was lighted by spinning an oaken auger in a holly beam—*torra daraich ann am maide cuilinn*. Allt Eiginn, at Little Lochbroom, in local belief, was the place at which need-fire—*teine-éiginn*—was lighted for that district, and was chosen for the purpose as being out of sight of the sea. It is possible, of course, that Allt Eiginn has been associated with need-fire—*teine-éiginn*—in consequence of the term ‘ *éiginn* ’ being common to both, and that the belief that the need-fire must be lighted out of sight of the sea has arisen from the fact of the burn in question being out of sight of the sea. In other districts conspicuous situations, and even mountain tops, were selected for the lighting of need-fire.

At Little Lochbroom, when a cat washes its face, it is a sign that the animal is to get either fish or flesh shortly. Where the omen is held to point only to fish, “ *Tha an cat a’ nigheadh éisg*, ” “ The cat is washing fish, ” is said. Where the omen is held to point to either fish or flesh, there is the danger that its fulfilment may be brought about by the death through mishap of one of the cattle or of the sheep, and to avert the evil a cuff is given to the cat to put a stop to its face-washing.

TOMAS CEANN-ORDAIG.

Once upon a time there was a couple who had been married for years and who had no children. The goodman said many a time that he wished he had a son. One day he

said, "I wish I had a son though he were not bigger than the head of my thumb." As he said so it happened. A son was born to him, and never grew bigger than the head of a man's thumb. Tómas—Thomas—was the name the boy got from his father, but because he was so little and because of what his father said before he was born, he was commonly called Tómas Ceann-òrdaig—Thomas Thumb-head, or just Ceann-òrdaig alone without Tómas. Owing to being so little, he often met with mishaps. One time he would fall into a great deep rat's hole, and would have to stay there till some one came and hoisted him up. Another time he would lose his way among the tall thick grass, and would have to call for some one to show him the way out. The great mishap of his life befell him one day when he was herding the cattle, and a heavy shower of rain came. When the great drops began to come splash upon the top of his head he did not like it. When they came bigger and faster and thicker he could stand it no longer, and took to his heels and hid himself under a dock leaf. Here he watched the raindrops falling and heard them splashing on every side, and he thought how safe he had made himself from them. But danger was nigh. The old brindled bull was feeding around, and what did he do but whip up the dock leaf and Thomas Thumb-head along with it, and bolt them both together into his stomach. Thomas was now in a woful plight, and could find no way of escape.

When the old folks saw that Thomas was long of coming home with the cattle, they went to see what was hindering him. They found the cattle, but him they could see nowhere. When he heard them searching for him, he sang out with all his might—

"A bheanagain 's a dhuineagain
Na bithibh-se gha m' iarraidh.
Tha mise na mo ghuraban
Am muin an tairbh riabhaich."

"O wifkie and manikin
From your quest of me withdraw,
For I am low a squatting here
In the brindled bull's great maw."

He was so smothered that he could not cry loud enough for them to hear, and so he had to remain where he was until the time came for the brindled bull to be killed. When the bull was killed, and its carcase divided, the woman who got its stomach put it into a creel to carry home on her back.

She came to a wide burn and leaped over it. No sooner had she done so than a voice came, as she thought, out of the creel on her back, and said, "You are not without marrow in you when you can leap the burn." The woman got such a fright that she let the creel fall to the ground and took to her heels. Before she dared come back for the creel a fox found it. He helped himself to as much as he could of what was in it and went off with Thomas Thumb-head among the rest. Two hunters saw the fox and chased him. To escape from them he took to a path that he had across the face of a high rock, but he was not able to pass that way that time. He had eaten so much that he could not keep his footing, and he fell over the rock. The hunters came and found him dead. When they were skinning the carcase, Thomas was terrified lest the knife might reach him, and he cried out, "Do not stick your little sharp knife into me, do not stick your little sharp knife into me." The hunters were not so easily frightened as the woman had been, and they searched till they found Thomas, and they took him home to the old folks. Ever after he was afraid to hide under dock leaves, and if rain began to fall while he was herding he thought it safer to creep under a peat or under a stone.

The narrator of the story said "gulluban" in the third line of the rhyme, and explained that it was for gurraban, squatting. The last line he gave as

"Am bun an tairbh riabhaich,"

and remarked, "It was bun we always said, but the word ought to be brù." The original word was no doubt that written variously muin, muine, and muinne, in dictionaries, and meaning stomach, etc,

Thumb-head is mentioned by Rob Donn in *Cumha nan Inghean* as déidh an Leannan:—

"Faodaidh Niall a' chuid is bòidheche
Thoirt an tòs na culaidh dhiubh,
'S a' chuid nach fhiach leis thoirt gu bord dhiubh
Ni Ceann-òrdaig gurraidh riu."

The occasion of the "Lament," as explained in a prefixed note, was the absence on military service of all the eligible young men of the district, with the exception of Neil Mackay, a sailor from Argyllshire and a silly trifling fellow nicknamed Ceann-òrdaig. Against that may be set the explanation of the Rev. Adam Gunn:—"Ceann-òrdaig, a diminutive

person—the Gaelic Tom Thumb who did wonderful feats, usually Iainidh Ceann-òrdaig—Johnnie head of thumb.” So far as appears from the “Lament” itself, the poet may well have meant the legendary character:—Neil might carry away the fairest of the maidens in his boat, and those whom he rejected would have “Thumb-head” [that is, “no one.”] to nestle by them.

THE HUNTERS AND THE MAIDENS.

Four men from Strathmore, who were hunting among the hills, sought shelter one night in the shieling at Airigh nan Guthach, between Loch Droma and Braemore. To while away the time, one of them supplied vocal music—puirt-a-beul—while the others danced. One of the dancers ere long gave utterance to a wish that they had partners. Presently four young women came into the hut. After some introductory conversation, partners were appropriated, one of the women seated herself by the musician, and dancing was resumed, and was now carried on with much more vigour and enjoyment. After some time spent thus, one of the men observed drops of blood falling from one of his companions. Concealing the alarm that the sight caused him, he told his partner that he wished to go outside for a little. She did her utmost to induce him not to go, and only when he proposed to let her hold an end of his plaid while he was without did she give a reluctant consent. Outside he pinned the free end of his plaid to the turf wall of the hut, and fled for his life. When his flight was discovered, his partner started in pursuit. Her companions spurred her on, calling—“Cha bu tu do mhàthair air t’ aois. A Stiana chaoil, nach beir thu air!”—“You are not your mother at your age. Slender Christina, can’t you catch him!” Christina wailed back—“Chaille mise mo dhubhach, ’s dh’ ith thusa do dhubhach”—“I have lost my *dubhach*, and you have eaten your *dubhach*.” Before she could overtake the fugitive, he found refuge in a horse fold at Fasa-grianach. Once he got in alongside of the horses she was powerless to harm him. When daylight came he gave the alarm, and a party of friends and neighbours went to the shieling, and found only the lifeless remains of the other hunters. The creatures with whom they had associated had sucked the blood from their bodies.

The story is told with some or other of the following differences. The number of the men was three. They were on their

way home over the Dirrie Mór to Lochbroom. They sought shelter in the hut from a storm. One of the dancers or the musician chanced to lower his glance, and saw that the women had hoofs. The musician stopped the music in his alarm, and his companions thereupon fell lifeless corpses. He started up to flee for his life. The woman at his side laid hold of his plaid to detain him. He threw off the plaid and fled. Her response to the incitement of her companions is—"Mise 's mo dhubhach, mise 's mo dhubhach"—"I and my *dubhach*, I and my *dubhach*!" In a "Guide to Ullapool and Lochcarron," published a few years ago, the name of the shieling is given as Airigh mo Dhubhach, and is derived from the wail of the mothers of the dead men—"àirigh mo dhubhach"—shieling of my sorrow—but the name, as we have heard it, is Airigh nan Guthach. The word *dubhach*, so far as could be ascertained, is obsolete, and its meaning unknown. The reference, however, is evidently to the blood sucked from the victims by the hags, and the term is doubtless to be compared with *dùbhaith*, a pudding, and *duthaich*, great gut, anus, sausage.

FAIRY SEATS.

The word *cathair*, a city, not *cathair*, a chair, be it observed, has the special meaning in the West of Ross-shire of 'fairy hill,' or 'fairy knoll.' The Welsh form of *cathair* is *caer*, and means 'wall, fort, city,' and it is a singular coincidence that Taliesin, to quote from Dr Macbain's "Celtic Mythology and Religion," "speaks of his place in *Caer Sidi*, doubtless the Irish *Side*, thus—

'Complete is my chair in *Caer Sidi*,

No one will be afflicted with disease or old age that may be in it.' "

'*Sithean*' occurs a few times in the district in the names of rounded hills of a much larger size than fairy knolls, and does not appear to be associated locally with the fairies. *Cathair* here, like *sithean* elsewhere, is extended to knolls of like description and dimensions with fairy knolls, whether expressly associated with the fairies or not. It enters into a number of names in the parish of Gairloch and the adjoining districts of Torridon on the south and Little Lochbroom on the north. The native name for Kerrysdale House at Gairloch is A' Chathair Bheag. The word is especially applicable to those hillocks or mounds composed of sand, gravel, and stones that are a feature in many Highland landscapes, and that are in

evidence in many places in the West of Ross-shire. Examples may be seen close to the railway line east of Strathcarron Station. The assemblage of such hillocks in Coire Ceud Chnoc, Corrie of a hundred knolls, is probably unique as regards both their number and their symmetry. As viewed from the public road between Kenlochewe and Torridon, every one of the knolls looks a perfect cone. The bottom of the corry, or small glen, is literally packed with them, and so far is the number mentioned in the Gaelic name from being exaggerated, that the English rendering of the name often is Corrie of the thousand knolls. Another assemblage a few miles away, in the upper end of Srath a' Bhàthaich, in Ben Damph forest, is less accessible, and, though less striking, is sufficiently remarkable, or would be, were it not so completely eclipsed by its rival. The knolls are not much, if at all, less symmetrical, but are smaller, more flattened in form, less numerous, and stand apart from one another. The Gaelic name for them is Na Mulcanan, the little heaps or lumps. A cluster of larger knolls of a similar kind, but of very irregular form, at the bridge at Annat, Torridon, is named Na Cathraichean, the plural of *cathair*. About two and a half miles from there, up Glen Torridon, is a long hillock, at right angles to the road, with a gravel pit in the nearer end, and a name that sounds Cathair Dhubh Dhoirbhe Laghaich, or Cathair Dhubh Dhoir' Mhaol Laghaich, and that is said popularly to be for Cathair Dhubh Dhoire Bheul Bhaothaich, whatever that may mean. A' Chathair Dhonn is the knoll in the scree on the little burn above Fasag. The great abode of the fairies in the district of Torridon, however, was at Camustrole, in the hillock called A' Chathair, between the stables of Ben Damph House and Allt Coire Rol. Another of their notable seats used to be Cathair Chruchoille, near Bruachaig, at Kenlochewe. An old man told an informant that of old one could seldom go near this knoll after nightfall without seeing the little folks, or hearing their music. Another no less notable seat was A' Chathair Bhàn, near Loch an Tìompain, on the way from Dundonnell to Clachan, Lochbroom. Three men going homewards one evening with their creels of peats chanced to pass A' Chathair Bhàn when the knoll was open, and they saw the little folks and heard their music. One of the men lingered to look and listen, and when his companions looked around for him, he was nowhere to be seen. They concluded that he had become immured in the fairy hill, and gave up their search for him. If he was indeed with the fairies, it was vain, they knew, to seek for him until

the return of the mystic hour when the fairy seats are open to the gaze of men. When that hour, which is between the old year and the new, came round once again, they found their lost companion standing at the entrance to the fairy seat with the creel on his back, and his eyes fixed on the little folks at their diversions. He thought he had stood there but a few minutes, and with the utmost reluctance he tore himself away from the entrancing scene.

A midwife (Mor Bhàn, Fair Sarah), residing at Kildonan, left home on Christmas day to attend a case, and returned home, as though nothing unusual had occurred, on Christmas day twelve months after. She thought she had been away only for a few hours. The account she gave of herself was that she had gone to A' Chathair Bhàn with people who met her after she left home, and who insisted upon her joining their company, and that she had spent the night feasting and dancing with them. Beginning at length to feel wearied, she exclaimed "Beannaich mise, nach mi a tha a' fàs sgith"—"Bless me, how tired I am growing." On the instant the place was overwhelmed with confusion and darkness, and she felt herself bundled out without ceremony into the cold open air.

Another story, of a less familiar type, is connected with this hill. A woman, who was also in the habit of acting as a midwife, if she was not, indeed, the same practitioner, was shearing corn one day with a hook on one of the fields of Auchtascait, in the Little Strath at the head of Little Loch Broom. Coming into unpleasant proximity to a toad, and observing that its appearance was suggestive of a condition that is of professional interest to the sisterhood of midwives, she exclaimed, "Is math leam nach mi is bean-ghlùin duit"—"I am glad that I am not your midwife." That night a messenger on horseback came in hot haste from the direction of the Big Strath to summon her to exercise her professional functions. Before she set out with the messenger, she was advised by some prudent friend neither to taste food nor to utter speech where she should be taken. Where did the messenger take her but to A' Chathair Bhàn, the seat of the fairies, to assist at the birth of a fairy child. Her situation was strange and disturbing enough, but she set herself to bear in mind her friend's advice, and to attend to her duties. But if her mouth was shut, her eyes were open, and what did she see during the night but the best cow in Dundonnell fold brought into the fairy hall and slaughtered. When the

carcase had been flayed, the hide was wrapped about the body of an old man who had died in the knoll that night, and was fastened at the forehead with a darning needle. Her duties having been brought to a successful issue, the midwife found her way home in the morning without misadventure. The first news she heard after reaching her home was that the laird of Dundonnell's best cow had been found dead in the fold, and that a stocking needle that was sticking in its forehead was supposed to have been the cause of the animal's death. Well did she know, however, that there was nothing in Dundonnell of the cow but the hide, and that the fairies had the carcase, and that what the hide covered was the dead body of the old fairy from the knoll.

In the tradition of the district, the Fingalians and the fairies are represented, owing to the malevolent disposition of the latter, as having been continually at variance.

MEUR COILL-A-CHAOLAIS.

A common saying, when people are short-handed at urgent work, is, "Is truagh nach robh mèur Coill-a-chaolais againn," or "Is truagh nach robh sguad Coill-a-chaolais againn"—Pity but we had the Coill-a-chaolais host (?) or squad. Coill-a-chaolais—Wood of the strait—was a small hamlet near Achnashellach, by the shore of Loch Dughail. One of the tenants, whose Christian name was Duncan, was once tilling a tough piece of lea-land with his cas-chrom or bent spade, and gave audible expression to a wish that the weary job were finished. Immediately a dapper little mannikin, with what looked like a toy cas-chrom over his shoulder, presented himself, and said briskly, "I have come to help you, Duncan." "That is kind of you, and I am glad to see you," replied Duncan.

When two men are working together with the cas-chrom the custom is that the one whose land they are tilling, as it is he who is responsible for observing the marches, should begin each furrow, and that his assistant should finish it. To Duncan, therefore, fell the task of turning the first sod of each furrow, termed "am put fuaraidh," the outer spadeful,* or sometimes "an ceap fuaraidh," the outer sod. Leaving the furrow at which he had been working, therefore, to the stranger to finish, he turned to begin the next. Before he

* Literally, the weather spadeful.

had the first sod cut, his assistant was beside him calling out, "Am put fuaraidh, a Dhonnachaidh"—"The outer sod, Duncan." Duncan, looking round, saw the furrow finished and well finished. Wondering greatly, he gave up the new furrow, but contrived to have a sly look at his companion's way of working. He saw the little cas-chrom being plied with extraordinary speed, and the spadefuls of earth turning over, as it seemed, at a touch. Evidently there was no time to lose, and he found it so. Before he got the first sod cut his assistant was back again at his heels bawling impatiently, "Am put fuaraidh, a Dhonnachaidh!" So it continued all the time. Before Duncan could ever turn the outer spadeful, his impatient assistant would finish the furrow and come back bawling, "Am put fuaraidh, a Dhonnachaidh!" When the last furrow was turned, Duncan got time to breathe. Looking at the amount of work done, he could not but feel very grateful to his nimble assistant, and before parting with him he asked him what recompense he would like to receive:—

"Aon ghad guailne dhe 'n arbhar"—"As much of the corn as I can carry on my back" (lit. one shoulder-rope of the corn) was the reply.

"Cha mhór ghabhas sin"—"That will not take much," said Duncan.

"Bithidh sinn ag cur ann"—"We shall be putting into it," replied the stranger.

When autumn came, Duncan, coming from the hill one fine afternoon, sat on a height to view the valley spread out beneath him. Looking at his corn, ripe and ready for cutting, he said, "Is truagh nach robh i am màireach 'n a h-adagan maola buidhe"—"Pity but to-morrow it were in bare yellow stooks."

When he looked out next morning the whole of Coill-a-chaolais was in bare yellow stooks. The work had been done by the fairies who had assembled to the number of—

"Ceithir sèathan, ceithir seachd,
Ceithir fir reathain* agus a h-ochd,
Ceithir fichead agus cóig ceud,
Sud a bhéur a bhuain an gart."

"Four sixes, four sevens,
Four *reathain* men and an eight,
Four score and five hundred,
That's the host that cut the corn."

* Fir eathain?

When Duncan began to carry in his corn a few days later, his assistant at the springwork appeared with a shoulder rope of about a fathom in length to claim his wages.

“Cha mhór an gad guailne”—“The shoulder-rope is not big,” said Duncan.

“Bithidh sinn ag cur ann”—“We shall be putting into it,” was the reply.

“C’ àit an dèan mi m’ eallach”—“Where shall I make my burden,” then asked the little man.

“Dèan t’ eallach an sin”—“Make your burden there,” replied Duncan.

The little man laid out his rope and began to collect and pack the sheaves of corn upon it. He continued to gather and pack until it appeared that he would not leave a sheaf behind him. Duncan, in dismay at the prospect of losing the whole of his crop cried out—

“Di-haoine a threabh mi,
Di-haoine a chuir mi,
Di-haoine a chliath mi;
A Rìgh nan trì aoineachan,
Na leig mo chuids’ uile
Ann an aon ghad guailne!”

“On Friday * I ploughed,
On Friday I sowed,
On Friday I harrowed;
O King of the three Fridays,†
Let not all that I own
Go into one shoulder rope.”

The little man, swinging his load upon his shoulder, exclaimed—

“’Nuair is teinne an gad guailne, is ann is dualaiche dha bristeadh”—“When the shoulder rope is tightest, it is most likely to break.”

Whereupon the rope broke, the sheaves were restored to their places in the field, and the little man was seen no more.

The story as given above is pieced together from a Lochcarron version and a Torridon version. In the Lochcarron version the spring part was wanting, and the little man was introduced as coming, when the crop was being harvested, to

* Etymologically, “Fast-day.” † Literally, “Fasts.”

beg a burden of corn—dh' iarraidh faoighe. The Torridon version had "Bu mhath e a nis an adagan maola buidhe"—"How well it would be now in bare yellow stooks," did not say who cut the corn, wanted the numbering rhyme, and gave Duncan's exclamation at the loss of his crop as—

"Is saor a threabh mi,
Is daor a chuir mi,
Agus 's saor a rinn mi buain,
Agus a Thighearna na deònaich
Gu 'm bitheadh mo chuids' uile
'San aon ghad guailne."

"Cheaply I tilled,
Dearly I sowed,
Cheaply I reaped,
And Lord do not grant
That all that I own
Should be in the one shoulder rope."

The Torridon version also put "Nuair is teinne an gad guailne is ann is dualaiche dha bristeadh" into Duncan's lips as the stranger was making off with the burden.

Meur in the proverbial saying and béur ("bhéur") in the numerical rhyme are both from the Lochcarron narrator. He always made 'e' nasal in the former and not nasal in the latter. When the difference was pointed out to him he said 'bat was how he had always heard the words pronounced, but he understood both forms to be the same word. The section dealing with the cutting of the corn is locally associated, like the rest of the tale, with Coill-a-chaolais, and is alluded to in the words "Cheaply (or easily?) I reaped," but does not seem to form an organic part of the story. Beur, host (?), recalls the legendary "Cailleach Bheur," but, further than the bare sound of the word, does not present any point of connection.

THE THREE CATS FROM LEWIS.

The Corry where the first part of the tale that follows is said to have been enacted was inhabited by several tenants, and is now occupied by Torridon House and its policies. It is a sunny sheltered delta hemmed in by abrupt and lofty mountains at the mouth of the Corry River, and about three miles from the old house of Torridon, now called the Mains, at the head of the loch. One of the houses of Corry, whose foundations are to be seen amongst the trees on the left hand about

half-way from the entrance gate to Torridon House, was occupied at the time of our tale by a brother and a sister. The mistress of the house one day before going to drive the cows to the hill put a salmon on the fire to cook for dinner, and left her brother in charge. When he judged the fish to be ready, he took it off the fire, and attended to the boiling of the potatoes. While he was thus busied, three strange cats looking wet and cold, one of them being red in colour and having but one eye, made their appearance one after the other at the door. Moved to pity by their miserable bedraggled plight he bade them come in and warm themselves—"Thigibh a steach agus deanaibh bhuir garadh." By and bye he threw a morsel of the salmon to each of them in turn, and, whatever possessed him, he continued to feed them so until nothing was left of the salmon but bare bones. Having sat about the fire a little longer the cats got up one by one, went straight to the beach, and disappeared into the loch.

Some time after this Loch Roag in Lewis was the scene of a phenomenally successful herring fishing, remembered by the name "Sgadan Mór Ròthag." The fishing was remarkable, not only for the abundance of the herring, but also for their size. The barrel, instead of holding about seven hundred, would hold little more than four hundred herring. One man, who had not a single net, had as good a fishing as anyone. He went out with a coil of rope covered by his jacket in his boat, and when night fell shot his rope as if it were a train of nets. If he saw anyone coming nearer than he liked, he would call out to keep clear of his nets. Before daybreak he would lift some of his neighbours' nets, take out the fish, and then take in his rope and go away with his catch. Numerous quarrels arose, and blood was shed. Murders even, it is said, were committed, and as herring will not enter a loch in whose waters the blood of a murdered person has been spilt, there was no fishing in Loch Roag after that season.

Among the crowds that repaired to Loch Roag to this fishing were many from the lochs on the west of Ross-shire—there are no sea-lochs on the east of Ross-shire or of Scotland, only firths—and among them the entertainer of the three cats. Having found the fishing-ground, and shot his nets, he went ashore to look for lodgings. From the door of the first house at which he called he could see a clever handsome woman at the fireside. When she saw him she called out "Come away in, honest man. It is you that is welcome, and

it is glad I am to see you here." The man thought the welcome a trifle warm from a stranger, but went in and stated his errand:—"I have come for the fishing, and am seeking a place to stay in. Perhaps you can tell me of some place." "There are places you could get," she replied, "and this house is full, but you will just stay here and we will try to make room for you. Ill would it become me to turn you away from my door." "But why should you put yourself about to take me in," he asked, "when I can get room elsewhere?" "Because you are the one man that is kindest that ever I met," she answered. "Where did I ever meet you?" he asked. "Do you not remember," she asked, "when you fed the three cats and warmed them at your fire in Torridon?" "Is it remember that day?" he replied, "It will be very long till I forget it; but what do you know of it?" "I know this," she said, "that those three cats were my two companions and myself."

Before he left the place he made the acquaintance of the woman's two companions also, and found that one of them wanted an eye and had red hair. The errand that had taken them to Loch Torridon on that occasion was to chase the herring into the nets of their friends who were fishing there. To accomplish their purpose they assumed the form of whales, but when they wished to land at Corry that day they had of course to abandon that form, and they chose to assume that of cats.

Another version of the story represents the woman as meeting the man on the street in Stornoway, and proffering him hospitality, while yet another version makes Skye the scene of the sequel.

Whether the story of what became of the salmon, even with the sequel to confirm it, obtained credence or not from the man's sister, it has not been without its measure of credence and of popularity in the district.

DUBH-GHIUTHAIS.

The fir woods wherewith Scotland was covered of old, yielded timber in such abundance and of such excellence as to rival the best woods of Norway, and injure the trade of that country. The King of Norway was filled with resentment in consequence, and determined to put an end to the competition and the loss to his country by burning the rival forest to white

ashes. To make the work of destruction sure, the whole Scottish forest from sea to sea must be set in one continuous blaze, which it would be impossible to cope with or extinguish. Ordinary means were not sufficient to light such a fire, but there were other means. There was at that time a famous school called the Black School—*an Sgoil Dhubh*—where the Black Art and witchcraft and magic, and all manner of sorcery, were taught. The King did not go to the school himself, but he sent his daughter. When she had finished her education, and was skilled in all the learning of the Black School, he sailed to Scotland with her, and set her ashore with a fire-brand. She went floating over the woods, and rained down fire upon them. She was called *Dubh-Ghiuthais* by the Scots, because she was blackened, every time they caught a glimpse of her, with the smoke of the burning fir, or because she was obliterating or blackening out the fir—a *dubhadh* as a *ghiuthais*. If the Scots approached when she rested on the ground, she would rise from the earth and hide herself in a magic cloud. By this means she evaded many attempts to put a stop to her work of devastation. Her career, however, was at last cut short, though too late to save the forests, and her work of destruction avenged at Little Loch Broom. A wise man who lived at Kildonan, on the north side of the Little Loch, thought that *Dubh-Ghiuthais* would probably have been familiar with flocks and herds in her youth, and so he caused all the horses, cattle, sheep, and goats, with their young, for miles around, to be assembled at *Achadh Bad a' Chruiteir*, above Kildonan, before her approach. When she was seen passing overhead in her magic cloud between *A' Bheinn Ghobhlach* and *Beinn nam Ban*, he caused every mare to be separated from her foal, every cow from her calf, every ewe from her lamb, and every she-goat from her kid. Thereupon there ensued such a babel of bleating, lowing, and neighing, every dam and her young calling for one another, that the sound of the hubbub rose to heaven, and caused *Dubh-Ghiuthais* to sink to the earth in a frenzy. The moment her feet touched the ground, she was shot with an arrow and fell wounded to the death. Her body lay where it fell, until some Norsemen who were at *Camus nan Gall*, on the other side of the Little Loch, carried it on board one of their ships, with the intention of taking it home to Norway. Every time they set sail, however, they encountered such violent contrary tempests that at last they desisted from the attempt, and interred her

remains at Kildonan. Then they sailed to Norway with the news, and never on any voyage had they more favourable winds. The King was grieved that his daughter's body could not be brought home, but determined that in any case it should not lie in foreign soil. He therefore ordered that a shipload of earth be taken from Norway to Scotland and put ashore at Kildonan, and that his daughter's remains be happed in the friendly mould. His orders were faithfully performed, and thus it came to pass that his daughter, Dubh-Ghiuthais, reposes in her native Norwegian soil in the graveyard of Kildonan, on Little Loch Broom.

There is another account of the death of Dubh-Ghiuthais. A woman at a shieling above Kildonan saw her passing overhead between the two Bens, and blessed her in the name of the Trinity. At the sacred words, Dubh-Ghiuthais reeled and fell, and was found on the earth a crushed and lifeless mass.

A version in Gaelic, from which the name Achadh Bad a' Chruiteir has been taken, was published in *An Gaidheal*, and a briefer version from Sutherlandshire has been given by Dr Macbain in his paper on the Place-Names of Badenoch (*Transactions*, Vol. XVI.). It is worthy of note, as having a possible ethnological significance, that the Sutherlandshire version makes Badenoch the scene of the discomfiture of Dubh-Ghiuthais. The circumstance, at all events, goes with other evidence to show that the inland and mountainous (and Pictish?) Badenoch was regarded by the Norse or semi-Norse population of Sutherland as the place where every witch might meet her match, and where the devil was to be found when missed from former haunts.

A Gairloch legend is that a witch called A' Chuilisk was destroying the woods of Scotland, and that she was surrounded and done to death by the natives in Fèith Chuilisk, near Melvaig. A different account, obtained by Mr W. J. Watson (*Place-Names of Ross-shire*), of the origin of this name has it that Fèith Chuilisk was produced by the spilling of the kettle or cauldron—*coire*—of the Féinne in a struggle between the witch Cuilisk, who had stolen the kettle, and Caoilte, who had pursued the thief.

CASAN BUIDHE.

Casan Buidhe, Yellow Legs, the famous wizard of Garvé, is also called sometimes Breabadair nan casa buidhe—Weaver with the yellow legs. In his time the Black Water had the

reputation of drowning more men than all the other rivers in the country, and showed a marked preference for men likely to have well filled purses, such as drovers and pedlars. Not only did Casan Buidhe lie under suspicion, but the very means he employed to compass people's death without laying his hands upon them were whispered. He decked himself out in the hide and horns of a buck, and when people were in the middle of the ford he presented himself in this guise, ramping and threatening them on the bank. They, seeing Satan, as they supposed, awaiting them, were panic-stricken, lost their heads, and were carried away by the river and drowned. The last person he tried to frighten was the smith, Mackay. Instead of taking fright at sight of the apparition, the valorous and mighty smith stormed the bank, laid violent hands on the wizard, and gave him such a mauling as incapacitated him from ever again repeating the same villainy.

In a Lochbroom version of the story, the weaver is represented as making murderous attacks in mid-stream on people fording the Black Water, and meeting his fate by being dirked by Uisdean Mac Ille Phadruig, an intended victim, and the strongest man ever reared in Lochbroom.

The story of the yellow-shanked weaver, with local adaptations and variations in detail, is told in many places. A version, of which the scene is laid in the Urquhart district, appears in Mr William Mackay's "*Urquhart and Glenmoriston*"; others lay the scene in Badenoch, Skye, etc.

PRACTISERS OF WITCHCRAFT.

A woman who lived at Little Gruinard River at the time of the wars, and was skilled in spells and charms, is remembered by the name of Bantrach an Armuinn, the Warrior's Widow. She cast a charm—*chuir i sian orra*—about her son and another man who went abroad to the wars, to protect them from all weapons of war. How it fared with the other man is not related—presumably he lived to come home and tell the tale; but the widow's son, as if he indeed bore a charmed life, came scatheless out of every engagement with the foe. No weapon of war seemed to have power to hurt him, and no foeman was able to prevail against him. Yet death came to him in the end. Whether his mother had neglected, or was unable, to defend him from other weapons, or whether his immunity in the hazards of war left him the more exposed

to unwarlike dangers, or not, he was at last ignobly killed with a scythe by the hands of a woman.

A woman called Lilidheis Mhór, or Big Lily, who lived at Badcaul on Little Lochbroom during the first half of the nineteenth century, had a considerable local reputation as a practiser of witchcraft. She seems to have understood at all events, the arts of making use of everything, and of producing great effects by simple means. Her mechanical apparatus consisted of an old gold ring, a perforated pebble, and a plant called 'lus an toraidh,' or the produce plant. She wanted part of the little finger of her left hand, a defect of which she made effective use. It was, she said, the only part of her body that the devil was able to claim in return for the powers he had given her; and her clients, to whom this tale was told, would doubtless have been duly impressed with the ability of one who could drive so good a bargain with his satanic majesty. A gold ring at the period in question would symbolise the command of untold wealth. Even at the present day the gold wedding ring is not universally worn in parts of the district. The ring of which Lily made use was probably a wedding ring inherited by her. Tradition says she was a great-grand-daughter of the Rev. Angus Morrison, the last Episcopal minister of Contin, who, when about to officiate at a marriage ceremony, said to the bridegroom, in allusion to the bride,—

“ Ge salach i 's ge rapach i,
'S ge dubh, lachduun, riabhach i,
'S e do chuids' an dràsda i.”

“ Filthy and untidy as she is, and black, tawny, and brindled as she is, she is now your lot.” The description, if intended as a pleasantry, would seem to have had enough of truth to give it a sting. At all events, the intending bridegroom replying, “ Ma 's e sin mar a tha i, tha gu leòir agam dhi,” “ If that is how she is, I have enough of her,” refused to go further with the ceremony, and took himself off in high dudgeon.

Two reputed witches lived in Strathmore of Lochbroom, and met violent deaths sometime about the middle of the nineteenth century. One was shot in the semblance of a hare with a silver sixpence. The man who did the deed fled the country from fear of the consequences, and went to Australia. A more circumstantial account is given of the fate of the other

witch. On a Sunday morning several persons, among whom were a gamekeeper and one or more of the maid-servants from Lochbroom Manse, were walking about the glebe, and saw a hare amongst the minister's cows. The gamekeeper, without thought, took up a stone and hit the hare in the forehead. His victim gave him a vindictive look that strangely discomposed him, and then disappeared. Before the day was ended, the gamekeeper received news that his mother-in-law had got her bones broken in some mysterious way, and was dying or already dead. The date of this occurrence, according to data mentioned by the narrator, could not have been earlier than the seventies of last century.

ALLT NAN CORP.

Behind Annat, running athwart the slope of Beinn na h-Eaglaise, there is a deep narrow glen, traversed by a small tributary of Abhainn Thrail, named Allt nan Corp. The burn, which is the only one in the district that is very easy of access, and at the same time almost completely screened from observation, may have been, especially in view of the plural form in the name, the chosen place for depositing clay effigies, but is popularly said to have received its name in connection with the following occurrences.

One of the Mackenzies of Torridon brought a man from the Lowlands of Ross—bho 'n Mhachair—to catch salmon for him at the croy or cruive above Newton—where Annat Bridge is now—on the Torridon River. Mackenzie, finding that hardly any salmon were forthcoming, asked his man for an explanation. The man replied that he was at a loss to understand it; the salmon were plentiful in the river up and down, and unless some one was removing the fish he did not know what to make of it. Mackenzie, in consequence of this conversation, caused a search to be made, and found the houses of certain families to be plentifully supplied with salmon. Whether those families had any punishment inflicted upon them at this stage or not is not said, but their resentment being aroused against the salmon fisher, they wished, when he left for home at the close of the season, that he might never return—"Ghuidh iad nach cuireadh e clàr 'aodainn an rathad a chuir e cùl a chinn." Before a week had passed, the unfortunate salmon-fisher sank in the mud while crossing Munloch Bay, and was overtaken by the tide and drowned.

Mackenzie himself was now assailed. A lingering and mysterious malady, that baffled the skill of the medical men, attacked him. A skilful person being consulted, a *corp creadha*, or clay effigy, was solemnly declared to be the cause of the malady, and if the sufferer's life was to be saved, and his health restored, the clay effigy must be found, and preserved with the utmost care. In order to track out the place in which the effigy had been hidden, it was necessary to get some one who had *an cruimh-luirg**—the art of tracking or finding anything hidden or lost. Fortunately, no further away than at Kinlochewe, was that famous professor of this art, Tormoid Mór Mac Iain Léith, and he was summoned with all possible urgency. The effigy, being speedily discovered by his art in Allt nan Corp, was taken out and most carefully preserved. To prove the correctness of the diagnosis, Mackenzie at once began to mend, and speedily recovered his wonted health and energy. The families who had practised against his life had now to remove in hot haste, and went down the Applecross coast and settled at the Fearnas, and have descendants there to this day.

CURES.

A potent specific for toothache was to hold a bone taken from a grave between the teeth. Any bone picked out of the mould of an opened grave would serve the purpose, but generally, no doubt as being of a convenient size, the finger bone of a child was used.

Black Cock, Black Cat, or Male Munro.—A boy who was helping his mother to carry peats from the moss to the road at Little Lochbroom complained of an itch in his back. His mother, by your leave, having made him strip off his shirt, found an inflamed swelling under his shoulder blade. She went home with him, and summoned the old women of the neighbourhood to a consultation. They declared that the disease was the 'teine-dé,' and that to prevent it spreading so as to encircle his body like a belt, in which case he would infallibly die, the blood of a black cock must be applied in the proper manner. She obtained a black rooster, killed it and cut off its comb, and with the bleeding comb drew a circle

* 'An cnàimh-luirg,' 'The tracking-bone.' Cnàimh, when in an unaccented position, and consequently shortened in sound, differs but slightly from cruimh, a worm.

carefully round the inflamed spot. By next morning the disease had quite disappeared. If that remedy had not been applied now, the swelling and inflammation might have spread until they completely encircled the boy's body, and when that happened he would die.

'Teine-dé' usually means St Anthony's fire, but at Little Lochbroom it seems to be applied to shingles. Other specifics for its cure, besides the blood of a black cock, are the blood of a black cat, and the blood of a male Munro. The Munros do not care to be tapped for the supply of the remedy, except perhaps for the benefit of their dearest friends. Usually any cat that has the misfortune to be spotlessly black is the sufferer, and when the remedy is required a bit is cropped off one of its ears. That is the reason why black cats in the district are so often seen with irregularly cropped ears.

A spotless black cock was also of use to cure epilepsy, or the falling sickness. The cock was buried alive at the spot on which the sufferer fell at the first seizure. This was done on behalf of a person who fell on the kitchen floor of a house in the West of Ross-shire, and who is not now more than forty years of age, and there has been no recurrence of the malady. At Torridon it was considered necessary to bury a handful of corn with the cock. According to some, a white cock without spot would serve the purpose equally well. Possibly this substitution of spotlessness in place of colour as the qualification has arisen from familiarity with the Mosaic laws of sacrifice.

Suicide's Skull.—Another cure for epilepsy is to give the sufferer three drinks, one in name of each Person of the Trinity, from a running stream, with the skull of a suicide. The cure, however, depends upon the faith of the patient. He is told before he drinks that if he believes he will be cured, he will be cured. The thinner portions of the skull now in use have crumbled away. It is kept in a hollow under a flat stone over the head of the grave to which it belongs, and to which the name "Uaigh Bean a' Ghranndaich"—"Grave of Grant's Wife"—is given. It is said that Mrs Grant's maiden name was Mary Macleod, and that she came with her parents from Lochbroom to Torridon. She was married to one Donald Grant towards the end of the eighteenth century. Grant was also an incomer to Torridon. He is said to have been a son of Casan Buidhe, the notorious wizard of Garve, and may have come from Garve, or further. The mere cur-

rency of a report that he was the son of such a character throws light upon the estimation in which he was held by the community. It is said that he could charm the deer from the hill and make them follow him where he would, and that he was given to the practice of witchcraft. His wife's mind became unhinged, and she required to be watched continually. One day when they were both working at peats near Badan-vugie, not far from the river Balgy, she succeeded in slipping away from him, and, ere he could prevent her, she threw herself over a rock into the sea, on the west side of Ob Gorm Beag, and was drowned. A cave or recess at the rock is called "Cós dubh Bean a' Ghranndaich," "Black cave of Grant's wife." The friends intended to inter the remains in the burying-ground at Annat, but were turned away at the gate. Not only must the body of a suicide be shut out of the regular burying-ground, but it must be buried out of sight of the waters of the loch, else the fish will forsake the loch. The body was therefore buried in a hollow a little to the east of Annat burying-ground.

There is another suicide's grave, similarly out of sight of the loch, though quite near to its edge, at "Torr Fhionnlaigh"—Finlay's knoll—a small rocky eminence at the south-west angle of Ob Gorm Mór. This is the grave of one Finlay Macrae from Kintail. His mind having become unhinged, he wandered to Ardmore, as the peninsula between Ob Gorm Mór and Ob Gorm Beag, on Loch Torridon, is called. There he hanged himself from a tree, and his remains were buried at the knoll called after him Torr Fhionnlaigh. His skull was in use before the one now used for the same purpose, and formed a link in the succession by which the practice must have been carried down from remote antiquity to the present day. It was doubtless when Finlay's skull became useless from decay that the grave at Annat was desecrated, and the skull from it first brought into use. Enough is known of this Finlay Macrae to suggest his identification with one named in the "History of the Clan Macrae."

A burial of a suicide out of sight of the sea has taken place at a much more recent date than either of the above, in the parish of Lochbroom. In this case, owing to the steepness and ruggedness of the ground, the difficulty of access to the place where the grave lies is so great as to throw into strong relief the importance attached to the selection of a spot out of sight of the sea.

An Casgadh-fola, The Blood-staunching.—A man who was still living at the Heights of Kenlochewe towards the middle of the nineteenth century, once cut his finger severely. All ordinary means of stopping the bleeding having been tried in vain, a man at Turnaig who had the power of staunching the flow of blood was sent for. He came and bound up the finger three times, but each time, after a brief stoppage, the blood began to flow again. When he saw that his third attempt had failed, he told the patient's friends that the only hope was to send to Kenlochewe for "Macrath caol," slender Macrae, and to do so without delay. He enjoined them also on no account to tell Macrae that he had been first summoned and was on the ground, and he concealed himself in a closet before Macrae's arrival. Macrae's binding of the finger was not successful at first, but appeared to be effective the second time, and he took his departure. Before he reached home, however, he was overtaken by a messenger sent to tell him that the blood had again begun to flow. He expressed surprise and returned. He tied up the finger for the third time, and then, to the alarm of those around him, he fell in a dead faint. After some time he recovered consciousness, and in reply to enquiries as to the cause of his fainting, he said that he had had to put forth his whole power the third time to stop the bleeding, and that the exertion had caused him to faint. He was then asked if he had not exerted the whole of his power the first or the second time, and he replied that he had not. Why Macrath Caol, who was at Kenlochewe, near at hand, was passed by at the first, and the man at distant Turnaig, beyond Poolewe, sent for, the story does not say.

REMEDIES FOR CATTLE.

Na Marcaich.—An ailment to which cattle were subject was known by the name of 'Na Marcaich,' the riders. This name was given to the ailment because animals suffering from it were believed to be ridden by invisible beings. The remedy was to fire a shot from the tip of the animal's tail along the back bone, and to repeat an *orra*, or incantation.

Galar na Geumraich.—When cattle lowed excessively, they were held to be suffering from 'galar na geumraich,' the lowing malady. The cattle owned by a man in the Kenlochewe district long ago suffered from this ailment. He tried every available remedy without effect. There was one unfailing

remedy for the malady, but there seemed to be no possibility of obtaining it. This was water in which the heart of a man who did not know his parents had been dipped. The water needed only to be sprinkled upon the animals in order to effect their cure. At last an opportunity occurred of procuring the remedy. A pedlar called at the house one evening, and got permission to remain over night. In the course of conversation, he was asked what his name was. He gave the name by which he was known, but did not know whether it was his right name or not. He explained that he did not remember his parents, and did not know who they were or what their names were. Next morning the pedlar set out in the direction of Torridon. He was followed, and, well beyond the last house where the isolated stable now stands by the roadside at Allt a' Ghille, beside Loch Clair, he was overtaken and killed. The remedy was prepared and applied, and the cattle were cured. The malady that was removed from the cattle, however, only settled upon the family of their owner. For generations, descendants of his were afflicted with a form of insanity characterised during its periodical attacks by the emission of cries resembling the lowing or bellowing of cattle.

BURIALS.

The bodies of suicides, as already said, were excluded from churchyards, and were buried out of sight of the sea. The bodies of persons drowned accidentally, and those of unbaptised children, here as in other places, were not interred in the general burying-grounds. The remains of such persons, of course, were excluded of old from consecrated ground. The body of a drowned person also was not admitted even into a dwelling-house pending interment, but was housed in a barn. The propriety of admitting the remains of a young man who had been drowned accidentally into his father's house was questioned in a case within our knowledge.

About Loch Torridon there are at least three burying-grounds for unbaptised infants, one at Riverside House, at the head of the loch, one named Torran an Tiodhlacaidh, little mound of interment, both marked in the six-inch Ordnance Survey maps, and one at Allt a' Chladha, burn of the burying-ground, at Diabaig.

The remains of still-born infants must be buried before sunrise or after sunset. This practice was in force up to, if it

has not continued into, the present century, and prevailed also in the east of the county, or at all events in the Black Isle. If the practice did not originate in a perversion and misapplication of such words as are in the 58th Psalm—"As a snail that melteth, let every one of them pass away: like the untimely birth of a woman, that they may not see the sun," the words are quoted in support of the practice.

THE PRINCE AND THE BLACK FLAG.

Donnan, from which the name Kildonan comes, was, according to some, the name, or one of the names, of the witch who burned the fir woods. According to others, it was the name of the son of the King of Norway. The Dundonnell estate consisted of old of four divisions. The Kildonan division belonged to the lady of Kildonan. Donnan, the son of the King of Norway, saw the lady of Kildonan, and loved, wooed, and married her. He wished to erect a chapel at Kildonan for himself and his wife, and he brought a shipload of earth from Norway for the purpose. The earth was landed in a heap at Kildonan, but the chapel was not erected. Consequently there has never been a chapel, but only a burying-ground—*cill*—at Kildonan. The prince, on entering the Little Loch on his return from a voyage to Norway, hoisted a black flag, which was understood to mean that he was dead, in order to see how great his wife's grief for him would be. The shock of seeing the black flag was so great that she fell down in a swoon, her heart burst, and she died. When the prince arrived at his home and heard the result of his ruse, he too, was so stricken with grief that he died. The bodies were taken to Norway after three days for burial.

This, of course, is the story that is associated with the island of Loch Maree, but it is also associated with Dun Canna in Coigach.

Probably, when the chapel was to be erected at Kildonan, a load of earth was brought from some consecrated place, perhaps from Kildonan in the Island of Eigg, the scene of St Donnan's martyrdom. There are legends of such a practice in connection with the building of certain churches, such as that of Logie-Easter. The legend of the death of the Norwegian prince and his wife on the one hand, and that of Dubh-Ghiuthais, also from Norway, on the other, have been mixed up with some such legend, perhaps now beyond recovery, of the foundation of the Chapel of Kildonan.

UAMH AN OIR.

The legend of an attempt by a piper and twelve followers to reach the gold in the devious ramifications of an underground cavern has been connected with several caves in the West of Ross-shire. At Torridon a small opening amongst great blocks of the ruddy Torridon rock, near the parting of the ways to Annat and to Fasag, claims to be the scene of the legend. The name Uamh an Oir, Cave of Gold, is given to the opening, and its other end, to which the same name is given, is said to be at Camus an Oir, to the south of Sron a' Charra, near Gairloch, a distance of fifteen miles in a direct line. The last that was ever seen or heard of the explorers was the sound of the pipes heard from under the ground at An Ruadh-mheallan, six miles, or according to other narrators, at An Tom Buidhe, eight miles from the starting point. The words of the air that was heard on the pipes are:—

Bios na minn bheaga
'N an gobhair chreagach,
Mas tig mise 's mas ruig thusa
Uainh 'n Oir.

Bios na searraich òga
'Cur a mach an òcraich,
Mas tig mise 's mas ruig thusa
Uaimh 'n Oir.

“ The little kids will be rocky goats ere I come, and ere you reach the Cave of Gold. The young foals will be putting out the manure heap ere I come,” etc. The third line is heard sometimes with *till*, return, in place of *ruig*, and also as “ Mur a tig thusa cha ruig mise,” “ Unless you come I shall not reach,” and the fourth line, always in the former case (after *till*), and sometimes also in the other cases, runs—“ A Uaimh 'n Oir,” “ Out of the Cave of Gold.” A dog that accompanied the party found its way out at the other end of the cave, and, according to some accounts, had not a hair left on its body.

Another attempt to explore the cave is said to have been made by one of the Mackenzies of Torridon, accompanied by a piper and twelve men, and provided with candles and ropes. They soon had to turn, owing to the candles not burning, and they thrust a stick up through the ground to mark the distance

gone. On emerging from the cave, they found the stick a few score yards away, near "An Stair Shalach," the dirty stepping stones over the little stream to the west.

The former story, in substance, is told in Mr Dixon's "Gairloch," in connection with Uamh an Oir at North Earra-dale, and we have heard it connected with a cave at Melvaig.

A cave in the red rock inside Stattic Point, on Little Loch Broom, is called An Uamh Dhearg, the Red Cave, and sometimes Uamh an Oir. An attempt by the young men of the district, provided with ropes and candles, to explore this cave was also defeated by the failure of their lights. At a little distance from the entrance there is a pool, and beyond the pool there are seven ways. Anyone who enters on those ways will never find the way back, and must wander about until overcome by exhaustion. The cave extends to Sail Mhór, about six miles. The legend here is a somewhat curious jumble. The party consisted of a piper and three companions. The pipes were heard underground at Builleán Osgair, Oscar's Strokes. These are two gashes cut in Druim nam Fuath, the ridge between Durnamuck and Mungasdale, with his great sword by Oscar in an attempt to free the imprisoned piper and his companions. One of the gashes is about fifty yards from the public road where it crosses the summit of the ridge, and the other a little further to the west. The air that was heard on the pipes in this instance was "Cha till Mac Cruimein," "Mac Crimmon's Lament."

THE FIDEAL.

A clear case of the growth of a myth is found, if we mistake not, in the popular explanation of the name Loch na Fideil, near Loch Maree Hotel. The 'Fideal' in popular lore of the present day is a dangerous water monster, and the appropriate legend appears in Mr W. J. Watson's "Place Names of Ross and Cromarty," p. 281, in both Gaelic and English. As a common noun, *fideal* does not seem to occur, but *fidealadh*, entangling, entwining, is familiar in the district, and the verb *fideil*, entangle, ravel, etc., occurs elsewhere. Loch na Fideil we take to mean Loch of the entanglement. The man who waded or stumbled into it would soon find himself engaged in a deadly struggle with entangling water plants. Every step he moved, they moved with him and still clung to him. They would at last kill him through exhaustion, and he would

kill many of them by uprooting them. The legend seems neither more nor less than a dramatic account of what we have described, and is to the following effect:—"There was a combat between Ewen and the Fideal. 'Step for step with you, Ewen,' said the Fideal, pressing on the man. 'Step for step with you, Fideal,' said Ewen, pressing hard in turn. Ewen killed the Fideal, and the Fideal killed Ewen."

The legend, to all appearance, owes something to the story of Sir Ewen Cameron of Lochiel and the witch. She, trying to pass him on the way from Inverness, said, "Step out Ewen," and he replied, "Step for step with you, old woman, and the odd step to Ewen." As the ferryman at Ballachulish would not admit her into his boat, she took leave of Sir Ewen with the words, "My heart's desire to you, dear Ewen." "Your heart's desire to that gray stone," returned Ewen. The stone immediately split through the middle, and so remains to this day.

GHOSTS AND PHANTOMS.

Cumhag a' Ghlinne, the Neck ("Narrow") of the Glen, near Kishorn, is at night a gloomy and eerie place, and has the reputation of having been haunted from time immemorial. The apparition of a man who had died suddenly when on a visit to Inverness is said to have haunted this spot until spoken to by a man still living. What transpired at the interview between the dead and the living we do not know, but the conjecture is that the purpose in view was to impart information necessary to avert some wrong.

An older story of the same kind relates to an estate official who died suddenly from home, and walked about Kishorn. In this case the widow went out with a Bible under her arm to accost the ghost of her husband, and ascertain what it wanted. In both cases the ghosts, after being interviewed, were no more seen.

The mails between Lochcarron and Applecross were carried at one time by a man of the name of Murchison, called, like all the Murchisons in that country, MacCalmain in Gaelic. This man, whose home was at Slumbay, was commonly known as "Am post mór," "The big postman." Coming from Applecross early one morning, after he had passed the summit of the road and was descending on the Kishorn side, he saw the figure of a woman walking on in front. As he could not

recognise her and had not heard that anyone was coming over the hill that day, he wondered greatly who she could be, but felt sure that he would soon overtake her. He was mistaken, however. Though he could overtake any man walking and no man could overtake him, he could not say that he gained a single step on the figure in front. Down to the side of the loch, round by Kishorn and up through Cumhag a' Ghlinne she kept the same distance in front. Where the road emerges from this glen she turned up the moor and disappeared into Eas an Fhithich, the Raven's Fall. Not until then did it occur to him, notwithstanding her pedestrian powers, that she could be other than human.

The old track between Shildaig and Balgy, on Loch Torridon, dips down, as can still be seen, from both directions to the beach at the south-east corner of Ob a' Mheallaidh. At this point a mysterious personage, it is said, met a man going to Shildaig on the eve of the valuation of the sheep stock when Balgy farm was to be cleared, and said to him, without another word, "I shall be at the valuation tomorrow." On the day of the valuation much drink was consumed. Towards evening a quarrel arose, a general fight broke out, and, though no fatal results ensued, a good deal of blood was spilt.

The man from whom we heard the above story had himself a strange experience at the same spot. He is one, it may be remarked, to whom the writer is under the greatest obligations for information regarding the dialect, the place-names, and old industrial practices, as well as folk-lore of Torridon and more especially of Lochcarron and Kenlochewe. As to superstition, he is one of those who take a lively interest in it without being influenced by it. At one time, when a friend of his was lying ill at Shildaig, he went after dark to visit him. When passing the great boulder at the south-east corner of Ob a' Mheallaidh, a feeling of fearful horror suddenly and unaccountably overcame him. It was such a feeling as one might have who had perceived something dreadful or supernatural, but he was not conscious of having either seen or heard anything out of the ordinary. He put up his hand to readjust his plaid, which he thought had fallen from his shoulder, and his bonnet, which he thought had been raised by his hair standing on end, but both plaid and bonnet were in their proper places. He felt so weak that he could scarcely move, but he resolutely dragged himself away from the spot,

and somehow or other managed to cover the mile and a half to Shieldaig. His friend, seeing him look white and upset, asked what was wrong, and on hearing the story said to him that he would always be heartily welcome there at any time he could come, but charged him never again to attempt to come in the dark.

A very similar experience was described to us years ago by a fellow student from Ross-shire. After studying late one night, and before retiring, he went out for a walk by a deep sluggish stream near his home. At a certain point on the bank, without being conscious of seeing or hearing anything unusual, he was seized by a sudden feeling of horror. Wondering greatly what could have caused the feeling, or what could be the meaning of it, he, after a brief pause, returned home. In this case, however, a secret that was hid by the night came to light in the morning. A woman had drowned herself in the course of the night at the very spot at which he had been seized by the strange feeling, and the time about which the authorities concluded that the deed had been committed, was a little before he reached the spot.

The track from Shieldaig by Balgy reaches its highest elevation near Ardmore, and then descends towards Annat and Torridon. About the summit, wayfarers at night, it was said, were often met by a mysterious black dog. The narrator of the occurrences at the angle of Ob a' Mheallaidh, when on his way home from Shieldaig one winter night near this summit, saw what looked like a dark dog make a slight movement against the snow-covered ground, and wondered if the much-talked of black dog was going to prove to be a reality after all. On his nearer approach, however, the moving object turned out to be a bush of rushes swaying in the wind.

The ridge crossed by the public road between Little Loch Broom and Mungasdale, on Gruinard Bay, is named Druim nam Fuath, Ridge of the Hobgoblins, or "Bogles." The road, after crossing the watershed from the Loch Broom side close to the more easterly of Buillean Osgair, runs nearly level for a short distance. This part is called Cùl (Back of) Druim nam Fuath. The reputation of the place is that horses have often taken fright there with no apparent cause, and people have felt, until they passed a little stream crossing the road, as if some one had laid hold of their clothes, and were trying to keep them back.

LIGHTS.

Two children of a tenant of Taagan, at the head of Loch Maree, when crossing to the harvest field were drowned in Poll-cuilinn, or the holly pool. Forty years before that time, when there were twenty-four tenants in Taagan, two corpse candles were frequently seen at that pool, and were regarded as warnings of death to take place there. The corpse candle is a light, or tongue of flame, in shape like a candle, and appears before a death. In accounts of such lights the interval between the appearance of the warning and its fulfilment does not usually exceed a few days, and rarely amounts to months. The Taagan story is remarkable for the length of the interval.

Mysterious lights, that have no apparent association with future events, are said to be seen periodically at certain places. One such light, it is said, appears on the Beacon Rock at the entrance of Loch Toscaig, in Applecross, on Hallowe'en night, and has done so from time immemorial.

Another is, or used to be, seen out on the sea from Gairloch. Sometimes it approaches the land and then retires, and varies in appearance. It has been seen with the semblance of masts and rigging wrapped in flame.

Another of those lights frequents Upper Loch Torridon. Sometimes it makes its appearance moving from the Narrows, as the entrance to the Upper Loch is called, to its station at the entrance to Ob a' Mheallaidh. The time of its appearance is sometimes dusk and sometimes later. Whether it usually or always approaches from the Narrows before taking up its regular station at Ob' a Mheallaidh does not appear. When stationary, and also on most occasions when seen moving, the light is indistinguishable from that of a ship at a little distance. Once the light was seen at dusk, larger and redder than usual, moving with a speed impossible to any vessel from the Narrows. As it reached its usual station, and for some time after, it was watched by a group of seven or eight persons, and may have been seen of course on that occasion by others unknown to us. The natural supposition that the light is that of some steamer, probably a trawler, does not meet the case. The light has been a familiar object for years to many of the inhabitants of the townships of Inver Alligin and Wester Alligin, on the opposite side of the loch, as well as to others. Outer Loch Torridon, by the shortest reckoning,

is seven miles in length to the Narrows, and its southern shore is dotted with houses or townships. That either a single vessel or a succession of vessels could resort continually for years to a particular spot on the Upper Loch, without the fact being known locally, is manifestly a supposition that does not bear serious consideration.

GRAVEYARDS.

Eilean a' Ghobhainn.—The burying-ground situated near Culinellan farm at Kenlochewe, and sometimes called after the farm, is known locally as Eilean a' Ghobhainn, the Smith's Island. A number of ash trees grow in it. Some of them measure fifteen feet or more in circumference, but are much decayed. According to Mr Dixon's "Gairloch," the course of the river lay formerly to the east of the burying-ground, but was altered by a great flood, which is said to have washed away some bodies, to its present position some distance to the west. The designation of the place as an island goes to show that the river either by a division or possibly by an alteration of its course, has at some time flowed on both sides, but as to the change of the relative positions of the river and the burying-ground, tradition has another tale to tell. The original burying-ground lay on the opposite side of the river. That is understood to mean on the west side of the present channel of the river, but might possibly mean on the east side of the old channel. The remains of a smith were buried one day in the original burying-ground, and were found next morning on the opposite side of the river. They were restored to the grave, and were found the following day at the same place beyond the river. Again and again the same thing occurred. Each time the body was returned to its first resting-place it was found next morning on the other side of the river. At last the body was buried in a grave dug for it at the place of its choice, and there it rested. The place thus singled out received in consequence the name of Eilean a' Ghobhainn, and became thenceforth the burying-ground for the district.

Creagan an Inbhir.—A disused burying-ground on Gruinard Island, is named Cladh Phris, Graveyard of the Bush or Copse. Popularly the place is said to have been so named because the first person to be interred there was a ship captain from Dumfries. This ground was used by Protestants.

There is said to be a pre-Reformation burying-ground a little to the north near the shore, and in line with the ruined wall on the slope of the island. The wolves infesting the country of old made it necessary to bury the dead on islands. The abandonment of Cladh Phris was occasioned by a storm. The funeral of a man who had died at Gruinard was delayed by a violent gale, and the coffin was deposited in the cup of a kiln—*ann an crò na h-àthann*. After having lain there for seven days, waiting for the weather to moderate, the body was in the end interred at Creagan an Inbhir, near Gruinard House, and was the first to be laid in that burying-ground. One of the Mackenzies had singled out this spot for his own last resting-place, but he was buried at Beauuly or some other place. The grave of the bard, William Mackenzie, commonly called An Ceistear Crùbach, the Lame Catechist, is in this place.

Creagan an Inbhir, by which name this graveyard is commonly known, is, as we were informed, on the opposite side of the inbhir or estuary, and the proper name of the graveyard is Cnoc an Inbhir. A spot to which creagan, little rock, could be applied, does certainly seem a less likely place for a burying-ground than one designated by *cnoc*, knoll.

Bordbuie.—The Mackenzies of Ballone and the Mackenzies of Dundonnell were closely related in origin and by intermarriage, and for a time buried their dead together in the parish churchyard of Clachan, Lochbroom. The Dundonnell family, from resentment at the burial in their common ground of the remains of a man who was married to one of the Ballone family, and who committed suicide by drowning himself in the River Broom, determined to abandon that burying-ground and to choose another. The spot chosen was a pretty little plateau, nearly rectangular, and isolated on three sides, situated at the head of Little Loch Broom, and known by the name of Bordbuie, in Gaelic *Am Bord Buidhe*, lit., The Yellow Table. The laird of Dundonnell desired his tenantry to adopt this place as their burying-ground, and to cease to resort to Clachan. No one could be found willing, however, to be the first to break ground in the new graveyard. The reason assigned for this unwillingness is that the spirit of the first person buried in a new burying-ground would have to watch the place until the next interment. There has probably been a misapprehension of the familiar belief that the spirit of the last person buried has to watch the graveyard

until the next interment. In a local burying-ground, with comparatively few interments, the period of watching would ordinarily be longer than in the larger, older, and more frequented churchyard of the parish. In course of time, however, an interment took place. A man died at Strathbeg, and the funeral cortege set out for Clachan. At Bruthach na Gearrhoille, where the road turns up the hill towards Clachan, a contest took place between the friends of the deceased, who wished to lay the remains at Clachan, and some who to please Mackenzie wished to go to Bordbuie with the funeral. In the struggle the coffin was broken, Mackenzie's supporters prevailed, and the body was buried at Bordbuie. A son of the man who was being buried that day separated himself from the cortege when it turned in the direction of Bordbuie, held on his way towards Clachan, went on to Sutherlandshire, and never returned.

WRECKS.

On the beach of one of the villages in the district, the wreck of a vessel that belonged to one of the inhabitants has lain now for a number of years. The sight of wreckage, whether afloat on the waves or stranded on the shore, brings very near the presence of death at sea with no hand to help and no tongue to tell, and such symbols of unknown death very readily become invested with superstitious regard. In this district, however badly off people may be for fuel, on no consideration will they help themselves to any part of a wreck for firewood. That is a general practice, but the following seems to be rather an individual manifestation of the superstitious mind. A certain part of the wreck we have referred to was washed away in a storm within the last few years. A brother of the owner, the owner himself being dead, searched the shores unceasingly until he found the missing part, and was enabled to restore it to its place. His reason for putting himself to this trouble was that in a previous storm the corresponding piece had gone amissing, and before the year was out his brother had died, and he feared unless this piece was recovered and replaced that he might die before the end of this year. Yet before that year was ended, the remains of the man who was so careful to restore the piece that had been carried away were laid in the grave beside those of his brother.

MARRIAGE.

Certain observances in connection with marriage at Little Lochbroom point very clearly to the primitive institution of marriage by capture for their origin. The marriage party, to take a typical instance, has to walk several miles to meet the minister who is to perform the desired ceremony, and he has to come perhaps an equal distance. The trysting-place for the performance of the ceremony may be the bank of a stream or some other well-known spot, and may be out of sight of all human habitation. All this and perhaps more of our tale is common in different parts of the west of Ross-shire. The bridegroom's house is a little further away than the bride's home from the trysting place. While the bride's party is at breakfast on the morning of the wedding day, a scout is sent out every few minutes to see what is doing at the bridegroom's house, and to guard against surprise by him and his party. The bridegroom's party, in the same way, are watching the bride's home. When the bride and her party set out, there immediately arises an appearance of great stir and bustle about the bridegroom's house. Presently he and his party are seen to come out, and, as though they were in hot haste to overtake the bride's party, they take a straight line through fields and over streams and fences. They do not overtake the party in front, however, but keep about two hundred yards behind. When the bride's party sits down to partake of a refreshment by the way, the pursuers still keep at the same respectful distance, and sit down to take their refreshments by themselves. While waiting for the minister at the trysting place, the two parties keep at a distance the one from the other, and even when they are obliged to approach for the performance of the ceremony, they still keep distinct. Immediately on the conclusion of the ceremony by which bride and bridegroom are made one, the two parties mingle together and are associated throughout the remainder of the day's proceedings.

CLÍAR SHEANCHAIN.

The Clíar Sheanchain, or, as the name is pronounced here, Cléir Sheanchainn, used to pay a visit to Little Loch Broom every spring. The members of the company were five in number, and belonged to the south. According to some

accounts they were Lochaber men. When they came to the house at which they intended to stay, they asked for "smeuran dubha sna Faoilich Earraich," "ripe brambles in the beginning of spring," and they were entitled to hospitable entertainment until their demand was complied with or they chose to depart. On their making the usual demand at a house in Badcall, at Little Lochbroom, one spring day, the goodman led them to his cornyard to a bush which he had covered with his oilskin coat in autumn, and he presented them there and then with ripe brambles. Sorely put out by this untoward occurrence, they set out to cross the hill to the valley of the Gruinard River. On the ridge the snow was drifting and night was falling, and in the darkness and drift they "went out" on a small loch by the way and were drowned. The bodies, when recovered, were buried at the north end of the loch in graves still pointed out, and in consequence of the event the loch bears the name of Loch na Cléire.

Variations in the tale are that the demand was for "mucan fáileag ann am Mart an Earraich," "hips in the height of spring;" that it was complied with in Strathmore at the head of Lochbroom, or at Keppoch, at Little Loch Broom; that the man had covered the bush with his coat; that the Cliar was overtaken by darkness at Badbea, in Little Lochbroom, and that there were twenty-four members in the company. Probably twenty-four was regarded here as the full complement of members in the palmy days of the institution, and the number had dwindled down to five at the time of the story.

Another story, telling how at Culfail Hotel, Duncan Ban routed the three northern bards constituting the "Cleith Sheanachas," was related at the Duncan Ban celebration at Oban in 1904. The origin and history of the institution has been related fully in the "Celtic Review," Vol. IV., pp. 80-88, by Mr W. J. Watson.

21st DECEMBER, 1905.

At this meeting Mr Alex. Campbell, solicitor, Fort-William, delivered a paper entitled

TRADITIONS OF LOCHABER.

Perhaps there is no part of the Western Highlands that has clung so tenaciously to the traditions of old, and the glory of the ancient heroes, as the district of Lochaber. This, however, is not to be much wondered at when it is remembered that although the West of Scotland has frequently been overrun by our enemies, they never obtained a firm footing in Lochaber. The Roman legions, in attempting to penetrate into the wilds of Lōchaber, came to grief in the Moor of Rannoch, and Tacitus, the Roman historian, relates that the Romans in one campaign in Caledonia lost 60,000 men. These are traditionally believed to have perished in the winter's storms in the Moor of Rannoch in the attempt to penetrate into Lochaber. At a later period, we find the Lochaber men, under Sir Ewen Cameron of Lochiel, compelling the great Oliver Cromwell to make honourable terms of peace with them. It is perhaps to be regretted that the men who handed down the stories of the noted men of old, and their deeds of valour and daring, are fast dying out. A number of years ago many old men in Lochaber were able to give endless accounts of such men as Sir Ewen Cameron, Taillear Dubh na Tuaighe, Domhnuill Donn, and other popular heroes.

Most of the traditions of the district relate to prowess in war or the chase. A good many stories are told of the Lochaber men's dexterity with the long-bow, and indeed it is possible there are some among us to this day who are fairly good at "drawing the long bow." If the stories that are handed down to us regarding the feats of the Lochaber Archers are true, they would vie with the best archers of Sherwood Forest. The favourite wood for the bow was the yew (Iubhair), and the arrows were winged with the Loch Treig eagle feather, thus distinguishing them from the grey goose shaft of "Merry England." Among the famous huntsmen of old flourishes the name of Donald Macdonald, better known as Domhnuill MacFhuilaidh nandan, who belonged to the Braes of Lochaber. Besides being a huntsman and noted archer, he was no mean poet, although only one authentic poem of his has been handed down to posterity. This poem is known as "A' chomhachag." According to this man, the proper place to fix the arrow when hunting the deer was in the stag's ear. In a verse of the poem mentioned,

in praise of a member of the Keppoch family, he says:—
“’S tric a chur u do Shaighead an cruathas, An cluais an daimh Chabraich an sas.”

It is related of Domhnuill MacFhuilaidh that on one occasion he followed the chase outwith the bounds of Lochaber into Perthshire, and was captured by the Earl of Athole. Donald being so captured outwith his own territory was doomed to death by the imperious Earl. His fame, however, as an archer had spread far and wide, and the Earl of Athole resolved to put his dexterity to the test. For this purpose he brought him to a hillside in charge of a strong guard. On arriving there, the Earl pointed out to Donald a hind which was grazing, with its head away from them, showing only the hind quarters, and told him if he could pierce one of the hind’s eyes with an arrow his life would be spared. To any man, even the best rifle shot of the present day, this task might appear hopeless, but Donald rose to the occasion. He quietly took a blade of grass lengthways between his thumbs, and blowing through between them to make the blade of grass act as a reed, emitted a sound resembling the cry of a fawn. The hind, immediately on hearing the sound, turned its head in the direction whence it proceeded, and gave Donald his desired opportunity, of which he was not slow to take advantage. Promptly bending his bow, the shaft whistled through the air, and the hind fell dead, the arrow entering by an eye and piercing the brain. To the credit of the Athole men, it is said that Donald was forthwith set at liberty, and is believed to have died at a good old age in the Braes of Lochaber.

A story is told of a love-lorn Badenoch man who resolved to take a wife from Lochaber. He accordingly came to the district with twelve men, and before the lady’s relatives could save her, he carried her off, proceeding up Glen Spean on the north side of the river and towards Loch Laggan. The lady’s brother, however, armed himself with his bow and arrows, and started in pursuit of the kidnapper. He proceeded along the south bank of the river, and got in front of his enemies at a point between Fersit and Moy. He took up his position in a hollow on the south side of the river, and awaited the passing of the Badenoch men on the north side. While so waiting, he busied himself sharpening his arrows on a stone. In due time the kidnapping party appeared on the road leading to Kingussie. The leader, as a mark of dis-

tion, wore a red cloak, and towards him the Lochaberian's shaft was directed. The shaft found its mark, and the leader fell, but no sooner had he fallen than the next in rank donned the red cloak, and he immediately shared the fate of his leader. The remaining men successively donned the fateful red cloak, but they all fell by the unerring shafts of the Lochaber man. Having killed the thirteen men, he threw their bodies into a small pond near the River Spean, which is still pointed out to the visitor, and took the young lady home. The stone on which the arrows were sharpened is still pointed out, with the impression or groove made in it by the arrow heads. This stone was pointed out to the writer a few years ago. The distance between the stone and where the Badenoch men are said to have fallen is not less than two hundred yards, so that the old English statute prohibiting practice with the long-bow at a shorter distance than a furlong (220 yards) was amply justified.

Ian Beag a Bhuilg (Little John of the White Quiver—according to some, John Cameron of Inchree, but according to other McLachlan of Coruanan) was another famous archer. It is told of him that when the Ardnamurchan men under Mac Mhic Eoin invaded Ardgour, he formed one of the party that resisted the invasion. The invading chief was mounted and clad in complete steel, and when he rode in front of his host to view his enemies, the day being warm, he raised the visor of his helmet to wipe the sweat from his brow. While doing so a shaft from the bow of the redoubtable Ian Beag pinned his hand to his forehead, causing instant death to the chief, and dismay to his followers, who forthwith fled. Ian Beag is also credited with killing Cameron of Glen Nevis. Apparently there was bad blood between them, and Ian resolved to do away with the chief of this sept of the Clan Cameron. To achieve his purpose he induced Cameron's dairymaid to inform him where and when he could see her master, without being seen. The dairymaid informed him that he could see the chief at the front of the house early in the morning, when she would give himself and his retainers their morning drink of warm milk. She further explained that the chief would be the first to receive the cuach or drinking cup. Ian accordingly hid himself in some brackens at a convenient distance from Glen Nevis House, which in those days was at Acha'n Lagan Bhig. The chief appeared in the morning as usual, and received the cuach from the

dairymaid, and while raising it to his lips an arrow from Ian's bow pierced the hand holding the cup and penetrated his breast. Some say this happened not at Acha'n Lagan Bhig but at Innis-nan-ceann, a place further up Glen Nevis, and that the man who was killed was in the act of drinking out of what is termed a "cuman," a kind of wooden pail or bucket, and that the arrow pierced the "cuman" and penetrated the man's head. The writer ventures no opinion as to which version is the authentic one.

Quite a halo of romance surrounds the memory of Domhnuill Donn Mac-Fear Bhothuintinn. He was the son of Mac-Donald of Bohuntin, and lived about the beginning of the seventeenth century. Donald was a noted cattle-lifter, the district of Strathspey suffering much from his depredations. Although so frequently engaged in marauding expeditions, he found time to cultivate the muse, and was a bard of considerable merit. A verse from one of his songs shows the contempt in which he held the Grants of Strathspey. He thus refers to the Chief of that clan:—

“ Ged is carrach leat mo cheann,
’S ged is cam leat mo chasan;
Thoginn creach ’o Tighearna Grannd
’S ghabhinn dram ’s dol seachad.”

On one occasion he successfully lifted a creach in the North Country, and took the dairymaid with him to attend the cattle. On arriving with his spoil on the confines of Lochaber, and while resting for the night, he entrusted the dairymaid to the care of the lady of the house where he lodged, upon whom he looked as a friend. This good lady, however, seems to have been of a sympathetic nature, and the dairymaid easily prevailed upon her to set her at liberty in the dead of night, while Domhnuill Donn was sound asleep. When thus set at liberty, the dairymaid called the cows, which, recognising her voice, immediately followed her, and when Domhnuill arose in the morning the maid and cattle were “ower the hills and far awa’.”

On another occasion Domhnuill Donn made a raid into Glencoe (one of many), but met with indifferent success. Instead of coming home with cattle and horses as was his wont, he had to flee for his life, hotly pursued by the Glencoe men into the heart of Lochaber. On arriving at Inverlochry he resolved, in order to elude his pursuers, to cross the Lochy

to the north bank by a ford which then existed, about half a mile above the present suspension bridge. He successfully negotiated the ford, but on landing on the north bank one of the Glencoe men, an archer, appeared on the south bank. Bending his bow and letting fly an arrow at Donald, the Glencoe man shouted "Sin agad . . . ite firein Ghlinn Iubhair." The arrow missed its mark, and Donald immediately returned the compliment with the remark—"Sin agad. . . . ite firein Locha Treig." Donald's aim was better than his adversaries, his arrow piercing the latter's heart.

Domhnuill Donn ultimately fell a victim to the wiles of a woman. He was decoyed to Inverness, and while there an attempt was made to capture him. He, however, escaped from the town, hotly pursued by a company of men—sixty-three according to himself. He had with him a matchlock or musket—a rare weapon in the Highlands at that time. It proved of no avail, having missed fire, and Donald was captured. He was tried at Inverness for horse-stealing and other offences, condemned, and sentenced to be beheaded, which sentence was duly carried out. While in prison under sentence of death he composed several songs, many of which are common in Lochaber at the present time. In one of these he regrets that he was captured without shedding a drop of his enemies' blood; opens in a torrent of invective upon the useless matchlock, and bewails the want of a trusty claymore. So highly was Domhnuill Donn esteemed even by the officials of the law, that it is believed in his native place to the present day, that if only a dozen of his countrymen had appeared at Inverness to demand his release, even when under sentence of death, he would have been set at liberty. With reference to the Gaelic quotations in the foregoing pages, it is left to the members of the Gaelic Society to translate them, and also to fill in the blanks!

The battle of Mull Roy, which was fought between the Mackintoshes, supported by a company of regulars, and the MacDonells of Keppoch, is of course matter of history; but there are some traditions connected with the battle which have rarely appeared in print. One of these is to the effect that a man named Campbell, who attended cattle at Lochtreig, hearing that the fiery cross had been sent through the Braes of Lochaber, hied him to join the Keppoch standard. He arrived on the east bank of the River Roy as the opposing hosts were engaging in battle on the west bank, the Mackin-

toshes and their allies being drawn along the foot of the hill and near to the river. Apparently the worthy herd was distinguished by the Mackintoshes as a foeman, for before he could cross the river he was wounded by an arrow in the thigh. Extracting the weapon, with a contemptuous remark, he bandaged his wound, and then sprang across the river at a narrow gorge, now known as "The Mackintosh's Leap," from the fact of the standard-bearer of the latter having jumped across at the same place later in the day to save the standard. Being totally unarmed, this worthy son of Diarmid pulled down the branch of an ash tree, and swinging it round his head dashed at his enemies, attacking them in the rear, and, it is believed, causing such confusion in their ranks as materially contributed to their defeat. Be this as it may, it is said that when the fight was over, the herd was the proud possessor of a sword.

ANNUAL DINNER.

The thirty-third annual dinner of this Society was held on Friday evening, 12th January, 1906, in the Alexandra Hotel, under the presidency of Sir Robert Finlay, K.C., chief of the Society. There was a large attendance, and the function proved a successful one. The dining-hall was effectively draped with tartan plaids and stags' heads. Sir Robert Finlay was supported on the right by Provost Arthur D. Ross, and on the left by Dr Alexander Ross. The duties of croupier were discharged by Mr William Macdonald, carpenter contractor. There were present—Mr Mackintosh of Raigmore, Mr William Mackay, solicitor; Mr James Barron, Bailie John Smith Fraser, Bailie Alexander Fraser, Bailie John Mackenzie, Mr J. L. Robertson, H.M.I.S.; Dr Alexander Macbain, Major Findlater, Mr Macdonald, H.M.I.S.; Mr Andrew Macdonald, Sheriff-Clerk of Inverness-shire; Chief Constable Machardy, Chief Constable Macdonald, ex-Bailie Guild, Mr T. G. Henderson, ex-Bailie Maclean, Dr F. M. Mackenzie, Mr Andrew Mackintosh, H.M. Customs; Dr John Mackenzie, Mr Maclean, C.A.; Mr Falconer, Church Street; Mr Maclellan, Inglis Street; Mr W. J. Maclean, wine merchant; Mr Roderick Noble, The Haven; Mr Davidson, Waverley Hotel; Mr Batchen, draper; Mr Lumsden,

banker; Mr Cameron, Central School; Mr Whitehead, Mr Colvin, auctioneer; Mr Brand, solicitor; Mr Rusterholz, Palace Hotel; Mr Mackenzie, grocer, Castle Street; Mr Scott, burgh surveyor; Mr Smith, writer; and Mr Morrison, secretary. After an excellent dinner, which was smartly served, under the personal supervision of Mr Oberbeck,

Sir Robert Finlay gave the loyal and patriotic toasts, which were warmly pledged.

Major Alexander Fraser responded to the toast of the Imperial Forces.

The Secretary read the annual report, which stated that the Society is carrying on its own special work, as mentioned in Rule 2 of the Constitution, with the same uninterrupted success as in past years. The cultivation of the Gaelic language, and the poetry and music of the Scottish Highlands is continuing to hold that prominent place in the history of the Society it has held since its inception in 1871. In its literary department the Society is being recruited by able and willing specialists, and the number of new names appearing on the syllabus for this season is distinct evidence of the vitality of the Gaelic movement in general. The Council is glad to inform the Society that Vol. 25 of the Transactions will be out of the printer's hands by the end of next month, and should be in the hands of members entitled to receive the same early next March. This number will be about the same size as the last, and will contain much valuable matter never hitherto published. As intimated in the report of last year, the book will complete the present series, and the Council contemplates to begin a fresh series of Transactions with the succeeding number. These books will be printed with the number of the volume on the outside of the cover; and as the printing, paper, and binding will be of better quality, some additional expense will be entailed. It is hoped, however, that the Society will rise to the occasion, and that this desirable attempt on the part of the Council will be justified. The item of income and expenditure for the year shows a balance at the credit of the Society's account of £36 0s 8d, as against £29 1s 3d in the previous account. The balance of the debt for Vol. 24 has been paid during the year, and the present balance will have to help to meet the account for the new volume. The Council is indebted to Mr Dewar, the late chief of the Society, for a donation of £20 to the publishing fund. During the year 1 life member, 7 honorary members, and 25

ordinary members have joined the Society. There is, of course, as in every similar society, a certain amount of lapsing, by death and otherwise, and the Council is particular not to keep the names of gentlemen on the membership list who may be three years or upwards in arrear with their subscription. The Council has to regret the removal by death during the year of Lochiel, who was for so many years member of Parliament for, and Convener of, the county of Inverness. Lochiel joined the Society at its start, and in the year 1884 was elected to the position of chief. The Society's library has been further enriched during the year by the addition of the following, viz.:—A dozen copies of an address delivered by the late Professor Sir William Geddes to the Celtic Society of Aberdeen University, and entitled "Historical Characteristics of the Celtic Race," presented by Lady Geddes, and a copy of a reprint from the Scottish Historical Review, entitled "The Celtic Trews," by Mr David M'Ritchie, C.A., Edinburgh. The Council is also much indebted to Mr William Mackay, who continues to take an active part in the work of the Society, and one of its founders, for a copy of the "Wardlaw MS.," edited by himself for the Scottish History Society. Altogether, the Council has reason to be satisfied with the progress made, and has every reason to hope that this progress will be maintained in the future.

Sir Robert Finlay said the reading by the secretary of the very satisfactory report to which they had just listened would have prepared them for the toast of the evening, which he had now the honour to propose, and that was "Success to the Gaelic Society of Inverness." This was a toast that wanted few words to commend it to their favourable reception. The Gaelic Society of Inverness was now celebrating its thirty-third annual festival. They had passed over the third of a century, and he believed they were entitled to claim the distinction of being the oldest Gaelic Society in Scotland. He thought the report to which they had just listened showed that the Society was doing good work. It was doing work of which all its members might well be proud—work which was likely to be of the highest service to the Highlands of Scotland. During those thirty-three years they had had a long succession of chiefs, who from time to time had presided at those banquets. Reference had been made by the Secretary in his report to the very great loss that this Society had sustained by the death of Lochiel. They all felt that loss

acutely. They all knew what the late Lochiel was to the county and to the Highlands, and he had left behind him a memory which would long be dear to those who appreciated the past and who appreciated the present, and hoped for the future of the Highlands. He could assure them it was to him a very great honour to have succeeded as chief of the Society for those past years all those who had gone before him in the office. He was sensible of his own unworthiness in many respects, but he could assure them that he had at least one qualification for the post that might recommend him to their favour, and that was that he did not think any chief ever appreciated being present at the annual banquet more than he did on that important occasion. The object of this Society was a most excellent and admirable one. It was to promote the study of the art, the literature, the poetry, and the music of that part of the United Kingdom in which they were most particularly interested, and to which they were most attached. There was a great deal in the history of Celtic art which was of the highest possible interest. It fell to his lot on a recent occasion to have to conduct in court a case which related to a burning controversy as to the custody of certain very ancient Celtic ornaments that were found in Ireland. These ornaments were produced in court. They were all struck by the exquisite workmanship; and in particular the judge who tried the case, in looking at one of the torques which had been handed up for judicial inspection, said: "After looking at this, I see we have not learned very much since that torque was made." He thought that was true of a great deal of Celtic art on whatever side of the Channel it might have taken shape. They all felt, he was sure, that the motive which underlies the formation of societies of this kind was a most excellent and admirable one. It was said, he thought, by a very great man, Prince Bismarck, at the time when the perpetual Eastern controversy was more than usually acute, and the claims of Greece were giving great trouble to the Powers: "Greece has an interesting history, Greece has a past, I believe Greece has a future—what does Greece want with the present?" He (Sir Robert) was perfectly certain that no country which was not proud of its past deserved a present, or had any right to hope for a great future. We are creatures of the past, and every country was what those who had gone before them made it; and it was a happy thing for any country if it could look back to such glorious memories as

those that were associated with the Highlands of Scotland. Nowhere had poetry, nowhere had romance risen to a higher point than in the land of bens, of glens, and of heroes. He was very sorry he could not give the words in the original, but he was assured on the highest authority that it was a tolerably correct translation. They all recollected the scene in "The Antiquary" where Hector Macintyre undertook to recite to his sceptical uncle the poems of Ossian in the original, and where, after a good deal of humming and hawing, he produced several lines, declaring at the same time it was absolutely impossible to represent in any English version the excellent felicity of the original. He (Sir Robert) wished he could give the original in this case. He was very much alarmed by hearing something which seemed to imply that there was a sort of examination to be passed for admission to this Society, and it occurred to his alarmed mind that the examination for the post of chief would be likely to be particularly stringent. He, however, was assured on that point. He learned from their constitution that no member who could not speak Gaelic was qualified to take any part in the business of the Society or to vote. The Gaelic-speaking members were the effective members of the Society. He was afraid they had not got a very effective chief, if that was the test, but he could assure them that he should lose no opportunity of recommending the objects of the Society in any quarter where he saw any possibility of promoting its interests. They gained a great deal for the country to which they were all proud to belong, for the United Kingdom, and for the British Empire by being proud of the local traditions, of the local memories, of the local history associated with each part of the United Kingdom in which they were more particularly interested. Scotland and England were long deadly enemies. They were now closely united, and as Lord Macaulay said, with his usual eloquence and felicity of expression: "Of old antipathies there is just so much left as to lend a generous rivalry to the achievements of the warriors that spring from each part of the United Kingdom." What was true of Scotland and of England was true also of Scotland itself, for in Scotland they long had two races frequently in collision, frequently regarding one another with not the most amiable feelings, and for a long time separated by memories of mutual injuries. All of them recollected a story that was told by Sir Walter Scott of how in the reign of James VI., whom south of the Tweed

they would call James I., a project was started for civilising the Hebrides, and it was entrusted to a company of gentlemen from Fifeshire, who were called the Fifeshire adventurers, and who settled in the neighbourhood of Stornoway for the purpose of civilising the country. He understood the career of the Fifeshire adventurers was brief and disastrous. He thought Sir Walter Scott tells he had seen in his extreme youth a very old man who had spoken to the woman, in her extreme old age, who as a girl recollected holding the lantern while the natives were cutting the throats of the Fifeshire adventurers. All those memories, although they had not been wiped out, had left no unpleasant flavour behind them. The whole of Scotland was proud to bear the name of Scotland. Every one of them, Highland or Lowland, was proud of the country to which they belonged, and all these memories of past wrongs had been softened by a halo of romance until they were really glad that such things had happened, for "distance lends enchantment to the view, and in every country it was something to know that there was at the back of everything an element of strength which, in the hot youth of the country, was occasionally characterised by excesses. There were things done, things suffered, in those days which, to our notions, were very painful; but, after all, we do not dwell upon the painful side of these things. He remembered seeing not long ago in London a very witty play which dealt with that part of the United Kingdom which dwells possibly too much upon the painful memories of the past. The play was called "John Bull's Other Island," and one of the characters, addressing his neighbours, referred to the various grievances that they all had—how one man's farm had been taken from him, how another was punished in trade, and so forth, but he wound up by saying: "How the devil are we to live upon one another's grievances?" What was true of the individual was true of nations. It was not good for any nation to dwell very much on the painful memories of the past. As between Scotland and England there had been most cruel wrongs; they did not dwell upon them. They thought of them somehow or another, thanks very largely to the poetry and to the tales of that great author whose name he had already mentioned, with some pride. They led them all the more to appreciate their present prosperity, and the close friendship that united them indissolubly with their kinsmen beyond the Tweed. What was true of Scotland and of

England was true of Scotland as regards the relations of the different races that go to enrich our Scottish blood. He thought it was one of the most interesting problems for the historian to deal with, when he had to ascertain what was the composition of the Scottish race, that the Celtic element entered very largely into it, even in parts of the country usually classed as Lowland. He remembered having occasion a great many years ago to look into this matter. He took some pains to look into it, and the conclusion he came to was that the Celtic element existed to a very great extent indeed even in parts of the country that usually would be classified as Saxon. Mr Lecky, that great historian whose loss they deplored, said: "It is beyond all controversy that the Highlands of Scotland and the Highlanders have communicated a certain charm to the Scottish character." They had given a certain spirituelle element, a certain element of romance and of poetry, of which all Scotchmen might well be proud. He did not think there were many societies that had a more excellent aim than the Society of which he had the honour to preside that evening. They were delighted to know that the Society was flourishing. He wished it a long career. He trusted there would be many such anniversaries, and that at every succeeding anniversary the volume of success of this Gaelic Society might continue to grow. He asked them to drink success to the Gaelic Society of Inverness.

The toast was cordially pledged.

Mr James Barron gave the toast "Tir nam Beann, nan Gleann 's nan Gaisgeach." This toast was to the land of bens, glens, and heroes. They all knew that this toast was received at those annual dinners with a note of true affection. Mingled as their land was of mountain, moor, and valley, sparkling with its lochs and intersected with rapid rivers, it formed without any question a home land as full of fascination, in fact, unsurpassed in fascination by any region on earth. There were higher mountains than theirs, but there were none that presented such massive rock, purple heather, grassy turf, and changing sky. He never forgot what the late Sheriff Nicolson said on returning from visiting the Alps, that the peaks of the Coolins were to him as majestic as ever. Mr Barron spoke of the enthusiasm with which natives who had returned to visit their homeland displayed in regard to it. They realised that the memories which they had cherished were in no way mistaken. It was

not simply that it was their native land, but they realised the allurements of this land as a land to live in, and they almost regretted that they had to live in a distant country. As to the future of the Highlands, he might be permitted to say that he thought he observed signs of a movement for the re-peopling of the glens. They might detect among all classes, from the landlord to the labourer, a desire for a better system. He believed also that the change would come, as it ought to come, very largely through friendly co-operation. He was speaking to a capable estate manager the other day, and he agreed with him that the Highlands required not only areas for sport, but a sufficient number of moderate sized arable and pastoral farms. The days of sheep farming on a large scale were past, and those farms that survived still might go on, but under modern conditions their number would not increase. The great difficulties that confronted in connection with a system of improvement were the erection of suitable buildings, and the creation of a spirit of satisfaction with the circumstances of life. They had to offer sufficient inducements to young men to remain in the country. He had had a conversation in the summer in a country district with some young men who went to Canada and who had come back still retaining a little of the capital they had made in this country, and they said they would prefer to have holdings in this country than make their way to Canada. The work of the Congested Districts Board led them to cherish some hope—it might be a faint hope—that those difficulties would be overcome. Though the process could not be a sudden one, it would gradually develop with the consent of all parties in the Highlands, and another generation might see a peasantry living in the glens that were now desolate.

Dr Alexander Ross appropriately acknowledged the toast. He remarked that although not born within the Highland line, he had spent almost his whole life, over sixty years, in the Highlands. There was no one, perhaps, who travelled more over the Highlands than he had done. He had seen a great many changes during that period. He was old enough to remember the misery that existed among the people as a result of the failure of the potato crop. He remembered the time that sheep farming boomed, and when to be a sheep farmer a man possessed a fortune. He remembered when sportsmen subsequently took up the running, and how the Highlands boomed under them. Although the position of

affairs in the Highlands was at present in rather a backwater stage, he was in hope that things would yet recover, and that they would see the glens peopled by a healthy and industrious population.

Dr Alexander Macbain gave the toast of Highland Education. He remarked that at present there was a great controversy going on in the West Coast papers in regard to the teaching of Gaelic in schools. Some maintained that there should be no such thing as Gaelic teaching at all. It was quite a mistake to think that Gaelic teaching should not be kept on. In the first place a person with two languages—a language gained in youth—had a better chance of learning more languages afterwards than a person having only one language to start with. A bi-lingual child had great advantages in after life in learning new tongues. That had been proved over and over again. In regard to the teaching of Gaelic later on, they did not advocate that a child who had not learned Gaelic in its youth should learn the language after twelve or thirteen years of age. What they wanted to do was to teach the child who already knew Gaelic, and also knew English. As the case now stood, Gaelic was very fully recognised by the Education Department. They were very much indebted to Mr Robertson, His Majesty's Inspector of Schools, for that position of matters. He had accomplished heroic work in getting Gaelic recognised in various ways. First, it was recognised in the Code as an instrument to test the intelligence of the children, and there was added that an extra pupil teacher could be employed over and above the ordinary staff of the school, capable of bi-lingual teaching. Mr Robertson got matters advanced, and Gaelic was recognised as a subject which pupil-teachers could take on entering the Normal. Dr Macbain then spoke of the extra marks, to the number of eighty, allowed for Gaelic-speaking pupil-teachers, and he also alluded to the Leaving Certificate now allowed in Gaelic. The first examination, which was held last year, was a highly gratifying one. 86 new candidates went forward and a high percentage was made. The papers were highly satisfactory, both in oral and written work. New changes were going to be made, and how Gaelic would stand in reference to those changes was a matter of doubt at present. He had no doubt, however, as to how matters had already been conducted, and how the Department had acted so well towards them, that they would have no difficulty in

getting Gaelic recognised under the new scheme. In the new system of training Inverness had a good chance of taking a leading position. They hoped to see a school maintained in Inverness for the initial training of teachers. He coupled the toast with the name of a gentleman who had done very much for the Gaelic in connection with this Society and some other societies, Mr William Mackay, in a way that no one else could speak of the ancient history of education in the Highlands. He had given several papers on that subject, and no man was more capable of doing so and in an interesting way.

Mr William Mackay, solicitor, in replying to the toast, said that last year they resumed proposing it after a lapse of several years, and proposing the toast, as he did last year, he referred to certain circumstances which made it peculiarly appropriate that they should remember on that occasion the subject of Highland education. At that time they were in the happy position of having learned that the subject of Gaelic in Highland schools was taken out of the merely elementary stage in which it stood for thirty years and placed upon the secondary platform by a minute to which Dr Macbain alluded. That minute had now been in operation for a year, and as Dr Macbain had stated, the result was most satisfactory. He thought Dr Macbain rather under-stated the number who came forward. His (Mr Mackay's) information was that 106 applicants for the Leaving Certificate in Gaelic came forward, and something like 86 of that number passed. He was able to state on the highest authority that the examiner, who is a Professor in one of the Universities, was most delighted with the result of the examination. If that was the case in the first year, he need hardly say they were justified in hoping that things would improve, and that the results would become more and more satisfactory. Since he had the honour of speaking on this subject last year two somewhat important events took place in Inverness. The first was the conference held in the month of March on the subject of Highland education. That meeting was attended by educational authorities not only from all parts of the Highlands, but from all parts of the Lowlands, and from as far south as London. The discussion was not only interesting, but most valuable in this way, that it crystallised their demands, because a great many, at anyrate several, of the demands that were made were found to be untenable and unworkable, and they came down to a level of fact and practi-

cability. Certain resolutions were then passed which were afterwards submitted to the Education Department, and it was satisfactory to be able to state that these were received with sympathy and appreciation. One of the resolutions passed was that it was desirable that a Training College should be established in Inverness. That was proposed, as some of them present at the conference might remember, in a striking speech by Dr Macleod, and it was unanimously carried. Certain letters which afterwards appeared in the newspapers showed that their friends in the south were somewhat alarmed. They imagined they in the Highlands were a peculiar people; but as Sir Robert Finlay stated, they in the Highlands were as much Scotchmen as they were in the Lowlands, and they were as proud of being Scotchmen as any man in Edinburgh or anywhere south of the Grampians. They were perfectly alive to the fact that without a thorough English education it was impossible for a Highland boy to get on in this world. Their friends in the Lowlands, who, he knew, were well meaning, need be under no misapprehension that they in the Highlands would not take care of themselves in regard to this matter. They wanted to treat Gaelic in a sensible way, just as they would treat any other language they would wish their children to learn, especially to treat it in connection with children who knew Gaelic better than English. It was impossible to teach an unknown language to a child without making proper use of the only language that that child knew. The expression Training College was, as he (Mr Mackay) had afterwards an opportunity of pointing out to the secretary to the Education Department, perhaps a little misleading. What they wanted to have was a high-class school which would be the stepping-stone, so to speak, between the local schools and the universities, or if they liked, the regular Training Colleges of the south. That was what they wished to have in Inverness, and he had reason to believe that by and by they should have such a school. In that school there would be special provision for teaching of Gaelic in a systematic and proper manner to such boys as might wish to learn it.

Mr William Macdonald, carpenter contractor, gave the toast of Kindred Societies, in which he spoke of the excellent work so successfully carried on by each of them. Chief-Constable M'Hardy responded for the Inverness Scientific Society and Field Club, and Mr Andrew Mackintosh replied

for "An Comunn Gaidhealach." Bailie John Smith Fraser gave the toast of Non-Resident Members. Mr Andrew Mackintosh proposed the Provost, Magistrates, and Town Council of Inverness, to which Provost Ross replied. Bailie John Mackenzie proposed the health of Mr William Macdonald, the croupier, which was warmly pledged. Mr Macdonald acknowledged the toast.

Dr F. M. Mackenzie, in proposing the health of the Chairman, said:—Gentlemen, fill your glasses. I have the honour to propose, as I do with great cordiality, the toast of our distinguished Chairman, Sir Robert Finlay. Perhaps some of you do not know that I possess the same name as our distinguished Chairman. I am also Finlay. And as we have learned from our Chairman that he is connected with the Highlands, it is very possible that he and I are related to one another. And let the poet say what he likes about "What's in a name," I maintain that to the Highlander like myself there is a great deal in a name, for let me remind you that Finlay means the fair-haired hero. It is something to be thankful for this evening that while outside these walls the world of nature and the world of politics are in a stormy mood, yet here we are met as men and brethren. For whenever you entered that door the electrical current was switched off, and we began to breathe the atmosphere of good fellowship and good feeling. Let me assure you, gentlemen, that for the past thirty years this has been a feature of the feast of the Gaelic Society, for in that Society's dictionary the word politics you will not find. There is one circumstance in connection with this toast which gives me a peculiar pleasure, and it is that our distinguished Chairman has been a member of my own profession. And I must confess to a certain grudge against law that it deprived the profession of medicine of a man of such distinguished gifts and graces. We medical men always maintain that the profession of medicine is the most noble and most Godlike of all the professions. For the last thirty years it has been my good fortune to attend these annual feasts, and it gives me a certain tinge of melancholy to look around and find many old familiar faces conspicuous by their absence. I saw, sir, in that chair such patriotic Highland proprietors as Cluny and Sir Kenneth Mackenzie of Gairloch; such distinguished Scotsmen as Professor Blackie and Dr Thomas Maclachlan of Edinburgh. These and many more have gone to their long home, but in the battle of life

when one falls another takes his place, and we are very fortunate this evening in having in the place of honour such a distinguished man as Sir Robert Finlay. I am sure we all listened with admiration to the interesting, instructive, and also most eloquent address he has given us, and I think the whole company has received an inspiration, for I do not remember any meeting of the Society at which the speeches were so good and so eloquent. For these things I know you will cordially join with me to drink to the health, with long life and much happiness, of Sir Robert Finlay, and I propose that we drink the toast with Highland honours.

The toast was enthusiastically pledged with Highland honours, and with the singing of "He's a jolly good fellow." Cheers were added for Lady Finlay.

Sir Robert Finlay said:—Dr Mackenzie and gentlemen, I feel quite overwhelmed by your kindness. I cannot express too deeply my sense of the graceful terms in which Dr Mackenzie has been so good as to propose my health. I believe that his kindness of language and of feeling must be due to a certain feeling of kin. He referred to the fact that we bear the same name. The earliest Finlay that I know of was the father of Macbeth, who, I fear, has been sadly travestied by Shakespeare, and who, I believe, history now asserts, was a great and good King; and no doubt he derived many of his excellencies from his father, who bore the name which is common to Dr Mackenzie and myself. Dr Mackenzie has, in the happiest terms, referred to the fact that to-night we all meet upon common ground. It is one of the most gratifying features of public life in this country that political differences never have interfered, and I trust never will interfere, with social relations. As for my own feelings, I can only say that I have seldom enjoyed functions of this kind more than I have enjoyed that of this evening. And with reference to the outside features of the present time, to which Dr Mackenzie has gracefully and distantly alluded, I would sum up my feelings with regard to this evening in a very few words, which are not Gaelic, and are not English, and which are: "Venit post multos una serena dies."

The proceedings concluded by the company joining in singing "Auld Lang Syne." In the course of the evening songs were capitally rendered by Mr Roderick Macleod in Gaelic and English. Songs were also sung in English by Mr K. J. Brand and Mr G. A. Cameron, Central School, with

excellent effect. Mr Whitehead played the pianoforte accompaniments with his accustomed ability. Pipe-Major Ronald Mackenzie, Gordon Castle, the veteran piper to the Gaelic Society, contributed effective selections on the bagpipes. Mr Morrison, secretary, carried out the arrangements with success.

1st FEBRUARY, 1906.

The following interesting paper was contributed by the Rev. Mr Sinton, minister of Dores, at a meeting of the Society held on 1st February, 1906.

PLACES, PEOPLE, AND POETRY OF DORES IN OTHER DAYS.

No. I.

The spot which gives its name to this parish is at the foot of the rocky gorge formed by Allt a' Mhinisteir—The Minister's Burn—being in the immediate vicinity of the Church and Mill of Dores. When this fact is borne in mind, the field of inquiry as to the etymology of the name naturally becomes narrowed as it were to a point, and Dubh-ras—the Black Wood—suggests itself as the most probable derivation. The second syllable is no mere locative. It is a noun always inflected, as in “Strath Dhubhrais.”

It is proper to add, however, that tradition alleges that in remote antiquity the church or clachan stood on Dores Bay; and in this case the Ros, or headland, close by, which forms one of the most remarkable shore-features of Loch Ness, may have occasioned the name.

But from the fact that the nook referred to at the outset is sometimes called Slac Dhubhrais, we are, I think, forced to the conclusion that the etymology first suggested is the correct one—the Black Wood, or Forest. No name could have been more fully descriptive of the locality.

Ecclesiastically Dores was a Free Parsonage, the teinds being mensal to the Abbey of Pluscarden. To judge by the number of chapels which were scattered over the parish, the people must have been sufficiently supplied with the offices of religion.

On a slight elevation in the field to the south of the farm stead of Antfield, there was a chapel which gave its name to a holding entered in the valuation of the parish as Bail' an t-Seipeil. At Dore there was the place of worship alluded to as A' Chill in the well-known riddle—

Mile eadar Dubhras agus Daras,
Mile eadar Daras agus Dàth,
Mile eile 'n a' Chille,
'S cha 'n eil ann ach mìl uile.

Some miles to the west, in Erchit Wood, we have an amusing illustration of the manner in which modern names have sometimes been evolved. There was a chapel situated in a sloping field, still spoken of by old natives as Acha' Chille. On the assumption that it ought to have been Acha' Geal, the name was rendered into English by somebody as Whitefield, and it so appears in the rent roll of the estate. Persons coming to the parish and having no opportunity of knowing better, naturally fall into the error, and speaking of the place in Gaelic give the literal translation of White Field—Acha' Geal. In the moorland district of Bunachton there was also a chapel, and close by is Fuaran an t-Sagairt—the Priest's Well.

Occupying a beautiful site near Bail' a' Chuirn, overlooking the Fairreagaig, and commanding a wide prospect of Stratherrick, was the Chapel of Moluag. There was a large population in this neighbourhood, and it is probable that a priest was resident here. A piece of ground close to the chapel was called Croit Moluaig, or Priestfield.

Further up in Stratherrick, and within the bounds of the parish, there were at least two other chapels—one of these being on the detached portion of Dore, near Whitebridge.

For many generations after these chapels fell into disuse and decay, the precincts of each continued to be used as a burying-ground—the last burial taking place in Moluag's Yard when the remains of a certain Mairearad Bhreac were consigned to the dust.

Few vestiges remain of these ancient places of worship and sepulture—no inscribed stones are visible. At Antfield, Dore (?) and Erchit, the ploughshare has passed over the surface of the graves and the sacred foundations. Sometime ago an ancient key was turned up in the mould of Acha' Chille, believed to have been that of the chapel, and in the shingle

on the shore of Loch Ness, near the traditionary site of the Church of Dores, part of a sepulchral stone with Celtic tracery was discovered lately, and has been deposited in the Museum of the Society of Antiquaries, Edinburgh. In this connection it is important to remember that the level of Loch Ness was raised four and a half feet by the formation of the Caledonian Canal. Another slab also preserved in the same museum was dug up on the farm of Clune. It bears the rude outlines of a prehistoric monster.

In conversation with old Duncan Mactavish, who lived in Erchit Wood, I remarked upon the number of burying-grounds in the parish, and he explained, “*Bha sluagh ris an abradh iad na Piocaich bho shean gle lionar ’s an duthaich so*”—“There were people whom they called Picts very numerous in this country of old.” To be sure this was the case. With the times in which they flourished several silent witnesses are still with us. In the Crow Wood, about a mile southward from Scaniport, there is the stone circle visited by Johnson and Boswell on their ride from Inverness to Fort-Augustus, and there is another amidst the Aldourie fields close to the Deer Pond. Near Scaniport, too, a curious hillock arrests the attention, called *Tom an t-Seomair*—the Chamber Knoll. On the bleak, storm-swept moor between Loch Ashie and Loch Duntelchaig, according to legend, the scene of “battles long ago” is covered with numberless cairns and tumuli—some of them sepulchral, while others may have been employed as fortifications, particularly the stone enclosure known as *Buail a’ Chomhraig*. *Cathair Fhinn*, Fingal’s Seat, is shown near the public road. It was here, saith tradition, that the victorious warrior rested, after routing King Awashie and his Norwegians.

A little further to the south, on the moor beyond the two lochans, may be traced on a craggy eminence the ruins of a castle or fort, called *Dùn Riachaidh*, whence may be seen *Dùn Chia*, or *Dun Ché*, occupying a central position between Loch Duntelchaig, Loch Ruthven, and Loch Cé-glais. This fort was situated above Creag nan Clag, rocks so named from the odd resemblance which they bear to the ancient ecclesiastical hand-bells. Loch Cé-glais received its name, no doubt, from the personage commemorated on the height above.

But among all the antiquities of the Parish of Dores, *Dùn Deardail* perhaps occupies the chief place in archæological interest, as it does in the natural grandeur of its situation.

The story of Deirdre need only be alluded to here. It is noteworthy that many people, having some difficulty in articulating this name, pronounce it in variously modified forms. Particularly, at least throughout Inverness-shire, is the "r" sound in the last syllable of a name disliked. Peadar becomes Feadail, etc. So Deirdre is commonly rendered Deirdil, and there is an increasing tendency to make the first syllable "Dearr"—as Dun Deardail—Dùn Dheardail.

Of the Clann Uisnich, it is related how "They settled and made a dwelling house for themselves by the side of Loch Ness, and they could kill the salmon of the stream from out their own door, and the deer of the grey hills from out their window." What a picture of the rock of Dun Yardil overlooking the river Faireagaig and Loch Ness, with the grey hills on every side.

While I think it would be impossible to get a complete version of the tale in Stratherrick, scraps of it are well enough known.

My aged friend, Mr James Gow of Erchit Wood, who died lately at the age of nearly a hundred, often spoke of it, alluding to the heroine as Deirdil Ghuanach—Light-headed Dardil. He pointed out a spot known as Preas a Chonachair—sheltered but almost on a level with Dun Yardil, the gorge of the Farrigag being between. During his residence here, we are told how Naoise occasionally went to the Court of the King, which was probably on the Castle Hill—Tom a' Chaisteil.

As in the case of other parishes, it is impossible to know with any degree of certainty the circumstances which determined the dimensions and configuration of Dore. Perhaps its bounds were laid down so as to coincide with those of certain baronies. As regards the detached portions in Stratherrick, some say that they were included so as to secure a sufficient amount of teinds for the living.

Besides Dell, formerly called Oighreachd Cinne Bhréilidh, with its contracted frontage on Loch Ness, and the sheiling ground of Creag a' Phuill at Killin, there was until comparatively recently, a third detached portion of Dore in Stratherrick, comprising Murlagan, Shelloch, and little Glen Do, situated between Knockie and Fort-Augustus. The parish ceased to own this land in the first half of last century, and under the Commissioners appointed in connection with the County Councils Act the two other portions were ex-

bioned for Farraline. But ecclesiastically they still continue to belong to Dores.

For a time the entire parish formed part of the vast Earldom of Moray. After the death of the Countess, known as Black Agnes, however, the ownership was broken up into three main divisions. Part of the Strath of Dores, along with Drummond, Little Baile Chearnaich, and Tirachaorachain, forming the Barony of Durriss, fell to the Dunbars, from whom it passed to the Campbells of Cawdor, who also in time acquired the whole of the remaining portion of the Strath.

The Campbells, however, did not long maintain the great hold they had acquired in this neighbourhood. The Mackintoshes acquired the estate of Borlum, first in feu and afterwards by heritable title: the Macbeans became proprietors of Kinchyle, including Antfield and Darrs; the Mackintoshes of Kyllachy obtained possession of Aldourie and several adjoining subjects, from whom they passed to the Barbours, who in 1754 disposed of them to William Fraser of Balnain, ancestor of the family who now own the estate; and all the lands they had occupied in Stratherrick were acquired by Lovat; so that the Cawdors ceased to be heritors in Dores; albeit continuing to be patrons of the living until 1874, when patronage was abolished.

A second portion of the parish, consisting of Bunachton, Duntelchaig, and Bochrubin, for some time formed part of a barony possessed by the Ogilvies, afterwards acquired by the Earls of Huntly, who by and by disposed of Duntelchaig and Bochrubin to The Mackintosh, in whose family Duntelchaig continues, but Bochrubin became the property of Fraser of Balnain in the last half of the eighteenth century.

All the remainder of the parish formed part of the Barony of Stratherrick, acquired by the Lovats early in the fifteenth century. Previously it had formed part of the domains of the Bissets and other families powerful in their day in the North. The Grants are found in Stratherrick long ere they had established themselves at Fraochaidh, on the banks of the Spey. It only remains to add that the church lands, including Darrs, passed into the possession of the Macbeans of Kinchyle.

An ancient seat of the Lovats, called An Caisteal Cruinn, was situated on Carn a' Chitsinn, the height immediately above Moluag's Chapel.

On the grass-grown foundations of this erewhile baronial abode, my aged friend James Gow and I rested after a long drive, and he gave me many particulars as to the places that lay around us on every side.

FIRST DAY.

We had met at Kindrummond, and took our way by Ceanna Chraig—being the termination of the rocky range flanking Loch Ness, to Inverfarigaig. From here Druim Ahaisidh—Drumossie Muir—stretches away to the north, Dun Riachaidh and its sister crag concealing from view Lochan an Eoin Ruadha and Lochan a' Churr. Some ruined gables and fields returning to heath on the slope of Loch Duntelchaig tell of the little crofting township of Beallaidh.

Shortly after descending from the cross-roads on the ridge we passed Fuaran na feusaige—the Well of the Beard. Some say that it was so called because there being no dish near, men who wished to drink dipped their beards into the water. Others allege that a bearded packman was robbed and murdered here.

High on our right we saw the wild gorge called Cadha Acha' nam Bat, being the first of the numerous passes, with their rough tracks, across the hill. In the bottom of Cadha Acha' nam Bat is an excellent spring. Other passes were Am Màm, Cadha an doruis, Beul a' Chasain, Bacan na Caillich aig Ceann Shuas Carn Ruigh Sheillich, Cadha 'Ghille Bhàin—slanting up from Whitefield—Cadha a' Chamhain is above the Rugha Ruadh, or Red Point, on Loch Ness, An Cadha Ruadh Cadha na Slisniche, Cadha Bhearnais—most notable of all, Cadha 'Chnuic, Cadha Broc—to the south above Cadha Bhearnais, where there used to be hundreds of badgers.

The old inn of Acha' nam Bat was close to the road on the left on ascending the brae. It was a famous rendezvous for drovers, reivers, smugglers, and other travellers. As free fights frequently broke out among the guests, the green close by was known as "the field of sticks."

Making our way round the slopes leading up to the fine mottled hill called Tom Bailgionn, we passed the ruins of Tigh an Fhirich, and looking down on our left saw vestiges of the ancient mill of Acha' na Bat, and the peninsula at the head of Loch Duntelchaig called An Dornaidh. My friend remembered it being covered with heavy pinewood, which

was sold and sawn up on the little meadow known as An Innis Bhàn.

The last of the wolves, which used to be very numerous in this country, was killed between Dalcrombie—now called Leitir Chuilinn—and Dun Chia. Tradition tells how the goodwife of Dalcrombie went to Dunchia for the loan of a girdle (girdles were made in those times of beaten iron, not of metal as at present). On her return journey, she came upon a wolf scenting her track, and she split its head with the girdle.

Tuath-aghaidh is the name of the declivity of Dun Chia abutting on Loch Cé-glais. One of the Men of Sutherland, on his way to a Communion, was overtaken by mist, and saw the Devil driving a coach and four up Loch Cé-glais. The scene around is peculiarly eerie as seen even on a summer's day.

A remarkable knot on the skirt of Dun Chia is known as Tom a' Chroich. Lord Lovat, who occasionally resided at Croit nan Cearc, on the elevation overlooking the Farrigag between Torness and Loch Ruthven, had a gallows here, where he executed justice. Towards Dun Chia from Croit nan Cearc were Bad Fearn and Baile nan Goirtean. The eastern and southern sides of Dun Chia had evidently supported a large population.

On the Leac Bhuidhe, above Loch Ruthven, a tragic event took place. It was here that Huistean Frangach, the first of the Foyers family, mortally wounded in duel his half-brother, John Fraser of Lovat.

Hugh, a natural son of the third Lord Lovat, was a youth of great strength and activity, and highly trained in all manly exercises. His half-brother John, when living with his father at Croit nan Cearc, used to amuse himself by indulging in jeers and jibes at the expense of his brother, calling him, among other things, "Bhoganaich bhuidhe na blathaich." Meeting each other one morning, John perceived that his brother was flushed with anger, and that it would be unsafe to adopt his usual contemptuous tone of address. So he said, "Ciamar tha sibh an diugh, Mhaighstir Huistein." "Cha d' thubhairt thu luath gu leoir rium e," was the stern reply. And so falling to fight, the unfortunate taunter was killed, and Hugh fled to France, whence after many years he returned, henceforth to be known as "Huistean Frangach." He brought with him to Stratherrick a French wife who had saved his life, and also a helmet and coat of mail which had

belonged to a champion whom he had overcome in combat. These "*spolia opima*" were always treasured by his descendants. When the House of Foyers was displenished after the death of the last laird, in 1842, these interesting relics were removed to Glenmoriston. Simon Fraser was, so far as is known, the last male of the race of Huisdean Frangach. His wife having been a daughter of the laird of Glenmoriston, there was much intimacy between the families.

Due to the influence of Mac Phadruig, Foyers voted with the Grants at a keenly contested election for the representation of the county, much to the indignation of the Hon. Archibald Fraser of Lovat, who said to him after he had recorded his vote—

"Shim Ghrannd a Foithir nam Friseallach,

Tha thu dol dhachaidh le do chota caoin air ascaoin."

About half a mile beyond Loch Cé-glais is Drochaid na Feithe-glaise. This is said to have been the scene of a terrible act of divine retribution. During a violent thunderstorm three travellers were crossing the stream in the days before the bridge had been built. The man between the other two asked his companions contemptuously if they were afraid, and they replied that they were, upon which in scurrilous terms he swore that he thought nothing of it. Hardly had he blasphemed when a bolt struck him dead.

High up on the hillside to the right there is a cloven boulder called Clach nam Bodach, which presents a curious resemblance to two aged persons in confabulation.

The whole valley from Tor an Eas towards Dun Yardil is known as Strath Leudloinn—the Strath of Ledclune. When entering it we could see to the east Loch Ruthven, and the pleasant meadow land to the south of it smiling in the sunlight, with the two farms of Ruthven and Abersky. The good land in this neighbourhood supported a very large population in olden times.

Crodh dubh Ruadhainn

'S crodh ruadh Foithir.

were reckoned as particularly fine cattle.

Abarskey, pronounced in Gaelic *Abar-sgich*, may be connected with *sgitheach*, blackthorn.

To the south of the river we could see a house or two remaining at Aodainn Uanagan, and close to the bridge are

the ruins of the old Sermon House, which was erected at the end of the eighteenth century, and where the minister of Dores preached on every third Sunday.

Creag na mine is the name of the high rocky hill to the south-west of Both-Chrubainn. An Dubh-ghlaic is the deep hollow below.

Both-Chrubainn, which had been the property of The Mackintosh, passed into possession of a branch of the Frasers called Sliochd Ian Mhic Alasdair, being descended from Alexander, son of Hugh, Lord Lovat, who succeeded 1417. From this Alexander sprang the ancient family of Farraline, from which sprang the family of Erchit, of which was Alexander, who by his second marriage had Hugh, first of Balnain—on which his family held a wadset for some time before it was purchased by Dr William Mackinnon Fraser, his great-grandson.

Hugh married a daughter of The Chisholm, and had Alexander, who married first, Jane Fraser of Foyers, and second, Jean Mackintosh of Kyllachy. By his first wife he had, with other issue, William, who became a W.S. in Edinburgh, and prospered greatly. Before his death in 1775 he became chief heritor of the parish, having acquired, besides the ancestral lands of Erchit and Meikle Ballichernoch, Aldourie with its pertinents, Bochrubin, Little Ballichernoch and Turchurachan, as well as the extensive sheiling grounds of Killin and Glen Breine. It was he who built the present farmhouse of Bunchrubin, which he occupied as a summer residence for successive years until his death.

His eldest daughter Anne, who had married the scholarly and estimable Alexander Tytler, Lord Woodhousell, succeeded to the estates, which are now in the possession of her great-grandson, Major Fraser-Tytler. The land at Killin, however, was excambioned for the farm of Wester Dalcrombie, on Loch Ruthven, in the parish of Daviot, and Glen Breine was purchased as an entailed subject by Lord Lovat.

Mr William Fraser had devoted a great deal of attention to the improvement of his property. It was in his time that the numerous old stone dykes which intersected extensive portions of it were erected.

Continuing our journey, we could see from the gate at the corner beyond Bunchrubin, and on the other side of the river, whose loops are visible below, Baile a' Mhuilein. Farther south, are the vestiges of the Baile Beag, where the father of

Captain Thomas Fraser of Leadclune lived. Druim Eas Ruighe was the name of the place high up on the moor near the wood. Dail nan tuath was the name of the meadow land between Baile a' Mhuilein and Am Baile Beag. Beside Am Baile Beag is Leadclune—An Leudlainn.

Leadclune was for long the seat of one of the numerous Stratherrick families who derived from Alexander Fraser of Farraline, being descended from Huisdean Og, second son of the first Fraser of Balnain, who again was the second son of Alexander Fraser, third of Erchitt.

Hugh, who resided at Am Baile Beag, was out in the '45. His son, Captain Thomas, who had a numerous family, sold the estate of Leadclune to Dr William, heir male of the Balnain. A younger brother of Captain Thomas was that Alexander Fraser, of Lincoln's Inn, London, who conducted an extensive legal practice, and was possessed of no small influence during a long period.

But the fortunes of the main line of Leadclune were quite eclipsed by those of a junior branch, now represented by Sir Keith Fraser, who comes of a distinguished race of soldiers.

The house of Leadclune was built in the same year as that of Bochrubin—about 1760.

The whole countryside between Bochrubin and Baile Lagan is called Baile Cheatharnaich, whose fertile slopes were thickly inhabited by some of the most notorious thieves in the Highlands. We have seen that territorially this district was divided into Meikle Ballichearnoch and Little Ballichearnoch, and these were further sub-divided into numerous towns.

Bail' an Aoduin lay immediately to the south of Bochrubin. Cnoc nan ceann was the name of the green knoll with ruins below the road. Tom Mor is the rather striking height above Balnain.

Bail' an fhàin—the town of the low-lying ground or gentle slope—no name could be more beautifully descriptive—was situated near the river: some ruins mark the site of the house.

This place gave its name to a notable branch of the Sliochd Iain Mhic Alasdair.

After holding various subjects, Wester Leadclune and Bochrubin, Uisdean Mor, second son of Erchitt, whose descendants came to represent that house and Farraline, obtained Balnain in tack from Lord Lovat early in the eighteenth century. His son Alexander also obtained a tack of

Balnain from Lord Lovat, along with the lands of Shelloch Muirlagan and Glendo, for long reckoned as in the parish of Dores. The tack of Balnain soon passed into a wadset.

Marrying first Jane Fraser of Foyers, he is now represented by Major Fraser-Tytler of Aldourie as heir-general. His second wife was Jean Mackintosh of Killochy. He left numerous issue—his second son, William Fraser, W.S., Edinburgh, of whom before. Another of his sons was Dr Thomas Fraser, who practised as a physician in Antigua, who again was the father of Dr William Fraser, Physician Extraordinary to George IV., who built up the modern estate of Farraline, and became heir male of the House of Erchitt. Another of the sons of Alexander was Brigadier-General Simon Fraser, a distinguished soldier, who fell gloriously at Saratoga on 7th October, 1777.

Like their cousins of Leadclune, the family of Balnain supplied numerous meritorious officers for the British army.

Balnain now forms part of the modern holding usually known as Bail' nam Bioran, which is situated close to Wester Leadclune, and includes besides Baile na glaic, lying in a sloping glade on the side of the Tom Mor. But it is probable that the wadset of Balnain covered these subjects, and also Tigh na h-aitniche and the Seanna Bhail besides.

The remains of Tigh na h-aitniche can be seen close to the river southward from Balnain. On a height above was the old Sermon House, which was supplanted by that of Torness. The foundation of its walls in cruciform can still be traced. All around in this neighbourhood there were many human abodes where now there is not a single smoke.

Still further south is Seanna Bhaile. Now a single farm, it, too, in bygone times could boast many smokes. Here in particular resided Angus Cameron—Aonghas Bàn—the bard. Devoted to the pleasures of the chase, he was well known throughout the mountain regions of central Inverness-shire. It is much to be regretted that so few of his songs have been preserved in print. It will soon be impossible to take them down.

As my aged friend and I drove along the road beyond Bochrubin, high on the hill side, we surveyed all the places I have mentioned, with the windings of the Farrigag through the pleasant strath of Leadclune constantly in view.

On the near side of the bridge, and overlooking Balnain, we passed Baile na garbhloinn, which consisted of two considerable holdings, with the usual sprinkling of cottars.

Below the bridge was Muileann nam biodag—the Dirk Mill—where dirks were ground and polished on revolving stones.

Some green rigs and cairns mark the township of Bail' an Uilt. Looking ahead may be seen the three fir trees that stand close to the site of a schoolhouse called Tigh an t-suidhe.

Creag Dhubh is the name of the little rock on the up side of the road just before the farm-house of Bail' a' Chreagain comes into sight. The modern farm of Bail' a' Chreagain is made up of a number of separate holdings, commemorated in the names of five of the fields. High up, and next the moor to the north, was Cul àrachain; next to it was Bail' an fhraoich, then came Bail' na feadaige: marching with this was Bail' a' Chreagain, flanked by Bail' an t-sithein.

The old farmhouse of Bail' a' Chreagain stood near the ash tree below the brae to the south of the present dwelling.

Long ago, when it was customary to leave horses out until the cold of winter set in, one night a favourite grey was stolen from the goodman of Bail' a' Chreagain, and for a year nothing more was heard or seen of it. One night at Yuletide, when a furious storm was raging, and the goodwife was occupied in making Christmas bannocks, the loud neigh of a horse was heard outside. "Ma tha e beò air uachdar an talamhain, sin sitriche an eich ghlais"—"If he is alive above earth that is the neighing of the grey horse," exclaimed the goodwife. The men hurried out, and there to be sure was the grey horse, with two ankers of whisky on his back, worth about £8, and a pony tied to its tail. It had been stolen, and was probably employed in carrying whisky from Ferintosh to the west, when it took the opportunity of making for home.

From Bail' a' Chreagain a short drive brought us to the grassy slopes of Bail' a' Chuirn, and now in the bright sunshine we were sitting on the ruins of the Caisteal Cruinn on Carn a' Chitsinn.

James had attended the funeral of Mairearad Bhreac, who was buried in the graveyard close beneath. Several unbaptised infants had been interred there since.

The little rocky height over to the east is Creag a' Ghogain. A herd-boy who had eaten wasps' honey here died within two hours—Sgàin e air a tharsuinn.

An Caigeann—the continuation southward of Creag a' Ghogain.

Baile Mhuilinn, the name of the green corner of land down near the stream. There was of course a mill here. An t-Eas

Dubh, the name of the fall hard by. A' chùil and Goirtean an eilich are the names of nooks of land near the remains of the mill.

Over against us is the farm of Tir Chaorachain, appropriately so named from its position as a sort of pendicle or wedge of land between the frothing waters of the Farrigag and An t-Allt-Mór.

Near the house is the remains of the Lios Mhòr. To the north is the Loinn: the slope to the west is Bruthach an fhuarain. Beyond the garden was a holding—now a field—known as Seanna Ghoirtean. Farther to the south was Caolaisidh, and still further Caraisidh, with the striking conical height—Tom Caraisidh—beyond. Not far from the latter is a wild gorge named Cadha Mhadaidh. A Chreag Dhearg and Creag nan Gobhair bring us to near Dunyardil.

Creigan a' Bhreidein is the low rocky height between Caraisidh and Caolaisidh, below Tir a Chaorachan house. The farm of Tir a Chaorachan was within the memory of my friend occupied by seven families. Now the only human abode is the farm-house which, except for a few weeks in autumn, is unoccupied.

Tir a Chaorachan had belonged to the Foyers family,—then to the Campbells of Cawdor, and was purchased about 1750 by William Fraser of Balnain. It had no doubt at intervals been in the possession of the Lovats. The neighbourhood is one of great interest.

Uisdean, the first of the Foyers family, had been exceedingly popular, being of a frank and affable disposition, and full of manly courage. In legend his career is mixed up with common mythological tales of adventure. He sails away to foreign lands, and goes ashore at last on Talamh nan Turcach. He sees a house—enters—there is a repulsive repast of food—he takes possession of a knife—comes upon a beautiful maiden tied with ropes, which he cuts with his knife, and escapes with the maiden. He is pursued by the crone who had charge of her, who makes prodigious efforts to overtake them. "Ceum air do cheum, a chailleach," he would say, and always kept ahead of her. Having got on board his vessel, the crone tried to overcome him by magic spells. She had balls of yarn which she threw over the ship and entangled it; but with his knife he ever and anon cut the meshes. At length she shouted, "Cha toir thu sin dhachaidh gu do bhean no gu do mhathair-chéile." "Mar toir, bheir mi oirre nach tachair i suathan

dubha a's t-oidhche." This dark saying paralysed the crone completely.

In another tale he is spending the night in a lovely inn in France. He hears a nurse—the old story—singing a child to sleep. In her croon she inserts these verses of warning:—

Aoidh na dian cadal idir,
Aoidh na dian cadal trom,
Chaneil sgian na biodag agad,
Aoidh na dian cadal trom.

Aoidh na dian cadal idir,
Aoidh na dian cadal trom,
'S garlih do dhusgadh 'sa' mhaduinn,
Aoidh na dian cadal trom,

Aoidh na dian cadal idir,
Aoidh na dian cadal trom,
Cuir do lamh 's tigh fo 'n leabaidh,
Gheibh thu 'n gairdean rag 's e trom.

He is roused to a sense of his danger—cuts the blankets and makes a rope, by means of which he and the songstress escape. Meantime the cries of the child rouse the household, who pursue the pair with hounds—coin dubha. But Uisdean kills both of them with his own hand, and makes good his escape, bringing his bride to Stratherrick.

His representative—James Fraser—called Bonaid Odhair—took part in the rising of 1745. James's son was Uisdean Ruadh, who built the old mansion-house of Foyers, which is now situated amid incongruous surroundings, and used as a barracks for workmen in connection with the Aluminium Works. This laird had a halt in his speech. He was the father of Simon, the last of the lairds of Foyers. The whole race, except him, were buried in the south-west corner of Boleskine Churchyard, where no stone marks their place of sepulture. The last laird's piper was one Fionnla from Glenmoriston. He used often to play this tune—

Rachainn leam-fhìn,
Shiubhail nam frìthean,
Moch agus anmoch,
Moch agus anmoch.

Rachainn Bhoil-easgainn,
Shiubhail nam preasa,
Ghleadhadh nam meanbhchrodh,
Ghleadhadh nam meanbhchrodh.

At poor old Foyers' sale he played—

A chlanna nan coin

Thigibh an so

Is gheibh sibh feoil.

It may have been over the infancy of one of the many Hughs in this family that the old Stratherrick mother's croon was first sung—

Thug mi ort Uisdean,

'S ghabh mi as aithreachas,

Bheir mi sios thu

Gu h-ìochdar na h-amhainne;

'S glanaidh mi dhìot e

Le sìobunn nan ceannaichean.

On the sloping ground to the west of Carn a' Chitsin, Croit 'ic Cuithein, a piece of land, is entered in the old valuation of the parish. Mac Cruithein, whose name is thus perpetuated, was a great character. He was really a Macdonald—his people having come originally from a place in the west called Cnodalaich.

Once upon a time, at a funeral feast, a quarrel broke out, and in a few moments the whole company were engaged in a general *mêlée*. Mac Cuithein, who was present, and in the midst of the hubbub and fighting, took good care of himself, quietly drew his dirk, and with it pricked the backs of the combatants all round, and afterwards, unobserved in the general confusion, stuck it upwards into the table. A cry broke out that somebody was using his dirk, but though a careful search was made, no dirk could be found.

When Mac Shimi was living at the Round Castle, Mac Cuithein invited him to dine with him in his hut. He gave good food, and then, when everything else was over, put kale on the table. Lovat burst out into an exclamation, asking why this was not served before, whereupon his host observed that he thought the better things should be attended to first.

"'S ioma lorg mo chas tha mu 'n cuairt an so," said my companion, as we descended from Carn a' Chitsinn and made our way to the fields of Bail' an Lagain; Creag a' Chait being the name of the high hill on our right. He pointed out Preas a Chonachair, between Croit 'ic Cuithein and the stone dike enclosing the field. The south-east portion of the field was called An Losaid Mhòr—An Losaid Bheag being farther to the west: the little hillock is Sìthean an Losaid.

Long ago, two men ploughing on the Losaid heard a violent altercation going on in the Sithean—two women were scolding as to a greidlean that had been broken. In those times a man walked backwards holding the heads of the horses that drew the plough, called “an ceann iomair”—he who held the plough was “an treabhaiche.” Now this treabhaiche, hearing the wrangling that went on in the Sithean between the ladies, cut a new greidlean and laid it on the top of the knowe. When he returned with his team, it was gone, but he found in its place a bottle of ale and a bannock. He partook of the fairy refreshment, and soon died. His more prudent comrade had refused the treat. The moral of the story is that a man should not be too ready to intermeddle in the affairs, and particularly in the quarrels, of others.

Next to the Losaid Bheag is A Chùil Mhòr, and beyond it Cùil ri gréine far am bitheadh sinn cur nam bonnach Bealltuinn, said my dear old friend, who added, as he surveyed the whole scene, “Tha e na sgleo leam.” At the gate close to Bail’ an Lagain house his father and mother lived. The remains of the house can still be traced. It was called Tigh an Losaid. Now upward of ninety years of age, he remembered where, as a boy of seven or eight, he stood weeping bitterly when his father’s coffin was being carried out of the house. Their dog would afterwards go now and again to Boleskine and lie upon the grave, and would also pay an occasional visit to James, who was herding at Aberchalder.

South-westward from Bail’ an Lagain, and towards the lochan called Loch nan Doirb, is An Croit Scrogach—or Scrogaidh—a place duly entered in the valuation—Lub a Bhacain, between the croft and the rock. Near it is Cadha ’Chnuic, and then Cadha Bhearnais, the deep wild gorge descending precipitously to Loch Ness. An Sithean Buidhe, the knoll with the rowan tree in the angle where the road to Bail’ an Lagain breaks off the highway. Tom an Fhuarain, the little knoll above the highway over against Bail’ an Lagain. Below it, and towards the farm, Ceann Droma. An Dubh Lochan is the name of the lochan beyond. Bog an Lochain, the land westward between Bail’ an Lagain and the highway. Goirtean nan Uan, the belt of land all the way between the highway and wood, except that beyond the sithean with the bush in the midst of it, this land is called Ceann Droma. “’S ioma cluith rinn mis’ air feadh so,” remarked my old friend. The deep glade descending towards the river, across

which the public road was carried, is *Glaic na h-Amair*—an eerie locality, now rendered still more gloomy by the shadows of evening, which warned us that it was time to make for home.

SECOND DAY.

A bright harvest morning, I set out from *Dores*, and drove along the side of the loch towards *Inverfarigaig*. On the beach, just below what is now the policeman's house, I saw *Clach nam Mearlach*, very appropriately situated. In olden times, parties proceeding to the north on raiding expeditions judged by the height of the water at this stone whether or not they could cross by the *Bona Ford*. The road was one of the first made by General Wade, but at various points one can see that it has been altered and improved.

Camus nam Mult is a slight bend of the loch at the north end of the arable land of *Bail' a' Chladaich* farm. The stream dividing the two first fields is *Allt a' Chreanachd*. The next division is made by *Allt na Lios*. On the flat beyond this burn, two Highlanders from the West Coast, retreating after *Culloden*, who had died of their wounds, were buried. *Allt na Mucag* is between *Bail' a' Chladaich* farm house and the wood. In this wood another of the unfortunate Jacobites was buried. The next stream, which is crossed by a bridge of considerable proportions, is *Allt Dailinn*—*Dail lin*. This was the march between the baronies of *Stratherrick* and *Durris*.

I was now on part of the old estate of *Erchit*. *Easter Erchit* used to be called *Bail' an-t Sìthein*. It was the stem of *Erchit* that sent out the branch of *Balnain*, by whom it was afterwards represented. The mansion of *Erchit* occupied a magnificent site, a little to the south of the ruins of the old farm house of *Wester Erchit*.

Along the military road there are many memorials of the enterprising Wade. *Fuaran an t-Seanalair* is on the upper side of the road at the march between the two farms. By and by I crossed *Allt Saighe*, and soon thereafter caught sight of my old friend, Mr James Gow, gaily awaiting me with a sprig of white heather and a hazel crook.

The rock above his house is called *A' Chreag Ghiuthais*—and this name seems to be given indefinitely to the whole range to *Inverfarrigag*. The *Baile Chearnaich* townships had sheilings on the slopes above the wood overlooking *Loch Ness*.

There were no crofts in Erchit wood then. The hill-side presents a rocky, barren appearance generally; but one can observe belts and patches of green where were the various sheilings.

About a mile to the west of his house, fo Charn Ruigh. Sheilich, two large stones, above the Whitefield farm-house, mark the vicinity of Uaimh Lachlainn Mheuraich. Lachlan had seven fingers, and as many toes.

My friend pointed out the successive Cadhan, or Passes—Beul a' Chasain at his own house—Bacan na Caillich aig ceann shuas Carn Ruighe Sheilich.

Shortly after my friend joined me, we passed a green spot on the right, situated between two large ash trees, called Tigh a' Chaimp, where Duke William had a camp after Culloden. And not far from this, also on the loch side of the road, he showed me the croft which had been given his mother by Sheriff Fraser-Tytler. "So far an d' thug mi mo mhàthair gus an rathad mhòr," said he, alluding to her funeral.

A little farther along, on the left hand, can be traced the foundation of the house where Balnain's Punndair, or forester, lived. It will be remembered that Boswell and Johnson entered this hut, and had rather an amusing interview with the goodwife. It was the great moralist's first introduction to domestic life in the Highlands.

Not far off, to the right, a few moss-grown stones remain of a cairn erected on the spot where an old man, called Bodach nam Mutagan, was married, and had a baptism performed the same day, by worthy Mr David Fraser of Dores. A "mutag" was made of straw and withes, and was used for keeping wool.

Above the cottage, at the gate, is Clach na Tòin, where a *soisgeulaiche* from Urquhart used to preach to the people who assembled here. The stone is situated in Cadha a' Ghille Bhàin—the path that slants up from the cottage. Below it is a sheiling named Am Poll Ruighe. There are great fissures in the rock here, called Cisteachan Dubh a' Pholl Ruighe, where my friend once lost a dog.

Cadha a' Ghille Bhàin is so named from a pensioner who was lost when crossing the hill to Baile Chearnaich on a very stormy night, with his first pension. A cairn marks the spot where he was found. James himself almost lost his life at the same spot one night.

Another pensioner belonging to the Clan Macleod, and known as Domhnall Mac Thormailt, lived for some time near

Garrogie air oighreachd Dhuin Tuirceag—an estate that the Foyers family acquired by wrong—the exact spot where was his house—Baile na Gaidhig. His wife and son were lost below the Park in 1826—Oidhche na Feille Martuinn fhiadh-aich. They perished in that terrible storm about mid-way between the village of Dores and Kindrummond farm-house. All that night Kindrummond House was full of Stratherrick people who, on their way home, were forced to seek shelter there. When found, the boy had a piece of sugar-candy in his mouth.

Domh'll Mac Thormailt was a bard. He composed a song, in which he said—

Is eòl dom fhìn rud nach eòl do 'n arm,
Is eòl dom eiginn is creagan garbh,
Is eòl dom Caoruinn tha 'm bun Ruigh Sgùmain,
Tom a' Chùthair is a' Bheallaich ghorm.

'S ioma té chuir mo léin am burn—
Bana-ghrùdair a rinn dhomh leann,
Agus greusaiche rinn dom brogan,
Bho 'n fhuair mi 'n còta an toiseach riamh.

'S ioma buth anns an robh mo sgian,
Agus bord air an robh mo mhias,
Agus *box* as an ghabh mi snaoisean,
'S aoduinn coimheach a labhair rium

An Iollairig uaine 's am biodh an earbag,
Is eòl dom Garbhag is mi gle òg.

Donald had a good pension, and was buried in Boleskine Churchyard, east from Dell's grave.

Beyond what is now called the Whitefield Gate is a small rough patch of arable land, called An Ire Mhòr. There was a change-house here, kept, at the time of the Battle of Culloden, by an old woman and her grandchild. An officer under Duke William entered, and tried to assault the beautiful girl. The grandmother intervened to protect her, and the girl ran across the hill to Baile Chearnaich, to raise the people. When the *feachd* arrived, they found the old woman a corpse in her chair, having been choked, in his wrath, by the officer. When the circumstances of the case were laid before the Duke at Fort-Augustus, he was very angry, and made the officer pay “éirig a' bhoirnich.” My friend could not say that he had ever heard what was the amount of the blood money—“éirig a' chuirp.”

An Lùb Dhubh is the name of that part of the loch comprising all the shore beyond "An Ire Mhòr." Before the loch was raised, James had stood on dry land twenty yards farther out than the black stone, now visible in the water some distance from the beach.

Some men engaged in salmon fishing landed here one night, and lay down to sleep. Suddenly a terrible noise was heard, as though rocks were being rent. They all awoke, save one of their number, whom they were unable to rouse. Eventually they had to leave him and fly for their lives. At dawn they returned, and then he was just breathing his last.

Gow remembered a terrific thunderstorm which broke over the country about eighty years ago. At this time there was in the neighbourhood where he was herding a certain Finlay Munro—a very pious man, who had no home of his own; but it was observed that everyone prospered who showed him hospitality, so he never wanted. Well, when this thunderstorm set in through the night, James rose very frightened, and, gathering his kilt about him as he ran, he made for the house where Finlay Munro was staying, as he thought that he would be safe there. A deluge of rain, accompanying the thunder, tore down the hill-side at several places, and great heaps of debris lay on the road.

Above the first ridge seen from the loch-side there are a number of sheilings. Wade had an encampment to the south of the Ire Mhòr. About twenty huts, scattered around, accommodated the men.

The Rugha Ruadh, or Red Point, where there is a small bend of shingle and a salmon-fishers' hut, used to be out in the loch a hundred yards farther. "An Rugha Ruadh—an gille bochd"—said my companion, surveying it, and thinking of its curtailment.

After passing the Rugha, and looking upwards, we saw a great block of stone that rests on the summit of the rock, presenting a remarkable appearance. "'S ann a so chaidh Tomas Friseil gu dìth air Di-Sathurn na Feille Moire," said my old friend. Thomas Fraser, an old man, had been pursued by a bull. He tried to keep the stone between him and the infuriated animal, but he was thrown over the rock. The body was not found for a day and night. Then it was discovered by the poor man's own dog, which was heard barking and whining. This sad event happened on the Saturday of

St Mary's Fair, Inverness, which used to be much resorted to by people from far and near.

Once upon a time a terrible quarrel arose at this fair, over a cheese which had been insolently thrown from the Castle Hill into the river by a townsman. The *mêlée* became general, and sixty West Highlanders, besides others, were killed and wounded at the foot of the Haugh Brae—

F'éille Moire na mulchaig brònaich,
'S truagh nach e 'bhanarach dhòirt i,
'S truagh nach e na laoigh a dheògh' l i.

My friend remembered when there were only two houses below the road in the Haugh.

We were now at the Dui-lic, which is a high rocky shoulder where the road has been diverted, just where Inverfarrigag comes in sight. Not long after Culloden, the wife of a shoemaker at Fort-Augustus was set upon here, and robbed and murdered. The old lady sold groceries, and usually went to Inverness once a-week for supplies with her cart and piebald pony—"breac-dearg is geal." There were one or two houses above the Dui-lic, and it was generally believed to have been the occupants of these, along with the Baile Chearnaich people—"Sluagh mollaichte, ach rinn Dia an gnothuch orra mu dheireadh"—who had committed the crime. Certain persons were seen at the Tigh na h-aitnich sermon-house, wearing vests which were apparently made out of the poor woman's scarlet cloak. James Gow remembered a man who had seen her. An attempt had been made to rob her previously. Her body was never found. The pony, making its way home, wandered to the Dail Bhreac, where the old laird of Foyers, called Bonaid Odhair, who was in concealment for seven years after Culloden, was living at the time in a cave. He ordered the pony's feet to be tied together, and had it thrown into Lochan Torr an tuill.

There was for some time a notorious reiver in Stratherrick, who went by the name of Mac Collachain Duibh. He was really a Cameron. It is related how he robbed a Lochaber man, who had gone with two horses all the way to the famous Sabhal Bàn of Petty to buy meal. The Earl of Moray's tenantry paid part at least of their rent in kind, and the corn and meal used to be stored in the White Barn, which still may be seen near the church. The man put a boll of meal on each of the horses, and set out for home. He took his way along

Loch Ness side until he came to the General's Well,* when he observed that the sack was no longer on the rear horse, which was fastened to the tail of the one he rode or led. Supposing that the boll of meal had fallen on the road, he tied the still laden horse to a bush, and went back in search of it. At length giving up the quest as hopeless, he retraced his steps to the well, to find that meantime the second sack had mysteriously disappeared. In those days, horses' harness was made of ropes of twisted birch. The sacks had been fastened to the backs of the horses with withes.

Mac Collachain Duibh's wife was Anna Dhonn. When she died, he composed an elegy upon her—

Bha mi 'n raoir air d' fhaire,
Bithidh mi maireach cuir na h-ùir tharad,
Dhainneoin na tha beo 's na chaidh as air thalamh.

Among the huge boulders close to the road, where only a retaining wall divides it from the loch, we saw the cave or recess which occasionally afforded hiding to James Grant of Carron, who went by the name of Seumas an Tuim. There was, of course, no road along the loch-side in his time. Like other notable marauders, he was rather popular. Of him somebody sang—

'S e Seumas mo chridhe,
Seumas an Tuim,
Ruitheadh e, leannadh e,
Dhamhsadh e cruinn,
Bheothaich e teine
Air an leac luim.

Domhnall Donn mac Fhir Bhothfhiùntainn frequently haunted Stratherrick,—sometimes living in Uaimh Ghoirridh, between Knockie and Fort-Augustus. Goirridh himself had been in his day a well-known lifter. Poor Donald was be-headed on the Castle Hill of Inverness by “a maiden.” In one of the songs which he composed in prison, he said—

Ach 's truagh a Rìgh! nach robh mise
Mu dha thaobh Loch Nis,
No gun fhios anns an t-Sròin,
No 'n Ionmhar na Coille
Far an goireadh na h-eòin.

* Near Boleskine.

The day preceding that for his execution he made a song, in which he said—

’S ioma bean is duin’ theid mach Tom a’ Chaisdeil
 Mu dheich uairean Di-mairt,
 ’S bithidh Mairi Og, mo nighean ann ’s i crith gu làir,
 ’S cha ’n fhaigh i fhein fleasgach a bheireas a laimh.

When the head fell, it said, “ Tog an ceann, Mhairi.” “ Thog i e ’s chuir i na h-apran e, ach cha chuala mi riamh gu de rinn bronag ris,” said my aged friend; and then he added, “ Ghoid e bo—cha ’n e ’goid a rinn e ach a togail’ ’s chuir e ’s tigh i air buaile Thighearna Ghrannda.” Donald was courting a daughter of the Laird of Grant, who at this time resided at Urquhart Castle—called Caisteal an t-Sròine.

Talking of such matters, we drove along. Cadha ’Chamhain crosses the hill above the Red Point; Cadh an t-Slisnich, or Cadh na Slisnich, above Fuaran Fas nam bileag, at the march between the farms of Bail’ a’ Chreagain and Bail’ an Lagain. The Fuaran is below the road; the Fas is above the road.

By and by we came to the steep zig-zag road that ascends from near Inverfarrigag, leading towards Ballaggan and the Strath of Ledclune. Upwards, as we slowly took our way, having the great bald rock of Dunyardil on our right, my friend told me of a misadventure that a funeral party experienced on these giddy braes. Of old they did not coffin bodies, but laid them in cases of basket-work, known as *geimhlichean*. Often they just laid withes along the body, binding them round. Well, as this funeral party made their way down these braes, called Stràid nan Doithean, from Carn Eoghainn at the summit, the body slipped out of the case, and there was a great hullabaloo. It was supposed to be a judgment.

An Eiginn is the name of a very bad stac, or precipitous ledge, in the face of Dunyardil, to which sheep sometimes made their way; but they could never get out. Once a shepherd was let down by a rope, and took a ewe from here at the imminent risk of his life. Two days afterwards she returned, and was left there.

As a boy, James had made his way barefoot along the rock to a kite’s nest, in the east part of the precipice. The angry bird fastened in his hair, but he succeeded in getting possession of the brood, which he took home.

Dun Dearduil Bheag and Dun Dearduil Mhòr are distinguished, and there is also a height called Dearduil Ghuanach round the corner, and out of sight. A poor, half-witted woman, who went by the name of Nighean an Tomaidh, used to go every day in the year to the top of Dunyardil, and wander about the neighbouring heights. She made a song, in which she said—

Hó theid mi Dhùn Dearduil,
An Dùn is docha leam 's a' choill,
Togaidh mi tigh air Dearduil Ghuanach,
Togaidh sobhal air Chreag Dhearg,
Cìridh mi m' fhalt dualach donn
Air Creag nan Gobhair.

1st MARCH, 1906.

On this date the Rev. Father Macdonell, Fort-Augustus, read to the Society his paper on:—

THE GLENGARRY FENCIBLES.

Many, if not all, of the British regiments have most interesting histories, especially in their beginnings. We have Pontius Pilate's Bodyguard and Kirk's Lambs, but the Glengarry Fencibles have the unique distinction of being raised by a priest, who never had occasion to regret the somewhat unusual step taken by him.

It is just a little more than one hundred years since the Glengarry Fencible Infantry Regiment was disbanded, and I trust it may be of interest to members of the Gaelic Society of Inverness if I detain them to-night for a short time in giving a brief sketch of that regiment.

It will be well, in order to understand the causes which led to the embodiment of the Glengarry Fencibles, to remind you of some of the changes wrought in the Highlands by the result of the Battle of Culloden. After that fight, the Highland chiefs lost their hold on their clansmen. They could no longer bring into the field bodies of armed men to support a favourite cause, or to quench personal enmities in the blood of their retainers.

Having lost this power, and its consequent influence and importance, they soon realised that their hills could be more profitable as sheep walks than let as they were, at very small rents, to the people. They accordingly took advantage of the new powers conferred on them by Government, which, whilst breaking their power as feudal superiors, recognised them as proprietors of the land, as we now understand the term.

The result was that those unable to pay increased rent—when they received that option—had to leave the country. Others were simply warned to quit. Thus began the emigrations to America. These emigrations increased in volume each succeeding year, until the landlords, fearing that the country would be entirely depopulated, induced the Government of the day to pass an Act forbidding the people to leave the country. They were turned out of their homes and holdings, and at the same time forbidden to emigrate—consequently, for most, there was left starvation or the army. Notwithstanding this Emigration Act, however, many continued to emigrate.

In the year 1792 an emigrant ship sailed from the island of Barra for America. She encountered a severe gale on her way towards the Irish Channel, and had to put in at Greenock. The ship was found to be disabled, and utterly unfit to continue her voyage. Her Gaelic-speaking passengers, therefore, were forced to land in what was to them a foreign country.

At this time there was a young priest, a Father MacDonell, stationed in Badenoch. He deserves a few words in the passing. He was born probably about the year 1760 or 1762, at Inshlaggan, in Glengarry. Some writers have maintained that he was born in Glen-Urquhart, others that he had some connection with Strathglass, but the Glengarry tradition is the one that has most authority to commend it. His father died whilst he was still a boy, leaving as his last wish that the mother should endeavour to get their only son educated for the priesthood. This wish the mother, who was a Protestant, exactly fulfilled.

The young student was first sent to Paris, and subsequently to Valladolid, where he finished his studies. On his return to his native country he was, as above stated, appointed by Bishop A. Macdonald to minister to the Catholics of Badenoch.

Some few years ago I was in correspondence on the matter in hand with Mr John A. MacDonell, of Greenfield, Toronto,

Canada. I cannot perhaps do better than give you an extract from one of his letters. He writes:—"I do not think that Bishop MacDonell (the priest became bishop in Canada later) belonged to any of the cadet families of the clan. He was a man of the people, who, however, did more to make their name honoured and respected, both in the old and this new country, than any other who ever bore it—bar, perhaps, Sir James. Some doubt exists as to the place of his birth, but members of his own family place it at Inchlaggan. His mother, as probably you are aware, was a Cameron, and a Protestant, who, I always understood, made great sacrifices to have her son properly educated. I understand that she was of very respectable parentage, related, perhaps more or less remotely, to Sir Allan Cameron of Erracht, who was so well-known a Highlander and soldier, one of the fine old Peninsular lot. He and the Bishop, besides being 'cousins,' had been friends in their younger days—young men in the army together—both 'big' men, in heart, physique, stature, and character, ability and broadmindedness. After the Bishop came to Canada they had lost sight of each other to a great extent. On one of the Bishop's visits home, he was in Edinburgh, and walking down the street he met Sir Allan walking up on the other side, who shouted at him in Gaelic, 'Hello, Alastair Mhór, is that you? I thought the Devil had you long ago.' 'Ah, no, Allan,' said the Bishop; 'Hell is too full of my mother's relatives—there is no room for me down there.'

"I do not think that Bishop MacDonell has had his proper place in Canadian history. I have been a careful student of it myself, and I believe that, apart from his services to the Church, he did more for Canada and more for British connection than any other man up to the time he died. He was a great statesman, and laboured unceasingly to make and to keep this a British country. His loyalty was known to, and recognised by, the leading men in Britain, who were greatly guided by him in Canadian affairs. There never was any doubt as to where *he* stood—and he preached loyalty, and encouraged it by precept and example, quite as much as he did religion."

Such, then, was the man who conceived, and to a great extent carried out, the idea of embodying the Regiment of Glengarry Fencibles.

When he heard of the misfortune of the Barra emigrants, mentioned above, he repaired to Glasgow, to be of service to

them. These people were all Catholics, and spoke not a word of English—they were helpless and utterly destitute. Father MacDonell secured introductions to the Professors of Glasgow University, and through them to some of the principal manufacturers of the city. To the latter, who were greatly in need of workmen, he proposed that they should receive into their works some of the Highlanders lately dispossessed of their holdings, as well as the shipwrecked Barra people. He promised to induce the people to enter, did the manufacturers encourage them. This they engaged to do, but there were two serious obstacles—the one, that the Highlanders could not understand the English language; the other, that a great proportion were Catholics. This last was a serious objection, because of the excitement occasioned about 12 years before by the Gordon riots, and the fear of any similar outbreak should there be an influx of Catholics. However, Father MacDonell was not to be daunted by fear of the mob, and the first objection—that of the language—he settled by volunteering to act as interpreter between the masters and the men.

In the course of a few months he procured employment for over 600 Highlanders.

But this did not last, for in 1794 war broke out between Great Britain and France. Manufactured goods could not be exported. Works were closed, and a general dismissal of labouring hands took place. Among the sufferers were the Highlanders.

It was at this period that Father MacDonell conceived the idea of getting some Highlanders embodied as a Catholic corps in the King's service, with his own chief, Mac Mhic Alastair of Glengarry, as colonel.

This scheme was at first opposed by Bishop Hay, who refused to allow Father MacDonell to leave his mission at Glasgow, even temporarily, that he might proceed to Fort-Augustus, where he had arranged to meet and confer with several Highland Catholic gentlemen. The good Bishop, who was Father MacDonell's ecclesiastical superior, rarely encouraged measures in which he had not a prominent share. But having travelled from Edinburgh to Glasgow "to know the matter to the bottom," as he expressed it, he met Father MacDonell and Glengarry, and learned from them the exact state of affairs, and that the matter was too far advanced to be opposed. The Fort-Augustus meeting was successful, and Glengarry and Mr Fletcher of Dunans, with Father Mac-

Donell, were introduced as a deputation to the Lord Advocate by the Bishop. Bishop Hay tells us that he was much edified by young Glengarry. "He is an amiable young gentleman, and I hope will one day be an honour and support to his country and to religion."

Glengarry and Mr Fletcher went to London, and their address and petition were presented to the King by the Lord Advocate and his uncle, Henry Dundas, the Home Secretary. His Majesty, whilst approving the loyalty of these Highlanders, felt it necessary to decline their offer of a regiment. Unknown to them, opposition was raised to their scheme by the fascinating Duchess of Gordon, who was then engaged in raising the "Gay Gordons" for her son, the Marquis of Huntly. The great majority of the dependents of the Dukes of Gordon being Catholics, it was feared that an exclusively Catholic regiment would so attract them that the recruiting for the Gordons would suffer.

That the Gordon Highlanders did not so suffer, we may gather from an allusion to them made by Napier in his History of the Peninsular War. He tells us that nine-tenths of the men of the regiment were Irishmen. Their religion was that which misled him. They were Catholics, therefore Irishmen. *Non sequitur.*

Glengarry ultimately got his regiment, notwithstanding all opposition, and, despite the existing law, Father MacDonell was appointed chaplain.

The Regiment was known as the Glengarry Fencible Infantry. The term Fencible is one that has been dropped in the British Army, to the regret of many. It implied that the particular regiment so named was destined for local or home defence, and not for general service. The designation was kept up until the year 1889, when the Royal Malta Fencible Artillery also dropped the term Fencible.

In a Gazette published June, 1795, we read:—

"Glengarry Fencible Infantry—Alexander MacDonell, Esq., to be Colonel; Captain Charles MacLean, from Argyle Fencibles, to be L.-Col.; Mat. Macalister, Esq., to be Major." The Regiment was recruited from all over the Glengarry property, and there were many to join from the Moidart portion of the Clan. Of the 32 officers, 22 were MacDonells or MacDonalds. General Stewart of Garth, no mean judge, described the Glengarry Fencibles "as a handsome body of men."

It was no small recommendation to the Glengarries that they volunteered to serve in any part of Great Britain or Ireland, or the Channel Islands. This offer was very acceptable to the Government, as it formed a precedent for all fencible regiments that might afterwards be raised. Several Scottish Fencibles had refused to march into England, and had mutinied rather than submit to what they considered unjustifiable orders.

The first service of the Glengarries was in the Isle of Guernsey, which in 1795 was threatened with invasion by the French. Nearly every war with France had been marked by an attack on these our last Norman possessions, and on the present occasion there were ominous rumours of another such attempt.

The Regiment, before it was many months old—not more than 2 or 3 months—was thus given the post of honour in home defence—that of danger—that nearest the enemy. But even that was not quite enough for them—they volunteered to garrison a small island at the entrance to the harbour of Cherbourg. This island had lately been captured by Sir Sidney Smith, but before the offer of the Highlanders could be accepted, the French retook the island from the British sailors, making Sir Sidney Smith and Captain Wright prisoners.

The Glengarries remained in Guernsey until the summer of 1798. They had begun to tire of the monotony of garrison duty, when a call to arms came, in the shape of orders to embark for Ireland. The Irish Rebellion of '98 had broken out. This outbreak was fomented and nourished by the French Directory, under whose instructions there worked an Irish Directory—an organisation utterly irreligious and revolutionary.

The malcontents wished to sever their connection with Great Britain, and to set up a Republic. Their aspirations and hopes were buoyed up by several invasions of Ireland by French Troops. These invasions were, however, in every case utterly inadequate for their ostensible purpose, but were fruitful, on the other hand, in causing among a certain section of the Irish, hare-brained risings, which always resulted in subsequent killings of rebels. The most serious of these insurrections broke out in Wexford and the neighbouring counties, and thither the Glengarries were now ordered. They were shipped from Guernsey and disembarked at Ballenack, in

Waterford Haven. Thence they marched to Waterford. At this town occurred an incident which afforded surprise to some, and was a matter of no small ridicule to others. It afforded, however, a proof of the simplicity and straightforward honesty of the Highlanders. It was intended that they should pass that night at Waterford, where they received billet money to pay for their lodgings. Later they had orders to march the same evening to New Ross, and every man repaired to the quartermaster and returned his billet money. They marched that night into New Ross, 20 miles away, to reinforce General Johnson, who was surrounded, and in a manner besieged there by the rebels.

Next morning the General gave the Glengarries their first taste of blood. The rebels, commanded by Roche, were surprised and dislodged from Lacken Hill, and forced to retreat to Vinegar Hill. The battle of Vinegar Hill was fought shortly after. The Glengarries were probably not present at this fight: their Colonel had been made Governor of New Ross when General Johnson left to take part in this none too creditable action.

At this early stage began the work in which the Glengarries, to their honour, were specially engaged throughout the war.

The Chaplain found the jail and court-house of New Ross crowded with wounded rebels, whose lives had been spared, but whose wounds had been allowed to fester, and who had been left to starve. Surgeon Alexander Macdonell dressed their wounds, and every possible relief was given to the sufferers.

From New Ross the Regiment was marched to Kilkenny, and thence to Hackett's Town in the county of Wicklow, to reduce a body of rebels that had taken possession of the Wicklow mountains, under Holt and Dwyer. These were the remnants of the different bands of the Wexford insurgents—desperate men, many of them deserters from the army and militia.

The Yeomanry and Regulars, being better armed and disciplined, defeated them when they appeared in the open field, yet continually fell into ambushes laid for them, as was notoriously the case with that yeomanry regiment named the Ancient Britons. They were Welsh, and had made themselves particularly obnoxious by their indiscriminate cruelty and licentiousness. If a set of scoundrels ever really deserved to be exterminated, they most certainly did. Of the Yeomanry

in Ireland at this time, Lord Cornwallis, the Commander-in-Chief and Lord Lieutenant, writes to Major-General Ross. (July 24, 1798):—"The Yeomanry are in the style of the loyalists in America, only much more numerous and powerful, and a thousand times more ferocious. These men have saved the country, but they now take the lead in rapine and murder. The Irish Militia . . . follows closely on the heels of the Yeomanry in murder and every kind of atrocity."

The Ancient Britons, the Welsh Regiment of Yeomanry, were easily first in the committing of the atrocities mentioned by the Commander-in-Chief, so that when entrapped they received no quarter from the insurgents.

To hunt down these insurgents—the ablest and most desperate of the rebels, was now the work of the Chief of Glengarry. He was Brigadier, according to Bishop MacDonell, and had under his command, besides his own men, 2 companies of the 89th Regiment of Foot, 2 companies of Lord Darlington's Fencible Cavalry, and several companies of the Yeomanry. He had his headquarters at the village of Hackett's Town, which had been burnt, partly by the insurgents, partly by the military. His troops were therefore compelled to live under canvas the greater part of the winter.

Night marches and attacks were the rule, as in more recent times. The rebels used to leave the hills at night-time to plunder the houses and villages in the valleys below. Glengarry then would get his men under arms at midnight, sending a division—the cavalry and regulars—to search the lowlands, his Highlanders would gain the summits, meet the rebels on their retreat, get them between two fires—Brown Bess had but a short range—and make it hot for them generally. The Glengarries were known to the rebels as the "Devil's Bloodhounds," both on account of their dress and their agility in climbing, and their unfailing success in scouting. They did not—all the time they were in Ireland—suffer a reverse, and it is doubtful if any other body of troops there could make the same boast. The result was that after hunting through the Wicklow hills for a short time they reduced the number of the rebels skulking there, from a thousand to a few scores.

I remember reading some years ago, in a *Life of Michael Dwyer*, one of the insurgent chiefs, an attempt, an unsuccessful one, made by the Glengarries to capture him. An informer—Ireland was never without one—came to the Chief and promised to lead him to the hiding place of Michael Dwyer.

Glengarry came into the hills with a body of his men, to the edge of a little mountain loch, and their guide pointed out on the opposite side a rock rising out of the water, and towards its summit there could be seen the mouth of a cave. In that cave, he told them, Michael Dwyer generally lay hid. The guide was just in the act of pointing out the cavern, when from its depths a shot rang out, and he spun round and fell dead—a ragged heap at the feet of the Highlanders.

That shot was the signal for two of the Glengarries to strip off their jackets and kilts, and with their dirks in their teeth they swam across the loch to the rock. The rock jutted out into the loch, and the Highlanders, when they arrived, began climbing up, one on each side. When they were nearing the top, their comrades on the opposite side saw a figure move, and a long arm, armed with a glittering blade, struck viciously, first at one side, then at the other, and both Highlanders fell back into the loch and were drowned. The fierce yell of rage and the volley of musketry from the Glengarries were answered by a defiant, mocking laugh from the cave.

In a short time, however, the Fencibles collected sufficient wood to improvise a raft, and a number ferried across. Glengarry himself, the foremost, tumbled headlong, dirk in hand, into the cave, but their quarry had fled. A passage led away from the back of the cave, and Michael Dwyer escaped that time, but his day was soon to come. He was surprised in a house with his few remaining followers by a party of the Glengarries. He defended himself, and killed some of his pursuers, till, the house being set on fire, he was shot while endeavouring to make his escape, stark naked, through the flames.

But all this time the Glengarries were doing another work, one which redounded even more to their honour, in my opinion, than their fighting feats. Their chaplain, Father MacDonell, always accompanied them. At every combat, every skirmish, he was present. At this time, when they worked in concert with the Yeomanry, he had his hands full in rescuing and preserving for fair trial prisoners whom the Yeomanry wished and intended to put to death.

Again, by the aid of the Chief, he was enabled to have those chapels which had been used as stables by the Yeomanry cleaned out and restored to their proper use. The people were invited to resume their accustomed worship; in fact, they saw with amazement that these semi-nude warriors were their co-

religionists, and the Highlanders could often be seen gathering in from the mountain sides the women and children who had fled from the Yeomanry, and even carrying down the little ones in their arms and restoring them to their homes.

Thus, then, by the trust they put in the advice and counsel of Father MacDonell, by the strict discipline enforced by Colonel MacDonell, as well as by the orderly self-restraint of his men, and, lastly, by the Chief's stern repression of the licentiousness of the Yeomanry, confidence was restored to the minds of the people, and there was always a true and lasting peace wherever the Glengarry Fencibles served.

Later, the Fencibles were marched to the wilds of Connemara, where they had to perform the same duties as in the Wicklow mountains, and with equal success. They stayed in that part of the country until peace with France was signed in 1802, and at once all the Scottish Fencible Regiments were disbanded, and the Glengarries among them.

It may here be pointed out that the work given to those Highlanders to do in Ireland, just a century ago, was very similar indeed to that in which Highlanders have lately distinguished themselves in South Africa, where they have given the British Army an object lesson in serviceable scouting.

We hear that there are no men left in the Highlands—that there are no recruits for the Highland regiments. This last may be quite true, in a sense; but may I be permitted to give what I consider to be some of the reasons therefor? There were in the Highlands but comparatively few voluntary recruits for the regular army, as we now understand it. This at first sounds paradoxical, but I think, on examination, it will be found to contain a certain amount of truth. When the Highland Regiments were first embodied, military life in them was to the Highland recruit something in the nature of an experiment—a new life—and in addition to the necessity which compelled him to seek a livelihood, there was also born with him a love of adventure. Furthermore, these regiments were raised by letters of service granted to gentlemen well known to the recruit, and were almost exclusively officered by Highland gentlemen, and we have but to read the sketches of these Highland regiments by General Stewart of Garth to realise that their spirit, discipline, and the relations of officers and men were of quite a different character to that of, say, English or German modern regular troops.

If, then, the country is to get the benefit of the fighting material in the Highlands, care must be taken to approach it in a manner befitting the genius of the people. If I may be allowed to make the distinction, Highlanders are warriors rather than soldiers—a warlike rather than a military people, or to put it in another way, they are capable of fighting, and of fighting well, when there is need for it, but barrack life and routine and discipline, and mere parade ground drill, are distasteful and irksome to them; but get them loosely embodied and drilled, trained to the use of the rifle, to more exact scouting, to riding in rough country, and you have the material at hand for efficient scouting and hill fighting corps. Among the Glengarries it answered, and I need not call to your mind the services of Highland scouts in our day.

In the present demand for fighting men, if the Government want to utilise and turn to account the Highland martial spirit, it would do well, it would seem to me, to recruit after the manner in which the Lovat Scouts were so speedily and so successfully raised, and, further, to officer such corps by gentlemen native to the Highlands, or known to the men. This consideration is no small item in assuring the success of any such undertaking.

15th MARCH, 1906.

The paper this evening was from Mr Alexander Cameron, Tournai, Poolewe, and is as follows:—

ORIGINAL GAELIC SONGS AND POEMS—No. I.

ORAN MOLAI DH DO 'N GHAI DH LIG.

Air fonn—"Domhnall an Dannsair."

O'n thachair mi m' onar,
 Gun toisich mi cheana,
 Chuir rainn ann an ordugh,
 Air comhradh gun mhearachd,
 Toirt cliu air a Ghaidhlig,
 Mar chanain a leanas,
 Cha leig sinn a cleachdadh,
 A chaoidh i.

Fonn—'Si Tir ma 'm beann n'an gleann,
 'S n'an gaisgeach,
 Le 'canain ghlan reidh,
 Ri 'n eireadh ar n' aigneadh,
 Ma theid sinn a null,
 Do Dhuthaich aineoil,
 Cha leig sinn gu beachd,
 As ar cuimhn' i.

Na 'm faighainn a Cheolraidh,
 Ga m' chomhnadh car tamul,
 Gu 'n cuirinn an t-òran so,
 'N ordugh mar 's maith leam.
 Muim altrom gach canain,
 A Ghaidhlig gun smalan,
 Gun doigh air cuir as d' i,
 Gu dilinn.

'S i cànan is seine
 Tha nis' air an talamh,
 Oid fhoghlum gach litrichaidh,
 Fiosrachaidh 's breithneachaidh,
 'Fuaim tha toirt buaidh,
 Air gach sluagh agus teanga,
 'S i Grammar gach Laidinn
 Is Fraingis.

Is urrain mi 'n drasd'
 'Thoirt an airde mar bharant,
 Gur i bha aig Adhamh,
 'S a Gharadh ga 'labhairt,
 Is Eubha 'toirt graidh dhi,
 Mar sgathan a maise,
 Is mhair i air thalamh,
 O'n am sin.

'N am togail Tur Bhabeil,
 B' i 'Ghaidhlig an gaisgeach
 Gu'n d' fhuair ise 'n trath ud,
 A' n' airde mar cheannard,
 'S i gleidheadh a h'aite,
 O'n la sin gu smachdail,
 Ge b' oil leis na Sasunnaich,
 Ghallda.

Cha 'n fheum i chaoidh iasad,
Cha 'n fhiach leath bhi bleideil,
Tha 'saibhlean cho laine,
D' e shar fhaclaibh teistail,
Tha stor air chul laimh aic,
Gu bràtha nach teirig
Gun teagamh 's i rogha
Gach cainnt i.

'S i chànain neo-liotach,
Is sgiobailte gearradh,
'S ann aic a tha 'n sgil,
Air a gibhtean a chleachdadh,
An sgoil ann am fios,
Ann am meas ann am fasan,
An gliocas an tairisnechd cainnte.

Tha i bog tha i cruaidh,
Tha i fuar tha i teith,
Tha i mall tha i luath,
Tha gach buaidh oir' gu seith,
Tha i taisbeanadh cairdeas,
'S gach aite fa leith,
Gur i 's fearr a chuir,
Freasdal an ceann neach.

Tha Laidinn is Greigis
A 'n deiligidh measail
Ga 'm foghlum 's gach oilthaigh,
Aig oigfhearaibh sgilear,
Ach 'sgalagaibh traileil
Do 'n Ghaidhlig an dithist
'Nuair dheireadh oir'
Friodhan a campair.

Tha canain na Gearmailt,
Na seanachas tha cinneadail,
Binn-ghloireach intinneach,
Simplidh neo-ghiorragach,
Ach mar b' i Ghaidhlig,
Bhi ghnath dh'i mar mhuime
Bu tubaisleach tuisleachail dall i.

Tha canain na Frainge .
 Na cainnt a tha sgiobalt',
 G'a foghlum do n' chloinn,
 Anns gach linn mar a thug iad oirn;
 Ach m'ur bi 'Ghaidhlig
 A phairtich rith 'gibhtean,
 Bu liotach neo-mheasail,
 Lag fann i.

Ach tha 'n t-àm dhomh bhi samhach,
 Cha charaich mi Lide,
 Cha 'n fhear a ni dan mi,
 'S ann 's nàr dhomh bhi bruidhinn,
 'S e easbhuidh na 'm bard,
 Ann 's an ait a 'm beil sinne,
 A dh' fhaig as mo chridhe,
 Gach rann dheith.

SORAI DH LE GEARRLOCH.

Air fonn—"Bonnie House of Airley," or the "Banks
 of Loch Lomond."

Soraidh chridhail chairdail,
 Le Gearrloch a tuath
 Eadar fhirichean is chuan agus oban
 Fhad 's bhios anail ann mo chom
 Gu'm bi m' aigneadh ort an geall,
 O 'na dhealaich mi ri m' annsachd,
 'S an og-mhios.

Ged 's eiginn bhi fagail,
 Na 'n carn is na 'm bruach,
 'S a 'm bu ghnath leam,
 Gu 'm buaininn an t-sobhrach,
 Ach ma bhios mo latha buan,
 Gu tighinn rathad an taobh-tuath,
 Thig mi fathast a dh' ath-nuadhachadh
 M' eolais—

Do na glinn 's am bi 'n iadh-shlat
 Cuir sgeimh air na meanglain,
 Is eidheann ma na chrann mar bu choir dhi
 I mar Mhanndal ga shuaineadh,
 O fhuar dhealt na h-oidhch',
 Ann 's na doireachan,
 A'm binn guth na smeoraich.

Inbhir-Chearraidh is an gleann,
Cha 'n 'eil samhla dhaibh ann,
Torr-an-damhain mar bhean bainns',
Air a comhdach
Gheibht' an Eilid is an Earba,
Ri 'n sealg' measg do fhraoich,
Chuirte bradan ann ri thaod,
Le fear seolta.

Guidheam soraidh ghraidh,
Leis an Aird 's leis a Bhanc,
Leis a chrasg, Creag a Chait.
Is an Groban,
Leis gach caochan is altan,
Is meall agus glaic,
Ann 's an tric bha sinn,
Tacan a comhradh.

Chithinn Badhais bheinn gu h-ard,
Is Beinn-Ailiginn thall,
Iad h-allt-choireach,
Meall chorrach ceothar,
Far an cluinnt' an damh a buraich
Fo dhluth bhrat na h-oidhche,
Toirt dubhlan dha naimhdean
Tha 'n toir air.

Soraidh le do ghaineamhichean,
'S meanbh bhristeach tonn,
'S le do mhealbhanan tolltacha còsach,
Tha do shligean mar na daoimain,
A boillsgeadh ri grein,
Leam a b' annasach an leughadh
Na 'n dorlaich.

Air feasgar 's tric a dhearsas,
Mar sgathan an cuan,
Toirt ath-shoillseachadh,
Nuadh agus nosar,
Chit' gach craoibh agus crann,
Ann 's a ghrund bun o's ceann,
Is na h-uile rud tha ann,
A co-chordadh.

Gur e choisinn dhuit mo ghaol,
 Eadar chladaichean is aonaich,
 Do chaithraichean do mhaoiltean do chòsan,
 Ge d' bhiodh frasan agus gaath ann,
 Bhiodh fasgadh air gach taobh dhinn
 'S cha 'n aithrisinn mo shaorsa
 Ri m' bheo dhuibh.

Ge d' bhiodh tamull ribh mo chul,
 Bi mo dhuil thigh'n air m' ais,
 Do 'n an duthaich is taitnaiche doighean,
 Guidheam soraidh leis an Tir,
 Eadar shraithean agus ghlinn
 Leis na ceatharnaich 's o's cinn sin
 Na h-oighean.

ORAN DO DH' FHIONNLA MACRATH.

Air fonn—Oran Fhaolain.

'S an ochdamh ciad diag,
 Ceithir fichead is aonan,
 Mios deireadh an Earraich ri chunntadh,
 'S e 'n ceathramh Di-Ciadaìn bh' again de 'n mhios,
 'Nuair shaoil sinn gun chrìochnaich Fionnla.

Fonn—Chaidh Fionnla air chall,
 'S e mhonadh ud thall,
 Oir thainig an t-am aig Fionnla;
 O'n a thainig an t-am
 Cha lasaich mi bann,
 'S gun aithris mi rann,
 Mar chliu dha.

Ma chi sibh a leithid
 Cha duilich dhuibh aithneachadh,
 Fleasgachan calma sùrdail,
 Le fhiasaig bhig stobaich,
 Gu dosanach ruadh,
 'S e sud agaibh suaithneas Fhionnla.

Bha bata na dhorn,
 'S e ga altachadh seolt,
 Bha 'thrusgan do chlo glas dubhailt,
 Is currachd bheag bhileach,
 'S i 'n ceanngal gu grinn,
 Ma mhullach a chinn aig Fionnla.

'Nuair thòisich d'a Sheonaid,
Air comhradh ri 'cheile,
Labhair gach te cho tursach,
"Thèid Ruairidh an tiotan,
Le fios gus an Fhàin
'S ni mis leine bhais dha Fionnla."

Labhair mo cheile rium fein
'S i cho craiteach,
"Bi tu gu brach fo dhiombadh,
Na lasaich 's na foisaich
'S gun coisich thu 'n t-aonach,
Ochan ma chaochail Fionnla."

Thuirt mis ann an gradaig,
De 'n tubaist a thachradh
Do fhleasgach cho sgairteil ri Fionnla
Gu'n buitseach bhi idir,
A nis air an asdar,
A chuireadh air grabadh no ciurradh.

Thuirt ise 's i freagairt,
'Tha cuirn ann is creagan,
Tha lochan, tha easan, tha uillt ann,
Tha oban is feithichean,
Mointeach is breunlochain,
'S dorain a dheirich dha Fionnla."

'Nuair thoisich iad uile,
Ri tuireadh is caoineadh,
Dh' fhag iad mi faoin is diombach,
'S am ghabh mi mo cholg
Is thogair mi orm,
'S gun gleidhinn fein lorg air Fionnla.

Cuiream teachdaire dealain
'Gach earrain dé Ros,
'S gun gleidhear a chorp co-dhiubh dhuinn
Cha bhi mi fo choire,
'S mo chogais bi saor,
Ma gheibhear a dh' aodail Fionnla.

Ach dh' fhalbh mi cho siapach,
Ri iarraidh bais air
Rainig mi braighe a Chùrnain
Aig Airidh-taigh-Iain bha tighinn cu blar,
Agus tacan bho 'shail bha Fionnla.

'N sin thill mi dhachaidh
 Le naigheachd an aigh
 Is chuir mi orr' faillte dhubailt;
 Is thuirt mi gu h-allaiseach,
 'Mach sibh gun dail,
 Is gu'm beir sibh air laimh air Fionnla.

'Nuair rinn sinn a'r garadh,
 Gu dian aig an teallaich
 Gu'n d' fharaid mi 'naigheachd mu chursa,
 Ach biadh cha do bhlais mi,
 No priob air mo rasgaibh,
 'S gu'n sgriobh mi na rannan dha Fionnla.

Cha 'n 'eil mi ri talach
 O'n thainig thu dhachaidh
 Gu 'n dochann gu 'n ghaiseag gu 'n chiurradh,
 O'n a fhuair mi fo m' anail,
 Gu 'n crìochnaich mi 'n rannachd,
 Ma 'n cuir mi bonn farain air Fionnla.

ORAN AIR A CHOINNAIDH LAGHAICH.

Air fonn—Oran na feannaige.

'S ann a nis tha mo dhichuimhin',
 A tigh'n dìreach na m' amharc,
 'S an oidhche teannadh ri laimh,
 Is mi gu 'n aird chuir air rannachd;
 'Nuair a gheall mi ga dheanamh,
 Cha b' i bhriag bha air m' aire,
 'S bi mi sineadh le durachd
 Dol seachad cul an Leathd'-daraich
 'S cha 'n fhaod mi stad.

Tha mi cinnteach gu 'n coimhlion,
 Gach fear de n' cheathairn a ghealladh,
 O'n rinn Fear Thollaidh an Oraid,
 Cha bhi m' orans' air dheireadh,
 Ge 'do rachadh sinn iomrall,
 Gheibh sinn seirm o'n luchd-teagaisg,
 Bu mhaith leam fein a bhi cordaidh,
 Ris na seoid is fear oilean,
 Is dol a mach.

Ach ma thachras sinn cuideachd,
 Cha bhi mulad no gruaim oirnn,
 Tha mi araid air m' aire
 Bheir mi seachad 's an duan e,
 O'n tha mo theanga cho biorach,
 Cha bhi mi mionaid ma 'n cuairt dha;
 'S ann bheir sinn Harris dha 'n Dominie
 'S Miss MacCoinnich d'o Ruairidh,
 'S gu'n dean iad *swap*.

Cha bhiodh Ruairidh gle chraiteach
 Ge' do dh' fhag i e 'n ceart uair
 Bha e 'saoilsinn gu 'm b' fhearr dha,
 A toirt dhas'an mar leannan,
 Oir tha puinc ann a' nadar,
 Nach do thaladh ri 'phearsa,
 O'n 's fear teagaisg MacCoinnich,
 Gu'n teagamh bheireadh e aisd' e,
 Ge b' ann le slait.

Tha MacCoinnich mar sgolair,
 Direach coimhlionta comhnard,
 Ann an Gearmailt 's a'm Fraingis,
 Cha 'n 'eil taing aig' do 'mhoran,
 Ma theid e 'n cleamhnas ri Harris,
 Na 'biodh glas air a phocaid,
 Bi feoil is lann uaip a'm pailteas,
 Bi 'n ti ga tarruing an comhnuidh,
 'S cha bhi i lag.

Ach tha i ciatach aig grinneas,
 Tha i fileant aig sgriobhadh,
 Obair ghreis agus anairt
 Tha i maith air d'a rìreamh
 Tha i lamhach aig gearradh
 Cha bhi 'm fasan a dhith oir'
 Cha 'n 'eil seol thig a Paris,
 Ris nach cleachd i a h-inntinn
 'S i grinn na 'pears'.

A'n te a shealgas air Ruairidh
 Bi a' buannachd fìor thaitneach
 Mar eil sibhs air tur eolach
 'S aithne dhomhsa gu maith e;

Bheir mi dhuibh an deagh theist air
 Ann am beagan do fhacail,
 Suairce, firinneach, caoimhnail,
 'S tha beagan saoihbheis an tasgaidh aig
 Anns a *Bhanc*.

Beul is binne ni leughadh,
 Lámh a sgrìobhas le peana
 Suil is diriche cuimse,
 Fear is calma ni 'chosnadh,
 Fear is eutroim a dh' fhalbhas,
 Foinnaidh dealbhach na 'phearsa,
 Gu 'm beil a bhuadhan cho lionmhor,
 'S nach cuir mi trian dhiubh an cleachdadh
 'S ann ni mi stad.

Tha Fear 'hollaidh gle dhoighail,
 Ach tha e gorach an rathad,
 'Nuair nach 'eil e toirt ogbhean,
 Gu chomhnuidh leis dhachaidh,
 Na 'biodh agam 's a' staoile
 Taigh is saibhlean is baile,
 Cha tamhainn leith dusan oidhchean,
 Gun te chaoimhnail bhi agam,
 Ga m' chumail ceart.

Ach gu'r iongantach dhomhsa,
 Fear cho seolta 's cho glìce,
 Bhi gu'n cheile ri 'ghualain,
 Chumadh suas ris a chridhe,
 Ach tha mi 'n dochas gu 'n cluinn mi
 Fuaim a bhainnse an tiota,
 Oir 's aithne dhomhsa te aluinn,
 Bha ann am " Bal " Mhr Dixon,
 A ghabh dheth tlachd.

Ge d' nach robh mi 's an lathair
 Gu 'n robh cach dhomh a g' innse,
 Nach robh aon anns an t-seomar,
 A measg n'an oighean bha riomheach,
 Nach robh dh' i 's e an aogais
 Blionach aognaidh da rìreamh,
 Gu'r glan a dhannsadh i 'n t-urlar
 Gu foinnaidh ionnsaichte dìreach
 'S i cuir n'an car.

Bi gach dileis gu deireadh
 Mar thuirt an sean-fhacal cinnteach
 Dh' fhag sin Mac-'Ill-Fhinnein,
 Ann an iomall an rainn so,
 Ach cha dhearbhadh sin idir,
 Gur-ann is miosa mo loinn dheith,
 'S beag leam fein na tha dhuais dha,
 Airson a shuairceas do 'n chloinn
 A tha ghnath fo 'smachd.

Gu dearbh gur mis' a chuis uamhais,
 'S Culaidh thruais mi gu bracha,
 Cuir ri bardachd an uaigneas,
 Ann an truailidheachd nadair,
 'S nach 'eil caileag 's an duthaich,
 Bho Pholliu gu ruig Gearrloch,
 A bheir ormsa suil tharais,
 Ma gheibh iad faireachadh trathail
 Ma m' dhol a mach.

Bi mi nis a co-dhunadh,
 Le deadh dhurachd dhuibh 'chairdean,
 Mac-'Ill-Fhinnein 's Fear Thollaidh,
 'Maighstir sgoile 's an Gairneil,
 Agus deagh Mhiss MacCoinnich
 Cha 'n i roghain is taire,
 Ni Ruairidh Foirbais riut dlighe,
 Bi thusa glic is thoir gradh dha
 'S cha teid thu asd'.

ORAN DO FHLEASGACH COIR RIS AN ABRAR AN GAEL, AIR-
 DHA PAIDHIR SPATS A DHEANAMH DHOMH.

'S ann aig Poll-iù tha 'n tàilear
 Is fearr a tharruing arm,
 Their feadhain anns an aite so
 'N Gael ris mar ainm,
 Cuid eil a their Rob Ruadh ris
 Mar shuaithcheantas fear arm,
 Ach Gael na Rob Ruadh
 Gu'm beil buadhan air nach meanbh.

Oir air chinnte gu'm beil e laghach,
 'S innseam gu'm beil e laghach,
 'S thaghain e dhomh fein.

Gu ma slan da 'n oighear
 A dheonaich dhomh na *spats*,
 'Nuair their thu 'n a mointich,
 Cha sòr mi dol am bac;
 Cha 'n aithnaich mi air doigh,
 Co dhiubh 's ob tha ann na clach
 Leis mar chuir an t-oighear
 An ordugh mo dha chas.
 Oir air chinnte, &c.

Tha putanan n'an culthaobh,
 Gu 'n dunadh gu mo riar,
 Tha leathar daingean dubailt,
 Ga 'n cumail dluth 's a bhial,
 D'e thartan glas na buth
 Air a dhubhlachadh 's an t-sniomh,
 A dhaindeoin latha gnutha
 Cha druigheadh orra 'n t-sion.
 Oir air chinnte, &c.

'Nuair chuireas mi fein suas iad,
 Gu'r uallach bhios mo cheum,
 Na h-uile fear is sgoinn air
 A faighneachd c'o e;
 'S cinnteach mi gu'r saighdear e,
 'N staoile tha na cheum,
 'Saoil thu 'n inns' e 'n caoimhneas
 Co rinn an obair ghreis.
 Oir air chinnte, &c.

Their mis' a'n sin gu'n dail,
 Gu'r e 'n Gael rinn a'n gnìomh,
 Cha d' earb e iad ri cach,
 Eagal failligeadh no giomh,
 Cha deach greim na'n dail,
 Ach n'a charaich e le 'mhiar
 Gheibh sibh uaithe 'm *patron*,
 'S gach cail a reir 'ur miann.
 Oir air chinnte, &c.

Tha caoimhneas ann 'a nadar,
 Is cairdeas ann 'a ghnuis,
 Cha 'n aithne 'toirt barr air,
 Gu'n taire thoirt do 'n duth'ch;

Cha do ghabh e fairdean,
De phaidheadh uam g'an cionn,
Na 'm faigheadh e mar b' aill leam
An airde bhiodh a churs'.

Oir air chinnte, &c.

Tha sgiobailteachd na' ghluasad,
Is truacantas na' ghnaths,
Tha misneachd agus cruadal,
Ga 'chuirteachadh mar gheard;
'S beag ioghnadh e bhi uallach,
'S gach buadh tha air a fas,
A dh' aindeoin barail sluaigh,
'S e Rob Ruadh a bhios gu h-ard.

Oir air chinnte, &c.

Tha cuibhle aig' ga' stiuireadh
'S a bhuth am beil a cheird,
'Nuair dhuineas e 'n leith-shuil,
Bheir e cùrs' a mach roimh chach
Cha 'n 'eil cuan ri aodain,
Ach aodach agus snath,
'S e 'chasan tha ga' sraonadh,
'S a ghaoth cha chuir air sgath.

Oir air chinnte, &c.

Tha e buileach freagarach,
'S ann beag a rinn e fas,
Cha 'n ann as an adhar
Tha e tarruing leis a t-snath'd
Ma 'n tar fear eile cromadh,
Bi do 'chorrag air an lar,
'S an aite gu 'm biodh deireadh ort
'S ann bhios tu greis roimh chach.

Oir air chinnte, &c.

Cha 'n 'eil cron air aire,
'S e gu 'n choire 'dhuine beo,
Cha do choisich faiche,
Fear is faichiollaiche doigh;
Cha nàr leam ge 'do theirinn,
Gu'r e leannan na 'm ban-og,
An te a gheibh 'a thoileachadh,
'S ann oirre 'bhios a phrois.

Oir air chinnte, &c.

Ach ma 'n saoillear mi bhi bosdail
 An corr cha chan mi riut,
 Thig mi gu co-dhunadh,
 Tha tuchadh air mo ghuth;
 Cha d' uirt mi ach an fhirinn,
 Cha d' inns mi umad cus,
 Ach ma gheibh thu reir mo dhurachd
 Cha bhi bonn curaim dhuit.
 Agus innseam gu'm beil thu laghach,
 'S dh' inns mi gu bheil thu laghach,
 'S thaghainn-s' thu dhomh fein.

DUANAG NA SEANN FHLEASGAICH, AIR DHOMH CUIREADH
 FHAOTAINN GU POSADH,

Far an robh a bhuidhinn so gu bhi maith lionmhor.

Air fonn—"Choire Cheathaich."

Nach bochd an cunntas tha 'nochd na m' dhuthaich,
 Na fir gun sunnt 's nach eil annta nòs,
 Tha mi ro dhiombach air fir Pholliu,
 Leis co beag 's tha dhu ac' do chaileig oig;
 Cha teid a dh' iarraidh te ach fear tiath ghlas,
 A chridhe fiata 's gur blian a phog,
 Gach maighdeann sgiamhach
 A dol a'm fiagh oirnn, mar ni gu mhiadh iad
 A'n tir n'am beo.

'Nuair ghlasas fiasag 's a lasas fiaeclan fear,
 Theid i dh' iarraidh a chiad t'e 's faisg,
 Bi uile bhriathran a'n aghaidh 'riansa,
 Carson nach d' iarr thu t'e o chionn seal;
 'Nuair tha feum agad air do leidigeadh,
 'S gann a dh' eireas thu gun a'm bat',
 'S ro bhochd an ceil' thu ged' bhiodh tu reir t'e,
 Cha dean thu ceum 's gann is leir dhuit laic.

Nach mor an taire do chalaig aluinn,
 Nach sir thu 'lamh ach an d' fhas thu lag,
 Ach ni i gaire le 'suil an airde,
 'Nuair chi i 'm bearn th' ann an aite falt,
 Tha meirg na h' aois ort gun deirg a d' aodain,
 O'n shearg an aogais bha aon uair glan,
 Their i le sraonas gu dearbh cha chaomh leam,
 Mo bheatha aonadh ri fear do dhreach.

Nach seall thu fein ris their iad ri cheile,
Gur dona ghreidh sin air fuil is feoil,
'Nuair bha e treubhach cha d' rinn e feum dhuin,
Gheibh sinn a reisd air a' rogha spors;
Tha tuigs is reusan an aghaidh cheile,
A steach n'a chreubhaig 's gun treig e 'n deo,
Agus geilt na h' aoise toirt air bhi glaothaich,
Och! och! mo chaoile nach robh mi phosd'.

Bha uair de 'm shaoghal 's robheag a shoil mi
Bhi 'n so a m' aonar a'n taigh gu 'n doigh,
'A m' shuidhe daonan a'm bun a chaorain,
A glanadh aodaich n'o caramh bhrog;
Mo sgairsneach claidhte 's nach faigh mi cuibhte,
An luchd thair m' inntinn 's mi caoidh na h-oig;
Gu tur air annrath gu 'n duine teann dhomh,
Le 'n truagh mo chall no their rium a sheoid.

Gur bochd da rireamh an cor 's am bi mi,
'N trath bhios mi tinn 's mi leam-fein a ghnath,
Gu'n anail dlu dhomh a ghabhas diu dhiom,
No neach a dhuineas mo shuil le baigh
Iad sin bu choir a bhi dhomh na'n comhnadh,
A guidhe 'n comhnaidh gu faighinn bàs,
'S gu'n dean iad greim air an toic a rinn mi,
'S gu'n teid a roinn orra reir an cail.

Ach a fhleasgaich choir aig am beil an oige,
Faigh thusa doigh air a so na thrath,
Is deansa posadh ri d' chailaig òrdail,
Tha ga do chordadh 's i reir do chail;
Ma 'm beir an aois ort 's gun toir i 'thaobh thu,
'S gu'm preas i d' aodain 's gu 'm maol i d' bharr,
No bi tu anmoch mu 'm faigh dearbhadh,
Nach d' rinn thu 'm bargan so buileach trath.

Bi fleasgaich leatha ri faighainn giomh dhomh,
Their iad gu'r diomhain mo dhol a mach,
Ach riamh cha b' fhiach leam mo bharrail fhiaradh,
Oir 's e mo mhiann a bhi buileach ceart;
Bi fear rium fiata 's fear eile fialaidh,
'S fear eile 'g iarraidh mo thoirt a steach,
Ach their duine ciallach 's e duine gnìomhach
A chuir na briathran so 'n dubh 's an geal.

MOLADH THURNAIG.

'Nuair a dh' fhag mi m' ionad saimh,
'S ann an Turnaig rinn mi tamh,
Shaoil mi fein gu 'n rachain bas,
Leis an fhasalachd a bh' ann.

Fonn—Hurabh ò gu'n tog mi fonn,
'S toigh leam fein an Coire donn,
Diridh mi mach ris a mhaoil,
'S fallain gaath o thaobh na 'meall.

Bha mi 'n cuingealachadh teann,
Le cion cuinnidh aig mo laimh,
Ach do 'n Freasdal gu 'n robh 'thaing,
Dh' fhuasgail E mo shnaim air ball.

Hurabh ò, &c.

'Sin ghabh mi tlachd de 'n ait as ur,
'S dh' atharaich mo chail da' thubh,
Fhuair mi slaint an gnaths a' bhurn,
Dh' fhas mi laidir luthmhor ann.

Hurabh ò, &c.

'S ait bhi 'n diugh ri siubhal sleibh,
Maduin chiuin 'n am eiridh grein,
Dealt na 'braonaibh air an fheur
'S ceudan spreigh air bharr n'an tom.

Hurabh ò, &c.

Is gloirmhor obair nadair fein,
Grian a g' oradh neoil na'n speur,
Cuan na' chomhnard boidheach reidh,
'S torman seimh aig seis na'n allt.

Hurabh ò, &c.

Turnaig riomhach 's prisail cors,
Urlar min is gridail por,
D' ainm cha mhinich neach tha beo,
'S pailt do spors 's cha mhisde leam.

Hurabh ò, &c.

Turnaig aoibhinn, Turnaig aigh,
Turnaig shaoibhir, Turnaig lan;
Turnaig bheirteach 's pailte barr,
Turnaig ghnaiseach, ghranach, throm.

Hurabh ò, &c.

Tha gach tlachd n'a d' thaic' air fas,
 Sliabh is srath, is cladach sail,
 D' uillt d' e neamhnadaibh cho lan,
 Far an snamh a'n Doran donn.

Hurabh ò, &c.

Tha do clachach chladach ard,
 Geothach fasgach stacach blath,
 H-uile sloc is lag is bagh,
 Loma lan d' e mhaorach trom.

Hurabh ò, &c.

Bradain mheanmnach na d' Loch-sail,
 Iteach balla-bhreac 's earragheal tarr,
 'Siubhlach luath na' chuaich ma bhàrc
 Tigh'n o'n chuan gu tamh 'm bun d' allt.

Hurabh ò, &c.

Loch n'an dail le 'chladach Seoighn,
 Loch n'an Lach is glaise geoidh,
 Iasgach pailt air bhaile na'n ob,
 'S gasd an spors do sheoid dol ann.

Hurabh ò, &c.

Air gach dail tha mart le laogh,
 Ann 's gach glaic tha pailteas naosg,
 Air gach stacan coilleach fraoich,
 Mach na d' aonach sgaoth chearc donn.

Hurabh ò, &c.

Coill' Eugescaig gu ceutach cluth,
 'S am beil *legion* coillich dubh,
 'Sud an doire 'n goir iad moch,
 'Seinn a 'm puirt le 'm bus ghuib chrom,

Hurabh ò, &c.

'N Liath-chearc Cluthar dion 's a bhlaths,
 'S i le siach cuir seun ma h-al,
 Tional biadh dhaibh le mor chail,
 Iongnach spagach feadh n'an tom.

Hurabh ò, &c.

Cuthag chuldonn anns gach ait,
 Seinn gug-gùg an dluths na'm barr,
 Breacaidh beithe 's a ghlascharn,
 Snathadag is dreathan-donn.

Hurabh ò, &c.

Smudan, smeorach, creothar, dnag;
 'Sud an ceol bu bhoidhche sgread,
 'S Brudearg ruiteach gearradh fead,
 Shuas air creagan o's an cionn.

Hurabh ò, &c.

Leam a b' ait bhi seal le m' ghaol,
 'G eideachd chruitearan do chraobh,
 Gabhail beachd air obair shaor,
 Nadair aonsgeulaich 's gach ball.

Hurabh ò gu'n tog mi fonn,
 'S toigh leam fein an Coire donn,
 Diridh mi mach ris a mhaoil,
 'S fallain gaoth o thaobh na 'meall.

19th APRIL, 1906.

On this date a paper by Mr Kenneth Mackenzie, Barvas, Lewis, was read, as follows:—

LEWIS PLACE-NAMES, AND RELICS OF THE NORSE LANGUAGE IN LEWIS SPEECH.

SECTION I.

Two years ago I wrote a paper on the meaning of some Lewis place-names. In that paper I referred to the efforts that had been made by former writers to explain some of these names. I mentioned the name of Captain Thomas as having been the first to undertake the task, and as having written a most important paper. As my paper appeared in the *Highland News*, and as it is possible that several members of this Society have seen it, I do not mean to make any further allusion to its contents. Perhaps this is the proper place to make a short reference to the book on the Place-Names of Ross-shire by Mr W. J. Watson, M.A., Inverness. I did expect, before the appearance of Mr Watson's book, that a large number of the old names on the mainland would be found to correspond with the old names in Lewis. In this expectation I was disappointed. Very few of the old names were found to be the same. Annaid, an old term for a church; Leitir, a hill-slope; Fionn, fair or white; Riughe, a slope or hill-pasture; Magh, a plain; and Tairbeart, a ford

or isthmus, are about all the old names on the mainland that have duplicates in Lewis. For the student of the Lewis names, however, the most important part of Mr Watson's book is his treatment of the old Norse vowels and consonants, as found on pages 57-60 of his Introduction. On these pages he discusses the changes which Norse vowels and consonants undergo in their transmission from Norse to Gaelic tongues. These pages are most valuable, not only for what they contain, but for what they suggest. They are indeed most suggestive. To note the changes which Norse vowels and consonants have undergone in certain well-known and established instances, and to utilise the information thus obtained towards the elucidation of more obscure names, is the only rational method of procedure, and there is no doubt that further researches into the meaning of these names must be carried on mainly on these lines. With the old or pre-Norse names in Lewis I do not consider myself competent to deal, as my knowledge of the Celtic tongues is confined almost entirely to what I know of modern Gaelic, but I mean to give a few specimens of these names later on. In this paper Norse names alone are discussed. In addition to the aid received from Cleasby's Dictionary, I have endeavoured to support the renderings given of more than half the names explained by short quotations from original Icelandic sources. These quotations I do not mean to read, but should the paper have the good fortune to appear in the Transactions of the Society, these quotations will then appear. I have tried to separate the component parts of each name by a hyphen, and I have not hesitated to adopt the old Norse form of spelling where there is no possibility of the local pronunciation being obscured thereby. This has necessitated, in some instances, a slight departure from the ordinary mode of Gaelic spelling. The names are arranged alphabetically.

Note.—Landn., Landnámabók; B.N., Saga of Burnt Njal.

1. Aiga-nish, at Point; from eydhir, gen. agdhar, an eagle, *i.e.*, the point or ness of the eagle. Landnamabok, *i.e.*, Land-taking book, the Book of the Settlement of Iceland, p. 29, has, "fyrer sunnan Ag(dha)-nes," "south from Aiga-ness." This book gives an account of the original settlers of Iceland, and is of the greatest value in dealing with those names in which a personal name is combined with some other

term. A much larger list of names of this class could be given in this paper, only that one is loth to give the impression that this personal element is a characteristic of the Lewis names. That is not so, but with the aid of Landnamabok alone, along with some local knowledge of the different places, this class of names in Lewis could be pretty well exhausted. Landnamabok is hereafter referred to by the letters 'Landn.'

2. Ama-dal (Gearraidh)—At Galson; from Amundar-dalr, *i.e.*, Amund's dale. Amund, a pers. name: "hana atti Amundr," "Amund married her" (Landn., p. 87).
3. Alls-botar, a stream coming into the Barvas river, is the stream of the eel; all, gen. alls, an eel, and botnar, nom. pl. of botn, a deep pool. Botn means bottom, *e.g.*, marar-botn, the bottom of the sea, or the head of a bay, firth, etc.; but it has been retained in common speech in Lewis in the sense of a deep pool, and the nom. pl. botnar as a stream having deep pools in it, usually in the form botar.
4. Arna-val is the name of a hill on the Borge moor; from Orn, an eagle, also a proper name, gen. Arnar, and fjall, a hill. It is the eagle's hill, or Orn's hill. "Orn for up undir fjall-it er nu heitir Arna-fell," "Orn went up under the fell which is now named Arna-val" (Landn., p. 214).
5. Aspa-claid: a low green hill beside Barvas Glen. This is, I think, Alspak's green hill, where Alspak is a personal name. "Eirik Alspak het lendr madhr i Noregi," "Eirik Alspak was a freeman's name in Norway" (Landn.). Claid is quite common in Lewis as a generic term, but it does not occur in Cleasby's Dictionary. The nearest approach to it is klaedd, part. of klaedha, to clothe. All the 'Claids' are green, smooth, not necessarily flat, patches of ground.
6. Ae-val: a hill on the Shader moor; from Eya, a pers. name, and fjall, a hill, *i.e.*, Eya's hill. "Hann atti Eya," "He married Eya" (Landn., p. 139).
7. Ausa-vat, in Uig, is the eastern loch; from austr, east, and vatn, a loch. Austr-fjordhr, east firth, in Iceland.
8. Bàic (Toto Bhàic), at Borge; from Bàlki, a pers. name, which has died out in Lewis. It is Bàlk's green tufts. "Geirborgu Dothir Bàlka," "Geirborg, daughter of Bàlk" (Landn., p. 43).

9. Beagna-Gearraidh, at Shader; from bygging and gerdhi. Bygging, a cluster of houses, and gerdhi, an enclosed piece of land. It means the enclosure with the cluster of houses. It is an old Norse settlement.
10. Beinis-val: a hill in Uig. It is Beini's hill, where Beini is the name of a person. "Hun var dotter Beinis," "She was the daughter of Beini" (Landn., p. 73).
11. Beirghs-ay: a little island near Bernera; from Bergs-ey, *i.e.*, Berg's Isle, where Berg is a pers. name. "Vigfus fadher Bergs," "Vigfus, Berg's father" (Landn., p. 23). It was in this island that Neil M'Leod defended himself for three years against Mackenzie of Kintail.
Beirgh's-geodha, at Carloway, is Berg's cove, from Bergs-gja.
12. Bòid: Toto Bhòid in several places. This is Bòt's green tufts, where Bòt is the name of a person. "Haki thrall hans ok Bòt," "Haki his thrall and Bòt" (Landn., p. 369). This name has died out in Lewis.
13. Bota-gro: a stream at Shader. This is for Botna-gro, the stream of the deep pools. Botn has been already explained. Gro, a stream, is quite common in Lewis, and seems to come from gröf, which in the first instance means a pit, ravine, but which has been retained in Lewis in the sense of a stream. We have no less than 63 'gros' in the names of streams in Lewis.
14. Braa-gair: a big township. It is Bragi's garth or enclosed piece of ground; from Bragi and gardh. Intervocalic *g* regularly disappears. "Dotter Braga Skàlds," "Daughter of the poet Bragi" (Landn., p. 53).
15. Breidh-as-gro, at Ness, is the stream of the broad ridge; from Breidh-àss-grof.
16. Breacair, at Gress; from Brekkur, brinks: "fyrer of an Brekkur," "down below the brinks" (Landn., p. 44).
17. Brok-ol (Sithean Bhroc-ol): at Loch-shell. The hill of the bad black grass. Brok and holl. "Hann nam tha Brok-ey," "He then took possession of Brok-ey" (Landn., p. 100).
18. Bruna-gil, at Park. It is Bruni's gully or ravine, where Bruni is a person's name, and gil, a ravine. "Flosi skaut spjoti til Bruna," "Flosi shot his spear at Bruni" (Saga of Burnt Njal, p. 326, hereafter represented by the letters B.N.).

19. Budha-nish, at Park; from budhr, a hut, a bothy, and nes, *i.e.*, the ness of the bothy. "Hann var hinn fyrsta vetur i budhar-dal," "He was the first winter in Budha-dal" (Landn., p. 118).
20. Chinnis-dal (gleann), at Leumra. This is from Hvinis-dal, windy dale; hvini, whistling, windy, gen. hvinis. "Ondotl Kraki i Hvinis-fjordhi," "Ondotl Kraki in Windy-firth" (Landn., p. 228).
21. Ceallag-ol, a low hill at Ness, is Kjallak's hill. "Kjallak het madhr," "Kjallak was a man's name" (Landn., p. 118).
22. Cidh-ais, a hill at Park; from kidh, gen. kidhja, a kid, and ass, a ridge, *i.e.*, the ridge of the kid. "Svartkel bjo at Kidhja-fell," "Svartkel lived at Kid-fell" (Landn., p. 26). Also Cidh-hamr, a small island at Ug, is the rock of the kid—*i.e.*, Kidh-hamarr.
23. Carbh (an), applied to a part of Lower Shader; from hverfi, a shelter. "Ok i Skoga-hverfi," "And into Wood-shelter" (B.N., p. 341). The name has no connection in meaning with An Carbh, Cape Wrath, which is from hverfa, to turn.
24. Cearta-vat (Loch), on the Shader moor. This is Kjartan's loch. "Gudridhr modhur Kjartans," "Gudrid, Kjartan's mother." The *s* of the gen. is not retained.
25. Cira-vik: a bay and small township at Carloway. It is Kirri's bay, from Kirri, a cognomen; "Thorbjorn Kirri" (Landn., p. 326).
26. Cod-dal, at Barvas, is Godh-dal, *i.e.*, Good-dale; *g* assumes here the sound of *c*, as crimp, from gnupa. "Or God-dolum," "from Good-dale" (B.N., p. 237).
27. Cori-geodha, near Islivig, may be Kettle-cove, hverr, a kettle, or it may be Kori's Cove. "Ok drepa thar sann er Kori het," "And there they killed this man who was called Kori" (Egil's Saga, p. 253).
28. Clèide is a small district in Shader. It is hard to say whether this name is from Claid or Klett. There is a Claid, a green plot, and also a Klett, a rough steep piece of ground, in the immediate neighbourhood.
29. Crauli-stadh, a township in Ug; from Kroflu-stadh, *i.e.*, Kroflu-stead, where Kroflu is a person's name. "Fadher Thorkells Kroflu," "father of Thorkell Kroflu" (Landn., p. 191).
30. Cràg-ol, a hill at Habost, Lochs, is the Crow's Hill; from kraka, a crow, and holl, a hill.

31. Cruì-geodha, a long cove S.W. of Skigiostadh, is Knui's Cove; from Knui, a pers. name.
32. Drida-geodha, at Carloway; from drit, birds' droppings, and gja. It is the cove of the birds' droppings. "That er kolludhu drit-sker," "That which they call Drit-skerry" (Landn., p. 93).
33. Dir-ais (beinn), W. of Ena-cleit, is the Deer's ridge; from dijr and àss.
34. Dis-gro (allt), at Borge moor, is Dis's stream. "Daetur Asgeirs varu Dis ok Thorey," "The daughters of Asgeir were Dis and Thorey" (Landn., p. 25).
35. Dig-ol (Druim), at Shader moor. The hill of the ditches; from diki and holl. The place is full of natural ditches. "Diki varu skorin," "Ditches were cut" (Egil Saga, p. 220).
36. Duna-geodha, near Mealista, is the cove of the doves; from dufa, gen. pl. dufna.
37. Duas-dal (Cleit), near head of Loch Resord; from Dufann and dal, *i.e.*, Dufann's dall; *f* disappears, and so does *n* before *s*. "An var fyrsta vetur i Dufans-dal," "An was the first winter in Dufans-dale" (Landn., p. 145).
38. Eire, at Shader and at Borge, is applied to the beach at each township, and is just the Norse eyrr, a beach; but at Graver we have Gob-an-oighre, where the oighre is a corruption of eyrr. The beach is beside the point.
39. Eidhs-ol, a hill at Park; from Eidh, gen. Eidhs, *i.e.*, Eidh's hill; also Eidhs-claid at Shader moor, and Eidhs-ol to the south of Calbost. In this last case the *ei* has the same sound as in eidh, a ford or isthmus. "Syner Eidhs varu," etc., "Sons of Eidh were," etc. (Landn., p. 48).
40. Ella-stein (Clach), at Carloway, is Elli's Stone; from Elli and stein. "Elli fostra minna," "Elli, my nurse" (Edda).
41. Fionn-ol (Cnoc), at Cross. The hill of the sorcerer or Finn, or a man's name. "Finn atti Gunhildi," "Finn married Gunhilda" (Egil's Saga, p. 69).
42. Flei-steann (Na), at Ness; applied to rocks which are covered at high water; from flaedh-steinn, with same meaning.
43. Flod-ay, in Loch Roag, is Flat-island—flat-ey. "Oa bjo Thrandr i Flat-ey," "Then lived Thrand in Flod-ay" (Landn., p. 125).

44. Foisna-vat (Loch), at Shader moor. It is the loch of the stumps of wood; from fauskr, gen. pl. fauskna, with suffixed article and vatn. "Arngrim er eginn var at Fauska-Grefti," "Arngrim, who was killed at Digging-up-Trunks of trees" (Landn., p. 355).
45. Garrabost: a large township. It is Gagar's bost or township; Gagar, a man's name. "Ljot spurdhi Gest hvat manna Thorgrimr Gagar mundhi verdha," "Ljot asked (speared) Gest what kind of man Thorgrimr Gagar would be" (Landn., p. 153).
46. Gabh-sunn, an old township in Ness, is Gauk's Sound; from Gauk, gen. Gauks, a man's name, and sund or sound, or narrow channel. The sound is a narrow channel at the mouth of North Galson river. "Ovi at Asgrimr vardh bann-madhr Gauks," "For this reason Asgrim became Gauk's slayer" (B.N., p. 52).
47. Gearas-dun, a green plot beside the Dell river, is simply gerdhis-tun, a garden.
48. Galta-gro, at Leurbost, the hog's stream; from galti, gen. galta, a pig, and gro, a stream.
49. Gerdh, a landing place at N. Tolsta, once inhabited; from gerdhi, a fenced field. "Ok ferr til gerdhis-ins," "And he goes to the fenced-field" (B.N., p. 22).
50. Gei-shader, in Uig; from Geir, a pers. name, gen. Geirs, and setr, a sheiling—*i.e.*, Geir's sheiling. "Midhlom Grims-ar ok Geirs-ar," "Between Grim's river and Geir's river" (Landn., p. 44).
51. Goid-ol or Geid-ol, at Graver and elsewhere, is the goats' hill; from geit, a goat, and holl, a hill. "Til geita," "To the goats" (Landn., p. 316).
52. Gird-ol, at N. Tolsta, is Gird's dale or hill. There is a dale and a small hill in the neighbourhood. "Thor-modhr vo Gird," "Thormod killed Gird" (Landn., p. 228).
53. Glum-ag, at Stornoway, is Glum's bay; Glumr and vik. "Glumr hafdhi verit lengi i förum," "Glum had long been abroad" (B.N., p. 29).
54. Gra-li-sgeir, at Sùlasgeir, is the Grey lee rock; from Grahle-sker; hle-bordh, lee-side.
55. Gro-rary, at Shader moor; possibly for rang-gro, crooked stream.
56. Giur-shader, at Stornoway, is Gydhá-settr. "Gydhá kenndi da fyrst," "Gydhá noticed that first" (Landn., p. 242).

57. Gunnars-dal (Gleann), at Geshader, is Gunnar's dale.
"Arngrinnr hjet systir Gunnars," "Arngrinn was the name of a sister of Gunnar" (B.N., p. 39).
58. Grae-val is a hill in Little Bernera. It is the Hill of the dog; from grey, which means a greyhound or a common dog, and fjall, a hill. "Grey dykki mer Freyja," "Freyja seems to me a dog" (B.N., p. 209). Also Loch Ghreidha-vat, at Breinish.
59. Grunna-vat (Loch), at Bragar and at Shawbost, is the shallow loch; from gunnr, shallow, and vatn.
60. Gura-vir: applied to a part of the moor at Breascleit. It is Gudhrödh-vegr, Gudrod's way or road. "Their bordhuzk vidh Gudhrödh Konung ör Mön," "They fought against Gudrodh, King of Man" (B.N., p. 166).
61. Halta-nish (Ard), at Crossbost, is Hjalt's ness, where Hjalt is a man's name. "Hjalt er sigldi til Hjalt-land," "Hjalt, who sailed to Hjalt-land, i.e., Shetland" (B.N., p. 157). In 'Shetland,' an original Norse *h* has become *s*.
62. Hamana-vagh (Loch), in Uig. This is Hamundar-vagr, i.e., Hamund's bay, where Hamund is a personal name. Captain Thomas derived it from höfn, gen. hafnar, a harbour, but this derivation renders it difficult to account for the medial *m*. Besides, the most of these vagars are compounded with a personal name. Höfn, gen. hafnar, is very well represented in the island name Taner-ay, Hafnar-ey, as explained in Mr Watson's book. "Hroar atti Arngunni Hamundar dottur," "Hroar married Arngrunni, daughter of Hamund" (Landn., p. 313).
63. Hena-gro, a muddy stream on the Shader moor, is the stream of the hen: Haen-gro.
64. Hoga-raid, a spot on the Laxdale moor beside Glendubh river, is from Hauka, a man's name, and rëtt, a sheep-fank—i.e., Hauk's sheep-fank; *au* in Norse becomes *o* in Gaelic. "Thorbjorn bjo i Hauka-dal," "Thorbjorn lived in Hauka-dale" (Landn., p. 113).
65. Hollo-gro (Allt), on Ness moor; from Hol-gro, The stream of the hollow or cavity. The name is very appropriate. The stream disappears in a hollow with shingly bottom. The hollow is called Sloc-na-bèisde, i.e., The wild beast's lair.

66. Hourn (Loch), at Graver, is named, I think, after the horn, which is called Gob-an-oighre, at the entrance to the loch. Horni, a cape in Iceland (Landn., p. 8).
67. Iars-shader: a small township near Bernera; from Ivars-setr, where Ivars is the gen. sing. of the name Ivar. It is Ivar's sheiling. "Dottir Ivars Vidh-fadhma," "Daughter of Ivar Wide-fathom" (B.N., p. 50).
Iars-al, at Borge and at Barvas, is Ivar's Hill.
68. Iarn-ol, a hill in Uig, is Iron-hill; from iarn, iron, and holl, a hill.
69. Isliv-ig, a township in Uig, is Isleif's bay. "Isleif byskup var sour Gissurar," "Bishop Isleif was the son of Gissur" (B.N., p. 93).
70. Is-ginn, at Park, is The Cheek of the yew-tree; from yr, gen. ys, and kinn, a cheek, extended to mean promontory or side of a hill. De Keen of Hamnr in Shetland, also Nord-kin in Norway, North Cheek.
71. Is-sgeir and Caolas I-sgeir, at Skigersta, is the skerry of the eddy: idha-sker.
72. Lamb-ol (Cnoc), at Shader, is the lambs' hill: lamb and holl. "Lamba-fells-ar," "Lamb-fells-river" (Landn., p. 324).
73. Lom-baid-ean (Blar na Lom-baidean), on the Shader moor. Here we have lomr, an ember-geese, and beit, pasture, resort. It means "The resort of the ember-geese. An is the Gaelic nom. pl. At Ness we have Lom-baid-ear (Loch), with the same meaning, but with the ordinary Norse nom. pl.
74. Lunda-stoth, in Sula-sgeir, is The landing-place of the puffins; from lundi, gen. lunda, a puffin, and stödh, a landing-place; cf. Stoth, at Ness.
75. Loëca-nish, at Bragar, is the Ness of the stream. It is beside the river where it enters the Arnol loch. "Their fundu hann medhal loekja tveggja," "They found him between two streams" (B.N., p. 90).
76. Leodas-claid, at Shader moor. It is Ljots-klaedd, Ljot's green-pasture. "Ok Ljotr son hans," "And Ljot his son" (B.N., p. 324).
77. Leina-vat (Loch), on Galson moor. It is Hlenni's Loch. Hlenni, gen. Hlenna, a man's name. "Fadher Hlenna hinns Gamla," "Father of Hlenni the Old" (Landn., p. 254).

78. Leur-bost, at Lochs, is from Hlödhr-bolstadh—i.e., Hlodhr's bost or township. It has no connection with leir, mud.
79. Minna-gro (Allt), at Arnol moor, is minni-gro, the smaller stream; "minni van," "less expectation" (B.N., p. 269).
80. Niala-sgeir, at W. Bernera. This is Njal's Skerry; from Njals-sker. "Ok forn til budhar Njals," "And they went to Njal's booth" (B.N., p. 68). Njal is the central figure in the Saga of Burnt Njal.
81. Nabhar (Beinn Navar), at Laxay, is Navar's hill. "Annar het Navar Helgi," "Another was named Navar the Holy" (Landn., p. 22).
82. O-ol (Dun), near N. Tolsta, spelt in map Dun Othail. It is Auga's hill; *au* becomes *o*, and *g* disappears. Cnoc Othail at Carloway. "Thorgils Auga er bjo a Auga-stodhum," "Thorgils Auga, or O, who lived in O-stadh" (Landn., p. 47).
83. Os gro (Allt Os-gro), east of Loch-Gress, and flows into it. It is the east stream; from austr, east, and gro.
84. Or-chleit is the ridge of the arrow; from ör, an arrow, and klettr; also Oraval.
85. Pàs-gro (Allt Phàs-gro), at Carloway, is Paul's stream. Pål, gen. Pàls, and gro; *l* goes before *s* and *p* aspirated aft r allt. "Fodhur Pàls Prests," "Father of Paul the priest" (Landn., p. 128).
86. Peicir, a small hill beside the Galson river; from bekkir, a bench. It is the pl. bekkir, and is here used of a hill rising in ledges or benches.
87. Rae-bac (Traigh), at Back; Hrae-bakki, the bank or ridge of the corpse). "Thjostolf huldi hrae hans," "Thjostolf covered his body" (B.N., p. 36).
88. Raa-nish, a township at Lochs, is Raga's Ness; from Raganness, where Raga is a personal name. Intervocalic *r* disappears. "Thorarin Raga brodhir spyrr lèt Glums," "Thorarin, Raga's brother, gets the news of Glum's death" (B.N.).
89. Rapair: a hill W. of Glen Langavat; from hreppa, a share or division. "Ofan i hreppa," "Down to the Rapes" (B.N., p. 331).
90. Rèums-bhagh (bagh), at Park, is Hreim's bay; from Hreimr, gen. Hreins, a pers. name, and vagr.

91. Ròna-val, a hill at Balallan, is Hrani-fell. "Er their Hrani bordhust dar er nu heitir Hrana fall," "When he and Hrani fought in the place which is now called Hrana-fell" (Landn., p. 57).
92. Res-ord (Loch), in Uig, is Ref's loch or firth; from Ref, gen. Refs. "Ketils-sonar Refs," "Ketil's son Ref" (B.N., p. 225); -ord is from fjordhr, a firth.
93. Rodha-sgeir, at Cirivig, Carloway, is The Red Skardh; from raudhi, red, and skardh, a steep pass. The place is to the W. of Cirivig, and has no connection with sker, a skerry.
94. Rodha-shal: a hill on the Arnol moor. It is Raudhi's hill, where Raudhi is a man's name, gen. Raudhs. "Raudhi bjo at Raudhs-gil," "Raudhi lived at Rodhas-gil" (Landn., p. 47).
95. Runnir (Cnoc a), at N. Tolsta, is simply the Copse-wood. Runi-gja at Bòstadh is the cove of the copse-wood. "Ok runnar i sumum stöðhum," "And copse-wood in some places" (Egil's Saga, p. 185).
96. Sart-ol, a hill a Ness, is the dark hill: svartr-holl.
97. Seumas-cleit: a little island at Crossbost. This, is Saemund's klett or rock. "Thorgerdhur er atti Geirmundr Saemunds sun," "Thorgerdhur, whom Geirmund, Saemund's son, married" (Landn., p. 223).
98. Sheatair (Airidh Sheatair), south of Habost, Lochs, is simply the Norse setr, a sheiling; s aspirated after àiridh. Of all the Lewis setrs, this is the one nearest the original pronunciation. "Hann for af theim efridhi of Saetrum af Horda-landi," "He went on account of this tyranny from Setr in Horda-land" (Landn., p. 154).
99. Sgatha-vat, at Leurbost, may be from skagi, a low headland, or Skagi, a man's name. In either case g would disappear. "Skagi het madhr agaetr," "Skagi was a famous man" (Landn., p. 253).
100. Sgil (Alltan a Sgil), on Barvas moor; from skjol, shelter for sheep, etc. "At mun nu fokit i oll skjol," "That now will be closed against him all his shelters" (B.N., p. 341).
101. Siara-vik, at the shore at Shader. It means the more southerly bay, sydhra-vik, as contrasted with the northern bay at Èire. "Their foru upp Reykjar-dal sydhra," "They went up the more southerly Reykjadale" (B.N., p. 35).

102. Sgùda-tot, at Cabag, is Skuti's tofts. " Their synir Thorstein ok Viga-Skuta," " Their sons Thorstein and Killing-Skuta " (Landn., p. 262).
103. Slitir (Loch), at Borve. The loch is now drained. Slitir means The Plains; from sletta, nom. pl. slettur. " Thar varu a land upp slettur miklar," " There were up the country large plains " (Egil's Saga, p. 227).
104. Smuasha-val, a hill at Park, also Smuasha-vik, is from Smjors-val, butter hill, Smjors-vik, butter bay; older gen. form Smörs. Smjor-vatn, butter loke, occurs in Landnamabok. " Thu skalt hafa smjör ok ost," " Thou shalt have butter and cheese " (B.N., p. 95).
105. Stara-gro, a stream on the Shader moor, is Stari's stream. " Thorgest fadher Strara," " Thorgest, father of Stara " (Landn., p. 30).
106. Sunn-dal: a valley on the Shader moor. It is Sunn-dal, South-dale. " Eystein for af Sun-Maeri til Islands," " Eystein went from South-dale to Iceland " (Landn., p. 311).
107. Su-val, a hill to the south of So-val at Lochs, is the Southerly hill, Sudhi-fjall.
108. Surta-vat, at Kinloch-roag, is Surt's Loch. " Thar bjo Surtr," " There lived Surt " (B.N., p. 207).
109. Sgodhair (Gearraidh), at Laxdale; from skogr, a wood: *g* disappears. " Var dha skogr midhlom fjalls ok fjörn," " There was then a wood between the hill and the shore " (Landn., p. 7).
110. Sia-bost and Sia-vat; from Siga, a man's name, and bost, vat. This township name is spelt on the map Shaw-bost.
111. Sgialas-gro: an old township at Loch Roag. It is Skjalg's stream. " Fra Skjalgs-dals-r til Håls," " From Skjalg-dale-river to Håls, or the neck " (Landn., p. 249).
112. Snae-val, in Uig, is Snow-fell. " Hann bjo at Snae-fellum," " He lived at Snae-val " (Landn., p. 165).
113. Streim-nish, at Uig, is Stream-ness: Straum-nes.
114. Tadha (Dun), at Graver and elsewhere, is from hagi, pasture or hedged-field. It could also be from tadha, the home-field. " Skuludh yer ganga ut ok bera sodhla ydhra i haga," " Ye should go out and carry your saddles to the pasture " (B.N., p. 44). Taa-val at Dun-Carloway has the same meaning. Tathair, the meadows, at Raanish.

115. Tei-nish, near Valtos, Uig; from hey-nes, *i.e.*, hay-ness.
 " Sva kom at Gunnar skorti baedhr hey ok màt,"
 " So it came about that Gunnar got short both of hay
 and meat " (B.N., p. 94).
116. Tabhars-sgeir, at Aird-Dhal, is Buck's-skerry; from
 hafar, gen. hafars, and sker. " Eptir that kvam hafr,"
 " After that came a buck " (Landn., p. 316).
117. Taira-val, at Dun-Carloway, is from Over-fjall, Cross-
 fell. " Ok upp til Over-fells," " And up to Cross-
 hill " (B.N., p. 35).
118. Theura-bridh (Gearraidh), at Carishader—*i.e.*, the
 highest rock; from haerri, compar. of hær, high, and
 berg, a rock. This berg becomes terminal bridh.
119. Ti Ard, a hill near Valtos; from haedhi, a hill, a heath.
 " Yfir haedhi til Njardvik," " Over the hill to Njard-
 vik " (B.N., p. 279).
120. Tobha, a high round headland, is quite common in Lewis.
 I think it comes from hofdhi, a high headland, frequent
 in Iceland. The name could also come from haug, a
 how or mound, but this meaning would not suit so well.
121. Tolo-stadh, two of them; from Höllu, a pers. name, and
 stadh—*i.e.*, Hollu's stead (H becomes T in Gaelic).
 " Medhur Höllu," " Höllu's mother " (Landn. Ap-
 pendix, p. 384). Also Tola-nish.
122. Toris-geodha and Thora-stadh, at Lochs; from Thorir,
 a man's name, gen. Thoris, and stadh.
123. Tran-ol, a hill beside the Shader river; from trani, a
 crane, and holl—*i.e.*, The hill of the crane.
124. Tritha-geodha, at Rona, is the Cove of the tree; from
 trè and gja.
125. Trumis-gearraidh, in Uig, is Thrym's gerdhi, a fenced
 field.
126. Trena-vat, at Shader, is Thrain's loch (B.N.).
127. Tealas-dal (Gleann), at Eadar-dha-fhaoghal, is the dale
 of the tent; from tjald, a tent, gen. tjalds, and dalr.
128. Ucsa-vat (Loch), in Park, is Uxa-vatn, the loch of the
 ox; also Druim Ucsa-vat, in Uig. " Thar hafdhi
 slàtrat verit uxa einum," " There had been slaughtered
 a certain ox " (B.N., p. 262).
129. Ulla-bol (Loch), near Achmore, is Ulf's home or farm,
 Ulfr and bol; also Gleann Ulla-dal in Uig, Corran
 Ulla-bridh near Calbost, the rock of Ulf; bridh, from
 berg.

130. Vala-mas, an old township in Park; from Vali, a man's name, and mos, moorland. "Vali hinn Sterki," "Vali the Strong" (Landn., p. 71).
131. Vara-vat (Loch), at Breascleit. This may be from borg, a dun or fort (*b* aspirated), or from vardha, a cairn; more likely the latter, as there are no remains of a dùn. "Eru thrjar vordhur a thessi haedhiinni," "There are three cairns on this heath" (Landn., p. 162).
132. Vark (Carn a vark), on Back moor. This is the Norse virki, which means a work or fortification. "Tha let hann gora thar virki," "Then he caused to be made there a fortification" (Landn., p. 54).
133. Vata-ljos (Loch), a lake on the Ness moor. In this name, I think, the component parts have exchanged places. The name would have been originally Ljos-vat, as in Iceland, meaning Bright-water loch. The same thing has occurred in the case of Loch Vata-sgeith, and Loch Vat-orm, *i.e.*, Orm's Loch, in the neighbourhood of Loch Vata-ljos. In compound personal names the qualifying term occasionally comes last, *e.g.*, "Hans son yar Stein-raudhr," "His son was Stonered" (Landn., p. 237).
134. Vida-vik (Ceann), at Marvig, is Wood-bay; from *vidhr*, wood, and vik, a bay. "Ondottr bjo i Vidh-vik," "Ondott lived at Vida-vik" (Landn., p. 216).

I do not mean to attempt more of these names meantime, but I wish to say a word with regard to the old Gaelic names. I think Captain Thomas was the first to affirm that the number of the Norse names in Lewis was to the number of the Gaelic ones as 4 to 1. My opinion is that the case is only the other way about—that is, that the Gaelic names are to the Norse names as 4 to 1. The basis of my calculation is the Ordnance Survey Sheets. If we take Sheet 23, which contains Craulistadh, and which seems dotted with Norse names more thickly than any other part of Lewis, we find something like 180 Gaelic names and 120 Norse ones—*i.e.*, the Gaelic names are to the Norse as 3-2. Again, taking Sheet 38, which contains Graver, we find that the Gaelic names are to the Norse as 20 to 1. Possibly Captain Thomas had in his mind the names of farms or townships, as this was the class of names he chiefly dealt with. If so, then he was pretty near the mark. I have not made an exhaustive calculation, and for this reason

among others, that with regard to a large percentage of the Lewis names I am not able to say what they are, whether Norse, Old Gaelic, or Pictish. With reference to the Norse names, I should say that we have something between one thousand and twelve hundred names, and of these, only three hundred, more or less, have been explained.

The following are a few of the old names which, with my limited knowledge, I cannot ascribe to any language:—Loch *Sminig* at Barvas; Gil *Briund* at Habost, Lochs; Bodha *Bhealt* near Pabbay; *Pla-ig*, a sunk rock at Loch Shell; Staca nan *Cuilmear* at Barvas; Airidh an *Phiosnaich* at Murnag; Gearraidh *Laobhach* at Park; *Damh-aig*, a sunk rock to the south of the Shiant Isles. But the most puzzling class of these old names are those which are *seemingly* good modern Gaelic—*e.g.*, Loch *Breugach*, *Cul tighean* beag and mor, places in Uig; Na *Cléirich*, sea-rocks in Loch Roag; Loch a *Labhair* at Arnol moor. This last might be translated “The loch that spoke,” a very remarkable feat performed by a loch. But I think the name might be explained by regarding the relative ‘a’ as an intruder, and then we get Loch Labhair, where Labhair may be a Norse personal name, Laufeyar. Loch *Minich* an t-sluig, on the N. Tolsta moor, may be translated by “The loch that explains the hollow”; but the hollow needs no explanation, while Minich does. Lag na *h-onarach* at Marvig; onarach is honest. *Sùil* na cloiche, *Sùil* na h-airidh, *Sùil* an làghain, Loch-an-tàbhain, at Carloway. Tàbhan may be a diminutive of tàbh, a pock-net, but this diminutive I have not heard used. I have given these names as instances of what still remains to be done, and also to show that the person who would make satisfactory work of all the Lewis names has a tough job in front of him. That a large number of these obscure names will turn out to be Norse, I have no doubt; but after all the Norse names have been set aside, there will be left a certain residue which Celtic scholars alone can grapple with.

SECTION II.

I now came to the old Norse words which still linger in Lewis speech. The number of these is, I think, somewhere between 200 and 250. I should certainly expect the number would have been larger owing to the long time the Norse language must have been spoken in the island. That this language was spoken over all Lewis, and that for a lengthened

period, I infer from the manner in which the Norse names are scattered all over the island. We have not merely a Norse fringe, but Norse names are applied to inland hills, lochs, etc., as well. Again, the accuracy with which these names have been handed down is very remarkable. It is very difficult to find a mistake in the application of a name. The only cases of misapplication coming under my cognisance are in the district of Park. There we have Sand-vat, Sandy-loch, applied to a hill above the loch; Usha-nish, the Outer Ness, and Grian-aig, Green-bay, applied to a hill rising up from the bay. From the fact that we have so few cases of misapplication, I also infer that the removal of the Norse language must have been very gradual. The Gaelic-speaking people had sufficient time to catch up the Norse names and their proper application. Of the Norse words in Lewis speech, the great majority has been already explained by Dr Macbain in his excellent Dictionary. In fact, Dr Macbain worked the field so well that very little was left for others to glean. But, as far as I am aware, the following terms have not yet been traced to their origin:—

1. Acar-said: an anchorage; from akkeri-sät, with same meaning.
2. Alair: a funeral feast; from öldr, a feast, a banquet. In N. of England term 'arval,' with same meaning, the two Norse terms seem to be combined—i.e., erfi, which is the real Norse word for a funeral feast, and öldr: erfi-öldr.
3. Bāgh, bay, comes, I think, from the Norse vågr by changing *v* into *b*. All over Lewis, in place-names, we have this *v* treated as if it were *b* aspirated under the influence of the previous term.
4. Batroisean, a water-monster, is, I think, the Norse vatn-hross-in, water-horse. If so, we have here another instance of Norse *v* becoming *b* in Gaelic. The 'in' is the Norse article suffixed.
5. Botn: a deep pool, already explained in connection with the names of places. At Lochs 'bot' is used: final *n* is dropped.
6. Being, a bench; from bekk, a bench. At Carloway beic is used.
7. Brag: a sudden creaking noise; from brak, with same meaning.

8. Brùc, seaweed cast ashore ; from Norse brùk, dried heaps of seaweed.
9. Buair : a place for resting and milking cattle ; from bòl, with same meaning.
10. Buanna : an idle person who lives on the best that his neighbours can afford. This word comes, I think, from buandi, originally a farmer, but the meaning seems to have undergone a change in Lewis.
11. Clibag : a small bit ; from klypa, to clip.
12. Cosgoradh : a valuation of the number of sheep and cattle each crofter is entitled to have ; from kost-gordh, the state of affairs.
13. Cudaig : the young of the saithe ; from kòdh, the fry of fish.
14. Cui-ban is applied to the strands joining the woof in a loom to the stick on the central beam ; from kvidh-band, with same meaning.
15. Cuinneag, a churn ; likely from kirna, a churn.
16. Cùis-sgreataidh, a disgusting person. The last part of the word is, I think, from skratti, a monster.
17. Earr, a scar ; from arr, with same meaning.
18. Easp, a door latch ; from hespa, with same meaning.
19. Goca-man, an attendant ; from gauk-madhr, a cuckoo-man.
20. Gropig (ceann gropig) : Scotch crappit-head ; from Norse grjupa, a sausage.
21. Gollak, peat-light or peat-flame. In this term, I think, we have the Norse word kolla, the old fish-oil lamp, retained, with a slightly different meaning.
22. Iall, a thong ; from àl, with same meaning.
23. Lang-ad-arr : a kind of seaweed with long leaves ; from lang-oddi-vara, long-pointed-ware.
24. Làois-skin : thin membrane inside sheep, etc. ; from lauss-skin, loose skin.
25. Lidh, a steep grassy slope, is quite common at Ness, but is not known at Lochs ; from hlidh.
26. Ligionn : turn of the tide ; from lygn, calm of wind and waves.
27. Lìpidh, a miller's measure ; from laupr, a box.
28. Lot : one's croft ; from hlutr or hlaut, lot, share. In most parts of Lewis we never hear croit for croft, always 'lot.'

29. Logar, sea-swash; from lögr, a term for the sea. From the same word comes, I think, lagnar-aid, the sea forming a 'bore' in the mouths of rivers, usually a prognostication of bad weather. The '-aid' at the end is likely oddi, a point.
30. Lund, a kind of lye; from hland, with same meaning.
31. Mircean, a kind of sea-weed; from Maria-kjarni, as explained by Cameron in his Gaelic Names of Plants.
32. Molltair: the miller's share of the grain or meal; from mjol-tollr, meal-tax.
33. Rang-as: support for boat-ribs; from rong, a rib, and äss, a main rafter; in place-names, a ridge.
34. Rotach, rough weather; from rota, storm.
35. Riodag, a kind of sea-gull; from rytr, a sea-gull.
36. Reisteadh (feoil rei-steadh), Scotch reistit, mutton; from reykh-steik—*i.e.*, reek or smoked steak.
37. Seic, a meal bag made of rushes; from sekk, a sack. It is now almost extinct.
38. Saoidhean, a young saithe; from seidhr.
39. Sabh: the ocean, in the phrase 'An sabh a's iar'—*i.e.*, the Atlantic Ocean; from haf, the sea, the ocean. I have often heard the expression at Lochs, but, strange to say, I never heard it on the west side of the island.
40. Sèis, a bench or seat; from sess, a seat. It is of a more elaborate construction than a 'beinc.'
41. Sgoid, drift-wood; from skidha, stick, firewood (?).
42. Sgil, empty talk; from skjal, with same meaning.
43. Sgòr, a prop under a boat; from skordha, a prop.
44. Slag, a hollow; from slakki, a slope or hollow.
45. Sitig, dunghill; from saeti, with same meaning.
46. Sleidheag, a kind of ladle; from slaef, a kind of ladle to stir with.
47. Sleamacair, a sly person; from slaemr, bad.
48. Sprod, a single stick; from sproti, a stick.
49. Slo-bhairc, *i.e.*, slo-adhairc, is the pith or hard substance inside the horns of a cow, etc. The term seems to be a kind of hybrid. Slo in Norse has same meaning; 'adhairc' must have been added when the meaning of 'slo' began to be forgotten.
50. Speil, a child's game; from spil or speldi.
51. Seilch, a water-monster; from sela-kyn through the Shetlandic selkie or selchie, a seal, which occasionally assumes a human form.

52. Smeadhag, a rope with catch on, to throw round a cow's neck in stall. This is to keep the cow fixed to one spot. It is from smuga, a narrow cleft, to creep through, and connected with the verb smjuga, to creep through.
53. Staf, a tangle; from stafr, a staff, owing to its resemblance to a staff.
54. Stiogha, a pass; from stigr, a path or footway.
55. Staoig, a chop, piece of meat; from stykki, a chop.
56. Sùisd, a flail; from thùst or sùsd. Tùist is used in Borve.
57. Stall, a bank of stones and clay leading to the fireplace in the old Lewis houses; from stallr, a pedestal or step. The word at Lochs is stac.
58. Tacar, support, sustenance; from taka or tekja, income, revenue.
59. Tallan, a partition, is, I think, from thili, a partition.
60. Tarbh-sgeir, a peat-cutter; from torf-skerri. In Lewis we never say 'tarbh-sgian.'
61. Todan, a small tuft of wool; from todði, a tod of wool.
62. Trithir, three, or three men; from Norse thrir. Now obsolete, but retained at Ness in a verse ascribed to Donald Morrison, son of the famous Breve:—
 “ Dh' iomarain fein mar fear ri dithis,
 Nealabhig s' na hòro,
 'S na m' fheudar e mar fear ri *trithir*,” etc.
 “ I would pull the boat against two, and if need were against three.” It is the only Norse numeral of which we have any trace in the island.

I am now finished with these terms. A few more may be discovered through time, but yet I do not suppose that the list can be indefinitely extended. For reasons which I need not mention, I must say that I do not mean to prosecute the study of these place-names much further; but for several years I found the work a very delightful pastime. I do hope, however, that a much younger person will take up the task. It will need all the zeal and energy of youth to bring the work to a satisfactory conclusion.

[Cf. MacBain's Etymological Dictionary for Nos. 3, 9, 13, 22, 55, 56, 59 (*talainte*). With 24 cf. *laighciunn*; 27, *lipinn*. *Langadar* may be Norse *langatré*, long-tree. The phonetics of 29, *lagaraid*, are not satisfactory: perhaps *là-gardr*, fence cf. *là*, surf. The *làgaraid* seems rather to be a tidal wave,

recurring at intervals, than a bore strictly so called. Acarsaid is derived by MacBain as "akkarsaeti, anchor-seat," in his "Further Gaelic Words and Etymologies." We hope that Mr Mackenzie, notwithstanding his last paragraph, will give us still more of his most valuable work.—Ed.]

ANNUAL ASSEMBLY.

The thirty-fourth Annual Assembly of the Society was held on Friday evening, 13th July, 1906, in the Music Hall. This is the first occasion of its taking place on a Friday, and as the business of the Wool Fair reaches its most strenuous stage on the evening of that day, doubts were entertained regarding the success of the experiment from this point of view. What was lost in this way, and undoubtedly there was a loss, was, however, amply made up by a large turn-out of townspeople. In the absence of Sir Robert Finlay, Chief of the Society, the chair was occupied by Sir Hector Munro of Fowlis, who was accompanied to the platform by Provost A. D. Ross, Dr Alex. Macbain, Rev. D. Connell, Bailie A. Fraser, Bailie Mackenzie, Major E. D. C. Cameron, Rev. Mr Bentinck, Kirkhill; Mr Wm. Mackay, solicitor; Mr A. F. Steele, banker; Mr Kenneth Macdonald, town-clerk; Mr Andrew Mackintosh, and Mr W. B. Forsyth, London. The concert opened with a chorus by the Gaelic choir, Macfarlane's "Na Gaidheil an guailibh a' Cheile," which was harmoniously sung and well received; after which, pending the arrival of Mrs Munro of Strathpeffer, Mr Rod. Macleod filled in an interval with one of those sentimental Gaelic pieces to which he gives so nice expression. Mrs Munro followed, but made another change by omitting Arditti's "Rosebuds," and substituting her old-time favourite "Cam' ye by Atholl." She had a warm reception. The Highland Strathspey and Reel Society made a characteristically good impression on two occasions in selections of six popular airs. One of the principal attractions of the evening was the presence of Mr Robert Burnett, who gave a rousing version of "Macgregor's Gathering." Miss Chrissie Allan's singing of "Caller Herrin'" so much impressed the house that she had to return and bow her acknowledgments. Miss Allan has a voice, vocal style, and platform manner which simply captivates the

listener. Mr Macleod's choir gave a very harmonious rendering of "He Hoirionnan-O," which concluded the first part of the programme. An interval was appropriately filled in by Pipe-Major Ronald Mackenzie, whose presence is always a welcome feature at the annual assembly and dinner of the Society. Years seem to make no difference in the widely recognised merit of Ronald's piping. Mrs Munro, after this, gave ample compensation for her first omission with "Jock o' Hazeldean." Mr Burnett scored still further success in "Annie Laurie" and "Johnnie Cope," the latter again bringing him out in his most popular vein. An emphatic recall was agreeably responded to with "Scotland Yet," which he sung with rousing emphasis. "The Auld Scotch Sangs" was Mrs Munro's best effort of the evening. Mr Macleod also stirred the audience with "Mo Chailin Donn Og," for which he had a flattering recall. "Hame" again brought into impressive prominence Miss Allan's artistic capabilities in the interpretation of Scottish song, and an encore, which could not be denied, elicited a not less successful effort in "My ain' Folk." Mr Burnett brought a highly creditable, and certainly an enjoyable, entertainment to a close with another Scottish couplet. The sword dance (by D. G. Brown, who was recalled), and a spiritedly danced reel, were much appreciated items in course of the evening. A vote of thanks to Sir Hector for presiding terminated the proceedings.

Sir Hector Munro, who had an excellent reception, said—Ladies and gentlemen, I must in a way apologise for being in my present position this evening, as I am here merely as a substitute for your chief, Sir Robert Finlay, who has been unable to get away from London to take the chair. Some seven years ago I had the honour of taking the chair at your annual assembly, and I am very pleased indeed to be so again on the occasion of your 34th annual concert—(applause). To those who are not members of the Gaelic Society of Inverness, I am glad to say we are in a very sound condition both as regards numbers and finances. To the honorary and ordinary members we are greatly indebted, and we hope to see the membership greatly increased in the future by enthusiastic Highland recruits, who are willing to help the Society. I may say that one of the best ways in which they can help us is, when they become members, to pay their annual subscription with great regularity. No society can flourish without

funds, and this is the reason, perhaps, why the rules of the Society have been worked on stricter lines lately than some of the members may care about. As you know, the Gaelic Society of Inverness has for its object the use of the Gaelic language, and the cultivation of the language, poetry, and music of the Highlands. The Society is, I may tell you, the oldest of the kind in Scotland, and is the pioneer of the Gaelic movement. It is doing its work in a thoroughly efficient manner, and though not ostensibly before the public eye, it is still, I may say, paving the way and preparing the ground for the objects for which it exists. Many good and true Highlanders fill the ranks of the Society—men like Dr Macbain, the author of the Gaelic Dictionary; Mr Watson, the author of “Place-Names of Ross-shire;” and Mr William Mackay, the author of the History of Urquhart and Glenmoriston, editor for the Scottish History Society of the Wardlaw MSS., also of the Records of the Dingwall Presbytery, and other interesting records of Highland lore. With enthusiastic members like those gentlemen, you may be sure the Society is doing its work nobly, and helping, by research, to keep intact the literature of the language of the Highlands. Changes, however, are always taking place in the membership of the Society, and we have this year to deplore the loss by death of one of its best friends—I refer to the late Mr Mackay, Hereford. He was in many ways a good friend to the Society, and was one of its chiefs. He contributed valuable papers, as well as financial aid, to the Society from time to time. The Society has also had a valuable legacy of seventy volumes left it in his will, all works bearing on Gaelic and Gaelic history. I should not forget one prominent member whom we are all pleased to see present, namely, Mr Roderick Macleod, one of the most prominent exponents of Highland music and Highland song that we have. Mr Macleod began his music career under the auspices of the Gaelic Society, and the high opinion in which he is held was shown lately in a tangible form, when he was presented with a substantial testimonial from his many friends and admirers all over the country. If ancient Gaelic literature has hitherto been the care of our Society, lately the preservation of the Gaelic language has come to the front, and the Scotch Education Department is doing something to meet the views of those who wish to preserve the language, and help Gaelic-speaking scholars in Gaelic-speaking dis-

tricts. There is no doubt that when you have Gaelic-speaking children, the training of these children by Gaelic-speaking teachers is almost a necessity, and it is to assist Gaelic-speaking pupil teachers that this Society is trying to impress on the Department that there must be something done for them. When last I had the honour of addressing you, seven years ago, the Department had done nothing to encourage this, but they have now so far seen to it that Gaelic-speaking pupils have 80 marks for Gaelic over and above the other subjects of the leaving certificate. To show how this has been taken advantage of, I may tell you that 107 pupils passed the examination for the leaving certificate in Gaelic this year, being some twenty more than last year. The exact number who passed the leaving certificate in Gaelic last year was 86. Under the new Education Act, it has been definitely promised that something will be done in regard to the training of teachers in Gaelic, and the various Provincial Committees who will in future have charge of the training of teachers will be able to place Gaelic side by side with Latin and Greek as a qualifying subject. When you think for a moment that there are nearly 30,000 Gaelic-speaking children in our Highland schools, and in the island of Lewis alone some 5000 children who only speak Gaelic, the necessity for helping those children so as to place them on an equality with their English-speaking neighbours is apparent, and to do this you must give them teachers who know their language. I am glad, too, to see that in the general aid grant there is now a bonus of £10 given for the employment of each Gaelic-speaking teacher. There is no doubt that, to a Gaelic-speaking pupil, his knowledge of Gaelic is no deterrent to his classical studies, as Gaelic roots are a help in Latin and Greek studies, and, with a knowledge of Gaelic, a lad has a very good chance of passing well in his classical examinations. For those concessions from the Education Department, and others that we hope to get, we have to thank the members of the deputation, headed by Mr William Mackay, who interviewed the Secretary for Scotland last April. The statement made by Mr Mackay on that occasion was most convincing, and I am certain it will bear good fruit in the future. There are many points on this interesting subject that could be touched on, but I am afraid that I have been encroaching too much on the more legitimate part of the programme. I thank you, ladies and gentlemen, for the

kind recognition you have given me, and I shall now ask the Inverness Gaelic choir to introduce the musical programme.

Rev. D. Connell, Free West Church, Inverness, delivered the usual Gaelic oration, which was brief, as he promised, and only bearing on the outlines of the subject from an educational point of view. In the first place, because the excellent music they had been listening to had whetted their appetite for more, and he would not stand in the way of their having it. Again there were a large number of benighted Lowlanders and Saxons present who could not understand a word of the Gaelic language. He was glad to observe that much more attention was given to Gaelic matters now than there used to be. He could remember the time when small-spirited people in the Highlands used to be ashamed to let it be known that they understood Gaelic or could speak it. That was all over now, however, and there was much more appreciation extended to it, and efforts were being made to revive and to extend people's interest in the ancient language. In this Highlanders were standing shoulder to shoulder as they had not done for a long time. There were very good reasons for keeping up the Gaelic. The language was in itself beautiful and expressive. It was necessary also that those who had to teach children whose native and habitual tongue was Gaelic should themselves know the language. Again, a knowledge of Gaelic was a useful and helpful preparation for the study of other languages. It was the duty of parents to teach Gaelic to their children; they would bless them for it, he thought, in after life. The question was often asked, Shall the Gaelic die? He was not at all sure that Gaelic was so near its end as some people imagined. They ought to cultivate it as a living language among their people, for a living language it was, and might it remain so for many generations.

The Secretary, Mr Morrison, intimated apologies for unavoidable absence from Sir Robert Finlay, who said he was very sorry he was unable to be present; Lord Lovat, Lord George Murray, Sir Kenneth Mackenzie of Gairloch, Sir Arthur Mackenzie of Coul, Sir Arthur Bignold, M.P.; Mr John A. Dewar, M.P.; Major Duncan Matheson of the Lews, Mr Littlejohn of Invercharron, Mr A. C. Macpherson of Cluny, Mr Macpherson-Grant, yr. of Ballindalloch; Mr Baillie of Dochfour, Captain D. W. Cameron of Lochiel, Mr Duncan Macpherson of Glentruim, Mr Lachlan Macdonald of Skeabost, Mr Mackintosh of Raigmore, Captain Finlayson, chief-

constable, Dingwall; Captain J. B. Pollock, Fort-George; ex-Provost Wm. Macbean, Inverness; Sheriff Davidson, Fort-William; Sheriff Campbell, Portree; Captain Burgess, Gairloch; Mr Wilson, manager, Highland Railway; Mr Robertson, H.M.I.S., Inverness; Mr William Grant, London; Mr Chas. M. Brown, Caledonian Bank, Inverness; Dr Hew Morrison, Edinburgh; Mr David MacRitchie, Edinburgh; Mr R. L. Mackintosh, Inverness; Mr James Souter, Commercial Bank, Inverness; Rev. Canon Bissett, Nairn; Rev. Father Macdonell, Fort-Augustus; Rev. G. M. Munro, Insh; and several others.

The arrangements for the entertainment, including the not too elaborate but effective decoration of the hall with tartans and trophies, were efficiently carried out by Mr Morrison.

28th DECEMBER, 1906.

The Society met this evening in the Waverley Hotel to hear the following paper by Professor Anwyl of Aberystwyth. The chair was occupied by Mr William Mackay, and there was a large attendance, including members of the Inverness Field Club.

ANCIENT CELTIC DEITIES.

The study of the names and of the areas of worship of the deities of the ancient Celts forms one important branch of the study of Celtic religion. It is not by any means the only branch, since there is another most important question for determination in this as in all other religions, namely, the question as to what were its fundamental ideas, from what conditions and necessities of human life it arose, and further, what modifications it underwent under the influence of changed conditions and necessities. The gods might, indeed, have different names in different districts, but their general characteristics might yet have been the same. The variation in name might thus have been merely an accident of the locality where the deity was worshipped.

The study of religion has made great progress from the days of Max Müller, who endeavoured to trace most of its manifestations, especially in the Aryan family, to sun-myths. Without denying for a moment that sun-myths have played a part in religious ideas, it has to be borne in mind that the

phenomena of light and day form only a portion of man's whole environment of nature, and that, important as these undoubtedly are in the impressions which they have made on man's mind, they are only a part of the whole scheme of things with which he has come into relation in the course of his experience. All the phenomena of experience leave their impress on man's religious consciousness; and there are other vicissitudes of the life of nature that impress man's mind no less deeply than the alternation of day and night. It cannot be doubted, for example, that the change of the seasons, linked as this was to the whole of man's annual practical life, produced the profoundest impression on the minds of thoughtful men in early times, and there is no error so fatal, in thinking of prehistoric times, as to suppose that, as the results of early man's thought seem so different from those of our own, that he did not think at all. The whole evolution of religious ideas is in a sense of record of the exercise and the clarifying power of thought, as necessitated by experience and the growth of new conditions. The vicissitudes of the seasons, associated as they were with the practical necessities of life in the provision of sustenance for man and beast, drew man's attention mainly to the life of the earth, which he interpreted, as he interpreted everything, through his own most familiar category of life. This study of the life of the earth must not, however, be confused with a mere study of the ground as such. Into it there entered an interest in all that affects growth, such as the supply of moisture, whether by means of rain or the waters that are in the earth. Rivers, springs, and the mountains whence the rivers had their sources, all entered into man's purview. There is no evidence that religion in those remote times was a matter of mere sentiment or myth-inventing imagination. It was part of the serious business of life, and was linked to its most vital interests, notably the provision of the means of subsistence. It does not at all follow that the religious sense was strongest in those districts where myths and legends about the gods were most developed, or where their names were most familiarly known. Indeed, it may well be, that the religious sense was deepest in early man, when he did not name his gods at all, except when necessity compelled him, and then in the vaguest way. The most serious thoughts are often those of which the inadequate expression of speech seems a profanation. Again, as we are dealing with the names of the ancient Celtic deities, it should not be supposed that the name, even when its meaning is fairly clear, exhausted all the ideas which the

worshipper's mind attached to the god's personality. Even the animal or plant, in which the deity was thought somehow to be specially embodied, was probably regarded only as a very partial representation of the divine being or power itself. It formed, as it were, a kind of definite nucleus, which was surrounded by a vague and indefinite penumbra. It is as nuclei such as this that we are to regard the definite objects of early man's religious ideas, such as the rivers, wells, trees, mountains, seas, stars, and the like, to which he gave adoration. They are the more clearly outlined objects of his thought, but around his thought of them there was always a vague zone of more general religious awe, due to the haunting mystery of everything around him and within him.

In another paper, that on "Ancient Celtic Goddesses," which I contributed to the *Celtic Review* for July, 1906, I called special attention to the grouped goddesses of the Celts especially in certain districts. These goddesses went by various names, such as the "Kinswomen" (*Proximae*) or "The Mothers" (*Matres*). In these grouped goddesses we have no doubt the reflection of a very ancient phase of Celtic religion, where the powers that control the life of man were conceived, not primarily as possessing definite individuality, but from the more collective point of view, as a gathering of beneficent powers, or powers that could, when they chose, exercise beneficence. In the case of male gods this collective phraseology is not so prevalent in the Celtic world, though here and there traces of it are to be found. It may be that the conception of grouped goddesses goes back to a remote period, when the power and influence of woman in the organization of the settled human community was visibly greater than it came to be at a later stage, when the *patria potestas* became the dominant governing notion of the community. This latter state would arise when plunder and war on a large scale and in organized fashion came to be among the leading aspects of communal life. Every religious system tends, in its grouping of the gods, to reflect man's experience of the methods of human government and the arrangement of human society, and it is part of the interest of the history of religions that, in the arrangements of the divine society, forms of social groupings may from the conservatism of religion survive, which are no longer prevalent in human society. The intense conservatism of religious systems tends to preserve within them reflections of earlier social experiences, which have, so to speak, been crystallized in religious forms. It is this possibility of

the existence in religion of social survivals, that gives the Celtic, as well as other religions, much of their interest to the student of the development of the forms of collective human life.

The more we study the phenomena of Celtic religion and the traces which they have left on inscriptions and in other ways, the more we are led to the view that the chief object of absorbing interest was the Earth and its life, together with all the various phenomena associated with it in the growth and decay of all living things. Whether we note the indications of tree-worship, the deities of the woods or of the fountains, or those associated with animal life, everything points to the fact that the primary and dominant religious interest was ever the same, namely, the preservation of those conditions in the life of all things which conduce to the satisfaction of human needs. No doubt in various localities some objects more than others in the local landscape would seem to concentrate in themselves the main religious interest, so that we have deities of mountains, springs and rivers, with local names of their own; but around these objects, which bore definite names, there appears to have always been a haunting sense that they were somehow part of a whole local universe or scheme of things that was associated with powers on which man's sustenance and life depended. Doubtless in some districts a greater sense than in others prevailed of the precariousness of life and the futility of mere human effort, and this would haunt the soul with a more constant thought of the need of the goodwill of those powers on whom man's existence depended; but it may, perhaps, be taken for granted that in all these ancient religious areas the whole of the religious feeling was not directed solely towards the individual deities, whose names have come down to us. Even when these deities were worshipped over a considerable area, the existence over the same area of the worship, for example, of grouped goddesses, like the *Matres* and the *Matronæ*, suggests that the vague zone of religious feeling already mentioned continued to exist side by side with the later concentration of definite worship upon individualized deities.

When we examine the areas in which the worship of the grouped goddesses in question is to be found, it will be discovered that they were districts by no means lacking in the worship of gods and goddesses with very definite names and qualities. In North Italy, for example, and in the South of Gaul, as well as in the neighbourhood of the Rhine, there is

abundant evidence of the existence of various individual gods and goddesses ; but this did not preclude the existence of a kind of religious feeling, which found vent in the worship of deities collectively grouped together, who were regarded as exercising a certain protective interest over the various districts and communities. With regard to the various grouped goddesses it is unnecessary now to say more than has been already said in my paper on ' Ancient Celtic Goddesses,' but an account of the various gods and their distribution will raise questions, which involve some of the goddesses associated with them.

In the case of the gods as well as the goddesses of Gaul, there are a large number, whose names are known to us only from a single source, generally an inscription. Though a deity known to us only in this way may seem insignificant, there is a distinct significance in the fact that in the Celtic world there should be so many individual deities possessing names, who are so clearly local in the range of their worship. This fact tends to confirm the view that, in the religion of the Celts, the purely local element played a very important part, and this predominance of the local element makes it highly probable that the idea of the local god in the particular case was not one imported from elsewhere, but was evolved in the locality. It is this that has led the writer in the survey which he has given of Celtic religion to suggest the possibility that the local gods are older even than the settlement in the places where they are found of the Aryan-speaking Celts themselves. When these Aryan-speaking Celts carried with them their own gods, these gods bore names that were known over a considerable area, and were not merely of a local character. The gods of large tribes and nations are apt to be reduced in number : great as was the pantheon of Homer, the number of its gods was far fewer than the number of local gods known to us from Gaul. It is only the immemorial dwellers in a district who, as a rule, preserve the memory and the worship of the gods of the land. There are about two hundred and seventy names or Celtic gods, not to speak of goddesses, that are mentioned only once. In these it must be admitted that those of the Pyrenees district are included, but we know too little of that district in ancient times to say how far it was entirely without a Celtic element. A considerably smaller number (24) of gods (excluding goddesses) are mentioned twice on inscriptions. This goes far to show that the conception of a purely local god was the dominant one as a factor in religious life. Of the gods who are mentioned three times, we have eleven ; of those men-

tioned four times there are ten. Three are mentioned five times, three six times, and two seven times. There are four whose names occur over fifteen times, and of these one occurs nineteen times, and another thirty-nine times.

For the sake of convenience I give the list of the gods who are mentioned once, and the place of inscription, in an alphabetical list as follows:—

1. Abianius, canton de Gardes, Vaucluse.
2. Abinius, Cimiez, Alpes Maritimes.
3. Accio, at Pesth.
4. Adido (n) : Le Puy en Velay, dép. de la Haute Loire.
5. — aelmauius : Cabeza del Griego.
6. Aereda : district of Gau d'Ared, village of Siradan.
7. Aesus : on a British silver coin.
8. ΑΓΗΔ : on a coin.
9. Agho : a Pyrenese god : district of Barthe, east of Bagnères de Bigorre.
10. Aiiio : Peñalvo de Castro.
11. Alaunius : the local god of Alannium in Gallia Narbonensis, now Notre-Dame des Anges near the village of Alaun, commune of Lurs in the Basses-Alpes (Vicarello).
12. Alaunos : Mannheim, a god identified with Mercury. With this name may be compared the Welsh Alawn.
13. Albarinos, near the Barron between Vaison and Carpentras.
14. Albiorix : the local genius of the hill Ventoux Sablet, canton Baumes near Vaison, Vaucluse.
15. Alisanos, a local god of Conchey, Côte d'Or, diocese of Langres (1st Century A.D.).
16. Ambisagrus, on an inscription at Aquileja.
17. Andero or Anderonus, from Galicia.
18. Andescox (?), Colchester.
19. Anextiomarus, identified with Apollo, at South Shields on the Herd Sands, south of the mouth of the Tyne, in the museum of Le Mans.
20. Angeficus, Ventas de Caparra.
21. Anociticus, Couderci ; about 180 A.D.
22. Anoniredi, Vaison.
23. Antenociticus : Benwell, the second century.
24. Antoci : Housesteads.
25. Ar...eus ; (a god), now in Toulouse.
26. Aracus : San Paolo.
27. Arardus : a Pyrenese local god of the village of Ardiège.
28. Arcacius : Bregenz.

29. Arciaco (n) : York.
30. Armasto (n) : a Pyrenese god of Valcalvère.
31. Artaios : near Beaucroissant, canton de Rives, Isère.
32. Astoilunnus : an Iberian god : cf. Ilunnus.
33. Atesmerius, Meaux,—Dassy Collection.
34. Audus, a name for Belatucadrus : Scalby Castle.
35. Averannus, an Aquitanian god of Mt. Averan (le col d'Aoueran in le Comminges near Melles, canton St. Bât, Haute Garonne, on the Spanish boundary, also a village called Avéran, Hautes-Pyrénées between Ossun and Lourdes) between Fos and Canejan.
36. Avicantus, the god of the spring Airan (Nîmes).
37. Aximus, the eponymous deity of Aime (La Côte d'Aime).
38. Brasennus : Noboli near Gardone, nr. Brescia.
39. Britovius : at the Village of Saint-Hilaire de Brethmas, cant. Alais, Nîmes.
40. Brixantos, nr. Moulius-Engilbert : dep. Nièvre, arrond. Chateau-Chiñon.
41. Bugios : Tarquimpol in Lorraine.
42. Buxenus : Camp-Buisson, near Velleron, dép. Vaucluse, arrond. Carpentras, canton Pernes (Velleron).
43. Baceuci, demons mentioned in Cassian.
44. Bacurdus, a god in German Cologne. A.D. 189.
45. Baeserta, an Iberian Pyrenese god of the place Basert in the Pyrenees. Near Labroquère (now in the Museum at Toulouse).
46. Baginus, a local god of Mt. Vanige and the valley Besignan, Bellecombe, canton du Buis, dép. de la Drôme.
47. Baiosi : Gourdan near Polignan, St. Gaudens, canton de Montrejean in the Haute-Garonne.
48. Ban... Malpartida.
49. Barrex = Mars: Carlisle.
50. Bascei, a god of the valley and hill of Bassones, Melle, seuil de la vallée d'Arran, dép. Haute-Garonne.
51. Bedaios, a local god in Noricum.
52. Beisiris, a Pyrenese god, from the village of Cadéac-les-Bains in the valley d'Hare in the land of the Bigerriones.
53. Beladonnis = Mars in-Aix-en-Provence, Bouches-du-Rhône.
54. Belestis on the pass heights of Loibl on the boundary of Carinthia and Krain.
55. Bell... (Mandeure).
56. Bemilugus, Ampilly-les-Bordes, Côte d'Or.
57. Berenus : Sainte-Sabine, Côte d'Or.

58. Bergant... : Longwood near Slack.
59. Berginus : the god of Bergamo.
60. Biausius = Mercury, Ubbergen.
61. Bodus : Vellapachos.
62. Bolvinnus = Mars : Bouhy near Entrains, dép. Nièvre : arrond. Cosne, canton Saint-Arnaud.
63. Bormanicus, a Lusitanian god : Caldas de Vizelle nr. Guimaraes, Portugal.
64. Braciaca, Haddon House near Bakewell.
65. C...bus : Görtzschach between Capaun and Lienz.
66. Cabar... Vizen.
67. Cabetius... Erbstellen.
68. Cacpol... Tuy.
69. Kagiri : a Pyrenese mountain god from Le Pic de Cagire, dép. Haute-Garonne, between Encansse and Saint Bât, Arguenos.
70. Caiiarius : Arles.
71. Candamius = Jupiter, from the valley of the Candamo, from the Spanish province of Oviedo.
72. Candidus, Entrains, in la Nièvre.
73. Candiedo (n), (Jupiter) in Galicia.
74. Cantunaecus : Ciudad Rodrigo.
75. Caraditonos : Inscription of Vieil-Evreux.
76. Caraedudis : Astorga.
77. Carasova : Bordeaux.
78. Cari beflacæ : S. Juan de los Bagnos.
79. Cariociecus = Mars : Tuy.
80. Carneus : Arrayólos.
81. Carpantus : near Fayence, dép. Var.
82. Carrus = Mars : god of the mountain called Pic-du-Gar. Chânc-
dép. Basses-Alpes arrond. Sisteron, canton la Motte-du-
Caire, gem. Vauneilh.
83. Castæci or Castæcæ : Nr. Caldas de Vizella.
84. Cauleces : S. Cristobal de Castro.
85. Ceaiius : Wardal in Cumberland.
86. Ceceæcus, Ceceaiigi : Grangiuhä near Chaves.
87. Cemenelus, the god of Cemenelum : Au Rajet near Cimiez.
88. Centondis : Saint Pons near Nice, Maritime Alps.
89. Cernunnos : Paris inscription.
90. Cicinus : Chânc, gem. Vauneilh, dep. Basses-Alpes, arrond. Sisteron, canton la Motte-du-Caire.
91. Cisonius : Ruppertsberg in the Bavarian Rheinpfalz.
92.clus : Lake Garda.

93. Cnabetius : Erbstetten in Wirtemberg.
94. Cobledulitavus = Apollo : on an altar in the museum of
Perigueux, Dordogne.
95. Com... Chesters.
96. Con-cam : Brebbia.
97. Coronus, a Lusitanian god : Cerzededlo, now Logar de Crasto.
98. Corotiâcus = Mars : Martlesham, Suffolk.
99. Cososus, Bourges.
100. Cosus (Iberian) Brandomil near Coreubion.
101. Crarus : Saint André near Roquebran, dep. Herault, canton
Olargues.
102. Cronginloudadigve, Sa. Ma. de Ribera.
103. Cur...?
104. Cuslanus : Ingannapoltron.
105. Cusuneneccus : a Lusitanian god of Burgaes.
106. (?) Damonus.
107. Deganta : Cacabelos near Vierzo.
108. Dercetius : Monte Castello near San Cristóbal.
109. Deviatiss : (dative).
110. Di... : Chester-le-Street.
111. Diæcus : North or West Spain.
112. diocrarus ? Nr. Roquebrun, dép. Hérault, canton
Olargues.
113. Dis (?)
114. Divanno (n) : Saint Pons : dép. Hérault.
115. Donnotaurus : Ardèche.
116. Dorminus : Acqui.
117. Ducavavius : Romeno, val de Non.
118. Dullovius, Dulovius : Vaison, dép. Vaucluse.
119. Dumiatiss, Dumias : the god of the Puy de Dome.
120. Dunatis, Culoz, dép. Ain, arrond. Belley, canton Seyssel.
121. Dunisia : the local god of Bussy-Albieu, dep. Loire, arrond.
Mont-brison, Canton Böen.
122. Dunzio (n) : a Pyrenese god.
123. Durbedicus : an Iberian god.
124. Eaccus, a god in Lusitania (Iberian).
125. Edelatis, a Pyrenese god, ur. Saint Bertrand-de-Commiuges.
126. Edovius, a god, Caldas de Reyes.
127. A Pyrenese god, Saint Bertrand-de-Comminges.
128. Epointhe, Massa.
129. Erditse, an Aquitanian god, Iberian, now in Toulouse.
130. Erg(c)e, an Iberian god.
131. Esus, or Hesus, in Lucan, and on Paris inscription.

132. Etnosus, a local god, Bourges.
133. Expercennius, a local god : Cattervielle, dép. Haute-Garonne, arrond. Saint-Gaudens, canton Bagnères-de-Luchon.
134. Fanonius, Fardel near Ivybridge, Devonshire.
135. Felu(v)ennis, a Rhatian god, Mazane.
136. Fonioni : a god of Aquileja.
137. Gesācus : Votive plate in the Catalogue of the Amiens Museum.
138. Giarinus = Mars : Orgnon : gem. Saint Zacharie, dép. Var, canton Saint Marcellin.
139. Gisācus : Le Vieil Evreux.
140. Harauso ; a Pyrenese local god of the valley of the Aur.
141. Helioucmoun, } a Pyrenese Iberian God.
Heliougmon : } Chartres Tolosanne, dép. Haute-Garonne,
arrond. Muret, canton Cazères.
142. Hērolatis : a Pyrenese god ; Mont du Jar ; chapel of Notre Dame of Putz.
143. Ibosus, a god of Nérès.
144. Icotii or Icotie : Cruviers, dép. Gard, arrond. Cilais, canton Vézènobres.
145. Idiatt : a Pyrenese god : Saint-Pé d' Ardel.
146. ——— idonius = Mars. Nr. Saint-Didier.
147. Ifes : male gods, Nr. Dormagen, reg bezirk Düsseldorf.
148. Iscittus, a god, Iberian.
149. Jura, the mountain as a god.
150. Laburus, a local deity of Aemona, perhaps Celtic : at Kalten Crunn near Laibach in Krain.
151. Lacāvos, a local but not a fountain-god of Nîmes.
152. Larraso, a Pyrenese god of the fountain of Comigne, dep. Aude, near Moux, dep. Aude.
153. (?) arrond. Carcassonne, canton Capendu.
154. Lavaratus, a local god : Alpes-Maritimes between Le Broc and Carros.
155. Lavictus = Mars : Pouzac, dép. Hautes-Pyrenées, arrond. and canton Bagnères de Bigorre.
156. Leherennus = Mars : Village of Ardiège, dép. Haute-Garonne, arrond. Saint-Gaudens, canton Saint-Bertrand de Comminges.
157. Lelhunnus = Mars ; the protecting god of Aire, (=Aire sur l' Adour, dép. Dandes, arrond. Saint-Sever).
158. Letinno(n), the god of Ledenon, dép. Gard, arrond. Nîmes, canton Marguerittes.

159. Leud...anus=Mercurius : Weisweiler.
160. Leusdr.....nus=Mars : La Peune, dép. Alpes-Maritimes,
arr. and canton Puget-Theniers.
161. Lot... German? Binchester.
162. Loucius=Mars : Angers.
163. Lucus : Nimes.
164. Ludrianus : Feltre.
165. Lussovius, a local god of Luxeuil-les-bains.
166. Luxovius, the state-deity of Luxeuil, genius of the hot
springs in Luxeuil.
167. Maglo-Matonius : Agen.
168. Magniâcus=Mercury : Hières, dép. Isère, arrond. la Tour-du-
Pin, cant. Crémieux.
169. Mauirrus : Grasse dép. Alpes-Maritimes, at the foot of Pey-
Loubet.
170. Marriga, Malton, Yorkshire.
171. Matunus, Elsdon in Northumberland.
172. Meu——viacus : Zamora.
173. Mediocrarus : Ancien Prieuré de Saint-André de Roquebrun,
dép. Hérault, canton d' Olargues.
174. Medocius : Colchester A.D. 222-235.
175. Medros (—Mithras?) on the Daxhübel north of Hagenau in
Alsace.
176. Meduris (=Toutatis), Rome.
177. Mentiviâcus : an Iberian god : Zamora 1st century.
178. Mertronnus : Hercules ?
179. Minmanti ... Périgueux.
180. ——min. Kenchester.
181. Moccus : Langres.
182. Moenus : a river god (?)
183. Moltinus : Le Puy, Macon.
184. Mopates : Nimeguen.
185. Mounus : Risingham.
186. Naissatis : Zukovac : =Mercury.
187. Nantos (?).
188. Nervini : Bavaria
189. Nodons, Nodens, Lydney.
190. Nonissus, nr. Essay, nr. the sources of the Aimançon.
191. O.....s, a god. Great Casterton, near Stamford or Chester-
ton Lordship, Huntingdonshire.
192. Obitedias : Murstellen.
193. Obulldinos, Voltino, near Limone N.W. of Lake Garda.
194. Ocaere, St João do Campo.

195. Ocelus=Mars.
196. Ogmios. Lucian.
197. Olloudios : =Mars.
198. ...orevains : Cimella or Cimiez, Alpes-Maritimes.
199. Ouniorix=Mercury. Châtelet-en-Champagne, départ. Haute-Marne between St Dizier and Joinville.
200. Paronnus, a god at Breccia near Como.
201. Peridusa, an Iberian god or goddess.
202. Pipius, a god near Vallauris, dép. Alpes-Maritimes, arrond. Grasse, canton Antibes.
203. Ptarneus : Arraiolos in Portugal.
204. Ratamatus=Mâcon.
205. Revīnus : Gargagno in the Riviera.
206. Riga=Mars, Malton, Yorkshire.
207. Rio .. Le Gort near La folie dép. Aisne, arrond. Veraius, canton Aubenton, district of Any-Martin-Rieux.
208. Robeo, a god (Demonte, prov. Coni, Piémont).
209. Rubucascos, a Ligurian god : Demonte, province of Coni, Piémont.
210. Rudiobus, a local god : Neuvy-en-Sullias, dép. Loviet, arrond. Orleans, canton Jarjeau.
211. Runēsus, Alemtejo, Portugal.
212. Saga, San Vicente.
213. Sam— : Geitershof, near Altenstadt.
214. Santius, Miltenberg, nr. Alt-stadt-Castell.
215. Sarmandus, Feigendorf in Dacia.
216. Saur..., an Iberian god, Carriça.
217. Savus, the river as a god.
218. Seiyutiat (?) : Valle de Abdalajis.
219. Secat..., Hohe Donne in Alsace.
220. Senamos (?) Topusko.
221. Siannus=Apollo : Les-Bains du Mont-Dorè, dép. Puy-de-Dome, arrond. Clermont-Ferrand, canton Rochefort.
222. Silumius=Silvanus.
223. Sinatis : Secken in Styria
224. Smertatius=Mars : Möhn nr. Trêves.
225. Smertullos : Paris.
226. Soio(n) : Spring-gods (?)
227. Stoiocus : Asque, dép. Hautes-Pyrénées, arrond. Bagnères-de-Bigorre.
228. Su —, Carlsburg.
229. Surburus : Donon, Vogesen.
230. Suttunius, Caceres.

231. Sutugius, a Pyrenese god : Saint Plancard-sur-Save.
232. Tameobrigus, on the Douro.
233. Taranis, a god of thunder and lightning.
234. Tarmucenbāci : Granginha in Chaves.
235. Tarvos : Paris.
236. Telo(n) : Tolon, now Le Tolon, near Perigueux, dép. Dordogne : a spring-god.
237. Tilenus=Mars : the god of El Teleno, a mountain in Hispania Tarraconensis : La Bañeza prov. Léon.
238. Timavus as a god : Montereale on the Zelline, west of Maniago.
239. Tinos, perhaps the Gaulish reflex of the Etruscan Tina.
240. To.....=Mars. Chasterton.
241. Toga : La Torre de la Mata.
242. Togotes : an Iberian God : Talavera de la Reina.
243. Toleandossus=Hercules. A Pyrenese god among the Ausci, Saint-Elix-Theux, dép. Gers, arr. and canton Mirande, valley of the Baïse.
244. Toutiorix : Wiesbaden.
245. Tribant : Langensulzbach.
246. Tritullus : Saint Laurent-de-Trèves, a village in the dép. Lozère, arr. and canton Florac.
247. Tullonius : an Iberian god : Alegria.
248. Turiâcus : a god in Callaecia.
249. Turrotesgis : Los Villares.
250. Um... Alise Sainte-Reine.
251. Uxellimus (= the Gallic Jupiter), Bukovza in Styria.
252. Uxovinus : Bonnieux, near Apt, dép. Vaucluse.
253. Uxsacanus : a fountain god at Bédoin, dép. Vaucluse, arr. Carpentras, canton of Mormoiron.
254. Vaccaburius (? Iberian) at Astorga.
255. Vacosus (=Janus) at Cadenet.
256. Vagadounaegus (? iber.) : La Milla del Rio.
257. Verpantos, near Le Langon.
258. Vesontius (=Mars), Besançon.
259. Vidasns, at Topasko in Upper Pannonia.
260. Vorocius (=Mars), at Vichy in Auvergne.

The following is a list of gods that are mentioned twice :—

1. Aceio, Aventignan, nr. Bagnères-de-Bigorre.
Bandeau, " " " " "
2. Acorus, Rognes, Bonches du Rhone ; Lançon, Aix, Bonches-du-Rhone.

3. Adsmerius : Poitiers ; Meaux.
4. Alus. Roncadelle ; Brescia.
5. Aramo :
 - (1) Hermitage de Notre-Dame de Laval, gemeente Collias, canton de Remoulins, dép. du Gard.
 - (2) Aramon, arr. Nîmes.
6. Arvalus :
 - (1) Brescia.
 - (2) Blackmoorland, on Stainmoor, Westmoreland.
7. Caletos :
 - (1) Bitburg in Rhenish Prussia.
 - (2) "Auf dem Donon in Wasgenwalde."
8. Boccus :
 - (1) An Aquitanian local god, Boucon, Haute-Garonne, canton Sauve-terre en-Nébouzan, near Saint Gaudens.
 - (2) Val d'Aure, Hautes-Pyrénées in Toulouse Museum.
9. Bormo :
 - (1) Aix-les-Bains in Savoy.
 - (2) Bourbon-Lancy.
10. Contrebis :
 - (1) Lancaster.
 - (2) Overborough.
11. Entarabus :
 - (1) Nr. Foy, in the district of Neville, near Bastnach or Bastogne in the Belgian province of Luxemburg, 1st Cent. A.D.
 - (2) Niersbach, reg. bez. Trier : Kreis Wittlich.
12. Fagus :
 - (1) Tibiran.
 - (2) Ladivert.
13. Ialonus :
 - (1) Lancaster.
 - (2) Nîmes.
14. Ilunnus :
 - (1) Narbonne, dép. Aude.
 - (2) Haut-Comminges.
15. Latobius, a Noric god = Mars.
 - (1) St Paul in the Lavant valley.
 - (2) Seekau in Styria.
16. Mogounos :
 - (1) Horburg in Alsace.
 - (2) At Les Ronches dép. Meuse, arrond. Bar-le-duc, canton Montier-sur-Saulx.

17. Nabeleus=Mars : protector of La Nesque.
 - (1) Saint Didier, dép. Vaucluse, canton Pernes.
 - (2) Morrieux, dép. Vaucluse, arrond. Carpentras, canton Sault.
18. Summanus :
 - (1) Petronell.
 - (2) Deutsch-Altenburg.
19. Taranucnos :
 - (1) Godramstein, Bav. Rheinfalz-bez-amt, Landau.
 - (2) Between Böckingen and Neckargartach nr. Heilbronn, Wirttemberg.
20. Taranucus :
 - (1) Scardona.
 - (2) Alt-Ofen, Blockberg.
21. Taranus :
 - (1) Orgon, dép. Bouches-du-Rhone, arr. Arles-sur-Rhone, 2nd cent. A.D.
 - (2) Saint Côme et Marvejols, arr. Nîmes, canton Saint Mamert, dép. Gard.
22. Uxellus :
 - (1) On a bronze tessera at Paris.
 - (2) On an Inscription at Hyères, dép. Var.
23. Vinturius : a Celtic or Ligurian god.
 - (1) Buoux, dép. Vaucluse, arr. Apt, canton Bonnieux.
 - (2) Capelle Beaulieu near Mirabel-aux-Baronnies, dép. Drôme.
24. Virotutis :
 - (1) Arr. and canton Nyons.
 - (2) At Les Fins d' Annecy and at Jublains.

The following gods are mentioned three times on inscriptions:—

1. Artahe, a Pyrenese local god, perhaps simply the place Ardel.
 - (1) At the village of Saint Pé d' Ardel.
 - (2) Saint Bertrand-de-Comminges.
 - (3) Now in Toulouse.
2. Bormanus :
 - (1) Aix, Bouches-du-Rhone.
 - (2) Village of Aix-en-Diois, Drôme.
 - (3) Saint Vulbaz.
3. Condâtis=Mars :
 - (1) Piers Bridge, Durham.
 - (2) Chester-le-Street.
 - (3) Allonne, dép. Sarthe, arr. and canton le Mans.

4. Endovellicus, a Lusitanian or Iberian god :
 - (1) Villaviçosa.
 - (2) Nr. Alandroal.
 - (3) Terena in Alandroal.
5. Garra, a Pyrenese god, probably of the Pic-du-Gar :
 - (1) Dép. Haute-Garonne, arrond. Saint-Gaudens, canton Saint-Béat.
 - (2) Chaum, canton St. Béat.
 - (3) Huos, canton Saint-Bertrand.
6. Lugus, Lugoves :
 - (1) Osina among the Celtiberians in Hispania Tarraconensis.
 - (2) Avenches, among the Helvetians.
 - (3) Bonn.
7. Maponos :
 - (1) Ribchester, Durham.
 - (2) Ainstable, nr. Armthwaite, Cumberland.
 - (3) Hexham, Northumberland.
8. Mogons :
 - (1) Plumptonwall, Old Penrith.
 - (2) Netherby.
 - (3) Risingham.
9. Mullo(n) = Mars :
 - (1) Nantes.
 - (2) Craon, dép. Mayenne.
 - (3) Les Provençères, nr. Craon.
10. Vindonnus, mentioned on three inscriptions at the sources of the Cave near Essarois, Langres, dép. Côte d' Or, arr. Châtillon-sur-Seine, canton Recey-sur-Ource.
11. Vintios :
 - (1) Vence.
 - (2) Hauteville, dép. Haute-Savoie, arr. Annecy, canton Rumilly.
 - (3) Seyssel, dép. Ain, arrond. Belley.

The following gods are mentioned four times on inscriptions :—

1. Ageio(n) :
 - (1) Montégut, the valley of the Nesle, Haute-Garonne.
 - (2) Comté de Bigorre.
 - (3) Bigorre.
 - (4) Baudéan in the vallée de Campan.
2. Andossus, a Pyrenese god :
 - (1) Toulouse.

- (2) Saint-Elix-Theux, valley of the Baise, Gers.
 - (3) Saint. Bertrand-de-Comminges, dép. of the High Alps.
 - (4) Montoussé, valley of the Nesle, diocese of Comminges.
- 3. Armogios = Mars :
 - (1) St. Veit on the little Drau.
 - (2) Seckau in Styria.
 - (3) Perwart.
 - (4) Upper Pannonia.
- 4. Camulos :
 - (1) Salona.
 - (2) Rome.
 - (3) Barhill.
 - (4) Clermont.
- 5. The Di Casses :
 - (1) Lorsch, after A.D. 161.
 - (2) Ober-Klingen in Hesse-Darmstadt on the southern foot of the Otzberg, Starkenburg.
 - (3) Landstuhl, Pfalz.
 - (4) Neustadt on the Hardt.
- 6. Marmogius = Mars in Upper Pannonia = Armogius.
 - (1) St. Veit on the little Drau.
 - (2) Seckau.
 - (3) Sziszek, in Upper Pannonia.
 - (4) Perwart.
- 7. Rudianus = Mars :
 - (1) Cabasse.
 - (2) Saint Michel-de-Valbonne.
 - (3) Saint Etienne, dép. Drôme, arrond. and canton Die, gemeente Saint Andéol.
 - (4) Saint Génis, dép. Drome, arrond. Valence, canton Bourg-de-Péage, gem. Rochefort-Samson.
- 8. Tullinus :
 - (1) Juzino.
 - (2) Newington, Kent.
 - (3) Chesterford.
 - (4) Heddernheim.
- 9. Vasio : the genius of the spring Ouvèze.
 - (1) and (2) Vaison.
 - (3) Piégon, near Nyons.
 - (4) Merindol.
- 10. Vosegus :
 - (1) at Zinsweiler, nr. Niederbromm, at the foot of the Reiberg.

- (2) Görsdorf, nr. Wörth in Alsace.
- (3) Near Beigzabern.
- (4) at Auvergne.

The following are mentioned five times :—

1. Abelio(n), Abellio(n), a Pyrenese local god in the Upper Garonne Valley.
 - (1) Anlon, vallée de la Noue.
 - (2) Saint Béal, Basses-Pyrénées.
 - (3) Vallée de Larboust.
 - (4) Saint Bertrand-de-Comminges.
 - (5) Fabas, Haute-Garonne.
2. Laha, a Pyrenese god :
 - (1) Near Alan, dép. Haute-Garonne.
 - (2) Sana, dép. Haute-Garonne, arrond. Muret, canton Cazères.
 - (3) Marignac-les-Peyres, dép. Haute-Garonne, arrond. Muret, canton Cazères between the Garonne and the Longe.
 - (4) Francon, dép. Haute-Garonne, arrond. Muret, canton Cazères.
 - (5) Marignac-les-Peyres.
3. Lēnus :
 - (1) Fließem, distr. of Bitburg.
 - (2) Mersch = Majeroux, near Virton in Belgian Luxembourg, canton Luxembourg.
 - (3) Welschbillig reg. bezirk and Landkreis of Trèves.
 - (4) Maxiniustrasse near Trèves, not later than 100 A.D.
 - (5) Near Pommern, Prussian Rhine Province, reg. bez. Coblenz, Kreis Cochem.

The names of the following occur six times :—

1. Magusanus = Hercules.
 - (1) Mumerills.
 - (2) West Kapelle : niderl. prov. Zeeland, auf Walchern, 1st century.
 - (3) Millingen, prov. Geldern.
 - (4) Rummel in West Brabant.
 - (5) Bonn.
 - (6) Dentz : (second cent.).

2. Segomo(n) = Mars :

- (1) Cimiez near Nice, dép. Alpes-Maritimes.
- (2) Village of Conte near L'Escarène, dép. Alpes-Maritimes, arr. Nice.
- (3) Lyons, under Vespasian.
- (4) Artemare near Culoz, dép. Ain, arrond. Belley, canton Seyssel.
- (5) Bolard near Nuits, dép. Côte d'Or, diocese of Autun.
- (6) Arinthod, dép. Jura, arrond. Sous-le-Saulnier.

3. Sucellos :

- (1) York.
- (2) Vienne, dép. Isère.
- (3) Yverdon in Switzerland.
- (4) Worms.
- (5) Mainz.
- (6) Nr. Saarburg in Lorraine, 1st or 2nd. cent. A D.

The following are gods whose names occur seven times :—

1. Cicolluis :

- (1) Aignay-le-Duc, dép. Côte d'Or (twice).
- (2) Malain, dép. Côte d'Or, arrond. Dijon, canton Sombernon, diocese of Langres (five times)

2. Leucetios = Mars :

- (1) Bath.
- (2) Altripp.
- (3) Kleinwinternheim in Rheinhesse, Kreis Mainz.
- (4) Marienborn, Rheinhesse,
- (5) Frauenstein in Nassau, landkreis Wiesbaden.
- (6) Nr. Worms.
- (7) Nr. Grosskrotzenburg.

The following are mentioned eight times :—

1. Borvo :

- (1) Entrains in Nièvre.
- (2) Bourbon-Lancy (seven times).

2. Teutates :

- (1) In Lucan.
- (2) In Lactantius.
- (3) York.
- (4) Old Carlisle.
- (5) Seckau in Styria.
- (6) Rome.

- (7) Chasterton.
- (8) Rooky Wood, near Nucelles, Barkway, Hertford.

The names of the following are found over fifteen times :—

1. Belatucadros :

- (1) Whelp Castle, near Kirkby Thore in Westmoreland.
- (2) Brougham Castle, Westmoreland.
- (3) Plumpton Wall, nr. Penrith in Cumberland (2).
- (4) Kirkbride, Cumberland.
- (5) Old Carlisle (3).
- (6) Ellenborough nr. Maryport.
- (7) Carvoran (3).
- (8) Castlesteads.
- (9) Scalby Castle.
- (10) Castlesteads.
- (11) Burgh by Sands (2).
- (12) Netherby.
- (13) Brougham Castle in Westmoreland.

2. Cocidius :

- (1) Lancaster.
- (2) Old Carlisle.
- (3) Housesteads (3).
- (4) Hardriding.
- (5) Bankshead nr. Lanercost Priory.
- (6) Howgill near Walton.
- (7) „ A.D. 153.
- (8) Birdoswald or Bewcastle.
- (9) Low Wall near Howgill.
- (10) High Stead between Old Wall and Bleatarn.
- (11) Old Wall near Carlisle.
- (12) Between Tarraby and Stanwix.
- (13) Netherby in Cumberland.
- (14) Near Bewcastle (3).

The name Grannos is found nineteen times :

Grannos=Apollo.

- (1) In Dio 77, 15, 6 (215 A.D.).
- (2) Bammburg in Upper Bavaria.
- (3) Ennetach, Wirtemb. oberamt Saulgau.
- (4) Bauingen on the Donau.
- (5) Faimingen in Bavarian Swabia.

- (6) Launigen.
- (7) Unterfinningen in Bavarian Swabia—Höchstadt.
- (8) O-Szőny.
- (9) Rome.
- (10) Musselburgh nr. Edinburgh.
- (11) Bonn A.D. 161-169.
- (12) Bitburg
- (13) Neuenstadt on the Linde, oberamt Neckarsulm.
- (14) Oláh Brettye in Dacia.
- (15) Horburg on the Rhine in Alsace.
- (16) Monthelon.
- (17) Westmanland in Sweden.
- (18) Trèves, 1st and 2nd cent.
- (19) Arnheim.

The god, however, whose name occurs most frequently of all is Belenos, being found over twenty times, as follows:—

- (1) In Tertullian.
- (2) In Herodian.
- (3) In Capitolinus Maximinus.
- (4) In Ausonius.
- (5) Klagenfurt.
- (6) Aquileja
- (7) Beligna in Aquileja } several times.
- (8) Belvedere.
- (9) Monistero.
- (10) Zuglio.
- (11) Concordia.
- (12) Altino.
- (13) Venice.
- (14) Rome.
- (15) Rimini.
- (16) Valley of Huveaune.
- (17) Nîmes.
- (18) Narbonne.
- (19) Museum at Clermont.
- (20) Tivoli.

Altogether this name occurs thirty-nine times, but appears to be confined mainly to the district of Aquileja.

In the case of the goddesses, the writer has called attention in an article in the "Celtic Review" to the very prevalent worship, especially in certain districts, of grouped goddesses, such as the

Matres, the Nymphs, the Proximæ or Kinswomen, and the Junones. In the case of gods, it is noticeable that the number of such groups is small, the only ones which the writer has so far observed being the following :—

- (1) Bacucei, demons mentioned in Cassian.
- (2) The Di Casses, already mentioned
- (3) The Castæci (or possibly Castæcæ)
- (4) The Icotii (or possibly Icotiæ).
- (5) The Ifes, certain male gods near Dormagen in the neighbourhood of Dusseldorf.
- (6) The Lugoves.
- (7) The Nervini (or possibly Nervinæ).
- (8) The Silvani.

It will be seen from the scanty and uncertain references which exist to these gods that they seem to have played a far less important part than the groups of female goddesses.

On the other hand, the individual goddesses are far less numerous than the individual gods, and are often associated on inscriptions with some god. It is unnecessary here to discuss the districts with which the names of these goddesses are associated, as that has already been done in my article on "Ancient Celtic Goddesses," but a brief summary of the facts may be given here. Of goddesses mentioned once there appear to be thirty-five, namely :—

1. Bormana.	13. Aventia.	25. Uncia.
2. Albiorica.	14. Nousantia.	26. Ura.
3. Ricoria or Tricoria.	15. Temusio.	27. Urnia.
4. Thucolis.	16. Nantosvelta.	28. Ussia (?).
5. Cantismerta.	17. Acionna.	29. Uvarna.
6. Mogontia.	18. Stanna.	30. Veica.
7. Icovellauna.	19. Athubodva.	31. Vercana.
8. Clutoissa.	20. Ancasta.	32. Vesunna.
9. Solimara.	21. Lata.	33. Vinovia.
10. Brigindu.	22. Rat....	34. Viradesthis.
11. Abnoba.	23. Noriceia.	35. Virodactis.
12. Brixia.	24. Ucuētis.	

Of those mentioned twice there are two :—

- (1) Divona and (2) Trittia.

Of those mentioned three times there are three, namely —

- (1) Dexasiva ; (2) Ritona ; (3) Belisama.

One goddess Brigantia is mentioned four times, and Adsalluta and Litavis are mentioned six times each. Noreia is mentioned eleven times, Damona eleven times, Sirona fourteen times, Rosmerta twenty-one times, and Epona twenty six times.

It will readily be gathered from this that the goddesses whose worship appears to have attained to the fullest development were Dāmōna (the goddess of Cattle), Sirona (the aged one or the star-goddess), and Epōna, the goddess of horses. These names, it is of interest to note, are Indo-European, and seem to indicate that among the Celts of Indo-European speech the agricultural needs of life had produced their characteristic effect on religion. At the same time the very character of the formation of these names suggests a certain matter of fact tendency in religious matters, which seems to be shown in other names of a similar type, such as Mapūnos and Mātrōna, the name of the river Marne. The divine names, Moccus, Boccus, Mullo, Vintios, Ogmios, which are all Indo-European, seem also to point in the same direction, as well as Divona, the divine spring of Bordeaux. Another name of the same type is Ialonus, apparently the god of cultivated ground (Welsh Ial), whose name occurs on inscriptions at Lancaster and at Nîmes. Apart from the gods and goddesses mentioned, however, the names of deities in *onos* and *onā* are remarkably few, as is also the number of deities whose name ends in the root *rig*. The only instances that seem to exist are Albiorix (Fem. Albiorica), and Ouniorix, the meaning of the former being "World-King," but that of the latter being unknown. As for a large number of the names of the deities which occur on inscriptions, their form suggests that they are in origin adjectives giving some attribute of the deity, which have crystallized into proper names.

The foregoing, then, being the sources from which we obtain the names of deities worshipped in certain districts of the Celtic world, the question arises whether we can supplement this definite inscriptional information by that derived from other sources. The other sources in question fall into two types—

- (1) The proper names contained in Celtic literature.
- (2) The place-names of Celtic lands.

If we take the former of the afore-mentioned sources, first, the question arises as to the way in which names of deities are to be distinguished from those of the purely fanciful heroic though human characters of the stories. This is a task of no small difficulty, since legends have constantly, as in the case of Arthur, come to be attached to names which are certainly in origin not

divine. The same may well have been the case with many of the names of the Irish heroic legendary cycles, not excepting such names as Cuchullin and Conchobar. Because certain personages are heroes of stories, it by no means follows that they were at any time divine. Yet, in Irish story, there are certain names that are suspiciously like the names which we know from elsewhere to be those of deities, for example, Lug, Segamhain, Siorna, Nuada, and Ler, and these make it not improbable that, by some channel or other, names of former deities have been remembered and incorporated in literature. It is highly probable that these channels were the genealogies on the one hand and local names on the other. Many of the princely families doubtless traced their ancestry to the gods of their tribe, and, in course of time, these gods would be regarded as human ancestors. The names also of some of these gods would enter as elements into compound human names, as we see to have been the case in Gaul in *Cobledo-litavus* and *Ande-camulos*, and in the British *Cuno-belinos*. In the names Cu-Chullin and Con-chobar, it would not be at all surprising if the second element were the name of an old tribal deity. In the same way it is not improbable that, in the names of tribes, the word that came after Maccu, Moccu, Mucoi, and Hy was frequently a divine name, as in the case of Corcaguiney, where 'guiney' corresponds to the older Dovinia, which occurs on an Ogam inscription from that district. In some cases in Irish legend certain personages are definitely stated to have been regarded as deities, such as Ann, said by Cormac to have been the mother of the gods of Danu, in the expression *Tuatha Dé Danann*, the Dagda, the Morrighu, the Mac Og, Iucharba, and others. In the same way also Diancecht is represented as divine. We have also Bodb Catha represented as a war goddess, and in the time of St Patrick there appears to have been a large-headed idol called the "Cromm-Cruaich." The difficulty, however, in the case of these names is to know how far they were general or merely local, and, until the heroic legends of Ireland have been thoroughly analysed from the point of view of the origins of their several parts, it is impossible to determine this with certainty. In the case of the Welsh legends, there are no references to gods as such, but the forms of certain names are either identical with the names of certain deities, or else they present analogies with them, which lead us to the view that they too were originally the names of deities. For example, we have the names Amaethon and Gofannon, that are in origin clearly Ambactōnos and Gobannōnos, names that are practically without doubt those of

the gods of agriculture and smith's work respectively. Similarly, Mabon is identical in form with Mapōnos and Modron with Matrōna, nor need we hesitate to regard Rhiannon as standing for an older Rigantōna (the great queen), and Teyrnnon for Tigrionōnos (the great king). In the same way the name Cynon probably stands for Kunōn-os, "the great dog." In Wales again the name "Llyr," being also used for the sea, suggests that the person so named was once regarded as a sea-god. The name "Neifion," also used for Neptune, appears to mean the "swimmer." It is not improbable, too, that in the word "Hion"—fine weather—we have an old name of a goddess of the weather, Sīnona, and the name Epōna may possibly survive in the proper name Adebōn (in Gorchān Adebōn of the Book of Aneirin). Apart from these names, however, and possibly Lleu (of Nant Lleu and Din Lleu) and Gwydion (of Moel Gwydion and Bryn Gwydion), we cannot be at all certain that any of the other names were those of divine personages, and, even in the case of some of the names above mentioned, they may well have been local in character. It should be borne in mind that the references here are only to the actual *names* of deities; the search for evidences of pre-Christian religious ideas and practices in the literature of Celtic countries is a different question, and one of great difficulty, which deserves very careful separate treatment. It is in reality only by a very thorough comparison of the effect of Christianity upon literature in different countries that were formerly heathen, that we can disentangle the earlier pagan from the later Christian ideas with certainty. The science of the comparative study of the Christianisation of literature is, so far, only in its infancy, and the greatest possible caution has to be exercised in distinguishing between what is simply crudely conceived Christianity and pure original paganism, while allowance must always be made for the work of the imagination itself. In the same way, too, modern folk-lore should be used with care in the search for primitive pagan ideas as to religion, since it is not always easy to distinguish what is pure imagination from that which originally had a very earnest and practical bearing upon life. The most fruitful sphere of folk-lore for religious purposes is that aspect of it which appertains to the practical business of life, such as agriculture, and the life and health of man and beast. Here immemorial custom may well have been linked to religion.

And now we come to the second possible source of the names of ancient Celtic deities, that of place-names. Any student of the names of ancient Celtic deities, as they are found on inscriptions,

cannot fail to note that, in some cases, they are also the names of certain natural objects, such as mountains, rivers, springs, etc. Such names for example are Savus, the river Save; Divona, the spring of Bordeaux; Belisama, the Mersey or the Ribble; Sequăna, the Seine, worshipped as a goddess, while a river name like Mātrona (the Marne) by its very form suggests that it was also an object of worship. In Wales, again, there are certain river names such as Tarannon (from Taran, thunder), Ieithon (from Iaith, speech), Crawnnon (from Crawn, store), Dyfrdwy (the water of the goddess Dēva), Dwyfor and Dwyfach ("the great" and "the little goddess" respectively), that suggest that the search for divine names in place-names is not in itself an unreasonable one. It is not improbable that cautious research in this direction might lead to valuable results. In the case of Scotland I am glad to find that the Gaelic place-names are being investigated with great care and thoroughness by a thorough Celtic and classical scholar from your own society, my old friend at Oxford, Mr W. J. Watson. The search for divine names in the Gaelic place-names can safely be left to him, and some of us will do our best to sift those of the Brythonic Celts. It is partly with a view of aiding these researches and of showing what may be expected even in place-names that I have been at some pains to bring out much of the local spirit of the religion of Gaul, as showing that there was in it nearly everywhere, even side by side with the more developed worship of certain deities, a local basis, which might equally well have existed among the insular Celts, and it may well be that some of the traditions of the local forms of religion have penetrated even into the literature of Celtic countries. The study of the actual forms of Celtic religion is not a matter for hasty speculation, but is one that requires careful handling and deliberation to lead to certain and definite results. At first the prominence of local forms of worship to such an extent in the Celtic countries of antiquity is disappointing, but when rightly viewed this is a most significant trait, which is in full accordance with the Celtic love of the soil, and an index to the immemorial antiquity of the fundamental basis of the religious ideas of each locality. Even now it may be that local ghosts are successors to primeval local gods.

E. ANWYL.

ANNUAL DINNER.

A large company assembled in the Station Hotel on Friday evening, 18th January, 1907, to celebrate, in the usual dinner fashion, the thirty-fourth anniversary of this Society, over fifty being present, and including a more than ordinary representation of distinguished non-resident members of the Society. The Marquis of Tullibardine, M.V.O., D.S.O., came all the way from Atholl to take the chair, and he was supported, besides the Provost of Inverness, by Lochiel, Mr J. P. Grant of Rothiemurchus, Major Cameron, Gesto, Skye; Mr John Macpherson-Grant, yr. of Ballindalloch; Mr John Macleod, Orbost, and others in the more immediate vicinity of the town. Among the company otherwise were Mr W. J. Watson, rector of the Royal Academy; Mr Alex. Macdonald, of the Highland Railway; and Mr Andrew Mackintosh, H.M. Customs, who acted as croupiers; Mr Angus Mackintosh of Holme; Rev. Mr Sinton, Dores; Rev. Mr Macgillivray, Petty; Mr William Mackay, solicitor; Mr A. Machardy, chief constable; Dr Alexander Macbain, Mr Macbeth, architect; Councillor K. A. Gillanders, Mr Rod. Maclean, C.A.; Messrs A. J. Macritchie, T. Gibson, Evan Barron, and J. R. Sutherland, solicitors; Bailie Alex. Fraser, Mr Huntly Macdonald, farmer; Messrs Beato and Macdonald, H.M.I.S.; Mr Wm. Macdonald, contractor; Mr Falconer, hatter; Mr Davidson, Waverley Hotel; Mr Murray, clothier; Mr Macbean, Cradlehall; Mr D. Gray, Union Street; Mr Allan, Seafield; Mr Bethune, chemist; Mr Rusterholtz, Palace Hotel; Mr F. Macmahon, photographer; Mr D. Murray, commission agent, and many others. During the dinner, Pipe-Major Ronald Mackenzie, who has not missed one of these functions for many years, though now resident far from Inverness, played the pipes at intervals with unabated skill.

The Secretary, Mr A. Morrison, while the toast-list was proceeding, intimated apologies from the Right Hon. Lord Lóvat, Beaufort Castle; Sir Kenneth Mackenzie, Bart. of Gairloch; Sir Hector Munro, Bart. of Foulis; Sir Arthur Mackenzie, Bart. of Coul; Sir Reginald Macleod of Macleod; Sir Arthur Bignold of Lochrosque, M.P.; The Mackintosh of Mackintosh, Mr John A. Dewar, M.P.; Mr J. E. B. Baillie of Dochfour, Mr W. D. Mackenzie of Farr, Cluny Macpherson of Cluny Castle, Mr Ian Murray Grant of Glenmoriston, Mr Lachlan Macdonald of Skeabost, Sheriff Campbell, Portree;

Sheriff Davidson, Fort-William; Captain A. B. Stewart, Seaforth Highlanders, Dingwall; Dr Norman Macleod, Ravenswood, Inverness; Mr James S. Watson, W.S., St Giles Lodge, Inverness; Mr T. A. Wilson, general manager, Highland Railway Company, do.; Bailie John Mackenzie, do.; Rev. D. Connell, M.A., do.; Mr Chas. M. Brown, do.; Mr A. F. Steele, do.; Mr Kenneth Macdonald, town clerk, do.; Mr R. L. Mackintosh, do.; Mr James A. Gossip, do.; Dr Hew Morrison, Edinburgh; Mr David Macritchie, C.A., do; Mr William Grant, London; Rev. Canon Bisset, Nairn; Captain Burgess, Gairloch; and ex-Provost Macrae, Dingwall.

The Marquis of Tullibardine gave the loyal toasts, which were warmly pledged.

The Marquis of Tullibardine next proposed the Imperial Forces. Their boast, he said, was that they had the best Navy in the world, and he thought that was perfectly true. Lately the Navy had been re-organised and broken up to a certain extent into smaller divisions. He was not a sailor, and he did not pretend to understand naval strategy, but so far as a layman like himself could understand, practically all those changes were for the better, and he thought the only thing they had to watch was that having been broken up into smaller fleets better placed to meet more probable emergencies, that those smaller fleets were not too small and not to run the risk of being beaten in detail. It was the proud boast of their sailors that they need not have an Army, that they would do everything. But they might be out of the way for a moment, and he was not one of those who said it would be impossible to invade Britain. . If there were 30,000 men landed on their coast they would feel it extremely uncomfortable, and the enemy would get their money's worth if they disorganised this part of the country. They had to remember that half of their regular troops were locked up in India and other parts of the globe, and if war broke out with a country like France it would mean that they had only half of their regular army at home, and that those men away in other parts of the globe could not be freed. They would therefore have to fall back upon what they had in this country. He for one was therefore not one of those who wished to see the Army further reduced than it was at the present time. As to the auxiliary forces, they had their limitations, because they could hardly expect a half trained man to be as good as a full trained man. They were, however, very good and very keen, and in the future the auxiliary forces must be ready to be trained

more highly than they were at present, and on a modern system. He had great pleasure in coupling the toast with Lochiel. He knew personally that Lochiel was a good and gallant soldier in the Army, and he was glad to see him taking up the militia in his own county. If a few more people in the county would do the same it would be better for the county. They all knew Lochiel's father and what a fine man he was, and he was sure Lochiel would be the same.

Captain D. W. Cameron of Lochiel, who was cordially received, thanked Lord Tullibardine for the way in which he proposed the toast of the Imperial Forces, and the company for the hearty way they had responded to the toast. He (Lochiel) had served in every branch of the Imperial land forces. He had served as a volunteer at school, he had been ten years in the regular Army, he had served in the yeomanry with the Lovat Scouts in South Africa, and now he had joined the Inverness-shire county militia as a captain. They would have seen from the papers that the Secretary of State for War had followed the example of his predecessors and brought in a scheme of Army reform. It was not of such magnitude as they might think at first, because it was really transforming the Army corps, which formerly was three divisions of two brigades, into two divisions of three brigades. Three times two was necessarily the same as twice three. The only difference he noticed was that Scotland came off badly in connection with the scheme. But it was not his business to criticise; however, he must say that he thought all Scotsmen were particularly keen about soldiering, and if they were given a system by which they could work they would be as keen now-a-days as in the days gone by. It was a well-known fact that Highlanders especially were all for serving and soldiering in times of war. When it came to times of peace they did not particularly care about doing the duties of soldiering in far-off climes. A scheme might be devised by which they could make use of this good material. He had often thought it might be possible to have a Highland auxiliary division, which would be trained in the Highlands and kept in a state of efficiency under its own divisional commander. They had their Highland volunteer artillery and their rifle volunteers; they had their cavalry in the shape of the Lovat Scouts and the Scottish Horse, and they had their militia. With these forces they would have a complete Highland division, which would be under a divisional commander, and be always ready in the time of war. He did not know if such a scheme was possible,

but perhaps the Marquis of Tullibardine, who, the Secretary for War had stated, was the most able cavalry auxiliary officer in this country, might organise such a division.

Mr A. Morrison, secretary, read the annual report as follows:—The Society continues to do its work with gratifying results. The Gaelic cause is steadily progressing, and the educational authorities recognise that the teaching of the language in Highland schools is an element which cannot be dispensed with in the general education of Highland children. In April last a large deputation drawn from many parts of Scotland and England, and for which Mr Mackay, one of our honorary secretaries, spoke, waited upon the Secretary for Scotland and urged the necessity of providing Gaelic-speaking children with Gaelic-speaking teachers. The deputation was received with sympathy, and one of the immediate results was the provision of a special grant of £10 to schools in which Gaelic is taught. During the year three honorary members and fifteen ordinary members joined the Society. It has, however, lost greatly by the death of some of its oldest and most valued members, such as Mr John Mackay, Hereford; Mr Roderick Scott, Inverness; Mr John Macdonald, Inverness; and the Rev. Dr Grant, Dornoch. It is unnecessary to remind the members that Mr Mackay, who was chief of the Society many years ago, was one of its most liberal members until the day of his death. By his will he bequeathed 70 volumes to the library of the Society, all bearing on Celtic and Highland subjects. The accounts for the year, which have been audited by Mr Roderick Maclean, C.A., Inverness, bring out a balance at the credit of the Society of £25 14s 5d. The Society is indebted to Sir Robert Finlay, who was chief last year, for a special donation of £5 to the publishing fund. The Council regrets that unavoidable delay has taken place in connection with the last volume of the Society's Transactions. An advance copy has, however, been placed in the Chairman's hands, and it is expected that the volume will be issued to the members within the next two weeks.

The Marquis of Tullibardine, who, on rising, was heartily received, said the next toast, he thought, was the toast of the evening, and that was Success to the Gaelic Society of Inverness. If he thought that this toast depended for its success on any remarks that the Chairman might make, he could assure them that he would have stayed in Atholl, but he knew, and he thought they all knew, that even if he had the oratorical powers of a Demosthenes or a Cicero, he should

not be able to add one jot or tittle to the good report of the respect and popularity which this Society enjoyed, not only in the Highlands of Scotland, but wherever their language was spoken and loved. He certainly regarded it as a very great honour to be asked to take the chair in the Capital of the Highlands at this Society's annual meeting. He also took it as a very great compliment—and he hoped they would not think he was too self-assertive in mentioning the fact—that he had not been asked to come there because by accident of birth he happened to be who he was, but simply because he was proud to realise that because of that accident of birth he had a great many responsibilities, and that certainly one of them was to do what he could for the Highlands, and to do his best to keep up its ancient language. One of the very first articles of the constitution of their Society was that they were to do what they could to maintain the Gaelic language. It was really a fundamental reason of their existence. The Gaelic language was going through rather a difficult time in these days when they found English sweeping the whole country; even in the Highlands it was rather at a discount. It was therefore very difficult to keep up the language. He did not blame the English for thinking as they did in regard to the matter—possibly they were quite right from their point of view, but it was not their point of view as Highlanders. A lot of people thought there was no earthly commercial good in Gaelic, and what was not commercially good hardly recommended itself to any great extent to their neighbours, and friends in the south. Of course those people could not feel as they did that it was their national language, and that it was by degrees slipping away. There was no doubt the language was dying to a certain extent, but it was not gone yet, and he trusted that the members of this Society and their descendants would do everything in their power to keep the old language going. There was a set of Highlanders, and he had got very little to say regarding them, who lived in the Highlands and did nothing to maintain the old customs and traditions, the result being that they were very much out of touch with the people among whom they lived. There was an even worse type. In the Navy they talked about a fair weather sailor, and he might call these people the fair weather wearers of the kilt. This class of gentlemen talked tremendously about being in the Highlands. They came north in the summer months, and they put on what they called suitable clothing. They wore the kilt, and they went

south whenever the first shower of rain came on. On their return to the south they began abusing this country by writing to the "Times" and so forth. Such a one was evidently Charles Stewart who wrote to the "Times." He had not the honour of his acquaintance, if it was an honour, but this writer sent a long article last year to the papers to the effect that societies of this sort were disloyal, and doing what they could to undermine the constitution of the country, that they were disloyal to the King, and disloyal to themselves in fact. He did not think it was necessary for him to repudiate such a statement, but he saw a good many around the table that night—he thought fifty-one altogether—and if this Society were disloyal he was quite sure they would not belong to it. He would remind the writer, that the mere fact of wearing the kilt and having two such high sounding names as Charles Stewart, did not necessarily make a Highlander. He (the Marquis) had perhaps spoken rather strongly, but he thought the writer deserved it. He knew perfectly well that in other parts of the British Islands Gaelic societies and the Gaelic had been more or less prostituted and used for other purposes to cloak political organisations; but so far as he knew he did not know of one society in this country of this nature which was political. Politics were among the first things debarred, and if ever they allowed politics into their society they might be certain their sphere of usefulness as a society would cease. He also noticed in their constitution and rules that they were to do what they could to maintain the literature and history of the Highlands, and how well the Society accomplished this work was amply proved by the published volumes of their transactions, whose merit was extremely high. The historical value of those Transactions was inestimable. They were carefully edited, and they had saved from being irretrievably lost a great many of their old traditions. They had been the means of bringing forth valuable papers which otherwise would probably have never seen the light. What had struck him was that what they most desired was truth. All he could tell them was if they continued on those lines and eliminated what was wrong, they would be doing an inestimable service to the country. In these days of cheap journalism, cheap education, and cheap sentimentalism, they found a great many wrong traditions being spread abroad and gradually they came to be believed. Most of these traditions emanated from the brain of probably the advertising agent of some railway hotel, excepting Inverness, and possibly some municipality which

desired to boom the attractions of their town, and wished to attract American tourists. Children were taught them, and they believed them to be true. A great many of the traditions which they had believed themselves, when they now looked into them, they found to be so much twaddle. There were a great many other traditions which, if it had not been for the services of Mr Watson, Inverness, and others, would not have seen the light. Now was the time to save those traditions, to sift the wheat from the chaff, because within a short time they might not be able to do so. He thought they ought to do all in their power to see that Scottish history was properly taught in their schools. It was taught to a certain extent, but in many places it was not properly taught. They wanted to see the children brought up to learn something of the history of their country. It was a history that they need not be ashamed of. In this connection the parents could do a great deal to assist the schoolmaster. If the parents did not encourage their children they could not expect the schoolmaster to do what the parents ought to do. This Society could accomplish a great deal in helping a good, healthy national feeling. There was a strong national feeling passing over the country at the present time. They were extremely loyal, and they could bear and endure a great deal. He could assure them he was not speaking politically—he was not a Home Ruler politically—but he held that if this system of taking everything down south and not treating them equally in Scotland with other parts of the Empire was to continue, it would certainly end in making the whole bundle of them Home Rulers. They saw every day offices and posts cut down in Scotland. Everything went under the specious name of economy or administration or efficiency. Why were the same posts not reduced in England? What was the good of their Members of Parliament if they were not going to do something in the matter? He was not going into the question of the removal of the cavalry from Scotland. Although he differed from Mr Haldane in politics, he believed Mr Haldane had been extraordinarily successful as War Minister, simply because he (the Marquis) happened to know better than a good many people the great difficulties with which Mr Haldane had been confronted, and he need not enter into them on that occasion. He was not one of those who believed that the cavalry were to be taken away from Scotland. He had nothing official to go upon, but he would not believe it until he saw the cavalry go. If they did go it would only

be temporary. If such were not the case, he thought they had better see that they got them back, and take a leaf out of the book of their Irish friends in connection with this matter. It might not be possible to keep the cavalry in Edinburgh or elsewhere for reasons of organisation and drill, but whatever his beliefs were as to army organisation, he could not believe that Scotland was to be absolutely denuded of cavalry. He would therefore recommend not to howl until they were hit. If the cavalry did go, he hoped this Society and other similar societies would insist upon their being brought back to Scotland. This matter was perhaps not within the scope of the work of this Society, but personally he thought it was. It was not political, and matters of that sort they ought to pay attention to as well as others. He desired in conclusion to say that his own outside, personal view was that this Gaelic Society of Inverness was doing very sound work, better work indeed, than many other societies of the same kind. He would ask them to do all they could to spread the gospel, so to speak, and increase the membership and influence of their Society by every means in their power.

The toast was enthusiastically pledged.

Rothiemurchus gave the toast—*Tir nan Beann, nan Gleann, 's nan Gaisgeach*. In proposing the toast, he desired to bring before them particularly that local patriotism which was by n means inconsistent with a wider patriotism. In meetings of societies such as theirs, they desired to emphasise the pride they had in belonging to that race of heroes—the people of the hills and glens. They emphasised the fact that they were Gaelic-speaking Celts. Scholars and philologists would tell them that the great white race emanated from somewhere in the middle of what was now Central Asia, and that the first swarm to come off the hive was the Celtic family to which they belonged. He need hardly remind them that as cream rises to the top of the milk, so the first hive was the strongest and best. They might claim for their primitive ancestors that they were pioneers of civilisation. They had more imagination than those who stayed behind, and they might claim that those distinctive features, which distinguished them from the more stolid Teuton, might be traced back to their first home. It was to their advantage as a race that instead of being mingled up in a larger crowd, they had succeeded in retaining their nationality and their language in several parts of Europe. There was something too, let them hope, in their having contributed to the common

stock in that poetic fire, and in the imagination which their slower-witted, but more prosperous neighbour was only too sadly lacking in. Let them think how much they owed to the land in which they lived. He thought there was no space in the habitable globe in which there were so many varying features, excellent features, as in that lying beyond what used to be called the Highland line in old Acts of Parliament. On the West Coast they had the warm, sunny spots washed by the Gulf Stream, where the myrtle and fuschia flourish. They had Alpine altitudes that existed nowhere else except in the Arctic regions. They had every variety of wood, strath, and dale; everything except the dull and uninteresting but extremely profitable country they saw further south. Their genius was not for money-making, but towards art and beauty. Let them develop that patriotism which preserved their separate entity and keep it. There was another subject which he must bear in mind, although, like the Chairman, he must keep clear of politics. That was the relation of the heroes to the country of these hills and glens. He did say that in a society like theirs they met on a common ground, from which they should do their best to keep the Gaelic-speaking population settled in the Highlands. He was no very great believer—and he held himself quite free to make the remark, because it was equally directed against both political parties—of reaching the Millennium through the short cut of an Act of Parliament. He had a great deal more belief in seeing all classes of Highlanders living on the land and understanding each other, and working together. If landed proprietors found that the country that supported their ancestors, and gave them whatever title to distinction they possessed, if they found the land was insupportable to them, he thought the sooner they were themselves deported the better. There must be mutual understanding between all classes, on the other side as well as on the landlord's side. He (*Rothiemurchus*) was a Highlander, and he was proud of the fact. He loved his countrymen, and there was nothing he looked forward to with greater hope than to see Highlanders shoulder to shoulder in the Highlands. There was a great deal of Highland patriotism outside the Highlands. Sometimes he was almost inclined to think there was more Highland patriotism outside the Highlands than within the Highlands. Societies like theirs were the best corrective of anything of that sort. Let them keep shoulder to shoulder, and keep in touch with their kin, and work together for the cause that united them that

night, the preservation of their old language and their nationality.

Rev. Mr Macgillivray, Petty, replied to the toast in an eloquent speech on the scenery and people of the Highlands, dwelling specially on the glorious history of the Celtic race, and referring picturesquely to the grandeur and romance of the glens and bens. They all loved the mountains, and cherished the traditions associated with their ancient race with a fervour which, he hoped, would always characterise the Highland people.

Mr William Mackay, in proposing "Highland Education," said that this was a toast that had been submitted year after year at the annual dinner of the Society for the last thirty-five years, and that it was difficult to say anything new regarding it. Within the last two years, however, certain events of importance had occurred. In the spring of 1905 a conference on the subject of Highland Education was held in Inverness, which was attended by educationists from all parts of the Highlands, as well as from the Lowlands and England, and at which a resolution was passed that a high-class and efficiently staffed institution should be established in Inverness, which would form an intermediate educational stage between local schools and the Universities and training colleges of the south. A deputation appointed by the conference thereafter waited upon the Secretary of the Scotch Educational Department, and urged that view. The deputation was sympathetically received, and there was reason to hope that the resolution would not be lost sight of. Early in 1906, again, another educational conference was held at Oban, which appointed a deputation to wait on the Secretary for Scotland, and to support the view of the conference that Gaelic-speaking children ought to be taught by Gaelic-speaking teachers, and that, in the educational interests of the Highlands, it was necessary that a clause, providing for the selection and training for the teaching profession of an adequate number of Gaelic-speaking pupils, should be inserted in the Regulations of the Education Department. The deputation was received by the Scottish Secretary in April last. The immediate result was the £10 grant for Gaelic teachers. Other benefits would probably follow, and altogether they had reason to be satisfied with the present state of matters in connection with Highland Education. He did not wish to enter at that meeting into local educational politics, but at present a question was discussed in Inverness

which was of more than local interest. The Governors of the Royal Academy had wisely resolved to take steps to transfer the school and its endowments to the School Board. The headmaster of the High School, in which the Board's secondary education had hitherto been carried on, had resigned. The Board had therefore a clean slate, and the future educational interests of Inverness, and indeed of the Highlands, greatly depended upon what they began to write upon it. There was no room in Inverness for two secondary schools. If the Secondary Department of the High School was continued, the result would be that the old competition between that school and the Academy, which was so hurtful to both, would probably also continue. He hoped, however, that the members of the Board would make up their minds to conduct the High School as a merely elementary school with the usual Continuation Classes, and that its secondary work, and its secondary staff, so far as necessary, would be transferred to the Academy. The work of education in Inverness would thus be put upon a business-like, economical, and effective footing, and the Royal Academy would be given a position which he hoped would develop until it became the intermediate educational stage between local schools and the Universities, desiderated by the conference of 1905. In that school young Highlanders intended for the teaching profession would receive at any rate a part of their professional training, including some measure of Gaelic teaching. If the School Board of Inverness were, in making the appointment which they were now considering, to keep these points in view, he believed that Inverness would become an important educational centre, and that much benefit would accrue to the town and to the Highlands generally.

Mr Watson, in reply, emphasised the great services Mr Mackay had rendered to the cause of Highland education, and particularly to the able manner in which he had acted as spokesman on the deputations mentioned. During the last few years much progress had been made as regards the official encouragement given to the teaching of Gaelic, and it was gratifying to think that it now occupied very much the same platform as other languages. It was also pleasant to reflect that the first step towards securing the certificate was taken by the Gaelic Society, and he personally felt proud of the fact that his own Directors were the first who applied for that certificate. The results had so far been exceedingly good, and he thought the time was not far distant when they would

have papers set on the higher grade instead of, as now, on the lower grade. It was, however, not desirable to go too fast. The desire was to make the future parents of their race bi-lingual; and he hoped to see the day when people who did not know their native language would be considered illiterate, and would be glad to conceal their ignorance. That was the position in Wales, and it was a position they ought to contend for. Within the last fourteen years there had been a marked advance in every direction. For some reason or other an impression got abroad that Gaelic was not fashionable, and people were ashamed that it should be known they possessed a knowledge of their native tongue. That was an extraordinary state of matters, and in the natural course of things the situation had now assumed quite a different complexion. Nowadays anybody who could speak Gaelic was rather proud than ashamed of the accomplishment. With regard to Highland education, it was at present in a very interesting stage. New regulations had been issued by the Department for the training of teachers, and the ultimate result would be the advent of a more scholarly and able class to impart information than in the past. Mr Watson went on to refer to the fact that in the future the passport to the profession would be nomination by the County Committee on Secondary Education. He quoted the following words from the regulations recently issued by the Department:—"In the case of parishes where the home language of the children is Gaelic, the County Committee in its nomination of junior students, as well as in the provision it may make for assisting the education of intending junior students, shall give special consideration to the claims of those applicants who have a good colloquial knowledge of Gaelic." But while it was pleasing to see the progress the Gaelic was making through the adoption of a more enlightened policy by the Education Department, Mr Watson laid stress on the fact that a great responsibility lay upon Gaelic-speaking people themselves. They should realise more keenly that their very nationality was bound up with the language. If they were desirous of maintaining that nationality, and felt proud of it, then there could be little question of the maintaining of the language. If the people were indifferent about it, then it would not take very long to go. In conclusion, Mr Watson spoke of the importance of technical education, and said that in Inverness they had in this respect a great opportunity for developing this class of study, of which he hoped full advantage would

be taken, so that their youth may be sent out into the world well equipped for the practical business of life.

"Kindred Societies" was the toast submitted by Mr Andrew Mackintosh in a reminiscent speech, and it was replied to by Mr J. M. Lowson, M.A., president of the Inverness Scientific Society and Field Club, and Mr Alex. Macdonald, president of the Highland Railway Literary Society. Bailie Alex. Fraser proposed the toast of "Non-Resident Members," coupled with the name of Mr John Macpherson-Grant, who made a spirited reply. Then came the municipal toast, spoken to by Mr William Macdonald, who gave the Town Council credit for using their best endeavour to promote the interests of the burgh.

Provost A. D. Ross, in his reply, said Inverness might be in a somewhat dull condition as regards business, but in the matter of municipal politics they certainly were not dull. Recently they had a fresh infusion of blood into the Council, which had wakened them up a bit. Perhaps the Council was getting somewhat stagnant, and needed something or some one to brighten up its proceedings, and spur them to a greater degree of progress than that achieved with the old horses; notwithstanding that, he thought they had endeavoured to do their duty with all the ability they possessed. They had a single desire for the good of the town, without personal or private reasons. The present depression was, he believed, only of a temporary character, and the two great efforts made last year—the defeat of the railway amalgamation scheme and the abolition of the Petty Customs—would, it was to be hoped, bring the town into greater prominence, as well as bring a larger measure of prosperity.

Mr Mackintosh of Holme gave the health of the Croupiers, who responded, after which the health of Tullibardine was proposed by Rev. Mr Sinton, Dores, and received with great enthusiasm.

Mr Sinton said the great outstanding characteristic of the ducal family of Atholl was that they mingled themselves up with the everyday life of the people, whose affections they had won to a depth which was rarely found in the Highlands. They must remember that long before such societies as theirs existed there were not a few leading families who did much to promote the Gaelic language and sentiment. He mentioned Queen Victoria, and then three other names which occurred to him—old Cluny Macpherson, the present Duke of Atholl, and Sir Kenneth Mackenzie of Gairloch. Although it was a

far cry from Atholl to Inverness, they in the north must remember that the Atholl family took their root and origin in the great province of Moray; perhaps they had even attended the Court of King Brude in the ancient Capital of the Picts. Of their noble Chairman they knew that he was most worthily treading in the footsteps of his great ancestors; and they knew also that he is a great Highland officer, who was worthily maintaining the renown of the famous officers who had gone before him. He did not know that he was revealing a secret when he mentioned that the Marchioness of Tullibardine, who was also a member of a talented and illustrious race, was at present engaged upon a bit of military history which would create much interest in that department of literature, and particularly among those interested in the '45. Lord George Murray, as they all knew, was one of the wisest and ablest generals on the staff of Prince Charlie. He was presenting the toast of their distinguished Chairman's health in the bald English language; he would prefer to have spoken in the warm and natural language of the glens; but it was such a toast that every one would drink it in any language on earth.

The Marquis said it had been a great pleasure personally to him to know that this toast was proposed by one who had found an Atholl partner in life; the appearance Mr Sinton had made just showed what an Atholl woman could make of a Badenoch Highlander. That afternoon he had been taken to Culloden battlefield by a number of leading Inverness citizens to see what had been done in the way of preserving the ground as a tribute of respect to those who fell on that fateful day, and he wished it to be known that he was gratified to see how carefully the work of renovation had been carried out, and how everything had been so strictly respected and cared for in connection with the graves. He only wished his great-grandfather could have seen the change that had taken place as a reverential tribute to the memory of the heroes of the '45. In a concluding sentence, the Marquis said he took great interest in Gaelic, and that he wished they would all work shoulder to shoulder in the endeavour to preserve it.

The singing of "*Auld Lang Syne*," and the dancing of a reel by a kilted quartette, including the Marquis, terminated the proceedings.

The short musical programme introduced was taken part in by Messrs Monday, Beaton (Gaelic), Morrison (Gaelic), and Mr Andrew Mackintosh (violin). Mr Morrison's arrangements for the gathering worked smoothly and successfully.

7th FEBRUARY, 1907.

The Secretary read a second paper from the pen of Mr A. Cameron, Poolewe, entitled—

ORIGINAL GAELIC SONGS AND POEMS—No. II.

Air do 'n ghalair chraiteach sin influenza, a bhi gle phailt anns an Aird-'n-iar so, bha seann-bhean ann an ait araidh a fhuair a sarachadh gu h-olc leis. Bhiodh i 'ghnath a g' innse mar a sharaich e i. Agus o'n 's i 'Ghaidhlig bu chainnt dh' i cha robh e ro fharasd' an teanga fhaotainn timchioll air an ainm aig an tinneas, agus 's ann a ghiorraich i e gu 's " Fliudhan." Fhuair gillean og' an aite greim air an ainm ùr, is bhiodh iad ga radh eadar shugradh is aobhar ghaire, gus fa-dheoidh gu'n tuigeadh gach aon 's an duthaich e, air chor 's gu'm beil an galair aithnichte fo 'n ainm " Fliudhan." Fhuair mi fein droch stràchdan uaithe, agus air faotainn air mo chois dh' fheuch mi ri 'chliu a sheinn mar a leanas.

DIMOLADH FLIUDHAIN.

Air fonn—" Cabarfeidh."

Gu ma h-olc dha " Fliudhan "
 Gu'r bruidail an garrach e,
 Oir 's mise fhuair mo sgiursadh,
 Le 'dhuirn o chionn tamull 'n so,
 Chuir e 'mheoir na m' shuilean,
 Is bhruth e mo mhalaidhean,
 Mo chnaimhean air spealgadh,
 Is dealg ann 's gach aisne dhiom,
 Ann am breislich h-uile feasgar,
 Gus nach creidte facal uam,
 Tàisg is fuathan ga mo ruagadh
 Cha robh suaimhneas agam leo,
 'Nuair a dhuinn fein mo shuilean,
 Ann an dusal cadalach,
 'S ann bhiodh an Tarbh 's e ann 'sa bhurraile,
 'N duil bhi dol a shabaid rium.

A dhaindeoin baigear buaireant,
 No duairc a dh' fhear cunnartach,
 'S e " Fliudhan " rud is suaraich,
 A chuala no chunnaic sinn,

Cha 'n fhag e 'chailleach luathain,
'S cha truagh leis na cruinneagan,
'S co maith leis na daoine uaisle
'S na truaghain is cumanta,
Bithidh e 'n sas annt' anns na sailtibh,
Bheir e 'mhan na h-uile neach,
E ga' pluceadh anns na cuiltibh,
Dh' fheuch a' mùch e buileach iad,
'S eiginn umhlachd 'thoirt do n' umpaidh
'S laidhe sumhail cuide ris,
A'm fear a chasas ann a' aodain,
Bheir e 'mhaoil 's a churrachd dheth.

Marbhphaisg air a bheisd,
Cha 'n 'eil eugas na cumadh air,
'Nuair dh' fhosgail e a bheul,
Chuir e dreun air bha cunnartach,
Gu'n shaoil mi gu'r e Fiannaidh,
Tur fiadhaich a rug orm,
'S a chnumhanan mar iarrunn,
Ga m' stialladh gu muladach,
Cha b' e 'n spors a dhol na dhoi daibh,
Oir tha doigh an Trudair aig',
Dhinn e 'chrogan air mo sgornan,
'S casad mor gun sguir orm,
Chuir e tailmrich n'a mo cheann,
Mar eas le gleann na 'bhuineachan,
Cha 'n 'eil doigh a ghabhadh innse,
Nach do mhill e buileach mi.

Is mise fhuair mo chradh,
Cha 'n 'eil sta dol g' a aithris dhuibh,
Mo cheann bha 'n ire sgaineadh,
'S mo chnaimhean air ragachdain,
Gu'n chaill mi tur mo chail,
Agus sharaich am padhadh mi,
Ach 's glice domh bhi samhach,
'S gu'n d' fhag e a'm falt orm,
Thainig Doctar dh' a mo bhrodach,
'S e cuir stob troimh m' achlasan,
Dh'a mo stialladh 's an da chliathaich.
Mar bhiodh miaran daraich air,

Ach thuirt mo laochan rium is faoilt air,
 Cha 'n 'eil gaoid a mhaireas ort,
 Ma bheir thu 'n air 'ort fein o'n ghaoith,
 Cha chaochaill thu ro aithghearra.

'S ann shaoil mi 'n sud gun glaisain
 'S gu'm buailinn ri talamh e,
 Ach bha mo cheann dol tuaitheal,
 'S mo ghuailean air ragachdainn,
 'Nuair rainig mi 's an tuainealaich,
 Uachdar na cagailte
 'S am thuirt a bhean is gruaim oirr':
 " Mo thruaighe thu, Alasdair,
 Gabh mo chomhairle 's thoir toighe,
 'S bi motha 's cabhaigeach,
 Laidh gu socrach, na biodh sprochd ort,
 'S ni mi brochan gasda dhuit,
 Bheir mi deoch dhuit ann an *todaidh*,
 Chuireas an droch dhath sin dhiot,
 'S theid Fliudhan air an daoraich,
 'S cha 'n fhaod e bhi bagairt ort."

'Nuair chaidh mi ris an aonach,
 Bha 'n t-aodach na eallach dhomh,
 Mar each 's e brist' an gaoith,
 Bha mo mhaothain a ragachdain,
 Mi 'g' amharc air na maoiltean,
 Cia 'n taobh dhiubh a b' fhasa dhomh,
 'S 'n uair sheallainn air mo chulthaobh,
 Bha 'n cu toirt an aire dhomh,
 'S ann dh' fheumain suidhe 'n ceann gach uidhe,
 Bha mo chridhe 'lagachdain,
 Teas is fuachd, is fallus fuarraidh,
 Ga mo bhualadh tacanan,
 Mar fhear daoraich 'tuiteam slaodach,
 A' measg fraoich is gallanan,
 'S mi 'tomhas an asdair le mo shuilean,
 'S nach robh luths n'an cas agam.

Na 'm faiginn fein mo dhurachd,
 Gu 'n duraiginn buillean dha,
 Is leannain e troimh 'n duthaich,
 Is ruisginn an gunna ris,
 A dh' fheuch am faighte 'sgiursadh
 A null uain do Russia,

'S gu'm fanadh e ann diuilaidh,
 O'n 's dù dha bhi thuinaidh ann,
 Na 'm faighinn cothrom air an droch rud,
 Crochainn e na'm b' urrainn mi,
 Is ghuidhinn reothadh gus a bhreothadh,
 Is a threabhadh bunailteach,
 Is cliathan giara de 'n an iarrunn,
 Thoirt a bhian 's a chulaidh dheth,
 'S dh' adhlacadh sinn ann 's an uir e,
 Cha bhiodh cumha no tuireadh ann.

RAINN

Do sheann duine araidh, a bha aon uair ann an deagh
 shuidheachadh, ach a thainig gu bochdain, agus da 'm b' eiginn
 dol a chomhnuidh do dh' aite iomallach.

Air fonn—"Feasgar Luain." Le U. Ross.

Gu ma h-anamoch dhuit a shaoghail,
 'S curach caochlaidheach do rian,
 Chuir mo charaid uam air faontradh,
 Cul bho chlann-daoine fada sìos,
 Tha thu 'nis a'm bun an aonaich,
 Muir ri d' aodain, raon gun chrìoch,
 'S fada leam 's gu 'm faic mi t-aogaisg,
 D' aghaidh chaomh 's do leithcheann liath.

'S tric a bha sinn greis a comhradh,
 Anns an t-seomar a bha fial,
 Bhiodh do 'naigheachdan cho doighail,
 'S iad ga 'm chordadh gu mo mhiann;
 Ach chaidh "cuibhle 'n fhortain" tuaitheal,
 'S tha thu 'm fuadach fad is cian,
 'S an t-Slagan odhar sloc neo-aoibhinn,
 'S duilich leinn thu dhol a miadh.

'Nuair theid mise do 'n Allt-bheithe,
 Cha 'n fhaic mi do leithid ann,
 Bithidh mi 'sealltain air gach taobh dhìom,
 Saoilidh mi gu'n tig thu nall.
 Air leam fein gu'r mor an diubhail,
 Fear do thuirn a bhi air chall,
 'S tric a thug thu biadh do 'n fheumach,
 'S riamh cha dh' eilig thu ris gann.

'S tu bha caoimhnail ann do nadar,
 'S tu bha pairteach na do dhoigh,
 'S tu bha coingheallach ri d' nàbaidh,
 'S tric a bhàraig thu rud oirnn;
 'Nuair a bha mi ann an eiginn,
 'Sireadh leigh 's mi 'n geibhinn mhoir,
 Fhuair mi d' ghille t-each 's do charbad,
 'S riamh cha d' ghabh thu 'marg 'nan coir.

Mile beannachd gu'n robh agad,
 'S gu ma fad' thu ann an sunnd,
 Ge' do tha thu 'n ciugh fo airsneul,
 Chi inn fathast thu an surd,
 Crodh is caoraich leat air aonaich,
 Barr na d' raoin a fas gu dluth,
 'S prasgan uallach mar bu dualach,
 Aig do 'bhord ma 'n cuairt le muirn.

'S duilich leam gu'n deach thu 'm fuadach,
 Chuala mi bhi 'g aithris sgeul,
 Ach tha duil agam g' ur buaidheam,
 Gu'n do thagh thu uaigh dhuit fein;
 'N cois a chladaich ann a'm bruaich,
 Ri aghaidh 'chuain tha 'n oir na 'n speur,
 Ach gu'm a fad' i gu'n a lionadh,
 'Sud a dh' iarradh sinn gu leir.

Ach tha 'n sean-fhacal a g' raite,
 "Nach robh neach gu 'n da la ann,"
 'S iomadh fear bha ann an gabhadh,
 'Thainig sabhailt as a nall;
 Ge d' tha 'n Slagan clachach baithte,
 Rinn thu 'n t-aiteach leis a chrann,*
 'S bheir sinn 'air parlamaid na 'rioghachd
 Rathad grinn thoir thugad ann.

EARAIL GU STUAMACHD.

Air fonn—"The Knickerbocker Line."

Tha giulan modhail siobhalta,
 Aig nighneagan a'n ait!
 Bu bheudach na 'm bu mhilltear e,
 Dha 'n libhrigeadh tè 'lamh,

* The first plough ever brought to Slaggan.

Ach guidhibh 's air na balaich,
Iad a sheachnadh an taigh bhain:
Is seolaibh iad do'n talla †
'M beil a charantas am blaths.

Seisd—Thigibh 's tuigibh 'chaileagean,
Is aithriseam dhuibh rann,
Sibhs' aig am beil leannain,
Thugaibh aire dhaibh na am,
Ma 'n teid iad tuillidh 's fad',
Ann a bhi blasad air an dram,
Mu'r gabh e 'n diugh uat achmhasan,
Na faraich air e thall.

Air leam gu'r leir dhomh duine truagh,
'S an sgillinn † ruadh na 'dhorn,
E 'gabhail sios aig talla 'n t-sluaigh,
Gu'r aobhar truais a dhoigh!
Gramaichidh e 'n sgillinn
'S e g'a dinneadh ann a laimh,
Saoil mi fein an teid mi 'steach,
No 'n leum mi seach na m' dheann?

Ach teichidh e, gu h-asdarach,
Air ionnsaidh taigh an dram,
'Nuair theid e 'steach gu'm beum e 'n clag,
Sud caismeachd nach 'eil gann,
Theid an sgillinn a chuir sios,
Is tridiag fo 'ceann,
'Nuair thig an leth-bhodach a nios,
Gu'm falbh a chiall na 'deann.

Ge' do shluigeadh e sud sios
Cha chaisgear iot' na taing,
Their e, "Cha b' fhiach leam riamh bhi crion,
Cuir siola nios air ball."
Tha 'n t-amadan 's a chuid gu sior,
Ga 'n sgaradh cian bho laimh,
Ma 'n cuir e air a t-siola crìoch,
Cha tuigear smiach a 'cheann.
'Sin theid fear eil an taice ris
Gu 'neartachadh na 'chàs.

† The Poolewe Public Hall.

† The nightly fee for admittance to the hall.

Their e ris, “ A cheathairnich,
 Dean thusa mar ni cach.”
 Beiridh e air gloine,
 'S their e, “ 'Charaid, air do 'shlaint,
 A dh' aindeoin stuamachd leth-chiallach,
 'S e 'n t-uisge beath is fearr.”

Cha b' esan sin a t-uisge beath',
 Ach uisge teith is daidht,
 An t-uisge suarach bhir ort sgeith
 Tha cuir na beatha bàs.
 Tha nimh na nathair borb ann,
 Is lasair ghorm na 'bharr;
 Mo thruaighe tur a chreubhag,
 A dh' fheumas cus dheth 'chnamh.

An spiorad luideach, leibideach,
 Cha chreid ann ach fear ba,
 'Neach is treise sannt thuige,
 'S e th' ann dha galair bais.
 Gu'r motha tha e 'sgubadh leis,
 Do 'n uaigh na h-uil' blar,
 Gach cuan is rathad iarruinn,
 Gach fiabhrus agus plaigh.

'S e 'n gadaiche dubh braideach e,
 Gu creachadh air gach taobh,
 Do chliu 's do chuid gu 'n slad e ort,
 Do sheasamh chas 's do mhaoin;
 Nì e druidheachd chadail dhuit,
 'S a chlais air druim an raoin,
 'S do sporan gheibh thu falamh,
 Ann 'sa mhadainn ri do thaobh.

A'm fear nach creid na rannan so,
 Tha facal agam dha,
 Is innseam dha gu snasail,
 Nach bu mhath leam bhi na 'ait.
 Bheir mi dhuibh mo bharail,
 'S cha 'n fhear-ealaidh mi no bard,
 A 'm fear tha glic cha teann ris
 Ma 'n caill e 'mheas 's a shlainnt.

LUINNEAG.

Air do fhleasgach araidh bhi 'fagail na duthcha,
 chruinnich beagan dhaoine 'an ceann a cheile, a thaisbeanadh
 a'n durachd, ann an rathad a bhi thoirt dha tiodhlaic. Bha
 duil agam ri cuireadh a dh' ionnsaidh na cuirme, ach cha robh
 iad fo fhiachaibh gairm a thoirt dhomh. Agus an ceud uair
 a thachair dhomh cuid dhiubh fhaicinn cruinn, sheinn mi
 dhaibh na facail a leanas.

Air fonn—" Dh' fhalbh mi 'n sud a shuireadh
 'S mi na mo ghille og."

'S ann ann an sud bha choisir,
 Bha cordaidh 's bi 'bhuil
 Siamarlan, is osdair,
 'S iad bosdail a 'n cuid,
 Forsair, 's gille carbaid,
 'S fear garbh 'n fheilidh bhig,
 Agus constapul na duthcha,
 'S bu shugach na fir.

Fonn—Faill ill ò agus hogaidh o thall,
 Faill ill ò agus hogaidh o thall,
 Faill ill ò agus hòro mo chall,
 O nach tug iad gairm dhomh,
 Gu'n deilbh mi dhaibh rann.

'Nuair a ghabh iad blaths,
 Is a dh' ardaich a 'n dram,
 'Shaoil iad buileach neonach,
 Gu'n oighean bhi ann,
 Labhair Maighstir Stiubhart,
 Cha 'n fhiu so a chlann,
 A chonstapuil bi 'gluasad,
 'S faigh gruagach air ball.

A'n constapull cha gluaiseadh,
 Cha bhuaireadh bha ann,
 Cha bhuineadh sud dha dhreuchd,
 Tha fein fad' 's a cheann.
 Cha teid mise null,
 Cha 'n 'eil run agam thall,
 Oir is teagamh leam gu'n diult i,
 'S cha diu leam dol ann.

Ach a Thearlaich a sheoid,
 Tha neo-sgeoideach a'n gnìomh,
 Greas ort is bi 'g eiridh,
 Ma rinn thu feum dhuinn riamh,
 'S gheibh thu na do choir,
 A 'n gill' og tha 'n so shios,
 Ma dh' theumas tu clàrk,
 'S e 's fearr feadh na'n crìoch.

Bha Tearlach bith bhriathrach,
 Mo Sgiathanach grinn,
 'S dh' innis e dhi 'Sgial,
 Ann am briathran bha binn,
 Chuir e aghaidh reidh air,
 'S e fein a bha min,
 "Beannachd agad 'eudail,
 Bi 'g eiridh 's thig leinn."

Ach thug i dhaibh 'n diult,
 Cha b' i 'n sglìurach nach b' fhiach,
 Gu 'n rachadh i gu 'n strìgh,
 'N coinneamh 'cinn ann an lion,
 Cha b' uilear leam sin dhi,
 Tha mi fein bho Lochiall,
 Cha do thuig iad co bh' ann,
 Bha i ceann-salach riamh.

'S ann labhair i gu muirneach,
 Tha mise ùr dhuit
 'S ge do rinn thu searmoin,
 Cha 'n earb mise riut,
 Mi m' choigreach anns an aite
 Cha 'n aill leam a dhul,
 Ciod na'm faighinn taire,
 Mo nair', ud, ud.

'Nuair thill a'n luchd-turais,
 Cha robh furan dha na seoid,
 'Nuair dh' innis iad na chunnaic iad,
 'S nach d' bhuinig iad an oigh;
 Dh' fhas an Siamarlan dreamach,
 'S chuir e fear dhiubh bho 'na bhord,
 Bha 'n constapull a leumnaich,
 'S e fein bh' air a dhoigh.

Ach labhair Maighstir Foirbeas,
 'S cha chearbach thig dha:
 " Na biodh smid a sheoidean,
 Mu oighean an drast,
 'S ann thainig sinne cruinn,
 Gu toirt cuimhneachan dha-s'
 A thaisbeanadh a'r durachd,
 Do 'n Mhiurach gu brach."

" So dhuibh a dheoch slainte,
 'S na fagaibh boinn' innt',
 Ge d' ghabhadh sibh da uair i,
 Cha truail i bh' ur cinn
 Guidhibh soraidh ghraidh leis,
 'S e fagail na tir,
 A Fhreasdal 's an gu'n stiuir e
 Gach taobh far am bi. "

" Bha e graine bhliadhnaichean,
 Shios anns an Aird,
 Cha 'n fhaic sibh fear a chiad greis,
 A lionas dhuibh ait,
 Bha e duineil deanadach,
 Gniomhach le 'laimh,
 Cridhail, fearail, aoidhail,
 'S e 'n caoimhneas toirt barr."

Ach ge' do fhuair mi cinnt',
 Air gach ni mar bha ann,
 Cha fhreagair dhomh a libhrigeadh,
 Direach gu 'cheann;
 'S ann bheir mi fein gu siobhalt,
 Gu finid mo rann,
 'Nuair chluinneas mo bhean fhin e,
 Cha shliob i mo cheann.

AN TE CHANNACH THA DURACHDACH.

Maighdean uasal o'n d' fhuair mi tiodhlaic a bha gle phrisail.

Air fonn—" B' aithne dhomh suireach neo-iomralach
 greannar."

Mo shorruidh gu geanach,
 Le beannachdan arda,
 Do n' an té channaich tha durachdach,
 Mo thiodhlaic a naisgaidh,

A naisg dhomh a cairdeas,
 O'n an té channaich tha durachdach,
 Cha b' ann aon uair no da uair
 A bhàraig i thugam.
 Cha 'n urrainn mi 'paidheadh,
 Gu brach mar bu chubhaidh;
 Ach seinnidh mi dan dhi,
 Gu h-ard air an uchdaich,
 O'n tha i cho lurach 's co durachdach.

Ge d' chuir mi car dail,
 Anns an dàn so a sheirm dhuit,
 'S tus an té channach tha durachdach,
 Cha dhearbhadh sin idir
 Gu'r misde mo dheilbh e,
 Do n' an té channaich tha durachdach,
 'S e do mholadh bu mhiann leam,
 Gun fhiaradh gun bhrosgal,
 Bho chul-thaobh gu bial-thaobh,
 Bho chliathaich gu 'broilleach,
 O'n chaidh troimh m' inntinn,
 Co dìreach ri tarrung,
 Gur tus an té channach tha durachdach.

Cha 'n eol dhomh cron idir,
 No cion a bhi buadhach,
 Th' air an té channaich tha durachdach,
 Tha deirg' agus gile
 Co-mhire na 'gruaidhean,
 Aig an té channaich tha durachdach;
 Na 'm b' fhiosrach na h-oganaich
 Doighean na h-ainnir,
 Bhiodh na ficheadan comhladh,
 Ga 'feoraich mar leannan,
 'S biodh cridheachan leointe,
 Gu leoir 'se mo bharail,
 Airson na té channaich tha durachdach.

Ma thogras i posadh
 Guidheam oganach suairce,
 Do an té channaich tha durachdach;
 'S e gheibh an t-aighear
 Na 'laidhe 's na ghluasad
 Leis an té channaich tha durachdach,
 Cha bheag a chuis sholais dha,

'N og-bhean tha cuide ris,
Cha 'n fhaod gu'n laidh bron air,
'S i 'n comhnuidh ga fhuran,
Tha fiamhachd cho boidhche,
Is doighean cho luraiche,
Aig an té channaich tha durachdach.

Gu'r sgiamheach an cumadh,
O 'mullach gu h-ordaig
Th' air an té channaich tha durachdach,
Ge d' theid i na h-asdar,
Cha shaltrair am feornain,
Leis an té channaich tha durachdach;
Ann 'a gnuis cha 'n 'eil gionmh.
'S ann 'a gnomh cha 'n 'eil easbhuidh,
Ribhid cheolmhor na 'cliabh
'S moran ciall anns na their i,
A comhradh mar lion
A ni d' iasgach 's gu'm beirear ort,
Leis an té channaich tha durachdach.

Cha 'n fhaighte le glionne,
Cion-falaich na 'fiamhachd
Aig an té channaich tha durachdach,
Bi oighean na 'm bailtean
Fo smal ann a' fianuis aig—
An té channaich tha durachdach;
'Ged is finealt na baintighearnan
Galld anns an fhasan,
Rinn a mhaighdean tha m' dhan-sa
Tur taireil a 'mais iad,
Tha buadhanaibh inntinn
Seachd fichead fillt seachad orr',
Aig an té channaich tha durachdach,

I neo-phroiseil, gu'n anabarr,
'S tha geamnuidheachd fuaighte,
Ris an té channaich tha durachdach,
Tha muirn, agus grinneas,
Cur spiorad na h-uaisle,
Anns an té channaich tha durachdach;
Tha do bheusan cho airde,
'S nach tar mi an aithris
Mar an cuan nach gabh traigheadh,

Do 'ghradh tha cuir tharais,
 'S an Ti chruthaich thu,
 Rinn dé ùir rud tha ainneamh,
 'S co-dhuineam le beannachd,
 Bliadhn' ùire dhuit.

ORAN EADAR INBHIR-IU AGUS CEARNASAIR.

Air fonn ùr.

Air dhomh dol car ùine 'thamh do Bhaile Monaidh.
Mhothaich mi 'n t-atharathachadh gle mhor eadar **an da**
bhaile. Agus bha fadal orm gus am faighinn air ais **gu bhi**
anns an t-suidheach 's an robh mi roimhe.

O'n thainig mi do Chearnasair,
 Gu'n d' fhaillinich mo shnuagh,
 Ri siubhal fraoich is fasaich,
 'H-uile Sabaid is Diluain.
 Na tuiltean air mo sharachadh,
 'S gach la cho frasach fuar,
 Ma's eiginn dhomh bhi ràidh' an so,
 Gur cuis dhomh bàs is uaigh.

Fonn—Ho ri ill hogaidh hòireannan,
 'S na hìribh hòro thall,
 Hi ri ill hògaidh hòireannan,
 'S na hìribh hòro thall;
 Hi ri ill hògaidh hòireannan,
 Hi ri hòro mo chall,
 O'n thainig mi do'n bhaile so,
 Tha m' aigeadh air fas mall.

Cha 'n ionann so 's ma b' abhaist dhomh,
 Air pàircean Inbhir-iù,
 Gu h-uallach aotrom, alaiseach,
 Gach la toirt cail as ùr;
 Na h-eoin gu fonnmhor failteachail,
 A seinn air bharr na'n criubh,
 'S bu bhinne 'n guth ri eideach leam,
 No seis n'an teudaibh ciuil.

Tha solasaibh ri 'mhealltuinn,
 Anns a bhaile sin do ghnath,
 Na h-uile ni choasant,
 Air an cleachdadh mar is aill;

Tha choill ri cois a chladaich ann,
'S na liois is taitnich blaths,
Tha iasgach monaidh 's mara ann,
Ga 'thoirt a steach 's gach bàt'.

'S iad sin na liois tha eireachdail,
'S cha cheil mi e 's an am,
Na h-uile ni tha 'cleachdadh,
A bhi fas troimh thalamh annt' ;
Na 'm faiceadh sibhs' an àilaidheachd,
'S an Garadair na'n ceann,
Bu mhor an t-aobhar ghairdeachais—
Dhuibh sraidibh a thoirt ann.

Na'n cluinneadh sibhse an Garadair,
A g' aireamh na'n lus-maoth,
Gu'm b' ioghnadh le bh' ur nadar,
Mar tha ailgheasan an t-saogh'l ;
'Nuair b' urrainn e chur " talaith,"
Ris gach blath tha ann is craobh,
'S ann aige tha na talannaibh,
Is fearr tha 'measg chlann-daoin'.

'Nuair dh' eireamaid 's a mhoch-thrath,
Gu'm bu shuigeartach bhiodh suinn,
A falbh a shealg le musgaidean,
'S e 'chuspaireachd bhiodh grinn ;
Ma 'n crìochnaicheadh an obair,
Gu'm biodh fuil air mac na h-eild',
'Sin b' aigionntach a thrìallamaid,
Ma 'n iathadh oirnn an oidhch'.

'Nuair thigeadh sinn gu baile,
Bu neo-airseulach a'r seol,
Bu luth-chleasach a'r n' abhachd,
Gu cuir blaths air gilleaig og ;
Bhiodh orain ceol is disnean ann,
Ma 'n laidheadh mi-ghean oirnn,
'S an 'luinneag fein aig ribhinnean,
'Bu mhilse guth n'an ceol.

'S beag ioghnadh mi bhi dubhach,
O'n la chuir mi ribh mo chul,
'S gu'm b' abhaist dhuinn bhi suigeartach,
Gun aobhar stuirt no stùrr,

O'n thainig mi do 'n tuinidh so,
Laidh mulad orm 's gach tubh,
Gu'n aon neach a'm beil cuirealtas,
'S mi 'chuideachd air da chu.

Cha do chleachd mi riamh bhi m' aonaran,
Air faondradh feadh nam beann,
Ged' taitneach leam na caoraich,
'S e mo chaochladh bhi tigh'n ann;
Cha tachair bean mo ghaoil rium ann,
'S beag ioghnadh mi bhi fann,
'S bi Ruairidh 'tagar cairdeis ort,
Is mise 'ghraidh air chall.

Tha 'n sean-fhacal a g' innseadh dhuinn,
Le cinnte mhath gu leoir,
Nach d' rugadh riamh le mnaoidh e,
Gheibh troimh 'n t-Saoghal so gu'n leon;
'S nach d' fhuair mi bas na naoidheachan
Gur faoin a bharrail dhomhs',
Gu n' "Chamadh bhi 's a chrannchar,"
Ga mo leanmhuin fad mo lo.

Is co lionmhor osna thursach,
Th' aig an righ le crun ma' cheann,
'S a th' aig a bhochd is isle,
Th' ann 's an tir o cheann gu ceann;
Na 'n creidinn fein an fhirinn,
A tha sgriobhte sios gu'n mheang,
Gur cinnteach gu 'm bu chiatach
Dhomh, bhi criochnachadh n'an rann.

Ach 's mithich dhomh bhi 'toiseachadh,
Ri glacadh solas cridh',
Le dochas gu'n tig m' fharraban
'S bhaile so gu crich;
'S gu 'm faigh mi 'n sin m' uil' iarratas
A cho lionadh ri tim,
Is uime sin gu'n criochnaich mi
Na briathran so le sith.

CAILLEACH BHEAG NA MOCHEIRIGH.

Seann mhaighdeann a bha aig duin' uasal, ann an aon d'e
thaighean mora na duthch', agus bha i fìor dhraghail is trom
air seirbhisich eil' an taighe.

Fhuair mi naigheachd ur,
 'S e mo dhuil-se nach gabh i cleith,
 Mu 'na chaillich bhidich,
 A dh' innteig oirnn o'n taobh 'deas ;
 Bha MacIain cruaidh oirnn,
 'Nuair smuainich e tabhairt leis,
 'S mar a dean i caochladh,
 Bu chaomh leinn i bhi air sgeir.

Seisd—Seinn oirbh, hòro,
 Seinn och òro hàro,
 Seinn oirbh, hòro,
 Challain obha, hurabhò ;
 Seinn oirnn hodoro,
 Och, ochan ! mar tha sinn.

Cailleach bhiorach bheura,
 'S moiche dh' eireas la fuar,
 Ge d' bhiodh i na 'leine
 Cha gheill i am bog no 'n cruaidh.
 Bi i 'm bun 'nan eibhlean
 Mu 'n leir dha 'na choillech ruadh,
 'Sinne th' air a'r leireadh,
 Gu'n chreubh a ghabhas dh'inn truas.

Bi i 'mach 's an t-Samhradh,
 Ma 'n gann a dh' eireas a ghrian,
 'Na tha cadal teann oire,
 'S gann orra bhi na'n ciall ;
 'Nuair is binne srann aca,
 'S geall ac' air cadal fial,
 'S ann thig i na 'caoir 's bheir i—
 'N t-aodach dhiubh 'h-uile riall.

Cha 'n 'eil fois no sith aig na
 Ribhinnean 's glaine cruth,
 Cha 'n 'eil ait 's an t-saoghal,
 Gun aon neach a mhill a thlus ;
 'Nuair 'thig an té ghradhach,
 Aig Tearlach 'sa 'lamh ri 'h-uchd,
 A dhinnseadh dha 'càsan,
 A ghraidh 's ann air bhios an splug.

Na 'm faigheadh Tearlach iarrtas
 Bu mhiann leis a cuir air snamh,
 Ann a'm bat' gun stiuir oir',
 Gun chombaist, gun siuil, gun raimh ;

Dheanadh e 's a Sraonadh,
 'Nuair gheibheadh e 'ghaoth dheith an Aird,
 Mar Ealasaid Mouatt
 Do Lochlain a h-ulc thar sàl.

'S bhiodh e fein 's a ghruagach,
 Gu snaimhineach aig an taigh,
 Cha bhiodh dragh no buaireadh,
 Ma 'n cuairt dhaibh a muigh no 'staigh;
 Chaidleadh iad gu buadhach,
 'S an coileach ruadh a cuir dheith,
 Ach bu chunnartach na'n tilleadh i,
 'S ann mhilleadh i orr' fad a'm beath'.

Thug a chailleach gaol,
 Tha i saolsinn nach ann gu h-olc,
 Cha 'n 'eil' air an t-saoghal,
 Ri 'n taobhaich i ach am Post;
 Cha 'n 'eil neach a chi i,
 Nach sgithich i leis a Phost,
 'S am beagan fois a fhuair i,
 Tha 'bruadaran ma 'n a Phost.

Ach tha 'm Post a strigh,
 Ri té mhiog shulaich an fhuilt reidh,
 Cha 'n i cailleach liath-ghlas,
 A riathraicheas fear a bheus;
 Tha e trom an gaol,
 Mar tha, aogais a cur an ceill,
 'S bi mi g' a cho-dhunadh,
 Le durachd gun dean e feum.

28th FEBRUARY, 1907.

At the meeting this evening the following paper by Mr A. L. Macdonald, M.A., Stornoway, was read by the Secretary:—

LEWIS GAELIC.

Lewis is an island relegated to the tender mercies of the North Atlantic and alien scribes—a well-washed land where the sound of the sea and the scream of the sea-gull are as music to the ear, and as balm to the soul of the inhabitant. Sphinx-

like islets of conglomerate fringe the coast, dashing into spray the billows that have travelled from afar, and filling the air with murmuring sounds which pass into the life of the peasant as in the gloaming he drives home his cattle, or stirs his blazing peat-fire on a dark winter night. Deep-down in the recesses of his inmost self he hears the gentle thrill of a responsive note, and vaguely wonders what it is.

What mean these 'mystic gleams,' these glimpses that flash across the mind 'like forgotten dreams'? What unreal element is this entering into the character of the sober Lewis-man, controlling the very organs that mould his speech? Whence this peculiar and pleasant intonation? Whence the non-Celtic tinge that deeply marks the accent, the form, and the fibre of his language, and which has left a lasting imprint even on the mien and bearing of the western islander?

In the attempt to answer these and similar questions satisfactorily, one is impressed by the fact that few areas within the Gaelic-speaking zone present more interesting features, from a linguistic point of view, than Lewis. To indicate these features clearly in all their aspects, and to correlate the conclusions based on details, with strict logical accuracy, are tasks difficult of achievement, and easier aspired to than attained.

In order to bring out the salient characteristics of Lewis Gaelic, and to touch upon the most prominent factors that have influenced it, the following arrangement of parts, not intended to be mutually exclusive, has been adopted for the sake of lucidity:—(1) Norse influence; (2) Position and environment; (3) History, Religion, and Education; (4) Pronunciation; (5) Grammar and idioms; (6) Vocabulary; (7) Present position and tendencies of the language.

Under each of these headings only the merest sketch can be given, and they are to be looked upon only as initiatory attempts to grasp a wide subject.

(1) NORSE INFLUENCE.

In this connection the most outstanding feature is, undoubtedly, the large proportion of Norse place-names to be gleaned with ease off any Ordnance Survey Map of the island of Lewis. Nothing could prove more distinctly than this the thoroughness of the Norseman's conquest. Not a single creek or cranny but bears evidence to the fact that the vanished Viking used his 400 years' stay to good advantage. Out of the aggregate number of the more common place-names to be found

on the map, no fewer than 80 per cent. are of Norse origin. Everywhere throughout the island one meets with common Norse forms, either alone or in combination, *e.g.*, bost, ness, shader, sta, vig, vol, val, gil, clet, sgeir, toft, vagh, &c., most of which have been modified to suit the genius of the Gaelic language.

It is not necessary here to enter into details regarding these, though they are indeed exceedingly interesting, as they have already received the learned attention of Dr Macbain and other gentlemen. One thing, however, has struck me forcibly in reviewing this subject, and that is, that there are hundreds of Norse names of places throughout the Lewis that have never found their way into a map. Take, for example, the district of Ness, which occupies the northern extremity of Lewis, and which, though perhaps a little more tinged with the Scandinavian element, is still fairly representative of the whole island. Here, practically every square foot of rock round the coast, on which a man can stand and hold a fishing-rod, has had bestowed upon it the dignity of a name—names whose connotation is lost in oblivion, but whose denotation still remains. What could be more positive proof of the all-pervading influence of the Norseman in the days gone by? Here are a few names taken at random, spelt as nearly as possible according to Gaelic phonetics:—Heirbisgeir, Charisgeir, Isgeir, Teagad-aidh, Sanntiga, Luchraban, Groidibhig, Sron-burra-heis, Honish, Scarbhol, Rìdheir, Roisdein, Maoim, Philiscleiteir, Braga, Càtha, Ard Sgeiginish, Beirridh, Idigro, Tobhtagormaic, Smiribhig. All these appear sufficiently Norse, and one might add to them indefinitely. I believe, if all the names in Lewis were collected, we would have a percentage of non-Gaelic names nearer 100 than 80.

This much has been said on place-names, as it is impossible for any one studying the conditions of the language to disregard them. The very fact of these names being pronounced daily by the Lewisman is enough in itself to modify to some extent his Gaelic accent and pronunciation, apart altogether from hereditary considerations and inborn tendencies. Norse realism intermingled with Celtic idealism is without doubt a trait of the Lewisman's character, and it is not rash to presume that these warring elements have their physiological and philological interpretations and counterparts. To enter upon a minute examination of these points is outwith the bounds of this paper, but indications will be given by examples more than by dogmatic assertion.

(2) POSITION AND ENVIRONMENT.

It was but natural on the part of the sons of Lochlin to cast their eyes westwards towards the northern mainland of Scotland and the Isles, at a time when their Teutonic kinsmen, carried on the crest of the emigration wave, found themselves stranded on the more congenial shores of South Britain. Not more eagerly did the sturdy Elizabethan mariner strive to reach the much-prized borders of Cathay, than did the Norseman to find some delectable haven in the West. That Lewis must have to some degree suited the somewhat ascetic tastes of the Norseman is, perhaps, to be inferred from the fact that he stayed there from the 8th to the 13th century. But probably a much better explanation of the Norseman having appropriated this land is its proximity, comparatively speaking, to the shores of Scandinavia.

These years of war and strife are hid in mist and clouded in mystery. There must have been a long period of Norse predominance, followed by a time of decadence, when the Celt from the east, seizing his opportunity, rushed in like a flood, carrying all before him; or there may have been a gradual intermingling of the two races, after the first fever of war was over, progressive even if imperceptible. However this may have been effected, the Gaelic element in the end prevailed, and having once prevailed, it clung tenaciously to the soil.

There is something peculiar and paradoxical in isolation when applied to the case of Gaelic. Isolation is usually taken as synonymous with 'uninitiation,' ignorance, gloom.

In the case of a language like English, decentralisation tends to eccentricity. One must frequently compare notes with the inhabitants of the centres of civilization in order to keep abreast of the times. Gaelic, on the other hand, has been in a state of decadence since the days of Malcolm Canmore, when the southern door of Celt-land was opened to Lowland influences. Now, it is only reasonable that a people like those in Lewis, far removed from external influences, should, having once acquired a proficient knowledge of Gaelic, be among the last to retain the language in its original purity. In this respect they are to be compared with those inhabiting inaccessible and mountainous districts. *Ceteris paribus*, therefore, we ought to look to Lewis to-day as occupying a position in this connection somewhat similar to that which Christian Iona occupied when it was 'the luminary of the Caledonian regions.'

(3) HISTORY, RELIGION, AND EDUCATION.

It is not necessary to refer to history here at any length. The Norse occupation, the settlement of the clans and the parts of Scotland from which they came, how, why, and when; the introduction of the English element at the beginning of the 17th century, must have influenced the language directly and indirectly. These and allied questions are quite pertinent to the present subject, but space forbids. One striking feature that may be mentioned is the wide range of Lewis surnames, though one or two of these are predominant. This, through mixture, must have added greatly to the resources of Lewis vocabulary, and lent variety to the pronunciation, at least for a time.

The influence exercised by the introduction of religion into the life of the Lewisman has been both profitable and detrimental to his language. About the beginning of the 19th century there were few natives of Lewis, at least in the rural districts, who could read or write. We have quaint documentary evidence of this in a MS. written about 1765, which says that of 6938 inhabitants there are "in the whole Country at least 6000 who can neither speak English nor read the Scriptures in any Language." Now this has a direct bearing on the Gaelic question. Who were the teachers employed by the Society for propagating Christian Knowledge? They were not native to the island. They must have come from the mainland to begin with, bringing with them their own peculiar pronunciations, which the Lewisman must have to some extent imbibed, and which helped him to become more 'cosmopolitan' in his Gaelic, if one may use the word in this connection.

Next came the ministers, also strangers—zealous and genuine men—fully resolved to root out the pagan propensities of their benighted flocks. The Lewisman, labouring already under the distractions of the Norse and Celtic elements within his blood and temperament, had to adapt himself as best he could to the Hebraistic mood of the hour. While he advanced in spiritual abstraction, he was forced to drop from his vocabulary words, innocent in themselves, which were in any way suspected to savour of the heathen rites of his ancestors. There were certain amusements and recreations in which he could not now deign to participate, and, as he had no further use for words in connection with these, he naturally let them slip out of his

memory. The Gaelic of the Bible gradually became the standard, though there are still many words and turns of idiom which have not become naturalised, and which would sound strange outside a church door.

The progress of education in general over the Island has not been matched by a like progress in the case of Gaelic. The Gaelic vocabulary of a young man at the present day compares very unfavourably with that of his grandfather, but he seeks to compensate for the defect by coining hybrid words on all possible and impossible occasions. The Gaelic schools previously referred to had a very beneficial effect on the language of Lewis.

(4) PRONUNCIATION.

The phonetics of Lewis Gaelic are invested with an interest not perhaps possessed to the same degree by those of any other part of Gaeldom. Here pre-eminently the Celts of the North came into contact with the foreign invader, and there must have been a good deal of 'give and take' in the matter of pronunciation. The natural result is that we have still among us peculiarities quite appreciable and distinctive. It is difficult to draw up any hard and fast rules setting forth clearly where this Norse influence ends or begins. The concomitant circumstances must always be borne in mind, and even when this is attempted, there can be no finality of inference, owing to insufficiency of details.

Omitting, therefore, this aspect of the question for the present, we will confine our attention to the enumeration of the most distinctive features of Lewis pronunciation *per se*.

(1) Generally speaking, Lewis to a great extent shows the characteristics of the Northern Gaelic dialects. For instance, the combination *eu* is almost invariably changed into *ia*, and written *o* not infrequently becomes *a*; e.g., words like *ceud*, *meud*, *sè-deug*, *feuch*, *sgeulachd*, *feur*, *focal*, *dorus*, *lorg*, *coinneal*, *colman*, *oighre*, &c., are here *ciad*, *miad*, *sia-diag*, *fiach*, *sgialachd*, *fiar*, *facal*, *darus*, *larg*, *cainneal*, *calman*, *aighre*, &c. Sometimes the *eu* assumes the variant form *ao*, as *faod* (*feud*); *aodach* (*eudach*). Probably the *o* in words like *focal*, *lorg*, *codal*, &c., is an Irishism perpetuated in writing by Argyllshire translations.

(2) There is a marked predilection here for soft musical sounds, and an aversion to sounds hard or harsh. Consonants

are pleasingly blended to suit this taste, and very often 'vocalization' is carried to such lengths that it is difficult to locate the consonant sounds at all.

'Nasalization' is not indulged in to excess, and one seldom hears the 'mew of the cat' in the dialect of the Lewisman: Guttural sounds are not abused either, and there is little here to remind one of the raven's croak. Eclipsis is the rule rather than the exception. Mutation of vowel sounds, assimilation and peculiar treatment of liquids, the tendency to pronounce *mh* and *bh* as *v*, where on the mainland these are glossed over, the distinct pronunciation of -adh and -each as verb endings, the frequency of metathesis, are a few of the several points which attract attention.

To illustrate by examples (a) the softening of consonants—

- (1) *c* is very often converted into *g*, as in *glag* (clag); *giobair* (ciobair). This is more noticeable after a liquid where the *c* sound is considerably modified, as in the phrase, *a' cuir an gèill* (*a' cuir an cèill*).
 - (2) *t* is softened into *d* occasionally, *e.g.*, *an tàinig thu?* becomes *an dàinig thu?*; *othail* (hubbub), *odhail*; *siuhad* (go on), *siudhad*; *cinnteach* (sure), *cinndeach*; *tu* is usually *du*, as in *ma thilgeas tu* (*ma thilgeas du*). Sometimes *t* becomes *c*, as in *òtrach*—here *òcrach*.
 - (3) There is also a tendency to soften *p* into *b* in some parts of the island.
- (b) Blending of consonants, especially when there is contact with a liquid, which can be noticed in such words as—
- (1) *aingeal*; *ceangailte*; *innis* (tell); *bainnse*, &c., where the liquid combination is represented by a nasal sound—*aiyeal*, *ceayailte*, *iyis*, *baiyse*.
 - (2) In final -ng the *n* is not sounded, *e.g.*, *farsuig*, *farsuing*; *fuilig*, *fuiling*; *sgillig*, *sgilling* (penny).
 - (3) Occasionally hard consonants are dispensed with altogether. Here they say *Faoileach*, never *Faoilteach*; *furas*, seldom *furast* (easy); *àradh*, not *faradh* (a ladder); "*smuainich*" or "*smaonaich*," but not "*smuantaich*"; "*colach*," not "*coltach*," &c.
 - (4) On the other hand, certain letters are inserted for euphonic or other reasons, *e.g.*, "*eagal*" is usually *feagal*, *eanntag* is *d-eanntag* (nettle); "*iar*" is also *siar* (west); *ear*—*sear* (east), as in *Cuan-a-siar* (Atlantic); "*reic*" is "*creic*," probably from verbal

“ aig reic.”* A Lewisman usually says “ Chreic mi bò ” instead of “ Reic mi bò ”; each (horse), and many other words where initial vowels have a *y* sound in front, as *y*-each, *y*-ionnsuich (learn), etc.

- (5) The Lewis *r* is distinctly characteristic, and is a good example of the softening process. When it is not entirely silent, it has a semi-aspirated sound approaching “ -dh ” or “ -th.” The latter sound is most distinctly noticed when *r* is final or is preceded by *i*, *e.g.*, uair, au-ith; buaireadh, bua-ith-eadh; riamh, thiamh.

Sometimes the *r* is very faintly heard, if heard at all. In one district, a word like “ coire ” (kettle) is pronounced coi'e; mathair, mathai; athair, athai; but this is exceptional. Where *r* and *l* come together, however, it is quite the rule to have assimilation of the *r* to the *l*, *e.g.*, Gàirloch, Gàilloch; òirleach, òilleach; dòrlach, dòllach, etc.

Sometimes *n* becomes *r*, as in *croc*, *cnoc*; *craimh*, *cnaimh*; *grùis*, *grùis*; *grath*, *gnath*.

Sr is always converted into *str*, *e.g.*, *struth*, *sruth*; *stròn*, *sròn*; *strann*, *srann*; *strathair*, *srathair*; *straid*, *sraid*; *streath*, *sreath*.

- (6) Metathesis takes place very commonly here, where there are combinations of the liquids *l*, *m*, *n*, *r*. Examples are *ilmich*, *iormal*, *iormadh*, *irmeadh* (rowing), *soislich*, *ceunda*, *foislich*, etc., for *imlich*, *iomral*, *iomradh*, *imreadh*, *soillsich*, *ceudna*, *foillsich*.
- (7) Eclipsis is regularly practised, *e.g.*, *Tìr na meann*, not *Tìr nam beann*; “ *Ceann a nuine* ” for “ *Ceann an duine*.” This occurs usually when the softer consonants *b*, *d*, *g* are preceded by the preposition *an*, *ann*, or by the genitive of the article singular or plural (masculine).
- (8) Some other points that may be referred to are the changing of *d* into *g*, or *vice versa*, *e.g.*, *dreis* (a while), *greis*. In fact, in one district (Tolsta) the pronunciation of *d* and *g* seems to constitute a ‘shibboleth,’ no less than the *r* does for the whole of Lewis. “ *Spaid* ” (spade) would be “ *spaig* ”; *dithis* (two), *githis*, and so on. This, however, is not general.
- (9) With regard to vowels, one is struck by the

* *Reic* and *creic* are distinct words of separate etymology, according to Dr MacBain: *Etym. Dict.*—[ED.]

- (a) rejection of *u* on every possible occasion, its place as a rule being taken up by *a* or *o*, *e.g.* sonndach (nimble) is more commonly heard than sunndach; copan, not cupan; smaoinich, not smuainich; chom, not chum (in order that); ionnsaich, not ionnsuich.

When *ui* occurs, it is often contracted into *i*—brulich, brich (boil, cook); uinneag, inneag. (window); cruinnich, crinnich (gather); duineil, dineil (manly).

- (b) There seems to be a special partiality for *o* in certain cases. For instance, *-ach* endings are pronounced always *-och*, *e.g.*, balach, baloch; cladach, cladoch; mearlach, mearloch, etc.

Bas (palm), bois; spag and spòg; gabh, gobh; sabhal (barn), sobhal, etc.

- (c) *a* has its ordinary sound in words like bata (walking-stick); bàta (boat); but the mutation in the sounds of this letter is very marked in Lewis, *e.g.*—Cat (a cat) has *a* as in English bah! but the genitive sing. *cait* has *a* as in bay. There seems to be an inconsistency in the pronunciation of *ai* in particular—cf. faisg, taisg (like bah!), with faic, gairbhe (like bay).
- (d) *e* tends to become *i*—*e.g.*, mi-fhein becomes mi-flhin. Sometimes *è* becomes *ia*—*e.g.*, tè, tia; crè, criadh (clay). Occasionally one hears *e* for *a*, as in teine (fire), sometimes “tyana.”
- (e) *i* sometimes for *ai*, as in *rainn*, *rinn*; sometimes for *ei*, as in *teinn*, *tinn* (sick). Not uncommonly *oi* for *i*, as *oibrich*, which becomes *ibrich*. So also *ui* for *i*—*uinneag* becomes *inneag*.

- (10) *-rt* final is *-rst* in several words, though not so commonly as on the mainland. *-mh* and *-bh* are usually *v* at end of words—*e.g.*, thubhairt, not thubhairst; claidheamh, not claidhi.

-eadh as verb ending is not pronounced *-ag*, but somewhat like *-eadh* in *seadh*.

Bidheag for bidheadh; cruinneachag for cruinneachadh, etc., are never heard here.

(5) GRAMMAR AND IDIOMS.

Here one meets with forms not to be met with in other parts of Gaeldom. Perhaps this is due to the attempts of the semi-Norse population to coin words by analogy.

There is a tendency to speak of all abstract nouns as masculine. Peculiar genitives are found, and the nominative plural assumes forms here seldom met with elsewhere. Sometimes final *-e* is added to the nom. sing. of nouns—*e.g.*, *caraid*, *caraide*. Genders vary, *e.g.*, *muir* is masc.; *deò* is masc.; while these are considered feminine in some other Gaelic districts.

Adjectives are regular in their usage, with some exceptions where the oblique case is used for the nominative. In some cases masculine adjectives are used with feminine nouns, as "*bàta briagha*," where *bàta* is feminine; "*boirionnach bàn*," etc. In comparison, "*nis miosa*" is used, seldom "*nis dona*"; "*nis fhasa*," not "*nis fhurasd*"; "*nis dorra*" and "*nis duile*," not so commonly "*nis duilghe*." "*Cho miosa*" is never used for "*cho dona*." "*Math*" never becomes "*maith*." The possessive adjective *do* is frequently heard as *de*—*e.g.*, *tigh de bhràthar*.

The adverbs "*a stigh*" and "*a steach*," "*a muigh*" and "*a mach*," are used properly here. "*A stigh*" denotes "*rest in a place*"; "*a steach*" denotes "*motion onwards*"; "*a muigh*" denotes "*rest outside*"; "*a mach*" denotes "*motion to outside*."

Prepositions *do*, *gu*, *anns*, etc., are modified in form—*e.g.*, *Chaidh mi dha 'n sgoil*—*do 'n sgoil*; *chaidh mi gha 'n sgoil*—*gus an sgoil*. *Bha mi as an eaglais*—*anns an eaglais*. "*Mar so*" is usually "*mur so*"; *troimhe* is pronounced *treimhe*; *roimhe*, *reimhe*; *mu* becomes *ma*.

In verbs, the ending *-aidh* is frequently ignored, as *deach* for *deachaidh*—*e.g.*, *An deach thu mach an diugh?* *Cha deach*. "*Mòrt*," not "*mortaidd*" (murder).

The irregular verb "*chunnaic*" is often "*chunna*"; the form "*rach*" (imperative) is not used. *Rach* is done by "*theirig*" or "*falbh*." *Rachainn* is always "*dheighinn*"—*e.g.*, "*Dheighinn do na h-Earadh leat*." Instead of "*An do rinn?*" the shorter form "*Na rinn*" is used.

Foighnich (ask) is used, but never "*feoirich*."

The conjunction *ged* is often *gad*—*e.g.*, *gad a tha mi bochd*; *mus* (before) is *mas*—*e.g.*, *mas do ghluais sinn o'n chalachd*; '*gus*' is '*gos*'—*e.g.*, *Fuirich gos an tig mi*; '*thun*' is '*chon*'—*e.g.*, *Tha mi 'dol chon nan caorach*; '*bho*' is often '*fo*'—*e.g.*, *Tha tri latha fo thainig mi*; '*gus an*' is '*gon an*'—*e.g.*, *Chaid e gon an eich*.

(See *Idioms with Vocabulary*).

18th APRIL, 1907.

At a meeting of the Society held on 18th April, 1907, a resolution was passed recording the regret of the members and the great loss to Celtic literature sustained through the death of the late Dr Alexander Macbain; and the Secretary was instructed to convey to the representatives the Society's sincere sympathy in their great loss. The paper for the evening was by the Rev. Dr George Henderson, Lecturer in Celtic at the Glasgow University, and is as follows:—

AONGHUS NAN AOIR,
OR AN IRISH BARD IN THE HIGHLANDS.

The memory of this poet serves to show the close connection of Ireland and the Highlands in past times. I do not suppose that there is any Irish record of his travels in the Highlands. All that I find in the Mac Nicol manuscript, from which I extract the following pieces, is that "Anghus nan Aoir possessed an estate in Ireland, which was forfeited in Queen Elizabeth's reign. This change in his circumstances soured his temper and made him turn lampooner. He never said good of any person but the Laird of Glenlion (Glen Lyon)."

His real name was Angus Roe O'Daly. O'Reilly, in his Catalogue of Irish Writers, says that this O'Daly is best known to the Irish scholar as *Angus na n-aor* (Angus of the Satires), and as *Bard Ruadh*, or the Red Bard. He was author of the piece:

"Da n-aoruinn Clan nDálaig," etc.

—"If I lampoon the Clan Daly no shield to me is the race of old Adam; let the Clan Daly protect me and I may satirize all mankind." By the Clan Dalaigh he meant the O'Donnells of Donegal, from an ancestor of theirs named Dálach, but this clan were not akin to the O'Dalys proper. A Dublin publisher, John O'Daly, born in 1800, edited the Satire on the Tribes of Ireland by this poet, and the work was brought out by O'Donovan in 1852 at Dublin. It has interesting information about localities. Another work by Angus Roe O'Daly is a poem on the death of Donogh fionn Mac Carthy, 168 verses, beginning, "Tainic lén do beath Mhogha," *i.e.*, Misfortune has overtaken Leth Mhogha. O'Daly seems to have been poet to O'Keefe, chief of the district of Ealla, as an Elegy by Ferfeasa O'Cainte of 108 verses, beginning:

• "bean dá cuma críc Ealla"

—i.e., “ a woman of two sorrows is Ealla’s land.” O’Reilly in his Catalogue of Irish Writers quotes an Inquisition taken at the Old Castle in Cork on 18th September, 1624, which shows the poet was seized in the lands of Ballyorroone “ containing three carucates of land value ten shillings per annum.” It also makes allusion to Angus O’Daly, junior, his son and heir. This document states that the said Angus O’Daly died on the 16th December, 1617. He seems to have been in difficulties as regards his land.

Dr Douglas Hyde, in his “ Literary History of Ireland,” has an interesting notice of this poet (pp. 476-478), and states that “ he seems to have been employed by the English statesmen, Lord Mountjoy and Sir George Carew, for the deliberate purpose of satirising all the Gaelic families in the kingdom, and those Anglo-Normans who sympathized with them. Angus travelled the island up and down on this sinister mission. The awful massacres of Rathlin and Clanaboy in Ulster, the hideous treachery of Mullaghmast in Leinster, the revolting deeds of Bingham in the west, and the unspeakable horrors that followed on the Geradines’ rebellion in the south, had reduced the Irish nobles to a condition of the direst poverty. This poverty, and the inhospitality which he connected with it—points on which the Irish were particularly sore—were the mark at which Angus aimed his arrows. He usually polished off each house or clan in a single *rann* or quatrain. His Irish rhymes are peculiarly happy.” Several instances of his satire are referred to by Dr Hyde.

Vengeance overtook him at last at the table of the O’Meaghers in Co. Tipperary, where a servant, during the banquet, and at the command of his host, stabbed him to the heart. He died punning a quatrain retracting all he had said:—

“ Every false judgment ever I made
On the good men of Munster I make good;
The meagre youth of grey Meagher has made
As good a false judgment now upon me.”

“ Gach ar thugas d’ ainbhreathaibh riamh
Ar mhaithibh Mumhan, maithim iad;
Do rug óganach Mheacair leith, lom,
An oiread d’ ainbhreathaibh orm.”*

* *Vide* E. Hull’s Text-Book of Irish Literature, Pt. II., 175.

His character was a very curious compound. Apart from that, the following pieces illustrate his travels in the Highlands, where his caustic, albeit rough, wit was remembered for generations. This being so in O'Daly's case, we need not wonder that in the time of the Dean of Lismore so much knowledge should have existed in the Highlands of the works of earlier Irish bards. O'Daly is said to have met Mac Eoghain of Ardgour during his peregrinations; the conversation turned on how each generation of chiefs was getting gradually worse and worse. "And what do you think of me?" said Ardgour; to which the Bard responded: "Is tu-sa am fear as miosa thàinig 's is fhearr a thig"—*i.e.*, "You are the worst that came, and the best that will come."

The last words credited to him are concerned with the Strathglass people. This is erroneous, and explicable only by the fact that his career in Ireland was unknown to those in Scotland afterwards, as most likely his Scottish satires were equally unknown in Ireland. It will indeed be curious should any mention of them turn up in Irish manuscripts. In the meantime, I think the following specimens illustrate connections of the olden time, and for the better understanding I append a short glossary:—

To Gallanach.

Ge math a Ghallanach féin
Ge lìonmhor a fear 's a gart
Cha robh aon duine ann riamh
Dhùraiceadh am biadh ga mhac.

To Glenlion (a Campbell).

Mas tu Donnchadh Ruadh na féile
'S fada bheir mi féin do chliù
'N am tionndaidh ar dà chùil ri chéile
'S mi tha gun léine 's cha tu.

Glenlion instantly threw off his shirt to him, upon which Angus added:—

Molfar O'Néil 'na theach
'S gach aon neach 'na ionad féin
Ach na coimeasar duine 'n t-shluagh
Ri Donnchadh Ruadh ach e féin.

To MacLeod.

Mac Leòid gun leum gun rotach
A sheòid air clìar gur ceilteach
'S tric a shùil ri sìltich
An crioplach gann cruaidh gortach :

(answered by MacLeod)—

Friamh d' an fhearna-mhasgain
Am bard breun ascaoin
'Shìol nan déirceach 's taine truscan
Am fìor losgann do'n àl phrasgain.

To M'Neill of Barra.

Taigh Mhic Néill air nach gabhte faoill
Gun danh-sraoine agus trì druill,
Comhla mhath dhaingean chrainn
Géinn agus gille r'a druim.

To Bailechin [Stewart] (Perthshire).

Gheibht' am Baileachain seo shìos
Liunn tana gun bhrìgh gun bhlas
Im air a ghearradh le spàin
'S càis' an déis a [th]uar thoirt as.

To Argyle.

Earra-ghaidheal * loisgeach lom
Tìr nan daoine gortach gann
Teine fiubhraich 'na da cheann
Mu'n teid mi rithist a nunn.

To the MacDonald Countries.

Ceann Loch-nan-Uamh, Ceann Loch Carthonn,
'S ceann Loch Ailleart nan clach liath
'S mairg a bheireadh a lòn air ainnis
Ann san Rod nìor bheannuich Dia.

To MacDougall, Dunolly.

Dùn Olla, Dùn nam breacagan tolla,
Dùn is eìdhionn air 'eudann,
Dùn gun fhéile gun onair
Nuair théid mi rithist do Dhun Olla
Bithidh mo bhídhe air mo dhronnaig.

* recte : . Oirthir-gaidheal.

‘ Bheil Tighearna Chill Duinn aig baile ?’
 Am fear a theireadh ‘ *steek the door* ’
 ‘S e mìle mollachd na cléire
 Chuir as do ‘féin ‘s do Dhun Olla.

B’ fhearr liom gum bitheadh Dun Olla
 Air a phronnadh le ord ceardaich
 Is Caisteal nan Gaoil’n * dosach
 ‘Na chlosaich os cionn Chearnaburg.

To Glen Fechin (Campbell).

Taigh Mhic Dhonnchaidh¹ Ghlinne-faochain
 ‘S taigh a Bharain² taobh ri taobh
 Sgrios Dhía air na’ Gearraghobaich
 Dh’ fhàs gu gann cruaidh gortach daor.
 Chaidh mi ‘dh’ iarraidh ‘s cha bu chòir
 Fialachd ‘sa Chill Aocoraich ;
 Fad ‘s a bhitheas Dia ‘na theach
 Na iarr biadh air Faochanach.

To Lorne.

Lathurna cabhunnach cnocanach fraochach,
 Lathurna farmadach, gortach, ‘s e craosach ;
 Cailfear do’n ghorta gach posta gan taobh e
 Bhristeadh e chasan aig ceann Locha Faochain.

To Keppoch.

Gheibhteadh siud an taigh na Ceapaich, as an leachart, †
 Ficead breacag stòil agus còrr, agus còrr
 Claidhebh meirgeach an laimh gach seirgnidh
 ‘Dol an seilbh droch gleòis,—
 ‘S dubh air glùinean, ‘s geal air sùilean,
 Gort a dhùin air beòil
 Shuidheadh iad an sin air tom buidhe na nathrach
 Sheinneadh iad port biùrnalaich

Ringan rongon Fear Bhothiunnntail.

To Dunstaffnage.

Bheireadh fithich ghearra dhubh an Dùin
 Mionach mo dhà shùl a mach.

* Castle Gylen, Kerrera: note vowel *ao* long.—G. H.

† Quoth the lampooner.—G. H.

1 Patronymic of the Glen Faochan family.

2 Baron MacDougall of Duna’ach.

To Craig An Tairbh.

Tibertich am baile gann
'S Carnasaraidh nam beannan fuar
Ceathrar bhodach Chraig an Tairbh
Gum ba liutha 'mairbh na'm beò.

To Lady Glen Co.

Chunnacas 'na suidhe an cathair àird chais
Niod na fiolaire dubh-ghlais
Riannach do mhnaoi fhiadhaich àird
Gun do bhiadh na bheathaicheadh aon bhàrd

To Glen Co.

Gleann gun chaisteal gun tùr
Gun gun tulach ghorm
Gleann ris 'n do chuir pailteas cùl
Amar-mùin an d——l mhóir.

To Glen Nibhais (Glen Nevis).

Gleann Nibhais, Gleann nan Con
Gleann am bi 'n gart anamoch
Gleann fada fiadhaich fàs
Aig sluagh bradach a mhí-ghnàis.

Ma théid thu Chill Ninain a suas
Air feadh ghlinne chruidh nan cloch
Mar sud agus Pedair a nuas
Mac naoibh chan fhaigheadh ann deoch.

To Sir Donald Campbell, Ardnamorchan.

Dùn Aliunn a bhidh' bhig
Aig an uinneartach mhór bhréinnich
Caisteal mu'n ganntairich deoch
Ann san Eilean * aig Sir Siadmhor.

To Sir Duncan Dow Campbell of Glen Urchay.

Donnachadh dubh an caibheannach
Air an d' fhàs a bhraing
Gur coltach ri boc maolraich' e
'S currachd de ghaosaid mu 'cheann.

* Eilean a Stalcaire, near Port-na-Crois' in Appin.

Do dh' fear Ghairt (Stewart).

Gheibhte sud aig Fear Ghairt
 Brusgartaich bhidhe agus dighe *
 Ach b'e aon chaba-chad an domhain
 Mu lomhainn chon agus mu sgithin.†

To Ardgour.

Ma theid thu dh' Aird Ghobhar a nunn
 Na tadhail 'sa chùil no 'sa chill
 No'n Ionar-Sannda nan creig
 'S tha Salachan † air bheag bidh';
 Aird-Ghobhar am biodh an ganntair
 Dh' itheadhte na gobhair mu'n feannt iad
 Caillfer do'n ghort air aon tom
 A' bhuidheann as gortaich' prantar
 Mac mhic Eoghain¹ 's mac mhic Eachuinn²
 Air aon sgeir
 Cha tugainn mac Mhic Eoghain deth
 'S dh' fhàginn mac mhic Eachainn air.

To Mac Corquadale.

Gheibhte sud an Creig an Aonaidh
 Gabhar odhar bhailgionn bhreac
 Ge do ghleidhinn sluagh na h-Eorpa
 Leiginn mac Corcadail as
 C'ar-son? Chionn nach b'fhiù e 'bhi ris
 As, as, as, gu bràch am bramannach.

To Campbell of Ardkinlass

(who, having heard of the satirist's extraordinary character,
 ordered Aonghus nan Aoir wilks to eat, with pins to
 pick them out).

'S caol ar sgeanan ri am longaidh
 Rùisg ar béidh chan ith na coin;
 'S fada mo shùil shiar 'ga seamadh
 Mu'n bhiadh nach cùis gheana dhomh.

* MS. has dithidh.

† sgillinn? † Feirinnis.

1 Ardgour; 2 Kingerloch—their patronymics.

O nach eil biatachd na d' theachd
[Mhic] Eoin Riabhaich * mhic Cailein †
Cuireamaid Uaislean do thaighe
A chnuasachd na feamanach.

[Mhic] Eoin Riabhaich mhic Chailein
Lamh a dh' iomairt nan arm clis :
Ach 's beag 's misde làmh na féile
Mise chantuinn nam breug ris.

Briathra deirionnach Aonghais nan Aoir.

Ceud b—m fo shìol Adhaimh uile
Gun dearmad air aon duine
Nan tugainn duine idir as
B'e Siosalaich fial Shrathghlais ;
Siosalaich Strath-ghlais
Cha mhath 's chan olc !

as an leachart—ars' an lethcherd: leth-cherd, half-artist
(Cormac); *i.e.*, a half-poet, "because he had half the
knowledge of the Ollamh" (O'Donovan's Supplement).

breacag, a little plaid.

seirgnidh, a shrivelled-up person.

gart, Ir. gort, corn-field, garden.

geal air sùilean, refers to white rheum about the eyes.

rotach, severe castigation.

ceilteach, niggard (toward the strolling bards).

siltich, running of the eyes.

masgan, -ain, pith of wood; stench, mustiness.

prasgan, group, flock, band; *al-phrasgain*, *i.e.*, the strolling
band of poets.

tuar, colour, hue, sap.

druill, door-bars.

damh-sraoine, stray bull; perhaps reference is to reiving; cf.

Gaelic proverb: *Tigh gun iomall, tigh gun mheirleach.*

fiùbhraich, of yew.

annis, need; air annis, when in need.

comhla, a door, gate, shutter.

geinn, wedge.

dronnag, f., hump.

Caisteal nan Gaoil'n, Castle Gylen in Lorne.

* Mac Eoin Riabhaich—the patronymic of the Ardkinlass family.

† Refers to its being a branch of the Argyll family.

cabhunnach, fr. cabhan, a field, plain, hollow; whence Cc.

Cavan. From L. *cavus*.

cailfear—caillear: each post or messenger who frequents it is lost of starvation.

riannach—rionnach, parti-coloured; hence a 'mackerel of a woman.'

uinneartacuh—ainneartach, fr. ainneart, force.

longaidh, gen. of vb. noun *longadh*, eating.

brusgartaich, crumbs, fragments.

branng, braing, a grin.

ANNUAL ASSEMBLY.

The Society held their thirty-fifth Annual Assembly in the Music Hall on Friday evening, 12th July, 1907. The Marquis of Tullibardine, D.S.O., presided, and was supported by an influential platform party, including Lochiel, Mr Allan Cameron of Lochiel, Mr Grant of Glenmoriston, Provost Arthur Ross, Mr Angus Mackintosh of Holme, Mr W. J. Watson, Bailie Alex. Mackenzie, Councillor R. Fraser, Dean Bisset, Nairn; Rev. Father Macqueen, Rev. Father Stewart, Glenlivet; Mr Andrew Mackintosh, Rev. Mr Macgillivray, Petty; Mr Alex. Carmichael, F.S.A. (Scot.); Mr James Barron, Mr Alex. Fraser, hon. secretary of the Gaelic Society of Canada; and Mr Morrison, secretary to the Society. The train by which his lordship travelled North was late, and, until his arrival, the chair was occupied by Mr William Mackay, solicitor.

Mr Morrison, secretary, stated that the following members of the Society had expressed their sincere regret that they were unable to attend to support the Chairman:—Right Hon. Lord Lovat, D.S.O.; Sir Hector Munro, Bart. of Foulis; Sir Kenneth Mackenzie, Bart. of Gairloch; Sir John A. Dewar, Bart., M.P.; Sir Arthur Bignold of Lochrosque, M.P.; Sir Robert Finlay, K.C.M.G.; Mr Albert C. Macpherson of Cluny; Mr John Macpherson-Grant of Ballindalloch; Mr James E. B. Baillie of Dochfour; Mr J. Douglas Fletcher of Rosehaugh; Mr Lachlan Macdonald of Skeabost; Sheriff Davidson, Fort-William; Sheriff Campbell, Portree; Mr David Macritchie, C.A., Edinburgh; Mr Wm. C. Macleod, Dr Hew Morrison, Dr Ross, Riverfield; Canon Eyre-Brook, Mr

William Grant, London; Rev. Thomas Sinton, Dores; Rev. A. J. Macdonald, M.A., Killearnan; Capt. Burgess, Gairloch; Mr Wilson, general manager, Highland Railway; Rev. D. Lamont, Glen-Urquhart; Dr F. M. Mackenzie, Mr James Grant, president of the Gaelic Society of Glasgow, and others.

Aig toiseach na h-ìomairt fhuair sinn oraid shnasmhor ann an Gaidhlig mhin bhlasda, choimhionta, bho 'n Urramach Mr Mac-Ille-Bhrath, ministear Sgìre Pheitidh. Thairg e taing do luchd-riaghlaidh Comunn Gaidhlig Inbhir-Nis air son gun do chuir iad an t-urram air gun d' thug iad da an cothrom ud air facal a radh ann an cainnt thlachdmhor an duthcha. Anns na beagan mhionaidean a bha aige, thuirt e nach robh e comasach dha iomradh a dheanamh air cuisean mar bha ann an cogadh a bha o chionn ghoirid eadar Marcus Thulaich-Bhardainn and Mac-Shimi, ceann-cinnidh nam Fìsealach. Cha mho a b' urrainn do iomradh dheanamh air na luingis-chogaidh mhora a bha air acair anns a' choimhearsnachd anns na laithean so, no mu 'n aimsir fhuair, fhliuch a bha a' bagairt na coigrich leis am bu ghnath tighinn do 'n Ghaidhealtachd anns an t-samhradh a bhacadh o bhith a' tighinn idir am bliadhna. Chaidh e an sin air adhart gu bhith a' luaidh air an obair mhoir agus mhaith a bha Comunn Gaidhealach Inbhir-Nis a' cur troimh 'n lamhan gach bliadhna. Thug e an sin iomradh air da sheise chluiteach de 'n Chomunn a chaochail air 'a bhliadhna so—Alasdair Mac-Bheathain agus t-Urramach Iain Mac-Ruairidh, dithis a dh' fhag aite ialamh ann am measg cairdean na Gaidhlig a tha e mor air an t-saoghal gun lion e iad gu brath. Bidh, thuirt esan, cuimhne bhuan-mhaireann orra le cheile am measg Chlanna nan-Gaidheal. Chomhduin, am fearlabhairt deas-chainnteach le bhith a rithist a' moladh Comunn Gaidhlig Inbhir-Nis agus gach Comunn eile a bha a' strith ri bhith a' cumail suas na Gaidhlig, a chainnt mu 'n abair sinn uile le 'r n-uile chridhe—

“ Is toigh leam a' chanain,
A bardachd 's a ceoil;
Is tric thog i nios sinn,
Nuair bhiomaid fo leon.”

The Marquis of Tullibardine apologised for having arrived so late, but said it was not his fault that the railway train was an hour and a quarter behind its time. He did not count on that, and trusted they would excuse him. He also thanked the Chairman *pro tem.* for having carried out the duties,

which, he happened to know, were not the least bit arduous. He was very pleased to be with them, because a few weeks ago he thought he would be unable to come here, as he had had a great press of business, and spent a great deal of time in protecting the family acres not only from raiders from the North, but, well, from raiders from the South too. He was not going to give them an elaborate defence of their language, because he held the view that the merits of Gaelic were its best defence. Surely it was sufficient for them to know that Gaelic was their own language, and that that was a good enough reason for them to encourage it and keep it up. He thought that was sufficient without any bother about sentiment or anything else. Surely it was their duty to do what they could to prevent the language from being squeezed out of existence. Anything he could do to that end would be done with all his might. Some people said societies like the Gaelic Society did not good but evil, but they did not know much about it. These societies did good in stimulating the interest of the people and making them work on right lines, but, after all, the work was perfectly futile if the people themselves would not co-operate. They must back up the societies and encourage the language themselves. They must keep it up in the home. It was no good bringing up their children a lot of English-speaking brats. Perhaps that was too strong, but they certainly ought to try to teach the children their own language as one they ought to be proud of learning. The Gaelic Society was working in combination with a great many other societies in forwarding the interest of a big bazaar that was to be held in Glasgow in the autumn. The object was to raise a fund that would help the Government in giving Gaelic-speaking teachers to the Highlands. There was no idea of supplanting English in any way, but to give the children a better education, and incidentally it would help them to remember the Gaelic language. There were thousands of children, especially on the West Coast, who could not talk English, and they lost at least a year's education in school because their teachers could not speak Gaelic, and there was no medium of communication between the two. At present the children were a year behind other children in education. He was at a society the other day, at which he was sorry to see a good deal of the political element. It would be the saddest thing in the world if any of their societies, like those in the sister island, were to become political agencies. It would mean the end of Gaelic

and the stirring up of strife. Surely the language was far too precious to be degraded by being dragged at the heel of any political party. He had not noticed in Scotland that politics had come into any of these societies. Long might they be kept out. No matter what their political opinions might be, they should all work hand-in-hand to keep the old language going. He should like to appeal to lairds and other people with influence to support the Gaelic Society of Inverness. Let them try to think what the country would be without Gaelic. What would the names of all those hills convey to them? Every stick and stone, every river and valley, had a name that carried some history with it. If they did not understand what the names meant, what a stupid, silly country this would be? That was one of the reasons why he liked to see the Gaelic kept up. It made them better Highlanders, and prouder of the traditions of their country. The lairds might do a great deal more than they were doing to keep up the language, but they had to remember that a great many of the lairds, owing to the economic conditions of recent years, had been obliged to sell out and go bag-and-baggage, like a great many of the people. Those who took their places were estimable men, but they were not Highlanders, and could not be expected to understand the feelings of the Highlander or to have any particular love for the language. He thought that if all did what they could to make the Highlands prosperous commercially, they should be helping the language to a great extent, because they should then be able to reside at home instead of going perhaps thousands of miles away. He wished increased prosperity for the Gaelic Society of Inverness, and hoped all would back it up, because it was really doing good work. He had lately seen some people from this part of the world from another point of view and they were not half as friendly to him as those present were; but "all is well that ends well," and he was glad the raid from the North had taken place because he thought it had made a bit of friendliness between this part of the Highlands and the Southern Highlands, and had helped them to know and appreciate each other. For that reason he hoped they would have some more raids, and that it would not be very long before they in the South got some of their own back again.

An excellent and varied programme was carried through. The Inverness Gaelic Choir rendered the choruses, "Ri guailibh a cheile," "Laoidh Oisein do'n Ghrein," and

"Cuir a chinn dileas." The Ladies' Choir gave "Fhir a dhìreas am bealach." Miss Maggie Macleod appeared twice and sang "An gleann's an robh mi og," and "O waly, waly, up the Bank." The Highland Strathspey and Reel Society rendered the following violin selections: "Miss Mackintosh of Raigmore," "M'Gillan's Strathspey," "Lady Bird," "Glen Grant," "Raigmore House," "Earl of Crawford's Reel," "Highlander's Farewell," "Miss Drummond of Perth," "George IV. Strathspey," "Haughs of Cromdale," "George IV. Reel," "Cabar Feidh." Miss Munro contributed "Cam' ye by Atholl," "Annie Laurie," and the "Brier Bush," while Mr Rod. Macleod gave "Cead deireannach nam beann" and "Bha mi'n raoir an coille chaoil." Mr Robert Burnett sang the "Bonnie Banks of Loch Lomond," "March of the Cameron Men," "Land o' the Leal," "Willie's gane to Melville Castle," the "Wee, Wee, German Lairdie," and "Scotland Yet." "The Highland Fling" and "Reel of Tulloch" was danced by a quartette party.

Every item in the programme was enthusiastically received by the crowded audience, and many of the performers had to respond to repeated encores. Miss Anna Taylor made an ideal accompanist, and Pipe-Major Ronald Mackenzie, Gordon Castle, enlivened the proceedings with bagpipe music.



19th DECEMBER, 1907.

On this date Mr H. F. Campbell, advocate, Aberdeen, delivered an interesting paper, entitled

NOTES ON THE COUNTY OF SUTHERLAND IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

At the close of the 18th century the whole county of Sutherland still remained isolated from and almost inaccessible to the inhabitants of the rest of the country. After the marriage of the Countess of Sutherland to a rich English nobleman, in 1785, there had been a spurt in road-making and road improvement by statute labour. It came, however, to very little, and about the end of the century the Dunrobin carriage was almost the only wheeled vehicle in the county, except that one or two of the best farmers had begun to use

carts for farming purposes. Sutherland was like Morocco, where not many years ago there was only one carriage—a present to the Emperor from Queen Victoria.

At the end, as at the beginning, of the 18th century, Sutherland was one great trackless moorland with small patches of cultivated ground along the coasts and in the straths. It is true that there was a limited intercourse by sea, especially at the excellent natural harbours on the north and west coasts, where trading vessels and fishing boats from Peterhead and the south side of the Moray Firth sometimes touched, especially during the herring fishing season. On the east coast there was scarcely any intercourse, even by sea. An occasional trading vessel touched at the Little Ferry to take away the corn which accumulated at rent time in the Dunrobin granaries, and that was almost all. The external aspect of the county, the dwellings of the people, their methods of farming, stock and implements, their unenclosed fields, and lazy beds were much the same at the end as at the beginning of the 18th century. After 1750 (one writer says in 1758) the cultivation of potatoes and of flax began to spread, but no turnips were grown; there was no rotation of crops, and almost no fences of any kind. Houses and steadings were mostly constructed of divot, and even the houses of the better class provided only humble accommodation.

The distribution of the people, too, was much the same at the end as at the beginning of the century. It was on the old tribal lines. Almost the only inhabitants, not of native extraction, were one or two Revenue officers and some of the parish ministers. There were Murrays, Sutherlands, and Gordons in the south-east, Gunns in Kildonan, Mathesons in the centre and west, Rosses and Munroes along the borders of Ross-shire, Macleods and Mackenzies in Assynt, Morrisons in the north-west, and Mackays the most numerous county clan in the north.

In the 17th century the two great chiefs of the county—Lords Sutherland and Reay—identified themselves with the Reformed Church, and, as in most parts of Scotland, the people followed their chiefs. Throughout the 18th century the whole population of Sutherland belonged to the Kirk. There were not at any time more than about half a dozen persons in the county who did not adhere, and these were usually strangers.

While externally there was so little change throughout the century, there was yet a considerable alteration in the

beliefs, manners, and customs of the people. In the things of the spirit the differences between the people of 1700 and the people of 1800 was great. The Sutherland improvements, known as the Clearances, did not begin until 1806, when Messrs Marshall and Atkinson took a sheep farm at Lairg. Yet there were two pioneer attempts in the 18th century to introduce improved methods of agriculture and pastoral farming. It is my main theme in this lecture to examine the causes and trace the course of the alteration in the beliefs and customs of the people in the 18th century, and also briefly to describe the efforts of Admiral Sir John Lockhart Ross of Balnagown and George Dempster of Skibo to anticipate the improvements, which at a later date so largely altered the face of the country.

It cannot be said that in 1700 any one could readily anticipate the change that was to come. The Highlanders were an open-hearted, convivial people; they loved music and dancing and their traditional athletic sports. At marriages, not only neighbours and relatives, but the greater part of the parish would join in the festivities. The marriage procession would not pass any of the many public-houses without having the whole company refreshed. In every parish small inns or ale-houses were numerous, and largely patronised on week-day and Sunday. Burial processions were conducted on similar lines to the wedding festivities, and I suppose for that reason were also numerously attended. In the winter evenings, the Ceilidh was the immemorial custom throughout the straths. The tale, the song, and the dance relieved the tedium of long winter nights. People sat round the fires placed at the centre of the floor and recited *sgeulachd* or song in the ruddy light of their bog fir candles. Even on Sundays, before and after service, the men engaged in games and athletic contests in the churchyard. Perhaps between services parties would adjourn from the church to the nearest public-house, and over a glass of whisky or of ale have a deal in "caory" sheep or black cattle. An account of the Sutherland people about the middle of the 17th century is contained in a Latin description of the county ascribed to Sir Robert Gordon, and published in Macfarlane's Geographical Collections. The translation by Sir Arthur Mitchell runs thus:—"The men here (that is, in Strathnaver) are strong and vigorous, capable of enduring toil, accustomed to frugality, and yet are not of that severity of manners which the raggedness of the country would seem to

forebode; but are cheerful and effusive in feasting with one another or with strangers who come among them." The writer adds that the same applies to the people in other parts of the county.

An examination of the state of the Church in the opening years of the 18th century would not enable one to anticipate the approaching change. In most parishes the same incumbent who had conformed to Episcopacy before the Revolution continued to draw the stipend, and more or less perfunctorily perform the duties of his sacred office under Presbytery and Synod. There are no Presbytery registers prior to 1707, and no Synod registers for 20 years thereafter, but a glance at Dr Scott's "*Fasti*" enables us to see how matters stood. Mr Mackay, minister of Clyne, was deposed in 1701 for gross misconduct, and the parish was vacant for several years. The Rev. Alexander Gray of Assynt had been incumbent since the time of King Charles the Second. His reputation for scholarship remained long a tradition in the parish; and in his younger days he had travelled on the Continent with Lord Strathnaver, but in his old age his pastoral duties were much neglected. In 1718 the Presbytery assembled at the Church of Assynt and endeavoured to get him to resign his charge. As he was on the point of signing a document demitting office, his wife and family entered the meeting in a furious manner and pulled him out by the shoulder. He survived for ten years, a bedridden old man. The rites of marriage and baptism he performed from his bed, but otherwise did no pastoral work. Not until the Rev. William Scobie was called to Assynt, in 1728, did that parish enjoy church services in the usual Presbyterian form. In Creich the Rev. Hugh Rose (or Ross) had become parson about 1682. He was deposed in 1690 for not following Presbyterian usage. For many years he continued to celebrate marriage and perform the rites of baptism in his parish, for which he was formally censured by the Presbytery. Though set aside by the authorities, he appears to have carried on pastoral work as late as 1725, as we see from the Account of Creich in Macfarlane's Collections. In Kildonan the Episcopal incumbent continued to serve the parish for many years after the Revolution. The Rev. James Hay had been appointed in 1673, under Bishop Forbes, and continued in office till 1708. The Rev. John Dempster, who had been Episcopal clergyman in Lairg before the Revolution, and who had been sentenced to

deprivation for not reading the proclamation of William and Mary, and for refusing to pray for them, continued to enjoy the parish stipend till 1705.

It would seem that the ecclesiastical arm scarcely had the strength at that time to reach the Sutherland clergy. Not until about the date of the Union of 1707 was the authority of the Presbytery firmly established. Mr John Robertson became minister of Lairg in 1706, and continued until 1712, when he was succeeded by the Rev. John Mackay, minister of Durness, the man who was destined to be mainly instrumental in working a profound change in his parish and county. In Loth the Rev. Hector Pope had been Episcopal incumbent from about 1682, and continued to occupy the pulpit till 1720. He is said to have been the last clergyman in the county to appear regularly in the pulpit wearing the surplice. The first Presbyterian minister of Loth was the Rev. Robert Robertson, who was inducted in 1721. He was minister of Loth in 1727, when a poor old woman belonging to his parish was brought up before the Magistrates at Dornoch on a charge of witchcraft. After solemn trial, she was sentenced to be burned in a barrel of tar. It was the last execution for witchcraft in Scotland, and seems to have excited a good deal of interest at the time. Even Captain Edward Burt, who was at Inverness a year or two afterwards, wrote an account of it to his friend in England. When the Rev. George McCulloch of Loth wrote the first statistical account of his parish, in 1791, he states that "the relations of this unfortunate woman are still regarded with much prejudice by the common people to this day." The Rev. Walter Ross, who had been parson of Rogart from 1683, had refused to pray for William and Mary at the Revolution, but though summoned before the Privy Council at that time, continued to draw his stipend of Rogart till 1720. It does not appear that there was any placed Presbyterian minister in Rogart till 1725, when the Rev. John Munro was called to that parish. In the northern parishes of Durness and Farr the condition of matters was somewhat similar. In the vast parish of Durness the ministers for two generations in the 17th century had been the Rev. Alexander Munro, author of the Gaelic hymns, and his son, the Rev. Hugh Munro, who died about 1698. It does not appear that there was a regular appointment made until 1707, when the Rev. John Mackay was inducted. Mr Mackay stipulated with Lord Reay that there should be a division of the parish, and when

nothing was done in fulfilment of Lord Reay's promise, the ardent young minister raised an action of disjunction in the Supreme Court. In this action he was unsuccessful, and some years after was glad to transfer his energies from Durness to Lairg, where, as we shall see, he did not lose sight of the proposal to break up the parish of Durness and form the new parishes of Eddrachillis and Tongue. In the parish of Farr, from 1697 to 1727, the minister was the Rev. John Macpherson, who is said to have been "a preaching deacon under Episcopacy." He was succeeded by the Rev. John Skeldock, a minister so neglectful of duty that some of the "men" of Farr threatened to carry on a religious service on their own account. This appears to be one of the earliest manifestations of an active evangelical movement among the people, but it arose towards the middle of the 18th century, at a time when the Calvinistic movement had obtained a firm footing elsewhere throughout the county. The only minister in the county at the beginning of the 18th century who had been identified with the Covenanted movement in the reign of Charles the Second was the Rev. Walter Denoone of Golspie. He began his ministry about 1677, and continued in office at Golspie for about 50 years. In the vigour of early manhood he had suffered for his activity as a Covenanter. He had been imprisoned in the Tolbooth of Edinburgh for attending Conventicles. In 1728 he had nearly attained the age of 100, and had for many years before then been physically unfit for pastoral duty. His successor, the Rev. John Sutherland, was minister of Golspie for over 20 years, and was in 1752 translated to Tain. Writing of the Parish of Golspie, Mr Sutherland says, "at my admission (*i.e.*, in 1731), there were many of the people godly, but down to 1744 religion was by no means in a flourishing state." Probably on account of his great age Mr Denoone had been unable to make much impression on the people of Golspie. Thus it may be said that until the appointment of the Rev. John Mackay to Durness in 1707 and to Lairg in 1714, the county of Sutherland was practically free from all trace of evangelical Presbyterianism. The people were indifferent or lukewarm in religious matters. Sabbatarianism and the Shorter Catechism were almost unknown among them. It may be said that their manner of life was more gay, week-day and Sunday, than in the days that were to come. Music and dancing were more common. Hymns were sung at church services in the 17th

century. The Rev. Alex. Munro of Durness, a native of the good town of Inverness, had composed many Gaelic hymns as a means of teaching Scripture truths. They were known as "Sandy Munro's verses," and were no doubt useful in the religious instruction of an illiterate people. John Mackay, Mudale, was another whose Gaelic hymns were well known throughout the country in the 17th century. The late Rev. J. S. Mackay, Fort-Augustus, writing some years ago of the religious condition of those days, observes that "the Highlanders did not then esteem human hymns to be the objectionable and awfully corrupting things they are now supposed to be." The county of Caithness, too, produced some writers of hymns in the 18th century, such as Sir William Sinclair of Keiss (the Baptist) and the Rev. Wm. Geddes (1683, 2nd Ed., 1753). But the most noted was Dr John Morrison, minister of Canisbay, whose paraphrases are now so well known. That stern religious zeal which was so characteristic of the south and south-west of Scotland in the middle of the 17th century did not take a fast hold of the Sutherland people till the 18th century was well begun.

The restoration of lay patronage in 1712 made little difference in Sutherland. For many years after that date most of the clergy were appointed by the Presbytery *jure devoluto*. Neither people nor patrons appeared to trouble themselves much in the selection of ministers. It is true that the Earl of Sutherland lent his influence to secure the appointment of men eminent for piety and zeal, so that gradually a number of earnest men were included among the ministers of the county, such as the Rev. Robert Kirk, minister of Dornoch, and the Rev. Walter Ross of Creich. In 1714 the Rev. John Mackay was translated from Durness to Lairg, and became the leader of the new movement. At the time of his appointment, the people of Lairg were rather free and easy in their religious observances. A good deal of drinking prevailed in the parish on week days and Sundays. Church attendance was lax, and religious instruction neglected. An interesting contemporary account of the state of the parish is contained in a letter still extant, written by Mr Mackay in 1716 to Thomas Hogg at Rotterdam. The young minister felt that he had an uphill task before him; but from all accounts, he was a masterful man, well able to grapple with the difficulties confronting him. Possessed of a large and powerful bodily frame, he was never afraid to resort to physical force. Many a recalcitrant

parishioner experienced the power of the muscular arm of "am ministear ladir." Owing to the lax state of the parish and county, the heritable Sheriff, Lord Sutherland, had granted a commission to Mr Mackay authorising him to inflict corporal punishment in cases of petty offences. This power was exercised somewhat freely. A Kirk Session was established, and met to exercise regular authority for enforcement of Sabbath observance, church attendance, family worship, and general good behaviour. Ecclesiastical discipline of the strictest kind was rigorously enforced. On one occasion, at a busy season such as Communion time, one of the minister's servants, with the connivance of the minister's wife, took some water from the well on the Sabbath day. The matter came in due time before the Kirk Session. The maid was censured, but the elders hesitated to pass censure on the minister's wife. Not so, said the stern Moderator of Session, there must be no distinction of persons, and Mrs Mackay had to stand beside the servant maid to receive admonition for Sabbath breaking in the presence of the assembled congregation. Mr John Mackay was, from his social position, a man of authority in the county. He was the son of a good soldier, Captain Wm. Mackay of Borley, cousin of General Hugh Mackay of Scourie, "an genral more," whose name was so deservedly cherished by his countrymen. In narrating the death of General Hugh Mackay, Lord Macaulay says that "he died as he had lived, like a good Christian and a good soldier." Like Wauchope at Magersfontein, Mackay had been left in an impossible position, and he perished, exclaiming "God's will be done." Feudal feeling was still so strong in Sutherland that Mr John Mackay, throughout his ministry of nearly 40 years, had a social and patriarchal influence, second only to what he acquired by his great natural powers of body and mind. It was mainly owing to his influence that in 1724 and 1725 the General Assembly carried through Acts for the erection of the two new parishes of Tongue and Eddrachillis, the formation of the Presbytery of Tongue, and the Synod of Sutherland and Caithness. Not only in his own parish, but throughout the whole county, and particularly in the Reay country, Mr Mackay was mainly instrumental in replacing the old easy-going laxity in religious matters with the sterner and more puritanical system which has prevailed in those parts down to our own time. He was educated first at the University of Edinburgh, when the influence of Carstairs was

beginning to be felt, and thereafter at the University of Utrecht, in Holland, at that time a strong centre of Calvinistic influence, and a country where already many of his friends and relations had won illustrious fame in the wars of King William. He returned to his native county, having his strong nature imbued with the Covenanting spirit, and this he succeeded in impressing not only on the people of his own parish, but on many of his contemporaries in the Church. Other influences supported him. Owing to the great extent of the parish, even after the sub-division of Durness in 1726, it was found necessary to employ Catechists and elders to assist in the work of religious instruction. In an age when education was limited, illiterate men were often called upon to fulfil duties for which they were ill equipped. The Gaelic religious literature of that period was far from extensive. As late as 1773, Boswell tried to get some Gaelic books for Dr Johnson, but the parcel which he sent to London consisted only of five volumes from the S.P.C.K. in Edinburgh. These were the New Testament, The Confession of Faith, The Mother's Catechism, The Saint's Everlasting Rest, and a Dictionary. Of these, the New Testament had first appeared in 1767, and it was not until 1801 that the translation of the Bible into Scottish Gaelic was completed. There had, however, been several Gaelic editions of the Confession of Faith and the Shorter Catechism earlier in the century. I find editions of the Confession of Faith published in Edinburgh in 1725, and in Glasgow in 1757, and the Shorter Catechism was published in Glasgow, in Gaelic, in 1729. It is significant then that the Confession and the Catechism should be widely known at a time when the Scriptures could be read only through Bishop Bedell's Irish translation. This appears to me a significant fact in the religious history of the Highlands. Prior to 1767, the Catechism, and perhaps the Psalms, were almost the sole religious literature of the people. In the other parishes throughout the county ministers were gradually introduced, who followed the lead of Mr Mackay. Mr Robert Kirk, already referred to, was a son of the minister of Aberfoyle, about whom Sir Walter Scott gives a Note at the end of *Rob Roy*. Mr Kirk of Aberfoyle had been carried off by the fairies for writing a book about them; but to us his literary fame should rest chiefly on the fact that he was the first to prepare an edition of the Psalms in Scottish Gaelic. His son, the minister of Dornoch, was noted for piety, and

has been described as a "Nathaniel indeed." Before his death, in 1758, the parish had become fully imbued with the rigid Calvinism of the Catechists and the "men" who aided him in the religious instruction of the people. Communion services now extended over five days, the Fridays being devoted wholly to discussions by the "men" on knotty texts or suggestive passages of Scripture. Hymns were now forbidden, and, as Psalm books were not yet numerous, precentors had to adopt the method known as "putting out the line." Mr Kirk married, as his second wife, in 1743, Jean Ross, a sister of the well-known George Ross of Cromarty, so justly noted as a benefactor of his native county. Mrs Kirk survived to the year 1800, and her great grand nephew, David Ross, still, at the age of 91, conducts the Free Presbyterian Church services at Dornoch. It is curious to note that while Mr Kirk's father was the first to publish a Gaelic version of the Psalms, after the Reformation, Bishop Gilbert Murray of the Cathedral at Dornoch had early in the 13th century prepared a Gaelic translation of the Psalms for use in the Church services of that time. A notable follower of Mr John Mackay was the Rev. Alexander Pope of Reay. A son of the minister of Loth, Mr Pope had about 1730 been for some years schoolmaster and session clerk at Dornoch, under Mr Robert Kirk. In 1734 he was ordained minister of Reay, where he served for nearly 50 years. He had at first an uphill task, but being a man of powerful physique like Mr Mackay he scattered evil-doers with his strong arm. Week day and Sunday there was on occasion a resort to physical force to suppress Sunday sports and secure church observances. Mr Pope lived to become the most distinguished literary figure in the North. His visit to Twickenham, and his contributions to Pennant's account of his tour are well known. Another follower of Mr Mackay was the Rev. John Munro, who became minister of Rogart in 1725. Mr Munro wrote that in 1740 there was an awakening of some under his ministry, and "in the winter of 1743-4 some fifty more souls were awakened." It may be remembered that 1743 was the date of a well known revival of religion under Mr Balfour of Nigg, of which an account is given in the writings of Hugh Miller. The Ross-shire revival spread to Sutherland. The minister of Golspie, Mr John Sutherland writes, "When I came home from Nigg I proposed to some of the serious people three separate meetings on Saturday evenings to plead with God concerning his work on the Lord's

Day. It was acted on for a whole year without fruit, but when our hopes had well nigh failed us a merciful God breathed on the dry bones." The Rev. Walter Ross, who was minister of Creich from 1714 to 1730, followed on the new lines. He established the famous Communion services at Creich, which attracted people from all the surrounding parishes for a distance sometimes of 50 miles. People assembled in such numbers, that it became burdensome for the parishioners to provide for the visitors, and for a time these Communion services were held only once in two years. Although all these vast crowds assembled, however, it would seem that only a very limited number actually partook of Communion. By the middle of the century Calvinism, which, in the 17th century was so characteristic of the south-west of Scotland, was fully impressed on the northern people.

The Rising of the '45 got little support in Sutherland. Chiefs and people alike were now attached to the Revolution settlement. The Disarming Act, following on the Rising of 1715, may have had some effect in aiding the new Church movement which began about that time. The Act of 1746 directed against the kilt and the tartan was not without some effect. Women, who formerly prided themselves on seeing their husbands and themselves dressed in gay colours, now turned to other forms of weaving. Flax spinning took the place of tartan weaving. The writers of the old statistical account frequently refer to the cultivation of flax throughout Sutherland, and in 1760 Bishop Pococke observed that at Cyderhall, near Dornoch, a gentleman carried on a manufactory of flax in order to prepare for spinning. "Under Cyderhall," he says, "I saw several acres of the finest flax for the manufactory I ever beheld." Flax spinning continued well into the 19th century, but has been long since discontinued. Though dissenters were unknown throughout the century, a feeling of hostility to moderatism gradually arose. In 1777, when Mr Walter Ross was inducted minister of Clyne, there was a riot, and we are told that he would probably have been murdered had he not been protected by the gentlemen present. If any of the ministers were backsliding or inattentive to duty, such as Mr Skeldock of Farr, the "men" soon took means to let their displeasure be known. The ministers occasionally girded at this. The Rev. Murdoch Macdonald of Durness in his Diary complains of "ignorant people haranguing at random on frivolous ques-

tions." Mr George Macculloch of Loth and other ministers, in their own contributions to the old statistical account, bewail the evil influence of the "men."

After 1740, parochial schools were more encouraged, in order that people might be able to read the Scriptures and the Catechism. Up to the end of the century, however, the salary of the schoolmasters seldom exceeded £10 or £12 a year, yet the efforts of these worthy men helped to improve and civilize the people. By the end of the century, the S.P.C.K. had a school in most parishes in addition to the parish school. Seldom were there more than 20 or 30 scholars meeting in the humble erections, which in those days served as schools. Buildings and appliances were most inadequate, yet serviceable work was accomplished. Though Gaelic was taught, the progress in that language was small. People were taught to read and no more. Neither Mr Pope of Reay nor Mr William Mackenzie of Assynt—the two most literary of the 18th century clergy in Sutherland—could write a Gaelic sentence, except phonetically.

While transition to Calvinism eclipsed the gaiety of an earlier time and rendered the life of the people more solemn, a higher standard of conduct and morality was undoubtedly attained. The various regiments raised in the county between 1759 and 1800 were invariably noted for the stalwart appearance and good conduct of the men. General Stewart of Garth gives ample testimony to this effect, and his testimony is confirmed by all who write the history of the Fencible Regiments.

In May, 1760, the First Sutherland Fencibles marched into Perth 1100 strong. Over 200 of these men were about 6 feet in height, and formed two Grenadier flank companies. The regiment was disbanded in 1763. During the four years in which they were together not a man was punished. When the same regiment appeared in Aberdeen at a review on 17th July, 1760, the enthusiasm was so great that there was an outburst of poetry in the local press—

" See myriads round with admiration gaze,
And approbation smile in every face,
Children when grey with age will tell they've seen
The Sutherlands reviewed at Aberdeen."

At home, as well as abroad, the people got the reputation of being a good living people. The minister of Tongue,

writing in 1791, pays a noble tribute to his people, when he says that only one criminal case had been known in the parish within the memory of man. No doubt there would be a good deal of smuggling going on in the straths, as the people had scarcely acquired sufficient knowledge of the world to feel that there was very much harm in evading the Reveune laws. One minister is able to affirm that his parishioners were sober, serious, and industrious, attentive to their business and credit, humane in deportment, respectful to superiors, and ready to show kindness to strangers. This was written by the minister of Loth, who, as chaplain of one of the Fencible Regiments, had had exceptional opportunities of observing the conduct of the men.

Dr Pococke sheds considerable light on the state of the county at the time of his visit in 1760. The "strong minister" of Lairg had died seven years before, and his son, the Rev. Thomas Mackay, reigned in his stead. The Bishop tells with a mild surprise how he was expected to say grace before drinking the glass of wine offered to him at the manse of Lairg. About that time Lord Reay boasted that for preaching, praying, and singing, he could match the Presbytery of Tongue with any other in Scotland.

Communion services were now spun out so much that a movement arose for having them curtailed. At the Manse of Farr the Bishop dined with the Rev. George Munro, who is described in Scott's "Fasti" as possessed with an ardent zeal for the glory of God and the good of souls. His wife was a daughter of "am ministeir ladir" of Lairg, and she is appropriately described as adding to a masculine understanding the softer qualities of her sex. Manifestly the stricter religious observances were firmly established at Farr during the ministry of Mr George Munro. His great-grandson, the late Dr Aird of Creich, was probably the last of the Sutherland ministers to carry out in his pastoral work the regular system of catechisings and of church censures and the form of church services which had been introduced to the county after 1714. At the Manse of Reay Bishop Pococke met the Rev. Alexander Pope, who claimed to be a kinsman of the poet. Mr Pope is the earliest of the line of Sutherland antiquarians extending from him down to the venerable Dr Joass of Golspie. At the Manse of Clyne the Bishop was entertained by the Rev. Francis Robertson, who was the first Presbyterian minister of that parish. At the time of Dr

Pococke's visit Mr Robertson had been settled in Clyne for over 40 years, and he lived to entertain another Bishop in 1762. This was the Scottish Bishop Forbes, who has also left accounts of his visits to these northern parishes. He tells how the aged minister of Clyne gave a long grace before dinner, and later in the evening, when he learned that his guest was a Bishop, went to his Lordship's bedside to apologise for not having asked the Bishop to say grace.

Of the food of the people in 1760, Dr Pococke observes:—"The people here live very hardy, principally on milk, curds, whey, and a little oatmeal. Their best food is oat or barley cakes. A porridge made of oatmeal, kail, and sometimes a piece of salt meat in it, is the top fare. They are not yet come into the use of potatoes, but are making a very small beginning. They are mostly well bodied men of great activity. The people are in general extremely hospitable, charitable, civil, polite, and sensible." That was in 1760, but thirty years later potatoes had become the chief food of the people. The writers of the old statistical account in 1791 all tell how dependent the people had become upon the potato crop. The development of the East India trade led towards the end of the century to an increased consumption of tea. Tea followed hard upon potatoes as one of the chief elements of the people's dietary.

Among the serious drawbacks in the life of the people, which showed little sign of being lessened at the end of the 18th century, I would specially refer to (1) the superstitious beliefs and customs; (2) the defective house accommodation, and consequent prevalence of disease; (3) the oppressive services of lairds, wadsetters, and tacksmen; and (4) the drinking habits of the people.

While Presbyterian teaching with its rigid discipline was established throughout the county between 1714 and 1744, it cannot be said that the ancient pagan superstitions which had persisted from the earliest days of the Church had been appreciably lessened. Even in the middle of the 19th century, after five generations of Presbyterians had come and gone, the old superstitions survived, much as Pennant had witnessed and described them in 1769. There was the firm belief that the devil, or *donus*, roamed about in bodily shape. There were witches by day and ghosts by night. Fairies on land, mermaids in the sea, and the *each uisge* in lochs and rivers. There were omens of good and ill, observances for luck in

connection with every-day occupations, such as baking, milking, and marketing. There were also regular observances at lyke-wakes and funerals, births and marriages, when setting forth on a journey, or when entering a house for the first time. Certain animals were regarded as of evil omen—for example, the hare, the fox, the magpie, the yellow-hammer. It was unlucky to hear the lapwing at night, or a cuckoo on the house-top. Wild geese grew from barnacles, and eels from horse hair. Pennant tells that he kept a look-out for the lavellan or water shrew which Rob Donn refers to in his poems. In 1727 the magistrates and official classes must have believed in witchcraft as firmly as the country people. The old woman accused of witchcraft at Dornoch in that year was called upon by the magistrate, David Ross of Little Dean, to repeat the Lord's Prayer. Unfortunately, in her agitation, she stumbled and said, "Bhur n' Athair tha shiis," and so she was held to commune with the evil one. We read in the work of the Rev. John Gregorson Campbell on Highland superstitions that there was a man in Applecross who cured epilepsy by water in which he kept a living serpent. The patient was not to see the water. Farquhar, the physician, obtained his skill in the healing art from being the first to taste the juice of a white serpent. He was a native of Tongue in Sutherland, and on one occasion was met by a stranger, who asked him where he got the walking-stick he held in his hand. The stranger got him to go to the root of the tree from which the stick had been cut, take a white serpent from a hole at its foot, and boil it. He was to give the juice without touching it to the stranger. Farquhar happened to touch the mess with his finger, and it being very hot, he thrust his finger into his mouth. From that moment he acquired his unrivalled skill as a physician, and the juice lost its virtue.

There was a superstitious belief in the healing powers of certain herbs and plants. On the other hand, as there was seldom more than one doctor in the whole county, people resorted to herbalists to relieve them in their many diseases. Mrs Kirk, widow of the Rev. Robert Kirk, was for many years visited by people from far and wide for medicinal herbs and medicines. The Rev. George Rainy of Creich tells how the great droves of black cattle that annually left the county had to swim the Kyle of Sutherland at Invershin or Bonar on their way to the southern markets. If an ox willingly

took to the water, that was a sure sign that it would fetch a good price. If, on the other hand, it refused to swim the ferry, that presaged ill-luck. The belief in the evil eye or the ill-wish persisted long after the close of the 18th century. There was always a strong disposition to regard as uncanny any persons afflicted with a physical deformity or possessed of any striking mental peculiarity. No doubt, difficulty of access to literature, either English or Gaelic, throughout the century caused a persistence of these superstitious beliefs.

The dwellings of the people lacked lamentably any regard for sanitation. Smallpox was a dreadful scourge in all parts of the county down to the last decade of the century, when inoculation began to be practised with satisfactory results. Rheumatism, colds, consumption, fevers, and other the like prevalent diseases were largely traceable to defective house accommodation. Mr Gordon of Griamachary, an officer in a Highland regiment, married in London, and brought his wife home to the Strath of Kildonan. Mr Sage relates how she wept when she first beheld her future home.

Bishop Pococke, writing from Rosehall in June, 1760, says:—"We came at the end of Loch Shin to Mr Munro's of Claonel. Here we went into a highland cabin in which there were five apartments. One at the entrance seemed to be for the cows, another beyond it for the sheep, and a third, to which there was an entrance only at the end of the house, for other cattle. To the left was the principal room with a fire in the middle, and beyond that the bed chamber and a closet built to it for a pantry, and at the end of the bed chamber and of the house a round window to let out the smoke, there being no chimney. The partitions all of hurdle work so as one sees through the hole. A great pot of whey was over the fire of which they were making frau. They have a machine like that which they put into a churn with stiff hairs round it. This they work round and up and down to raise a froth, which they eat out of the pot with spoons, and it had the taste of new milk. Then the family, servants, and all, sit round it and eat, the mistress looking on and waiting. She brought us a piggin of cream and drank to me, and we drank of it round. The dairy is a building apart."

Such was the menage of a Highland tacksman in 1760. Half a century later another distinguished visitor spent some days in the same neighbourhood, and recorded his impressions I refer to Hugh Miller, whose account is given in the "Schools and Schoolmasters."

While it is pleasant to contemplate the family at Claonel sitting with their servants round the whey pot, the fact remains that the tacksmen generally were rather heavy taskmasters. Several writers in the old statistical account bewail the oppressive services which the smaller tenants had to render to the tacksmen. In the north of the county, General Alexander Mackay, when tutor of Reay, about 1770 commuted all services for a payment either in money or kind. On the Sutherland estate also only road labour was exacted, and certainly not much of that, according to all accounts. With the wadsetters and tacksmen it was otherwise. These middlemen rented a track of country with one or more townships, and exploited the services due by the crofters for their land. The crofters thus fell into the position of sub-tenants, and had often to render oppressive services. They had to serve the tacksmen (1) so many days at peat cutting, drying, and driving; (2) so many days at harvest, perhaps just when their own crops were ready; (3) so many days at threshing, or cattle driving, or manuring, or kelp making. In addition to these services, rents consisted largely of payments in grain or meal, poultry or eggs. In 1771, hens were commuted on the estate of Skelbo at 2d each, and eggs at 2d for three dozen, which seems cheap. But as Dr Johnson said to Boswell in Skye, this is not to be taken as showing the great cheapness of eggs, but rather the scarcity of pennies.

Commutation of services was a burning question in Sutherland down to the time when the introduction of sheep farming so altered the economy of the county.

Throughout the 18th century, almost to the close, there were numerous wadsetters as well as tacksmen in Sutherland. In 1759, when the oldest existing Cess Book for the county begins, there were 39 estates and about 40 wadsets in the county. There were 8 estates and 6 wadsets in the parish of Dornoch, which is now almost entirely owned by the Duke of Sutherland and Mr Carnegie. The wadsetters enjoyed the franchise as if they were free holders. The Sutherland family at that time frequently raised money by the creation of wadsets. From 1750 onwards, retired officers from the Army or from the Fencible Regiments, or later still, from the service of the East India Company, frequently became tacksmen or wadsetters, or both. The Laird of Creich might be wadsetter of Evelix; the tacksmen of Sciberscross was wadsetter of Skelbo. After the marriage of the Countess Elizabeth

to Earl Gower the wadsets were bought in. The smaller lairds were bought up, and the county mostly let to tacksmen.

In 1732 the Town Council of Dornoch imposed a tax on all brewers and retailers of ale, thus anticipating by a year or two the fiscal policy of Sir Robert Walpole. But it was not until 1756 that a general system of licensing came into force. In 1743 the Dornoch Town Council passed an Act against unfree trading in ale and liquor by persons who did not reside eight months a year in the burgh. The licensing laws, however, continued to be lax until the great statute of 1804. The manufacture as well as the sale of intoxicants was under lax control. Smuggling appears to have been so common that little was thought of it. In the parish of Kincardine in Ross-shire there were in 1790 over 30 inns and alehouses, but in the Sutherland parishes the average was from six to eight in each parish. None of these houses could provide decent accommodation for a stranger. They were simply cottages in which liquor was sold. The Rev. Donald Sage describes the orgies and fights which were so common at the fairs. There was much drinking also at marriages, funerals, and New Year festivities. In 1789, at a meeting of the Commissioners of Supply, Hugh Rose of Aitnoch, factor for the Countess of Sutherland, represented to the meeting that several clergy and gentlemen in the county had complained that from the vast number of retailing whisky houses over the county at large the people in general were very much hurt in their interests and morals. He moved to supersede these tippling houses, and to decide what houses should be licensed.

At the same meeting the county measures were considered. It was found that the Sutherland firloft contained 33 jugs, while the Ross-shire firloft had 35 jugs. It was remitted to the Dean of Guild at Dornoch to stamp all measures in the county of the proper capacity.

In the year 1762 Sir John Lockhart of Carstairs sold his Lanarkshire property of Carstairs, adopted the name of Ross, and made Balnagown the patrimonial estate of the family. For many years Sir John Lockhart Ross was actively engaged in the Navy, where he attained to such distinction that he might be called the Lord Charles Beresford of that time. Between the close of the Seven Years' War in 1763 and the outbreak of hostilities with France at the time of the American War in 1777, he appears to have devoted his leisure to the improvement of his Ross-shire property and the intro-

duction of improved sheep farming into his Sutherland property at Invercassley. In 1769, according to Pennant, his wheat and turnips proved him the best farmer in the country. His breed of sheep confirmed this. After 1782 he had practically retired from Naval duty, but by that time he felt himself growing old, and as his sheep farming ventures had not been successful, he sold off his stock. The Rev. Mr Gallie of Kincardine, writing after 1790, the date of Admiral Ross's death, states that he introduced sheep farming into Kincardine and Creich, but being called to the wars (that is in 1777), and his sheep falling under bad management, he sold off his stock, and at his return (that is in 1782), finding himself in the decline of life, he dropped his favourite idea. Mr Gallie pays a great tribute to the generosity of Admiral Ross as a landlord, and he also states that by 1790 hill grazings were beginning to rise in value, as sheep farmers from the Borders had taken possessions in the neighbourhood, and were so successful that other friends began to follow their example. Thus it will be seen that though Admiral Lockhart Ross was not himself successful financially in his sheep farming ventures, he led the way, and his successors made more out of it. I think Admiral Lockhart Ross did a great deal to introduce into Easter Ross the improved agricultural methods with which he was familiar upon his southern estates, and greatly improved agriculture in Ross-shire. At the time he began his sheep farming at Inverchassley, David Ross was his tacksman at Duchally, and the Inverchassley grazings were considerably in his hands, and in those of smaller tenants, whose stock consisted mainly of black cattle, goats, and kerry (or Coary) sheep. This David Ross appears to have been one of the earliest of the Sutherland tenants to suffer removal from his holding to make way for improved sheep farming on hill grazings. There is a tradition in his family that for a moderate increase of rent he might have remained in his tenancy, but he failed to realise the advent of the new system. Mr David Ross was married to a daughter of Donald Ross, tacksman of Invershin, whose wife, Elizabeth Gray of Overskibo, was a half-sister of Mrs Jean Ross or Kirk, already referred to.

Meanwhile another attempt at improvement had been made on different lines, which formed an interesting contrast to the venture of Admiral Sir John Lockhart Ross. In 1786, Mr George Dempster of Dunnichen purchased the estate of Skibo from the Trustees of George Mackay of Skibo. From the time

of the Reformation to 1742—*i.e.*, for over 160 years—Skibo had been in the possession of the family of Gray. In 1742, Robert Gray of Skibo sold the estate to George Mackay of Strathnaver, third son of Lord Reay. He was called to the Scottish bar in 1737. He sat for Sutherland in the House of Commons from 1747 to 1761, when he retired in favour of his brother, Colonel Alexander Mackay. He died in 1782, and four years later Skibo was sold by his Trustees to George Dempster. Mr Dempster, who had been called to the Scottish bar in 1755, represented the Dundee District of Burghs in the House of Commons for many years. He was one of the most noted of the group of men who did much to develop Scottish agriculture at that time. He was one of the founders of the British Fisheries Society. He had an enthusiasm for improvements, and he was not long in entering upon a policy of improvement at Skibo. His policy, however, was different from that of Admiral Lockhart Ross. Soon after purchasing Skibo he prepared a memorandum of the improvements which he thought most desirable. The substance of his memorandum is published as an appendix to the Rev. George Rainy's account of the Parish of Creich in 1791, and it may also be found in Captain John Henderson's Survey of the Agriculture of Sutherland in 1809. Briefly, Mr Dempster's proposals were (1) better cropping of the ground, including rotation; (2) better houses for the tenants; (3) erection of villages at Bonar, Spinningdale, and Newton-point. (He started a spinning mill at Spinningdale, and he proposed to get up a linen factory at Newton); (4) commutation of services and abolition of thirlage; (5) the granting of life leases to the tenants, with fair terms for meliorations—the heir to have the refusal of the tenancy on the death of the tenant; (6) plantation of larch and fir to provide timber for the use of the estate and of the tenants; and (7) improved roads and improved schools. I have in my possession a copy of a lease granted to John Fraser and others, tenants of Migdale, who prospered under the favourable terms of this tack. This John Fraser was a brother-in-law of David Ross, tacksman of Duchally, being also married to a daughter of Donald Ross of Invershin, already referred to. There is a tradition that John Fraser won the heart of his bride owing to the fact that he was about the only man in the parish that carried an umbrella on Sundays to the Kirk of Creich.

Mr Dempster was of opinion that the introduction of manufactures and improved methods of agriculture would in the

long run be more advantageous to the proprietor than the introduction of sheep farming. In short, he aimed at giving every possible encouragement to induce the people to stay on the land and make the most of it, while at the same time he aimed at providing factories which would offer employment for the surplus labour available. In the year 1786 the Sutherland factor, Mr Hugh Rose, already referred to, prepared a plan for the improvement of the Sutherland estate, which was also published in Captain Henderson's book. Mr Rose deprecated the amount of land assigned to deer. Little advantage, says he, is to be derived from this mode of occupying land. He, however, suggested sheep farms as an alternative, and in order to prepare the way for sheep, he suggested that premiums should be offered for the destruction of foxes and eagles. These premiums were for many years one of the principal outlays of the county authorities, as is shown by the accounts of the Commissioners of Supply. His suggestions in regard to sheep farming were destined to be followed within a few years on the Sutherland estate. He also urged that premiums should be offered to the tenants for improving waste land and for improved methods of husbandry. Probably it had been better for the Sutherland estate if this advice of Mr Rose's had also been followed, particularly by the Third Duke of Sutherland, but these are matters which rather belong to the 19th century, and I must close.

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