THE

Celtic Monthly:

A Magazine for Highlanders.

EDITED BY

JOHN MACKAY, GLASGOW.

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DEDICATED

TO

COLONEL A. Y. MACKAY, V.D.,

PROVOST OF GRANGEMOUTH,

whose interest in Celtic Literature, and all movements intended to further the prosperity of the Highland people, and especially in the work of the Clan Mackay Society, has been manifested in many practical ways.

"*Lean gu dlùth ri cliù do shinnsre.*"

("Follow closely the footsteps of thy ancestors.")

JOHN MACKAY,
Editor.

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JAMES MACKELLAR.

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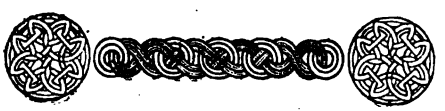

JAMES MACKELLAR, Glasgow,

President, Argyllshire Society.

The district of Cowal, with its numerous watering-places, continues to send to Glasgow the best of its people to assist in promoting the material interests of that city. Mr. James MacKellar, of the firm of Messrs. James MacKellar & Coy., Timber Merchants, is a native of Tighnabruaich, Cowal. Coming to Glasgow at an early age, some forty years ago, he attached himself to the Glasgow Cowal Society, where he held the offices of Secretary, Treasurer, and President in turn, and some twelve years ago presided with much acceptance at the Annual Gathering of the Society. He has read several papers of considerable interest to natives of the district before the Cowal Society, and the esteem in which he is held by the members was testified in 1882, when on giving up the Secretaryship, he was presented with a gold hunting watch. His connection with that Society continues, as he still holds a seat on its directorate, and takes an active interest in its operations.

On coming to Glasgow, Mr. Mackellar found employment with the firm of Messrs Moses Hunter & Co., timber merchants, with which he was connected for about twenty years, enjoying the full confidence of his employers. Gaining a thorough knowledge of the timber trade, he was able in 1884 to start a business along with his brother in the Gallowgate, where their popularity and practical knowledge speedily evinced itself in the large circle of local customers that associated with them in business transactions. The firm did not confine their operations to the city and district, but gradually extended the sphere of their operations to the West Highlands, and even to Ireland. Mr. Mackellar is now a familiar and well-known figure at the meetings of the timber trade in the west.

Although at the head of a growing business, Mr. Mackellar has found time for relaxation. He is an authority on Shinty, and has been a member of the well-known Glasgow Cowal Shinty Club since its inception. He is a past president of the Whitevale Bowling Green, and has gained a number of prizes, including the championship of the green. He is also an ex-president of the Glasgow Gaelic Society, and a director of the Glasgow Celtic Society. While deeply attached to his native district of Cowal, he is interested in whatever affects Argyllshire, and so we find him this year occupying the position of president of the Argyllshire Society. He is also interested in church work, being a Deacon in Wellpark U.F. Church, where he has held the office of treasurer for some years.

His interest in municipal affairs has led to his being approached more than once to allow himself to be nominated for a seat in our Municipal Parliament, but pressure of business has hitherto prevented him from complying with this flattering request.

Mr. MacKellar married a daughter of the late Mr. Donald MacVicar, Rhumore, Dennistoun, and Carrick Castle, Cowal, and they have a son and a daughter.

Fionn.

Young Mamore.

By Torquil MacLeod.

Chapter IV.

Love Glamour in Camus Wood.

It was one of the year's bridal days in the woods of Camus across the loch. As far as the eye could reach northwards, the hills and peaks that rise from Lochyside were standing out distinct and clear, like ethereal hills of dream. The huge sides of the Hill of Heaven were dappled up and down with sun and shade. Linnhe-town lay opposite yonder, snugly set along the shore, with the peat-reek rising comfortably from the chimneys of the little lands of white-washed houses. Far down the loch, the lighthouse of Corran glittered in the morning sun, and guarded the narrows through which a man must sail if he would win the golden harvests of the south.

But in by the woods of Camus, which are steeped in sunlight from morning till late afternoon, the smoke curled up most cheerily from the chimneys of Camus House. It is here, below the birchen trees, that the first primrose opens its flowers, and then another and another, until the woods of Camus on an April morn are so thick-strewn with the bonny yellow clusters that one has need to pick one's steps for fear of crushing the beauty out of Nature's carpet.

The woods were full of singing, too. For out of the April soul of things came the song of countless birds. Up by Corpach and Kilmallie the cuckoos were calling with soft elusive voice, and like an echo or a mock of sweet-fluted melody, the same notes resounded from the birchen hill of Camus. Truth to tell, the world was a fair place on this spring morning, with its hot sun, its sweet scents, its sapphire seas, and its primrose glades among the woods.

And what sound more natural to complete the jocund April chorus than the sound of a girl's laughter?

It came ringing through the Camus woods like a ripple of silver music—a fresh, unconscious laugh, delirious with the spirit of spring and the naturalness of one who knows she is alone and unheard of any other creature save the little birds and squirrels and the white-tailed bunnies of the glade. It was the laugh that can send the heart of a man longing with desire for love. But there was no man there to hear. So the ripple of it floated through the woodlands, and then went out on a venture until it was lost among the sea breezes of the Linnhe Loch, where a man and a boy sat in a sailing boat flying before the wind. But they were too far away to know that the sweet thing which thrilled them, when the April breezes laid a kiss on their lips, was the last note of a girl's laugh.

She came running and tripping through the Camus woods, a bare-headed creature dressed in a silver grey gown, and burst into the open glade, every foot of whose mossy bed was starred with clumps of primroses. It was then she threw up her hands in ecstasy and sent forth the ripple of laughter. The brown curls shook about her brow, the brown eyes sparkled, and the warm blood went pulsing through her veins and dyed her cheeks crimson with the excitement of her race.

Then she fell on her knees among the primroses and buried her face in a cluster of yellow fragrance.

After she had breathed her fill of the delicious perfume, she sat down on the bank and drew breath, plucking the blooms and fastening them in the high waistband of her silver grey gown.

It was an exquisite pleasure to the girl to have the woods to herself, to be absolutely alone and unrestrained, to sit there with her elbows on her knees and her face resting on her hands, and gaze into the tangle of greenery that was lit up with the sunbeams which filtered through the interlacing trees and laid the primrose banks in a mosaic of lights and shades. Her hair was twisted in a knot on the top of her head, but the wind had tossed a few stray curls over her brow, and these she was continually trying to shake back with the woman's inimitable throw of the head or a backward caress of the fingers. The brow was very smooth and white. The eyes were the brown eyes which have a depth of mystery about them, and a power to sparkle or flash or grow wistful, as the spirit of things calls forth. The glamour of spring was in them now as

A Glimpse of the Mamore Country.

she sat there, with parted lips and beating heart, gazing steadily before her. The moments flew past one by one, but she had forgotten time. She was lost in dream. She had given herself away to the spirit of the primrose glade. The trance of the woodland world had touched her soul.

Suddenly she started to her feet. Someone was whistling. Then there was a call. She came to herself in a moment. The lips were pressed firmly together. The fair brows gathered themselves into a pucker of impatience. The brown eyes lost their dreaminess and began to flash with annoyance.

"Oh dear! How tiresome—when I was just beginning to enjoy five minutes of this delicious solitude!"

It was scarcely true. For she had been in the wood for an hour.

The whistling grew nearer. The twigs began to crack. Then, there rushed headlong into the glade a young girl with a shock of auburn hair hanging down her back, and a look of triumph in her face.

"Ah! you horrid thing, Jean, to think of being in this fairy forest by yourself the whole forenoon, and never telling me where you were going!"

"Please don't talk nonsense, Kate. I have only been here a few minutes gathering primroses. You really must not rush about whistling and shouting like that. People will think you are a boy."

"I wish I was a boy, Jean," replied the girl with a sigh. "But you have been an hour in this wood, and it seems to me that even for ten minutes you have gathered very few primroses—about one a minute. Jean Graham, although you are seven years older than me—that's bad grammar; but I know it is, so it doesn't matter—you are not truthful. And your dress is all mud. And your hair is disgraceful. And—well, you should not be angry with me for finding you. Dear Jean, were you waiting for the prince to pass by when you were sitting there like the princess in the primrose glade?"

"How dare you, Kate?"

And Jean Graham tried hard to regain her propriety and her curls at the same time.

"Well, I couldn't help saying that, because you know quite well I am a poet, and have just got a new book of fairy tales. But really and truly, Jean, father sent me out to look for you."

"And why did you not tell me that at once?"

"Oh well, it is so lovely out in the wood to-day, and you looked so romantic sitting there, and it is nothing very important anyway."

"Tell me at once, Kate, what it is. What does father wish with me?"

And they began to walk back towards the house.

"He sent me out to say that two—oh, Jean, Jean, look at that dear little brown squirrel running up that tree! Let me go after it."

"No, you silly child," cried Jean Graham, seizing her madcap sister by the shoulder, "two what?"

"Oh, two ladies."

"What?"

And Jean Graham's hand went to her hair.

"Two ladies—old and very uninteresting—have called, and you are to come back at once, and I think father asked them to stay and have something to eat. That's all."

"All? Oh dear, what a heartbreak you are to me. Who are they?"

"I didn't catch the name. But really, Jean, you must tidy up a bit. I don't matter, you know, because I'm only fifteen and was meant for a boy, if there hadn't been some mistake, and then I've got red hair and freckles in summer. But who is this coming?"

Just then the girls came to an open path in the wood that led to the house. There was a sound of voices, at which the elder girl began to dust the skirt of her muddy dress, smooth her hair for the fiftieth time, and wish with all her heart that she had not forgotten her hat.

"That is surely father's voice, Kate?"

"Why, so it is. Can he have brought these two old dears out here, where they are sure to get damp feet and rheumatism? What a stupid old dad we have, Jean!"

They were nearing the turn of the path, and in another instant Graham of Camus—a little, stout, thick-set Scots gentleman and his two companions came suddenly in view of the girls.

The colour mounted to Jean Graham's face, and she felt a strong desire to chastise her young sister. But they were within earshot of her father and his visitors, so she could only whisper in a tone of vexation.

"Oh Kate, why did you tell me what was not true?"

"Because you said you had been only ten minutes in the wood, my dear. But never mind, Jean, you are looking most winsome."

And the red-haired minx sniggered wickedly.

Graham of Camus came slowly along the path, with Young Mamore—tall and straight as a lance—on one side of him, and little Leslie Forbes, in his best kilt, on the other.

At that moment the sun burst out from behind a cloud, and all that Young Mamore knew was, that two girls like wood-nymphs were walking towards him out of the tangle of green and gold. He meant that instant to look

Loch Arkaig, near Achnacarry.

at each of them in turns, as he had done many a time before, but some subtle force laid hold on his soul this April day and compelled him to fasten his gaze on the girl with the brown hair and the mysterious eyes. The glamour, which the girl had borrowed that morning from the Boon Mother in the primrose glade, was still shining in her eyes, and it turned the man's heart to water in an instant without his knowing it.

He saw how winsome she was, and thought —manlike—it was because of the little truant curls that were playing about her brow, the rosy cheeks, the parted lips, and the silver-grey gown with the splash of yellow colour at the waist. He had been discussing in a most practical way with his host the emigration of the Glengarry men, but at the sight of the girl coming along the woodland path, a new light danced in his eyes, and the Mystic straightway began to dream dreams and see visions.

So they met and they spoke. But what was said, Young Mamore, in the wonder of this new thing that had come to him, could never remember. They returned at leisure to Camus House, for the mid-day meal, but for practical reasons Jean Graham ran on before. Young Mamore discovered again what he had never known before—that the girl moved with a consummate grace such as no other woman of his acquaintance possessed.

When they sat down to table, the Mystic's fork and knife had to take care of themselves as they went through the mechanical process which, of a mercy, comes with an unconscious easiness to a man from sheer force of habit.

Afterwards he and Leslie got down to their boat and hoisted the sail, and when the dusk was creeping down the Glen they reached the little pleasaunce where one of them ever after remembered that on this night of nights he smelt the pines, and saw the evening star shining solitary in the sky.

Alastair Macdonald could scarce have told what he had seen or said or done that day. But when the evening meal came round and he sat with his father and little Leslie in the ancient dining hall, with the candle light falling on the snowy cloth and the arras rising to let Hamish the piper pass, the Mystic knew by some inward telling past his ken, that he had looked upon the woman whose face would never again pass out of his dreams, and felt that the fates—which fix the destinies of them that believe—had lit in his soul the fire of holy love which, while it burns, does not consume.

(To be continued.)

TO THE HIGHLAND HEATHER.

Ode to Celtic Races specially composed for the Third Pan-Celtic Congress, by ALFRED P. GRAVES.

The Heather has been selected as the Badge of the Celtic Nations.

A blossom there blows
That scoffs at the snows,
And faces root-fast,
The rage of the blast.
Yet sweetens a sod,
No slave ever trod,
Since the mountains upreared
Their altars to God.
That flower of the free,
Is the heather, the heather;
It springs where the sea
And the land leap together.
Six Nations are we,
Yet beneath its bright feather,
To-day we are one wheresoever we be.

Our blossom is red
As the life-blood we've shed,
In Liberty's cause,
Under tyrannous laws
When Lochiel and O'Neill
And Llewelyn drew steel,
For Alba's and Erin's and Cambria's weal.
Then our couch when we tired
Was the heather, the heather;
'Twas the beacon we fired,
In blue and black weather.
Its mead-cup inspired,
When we pledged it together
To the Prince of our choice,
Or the maid most admired.

Let the Saxon and Dane
Bear rule o'er the plain,
On the hem of God's robe,
Be our sceptre and globe!
For the Lord of all Light,
Stood revealed on the height,
And to Heaven from the mount
Rose up in men's sight;
And the blossom and bud
Of the heather, the heather,
Are like His dear blood,
Dropped hither and thither,
From all evil to purge,
And evermore urge
Each Tribe of the Celt to the goal of all good.

Sgeulachd.

ANNS an arm bha na saighdearan air bheag lòin agus air bheag paigheadh. Chuir fear dhiubh roimhe gu 'n teicheadh e. Thog e air nuair fhuair e 'n cothrom. Cha robh e fad air astar nuair chunnaic e fear eile tighinn as a dhéigh. Dh' fheuch e ri car-mu-chnoc a chur; ach bha am fear eile dlùthachadh dhà. Stad e agus tharuinn e sreing a bhogha ri chluais. "Na tig na 's fhaide, neo cha bheò dhuit" ars esan. "O, na tilg," ars am fear eile; "cha 'n 'eile mise ach a' teicheadh mar thu féin." "Ma 's ann mar sin a tha" ars a' cheud fhear, "is compaich sinn." Dh' fhalbh iad còmhla. An ceann treise, chunnaic iad fear eile tighinn as an déigh. B'e so fear eile theich mar iad féin; agus ghabh iad ris, agus bha iad a nis 'nan trì compaich; agus mhionnaich iad: biodh e math no dona na thachradh riù, nach dealaicheadh iad am feasda.

Bha iad a' siubhal gus an robh iad sgith, claoidhte, acrach, an impis toirt thairis nuair chunnaic iad tigh brèagha geal am badan coille. Ràinig iad an tigh Bha an so tigh mòr, fialaidh, 's a dhorsan fosgailte. Chaidh iad a stigh. Cha robh duine ri fhaicinn. Shuidh iad. Chunnaic iad am bòrd a bha air an ùrlar agus còmhdach geal a' dol air, agus biadh de gach seòrsa; ach duine cha robh ri fhaicinn. Chaidh teine brèagha chur air; ach duine cha robh ri fhaicinn. Ghabh iad an suipeir, is nuair a chrìochnaich iad shuidh iad aig an teine. Chaidh gach nì a thoirt bhàrr a' bhùird ach cha robh duine ri fhaicinn. Bha na seòid an déigh an acras agus an sgìos a chur seachad, aig an teine 's an t-àm ri dol a chadal a' dlùthachadh, nuair thubhairt iad gu'n robh iad a nis cho sona 's a b' urrainn daibh a bhi na 'm bitheadh bean am fear aca. Cha ghann bha 'm facal as am beul na bha triùir bhan a stigh, agus shuidh an té bu shine làimh ris an fhear bu shine, agus an te b' òige làimh ris an fhear a b' òige. Thubhairt an té bu shine: "Thàinig sinn a réir ur guidhe; agus fanaidh sinn leibh gus an abair sibh droch fhacal. An toir sibh dhuinn ur gealladh?" Rinn iad sud gu toileach is bha gach ni dol air aghart gu math, agus bha iad sona.

Là de na làithean chaidh an dithis a b' òige de na fir am mach a shealg. Chuir iad faghaid; leòn iad am fiadh; ach thug e 'n abhainn air is fhuair e thairis as an t-sealladh. Bha am fear bu shine an dorus an tighe nuair chunnaic e 'm fiadh a' dol as. Bhreab e an stairsneach agus thug e ruith mhionn as. Thàinig na fir dhachaidh. Cha robh bean ri fhaicinn. Chaidh am biadh air a' bhòrd, ach cha robh bean ri fhaicinn. Thàinig àm a' chadail, chnàmh an oidhche agus chaidh am biadh maidne itheadh, 's cha robh bean ri fhaicinn. An déigh am bòrd a ghlanadh, thàinig na mnathan am follais. Thòisich na fir air cur iomchoir 's air foighneachd dé chuir an uaigneas an raoir iad. An àite freagairt thubhairt an té bu shine: "Thàinig sinn a dh' fhàgail beannachd leibh, chionn bhris sibh ur gealladh." "Cha do bhris mise" arsa gach fear. "Bhris thusa e" ars ise ris an fhear bu shine, "nuair a bhreab thu 'n stairsneach an dé nuair a chaidh am fiadh as; ach so cuimhneachan a bheir mi dhuit, an sporan so; agus fhad 's a chrathas tu e cha stad e shileadh òir." "Ma ta," ars an té mheadhonach ris an fhear mheadhonach, "cha 'n 'eil agamsa sporan òir, ach so dhuit am bogsa beag so. Cuir a' d phòc e. Ma thig naimhdean ort, fosgail e 's dean fead is thig armailt as a chìosnaicheadh an saoghal. Dean fead eile agus tillidh iad a steach ann." "Ma ta" ars an té a b' òige ris an fhear a b' òige, "cha 'n 'eil agamsa sporan òir no bogsa le armailt; ach so dhuit am brat so. Ma shuaineas tu thu féin, no na bhuineas duit, ann agus gu 'n òrduich thu thu féin ann an àite 'sam bith, bithidh tu ann"; is chaidh na mnathan as an t-sealladh.

Dh' imich na fir 's cha b' ann le deadhghean; ach cha robh atharrachadh air: dh' fheumadh iad siubhal. Thriall iad fo sprochd gus an robh iad sgìth, claideardach nuair thubhairt am fear a b' òige: "O nach sinn na h-amadain; feuchamaid am bheil a' chumhachd anns a' bhrat a thuirt an nighean bha ann." Sgaoil e 'm brat air an làr. Laigh iad 'sa bhrat agus tharuinn iad a bheanna m' an timcheall. "Nis" ars am fear a b' òige, "C' àit an orduich sinn a bhi?" "Ma tà" ars am fear bu shine, "chuala mi gur h-i nighean righ na Spainne an t-aon is beairtiche air an t-saoghal; agus b' e mo mhiann a dhol chuice feuch co aige am bheil a' bharrachd òir, ise no mise, bonn air bhonn." "Mu choinneamh tigh Righ na Spàinne bitheadhmaid" ars am fear a b' òige, agus bha iad ann. Rinn iad an sin campa fagus do 'n lùchairt. Nuair a shuidhich iad iad féin, nigh agus ghlan am fear bu shine e féin is chuir e trusgan iomchaidh air. Ràinig e 'n lùchairt agus chuir e 'n céill fàth a thuruis. Chaidh a leigeil a stigh. Mar a chuireadh nighean an rìgh a sìos bonn òir, chrathadh esan an sporan, agus chuireadh e bonn ris gach bonn a chuireadh ise mach. Theirig a buinn-se, ach ged bhiteadh a' crathadh an sporan gus a so, cha sguireadh e shileadh òir.

Ghabh nighean an rìgh cneachdal agus dorran mòr gu'n do chaill i a h-ionmhas, agus bhòidich i 'na h-inntinn gu 'n tugadh i 'n sporan uaithe air chòir no air eucoir. Mu dheireadh thall thoilich i gu'n laigheadh i maille ris an oidhche ud. Nuair thàinig àm dol a laighe thubhairt i ris a dhol an leabaidh an toiseach. Rinn e sin; agus chuir e 'n sporan fo 'n chluasaig fo cheann. Nuair chaidh ise dhol an leabaidh, thuislich i

air-san agus splol i 'n sporan fo cheann. Bha i gu clis air an ùrlar; bhuail i bas agus dh' eubh i 'n geàrd. Dh' òrduich i esan a chur am mach gun chron a dheanamh air.

Chaidh esan, an duine truagh, air ais gu chompaich agus e fo mhòr smalan. Dh' innis e dhroch rath dhaibh. Cha robh comas air. An là màireach thuirt e ris an fhear mheadhonach: "An toir thusa dhomh am bogsa?" "Bheir, ma ni e feum 'sam bith dhuit"; ars am fear meadhonach. Dh' fhalbh e 's ràinig e tigh an rìgh. Dh' iarr nighean an rìgh a leigeil a stigh, chionn shaoil i dh' fhaodteadh gu'n robh sporan eile aige. Nuair fhuair e stigh dh' iarr e gu ladarna oirre a sporan aiseag air ais dha. 'S i nach tugadh. Ghlaodh i 'n geàrd. Thàinig iad a stigh. Thug esan am bogsa as a phòca Dh' fhosgail e e 's rinn e fead. Thàinig an armailt am mach. Sgudadh na cinn bho choluinn a' gheàird. Ghabh nighean an rìgh uamhas. Chaidh i sìos air a dà ghlùin is ghuidh agus ghuidh i air a' chasgairt a chriochnachadh. Dheanadh i ni 'sam bith a dh' iarradh e oirre, ach a chur stad air a' chasgairt. Rinn e fead is chaidh an armailt a stigh do'n bhogsa. Thòisich ise air a bhreugadh, agus bha i cho miodalach agus gu'n d' thug i air a chreidsinn gun laigheadh i leis an oidhche so da-rìreadh. Ach an duine truagh, fhuair e e féin air taobh muigh an doruis, mar air an oidhche roimhe. Bha e nis gun sporan, gun bhogsa.

Chaidh e gu chompaich gu dubhach, brònach. Thug e làithean an trom bhruaillean. Mu dheireadh, thuirt e ris an fhear a b' òige: "An toir thu dhomh am brat?" "Ma ni e feum 'sam bith dhuit, so dhuit e," ars am fear òg. Dh' fhalbh e. Ràinig e 's chaidh a leigeil a stigh. Bha nighean an rìgh 'na seasamh air meadhon an ùrlair a' cur fàilt air. Chaidh e chuice agus chuir e cirb de 'n bhrat mu 'n cuairt dith, agus ghuidh e iad a bhi le chéile an eilean uaigneach am meadhon a' chuain; 's an sin bhà iad. Bha a nis cothrom Lachainn air an reithe aige oirre. Thog iad bothan agus bha iad a' còmhnuidh ann.

Latha bòidheach, grianach agus iad 'nan suidhe air cnoc, thuit esan an cadal trom. Bha ise coimhead air agus ag ràdh rithe féin: "Ciamar thàinig mi 'n so? A' cheud uair a chunnaic mi e bha sporan aige nach sguireadh a shileadh òir. An ath uair bha bogsa aige as an tigeadh armailt a chiosnaicheadh an saoghal. Theagamh gu'm bheil rudeiginn 'sa bhrat. Thog i oirre cho luath 's a b' urrainn i do 'n bhothan 's lùb i 'm brat uimpe. Dh' òrduich i i féin bhi 'na seòmar féin an tigh a h-athar; 's an sin bha i.

Nuair dhùisg an laoch fhuair e e féin 'na aonar. Thug e gu luath air do 'n bhothan; ach bha nighean an rìgh air falbh leis a' bhrat." Thug i car as a rithis. Bha e nis 'na aonaranach truagh air an eilean uaigneach gun dòigh air dol as. Cha robh de bhiadh aige ach tighinn beò air ùbhlan fiadhain bha fàs air an eilean. Thug e 'san eilean mìos no dhà mu 'n d' thàinig cobhair air. Chunnaic e long a' dol seachad. Rinn e comharradh smèididh rithe. Chuireadh bàta gu tìr agus chaidh e air bòrd. Thug e leis dà chliabh ùbhlan; aon chliabh de dh' ùbhlan mòra, brèagha, 's an cliabh eile de dh' ùbhlan beaga. Thug e leis an cliabh de dh' ùbhlan beaga sìos far an robh e ri còmhnuidh 'san luing, agus dh' fhàg e na h-ùbhlan mòra air uachdar na luinge.

Nuair thionndaidh e chùl, cha d' fhuair na seòladairean cùis a b' fheàrr na bhi goid nan ùbhlan mòra; agus air chor 's nach faicteadh 'gan itheadh iad, chuir iad an cinn am mach troimh bheairt nan crann. Cha luaithe dh' ith na seòladairean na h-ùbhlan na dh' fhàs còicean fhiadh am mach as an cinn. Thàinig an t-àm do 'n luing gu tighinn mu 'n cuairt, ach cha b' urrainn na seòladairean tighinn á beairt nan crann. Cha leigeadh na còicean leò. Chuir an sgiobair fios air fear nan ùbhlan, 's nuair thàinig e thuirt e ris, "Feumaidh gu'n d' rinn thusa cionta mhòr nuair a thàinig a leithid so de bhreitheanas air mo sgioba." Cha d' rinn mise cionta mhòr; ach rinn iadsan. Thug mise ùine mhòr air an eilean 'nam aonar, agus cha robh meadhon eile agam gu beò-shlaint fhaotainn nuair ruiginn far an robh sluagh ach am beagan ùbhlan ud a ghoid iad. Sin an ni thug breitheanas orra." "Le ùrnuigh no le ui 'sam bith eile, dean an leigheas, oir théid an long air a' chladach is cha téid thusa no sinne as." "Ma leighiseas mi iad, an cuir thu air tìr mi 'san Spàinn?" "Ni mi sin," ars an sgiobair. Chaidh e sìos agus gheàrr e ùbhlan beaga 'nan ceathramhan, agus thug e ceathramh do gach fear dhiubh; agus nuair dh' ith iad, thuit na còicean diubh anns a' mhuir. Chuir an sgiobair air tìr e 'san Spàinn.

Shiubhail e tróimh 'n tìr sin; ach cha robh duine beartach gu leòir ann a cheannaicheadh na h-ùbhlan mòra bu bhreagha chunnacas riabh. A' dol seachad air tigh an rìgh, bha nighean an rìgh 's a ceann am mach air an uinneig. Cheannaich i iad agus thòisich i air an itheadh far an robh i. Dh' fhàs còic mhòr as a claigeann. Sin far an robh an othail 's an ùpraid a' feuchainn ri a toirt a stigh. Le mòr strìth fhuair iad a stigh i le a smigead a chur an oisinn agus bàrr na còice 'san oisinn fa chomhair. Bha i 'n sin 'na gugarlach 'na suidhe air leabaidh agus còic an fhéidh oirre. Cha b' urrainn na léigh a leigheas. Chaidh an sin gairm a chur am mach gu uile chrìochan na Spàinne: neach air bith a leighiseadh nighean an rìgh, gu 'm faigheadh e i ri phòsadh 's gu 'm bitheadh e 'na àrd-

cheannard air an arm. Nuair reic esan na h-ùbhlan ri nighean an rìgh cha d' aithnich i e, bha e 'na luid làn feusaig. Chaidh e d'a nhnuidh agus phronn e aon de na h-beaga agus chuir e am bogsa beag e agus th e. Nuair a chaidh a' ghairm am h' ullaich e e féin an trusgan léigh—bha àraidh aig na léigh 'san àm ud anns an Thàinig e gu tigh an rìgh is chaidh a stigh gu nighean an rìgh. Nuair 'na làthair cha d' aithnich i idir e. 'na gnùis gu dùrachdach agus thubhairt umaidh gu'n d' rinn thusa cionta mhòr." l' rinn mise cionta 'sam bith," ars ise. eig thu leas sin innseadh dhòmhsa; mur bitheadh tu air cionta mhòr a nh, cha tigeadh am breitheanas so ort." l' rinn mise cionta air bith," ars ise. ia thu air son mise do leigheas, feumaidh achadh no falbhaidh mise; chionn cha 'n toileach air thu bhi air do leigheas"; huir e air mar gu'm bitheadh e falbh. à," ars ise, "cha d' rinn mise de chionta ach duine iongantach a thàinig an so le òir aige, is fhad 's a chrathadh e an cha sguireadh e a shileadh òir, agus thug th e." Chrath e cheann. "Cha 'n e sin ' ars esan. Mu dheireadh dh' innis i mu gsa 's mu 'n bhrat, is mar a dh' fhàg i air an e." Bheil na rudan sin agad fhath-rs esan. "Tha," ars ise. "Ma tà," ars 'feumaidh tu an toirt dhòmhsa." "'S mi toir" ars ise. "Mur a toir," ars esan, lh do chròic maille riu; oir cha 'n 'eil air do leigheas ach gu'n toir thu suas iad," huir e air a bhi falbh. Ghlaoidh i air ais is thug i suas iad dhà. Thug e an sin dith hal phronnte is dh' ith i, is thuit a' chròic . Bha toil-inntinn an lùchairt an rìgh a leighiseadh nighean an rìgh, is rinn an àrd-cheannard air an arm dheth. ug e òrdugh seachad gu 'n rachadh an seachad fa chomhair air, là àraidh. innicheadh an t-arm fa chomhair, chunnaic ir de chompaich, is thug e òrdugh a chur rìosan. Chunnaic e fear eile, is dh' òrduich an cuideachd do 'n phrìosan. Chaidh an adh thairis. Mhol e 'n t-arm agus leig e fa il iad. Bha a dhà chompaich 'sa phrìosan. robh fhios aca dé rinn iad air an àrd-annard ùr nuair a chuir e 'sa phrìosan iad. iomaguin mhòr orra. Thàinig an t-àrd-annard far an robh iad agus thuirt e ri fear ubh, "is tusa a leithid so dh' fhear." "Is ," ars esan. Agus ris an fhear eile, "is tusa leithid so dh' fhear." "Is mi," ars esan. Am bheil sibh 'gam aithneachadh?" ars an rd-cheannard. "Cha 'n 'eil," ars iadsan. Is mise," ars esan, "bhur compach a bha sibh o coibhneil ris. Thigibh am mach agus bitheadh sibh 'nur dithis is fhaisge bhios dhomh anns an arm." Agus bha toileachas mòr orra.

Phòs an t-àrd-cheannard agus nighean an rìgh; agus mhair a' bhanais latha is bliadhna; is chuir iad mise dhachaidh am bròg an paipeir air cabhsair gloineachan.

An abridged version of the preceding folk-tale was narrated at last Mòd by Mr. John Cameron, Paisley. The complete version was received from Mr. Donald Beaton, Mackay, Queensland. We are not aware of its having been previously recorded. Mr. Beaton is a native of the island of Mull, and has been for the long period of nearly sixty years parted from the land of his birth; but to the last his interest in the language of his fathers has remained unabated. We say "to the last," because Mr. Beaton, feeling his end drawing near, has written us the following pathetic letter, which cannot fail to touch the hearts of our readers.

SIUBHAL SONA DHA.

Mackay, Queensland,
June 13th, 1907.

Mr. John Mackay.

DEAR SIR,—Please discontinue the *Celtic Monthly* at the end of the present Volume, as I am sorry that in all likelihood I shall not be in the land of the living to receive it, for my days are numbered. The doctor of the hospital where I have lain for the last five weeks gives no hope, but allows me to acquaint friends of my state. I regret that I can't forward any more sgialachd to the *Celtic*. There was one I strived to bring to memory—"Turas na Feinne do dh' fhearunn na Banrigh Ruaidh," but failed. The illness was acting against me. There is no hope.

Soraidh bhuan do Thir nam Beann.

Yours respectfully,

DONALD BEATON.

THE MACKAYS' GATHERING.

Gather, gather, "Chlann MacAoidh,"
Pass the cross from man to man,
Rise, ye heroes of Strathnaver,
Guard ye well the "Bratach Bhan."

Smite the Southern base usurpers,
"Iain Abrach" leads the van;
Follow where his footsteps leadeth
The white banner of our clan.

Sons of heroes! gather, gather,
Let your slogan sound on high,
Till Ben Loyal's summit echoes
The wild war-cry of Mackay!

Gather, gather, "Chlann MacAoidh,"
Let the proud usurpers know,
That the soul of "Siol Morgan"
Never bowed to Southern foe.

Gather, gather, sons of heroes,
Warriors of the "strong right hand,"
Rise, and sweep the Southern traitors
From your ancient fatherland.

Argentine Republic. D. MACAOIDH ROICH.

FURTHER NORTH.

By Lucy H. Soutar,
Author of "A Highland Web," etc.

All railway routes from the south lead to Inverness, the great gateway of the Northern Highlands. Every Saturday morning during the tourist season there passes through this station the "Further North" express train, with its freight of pleasure and health-seeking passengers, on their way to the northern sporting Meccas lying almost within hail of the Ultima Thule of the ancients.

When in the far north, the charm of the days, which have no night, have passed, the days when the sun scarce dips below the horizon, and the heralds of dawn appear to chase away the lingering twilight which lights up the lofty bens and the wide expanse of ocean, when these days have gone, then it is that the land of "Further North" exerts itself to the utmost and puts forth fresh allurements to entice to its hills and plains town dwellers. In the autumn the deer forests are ablaze with golden and russet bracken, the hills are clothed in purple heather, the trees vie with one another in brilliant colouring, the air is crisp and invigorating, and man is filled to intoxication with the richness of a harvest, sown in a springtime of tears.

Rispond, Durness, Sutherland.

Brora, six hundred and sixty-four miles distant from the metropolis, has, by the Iron Horse, been made easily accessible to the southerner, and its golf course appeals as confidently to the golfer as does that of Dornoch.

One could imagine that the writer of the following lines found his inspiration on these northern links:—

"When Caledonia, stern and wild,
Was still a poor unkilted child,
Two simple shepherds clad in skins,
With leathern thongs about their shins,
Finding that dulness day by day
Grew irksome, felt a wish to play;
But where the game? In those dark ages
They couldn't toss—they had no wages,
Till one, the brighter of the two,
Hit on a something he could do;
He hit a pebble with his crook,
And sent the stone across a brook.
The other tempted then to strike,
With equal ardour played the like!
And on they went with heart and soul
Towards a distant quarry hole,
With new success contented,
'Twas thus the pre-historic Scot
Did wonders by an idle shot;
And Golf was first invented."

Brora Links have ever been a land of shepherds and sheep, and the bents have from time immemorial been a feeding ground for flocks and herds, a burrow for the wild rabbit and a haunt of game; but these were indeed the attractions

of pre-historic times in this district, and it is only within recent years that Brora has awakened to the fact that modern golf is to raise her fame far beyond what sheep and shepherds, coal-pits, Brochs, modern wool-mills, unsurpassed salmon fisheries, and the "raal thing" from Clynelish distillery, have ever done.

In 1892 the original golf course was laid out, and so keenly was the game taken up by the inhabitants of the place, that in a few years time the nine hole course was extended to the orthodox eighteen. About the year 1905 Brora realised the pleasant sensation of knowing that she had become an acknowledged golfing resort. Larger hotels sprung up to supply the wants of the visitor, pretty villas dotted along the braehead to accommodate entire familes, the natives opened their doors to strangers and discovered a new means of livelihood, and once again Brora Golf Club looked to their new golfing links and improved them, so that to-day the course has been brought up-to-date; new holes have been made and old ones left out, the form changed from the figure eight to a circular course. The grass, like on most sea-side courses, is short and crisp, the greens are varied, several are elevated, while others lie in the flats or hollows, the bunkers are in full view, and the player is delighted with the good sporting features of the green. The hazards are of natural formation and lend themselves to good play; the grass not being so trodden down as is the general case on most southern courses, there is little run for the ball; but the bent grasses only obstruct at one hole. Such authorities as F. H. Taylor and Willie Fernie, of Troon, were not sparing in their praise of this course, in fact, it has been declared one of the finest natural golf courses in Scotland.

On the one side, the course lies open to the sea and is skirted with a wide belt of clean sands, and on the other side, solemn-looking hills rise high and dark. Of these hills Hugh Millar says: "I have had my doubts regarding glacial agency in Scotland, but, after visiting this locality, I found doubt impossible, and I would now fain recommend the sceptical to suspend their ultimate decision on the point until such time as they shall have acquainted themselves with the grooved and polished rocks of Braamberry and the parallel moraines that stretch out around its base."

There are few places in the British Isles which yield wider scope for the geologist than in and around the village of Brora. The heather-patched old red-sandstone range of Braamberry bear unmistakable evidence of glacier birth, and are veritable sculpture galleries of the ancient fauna and flora of the district. Fossils of great variety have been found imbedded in the Hare Hill Quarries, marking the various epochs of the formation of these rocks.

The volitic coalfields of Brora are of peculiar interest to the geologist, and were opened as long ago as 1529. In 1798 they were re-opened in connection with salt-making, and for a short time were worked with profit; but on the abolition of the salt tax, salt-making was no longer a paying industry, and was done away with; the coal not being required by a peat-burning population, the pits were again closed, and remained so for nigh a century, when the late Duke of Sutherland had them again opened, and these furthest north coal-pits in the British Isles have been worked ever since with more or less success. The fuel burns readily, but gives off a peculiar odour, and is quickly changed into a white ash: such bespeak its vegetable origin rather than the mineral which time has converted it into.

The village of Brora is situated on both banks of the river Brora, a water noted for its salmon, many of which find their way to the London and Manchester markets. Far up among the higher hills of this mountainous county the river takes its birth from burns which huddle down their courses, foaming and eager, over rocky beds, to mingle their waters in a broad, tawny river, which, after a fourteen miles' course, joins the Blackwater, another stream of considerable size, rising at the foot of the lofty Ben Armin. The mated rivers spread out into a wide sheet of water some four miles in length and form an exquisite picture of grand beauty. The water appears like three separate lochs, in which are reflected the mountains, rising stern and bold from the water's edge, and the scented birch trees and bog myrtles, which fringe part of the loch. In these wilds the rod and the gun find plenty game, and the pic-nicker a scene of beauty to feast his eyes upon and dream over by his winter fire, when winds howl around the bens and slash the waters into turbulent waves, or, with a calm which is scarce earthly, the White King clothes the mountains in snow and seals up the waters in ice.

A New Book on Clans and Septs.—Among those who are on a visit to this country at present is Mr. Frank Adam, of Selangor, a gentleman well known in Celtic circles as the author of that popular work, "What is my Tartan?" He is at present seeing through the press a much more ambitious work, a volume of some five hundred pages, dealing in an exhaustive manner with "The Clans, Septs, and Regiments of the Scottish Highlanders." It will contain a number of maps, specimens in colours of ancient and rare tartans, as well as drawings of various forms of the Highland dress, the arms of the chiefs, and various matters that are otherwise difficult of access. The work will prove a mine of information on many Celtic subjects.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications on literary and business matters should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 10 Bute Mansions, Hillhead, Glasgow.

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THE CELTIC MONTHLY.

OCTOBER, 1907.

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NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

As this issue commences a new volume, readers who intend subscribing for Volume XVI. are requested to forward the annual contribution (4s. post free—American and Canadian readers may send a dollar note and save cost of Money Order) as soon as convenient to the Editor, Mr. John Mackay, 10 Bute Mansions, Hillhead, Glasgow.

Music at the Pan-Celtic Congress.

SIR,—The musical lectures at the Pan-Celtic Congress were distinctly disappointing in respect of the absence of discussion, resulting from want of time. The consequence was that the audience had only one side of the various subjects presented to them—and that not in the most scientific way.

Mrs. Kennedy Fraser gave examples of folk-music which were artistically rendered but which gave, for that very reason, a distinctly false impression of folk-song to her hearers. They, do doubt, also believed that the illustrations given were all tunes and words recovered by the lecturer, mostly in Eriskay, whereas there were at least two tunes and one set of words which could only have been got from the 1906 Mod Compilations, which had, no doubt, been placed at the lecturer's disposal, and for which acknowledgment ought to have been made. Another of the tunes has been before the public for several years, and credit should have been given where it was due. These overlooks could have been remedied had there been discussion.

Dr. Fraser's lecture was devoted to proving the bagpipe to be of Celtic origin, and that the *Piob mhor* had developed in the Highlands of Scotland. He acknowledged the absence of historical evidence for this last belief, and admitted that his opinion regarding the development of the *Piob mhor* was an assumption. "Assumption" is the word which the doctor used. Surely this was unscientific. The bagpipe may be all that Dr. Fraser claims for it; but he gave not one scrap of real evidence in support of his views, and ignored the most advanced and recent opinions of the opponents of his theory. On that account his lecture was, to say the least, mere waste of time.

Mr. Graves gave extracts from a lecture which he had previously delivered in Wales in promotion of a Folk-song Society there, interspersing these with remarks applicable to the new occasion. It is to be feared that a Scottish Folk-song Society founded under such auspices, will hardly come up to the standard required to render its work of scientific value; for the opinions advanced throughout the lecture were of the superficial kind which have done service for long years and which it should be a Folk-song Society's first task to eradicate.

To the Rev. Mr. Munro's paper, beyond saying that there was a strain of exaggeration throughout, little adverse criticism need be applied. He got scandalous treatment; for, when his turn to lecture came, nearly everybody rose and left the hall, including chairman and those lecturers who had taken up the time before him to so little purpose; and his paper was addressed to less than a score of people whose interest was genuine and whose sense of decency had not forsaken them.

That the Celtic Association—like another Celtic Association nearer home which could be named—would benefit by shedding some of the pretentiousness which it has apparently gathered round it, is the opinion of—yours, &c.,

JONAH.

CLAN MACMILLAN—This Society is to hold its Annual "At Home" in Glasgow on 21st November. The company will be received by Bailie D. Macmillan, J.P., Partick, chief of the Clan Society, who represents the Macmillans of Loch-Arkaig, Lochaber.

CLAN CAMERON.—This Clan is making arrangements for its Annual Gathering, which takes place in Glasgow on the 29th of November. The Chief of the Clan will preside, this being his first appearance at the head of the clan as chief.

CLAN CAMPBELL.—The Directors of Clan Campbell met recently in Glasgow. The Secretary reported an increase in the membership—life and ordinary—while the Treasurer stated the funds were in a healthy condition. The Secretary, Mr. Colin Campbell, 356 Scotland Street, S.S., Glasgow, will be pleased to receive the names of members of the clan anxious to join.

GLASGOW INVERNESS-SHIRE ASSOCIATION.—This Association opened their session last month with a musical evening, the programme being arranged by the president, Mr. Alex. Fraser, and his friends. The following is the syllabus for the session:—November 8—Concert and Dance in Charing Cross Halls. December 5—Lecture by Mr. Hugh Macleod, writer, Glasgow; subject, "Memorabilia of Inverness—Town and county." February 6—Lecture by Mr. W. Machardy, S.S.C., Edinburgh. February 21—Annual gathering, Queen's Rooms. March 5—Lecture by Lieut. E. E. Henderson, Govan, with lime-light views—Highland snap-shots—scenic and historical.

Gaelic Men of Letters.

I.—JOHN MACKENZIE.

"The Beauties of Gaelic Poetry."

[By Fionn.]

John Mackenzie, whose name is ever associated with this "magnum opus," was born at Mealan Theàrlaich, parish of Gairloch, in 1806. He was the son of Alexander Mackenzie, who belonged to the branch of the clan known as "Sliochd Alasdair Chaim." He was educated first in the Parish School of Gairloch, and afterwards in Tain Academy. From his earliest youth he manifested a delight in reading and music. He also indicated considerable taste and ingenuity in making a fiddle for himself; and his mother purchased a set of bagpipes for his amusement from a company of strolling players, to which he attached great value, and ultimately became a proficient performer on the bagpipe. Afterwards he made similar musical instruments, and his parents, supposing that his tastes lay that way, engaged him as an apprentice to a Dingwall joiner. This occupation not being congenial to his mind, he soon left it and returned to his native parish, where he employed himself in collecting material for the publication of the poems of William Ross, the Gairloch bard, which he issued in 1832. It was doubtless at this time that he conceived the idea of publishing the "Beauties of Gaelic Poetry, and the Lives of the Highland Bards," the preparation of which occupied the best portion of twelve years, the greater part of which he spent throughout the Highlands collecting facts and materials for compiling this valuable work. In 1836 he accepted the situation of book-keeper in the Glasgow University Printing Office. Deeming the publishing of his "Beauties" too arduous an undertaking on his own account, he disposed of the copyright to Messrs. Macgregor, Polson, & Coy., then publishers in Glasgow, at the same time undertaking to superintend the work through the press. The extra labour he thus undertook, and for which he was afterwards but indifferently remunerated, undermined his health. The "Beauties" were published in 1841, completed to the original design, and in 408 pages contained the poetry in Gaelic, and biographies of thirty-six different bards, together with an appendix containing a number of fugitive Gaelic songs. Mackenzie was afterwards employed by the firm of Maclachlan & Stewart, Edinburgh, in translating Bunyan's works, and in editing enlarged editions of the works of Duncan Ban Macintyre and Alexander Macdonald (Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair). His last-completed work was the English-Gaelic Dictionary, which was published in 1845, and which is usually bound with MacAlpine's Gaelic Dictionary. In 1847 he issued the prospectus of an enlarged edition of the "Beauties of Gaelic Poetry," to contain the biographies of forty-six bards. For Messrs. Collie & Son, Edinburgh, he prepared a Gaelic history of Prince Charlie and the '45, which was published in 1844. Mackenzie, in all, composed, translated, or edited above thirty different publications; but being naturally of delicate constitution, the labour which he bestowed on his last work brought on a severe stomach complaint from which he never recovered. He went home to his native parish, and died in his father's house, Lon-dubh, Inverewe, 19th August 1848. He was buried in the old chapel in the Churchyard of Gairloch, where in 1878, chiefly through the energy of the late Alex. Mackenzie, Inverness, a handsome monument was erected to his memory. The following is the English inscription on the monument:—"In memory of John Mackenzie (of the family of Alister Cam of Gairloch), who compiled and edited 'The Beauties of Gaelic Poetry,' and also compiled, wrote, translated, or edited, under surprising difficulties, above thirty other works. Born Mellan Charles, 1806; died at Inverewe, 1848. In grateful recognition of his valuable services to Celtic literature, this monument is erected by his fellow-countrymen. 1878."

Mackenzie is said to have been of medium height, slightly built, with fair hair, and a rather pale complexion. We are not aware that any likeness of him is extant. He left some MS., which have since, unfortunately, disappeared; among them a Gaelic translation of the Scriptures, on which he was engaged at the time of his last illness, also several Gaelic sermons, intended for some of the Highland clergy.

As already stated, Mackenzie's best-known work is "The Beauties of Gaelic Poetry," of which the following is the title page:—

Sar-obair nam Bard Gaelach:
or
THE BEAUTIES OF GAELIC POETRY,
and
Lives of the Highland Bards;

with historical and critical notes, and a comprehensive glossary of provincial words,
by John Mackenzie, Esq.,
Honorary member of the Ossianic Society of Glasgow, the Gaelic Society of London, &c., &c., with an historical introduction containing an account of the manners, habits, etc., of the ancient Caledonians, by James Logan, Esq., F.S.A.S., author of the Scottish Gael," &c., &c.
Glasgow: Macgregor, Polson, & Coy.
1841.

(1) "The Beauties" is a large work of 408 pages, with small print and double columns. It contains more than thirty thousand lines of poetry, in many different kinds of rhyme and rhythm, and on a vast variety of subjects. Considering the sources of information at his disposal, the biographies are fairly reliable. It is interesting to note that not a single bard referred to in the work is now living, the last to pass away being Evan MacColl, the Lochfyne bard, who died in Canada a few years ago. The following editions of the "Beauties" have been published since 1841, when the first edition appeared:—2nd edition, Glasgow, 1865; 3rd edition, Edinburgh, 1872; 4th edition, Edinburgh, 1877; 5th edition, Edinburgh, 1882. An edition was published in Halifax, New Brunswick, in 1868 slightly different to the Scottish editions. It may be stated that the stereo plates became the property of the late Rev. William Ross, Glasgow. They were purchased on the death of Mr. Ross by Mr. Norman MacLeod, who a few years ago printed a new edition from these plates.

(2) "The History of Prince Charlie." Edinburgh, 1844. Second Edition, Edinburgh, 1845.

(3) "Exploits of Mac Cruslaig." Glasgow, 1836.

(4) "Jacobite Songs" (An t-Aosdana). Edinburgh, 1844. Second edition, Glasgow, 1864. Third edition, Edinburgh, 1871.

(5) "A Dialogue on Forbes's Double Grammar" (Gaelic and English), not dated, circa. about 1845. This is almost a reprint of what appears in a periodical called "A' Bheithir-bheuma," of which Mackenzie was editor. We think one number of the "Beithir" was all that appeared. It is dated "Mios deireannach a' Gheamhraidh, 1845."

(6) "An Cruitear—The Gaelic Melodist." Edinburgh: D. R. Collie & Son. This little song-book contains an original song of average merit by Mackenzie.

(7) "Gaelic Popular Songs." Glasgow: Duncan Macbean. 1836.

Reference has already been made to Mackenzie's Gaelic translations of Bunyan's works, as well as his editing of the works of several of the Gaelic bards for Maclachlan & Stewart, also to his English-Gaelic portion of MacAlpine's Dictionary, for which he did not receive the benediction of Neil Macalpine. He is also held responsible for the compilation of a small publication printed in Paisley, and called "An Leabhar Liath," which for obvious reasons was anti-dated 1801. His position in the Gaelic world of letters is determined by his valuable work, "The Beauties of Gaelic Poetry."

AOIR A' BHAIRD MHUILICH

DO ALASDAIR, MAC MHAIGHISTIR ALASDAIR.

THE Mull Bard (Iain Mac Ailein Mhic Iain Mhic Eòghain) was a Maclean, and first cousin of the Laird of Coll. He was tenant of Quinish, in the Isle of Mull. "Black Campbell," from Kintail, lifted Maclean's cattle, and Maclean composed the song "An Caimbeulach Dubh a Ceann-t-sàile." The cattle-lifter got Macdonald, the poet, to compose an answer, which is the well-known piece, "An Caimbeulach Dubh." To this Maclean paid no attention, and the Kintail man was so much annoyed that he went a second time to Macdonald, who composed a satire in the coarse style of which he was master, and in which he compared the Mull Bard to the most insignificant and loathsome objects. Maclean retorted in the following sarcastic but truthful lines, which are free of all gross and indecent language, but every word of his would have pierced his lampooner's heart as an intellectual lance.

Muthas fad a tha mi 'g éisdeachd
Ris an éisg a tha 'g a' m' chàineadh;
Innsidh mi pàirt d' an fhìrinn,
Ged nach d' rugadh mìr am' bhàrd mi;
Tha cluasan agam gu claisdeach
Sùilean gu faicinn o nàdur,
A bheireadh teisteas nach b' fhiach ort
Bho na rugadh a'd' fhior phàisd thu.

Bhris thu 'n gealladh a bha sgrìobhta
Air a dhìonachadh 's na h-àithntibh;
Air t-athair gu'n d' rinn thu dìmeas
Choimhead thu sios air do mhàthair;
Thug thu mionnan air a' Bhìobull,
Nach b' fhearr do shìnsreadh na Sàtan;
Cha b' e'n creidimh ach am brosgull,
Chuir a ghiùlan crois a' Phàp thu.

A' bhliadhn a thàinig am Prionnsa,
Bu shiùbhlach thu anns gach àite,
A' d' chlach-bhalg air feadh gach dùthcha,
'G iarraidh tionndadh le Tearlach;
Cha luaithe 'thug e dhuit a chùlthaobh,
Na thionndaidh thu d' chù 'n droch nàduir,
Gheall thu 'bhrath air bheagan cùinnidh
Mar rinn Iùdas air ar Slànuigh'r.

An turus a thug thu do Dhun-Eideann
Thàinig thu d' dhiol-déirce dhachaidh;
An deigh do phaca a sgaoileadh.
'S do shaothair a chur o shnas ort;
Rinn na leabhraichean do dhìteadh,
B' fhearr dhuit nach sgrìobhadh tu facal;
'Nuair a chunnaic daoine còir iad
'S ann a dh' òrduich iad an sracadh.

Is iomadh creutair feadh an t-saoghail,
Nach do smaointich thu air fhathast,
An "ceardaman"* bidh e seòladh,
'G iarraidh còir air dol do 'n athar;
Nàile! tuitidh e gu cinnteach
'N àite dìblidh taobh an rathaid,
Far an tric an deigh an òil,
An robh an Tòmas ud 'na làidhe.

*The beetle. Although Macdonald had compared the Mull Bard to many insignificant creatures, he forgot to compare him to the beetle. To this omission the Mull Bard makes a most sarcastic allusion, while he compares himself to that insect.

RELIGION OF THE INDO-BANTU RACES OF GREAT BRITAIN.

(Traditions of Fionn.)

By W. J. EDMONDSTON-SCOTT.

TIGERNACH, the Annalist, records Fionn's death in the year 274 A.D., and to him chiefly is due the modern idea that the great Fionn was a real warrior of the third century. Many other warrior-Fionns are mentioned in the olden times, but the one with whom we are concerned is the Fionn of the Tales, the Zambi or the "Great Father" of the Bantu races—a non-historical personage introduced into current Celtic thought and literature. Primarily his particular abode in the Sun had nine doors to lift their heads on high, but according to later Celtic modes of expression, seven are allotted. Fionn lives in a seven-sided mansion with seven doors, analogical to that of the Scotch lady Scathach, whose house has seven great doors and seven windows. Considered in the light of this latter-day belief, the expression "Seachd aisre gu talla nan sian" is not peculiar. His magic whistle also, undergoing religious treatment at the hands of zealous but not over-learned monks, becomes the trumpet or Stoc Focra of the angel Gabriel, heard throughout seven worlds—(L. Br.)

FIONN WAS NOT A DEITY

of Celtic creation; he held no place in Celtic religion. Yet the belief in his orient greatness and omnipotence was indestructible among the common folks, and there was a consequent difficulty in later days of disposing of a power popularly supposed to be near every one of us. Partly, therefore, from this difficulty, as well as the misconception of who or what he was, arose Fionn's localisation, as exemplified in many place-names. Thus, like another Barbarossa, he has his underground cave. He also has his "side" or fairy-knoll of Tomnahurich, and his victorious second coming will be heralded by the last peal of his trumpet heard throughout the nine worlds. Similarly the nine rivers of death which the soul must cross to reach his presence became also unintelligible and were straightway localised as in Greece. When Caeilte is summoned by Mongan from the land of the dead to bear him witness, Caeilte obeys the call. He returns to the land of mortals by recrossing waters with familiar names like the Liffey, the Maine, the Boyne, Carlingford Lough, Larne Water, and the rest, before he can enter the presence of Mongan. Why a spirit recrossing to earthly abodes should require to traverse these particular waters is left unexplained by the Irish scribes.

But in many other ways Fionn justifies symbolically his right to the lordship of

THE NINE OTHER—WORLDS.

He alone keeps nine bards in his house. When he sends his messengers forth to do his bidding he sends nine, one of whom is said to be endowed with the deadly property that "he never delivered a cast that missed the mark and that never was his hand blood-red in a man but the same would be dead before a nine-days' term were out." Another of his celebrated fate-bringing messengers is the Tracker. In an old tale he says of himself:—"I by way of art have this; that I would carry the teal's trail (lorg na crannlachan) over nine ridges and nine furrows, until I come on him in his dwelling and on his bed; and upon either sea or land would do the thing indifferently." Despite the flight of centuries, the conservative tale keeps the character of Fionn's tracker unchanged—"Lorgaichidh mi'n lach thar bharraibh nan naoi tonn 'an ceann nan naoi tràth."—(Celtic Waifs, III. 2). The nine rods also which belong peculiarly to those lording the dead, re-appear in the house of Manannan MacLir in Tir Tarnngaire (Land of Promise), just as in an Indian parallel, the hero on a gaily caparisoned steed holds the wonderful nine rods or javelins along with a shield weighing only three tons, and a spear, huger perhaps than Fingal's, weighing one ton.

As the horse is considered the medium of travel to and between the other worlds, it is not remarkable to find that

FIONN POSSESSED A WONDERFUL HORSE,

which he alone could ride in safety throughout the nine other worlds. Two peculiarities his air-tight steed possesses—its readiness on sea and land, as instanced in all genuine folk-tales, and also the penalty of death incurred by the person falling off its back or retouching earthly soil. Thus, in an Indian tale where Simhal and his comrades fall into the power of 501 Rakshasis or demonesses, appearing as fair damsels, he escapes across the seas on the back of the wonderful horse. He alone of his companions avoids being torn to pieces by the fingering of the fair Buckeyed virgins. In another Indian tale, the horse is the means of rescuing merchants from Sirens who devour human flesh and are themselves half-women, like the "Glaistigs" of the Hebrides. With both cases death would have been the inevitable result of falling off.

Similarly, the wonderful horse is as necessary in the Gaelic tale as in its Slav or Indian equivalent. To get to the Land of Promise, where is the house of Manannan, a dark-grey horse reined with a golden bridle, conveys the wanderers, just as in the Scandian version the horse is Sleipner which Hermod rode to the under

world to obtain Baldr. "For the space of nine waves he would be submerged in the sea, but would rise on the crest of the tenth and that without his chest wetted"—(Silv. Gadel). In a West Irish tale, the same horse appears as nine-legged and fully justifies its supernatural epithets. It is as ready on sea and land, and when Fionn himself mounts his brown ambler, its thrilling performances parallel the mysterious "ongauns" of its rider. "Thug e 'n leum sin as is chaidh e seachad air naoi iomairean eile, is sheas Fionn air a mhuinn. Thug e 'n darna leum as, is chaidh e seachad air naoi iomairean eile is sheas Fionn air a mhuinn. Thug e gu astar. Bheireadh e air a' ghaoth luath Mhàirt, 's cha bheireadh a' ghaoth luath Mhàirt air"—(Campbell's Tales, II., 446). Everyone who rides the horse, however, is not so skilful as Fionn, and we find that just as Billy Ruffian ultimately perished by his fall from the winged Pegasus, so a like fate overtook the luckless Crimthann Nia Nair, whose fall brought on suddenly old age, decrepitude, and death. Ossian also in the fall of his years fell a victim. When leaving Tir nan Og, his wife's parting injunction was—"Remember, Oisin, what I tell thee. If thou settest foot on earth, never again shall I behold thee in this beautiful land." To which

OSSIAN, WHO WAS A QUAKER,

suitably replies—"This will I duly do: thee will I obey." But when far out of sight or the reach of his wife's tongue, he forgets, dismounts from the horse, which with a horse-laugh, suddenly vanishes, leaving him blind, old, and decrepit—the shadow of a great bloke in a weary land. Thus Ossian, Crimthann, and Billy Ruffian paid the penalty for ignoring the time-worn prohibition to dismount.

They are, nevertheless, exceptions to the rule in folk-lore. This prohibition to alight from horseback, as Mr. Nutt well points out, "is of relatively recent origin, the Irish in the oldest manuscripts always using chariots." To which we may reply that erudition lost the point. Fionn's Pegasus or nine-legged horse is above the horse of Irish manuscript; superior to "the horse the missus dries the clothes on." In the second place, from a practical, scientific, and non-literary standpoint, the ancient Irish historical text does not of itself carry with it so great a comparable weight of authority, its value being determined by its historical co-relatives. However, no fault can be found with Mr. Nutt's theories on Celtic doctrines of re-birth or the other world, or canines or equines, since at lucid intervals he deviates into much good sense, and here, as elsewhere, the waywardness of his knowledge on the point lends a subtle charm, enhancing rather than detracting from the naiveté of his irrelevance.

As showing also how much Fionn's infinite majesty belonged to the preternatural, his wisdom, together with his

POWER OF DIVINATION,

appear unfathomable. If Taliesin can suggest the divineness of his genius by exclaiming that he was formed by the water of the ninth wave, Fionn likewise can reveal the source of his divining knowledge by virtue of his lordship over all the worlds. He is omniscient, and can tell like a Brahman Seer where his friends or foes are, and what they are doing or have done. His supernatural foreknowledge comes from his ability to traverse at will the nine spiritual worlds. He may note the state or progress of affairs in Tir nan Og or listen to the wail of the Banshees in the "sides" or fairy-knolls. Like the old giant Vafthrudnersmal he can then say —"Of the runes of the giants and of all the gods I can speak truly, for I have been in every world. In nine worlds I came below Nifelhel."

Fionn being therefore the supernatural being in the sun, the highest heaven, representations of him on stones or other things of a religious or sepulchral nature included a symbol typifying his power of the nines. To the ancient Egyptian he was known as Horus, the Lord of Light, the Living God, the soul unknown, the possessor of two divine faces, with similar other divinely-appointed epithets, and in the Book of the Dead, all nature is made to praise him. "The stars which rest and the stars which never fail glorify thee as thou sinkest to rest in the horizon of Manu, in the land of life." In the Decrees of Memphis and Canopus he is depicted as Horus, Chief of the Nine Bows (Heru tep pet paut). In India the highest deity is called Saptasvah or Seven-rayed like his counterpart in Greece of Heptaktis Apollo. The older type, however, appears in the earlier cult. Kali or Durga, the many-armed goddess of the dead is often called Nava-Durga, because like certain of her relatives in the Tales, this lady could change herself into nine forms. Her wardrobe consequently would be an expensive item, but this would prove of secondary interest —at least to the lady. The planet Mars, supposed to be one of the nine worlds inhabited by some of the imperfect dead, is called Navadidhiti (nine-rayed), and there is hence good reason for the modern superstition of the planet being inhabited. Yet is it not sad to think that unhappy spirits, rejected from Paradise milleniums ago, should now be reduced to the state of hewers of wood and diggers of canals? The symbol of the circle with nine rays emanating from it appears frequently on Indian monoliths, and is popularly ascribed to the great spiritual being, Mahadeo (Journ. Bengal Soc.

vol. xlvi.). Its Scottish counterpart is a pillared stone, and from an incised rising near the centre of the boss, nine incised lines radiate at nearly equal distances (Celt. Rev. II. 349).

Passing next from the

ARCHÆOLOGICAL TO THE LITERARY,

we find Gaelic references to the efficacy of prayer and invocation. The Lord of Justice, the God of the Nine Rays, is appealed to to make the crooked paths of laws and lawyers more straight. Belief in fate and faith are strangely co-mingled in invocations like "Ora Ceartais"—

"Dhe, tha mi liuthal m' aoduinn
Anns na naodh gatha greine,"
"Ionnlaididh mi m' aodann
Mar naoi gathannan greine."

This nine-rayed symbol has been variously explained. A learned gentleman in Folklore, thinking that South-European folks were acquainted with the octopus, makes the natural suggestion that its legs or arms would be easily pourtrayed as the rays proceeding from the Evil Eye. And the Earl of Southesk explaining the symbolism of the

SCOTTISH SCULPTURED STONES

found that "objects literally or ideally connected with the hair of the head acquired a certain sanctity, the hair itself being peculiarly sacred as typifying the rays of the sun." So, perhaps, if it be true that Eskimos eat those objects literally or ideally connected with the hair, we have here an excellent example of what Grant Allen or Dr. Frazer might call "eating the god." Besides the nine-rayed symbol and invocation Fionn has his special banner-symbol. Just as the ægis or shield of Jupiter is nine-tasselled in order to inspire greater terror, so likewise

FIONN'S BANNER HAS NINE CHAINS

depending from it, according to the authority of Campbell's Tales, Celtic Waifs and Strays (IV. 74) and Leabhar na Feinne—

"Bha naoi slabhruidhean innte sios,
De 'n òr fhior a dh' ionnsuidh an làir."

The name of the banner is given indifferently as Geal-gheugach, a' Ghil-Ghreine, An Dia-Greine Nighean Righ Feill Fionn and An Deo-Greine. In an old tale Dér-Grene (Deur-Greine) is daughter to Fiachna, a god of the underworld.

Fionn of the Tales is lord of nine worlds and nine ranks. His trumpet is heard throughout the nine, and its last trump has yet to sound at his second coming. He lives in a nine-doored mansion in the sun; has nine bards and nine messengers with their nine wands of office to cite the last summons on the dead. He knows all in the nine worlds, and his nine-legged steed conveys him to and fro among them. His sacred symbols of sun-circle and banner embody spiritually his nine-world power, and he alone is invoked as the beneficent and merciful Lord of the Nine Rays dwelling beyond the nine rivers of death. From all which we may safely conclude that Fionn of the Tales was not a warrior of the third century, nor even a deity of Celtic creation. Surrounded with a strange religious lore foreign to Celtic manner of thought, he belongs neither to Celtic religion nor to the realm of its utopian mythology. He stands in Britain, to a certainty, at the head of the religion of the Indo-Bantu races, and yet, although he bears the mark of a sun-god, in many aspects, he diverges by holding attributes and powers alien to the character of a true Indo-Bantu sun-god, and more in consonance, perhaps, with those of some other deity or deities. However, we shall here cease preaching since this always woos dreams and sleeps. If we have successfully driven in the fact for the nine hundred and ninety-ninth time that Fionn of the Tales is the Indo-Bantu God of the Living, no great difficulty will be experienced in understanding some of the Indo-Bantu Druids' mathematical calculations or having an oglin-glance at the skull-rattling Goddess of the Dead—a sweet chiming belle of long ago.

NIGHEAN MO GHAOIL

Air fonn.—"*Cuachag nan Craobh.*"

Cha 'n fhac mi thu 'n raoir
A nighean mo ghaoil,
Dh' fhàg siod mo ghlaodh tùrsach,
Cadal no suain cha d' fhuair mi aon uair,
Ciod chuir thu a luaidh an diomb rium?
'S mòr dhuit mo spéis
'S airidh thu féin,
'S tu 'n ainnir dheas, réidh, ùrail,
An t-sùil rinn mo lèir';
Mar dhearcag an t-sleibh
'S a tharruing mi 'ghéug, dlùth dhuit.

Cha'n iarrainn 's an t-saogh'l
Ach mar riut a ghaoil,
Bhi mireadh 's ri caoin shùgradh,
Mo làmh ort mu'n cuairt
'S mi 'g eisdeachd le stuaim
'S an eunlaidh cuir suas ciùil dhuinn.
Bu mhilis an teud
Ann am barra nan geug,
Mis' agus m' fheudail dlùth dhoibh;
Mar ùbhlan meala do phòg
Cneas mar eal 'air an lòn
Cas chuimir 'am bròg dhùinte.

Cha 'n fhac mi thu 'n raoir
A nighean mo ghaoil,
Dh' fhàg siod mo ghlaodh tùrsach
Cadal no suain cha d' fhuair mi aon uair
Ciod chuir thu luaidh an diomb rium?
Do ghruaidh mar an ròs
Aig Sharon 's ga chòir,
An lili is bòidhche ùrachd
'S mòr dhuit mo ghràdh
'S leam cha 'n aireach gu bràth,
Mo mhaighdean deas màlt' curtail.

D. MAC DHUGHAILL.

BRAIGHE BHOTH-CHUIDIR.

[THE following translation of the song "The Braes o' Balquhidder" is by the late Rev. D. B. Blair, D.D., Nova Scotia, who was a native of Strachur, Cowal, where he was born in 1815. He was for some years resident in Badenoch. He died 4th June, 1893, and left a Gaelic metrical version of the Psalms, which awaits publication.]

Thig a nionag an àird
Gu ruig Bràighe Bhoth-chuidir,
Far am fàs dearcan gorm',
Feadh an fhraoich bhoidheach, bhuidhe;
Bidh am fiadh is an earb,
Tric a falbh an sin cuideachd,
Mire-leum feadh an là
Ann am Bràighe Bhoth-chuidir.

Cuiream pàiliun dhuit suas
Lamh ri fuaran glan soilleir,
Tughta dìonach is dlùth,
Leis na flùranaibh loinneil;
Bidh mi sealg feadh nam beann
'S feadh nan gleann domhan doilleir,
'S gach ni ghlacas mi 'm làimh
Bheir mi dh' àros mo leannan.

'Nuair a shéideas a' ghaoth
Fiadhaich faoin air ar bothan,
'S a bhios gàirich an eas'
Anns an fheasgar ri othail,
Bidh ar ceòl suilbhir ait,
Dh' aindeòin glagraich na doinninn,
'S togaidh 'n àiridh ath-ghairm,
Le'r co-sheirm shubhach shona.

Gheibh an Samhradh dreach ùr,
Leis na flùranaibh maiseach,
'S bidh gach sliabh beag is mòr
Lan de shobhraichean taitneach;
Dh' ionnsaidh dùthaich ar gràidh
Le'r luchd-daimh theid sinn cuideachd
Sluagh neo-lochdach an àigh
Ann am Bràighe Bhoth-chuidir.

CELTIC NOTES FOR THE MONTH.

A MUSICAL HIGHLAND FAMILY.—Mr. Murdo MacLeod, Stornoway, who secured the gold medal at the recent Mod for solo-singing is the third member of the family who holds the "blue ribbon" of the Comunn Gaidhealach. He is a brother of Mr. R. MacLeod, Inverness, and Mr. John MacLeod, late of Glasgow, now of Winnipeg, Canada—both gold medallists.

GLASGOW GAELIC SOCIETY.—This Society opened with a "Ceilidh." Among the lecturers are Dr. Henderson, Celtic Chair; Rev. R. Macleod, London, late of Clydebank; Mr. D. Macphee, president; and Mr. M. Macleod, president of the Lewis and Harris Association. A committee has been appointed to make arrangements for a dinner of the Society which is to take place on 24th January. The Volume of Transactions will be ready for the beginning of the session.

GAELIC AT ABERDEEN UNIVERSITY.—Gaelic is raising its head in our universities. It was only last year that a Celtic Lecturer was permanently appointed for Glasgow University in the person of Dr. George Henderson, and now we learn that at Aberdeen University five students have entered for Gaelic in connection with the preliminary examination, this being the first occasion on which the subject has been taken in lieu of French or German or other "extra" languages required.

GAELIC AT PAISLEY.—The Paisley School Board have again started evening classes for instruction in Gaelic. This year the classes are being taught by Mr. M. Macfarlane, the author of "The Phonetics of Gaelic." He is at present engaged on a much larger work, to be called "Binneas nam Bard" (Bardic Melody), which will contain a considerable selection of fresh Gaelic melodies.

A GAELIC AND HEBREW SCHOLAR.—The Tiree Gathering takes place about the middle of November under the presidency of Rev. John Maclean, D.D., St. Columba Church, who is a native of that fertile isle of the sea. Dr. Maclean is a well-known Hebrew scholar, and the editor of the latest Gaelic translation of the Scriptures. He received his degree from the University of Glasgow.

CLAN MACKAY SOCIETY.—Mr. George Mackay, Vice-President, occupied the chair at the recent meeting of the Clan held in Glasgow. The Society resolved to record in the Minutes its high appreciation of its President, Mr. James H. Mackay, of London, who has, among many other kindly acts, presented the Society with a beautiful gold and coloured enamel Badge of Office for the use of future Presidents. All the members present nominated Mr. John Mackay, editor *Celtic Monthly*, for Honorary Membership (the "Blue Ribbon" of the Society), in respect of his unique services to the Clan. There are only two other Honorary Members. Some discussion took place as to the correct Mackay tartan, and Mr. John Mackay deplored the introduction of utterly incorrect patterns, mostly of Continental make, and bearing colours and designs that are very unlike the correct article. It was agreed that the Annual Gathering be held in Glasgow in the month of January. The meeting then dealt with a number of applications for relief.

D. MACDONALD, INDIA.—I am pleased to learn that "The Brave Sons of Skye" has reached you. You will find it a delightful volume, unique in Highland literature. The gallant author, Colonel John MacInnes, in publishing this volume, has not only rendered his native island a valuable service, but has created for himself an appropriate memorial which will keep his memory green among his countrymen for many generations to come. The martial spirit of Skyemen is probably as keen to-day as it ever was, but it is well that a record of the gallant men and their military achievements, which Eilean a' Cheo has produced in other days, should be embalmed in this attractive fashion, to inspire future generations to "follow well in the footsteps of their ancestors." It is a pleasure to have this opportunity of referring to Colonel MacInnes' magnificent contribution to Celtic literature, the hundred portraits of distinguished soldiers which embellish the book, being alone value several times over for the small price of the work.

THE STRATHNAVER FAIRY CIRCLE celebrated Balaclava Day in "Strathnavernia" in appropriate fashion. The children in the various schools were entertained to tea by Mr. James Mead Sutherland, the enthusiastic Leader of the Circle, songs and pipe music were rendered, and sixty successful competitors received copies of "The Scottish Chiefs" as prizes for their essays. Strathnaver, where the gallant 93rd was raised, "the thin red line tipped with steel," wired its greetings to His Majesty the King, who sent a gracious reply to the S.F.C. Chief. The old strath, so pregnant with "gloomy memories," is awakening to life again, and that a happier and more prosperous future lies before its returned exiles, is the ardent wish of thousands of the descendants of the natives who were so ruthlessly expelled from their homesteads in 1815 to make room for the rearing of sheep.

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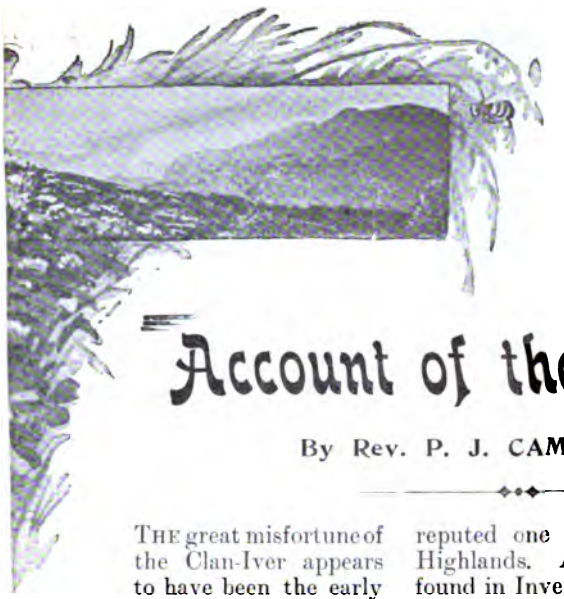

Account of the Clan Iver.

By Rev. P. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

THE great misfortune of the Clan-Iver appears to have been the early removal of its branches to parts of the country very distant from each

he impossibility of joint action, sequent weakness as a Clan, to ve rise. Had it not been for this, verbially grave and active would e filled a more conspicuous position of the Highlands.

lt to form a correct estimate of the ers of the Clan. All the MacIvers l in Argyllshire having adopted the pbell in the seventeenth century, n of their descendants is not always isable. It is, however, generally the individuals themselves, and e often found who boast of their n the families of the race in the sary.

ess, there may be about 200 bear- es MacIver, Iverach, and Campbell; a greater number descended from exist elsewhere.

er of the descendants of the race in and who trace their origin to the t remained in that county, is not Several of them bear the name

nainland of Ross-shire there are Ivers in the parish of Gairloch, in the Poolewe district of that ere are also still a few families in Contin, and other parishes. The arquhar M'Iver, Minister of Glen- endant of the M'Ivers of Glenelg, that the members of the Clan in , in the parish of Contin, were reputed one of the handsomest races in the Highlands. A few offshoots of this division are found in Inverness-shire and elsewhere.

In Lewis, to which the greater number of the Ross-shire MacIvers appear to have migrated in the seventeenth century, the name and Clan are more numerous than in any other part of the Highlands. At the census of 1861, there were 1072 persons of the name in Lewis, chiefly in the Tolsta and Black districts of the parish of Stornoway.

The whole number of the Clan in Scotland, the Colonies, and the United States, may be reckoned as about 2508, of whom more than one-third have long borne the name of Campbell.

There are in Ulster a few descendants of the Clan, as of other Argyllshire races; but the Irish MacIvers generally have no connection with it, deriving their name from a different progenitor, although, it is believed, they sometimes assume its armorial bearings.

The old war tune of the MacIvers is that generally known by the first line of the words composed to it in comparatively modern times by the Piper of the Clan—*Thoir dhomh mo phiob a's theid mi dhachaidh.* An aged inhabitant of Kilmichael-Glassary, then considerably above 80, informed the writer in 1855 that even in his day no other tune was allowed to be played by wedding processions while entering the village. Any piper who did not pay this act of homage to the Clan was certain of being mobbed, and of having the wind let out of his bag-pipe in a summary manner, by the younger scions of the race After acquitting himself of this duty, he might play any tune he pleased. It is said, however, that the pipers of the other races around, by whom the Clan-Iver was both feared and respected, willingly joined in recognizing this local prerogative of honour.

There is a curious Gaelic stanza relative to the Clan, well-known in the Highlands, the words of which are supposed to be uttered by the serpent or adder, the only poisonous reptile found in the country:

Mhionnaich mise do Chlann-Imheair,
'S mhionnaich Clann-Imheair dhomh,
Nach beannainsa do Chlann-Imheair,
'S nach beannadh Clann-Imheair dhomh.

I have sworn to Clan-Iver,
And Clan-Iver has sworn to me,
That I will not injure Clan-Iver,
Nor Clan-Iver injure me.

The compact recorded in these lines is understood literally by some simple Highlanders, who regard the true members of the Clan as invulnerable by serpents. A friend of another Clan has told the writer that often, when traversing thickets infested by adders in his school-boy days, these lines would come to his mind, and call forth an earnest wish that he had been a member of the favoured race. After much consideration of the subject, the true explanation of the rhyme appears to be that it commemorates an alliance between the Clan-Iver and some other race symbolized by the serpent; and there is every probability that the alliance referred to is that which is known to have anciently existed between the MacIvers in Perthshire and the Clan-Dhonnachie or Robertsons, one of whose cognizances was the serpent, which still appears as one of the supporters in the arms of their Chief, Robertson of Strowan. In some parts of the country the rhyme is found in the following less intelligible form:

Latha na Feill-Bride,
Their an nathair as an tom:
Cha bhi mise ri Nic-Imheair,
'S cha mho bhios Nic-Imheair rium.

The *Suaicheantas*, or badge, worn by the Clan-Iver in later times, is the Sweet Gale, called also Wild or Bog Myrtle (Myrica Gale), in Gaelic *Roid*, the badge of the Campbells. But there is some reason for believing that it was anciently the Fir-Club-Moss (Lycopodium Selago), in Gaelic *Garbhag-an-t-sleibhe*, which is sometimes said to be a Campbell badge, as having perhaps been the original badge of the considerable number of Campbells who are of the race Iver.*

The original tartan of the MacIvers cannot now be ascertained. They have long worn that of the Black-Watch, or 42nd Royal Highlanders, which is believed to be the original Campbell tartan, and sometimes latterly that known as the Argyll-Campbell tartan. But a favourite and very proper wear of the Clan, and of the other Argyllshire races who have not preserved their peculiar patterns, seems now to be that which is said to have been adopted, by common consent, on the first embodiment of the Argyllshire Militia. This, which is conjectured to have been the tartan worn, as above-mentioned, by both the Argyll Militia and the MacIvers of Lochaber in the opposite armies at Culloden, is now that of the 91st Regiment, or Argyllshire Highlanders. These tartans, among which the MacIvers are so fortunate to have a choice, are all of a very chaste and elegant type.

The armorial bearings of the Clan are, as given by Nisbet, I. 30, Quarterly or and gules, a bend sable. The old Crest is supposed to have been the dexter hand in fess, holding a dagger in pale gules, introduced into the second quarter of the first grand-quarter of the shield of the family of Lergachonzie on their assuming the name and arms of Campbell. The arms, as given above, are—suitably differenced—the proper bearings of those branches of the Clan which retain the original patronymic. The Boar's Head crest, assumed by the Lergachonzie family, is, in various forms and tinctures, the crest of many of the branches of the Clan Campbell; but it was, as above stated, the peculiar distinction of the MacIvers of Lergachonzie, probably as Keepers of Inveraray Castle, to bear it exactly as borne by the Earls of Argyll—*couped or*.

The full armorial insignia of the Chiefs, since the adoption of the name of Campbell, are recorded as follows in the Lyon Register:

Quarterly: First grand quarter counter-quartered first and fourth, gyronny of eight or and sable; second, argent, a dexter hand couped in fess grasping a dagger in pale, gules; third, argent, a lymphad, or ancient galley, with sails furled and oars in action, sable; Second grand quarter, quarterly or and gules, a bend sable; Third grand quarter, as the second; Fourth, as the first. Supporters: Two leopards gardant proper, collared azure, with chains passing between their forelegs and reflexed over their backs, or. Crest: A boar's head couped or. Motto over the crest: *Nunquam obliviscar*—a reply to the motto of the Earls of Argyll: *Ne obliviscaris.*

During the prevalence of French fashions in the 18th century, one of the Lairds of Asknish adopted a French version of the motto: *Je 'n oublie pas;* and had it so engraved on the armorial seal, transmitted by Lady Campbell of Asknish to the writer, after the death of Sir Trafford Campbell. The change, however, does not seem to have been duly authorised or recorded.

The armorial bearings of the family of Duchernan, formerly Quoycrook, or MacIvers Buey, Chiefs of the Caithness division of the Clan, as in the Lyon Register, are the same as the above, the bend sable of the Second and Third (MacIver) quarters being charged with three cross

* Another plant of this genus, the Alpine or Savine-leaved Club-Moss (Lycopodium Alpinum), is said to be the Suaicheantas of the Clan-Macrae.

crosslets fitched argent, with the additional motto below the shield: *Per crucem ad lucem.* As above stated, this family claims right to the pure arms and supporters.

William Iverach, Esq. of Wideford, Orkney, on an application in the court of the Lord Lyon for recognition as a cadet of the MacIvers Buey of Quoycrook, obtained a right to bear the following arms:

Quarterly: First and Fourth grand quarters as the second and third, Second and Third as the first and fourth, of Duchernan; the bend sable being engrailed, and the whole placed within a bordure argent charged with three cushions gules. Crest: A boar's head couped argent, langued gules. Motto over the crest: *Nunquam obliviscar.* In this case the Campbell quartering was allowed, as that name was shewn to have been for some generations borne alternatively by the family, but the MacIver bearing was placed in the first quarter, that name, in the form Iverach, having been permanently adopted.

These are the only armorial bearings registered for any members of the Lergachonzie, Stronshiray, or Asknish Branch.

GLASSARY Branch: No arms are found in the existing Lyon Register, nor is it known how the paternal shield of MacIver was differenced as born by this Branch, or how they incorporated the Campbell arms on adopting the name. The Kirnan family were in the practice latterly of using a boar's head crest as borne by the Lergachonzie Branch.

COWAL Branch: The Ballochyle brooch, a very beautiful and interesting work of the sixteenth century—described and figured in the Proceedings of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, Vol. I., P. ii., 170—the only old authority known for the arms of this Branch—was unfortunately left by the maker in a provokingly unfinished state as regards the armorial decorations. It exhibits a quartered shield, first and fourth gyronny of eight or and sable, for Campbell; but the second and third quarters, which should have displayed the MacIver coat, suitably differenced, have been left blank—the engraver probably not knowing the bearings—and were never filled up. The shield appears twice, in two opposite compartments of the eight forming the ornamental border, the compartment on the one side in each case bearing the initials M.C, and that on the other a leopard's face, perhaps a crest or cognizance, naturally borrowed from the leopards gardant, the supporters of the arms of MacIver of Lergachonzie, the Chief of the Clan. Colonel William Rose Campbell of Ballochyle, obtained a right to bear quarterly, first and fourth, gyronny of eight or and sable; second and third quarterly or and gules (the MacIver field), a leopard's face proper. Crest: a boar's head couped proper. Motto: *I will not forget.*

There is no registration of arms for any special families of the MacIvers in Scotland who have retained their patronymic. Those of Ross and Lewis are supposed to have occasionally, and not inappropriately, borne in some way or other, as a difference, the *cabarfèidh*, or stag's head cabossed, of their great feudal leaders the House of Seaforth, probably charged on the bend sable, and they now generally, following the example of their Chiefs in Argyll, use the boar's head crest and the motto latterly borne by them, instead of the old MacIver crest, the hand and dagger.

It ought to be added, in conclusion, that the spelling MacIvor, or M'Ivor, although sometimes seen since the publication of Waverley, was never adopted by any family of position in the Clan in Scotland; and that the first syllable of the name on which the patronymic is founded, is pronounced like the first syllable of *even*, not of *ivory*.

THE CHIEF OF THE MACKENZIES.

WHO is the next chief of the clan? is a question that is frequently discussed among clansmen and others. One of our readers belonging to this clan remarks that as there is considerable doubt as to who is really entitled to the title of chief, he would suggest that the problem might be easily solved by Seaforth being acknowledged as the head of the Clan Coinneach. In his veins flows the blood of the old line of chiefs of the clan, the ancient Earls of Seaforth, he possesses the residence and lands of the family, he is a soldier of distinction, and takes the keenest interest in all matters relating to the clan. His wife has shown her sympathy for the poorer classes in the Highlands by opening stores in various parts of the Western Isles for the purchase of home-woven tweeds, and a central agency in London for the sale of these goods. It was only the other day that Colonel and Mrs. Mackenzie presented to Ross-shire a Sanitorium which cost £100,000. Our correspondent considers that there is no need to worry over old genealogical charts. They have in Seaforth an ideal chief who will do credit to the clan, and he suggests that the Mackenzies should elect him to that honourable position at once, as the power to appoint or depose a chief was a privilege which the clan jealously guarded, and at times exercised.

PROPOSED MEMORIAL TO THE LATE REV. ALLAN MACDONALD OF ERISKAY, SOUTH UIST, DEAN OF THE ISLES.—It is with the greatest pleasure that we recommend this most deserving object to the generosity of our readers. The late Father Allan MacDonald, although he passed many years of his life in a small island in the Western Hebrides, made a reputation for himself as a Celtic scholar which earned for him a respect in far distant lands, while the service which he rendered his own people by collecting and publishing so much of their old world folk-lore and sgeulachd, is deserving of handsome recognition. It is proposed to adopt some suitable means of preserving his memory, and perhaps no better means of doing so could be suggested than the collecting and publishing of his literary remains, which seem to be of an extensive and valuable character. A fund for this purpose has been already opened, and we trust that there will be a generous response from our readers. Mr. Arch. A. Chisholm, Procurator Fiscal, Lochmaddy, is hon. treasurer, and will gladly acknowledge subscriptions.

OUR MUSICAL PAGE.

SNATCHES of the following Lochaber fairy melody have long been popular. Versions of the words are to be found in Campbell's "Language, Poetry, and Music of the Highland Clans," "An Duanaire," and in an attractive article by Mary Mackellar, on "Songs of the Sheiling," printed in Vol. XV. of the "Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness." The melody was preserved by the late Mrs. MacDonell of Keppoch, and versions of it are to be found in Campbell's "Language, Poetry, and Music of the Clans," and in Dr. MacDonald's "Gesto Collection" of Highland Music. The words in Campbell's work, with the exception of the first verse, and one or two lines in some of the other verses, are by himself, and are not in the exact rhythm of the original. Some years ago I submitted to Mrs. MacDonell the versions preserved by Macpherson in his "Duanaire," and by Mrs. Mackellar in the article already referred to, and these she kindly revised; and the verses now submitted may be accepted as the genuine Lochaber version as sung some eighty years ago. The story of the song is told as follows by Mrs. Mackellar:—"An unfortunate girl was at the sheiling with her companion (a sister, according to some versions of the song), and when out on the hillsides she made the acquaintance of a fairy lover, to whom she was most devoted. She used to steal away every evening to meet him in a cosy hiding-place, surrounded by trees of holly and mountain ash, and although her companion watched her, she could not find out where she was going. At last she asked her to confide in her, promising that the secret would come through her knees before it came through her lips. The maiden then told her where she went every evening, and the other very soon revealed the secret; and the girl's brothers went to the place and found the lover resting on a bed of straw that the maiden had made for him at the trysting-place. The lover, who was probably human enough, was slain by the angry young men, and the girl, on getting near to the place, saw them ride away; and on going to her lover, she found him slain. The poor girl died of sorrow, and composed the following song, in which she bitterly reproaches her companion for unfaithfulness."

FIONN.

An Toman Cuilinn.

Key F. *Moderato, with feeling.*

d., d : r. m	s., s : l. s,	d., d : r. m	d', l : s
Chorus.—Chì mi 'n toman	caoruinn cuilinn,	Chì mi 'n toman	caoruinn thall,
s., r : m. s	l., s : s. s,	d., r : m. s	*Fine.* r., d : d
Chì mi 'n toman	caoruiun cuilinn.	'S laogh mo chéill	air 'uilinn ann.
d., d : s. s,	d., r : m, m. —	m., m : s. m	m., r : m
Rann—Tha'dhriùchd fhéin air bhàrr gach meangan,		'S air gach gleannan fhàluinn ghorm,	
m., m. : r. s,	d., d : r, d.—	d., r : m. s	*D.C. for Chorus.* r., d : d
'N ceò ag iathadh	mu na bealaich,	'S gun mo leannan 'feitheamh orm.	

Far am biodh mo leannan-fallaich
'N ioghnadh mise a bhi ann?
Fàile grinn nan ubhlan meala,
Dheth na lusan bha fo cheann.

Chì mi mo thriùir bhraithrean seachad,
Air an eachaibh loma, luath,
Sgeanan beag aig bàrr an uilinn
'S fuil mo ghaoil a' silcadh uap'.

Cha téid mise chròdh nan laoighean,
Cha téid mise chrò nan uan,
Cha téid mi do chròdh nan caorach,
O nach 'eil mo ghaoilean buan.

Ach, a phiùrag ud 's an dorus,
'S mairg a leigeadh riut a rùn,
Shaoil leam nach luaithe 'n sgeul ud
Troimh do bheul na troimh do ghlùn.

A luaidh ud 'sa luaidh ud eile,
Cha bhi mis 'n ad dheighidh buan;
'S goirt a reubadh leò mo chridhe—
Gaol nan gillean a thoirt uam.

A chraobh chaoruinn a tha thall ud
Ma's ann ort a theid mi 'n chill,
Cuirear m' aghaidh ri Dùn-dealgain;
Deanar dhomh dhiot carbad grinn.

A GAEL FROM CANADA.—Mr. Alex. Fraser, M.A., Toronto, who represented the Gaels of Canada at the Glasgow Mod, is a Gaelic-speaking native of Kirkhill, Scotland. He has been long resident in the Colonies, but his Gaelic is still redolent of the heather. He conveyed the good wishes of the Canadian Gaels to his Highland friends in a neat Gaelic address.

THE NEXT MOD.—It is understood that the next Mod is to take place at Rothesay—known to Gaels as "Baile Bhòid." Next year it may appropriately be called "Baile Mhòd," the town of the Mod. The Marquis of Bute has promised to co-operate with the local branch of An Comunn Gaidhealach, who are to make the arrangements.

G. R. MACKENZIE.

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Edited by JOHN MACKAY, Glasgow.

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GEORGE R. MACKENZIE, Glasgow.

The name of Mr. George R. Mackenzie is well-known and highly respected not only in Glasgow, the city of his adoption, but in all parts of the world, for there are few remote places where he has not established business connections. His father was John Mackenzie, a native of the Island of Skye, and the subject of our sketch was born at Broadford, Eilean a' Cheo, where he was educated at the local school, and afterwards at Madras College, St. Andrews. Equipped with a sound education, he sailed for Chili and Peru, where he spent several years, and had his own share of adventures. He was in Callao during the celebrated bombardment, and saw Valparaiso reduced to wreckage. Returning to Scotland in 1867, he entered the service of the famous British India S.N. Coy. (the present chairman of which is that popular Highlander, Mr. Duncan Mackinnon), where he remained ten years, during which his duties took him to every part of the Indian and Chinese coasts, and brought him in contact with many nationalities. On his return to the old country, he was appointed manager of the Shandon Hydropathic, a position he held for three years, after which he purchased the Royal Restaurant in Glasgow, and entered into the purveying business on a large scale, in which he proved very successful.

The great events, however, which brought Mr. Mackenzie's name most into public notice, was his connection with the great Glasgow Exhibitions of 1888 and 1901, in both of which he held the purveying and refreshment contracts. On each occasion his conduct of these very difficult undertakings gave the greatest satisfaction to the promoters and the public alike. It was at this time he founded the very successful wholesale wine and spirit business of G. R. Mackenzie, Ltd., which has now developed into such a world-wide concern, and of which Mr. Mackenzie still remains the managing director. A glance at the third page of our cover will give more particulars of Mr. Mackenzie's business than we have space to detail here.

There is hardly a part of the world which Mr. Mackenzie has not trodden, and when the Lusitania made her recent maiden voyage, the subject of our sketch was among her passengers. Such a new experience in ocean travelling was more than the clansman could resist.

Mr. Mackenzie married in 1871, and has four sons and three daughters living. His eldest son, John, who is associated with his father in the business, seems to have inherited the roving spirit of the family. He holds an extra master's certificate in the merchant service, and was connected for many years with the British India S. N. Coy., Orient Coy., Pacific Steam Navigation Coy., and other great Shipping concerns. Thomas, now resident in Montreal, took part in the Boer War, was present at 17 engagements, and was wounded at Jacobsruust, that memorable engagement in which the gallant Captain Towse of the Gordons lost his eyesight by a rifle bullet. George is in Seattle, Washington State, U.S.A., and the youngest, Robert, resides at Portage la Prairie, Canada.

It will thus be seen that the adventurous spirit is strong in the younger generation of this pushful branch of the Clan Coinneach, and the new world will be all the better of their presence.

Physically, Mr. Mackenzie is a splendid representative of his race, tall and handsome, with a kindly, courteous and cheerful manner, which doubtless helps to explain his great popularity at home and abroad, and the great success which has attended his business career.

YOUNG MAMORE.

By TORQUIL MACLEOD.

Chapter V.

Simon Barsillie takes a Lodging.

Linnhetown, as every travelled fellow knows, is an ancient burgh of one long street, which creeps along the foreshore of the loch, with its back towards the sea, for the sake of folks getting a cosier bield on a gusty night when they pass up and down the causey, from one end of the town to the other, in search of news. The place is full of the smell of sea-wrack and peet-reek, and, for that part, full of the sound of good Gaelic too. At the north end of the town, and a little way removed along the shore from the hinmost house, stands the fort. There you will see a wheen lazy red-coats doing sentry-go, and hear the rattle of drums and the call of bugles; but for all the good the red-coats do they might be off to the wars trying skill with mynheer or monsher in the low countries.

The King has been so long over the water that seldom does anyone talk of white cockades now, and even the small coteries of silver-headed gentry who meet at the change house of Peter Fairface in the High Street, pledge their toasts, it is to be feared, more for the clink of glasses than for any sentiments that may be involved.

Down by the quay, once and a while, there is a crowd when the gabbarts come sailing up the loch and make fast alongside the stone steps. It is here that young and old in Linnhetown learn the sound of strange tongues as the foreign traders land their goods and wines and curious wares from France and Holland and the Baltic. But if a man would know what's what in the big world far south, or even hear the clatter of auld wives' clashes in this same burgh of Linnhetown, he has nothing more to do than sit down to a glass in the sandy-floored parlour of Peter Fairface's hostel of the Black Bull, and in the course of a single night he will hear all that is worth hearing, and see any stranger that may be taking bed and sup in Linnhetown for a night, or even a full week's time. There are some, indeed, who are so fond of the clash of gossip that they never miss a night at Peter's, and whether it be gossip or the other thing, it is doubtful if they ever get the length of their own doorstep, in the small hours, without a cracked crown or a monstrous fankling of the legs.

The Linnhetown Change House was a plain two-storied building with little attic windows. On one side there was a low white-washed wing with a wide archway leading to the stables behind. Here a prodigious bustle and shouting of post boys took place when the coach came rattling in from the south, or when some great man in a claret coloured chaise arrived to pass the night on his way north—a judge or a lord of session, a nobleman on his way to or from St. James's, or a Highland laird with my lady new come home from the purchase of silks and gowns in Edinburgh.

On the right hand of the passage as you went in, was the bar where Peter Fairface, with his round cheeks and fat paunch, greeted you, on entering, most flatteringly. Peter Fairface was never known, in all his time, to quarrel with a customer or argue with a drunken sailor, or relax his face from its bland smile under the most provoking circumstances. He was the friend of all and the enemy of none. And yet, my grief, he had ways unknown of getting other folks to do his dirty work without soiling his own fingers.

Across the passage was the great public room of the hostel, where a stranger might eat a chop quietly in a corner by himself, or if it pleased

Highland Games at Linnhetown.

23

any idle fellow in a glass at the great
place with its blazing peats. The
l the planking of the roof were black
eek of ages, and round the walls hung
astic prints. But except for that,
no adornment in the room, which
he bare half-furnished appearance for
inns of the country at that time were

were a number of bed chambers,
small, with funereal four-poster beds
up half of the floor space, and into
ttle man had much difficulty to climb
ie help of a stool.
night be a coming and going of one or
n the course of the day—wandering
io were passing through, or country-
had an appointment to keep, or callers
and the like—but, for all concerned,
hours began at the Change House
darkening fell, and one after another
in for an evening glass and pipe
p.
gloaming one spring forenight, when
began to blow snell and snippy from
piping loon stopped at the door of the
ll, and after blowing on his fingers to
em warm, tucked the bag under his
l threw the drones over his shoulder,
the gloaming was filled with the roar
ipe which makes the blood loup in
ghland heart, and the feet of the young
ve right merrily. He was a glaikit
ellow, sorely out-at-elbows. Clearheid,
hers called him, through some whim of
r he was the simpleton of the place,
his bite and sup from this, that, and
one, out of a feeling folks had for his
He had seldom any siller, so when
ie need of a glass he would come to the
he Change House about the darkening
up a piping as the cronies began to

fter another at cosy fire-sides heard his
nd stirred restlessly or rose from the
th a look at the good-wife and said :—
s like to be a change of weather, wife,
ake a turn the length o' the quay and
ore bedding-time, and hear the clash of
."
good-wife gloomed and said nothing.
e she knew.
man, once out on the pavement, cocked
t, with a wink, and marched jauntily
o the sound of Clearheid's music. Then,
a jerk of the thumb to the piper, he dis-
ed within the door of the Change House.
first to come was Dreichfit, the burgh
able, with long face and lugubrious step—
a weaver with a bent back and laughter in

The Monastery, Fort Augustus.

his eyes—then the Dominé, in broadcloth and a high stock—then another and another, until, when the stars came twinkling in the velvet sky, the inn parlour was a cheery place, with its blazing peats, its clinking glasses, its long churchwarden pipes, and its argy-bargying cronies. By and by, Clearheid gave over his piping and slunk in, and for him at least there was seldom an empty glass, what with this one and that treating him for his playing.

"What news, landlord?" was aye the first question.

"Is it news, gentlemen?" Peter would answer with a bow and a rubbing of the hands, "there is little news this day that I heard tell of. My Lord Lochy went by in his post chaise, and I heard the post boys say that there is like to be a rise in the price of bread in the south."

"Ay, ay," chimed in a chorus of voices. And then for the space of five minutes the company smoked on in silence to ponder this prospect of dear bread.

"Any rise in ale, landlord?" asked a sly fellow.

"Well now, how can I tell—there is Mr. Dreichfit our constable—he should ken the ins and outs of the excise."

The company laughed and looked at the policeman.

"Come, Dreichfit, tell us how many kegs ye have captured this last ten days from the black bothies?"

"Ay, tell us that, Dreichfit."

"Gentlemen, gentlemen," replied the man of law, alarmed at such a pointed reference to himself, "I will be the last man to hear tell of these things in Linnhetown. I will not meddle where I am not meddled with. It is a law of the force."

"Right, right—you are a law abiding man," put in the Burly Fellow with a wink, "and we are aye glad to ken ye are snug within this parlour, Dreichfit, when the stormy winds blow."

There was another laugh, at which the constable grew red in the face and applied himself most diligently to his tankard.

"Any stranger with you this night, landlord?" cheeped the little hunchbacked weaver from his corner.

Peter Fairface looked round the dark end of the room anxiously, and said,

"Ah yes, gentlemen, I have a stranger from the south lodging with me now—a quiet, civil gentleman, who has ta'en the large chamber above this. He has travelled far, and comes here for rest and change. Yes, gentleman, he has the large room at a very handsome weekly sum, and, with your permission, I am hoping he will like our neighbourhood."

"His name?" said the Dominie.

"To be sure, I forgot to mention that—He is a Mr. Simon Barsillie, and very free with his purse he is,—quite a pleasure to have him."

"So ho! you are a cunning fellow, landlord," laughed the Burly fellow, "may we see your friend often in this parlour."

"I hope so, sir, I hope you will," Peter Fairface was just saying, when he turned round to see who had come into the bar.

"Hush, gentlemen," said he, out of the corner of his ample mouth, "here he is."

And the host went out to the passage to bid his new lodger a good evening.

Next moment a man dessed in a slouching hat, drawn over his eyes, and a long black cloak held closely up about his face, walked deliberately into the room and sat down in the darkest corner.

The cronies were dumfounded into speechlessness by the sight of such a strange customer, and each pair of lips pulled hard at the end of a churchwarden pipe, while each pair of eyes restrained themselves with a proper politeness from looking round to see what manner of man the stranger was.

At last he spoke, without taking off his hat. In truth, he drew it the further over his eyes.

"A good e'en to you all, my good fellows. 'Tis a snug corner of the world up here you live in."

"Snug enough, sir, unless at the time of the high tide or the gales," ventured the Dominie in reply.

"True, true, but your ale is good, and I doubt not your company is better, landlord?"

"Yes, sir."

"Fetch a glass for every merry fellow here, that we may all drink to the King."

But when the ale was brought, and the toast proposed, the man in the corner saw that the elder men passed their tankards over the water bottles before they drank.

"You will, I doubt not, have seen foreign lands, sir?" cheeped the weaver in a nervous voice.

"Why, yes, plenty of them, a score of times," laughed the stranger.

At that moment Leathersole, the Gipsy, slipped silently in, and sat down to a pot of ale at a table, with a nod of recognition to all in the room.

"And have you been to the wars?" asked another.

"Bless you, yes."

Here the red-coated sergeant at the Fort cleared his throat and rose up with a consequential cough to light his pipe again. He had never been beyond Inverness.

So the stranger began his tale, and held speech with them of foreign lands and fine sights and skirmishings in the low countries, until every man forgot to draw his pipe and sat with gaping mouth and staring eyes, astonished out of measure at the enticing tale of the mysterious gentleman. But the gipsy in the corner never moved muscle, and sat smoking there, without showing any sign that he was paying heed to the fellow's tales.

Then, when the night grew late, the stranger rose, and taking his cloak, bade his comrades good-night, hoping that he might have the good fortune to join in their conviviality some other time.

He drew his cloak about him as before, and went out as if he meant to take the road on this chill night. But the gipsy looked up as he was passing and saw through the open door that, after standing for a space in the starlight outby, he came back again and crept noiselessly upstairs to his room. Presently, a board creaked in the roof of the parlour, and by that the gipsy knew that the bird had gone to roost.

When the stranger reached the door of his sleeping apartment he struck a light and lit a candle. Then he went in and laid the candle on a table. He walked to the door, shut it,

Neptune's Staircase, Caledonian Canal.

and examined the lock, changing the key from the outside to the inside. Taking a little vial of oil from his pocket he oiled the lock and key. Then, putting the key into the lock, he secured himself without the slightest noise.

"That's all right to begin with," said he.

Next, he threw off his cloak and hat. The candle light shewed a pale impassive face, from which looked out two little glittering black eyes. There was a bit of sticking plaster on his right cheek, as if he had gotten a recent hurt on the place, and on the other cheek there was the mark of an old scar.

After laying aside his hat and cloak, he removed his shoes and quietly rolled up a rug that lay on the floor. He knelt down where the rug had been and felt on the boards with his fingers, till his hand rubbed against a knot of wood, which, through age, was raised higher than the worn planking round about it. With a little trouble the knot lifted out of its place and lying down, he put his eye to the hole and enjoyed a full view of the fellows who were drinking below.

Suddenly he rose up and exclaimed, "Confound that gipsy fellow, if he is not looking up!"

Then he laid his ear to the hole, and listened to the talk that was going on in the parlour.

It was mostly about himself, but he noticed that the gipsy fellow never spoke.

After awhile he rose and carefully re-placed the knot and the rug with a sigh of satisfaction.

"That is all right, also—now the way is clear—I shall bide my chance—and, all will go well."

He lifted the candle from the floor and placed it on one side of the drawers' head. Then he lit another one and placed it opposite. On the wall between hung a crucifix, before which the man knelt down and said a long prayer, crossing himself several times. The little book of morocco which he held in his hand was evidently a book of devotions, and after he was done with his genuflexions and amens, the little book lay with one of its boards open before the crucifix. On the fly-leaf was written *Simon Barsillie, S.J.*

Even Jesuits grow aweary at times, and when the man undressed to go to bed, the light of the candle glinted on a shirt of chain mail which he wore underneath his clothes. This he took off, and again the candle light glinted on a chain that hung round his neck with a cross on the end of it. This he took in his hand and kissed. When he lifted the cross, a number of sharp iron prongs glittered on the under side of it, and where it rested on his bare breast, a like number of bleeding scars were torn in the flesh.

He replaced the cross with a sigh, made ready to get into bed, blew out the candle, and walked to the window. He pulled the curtain to one side a very little way and looked out on the street. There, on the opposite pavement, he saw the motionless figure of a man standing and looking up at his window. It was Leather-sole the gipsy.

The Jesuit dropped the curtain instantly and swore under his breath. Then he climbed into the great four poster bed, placed something under the pillow with a sharp metallic click, and in another moment was fast asleep.

(To be continued.)

The Coronach of "Ian Abrach Mackay,"

Thro' the lands of Mackay
There is wailing and weeping,
For the pride of his race
'Neath the grey cairn is sleeping.

He went forth to battle
When danger was calling,
And fierce was the onslaught
Where foemen were falling.

As leaves in the autumn
When cold winds are smiting,
And long shall the foe rue
The claymore's keen biting,

That smote them and conquer'd
When o'er the heath flying,
The sons of the valley
Were scatter'd or dying—

The stout heart in battle
Where fear ne'er assail'd him,
The "strong hand" in danger
That never had failed him,

Lie nerveless and still
'Neath the cairn by the river,
Where the red heather blooms
And the grey aspens quiver.

Argentine Republic. D. MACAOIDH ROICH.

ON CRAIGENDARACH.

"On Craigendarach a pine tree stands."*

On Craigendarach should be no pine
To tell of Alpine's Royal Line,
But a sturdy oak of giant form
With branches stout to withstand the storm.

As *Darach* means the spreading oak,
Clan Cameron's badge, its sight oft woke
In these brave hearts the martial fire,
And each at once donned sprigs of oak.

D. M'DOUGALL.

* Oak-wood Rock, Oak Rock, or Rock of the Oak.

(See September issue.)

NA PUIRT DHANNSAIDH.

A BHALAICH ORT.—Ma 's math mo chuimhne, tha latha 's bliadhna o'n a sgriobh mi ugad mu dheireadh. Tha iomadh aobhar a dh' fhaodainn ainmeachadh air son nach do sgriobh mi ugad. Anns a' cheud àite cha robh mi cho math 'nam shlàinte 's a b' àbhaist dhomh, agus, mar a dh' fhaodas tu fhein a thuigsinn, cha robh sunnd gabhail phort orm, no idir sunnd gu suidhe aig bòrd gu sgrìobhadh phort. Mar a tha fhios gle mhath agad fhéin, is e obair gle sgìtheil a th' ann a bhith crom a' sgriobhadh fad earrann de 'n latha. Agus mur bi sunnd sgriobhadh air duine, cha dean e sgriobhadh ceart. Bha e air a theagasg dhomh o m' òige na dheanainn a dheanamh ceart.

Anns an dara àite, bha barrachd mor de dh' obair eile agam ri dheanamh na rachadh agam air a dheanamh anns an t-suidheachadh anns an robh mi. Mar a thuigeas a h-uile duine anns am bheil tùr is toinnisg, feumaidh fear a bhios ann an seirbhis obair a mhaighstir a dheanamh mu 'n dean e obair sam bith eile. Ach tha mi 'gabhail a' chothroim a th' agam an diugh air a dha no tri dhe na puirt a th' agam air chuimhne a chur ugad. Cuiridh mi sios an toiseach na facail a chuala mi air port a' Mhor-fhir Dhomhnullaich (Lord Macdonald's Reel):—

Bidh Eoghainn is Fearr a' Chiudha
'S Fear an Rudha cuidhe ris,
Bidh Eoghainn is Fearr a' Chiudha
'S Fear an Rudha cuide ris;
Bidh Eoghainn is Fear a' Chiudha
'S Fear an Rudha cuide ris;
Bidh Eoghainn is Fear a' Chiudha
'S Fear an Rudha cuide ris;
Bidh Eoghainn is Fear a' Chiudha
'S Fear an Rudha cuide ris;
Bidh Eoghainn is Fear a' Chiudha
'S Fear an Rudha cuide ris;
Bidh Eoghainn is Fear a' Chiudha
'S Fear an Rudha cuide ris;
Bidh Eoghainn is Fear a' Chiudha
'S Fear an Rudha cuide ris;

AM BATA AODIONACH.

Tha toll air a' bhàta,
Tha toll air a' bhiorlinn,
Tha toll air a' bhàta Bharrrach,
Càiridh na saoir i;

Tha h-aon oirr', tha dhà oirr',
Tha tri oirr', tha ceitheir oirr',
Tha coig oirr', 's cha mhor nach 'eil naodh oirr'.

BAIL' AN LOCHA.

'S toigh leam fhin am baile beag ud
Ris an canar Bail' an Locha,
'S coma leam dhe 'n eilean mhosach
Ris an canar Boidhraidh.
'S coma leam dhe 'n eilean mhosach
Ris an canar Bail' an Locha,
'S coma leam dhe 'n eilean mhosach,
Ris an canar Boidhraidh.

Tubaist air na Ceallan dubha,
Tubaist air na Ceallan dubha,
Tubaist air na Ceallan dubha,
'S na ma fearr do Ghrìmisidh.
Tubaist air na Ceallan dubha,
Tubaist air na Ceallan dubha,
Tubaist air na Ceallan dubha,
'S na ma fearr do Ghrìmisidh.

AM FAINNE.

Gur e mo ghaol-sa 'm firionnach,
'Thug gini air an fhàinne;
Gur e mo ghaol-sa 'm firionnach,
'Thug gini air an fhàinne;
Gur e mo ghaol-sa 'm firionnach,
Thug gini air an fhàiune,
Thug gini air, thug gini air,
Thug gini air 's a phàigh e.

LAIDHREAM.

Laidhream air tighinn do 'n bhaile
Eighrig nion Iain 'ic Callum.
Laidhreamh air tighinn do 'n bhaile,
Ceann lom laidhream.
Laidhream air tighinn do 'n bhaile
Eighrig nion Iain 'ic Callum.
Laidhream air tighinn do 'n bhaile
Ceann lom laidhream.

Ceann filidh, ceann foilidh,
Ceann filidh, ceann foilidh,
Ceann filidh, ceann foilidh,
Ceann lom laidhream.
Ceann filidh, ceann foilidh,
Ceann filidh, ceann foilidh,
Ceann filidh, ceann foilidh,
Ceann lom laidhream.

AN GILLE BUIDHE.

Gaol air a' ghille bhuidhe,
Gràdh air a' ghille bhuidhe,
Gaol air a' ghille bhuidhe,
Leannan Mairi Bhàlaidh.
Gaol air a' ghille bhuidhe,
Gràdh air a' ghille bhuidhe,
Gaol air a' ghille bhuidhe,
Leannan Mairi Bhàlaidh.

Hetrinn ho ro am bo,
Domhull beag mac Ruairidh mhoir,
Hetrinn ho ro am bo,
Leannan Mairi Bhàlaidh;
Hetrinn ho ro am bo,
Domhull beag mac Ruairidh mhoir,
Hetrinn ho ro am bo,
Leannan Mairi Bhàlaidh.

NIGHEAN GOBH' AN DUINE.

Sid an rud a gheibheamaid
O nighean gobh' an Duine,
So an rud a gheibheamaid
O nighean gobh' an Duine,
Sid an rud a gheibheamaid
O nighean gobh' an Duine,
Brochan tana, tana, tana,
Brochan tana sùdhain.

Brochan lom, tana, lom,
Brochan lom sùdhain,
Brochan lom, tana, lom,
Brochan lom sùdhain,
Brochan lom, tana, lom,
Brochan lom sùdhain,
Brochan tana, tana, tana,
Brochan tana, sùdhain.

IUCHAIR NA CLOSAID.

Tha mo bhean am muigh,
Tha, tha,
Tha mo bhean am muigh
'N comhnuidh;
Tha mo bhean am muigh,
Tha, tha,
Chaill i iuchair na closaid.

Chaidh mo bhean-sa do na mhuillean,
Bha i 'sgiolladh an eorna,
Mu 'n do thill i rithist dhachaidh
Chaill i iuchair na closaid,
Chaidh mo bhean-so do na mhuillean,
Bha i 'sgiolladh an eorna,
Mu 'n do thill i rithist dhachaidh
Chaill i iuchair na closaid.

DOMHULL BINN.

Domhull binn, Domhull binn,
'S e 'na ruith air feadh an taighe,
Domhull binn, Domhull binn,
Chaidh e 's a' phig eòlain.
Domhull binn, Domhull binn,
'S e 'na ruith air feadh an taighe,
Domhull binn, Domhull binn,
Chaidh e 's a' phig eòlain.

An uair a bhuail a' bhoilich e,
Thoiseach e feadh an taighe;
An uair a bhuail a' bhoilich e,
Chaidh e 's a' phig eolain.
An uair a bhuail a' bhoilch e,
Thoisich e feadh an taighe;
An uair a bhuail a' bhoilich e,
Chaidh e 's a' phig eolain.

CAS ODHAR.

B'e so an t-ainm a bha air piobaire cho math 's a bha ri 'linn ann an Uidhist mu thuath. A réir mar a chuala mise, is ann mar so a thugadh "Cas odhar" mar fhar-ainm air:—An uair a bha e 'na ghiullan beag, thòisich e ri seinn feadain mar a bhiodh iomadh giullan eile 'dheanamh aig an àm ud. Gus tìm cheart a chumail, bhiodh e bualadh le 'chois mar a bhiodh na piobairean matha 'dheanamh aig an àm ud, agus o 'n uair ud. Bhiodh a mhàthair, agus i 'sniomh no càrdadh an taobh shuas dhe 'n teine, ag radh an dràsta 's a rithist: "Nach seall sibh a' chas odhar." Lean an t-anim so ris ri 'bheò.

Cha bhiodh e as an rathad dhomh facal no dha a radh mu dheidhinn an t-seana bhoirionnaich a th' air a h-ainmeachadh anns a' phort. Bha nion Eoghainn na diol deirce truagh a bhiodh, mar a bha gu leor a bharrachd oirre, a' falbh air feadh na dùthchadh feuch ciod a gheibheadh i o dhaoine caranta, truacanta—agus feumaidh mi aideachadh gu 'n robh daoine mòran na bu truacanta ris gach diol-deirce a thigeadh an rathad 's an àm ud na tha iad 's an àm so. Bha te dhe na casan aig nion Eoghainn na bu ghiorra na 'n te eile, agus bhiodh a h-uile rud a chruinnicheadh i air a cuairt troimh 'n dùthaich air a muin, agus mar sin theirteadh gu 'n robh dronnag oirre.

'Nuair a theid thu staigh do 'n tir
'S a thaghlas tu 'n Cnoc-an-lin,
Seinnidh "Cas odhar" a' phiob
'S gheibh thu ruidhl' aighearrach.
'Nuair a theid thu staigh do 'n tir
'S a thaghlas tu 'n Cnoc-an-lin,
Seinnidh "Cas odhar" a' phiob
'S gheibh thu ruidhl' aighearrach.

A haoghail, a hodhail,
Tha dronnag air nion Eoghainn,
A haoghail, a hodhail,
Cas mhor is cas beag oirre.
A haoghail, a hodhail,
Tha dronnag air nion Eoghainn,
A haoghail, a hodhail,
Cas mhor is cas bheag oirre.

DOMHULL DUALACH MAC IAIN BHUIDHE.

'S truagh nach robh mi posda
Ri Domhull dualach mac Iain bhuidhe,
'S truagh nach robh mi sinte
Ri mac Iain bhuidh' a Loch an fhaing.

Tha mac Iain bhuidhe beadarrach,
Tha mac Iain bhuidhe togarrach,
Tha mac Iain bhuidhe beadarrach,
'S mac Iain bhuidh' a Loch an fhaing.

AN GOBHA BH' ANN A' HOGHGARRY.

An gobha 'bh' ann a' Hoghgarry,
B' fhoghainteach an sealgair e;
An gobha 'bh' ann a' Hoghgarry,
B' fhoghainteach an sealgair e;
An gobha 'bh' ann a' Hoghgarry,
B' fhoghainteach an sealgair e;
Mharbhadh e na feadagan,
'S gu 'n leagadh e na calamain.

Mu 'n teirig an geamhradh cuiridh mi ugad a dhá no tri eile a th' agam.

Is mi do charaid,

UIBHISTEACH.

"ALASDAIR MAODONALD."

(THE UNFINISHED PIPE TUNE.)

THE autumn wind was sweeping the mists from the hills, and the nip of it made Colla's shoulders shrug as he cried to his men, "Haste, or the snow will be on us before we reach our homes." The men gathered in close behind him, and put speed in their steps. They were sated with victory, and the glory of it left them without fatigue. Young Alasdair alone walked slowly, little purpose in his gait, and his face dull while his mind was busy. He had a pale face, and the melancholy of it was the look of a man who had missed something of his life, and was ever seeking the thing among his dreams. The rough fighters made mock of him among the homefolk, and counted him less than a woman. He was all for dreaming, and wandering on the hills with but his thoughts for company. No fighting, no carousing for him; never a girl could win his fancy, though many were the

glances on him from the dark MacDonald lasses.

Only the piping could make the sparkle come to his eye, and in the piping he found his manhood. Eachainn, the old bard, had given him of his knowledge until his pupil was beyond him; and on days when the lift of joy was in the air, Alasdair, alone on the brae with his pipes, came near to the thing of his dreams. But a part was ever wanting. His own tune would bring him close to it, but there was lacking something that the pipes could not find for him, and until he might come upon it the fine tune must remain unfinished. And on a day the chief, Colla, came to hear that a youth could make piobaireachd better than even old Eachainn, and nothing must do but that Alasdair should be his own piper, and follow him in his forays. The lad was sick of the roughness of it, of the sight of blood, of the coarse calls for music when the feast was ended and men lay about half-drunken. His music was not for such as these. But the chief was the chief, and not a MacDonald dare disobey Colla.

And this foray had been crueller, bloodier than any; and the black MacDonalds jested and laughed, driving before them the cattle, and caring nought for the wrecked homes and stiffened corpses behind them in the Diarmid country. Alasdair thought on it all, and his thoughts dwelt longest on the face of a girl, fair-haired and bonnie, but with a feared look that he could not forget. She had been among the bushes when the raiders were setting light to the thatch of her home, and mocking at the futile efforts of her greyhaired father, with his dirk defending his doomed life. The old man was the last of the living in the glen. Alasdair had slipped away from it, and had come on her in her hiding place. He gazed, wondering; and she, with a choked cry of fear, looked back, gaining a little courage at the sight of the unsoldierly gentleness of his look. Something had held him there; it stirred in his breast strangely; and he knew that from the beginning of time he had known this maiden, and spoken with her in his dreams. But she broke on his thoughts with a quick appeal, and at the sound of her voice the dreaming left him, and he remembered he was Alasdair MacDonald, and in the country of the Campbells. He thrust her further back among the brown leaves, scarce knowing what he did, and went back to his clan with his mind in a daze. Their bloody work was finished, and he gasped at the thought of the lassie finding that stiff body with the ugly gashes, when she might creep back to the ruins of her home. But no other thought came to him but to follow his folk, to make music for them when their steps lagged or the chief wearied. And now they were two days' march from home, and the dawning of a new thought was on him. Why did the face of the girl keep with him, even between him and his piping? She was ever in his thoughts. The sun-gleam on her hair was his first notion when he saw the yellow bracken before him. And always something was drawing him back there, even among the ruins and desolation, and men hungry for vengeance. He had it! It was the thing that was wanting from his music. Love! —and it was love that was to be the ending of his piping! A glow went through him, and he lifted up his head and laughed. An easy end to his weary days of lonely thinking! He had but to return to the girl and bring her back with him; and together they would wander the hills of home, and find the ending that would make his pipe-tune beautiful.

A man behind him sneered at his sudden laugh. "Better be piping than laughing to the eerie folk;" and Alasdair lifted his pipes, still in his new mood of happiness, and started on his unfinished pibroch. It was no march, but the strangeness of it and the weird haunting melody disturbed the rude fellows in their laughter, and they turned to look at him with a sudden wistfulness in their faces. It came on him to put the finish to his tune there and then. The notes would come easily to a man with new love in him and fingers light on the chanter. But he stayed himself when he reached the point, and his thought was that his girl should hear it first, when he would pipe with all his heart's longing and love in the music.

The company trudged on, silent.

* * * *

That night the piper lay on his back in the heather, and stared, deep-thinking, at the sky. The weather had changed, and a wind from the cold isles drove black clouds over the hill-tops. About him his clan lay with heavy sleep upon them and dreamless. He rose on his elbow and looked at them; and the mood of the wild night came upon him, and he was on his feet. With light steps he left the sleeping folk, and his way was the way to the Diarmid country.

He was of the winds, careless. No danger might put fear upon him; and a lonely journey to his enemies' land, with nought but an oaten cake in his pouch, and a pretty dirk in his belt, against hunger and the Campbell blades, was no more to him than a jaunt, so long as the girl was at the end of it. His head reeled with the fine music that had come new to him, and ever the sight of the girl's face quickened his steps with the thought of happiness.

And it happened that through all his journey he met no living creature until he neared its end and Lochow lay before him. He was at the Brae of Cladich, in the dusk of an evening,

and the snow hung about Cruachan in a grey cloud. At the bend of the road he stopped, and looked back at the grey loneliness. Looking, he saw a man break hotly from the wood of fir he had new come through, and heard a crying on him to stop. Alasdair saw his green tartan, and, for the first time in his life, fighting was in him to the tips of the fingers that were tight upon his dirk. Here was reality. And the danger of being barred from the yellow-haired girl put all else from his mind. He set his feet firm and waited, a strange new feeling of excitement in him.

But of a sudden his breath came heavy, and his eyes left the green-kilted figure to look on the one that came after him. It was a woman, and she hastening with quick steps. He saw her yellow hair, though the dusk kept her face from him yet. But he had no need to see it. He knew with his dream sense that this was the woman, and a glad cry left his lips as he ran to meet her.

The Campbell stopped, staring. Then he bounded forward, and his hands were on Alasdair's shoulders as he and the girl met. She slipped past and put a hand on her man's arm. "Let us ask his business first," said she. He let go of the MacDonald, but his voice snarled as he spoke: "A Campbell's business is to slay MacDonalds. That is enough."

Alasdair, still wrapped in his own affairs, saw no further than here was a meddler come between him and his love. He turned to her with hands outstretched, and the words came fast—"Come with me, heart's-love. Come and we will have happiness and music." On he went, but a quick figure stepped between them, and the Campbell said, "No more! on guard, and defend yourself. No cold Northerner comes between the men and maids of Diarmid."

And the fight began. But Alasdair had seen the look of love in the girl's eyes as she spoke to the Campbell fellow, and her look was unfriendly and cold on himself. His strength, that love had kept in him in all his weary journey, left him. He fought listlessly, and in a sudden weariness, his mind on his piping that was never to have its end in this world. And, before the darkness was wholly on them, the red tartan was on the ground, with a redder stain that spoiled it.

The Diarmid stood aside, and looked at him with a curious, sullen pity. The lassie bent over with a sob in her throat, and her woman's fingers were gentle about him. And once more his eyes opened on her, and a queer smile came on his white face. "The tune—my fine tune—Had I but finished it ere disillusion and cold heart marred its notes!" Blood rushed from his wound with a sudden spurt and stained the girl's kirtle. The Campbell pulled her aside, and his voice was rough. "Come away. We have homes to build, and the MacDonalds may rot. A poor fighter meeds not decent burial."

The snow-flakes came softly, but in Cladich was warmth and love, spite of the ruin the raiders had made.

* * * *

Away in Glenfinnan, Chief Colla cried loudly for piping. "Find us a tune that will crow over the twist-mouths and cowards." The men laughed. They had feasted well, and the telling of their deeds was sweet to them. But no piper came, and none brought news of a cold body on the hillside of Glenaray. "He has joined the elf-folk at last," said the people; and "Yon tune was over-sweet to the mind," said the fighters, and turned anew to the ale-quaichs.

SINE NIC-ARTAIR.

TRADITIONS OF THE INNES, KER AND KEER FAMILIES.

THERE is a tradition in the Innes family that their inheritance never goes to a woman, that none of them marries an ill wife, and that no friends ever suffer for their debts.

The name Keer is said to be of Celtic origin. *Cearr*, Ker, Kerr, Carr, Keer, *Cearr* (Gaelic), *Ciotach* (Gaelic) left-handed, from Northumberland and Roxburghshire. Tradition says this race was left-handed *Cearr-lamhach*, like the seven hundred chosen men of the tribe of Benjamin spoken of in Judges, ch. 20, v. 16. In the south of Scotland such men are termed carrey-handed, and carr-handed, and in Northumberland cow-paw'd, cow probably being a corruption of carr. The Clan being left-handed made them awkward and undesirable opponents in an encounter with swords, a circumstance duly noted by one of the Border poets (either Sir Walter Scott or The Ettrick Shepherd) in the ballad "The Raid of the Kers":—

> "For they were left-handed men,
> And fight against them there was nane."

But the ballad informs us that both their leaders were slain, Mark Keer and Tam o' Mossburnford,

And

> "Of one-and-fifty buirdly Kers,
> The very prime men of the Clan,
> There were only seventeen return'd,
> And they were wounded every man."

There is in the County of Lancashire, Parish of Much Hoole, and about eight miles from Preston, a mansion-house called Carr House, built in 1619.

York. D. MACDOUGALL.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications on literary and business matters should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 10 Bute Mansions, Hillhead, Glasgow.

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OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

HUGH FRASER, SAN FRANCISCO, U.S.A.—Very pleased to hear from you, and to learn that San Francisco is again forging ahead, a city of concrete and steel. "Our banks are full of money!" At this time of financial stress the Golden City must be an object of envy to all American cities! Many things have happened in the United States since you wrote last month! Your friend, Mr. Neil Lindsay, called on me the other day and asked me to convey his regards to Mr. Sinclair, yourself, and any other Californian friends to whom I might happen to write. *Slàinte!*

JAMES SINCLAIR, SAN FRANCISCO, U.S.A.—Thanks for newspaper with your interesting article, and souvenir programme of the successful rendering of "Rob Roy" by the Clan Fraser. See note above.

A PATRIOTIC MACLEAN.

Wisconsin, U.S.A., 19th October 1907.

DEAR EDITOR,—Enclosed please find one dollar, being renewal of subscription for the *Celtic Monthly*. I read it regularly from cover to cover, advertisements and everything except the Gaelic. That beats me! I was born just out of Boston, Mass., and, much to my regret, never had an opportunity to learn it. How many times do I revert with pleasure to that eventful night when I met my Chief and so many of my clansmen, and yourself, at the Social Gathering of the Clan MacLean in Glasgow. It was a night to remember. I don't think that any Highland Yankee ever put in three more glorious months than I spent that summer visiting my numerous relatives in the old land. I loved the country, the people, and all connected with them, and curiously enough, no one seemed to think that I was anything else than a Scotsman. The Highland blood remains warm even in a Yankee! When I hear the sound of the pipes, my shoulders are thrown back and I step out more briskly, and somehow I feel the Highlands will always claim its own no matter where its children may be born and reared. "The blood is warm and the heart is Highland," and I remember that I am of the Macleans of Mull and the Campbells of Argyle, and that my natural place is behind the big drone, keeping step to the best of the world's grandest music. On such occasions I feel proud to spell my name in full,

COLIN CAMPBELL MACLEAN.

GAELIC AND ITS USE.

SIR,—In the course of a hunt for objects of Highland antiquity for the late loan exhibition I had occasion to apply to the Right Hon. the Earl of Ancaster, who has galore of such things in Drummond Castle. His Lordship was ungraciously pleased to reply in the following dulcet: "I do not approve of the objects of your Bazaar. I think all the people resident in this country should speak one and the same language." My reply to this was: "Let me direct your Lordship's attention to the information given in the circular that 82,000 subjects of His Majesty in the North-West of Scotland are not English scholars. The State does not supply funds to teach Gaelic speaking children English in an effective manner, and the purpose of this Bazaar is to raise money to pay bi-lingual teachers. This will bring about your Lordship's *beau ideal*. There is an old saying of a Duke of Argyle, I think: "For politeness, the French, for commerce, the English, to worship your God, the Gaelic."

Glen Devon, 12th November, 1907. KENNETH MATHESON IX.

ALEX. S. M'KAY, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, CANADA.—Your interesting favour to hand. I am pleased to learn that you "prize the *Celtic* very much, and think it is improving from time to time." A cheering message like this is great encouragement to an editor in his difficult task of pleasing the tastes of every variety of readers. Some are passionately fond of Gaelic, and we do our best, through the kind offices of "Fionn" and Mr. Malcolm MacFarlane, to gratify their liking, yet many, although most enthusiastic Highlanders, unfortunately do not know the language, and naturally do not care to see too much of our limited space devoted to a tongue unknown to them. And so, the editor has to strive to hit the happy medium, so that all readers may be pleased. From the many kindly letters we have received recently, we are hopeful that we are giving satisfaction to all our readers. We are always glad to receive suggestions from them as to the special features they would like to see introduced.

Gaelic Men of Letters.

II. EWAN MACLACHLAN.

[By FIONN.]

THIS poet of culture, sweetness, and light was born in 1775 at Torrachalltainn, Coiruannan, in Lochaber, where his ancestors, who originally came from Morven, were for several generations. His great grandfather was "Dòmhnull Bàn Bàrd," probably a Cameron, contemporary with Sir Ewan Cameron, on whose death, in 1719, he composed a Gaelic elegy, which is much admired. Ewan Maclachlan's father was Domhnull Mòr, a most intelligent man, a weaver by trade, while his mother was a Mackenzie. He got his early education at Kilmallie Parish School, and studied afterwards at Fort-William Grammar School. He acted as tutor successively in the family of Cameron of Camisky, in that of Cameron of Clunes, and in that of Macmillan of Glenshean. He was from his boyhood a hard-working student. He entered King's College, Aberdeen, in 1796. It is said that he travelled to Aberdeen dressed in the mountain garb. Arriving there he determined to enter the lists as a competitor for a bursary at King's College. "Here, for the first time," says Dr. Macintyre, "he found himself engaged with entire strangers in the arena of literary strife. The various fences of trial being duly executed and given in, the hour for announcing the fate of the champions approached; the anxious expectants were assembled in the lobby of the great College Hall, where the Professors were still engaged in earnest judicial deliberation. Meantime the rustic dress of the young Highlander, his diffident manner, and rather awkward appearance drew upon him the ungenerous gibes and unmerited contempt of several young coxcombs, his rivals. It was sneeringly recommended to him to make a speedy retreat to the wilds of Lochaber, while he was comforted with the assurance that he had not the slighest chance of success. Enduring all this banter with meek but firm forbearance, he merely advised his assailants not to prejudge his case. The door of the hall was at length opened, the names of the successful competitors were announced, and the officer first called 'Ewan Maclachlan' as being the best scholar and chief bursar." * After this incident his position in College was assured, and he became a marked man. After going through the regular classes and taking the degree of M.A. he entered the Divinity Hall. In the year 1800 he received a royal bursary, and was shortly afterwards appointed to the office of teacher in the Grammar School of Old Aberdeen, and assistant librarian to King's College. Maclachlan was a hard worker, and after the labours of the day found time to devote to classical studies. He never forgot his mother tongue or its rich lore. As Professor Blackie remarks—"He wedded the then study of Gaelic to that of Greek by employing himself in making a poetical Celtic version of the 'Iliad'; a work held in high estimation by his countrymen, though only a few selections from it have been published." About this time the Highland Society of Scotland entertained the project of preparing and publishing a dictionary of the Gaelic language. To Ewan Maclachlan was entrusted the Gaelic-English portion of this work, which was published in 1828. As has been well remarked, "Mr. Maclachlan brought to the undertaking great talents, profound learning, habits of industry which were almost superhuman, an intimate acquaintance with the Gaelic language and devoted attachment to the elucidation of its principles."

Unfortunately, through overstudy and work, Mr. Maclachlan's health broke down about 1820, and although he rallied a little for over a year, yet he never was himself again, but passed peacefully away on the 29th March 1822, at the age of 47 years.

As might be expected, this true Highlander left instructions on his deathbed that his body should be laid with kindred dust at the foot of his native mountains. This request was religiously complied with. At Aberdeen every mark of respect was paid to his memory. The leading people of Aberdeen, along with the Professors of both Universities, the magistrates of the city, and the members of the Highland Society of Aberdeen, met in the College Hall to pay their last respects to the remains of departed worth, and thence accompanied the hearse, bearing those remains some distance out of town, and there bade them a long and last adieu. Glengarry (who had befriended Maclachlan in his early youth), accompanied by a large number of his clansmen dressed in their native garb, paid a tribute of regret to his departed portegè by meeting and escorting his remains while passing through the Chief's country. When passing through Lochaber the people paid every respect to the deceased by joining the procession, so that on entering the village of Fort-William the crowd was so dense that the procession advanced with difficulty. On the 15th April, 1822, the mortal remains of Ewan Maclachlan, preceded by the wail of the piob-

* From a sketch of Maclachlan in the "Beauties of Gaelic Poetry," understood to have been written by the late Rev. J. Macintyre, LL.D., Kilmonivaig.

mhor, were laid to rest with those of his fathers at Killevodain in Ardgour.

HIS PUBLISHED WORKS.

In 1798 he wrote down the poems of Allan Macdougall (Ailein Dall), which were published in Edinburgh. The volume also contained Maclachlan's Gaelic poem on the seasons ("Dàin nan Aimsirean"), a Gaelic translation of Pope's "Messiah," "Dàn mu Chonaltradh," and a translation of part of Homer's "Iliad" into Gaelic heroic verse. In 1818 he published his "Metrical Effusions," where Greek, Latin, English and Gaelic poems appear. For the Highland Society of Scotland, engaged in 1806 in an enquiry into the authenticity of Ossian's poems, Maclachlan made a transcript of the Dean of Lismore's MS. This transcript passed into the possession of the late Rev. J. Macintyre, LL.D., of Kilmonivaig.

Is it too late to expect a volume containing Ewan Maclachlan's Gaelic and English poetry and translations? Here is work for the Lochaber Society!

THE SHEPHERD'S WIDOW.

It was her last night in the wee thatched house which stood where the ploughed land merged into heather, in the wee house that had suddenly grown so unfamiliar and so eerie.

For nearly sixty years she had lived in it, since that long past day when she was young Peigie Bhàn, the bride, and her heart was sore for her own folk in far away Loch Broom.

She had never been back again in all these years.

Her old neighbour, Bell MacLeay, sat beside her at the end of the house, and they saw the sun go down behind Ben Wyvis, and the lights of Dingwall begin to twinkle on the side of the Firth.

"And it is to-morrow," she said, "I will be in Dingwall myself, with my daughter Peggy. I will be living in a town."

The bees were flying home, and the air was full of pleasant country sounds.

Old Peigie's patient eyes rested on the familiar landscape, daily growing more dim for her.

"It is well that you are leaving this lonely place," said Bell, and her voice was low and kind. "It is hard to live alone."

"You will be thinking that, my dear, with your happy home, and the children;—and so should I in the old time when my man and me would go out at three in the morning to look to the lambs, and would leave our own wee lambies all cosy curled up in the bed. He was never very strong, my poor man, and many a cold night have I helped him with the sheep on the hill. There are two and thirty years now since he was taken from me."

The summer wind came over the barley in green gleaming billows.

"But it is wonderful, my dear," the old woman continued; "Oh it is wonderful, and I cannot tell it to you in the English, how the Lord Himself will keep you company. In the spring of the year when I was so weak, I could scarcely leave my bed to light the fire, I would be losing courage, and saying to myself, 'Oh, it is some day Peggy will come, and find that her mother has been dead many days'; but now I know He sent me a dream to comfort me.

"I was standing, in my dream," she continued, fitting her thoughts carefully into the unaccustomed English, "at the ferry which lies between us and the town, and many people were there who were young with me.

I saw their faces very plain, though most of them are dead this long time. My heart it was heavy, for how was I to reach the town across the wide water? We waited for a boat, and none came, and I was distressed, when suddenly someone said, "Look, what is that coming over the sea?" As I looked I saw a great arm between me and the sky, and the next moment I felt the hand laid upon my shoulder.

"Was I afraid? Oh no, child. It was the most pleasant thing, and the Arm felt so gentle and so strong. It lifted me up and carried me right over the firth. In a beautiful smooth place it set me down, and the thought smote me that this might be a little island where the tide would come up and drown me. Some people were drowned like that one very dark night when I was a lassie in Loch Broom. But the sun began to shine, and I saw it was the green fields on the other side of the ferry. Then my heart it was glad, and I said, 'The strong Right Arm of the Lord hath done this thing for me.'"

Oh, happy, happy souls that trust Him! be ye never so poor, so lonely, so feeble!

The little house is tenantless still, and falling into ruin, and old Peigie Bhàn has got over the ferry by whose brink we all must wait some day.

M. S. KEAY.

ORIGIN OF THE NAME MACFERREN.—Dear Mr. Mackay, I have very much wanted to know if the name MacFerren is related to any clan, and if they are entitled to use any clan tartan. My mother's name was MacFerren, but we know very little of our family history, except that our ancestors originally came from Scotland. I have consulted several books, but can find no reference at all to the name. I shall be pleased if you or any of your readers can furnish me with information on the above points.—Yours sincerely,

(Miss) MARY L. COLEMAN.

Ohio, U.S.A.

ROYAL DESCENT OF THE HOUSE OF SUTHERLAND.

SIR,—Miss Souter, in her very interesting article in the last *Celtic Monthly*, refers to the Royal descent of the family of Sutherland.

It is not generally known how we very nearly had a Sutherland instead of a Stuart dynasty on the Scottish Throne. When David II. returned from his captivity in England after the Battle of the Standard, he was so incensed against his nephew, Robert the Steward, then heir to the Crown, on account of his premature retreat on the day of the battle, to which David, rightly or wrongly, mainly attributed his defeat, that he disinherited him in favour of his other nephew, John Sutherland, son of his sister, the Lady Margaret Bruce, and William, fourth Earl of Sutherland, who was then in London as one of the hostages for the payment of David's ransom. John Sutherland died in London, and as the Lady Margaret had then no other son, David was reconciled to Robert, and reinstated him heir to the Throne, which he ultimately ascended as Robert II., the first of the Stuarts. Had John Sutherland lived, or had the Lady Margaret's second son William, who succeeded his father as fifth Earl, been born a year earlier, we should, in all probability, have had a Sutherland, instead of the ill-fated Stuart dynasty, and history might read very differently. Since the death of John, ninth Earl, in 1514, all those who have held the Title and Estate of Sutherland have done so as heir-general. The present heir-male of the ancient Earls of Sutherland, and the Chief of the Clan, is Mr. John Sutherland of Forse, who lives not far away from where I write in Hampshire, and whom I had the pleasure to meet at the last Highland Society of London's Dinner. His ancestor, William Sutherland of Forse, was one of the Claimants to the Estate and Title when William, seventeenth Earl, died in 1766, leaving an only child, Elizabeth. The House of Lords decided in her favour, but William Sutherland of Forse established his claim to be heir-male as descending from Kenneth, second son of William, fifth Earl, and Lady Margaret Bruce. Mr. John Sutherland, in addition to being Chief of the Clan Sutherland, would not find it very difficult to, historically, have himself Chief of another Clan which also holds a Dukedom. The "Lady Margaret's Garden" at Dunrobin preserves the memory of the noblest of the many noble women who have been *Chatelains* of "that old Castle in the North" during eight centuries.

The Gaelic name of Golspie is *Gaisbidh*. May not part of its etymology be '*gwy*' British, stream. The old village was built on both sides of the stream.

As regards the name Dunrobin. It is fairly certain that there was a *dùn* or strength there from the very earliest times. The situation admirably lent itself to such a purpose. At first, probably, a palisaded earth-work, then strengthened by stone-walls, Earl Robert enlarged it into a castle, which has ever since borne his name.

Dunrobin has a never-ending interest for Sutherland men, for it centres so much of the history of the beautiful country we all, wherever we are, love so well. As an example of continuous occupation it is unequalled. For over eight centuries its hearthstone has never been cold, and the same family has tended the fire. As the Mackay Bard said: "Bha gach coir aca bhi ciùin" for they were indeed a noble race, ever loyal and true to their king and country. Though their own Clan had not produced a bard to sing their praises, and it had to be left to the bard of another, and not always a friendly, clan; yet by this they suffered no loss, for there is not in the Gaelic language a more noble elegy than that composed by "Rob Donn" on the death of the good Earl William and his Countess.—Yours,

G. MURRAY CAMPBELL.

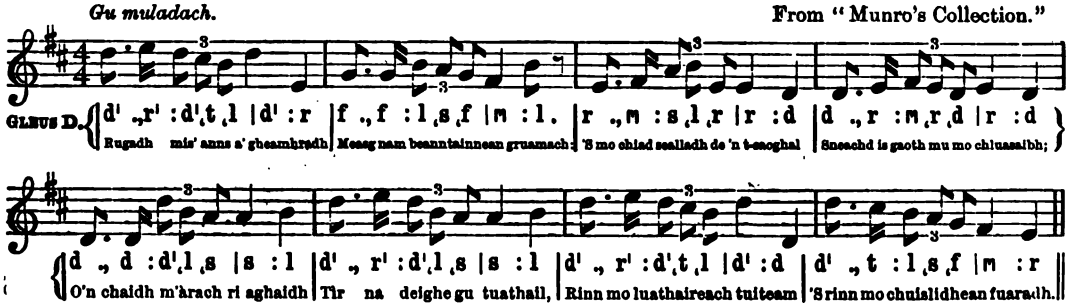
Hampshire.

Coronach for the Dead.

MARBHRANN DO'N IARLA CHATACH.

(Lament for William, Earl of Sutherland.)

Gu muladach. From "Munro's Collection."



Sud an teaghlach bha òrdail,
'Gheobhteadh mòr gun bhi uaibhreach;
Sud an teaghlach bha ceòlmhor,
'Gheobht' ag òl gun bhi buaireant';

Sud an teaghlach d' am b' àbhaist
A bhi 'n a thàbhairn aig uaislibh;
A' slor leasach' an fhearainn,
Gun bhonn gearain aig tuath orr'.

Sud an teaghlach d' am beanadh
Cliù a' b' ainneamh r' a ìnnseadh,
Chumadh 'n uailse gu stàtail
'S a bhiodh blàth ris na h-ìslibh;
'S nach do thog leis an eucoir
Bonn le h-éiginn air aon diubh;
Bha gach còir aca cinneachadh,
Mach o dhiombuanachd dhaoine.

Bidh mi dùnadh an dàin so,
Oir tha e àrd air son m' inntinn;
Le aon athchuing do 'n òigh so
Dh' fhuireach beò mar aon chuimhne;
Tha mi 'g earbsa ri Freasdal—
'S a ri! gu 'm faic is gu 'n cluinn mi
Thu bhi pòsda ri gaisgeach
A leanas cleachdan do shinnsir.

A CLAN FRASER STORY.

IT will interest *Celtic Monthly* readers on both sides of the now time shortened "ferry" of the Atlantic, to read of anything as to the daring and pluck of their clansmen in the old wars.

A lady, in Edinburgh, given to much reading, on being laid aside by the sore trial of "rheumatics" (for which there appears to be no hope of finding the remedy in these days of *bacilus* culture), writes me the following story met in her recent reading. She, herself of the clan, was, in the first half of last century, well acquainted with the numerous Inverness Frasers, who travelled abroad in the then almost inaccessible portions of the empire, now as easily reached as their native Highlands were then. The General Fraser referred to, was likely of the Balnain family; he was fatally wounded in the battle of Saratogo, and had a leading part in the taking of Quebec in 1759.

My lady friend quotes from her recent reading:—"So much has been written on this famous incident in history (the siege of Quebec) that the addition of a new fact may be acceptable.—It is a tradition among the clan, that there was a man in the regiment noted for his strength and activity, which he had earned by several daring depredations committed on neighbour hostile clansmen. When anxious to obtain an active leader to scale the rock, it is said General Fraser, referring to this man, enquired, in a voice sufficiently loud to be heard over the regiment, whether the man was there who had stolen the cheese from the Tower of Fairburn, then belonging to the MacKenzies; this clansman, with the bashfulness that so much adorns conscious merit, at once came forward and said he was the man. He was immediately selected to lead the way—he did so—soon reached the top, helped his fellow-soldiers to follow, and, before the night, Quebec was in the hands of the British. Many of the Frasers settled in the country, and are still found among residents south of the St. Lawrence. They retain the clan name, but have adopted the language and the religion of the French Canadian." The incident and the story may be new to many readers and clansmen, even in the present revival and fashion of gathering and reading of Highland lore.

A. B.

GLASGOW UNIVERSITY CELTIC LECTURES.

"TAIN BO CHUAILGNE."

DR. GEORGE HENDERSON, in opening his class for Celtic Languages and Literature at Glasgow University, took as his subject—"The Celt and the Epic." The epic in question was the famous Irish tale "Tàin Bó Chuailgné," which the lecturer said was to be found in some form or other in almost all the old MSS. The Scottish collection of MSS. in the Advocates' Library did not contain a version of the "Tàin," but up to 1841 there was a MS. in that collection which contained a considerable portion of this famous tale. The MS. containing it disappeared about 1841. Mr. Donald Smith wrote a detailed account of this document, which is printed in the Highland Society's "Report on the Authenticity of Ossian." Mr. Ewan Maclachlan, the well-known Gaelic scholar, not only read that MS., but wrote a detailed analysis of the portion of "Tàin Bó Chuailgné" preserved in that MS. which was now evidently lost. Senchan, the Irish *filidh*—chief poet of Ireland at the time of Calum Cille's death, 659 A.D., imposed upon him the task of recovering the lost "Tàin." He visited Alba, but failed to find it there. He also journeyed to the Isle of Man, but failed to find it there. According to tradition Senchan appealed from the living to the dead, and by the intercession of the Saints of Ireland Fergus MacRoich was raised from the dead, and he recited the great Epic which Senchan, or according to some, St. Ciaran wrote down. Dr. Henderson then proceeded to refer to the story of "Tàin Bó Chuailgné," how Meve, Queen of Connacht, and Oilill her husband disputed as to which was the richer in this world's goods. They each collected all that they possessed, jewels, gold, cattle, ornaments, &c., and found that in point of wealth, they were much the same, but that there was one great bull ("tarbh") called "Findbheannach," or White-horned, which was really calved by one of Meve's cows, but being endowed with a certain amount of intelligence, considered it disgraceful to be under a women, and so had gone over to Oilill's herds. With him Meve had nothing that would compare. She made inquiry, however, and found that in the district of Cruailgne, in Louth, a celebrated bull, called the Dun Bull of Cuailgne, was to be found. It belonged to a chieftain of the name of Dare. To him the Queen sent for the loan of the famous bull. Dare was quite willing to give it, and showed every hospitality to the Queen's embassy. One of Meve's men happened to say that it was as well Dare was willing to give the bull, adding —"For if he hadn't given it we would have taken it." This unfortunate remark was carried to Dare's ear, who there and then refused to give the bull, and sent the embassy home empty-handed. The Queen was wroth, and swore she would have the bull in spite of Dare. She invited Leinster and Munster to join her, and to march against Ulster to take the bull from Dare. Dr. Henderson went on to tell how the famous Cuchulain got embroiled in the quarrel, and challenged the whole army to a series of single combats with himself, in which he was always victorious. One of the most interesting incidents in the romance is the single combat between Cuchulain and his old companion Ferdiad, who was persuaded by the Queen to fight his ancient comrade. It was known as the "Fight of the Ford."

THE LATE QUEEN VICTORIA AND THE GAELIC LANGUAGE.

Chichester, 4th Nov. 1907.

Dear Mr. Mackay,—I have just been reading "Letters of Queen Victoria." In one to Lord Lansdowne, in 1849, there is a paragraph about the teaching of Gaelic in the Highland schools, which will interest all lovers of the language. It is another instance of the great interest she took in all that concerned the Highlands and Highlanders she loved so well. As the "Letters" may not be seen by many of your readers, it may be well to quote the passage in the *Celtic Monthly*.—Yours ever,

G. MURRAY CAMPBELL.

QUEEN VICTORIA AND LORD LANSDOWNE.

Osborn, 3rd March 1849.

* * * * *

"The Queen takes this occasion of repeating her hope that Gaelic will be taught in future in Highland schools as well as English, as it is really a great mistake that the people should be talking a language that they cannot read, and generally not write. Being very partial to her loyal good Highlanders, the Queen takes much interest in what she thinks will tend more than anything to keep up their simplicity of character, which she considers a great merit in these days."

MARTIAL SPIRIT OF THE CLAN CAMERON.—According to an authentic register, the parishes of Kilmalie and Kilmonivaig, during the war in 1756, furnished no fewer than 750 men to the army and navy. The minister of Kilmalie, writing in 1791, remarks:—"It is almost needless to say that the natives of Lochaber prefer enlisting in Highland regiments; and it is perhaps equally so to mention what valour and conduct they have displayed, and what glory they have acquired under prudent commanders. The legislature would then act wisely by encouraging such a useful and warlike body of men to remain in their native country." The desperate valour of the 79th Cameron Highlanders on the Field of Waterloo only a few years later, showed only too well how great beyond riches was the valour of such gallant men to the Empire.

CLAN MACNAUGHTON.—The Macnaughtons are anxious to have their history recorded in a suitable form. While Dundarave, Loch Fyne, was latterly their residence, the clan will be found at an earlier period by the shores of Loch Tay. Nechtan, who gave the clan its name, must have been of Pictish origin.

MID-ARGYLL ASSOCIATION.—This Association opened their session with a successful Celtic Concert. The chairman, Mr. A. J. Fraser, in his opening remarks, referred to the success of the Association. They had made arrangements for their annual gathering, and Principal Macalister, of Glasgow University, had agreed to preside. Dr. Macalister's father belonged to Tarbert, Argyll, and the Principal himself was a bilingual Gael.

THE EDINBURGH CELTIC UNION have arranged their syllabus for the session. On November 7th, Professor Mackinnon lectures on "Gaelic Satire;" on December 5th, Mr. Donald Mackechnie, the Jura Bard, reads a paper on "Novel Reading." In January, Rev. Hector Mackinnon, Shettleston, is the lecturer. while in February, Dr. Duncan Fraser, Falkirk, reads a paper on "Reminiscences of the Bagpipes." A grand Highland concert takes place on 6th March, and on April 9th Lieutenant J. Maclennan lectures on "The Bagpipe."

CLAN MACLEAN.—The annual gathering of the Clan Maclean was held in Glasgow last month, under the presidency of Sir Fitzroy D. Maclean, Bart., Chief of the Clan, and Lady Maclean. There was a large attendance. The Chief, in addressing the gathering, spoke of the loyalty of the clan. The power of the Chief was indeed very different to what it was in bygone ages, but the clansmen were as loyal as ever, and the Clan Societies were an excellent bond of union. The Macleans were ever famed for their loyalty to their Chief—as was evinced in their battle cry, "Fear eil' air son Eachainn"—"Another for Hector." There were also present at the gathering Captain Hector Maclean, yr. of Duart, and Mrs. Maclean of Ardgour, and Rev. Hector Maclean of Dochgarroch.

THE HIGHLAND PIPERS' SOCIETY OF EDINBURGH.—This Society held their annual meeting last month—the president, Mr. Donald Shaw, solicitor, presiding. The hon. treasurer submitted the accounts for the year, which showed that the society is making steady progress. It was resolved to commence the practice meetings at the end of this month, and to invite applications for membership from all interested in piping and Highland dancing. The following office-bearers were elected:—Chief, the Right Hon. the Earl of Mar; president, Mr. Donald Shaw, solicitor; vice-presidents, Lieutenant Maclennan and Messrs. W. Cowe and R. Black; hon. pipe major, Mr. John Macdonald; hon. treasurer, Mr. Duncan Cameron; hon. secretary, Mr. Alex. Maclean, 33 Watson Crescent.

NEW ZEALAND GAELS.—Miss Jessie Maclachlan, the Gaelic vocalist, and her concert company, are at present touring in New Zealand. At a reception which was held in their honour at Christchurch an address was delivered by the Chief of the Scottish Society. Miss Maclachlan does not intend visiting New Zealand again, and on her return visit to Christchurch, in the course of the present tour, she was presented with a Maclachlan tartan plaid, which was specially made at the Roslyn Woollen Mills in Dunedin, as a momento of her friends in Christchurch. The presentation of the plaid was the outcome of a suggestion by Mr. Malcolm Robertson, who is a nephew of Mr. Black, Connel Ferry.

GLASGOW ATHOLL AND BREADALBANE ASSOCIATION.—The Annual busiuess meeting of this Association was held last month. Mr. Archd. Stewart, vice-president, in the chair. The secretary and treasurer's report showed that the Association was in a flourishing condition, having now 23 life members, and 112 ordinary members, and 5 honorary members on the roll, and that a balance of over £27 was at the credit of the association. The secretary referred to the loss sustained by the association by the recent death of Colonel James Menzies. The following office-bearers were then appointed:—President, Mr. P. Macdougall Pullar; vice-presidents, Messrs. Archd. Stewart, John S. Kennedy, and T. Whitelaw Robertson; hon. treasurer, Mr. Peter Stewart; hon secretary, Mr. Alex. Crerar, 76 North Woodside Road. A ceilidh was afterwards held. It was announced that Bailie Thos. Macpherson, Perth, would give a lecture during the session on "Humour of the Courts," and Captain John Menzies on "A Tour on the North American Continent."

GAELIC DIALECTS.—The following rhyme describes the various dialects of Scottish Gaelic:—

Gàidhlig bhristeach Ionarais,
Gàidhlig lispeach Rois,
Gàidhlig bhòidheach Earraghàidheal
Gàidhlig sgeòbach Pheairt.

GLASGOW ROSS AND CROMARTY ASSOCIATION.—The opening meeting of the Glasgow Ross and Cromarty Association was held recently in Glasgow. Mr. G. C. Urquhart, who is now entering on his second term of office as president, occupied the chair, and in opening the meeting made fitting reference to the great loss the society had suffered through the death of Dr. John Pirie, who wes one of the founders of the society and its first president. Mr. Urquhart said that Dr. Pirie's kindly presence would be missed by all who knew him, and that his goodness to poor people by rendering them professional and other aid in times of stress was an example to all. Mr. Urquhart then proceeded to read a paper on "Sir Thomas Urquhart of Cromartie," and gave a graphic account of his achievements in literature and on the field. Some apt quotations from his remarkable works caused great amusement, and his pedigree (traced from Adam himself) was also a source of laughter. While Sir Thomas took a place as a humorist, the lecturer remarked he had many fine qualities, and he reflected great lustre on his home country in Cromarty, as also did Hugh Miller at a later period of history. Several speakers thanked Mr. Urquhart for his interesting lecture, and some good-humoured banter was exchanged as to the relative literary merits of the two sections of the united county.

GAELIC IN THE COLONIES.—Gaelic is evidently on the up grade, not only in Scotland but also in the Colonies, and Celtic lectureships are to be founded in various centres. At a meeting of the executive of the Celtic Society, held in Halifax, letters were read from Rev. A. MacLean Sinclair, of Hopewell, whose portrait recently appeared in our columns, outlining the lectures which he proposes delivering on the Celtic language and literature at St. Francis Xavier's College and Dalhousie College. Rev. Mr. Sinclair proposes to lecture for eight weeks at the former institution, and for 16 weeks at Dalhousie. The authorities of St. Francis Xavier's and a number of Celtic students in the diocese of Antigonish have already guaranteed one-third of the learned lecturer's salary. A letter from Hon. Judge MacGillivray was read, stating that the arrangements had been completed for the eight week's course, and the executive gave its approval. The lecturer will complete the course at Antigonish before January 1, and will thereupon begin the course at Halifax. The greater part of the amount to be contributed by the Halifax friends of the movement has already been subscribed, and the whole amount will be secured before the first of the year.

Dalhousie College, it may be mentioned, is the principal University in Nova Scotia. It is non-denominational. St. Francis Xavier's College and University belongs to the Roman Catholic Church in Nova Scotia. The Celtic Society has its headquarters in Halifax, and includes Scotsmen and Irishmen, Protestants and Catholics.

CALEDONIAN CATHOLICS.—The annual business meeting of the Caledonian Catholic Association, Glasgow, was held last month—Mr. John Stuart, presiding. Arrangements were made regarding the annual gathering of the association, which is to be held on 28th inst. under the presidency of Provost Calder, Alloa. A letter was received from the chaplain of the association, Rev. Archibald Campbell, S.J., who is at present in Nova Scotia on missionary work. He says there are 45,000 Gaelic-speaking Catholics in the diocese of Antigonish, 60 Gaelic-speaking priests, and 50 Gaelic-speaking nuns teaching in the schools. This is headed by a venerable Gaelic-speaking bishop of 83 summers. The following office-bearers were afterwards appointed:—Hon. president, the Most Hon. the Marquis of Bute; president, Mr. James Brand, K.C., S.G.; hon. chaplain, Rev. Archibald Campbell, S.J.; vice-presidents, Messrs. John Lindsay and John Stuart; treasurer, Mr. James Turner; secretary, Mr. D. A. MacDonald, 105 Petershill Road, Glasgow, with a council of 30.

THE TRAGIC STORY OF MAJOR CAMPBELL OF GLENFALLOCH.

DURING the autumn of 1808 the 21st Regiment of Foot was stationed at Newry, in Ireland, and among the officers of that distinguished corps were Major Alexander Campbell and Captain Alexander Boyd. On the 22nd of June in the above-named year the regiment was inspected by General Ker, and after the day's proceedings were over, the inspecting general and the regimental officers dined together in the barracks. About eight o'clock in the evening the whole of the officers left the mess-room, with the exception of Major Campbell, Captain Boyd, Lieutenant Hall, and the surgeon of the regiment, when a conversation took place regarding the particular form of General Ker's orders. Major Campbell stated that he had been corrected by the General for giving a particular order, and yet he felt assured that he—the Major—was right, and that the General was wrong.

Captain Boyd said that both were wrong, according to the "King's order"; and after arguing for some time, and taunting each other about the matter, Major Campbell got up from the table and said,—"Then, Captain Boyd, do you say I am wrong?" and Captain Boyd replied,—"I do; I know I am right, according to the King's order."

Major Campbell then left the mess-room without saying another word. He went to his own quarters, it appears, took tea with his family, and returned to the mess room, which was entirely deserted by the company. He then sent a waiter for Captain Boyd, and during the interval he waited in a small room on the landing-place. Captain Boyd was found, and after receiving the message he followed the waiter up stairs, and entered the room occupied by Major Campbell. In a few minutes more the reports of two pistol-shots were heard, and when the waiter and two of the officers entered the room they found Captain Boyd mortally wounded, and Major Campbell pacing the room in a state of great agitation.

IT WAS A DUEL,

in short, fought without witnesses or seconds, the result of the trifling dispute which is already referred to. When the parties entered the room they heard Major Campbell say—"On the words of a dying man, is everything fair?" and Captain Boyd replied—"Campbell, you have hurried me; you're a bad man."

Major Campbell again said—"Boyd, before these gentlemen, was everyting fair?" and the answer was—"Oh, no, Campbell; you know I wanted you to wait and have friends." For the third time Major Campbell tried to get the dying man to admit that everything was fair. He said—"Good God! will you mention before these gentlemen, was not everything fair? did not you say you were ready?" And Captain Boyd answered "Yes"; but in a moment after he added, "Campbell, you're a bad man." In eighteen hours afterwards Captain Boyd was a corpse, and Major Campbell was duly committed to stand his trial for murder.

On the 4th August 1808 he was brought to trial at the Armagh Assizes, and notwithstanding certificates of character from General Officers, and other persons of the highest rank and influence, he was found guilty, and

SENTENCED TO BE HANGED.

The trial took place on a Thursday, and the day fixed for the execution was the following Monday; but the Lord-Lieutenant respited the prisoner for ten days more, until the King's pleasure should be known. He was again respited for another week, and his friends exerted themselves to the uttermost in order to save his life.

No sooner was the trial over, and the sentence pronounced, than the prisoner's heroic wife got into a post-chaise, and started for Dublin, on her way to London, for the purpose of obtaining a pardon from the King. On her arrival at the former city she found that the packet-boat had just sailed, and, regardless of danger, she hired an open boat and a couple of fearless Irishmen, who rowed her across the Channel, and after a perilous voyage she was safely landed at Holyhead, and without rest or refreshment she left immediately for London. From London she went to Windsor Castle, and had

AN INTERVIEW WITH THE QUEEN

and the Princesses, and, on her bended knees, she begged their intercession for the life of her husband. She also went to Brighton and implored the influence of the Prince of Wales, which was readily granted; but all her exertions were in vain. This noble-minded lady was the daughter of a physician in Ayr. She subsequently became the wife of a clergyman in that county. The Grand Jury of Armagh petitioned the Lord-Lieutenant in Major Campbell's behalf, and so did the petty jury who took part in the trial; but the Lord-Lieutenant declined to interfere, and George the Third would not extend mercy.

On Wednesday the 24th August, Major Campbell was led from his lonely cell to the scaffold in front of the jail at Armagh. The Sheriff permitted the unfortunate man to fix his own hour, and he chose the hour between eleven and twelve. At the appointed time he walked firmly up the stairs leading to the scaffold, took off nis neckcloth, put it in his breast, and stooped his head to the executioner to receive the fatal halter, which he complained of being too thick. When everything was in readiness he stepped out upon the drop, and saluted the vast multitude assembled around. The moment he appeared the

SOLDIERS ON GUARD TOOK OFF THEIR CAPS

as a mark of respect, and he addressed a few words to them in Gaelic. Then he asked a few minutes more of life while he offered up a prayer for his wife and family, and after drawing the cap over his eyes, he clenched his hands firmly in each other, gave the last signal, and in a minute more he was a corpse. After hanging the usual time the body was given up to his friends, who placed it in a coffin, and sent it over to Scotland, where it was interred, if I am rightly informed, in the Churchyard of Ayr. Thus ended the life of a gallant officer, who had served his King and country for more than twenty years, and who was known to be humane and generous in his disposition; but in a moment of passion he allowed his feelings to get the better of his judgment, and the consequences were eminently tragic and deeply to be deplored.

He left one son, William Bowie Campbell, who was trained to the law, and became a Writer to the Signet. He was a fine-looking young man, and possessed great energy and talent. He was married twice, but died without issue on 11th June, 1847. The Major also had one daughter, since dead, unmarried. She was singularly beautiful.

HUNTING THE ROE AT GLENFALLOOH.

OUR last hunting day at Glenfalloch was perhaps the most exciting and scientific I ever took part in. We had already bagged 28 roes, and were careless of shooting more—the day, in fact, being intended for small game. The pair of larch trees which spanned the Falloch, claiming equal right with the celebrated Menai to the title and dignity of bridge, had been safely crossed. Ben Glass, with its rugged face, had been well nigh breasted, and I was thinking of the old "packman" frozen to death a year before, and whose cairn with a shred of his wretched clothes lay close at hand, when my son gave the warning word "roes." There were three in a group, and a fourth at a short distance from them. All were full grown, and much of a size. Excepting a scanty sprinkling of trees, interspersed with occasional patches of

brushwood, the whole hill-face was bare, and appeared more so from a thick coating of snow. The creatures seemed fully to comprehend the situation, and to know as well as we did how difficult it would be to steal on them unperceived. Those in company, therefore, went leisurely ahead, while the single one deigned no further retreat than to move a little on one side, so as to give us "a wide berth" in passing him. Our game, by appearing equally careless and *sang froid*, was to entice them to slip quietly into some secluded hiding either among the alder bushes fringing the brooks which seamed the mountain-side, or perhaps behind some cluster of hillocks, where by humouring the wind we could stalk them like deer.

As in all wild shooting, success depended entirely on our marking the next resting retreat of the roes, without making them aware that we had done so. It was, in fact, a fair trial, whether we or our game had the keenest eyes; for if the snow-tracks gave us a hint where to direct our survey, the fugitives were quite aware that we were hanging on their rear; and the three pairs of trained and skilful eyes scanning every rugged nook of the forward ground were well matched by three pairs as watchful and wary, noting every moving speck from behind, rendered more distinct by the weary waste of snow.

Twice the skulkers attempted concealment, their first retreat being found out by my son, and the second by myself. Both times, however, they had an eye on us first, and, instinctively warned by our bearing, moved on again with quiet and cautious step.

"They'll no stop noo till they get as far as the agle's nest forenent Corryge," quoth the keeper, while he doggedly determined not to let them off while there was daylight.

This wood, a straggling patch of alder and hazel in the gorge of a rocky corrie where the eagle and raven build, was at the extremity of our shooting beat. There was still another stiff climb to it, so despatching the keeper and retrievers to follow the course of the burn on the low side of the scrubwood, my son and I leisurely scaled the mountain for the high passes. We calculated that the keeper would require half an hour before getting to the far end of the wood, and fully an hour must elapse ere he could drive the roes forward to our passes on the near side. These passes were some hundred yards apart, and I was dreamily sauntering to mine when I stumbled on the tracks of our game. In a moment I saw they were shirking the wood, and evidently bent on topping the mountain, most likely with the intention of regaining their former ground. A more cunning manœuvre could not have been planned, and had it not been for the tell-tale snow it would have been completely successful.

Briskly following up "the spoor" to the first fair look-out, I soon detected the three resting at the high corner of the wood, but without having entered it. They were as yet distant, but their still watchfulness, and the equality of the ground, made it impossible to stalk them. To my surprise and pleasure a low whistle from the adjacent height revealed my son's head peering also at the roes. He had noted my change of course, and at once suspecting the cause had actually seen our game before I did. There now seemed a fair prospect of success, for by placing him above on the outer shoulder of the hill, and creeping on them myself from below, the deer would be very likely to cross within reach of the high gun.

During the whole time these hunting tactics were going on, the roes, with the exception of turning their heads now and then to look and listen, kept perfectly motionless, and I was first made aware that my comrade had turned their flank by the united eyes and ears of the listeners being raised in the same direction. Instantly aware of their danger, they marched with deliberate caution round the base of the hillock on the other side of which was the gun, and again were safe from the snares. Sharper-eared than Indians, they had heard stealthy footsteps on the crusted snow, and fairly circumvented them by this masterly double. The snow which had revealed them made amends by being the abettor of their escape, and it seemed as if the white carpet spread on the mountain by the skies disdained to have its purity sullied by the red blood of the victims of its own betrayal.

Scarcely had the three roes flitted from the high ground above me when the keeper and retrievers rose from the hollow underneath. His hawk eye had caught a glimpse of the guns on the hillside, saw that we avoided the passes, and, profiting by this discovery, he had followed in the wake, until he too perceived the cause. Unable, however, to find out our plan of approach, he had prudently kept himself and dogs in hiding until the deer made their wary exit.

A better illustration of the power to compel success which knowledge of the sport gives the roe-hunter, I have seldom had the pleasure to record. Here were three men left entirely to their own resources, and none of them made the slighest mistake. At parting they all made sure that their game had taken shelter in the wood. These deer at first were half a mile distant from the nearest gun, and yet all three hunters, though far separated, detected them and marked their last dodge, while they them-

selves had no idea that even one spy had witnessed their cunning.

The short winter day was fast wearing out, but the pursuers' hopes were as strong as ever. The roes had been scarcely able to feed all the forenoon, and no doubt felt confident that the last clever trick on the hill peak had fairly entitled them to a supper. We were therefore quite convinced that they would settle to the evening meal at the first convenient halting spot.

Giving his gun to the keeper my son scouted forward with a telescope, and from screen of rock or tree scrutinised the hiding corries or scrubby patches which might possibly shelter our game. Crawling on hand and knee to the pinnacle of a wide look-out we saw his attention fixed. Up goes the glass, to remain steady for a few seconds, when it was shut up with a satisfied jerk, and he descended on all-fours. Before a word was spoken I felt sure the chase was at length happily safe.

The three roes were greedily eating among some stunted birches skirting a mountain brook, and from the direction of the wind and lay of the feeding ground could not have been more aptly placed. Leaving the keeper with dogs and telescope on the top of the mound, the shooters mapped out so wide a flank movement as to prevent the possibility of being either seen or winded by the quarry, now at last careless and secure.

The various eccentric turns and doubles of our game had again placed us close to the spot where we first found them at noon, and, with so fair a prospect of coming to close quarters at the end of the day, no wonder that the fourth unsociable buck was quite overlooked. Scarcely had we quitted the keeper and dived for concealment among the rugged peaks and scaurs of the mountain-face, when "the solitary" burst from his lair among the whins right athwart our course, but scarcely had he got into his stride when a shot from my son's gun paralysed the fleet limbs that had almost saved him, and, rolling over the crag, he lay powerless at its foot.

Our first act was to cast an eye on the look-out. There he was, steady as the rock he leaned on, neither the shot nor the fall of the roe having slackened for an instant his attention from the watch we had set him. Our deer was soon despatched, cleaned, and hung on the nearest tree. We then pointed in the direction of the birches. A nod from the scout gave confidence to our stalk, being a well understood signal that the trio had not been moved by the shot.

Thoroughly acquainted with the ground, the younger sportsman took position on line, but considerably beyond the birches where the deer were feeding, while the elder took advantage of a hillock about a hundred yards below and close to the burn scaur.

A slight motion of my cap warned the keeper to come on. He first slipped out of sight for a little time, and began to whistle and speak to his canine accomplices, gradually emerging, as if accidentally, into view, having exactly the appearance of a shepherd "wearing" his flock. Dozens of times we well knew the roes had witnessed this operation, and were quite callous to it, so when the man now wheeled to the right, then to the left, but always nearing them as if by chance, the creatures were as easily herded as three "harvest hogs." They strayed slowly down the burn, and I was first aware that they were close upon my hiding place by a head peering over the mound within pistol-shot of the muzzle of my gun. Anxious for a right and left, I was loath to fire until the three had topped the hillock, so the rejected head caught sight of its contemner, and ducking back warned the others, when they all scampered away.

I was on the hillock top in an instant, but an unfortunate dip in the ground hid them until nearly out of reach, when I fired and struck the rear one bounding straight from me. At full pitch of their speed the now terrified creatures dashed past the high gun a long cross-shot. The leader fell dead, but the others, scared anew, swerved downhill, only allowing the second barrel time for a distant snap at the one I had before struck. The pair rushed down the burn's bank, one of them crossed, and immediately showing on the other side darted up the hill at full stride; why the other lagged behind we were at no loss to guess.

There was no dispute about the lurking-place of the wounded roe. Without a word we at once began the search, and found him at the very spot we anticipated. He was standing sideways at 70 yards from my feet, when I fired and dropped him on his side. He rose, and struggling down the steep, was quickly pulled down by my favourite retriever.

The dusk was now merging into darkness, the chase have lasted from high noon till past five o'clock. Weary and hungry, with a heavy roe slung upon each of our shoulders, and a long, rough, dark journey home, I will nevertheless make bold to assert that a more "heartsome" or merrier one never was taken.

CLAN MACKAY SOCIETY.—At the Annual Business Meeting, which was held in Edinburgh, Mr. W. D. Mackay, R.S.A., was elected President, and other Office-bearers appointed. The Annual Social Gathering is to be held in Glasgow early in January. The Society's funds amount to over £1,600.

THE OURSE OF LOCHGARRY.

A CORRESPONDENT in London writes us asking information regarding the MacDonells of Lochgarry, and the many weird supernatural stories associated with their residence. He is anxious to acquire as much information as possible on the subject, and doubtless there are many of our readers, particularly of the Clan Donald, who can furnish additional facts regarding the "curse" which is said to have been attached to the family, and the uncanny incidents which drove them from Lochgarry House. Our correspondent quotes the following particulars from the late Mr. Alexander Mackenzie's "History of the MacDonalds," which are stated to have been supplied by a member of the family:—

"Donald Macdonald of Lochgarry was between 50 and 60 when he fled with Charles Edward to France. He was followed shortly after by his wife, Isabel Gordon, and her three sons. She escaped in the disguise of a clansman from Lochgarry, as the butcher Cumberland and his troops broke through the gates and burnt the old castle to the ground, afterwards seizing and destroying all the surrounding lands. Donald placed his two oldest sons in the Scotch Guard (Ogilvie's) and the youngest in the Swiss Guard . . . . His eldest son, Colonel John, after the disbanding of the Garde Ecossaise, began to pine after his native country, and without telling his father, made his way to Calais, intending to embark for Great Britain. His father discovered his departure, followed him to Calais, and finding him, resolved to pronounce on him the famous curse of Lochgarry, which has clung to the race ever since——'My curse on any of my race who puts his foot again on British shore; my double curse on he, who of my race may submit to the Guelph; and my deadliest curse on he who may try to regain Lochgarry.' He threw his dirk after his son, and turned his back for ever on him he had loved the best. The old man died shortly after, in Paris, of a broken heart, living long enough to hear that Colonel John had made his submission; and had been given a full Colonelcy in the British Army and the attainder of Lochgarry levied in his favour. His second brother, Alexander, would never consent to incur any of his father's curse, so he entered the Portuguese service, where he lived and died. The full weight of the curse fell on Colonel John, for when he sought to inhabit Lochgarry, after he had built a beautiful modern mansion on the site of the burnt castle, his health began to fail, the strain of his nerves by living, as it were amongst sounds of another world, or signs, as the tenantry said, 'of the puir *old* laird's wraith' being amongst them. The ringing of bells, the knocking at the hall door by unseen hands, the glimpses of a shadowy figure so haunted him, that he was forced to shut it up and return to France, where he died shortly after, leaving Lochgarry (being himself unmarried) to his next brother Alexander (of Portugal) and his heirs. But Alexander never took possession. Lochgarry House remained shut up till his death in 1812, when his only son, Anthony, was brought from Portugal by his brother (a Portuguese) to enter British service. Neither he nor his young wife were able to continue living in it, owing to the same unearthly sounds. He also died, when only 31, after having, unfortunately, sold Lochgarry, the attainder having barred the entail."

LINES

ON A FAVOURITE MOUSE, ACCIDENTALLY KILLED. FROM A MS. SAID TO BE BY ROBERT BURNS.

Alas! wee cow'rin dousie mouse!
How soon thy lee-lang day is o'er;
Yestreen about my lowlie house,
Ye pranck't and play'd frae door to door,

And pick't the crumbs o' barley cake,
That frae thy mistress' table fell;
Thou frolickit for pastime sake,
Nae scar'd by flunkies' sounding bell.

Thy life, tho' short, was fu' enjoy'd,
Nor had ye ony cares to clog ye,
Nor fear'd ye, while with her ye toy'd,
The slaughtering tread o' primsie Meggie.

Ah! were mine ain nae harder lot—
To breathe the wearie air a' day,
A myrmidon at Fortune's foot
To cringe and fawn my life away.

Right wotting all the ruefu' pain
The chequer'd life o' man attending,
To me each flower blaws in rain,
On youth its balmy fragrance spending:

Then let me drown my cares in wine—
And let me, while I live, carouse—
And let me dede-thraw short as thyne,
My life as simple—luckless mouse.

The above lines are extracted from *The Aberdeen Journal*, General Advertiser for the North of Scotland, Wednesday, December 29, 1819, p. 4, col. 2. Can any reader of the *Celtic* inform me whether they have appeared in print elsewhere? A perusal of old newspaper files 80 to 100 years ago is very interesting.

Aberdeen. ROBERT MURDOCH LAWRANCE.

MURMURINGS.

(CELTIC FOLKSONG.)

I.

The spray strews silver o'er the wind-swept deep,
Wild orchids tangle on the green-cloaked hill,
The pines are whisp'ring lullabies of sleep,
And woodland voices of the dryads weep;
With circling pallor flits the whip' for whill—
Dost thou remember, love, remember still?

II.

The fuschia droops in purple-hanging gems,
The curtained creepers rustle 'neath the moon,
The roses nod with perfume-crowned stems,
The merking pipes and sweet fluting on the dune,
Upon the mere the waterlilies swoon—
Hast thou forgot? Hast thou forgot so soon?

REGINA MIRIAM BLOCH.

CLAN MACKINNON SOCIETY.—The Annual Social Gathering was held in the Waterloo Rooms, Mackinnon of Mackinnon, the Chief, in the chair, who delivered an interesting address. The meeting proved very successful.

THE NATIVES OF LEWIS AND HARRIS filled the City Hall on the occasion of the annual Concert in connection with their local Society. Dr. W. Mackenzie Morrison, Co. Durham, who presided, delivered a most eloquent Gaelic address, which greatly delighted his fellow Islanders. Mr. Malcolm Macleod, the popular president of the Association, also addressed the Gathering.

DR. WILLIAM MACKENZIE MORISON, J.P.

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DR. WM. MACKENZIE MORISON, J.P.

The subject of our sketch this month is Dr. William Mackenzie Morison of Annfield Plain, County Durham, whose striking Gaelic speech at the Lewis and Harris Gathering in November last is still the subject of admiring remark in Highland circles in Glasgow. The speech was most happily conceived, and was characterised by unusually pure and expressive diction, poetic fancy, and unmistakeable sincerity of feeling. It discovered to the delighted audience, as was said at the time, a new Gaelic orator.

Dr. Morison was born in Stornoway about forty years ago, and is the son of Mr. Roderick Morison, shipmaster, of that town. His parents still survive, hale and active, a cheerful, happy pair, liked and respected by all who know them. Paternally, he is descended from the Morisons of Ness, the hereditary Judges of the Island, while on his mother's side he traces his descent from the Mackenzies of Gairloch. Mackenzie of "The Beauties" was a near relative of the family.

After finishing his education at the Free Church School, he entered upon his apprenticeship with the local chemist, Mr. Alexander MacPherson, a man deservedly held in the highest respect by the entire community. At the conclusion of his apprenticeship he proceeded to Edinburgh, where, after a short time spent in the drug trade, he entered upon the study of medicine, and qualified as a medical practitioner in 1893. He was a distinguished student, and a prize-winner and medallist in several of his classes.

On the completion of his studies he received an appointment in London, where he spent one-and-a-half years before removing to and settling down in Annfield Plain, where he has since remained. Notwithstanding the claims of a large practice, he finds time for much public work. He is a member of the Board of Guardians, and had the honour last year of being appointed a Magistrate for the County. For the important judicial duties of the bench he should, as a descendant of the old Lewis Judges, have an hereditary aptitude. A keen Radical, he has been for many years president of the local Liberal Association, and is virtually permanent chairman for all the most important political meetings in the constituency. He was for some time president of the North West Durham Caledonian Society, an active and useful association which organises an annual Scottish concert that has come to be regarded as the musical event of the season. He is a ready and effective public speaker, and his services are in constant demand as a lecturer on literary and historical subjects.

Of the many Lewismen who have crossed the Minch to seek their fortune in the South, it is safe to say that there are few, if any, whose love for their native island, its people and language, is more ardent and steadfast. He is a Lewisman to the core; he is proud of his native island, and his fellow islanders are proud of him. He is a life member of many years standing of the Lewis and Harris Association, and is warmly interested in its work.

One of the griefs of his life is that there are no Gaelic-speaking Gaels living near him with whom he can converse in the language to which he is so deeply attached, but by dint of constant reading and writing he has not only preserved, but has vastly extended his knowledge of the dear old tongue. Dr. Morison is a splendid specimen of the best type of Highlander—unassuming, kindly, tolerant and generous—and he wears his honours and accomplishments with a charming and refreshing modesty. "Saoghal fada dha."

Young Mamore.

By Torquil MacLeod.

Chapter VI.—The Hoolet.

One morning early in May, Alastair Macdonald and Leslie Forbes were sitting on the stone seat at the side of the pleasaunce of Castle Mamore. Macdonald was reading a book of travels, and the boy was dangling a long stick, with a string and a bent pin attached, over the stone parapet. He was fishing for his Glengarry bonnet which had fallen down the rock and was lying in the wood below.

Had Leslie Forbes been anything but a boy, he would have walked out of the gate and gone down through the wood for his bonnet. But there would have been a wearisome commonplaceness about a proceeding like that. So, while Macdonald was deep in his book, the boy got his stick and rigged up the string and pin, and was gloriously happy in the difficulty of fishing for his bonnet.

Again and again he tried to catch it, and again and again he failed. So every now and then he took a rest, and gazed aimlessly into the depth of the pine wood below him—calling most comically like a peesweep all the time to the great amusement of himself and not altogether to the edification of Young Mamore.

They were inseparable—these two. The man loved the boy with an affection that was delightsome to see, and to the boy there was no hero like his tall companion, who spent the best part of the day teaching the lad the knowledge of the books, with which he himself was forever glutting his soul. Nor did Young Mamore forget to school his pupil in the manly arts, for already the boy could throw a cast over a trout with a niceness of judgment that would have done an older hand credit. He could spiel the trees of the forest like a cat, and he knew the name of every bird that flew across the hill, with their nesting-places and cries, and the colour of their tail feathers.

So now, the spirit of sport so held the lad that he must be angling for his blue bonnet and taking half-an-hour to hook it, instead of lifting it with his hands in half-a-minute. Up it came slowly on the end of the string, and he was just on the point of grabbing it with his hand, when the thing slipped and the bonnet went down again and lay in a still more unhandy place.

The lad was no way discouraged, but he took a rest once more from his labours and glowered idly into the wood, calling again in the plaintive notes of a peesweep.

His eye on a sudden fastened itself on one spot.

"Alastair, there's a man hiding behind a tree down there."

"What! Where!"

And Young Mamore forgot his book and his dream and was on his feet in a moment.

"I don't see him, Leslie."

"See, he's away now. But he was watching us. He jouked behind yon tree."

"Perhaps it's Callum or one of the other lads."

"But no one in the glen is afraid of anyone who lives in Castle Mamore," objected the boy, "This man was hiding, Alastair."

Young Mamore had been reading of life in the South Seas and was loath to shake off the glamour of the tale. But this was another matter, so the Mystic threw down his book and said,

"Then come along, Leslie, we'll go down and interview the fellow."

"Will it be an adventure?" asked the boy, eagerly, as he danced across the pleasaunce at Young Mamore's side.

"Not much, I fear."

They went out at the gate and down through the wood, but they could see no man anywhere. Leslie was disappointed, and felt himself done out of a fine passage at arms between some fierce-looking villain and his own hero in a sylvan glade.

"Ah, Leslie boy, I fear you have been seeing double. If there was a man there, he was probably some poor wandering fellow and not a knight errant come with sword and pistol to storm the castle up there. No lad, the days of swords and pistols are almost over."

"Are they? what a terrible pity."

"Why?"

"Because, Alastair, I am sure you could have killed anybody, you are so big and strong."

"Do you think that, now? Nay, Leslie, I am but a poor cross betwixt the soldier and the dreamer."

Tor Castle, River Lochy,—ancient Stronghold of the Macklntoshes.

And Young Mamore sighed as they reached the gate.

Just then they heard a crackling of twigs in the wood close by, and the next moment Leathersole stepped on to the drive and touched his bonnet.

"Ha! Leathersole, are you the man who has been playing the spy on us down by the tree yonder? Leslie would have me go down to search for the villain."

"Me! I am new come straicht frae Linnhetoon, sir, but if ever I play keekspy it'll no be on a Mamore, but on them that wad dae ye a hurt."

"You are a faithful dog, Leathersole, but what news?"

"Naething special. I was ower Camus way this mornin', and ane o' the young leddies askit me to tak' ye this bit letter."

"Ah!"

And young Mamore held out his hand for a note which was sealed most clumsily with great red splatches of wax. He broke the seals and read the note. It was badly written and very short. He stood looking at the ground for some time after reading it, lost in a dream of thought.

Then he shook himself to recollectiveness again, and said,

"It's all right, Leathersole. Leslie, we'll go down to the loch now for a little sailing. Will you come with us, Leathersole?"

"No, sir, if you please. I was wantin' to see auld Hamish, but I'll maist likely be doon at the quay as sune as ye for all that."

So the two set out at once for Linnhetown.

But Leathersole stood still where he was until Young Mamore and Leslie were out of sight. Then he slipped noiselessly round the Castle rock and peered into the wood where the boy said he saw the man.

"Curse him for his impidence! Gin the auld laird up there kenned he was stravaigin' aboot his policy I'se warrant he wad let fly wi' his claymore at his ugly face. Fegs, but yon's a mischancy loon to meet on a dark nicht."

While the gipsy muttered away to himself he was walking through the wood examining the ground with the keen, quick glance of one who knows how to use his eyes.

"Ha!"

He stooped down and picked up a plant that someone had cut out by the root and dropped there, apparently by accident. Then he saw the mark of a pointed boot on a soft bit of ground.

"There's nae sharp-nebbit shoon belongin' to honest men in Lochaber, I'm thinkin'."

He saw another mark, and then another, and by the depression of the grass here and there, managed to find out that the owner of the pointed toes had gone straight down the wood to the road.

So, without stopping to wish Hamish good morning, the gipsy followed the foot marks to the road, which he reached without seeing anyone. Then he sat down to rest himself by the road side and to enjoy the beauty of the morning. But he was not so carried away by the bonny day as to sit where he could not see the road this way and that, without himself being seen.

Nor was he greatly surprised when, by and bye, he noticed a black figure come out of the wood by the river side, and look first one way and then another as he stood in the centre of the road.

"Guid keep us! but Nevis Glen is an unco thrang place."

The black figure having satisfied himself that he had the world to himself and was his lee lone in that place of pleasant scents and sounds, proceeded to make his way down the road towards Linnhetown.

The gipsy was on his feet in an instant, and went skipping along the grassy side of the road with the noiselessness of one whose feet have long ago learnt the velvet tread, until he was within a yard or two of the man in front of him.

"A fine mornin' to ye, Maister Simon Barsillie. Ye hae surely droppit this bit specimen in the wood, fornent the parapet at Castle Mamore."

The Jesuit started guiltily and swore a quite involuntary oath, which the sudden circumstance, as it were, jerked out of him.

"Excuse me, sir, but I dinna understaun' the Gaelic, bein' a Fife man bred and born."

And before the man could collect himself to answer the gipsy's impertinences, Leathersole had dived into the wood and disappeared among the pine trees.

Sometime afterwards, when Young Mamore and Leslie Forbes were down on the beach preparing to launch the boat, Leathersole came quietly along the pebbles as if he had just newly wakened out of a dovering sleep by the fireside in Peter Fairface's parlour.

"My faith, Leathersole, how did you manage to get down here so soon? were you not in having a crack with Hamish?"

"Ay, I had a bit job that kept me at the big hoose for a while."

"But Leslie and I have walked here as fast as our legs could carry us."

"So? But Leathersole has his ane wey o' traivellin'.'

Then the three began to launch the boat. While they were running her down the beach

the gipsy whispered something in Young Mamore's ear.

"But why should I do that?"

"For nae ither reason, sir, than that Leathersole asks ye to dae it."

"All right. You are a queer fellow. But I'll do as you wish and let you know."

The gipsy nodded, and Young Mamore glanced at Leslie Forbes, who was already in the boat.

"Will you not jump in?" said Alastair.

"Na na, gang yer ain gait, sir, an' I ken a body 'at micht spay yer fortune gin ye should ever be in sic need."

And with that, Leathersole left the beach.

Young Mamore sat at the tiller, and Leslie as usual sat forward to mind the jib sheets. The day was fine and the wind light, so the boat went dancing over the seas with the little waves glucking along her sides.

"Where are you going, Alastair?"

"We are going to gather primroses in Camus wood."

"But the primroses are past now."

"Are they? perhaps we may find a few yet if we look for them. I wish they would bloom for ever."

"Do you really, Alastair? there's no fun in primroses."

"Perhaps not."

The boy was puzzled, but the Mystic looked across the water to Camus house and began to dream.

Then he took out the red-sealed note and looked at it again. There was no mistake. It said the rock in the wood. He knew it well. And if the wind would only freshen they might be there in half-an-hour. The wind did freshen, with the result that they were there in twenty minutes.

"We'll go up this way, Leslie."

They crossed the road and entered the wood. After walking about five minutes they came in view of a great rock in the middle of the trees. When they were almost at it, someone gave a prodigiously polite cough.

The man and the boy stopped and looked up. A girl with very red hair was standing on the top of the rock grinning down most mischievously at them.

"Why, it's the Hoolet!" said Leslie, in a loud whisper.

"The what?" exclaimed Alastair, in astonishment.

"The Hoolet. She told me to call her that, because she can imitate an owl crying, as real as anything. I like her very much."

"You do?" laughed Macdonald.

Then they climbed the rock and met Kate Graham on the top.

A Glimpse of the Mamore Country.

"Good morning, Miss Kate."

"Good morning. I am so glad you have brought the peesweep."

"The what?'

"Oh, it's the name I've given Leslie here. I'm the Hoolet and he's the Peesweep, and we are both to practice calling like these birds so that we'll know how to find one another if we are ever in danger."

"Ah! is that the reason you were screeching in my ears all morning, Leslie?"

"So you've been practising, Peesweep?"

"A little. But not very much."

"Come then, you two, let me hear how you are getting on," said Macdonald, laughing heartily at the plan as he sat down and lit his pipe.

"Peesweep," said Kate Graham, pointing at him with outstretched arm, "begin!"

Poor Leslie cleared his throat and blushed crimson. But he was determined not to break down, so he turned his face away, and in another moment the wood was full of the plaintive high-set cries of a lapwing.

"Bravo, Leslie!"

"You are a darling peesweep, Leslie Forbes."

"But it is your turn now, Hoolet," said the boy, bashfully, as he faced round again.

"All right."

And the wood rang again, this time with the twhoo-hoo-hoo of an owl.

So after this preliminary display of bird music the little company sat down on the rock and proceeded to enjoy themselves.

"I got your note, Miss Kate, and, as you see, am here," began Young Mamore between the puffs of his pipe.

"Yes, I knew you would come," and the Hoolet laughed airily. "Isn't that Leathersole a dear?"

"I should think so," said Leslie, with great eyes. "Leathersole once killed a man."

"Did he really? then what he did once he

might do again. Oh dear! I shall be afraid to meet him now."

"Not a bit of it," said Alastair, "you would only need to set up a great twhoo-hoo and the Peesweep here would come to the rescue."

Leslie grew red again, but looked, every inch of him, as if he could slay ten thousand men for the red-haired Hoolet.

"But, Mr. Macdonald, you would laugh at my note."

"No, I did'nt. I only read it, and came straight here at your bidding, Miss Kate."

"That was just what I wanted. But I hadn't much time. If Jean found out that we were here it would spoil everything, would'nt it?'

"Ye-es," said the Mystic, slowly, and his eyes contradicted the lie of his lips.

"Do you know a Mr. Simon Barsillie, Mr. Macdonald?"

The Mystic took his pipe from his mouth and answered, "I never heard the name to my knowledge before."

"He is a strange gentleman who is staying at the Change House in Linnhetown. He met father the other day on the shore, and you know father wearies here, so he asked him up to the house."

"And why do you ask me about this Mr. Barsillie, Miss Kate?"

"Because he's a horrid-looking man and I didn't like the way he looked at Jean. You see, although Jean is seven years older than I am, I really take care of her. She doesn't suspect it in the very least, but I do, all the same. And Mr. Barsillie has a horrid face. I rather think Jean liked him."

The Hoolet arched her brows and looked out of the corner of her eyes at Young Mamore, whose face had grown very serious, much to the girl's amusement.

"What is this fellow like?"

"He has a very ugly mark on one cheek, and his other looks as if he had been scratching."

"Ah! has he a blue chin?"

"Yes, horribly blue."

"Then I have heard of the man, but have never seen him, and did not know his name until this moment."

"Another thing I meant to tell you was, that he began asking father all about Castle Mamore and your people, and he was most inquisitive about the Peesweep here. When he asked about the Peesweep I simply hated him."

Young Mamore was all alive now, and listened with great earnestness to what the red-haired girl was saying.

"Yes, I see. I fancy it is time that Mr. Barsillie and I were acquainted with one another."

Alastair Macdonald rose, and instinctively looked at the boy before him. He remembered what the gipsy had whispered in his ear an hour ago on the beach at Linnhetown. He remembered, also, a night more than thirteen years ago when he heard the cry of a lonely bairn at the door of Castle Mamore, and he knew that from that to this no further word of Leslie had ever reached the glen. He remembered still further, the face of a girl with brown hair and brown eyes whom he had seen in this very wood one April day of days. And to think of this sinister-looking man daring even to let his eyes light on that face, or his tongue speak of Castle Mamore and its inmates, filled the Mystic with a lust of hatred which was quickened the more when he heard the girl before him say that Jean Graham had liked the fellow.

But he only smiled and said to the girl before him, "Well, is that all you have to tell me?"

"Yes, that is all. I only wish to let you know that I hate Mr. Barsillie, that I think the Peesweep is a very nice boy, and that I do hope you will help me to take care of Jean. Older sisters are a great anxiety."

The Peesweep hung his head, but Young Mamore lifted his bonnet and replied,

"And I am sure, we both like the Hoolet, and pledge ourselves to come to her assistance whenever we hear her cry."

The girl laughed and shook her red hair, and then slipped away through the wood, leaving the man and the boy staring after her in astonishment.

(*To be continued.*)

County of Sutherland Association, Glasgow.—The thirteenth social gathering of this association was held in Glasgow. There was a large attendance, the hall being quite full. The chair was occupied by Major Alfred N. Macaulay, Golspie, who expressed his pleasure at being present at such a gathering, and thanked the committee who had honoured him by asking him to preside. He presumed that the majority of those present were connected with the county by birth or residence. He congratulated the natives of so beautiful a county. As for himself, he was a native of Lochaber, and in the good old days the people of Assynt and the Braes of Lochaber men used to exchange "courtesies" and were not above carrying off each other's cattle. They lived in happier times now, but even yet they could not but have some regard for those who did such gallant deeds. With regard to the home county, they would be pleased to learn that the harvest there was wonderfully good, and had been gathered in excellent condition, so that as far as Sutherland was concerned there would be plenty for man and beast. In referring to the new Haldane Military Scheme, which he felt confident would be a great success in Sutherland, he mentioned the interesting fact that they had in that county a larger number of volunteers, in proportion to the population, than any other county in Scotland. The Lord Provost, Ex-City Treasurer Murray, and Mr. John Mackay, Editor *Celtic Monthly*, also addressed the gathering.

Songs of The Hebrides.

FLOWERS OF OCEAN.

By Rev. DUGALD MACECHERN, M.A., B.D.,
Author of "Gaelic Poems."

Sweet Island maid! when first I loved
Thy soul and body,—thy tangled hair,
Thy foam-white limbs,—ah! then I proved
The world is more than good and fair.

O Mhàiri! could the world be good
If thy sweet friendship I should lack?
The sea-birds mourn thee where we stood
Last Yule beside the strewn sea-wrack.

The wrack—the wild sea-flowers! The wave
Hath torn them from the Ocean floor,
Their rich brown tresses find no grave,
But wither on the Island shore.

But thou! my little ocean flower—
My heart shall be thy ocean cave,
Secure from ruthless tempest's power,
My love shall be thy kindlier wave!

A LONELY ROAD.

THE sunset glow was fading beyond the purple network of bare birch branches. With a little pang of fear Jimmy realised that night was coming fast.

He began to give an occasional hasty look over his shoulder, and, as the darkness settled down, to peer now and again into the black recesses of the fir-woods which lined the lonely road. But Jimmy was going home, and he was not afraid, not he! He stuck his hands deep into his pockets and whistled.

It was only a week since he had set out into the world, down this self-same road, with his box beside him in the cart; away from his mother, from the croft, from his rabbits, and the fine new rabbit-house that Sandy MacDonald had made him for taking a turn at the flail on Saturday afternoons. For a whole week he had worn collars, and swept the shop in the early morning, and borne with the other apprentice who knew the price of tape and buttons.

But, on Saturday afternoon, when business was quiet, Jimmy had stood looking out through the pyramids of cloth in the window, over the heads of the hurrying folk in the street, and away beyond the town altogether he had seen a little white-washed house with a thatched roof and a stack of brown peats piled against its western gable. The sunshine was lying warm on the brae behind it, where the cows were grazing intently, as if they knew how short would be the brightness of that sweet November afternoon.

And so it came about that, with a promise to

ck in time on Monday morning, and the
ory of a kindly twinkle in his master's
Jimmy had set out, somewhat late, to walk
, a distance of eleven miles. The still
ng had sunk into darkness, when, through
k in the wood, he caught a glimpse of the
peak of Ben Vannich, with the light of
nset still dreaming over it, against a strip
e-green sky.
en an owl whooped just behind him, and
gled with fear.
nile ahead there was the Bridge of the
s to be crossed. And that was where
' the Brae's grandmother, who had the
l-Sight, saw the funeral pass with the
ss horses!
he next three-quarters of a mile, by try-
ry hard to forget it, he recalled every
of the story with painful vividness, how,
ssly, the procession had wound round the
f the road, and down into the hollow,
efore each carriage there had flickered
!
the bridge had to be crossed. He would
wn the brae, shut his eyes as he passed
, and then run as far up on the other side
could. Never before had he felt so
y alone. Would God hear him, or, was
ay beyond that shining bit of sky?
was not sure, but he stood still a moment
whispered, "Oh God, take care of me,"
hen he ran with all his might over the
e and up the hill. So, after all, there was
ng to be afraid of in the dark; nothing at all!
paused and gave a brave look back.
e was a light in the hollow! It was all
ng, then, and he was to see it. Oh, but
whins would hide him! He would not

Crouching behind a whin bush, he
ed his face against the turf.
esently there was a sound of wheels—
ly, it was not the procession—and now
were two lights, and the sound of a man
ng softly.
was only Sandy MacDonald, his kind
d and neighbour, jogging home with his
art from Balmore.
mmy came hastily out of his hiding-place,
Sandy's little white horse, being thus
lenly disturbed in its musings, stood stock
and, with the ease of long practice, shook
ncient bridle to the ground.
he cart was more than half-full of the gleam-
herring, and Jimmy's tired limbs ached as
at tucked into a corner with a piece of tar-
in, but the miles seemed to fly, for Sandy
the happy heart which poverty could not
h. His cheeks were rosy apples under the
e grey eyes, with their thatch of fair eye-
w, which matched his scrubby whiskers, and
no one thought of Sandy apart from his wife. Their harmonious life was of endless interest to their neighbours, who sometimes even listened outside the kitchen window on winter nights while they read to one another by the fireside.

"Now, laddie, it's me that is missing you," he said, "for there is no one to listen to my songs now but the wife. She keeps me here on a little croft, and cadging herring for a living, when I might be seeing the farthest corner of the earth."

"I think," said Jimmy, as they emerged from the blackness of the fir-woods, and the light of his mother's window shone just in front of him, "I think I'll go to South America, Sandy."

"There's the wife," said Sandy, returning cheerfully to the croft from their tour in foreign parts, "there she is, carrying in water with a lantern. Get down and open the gate, my boy, for if I let the reins slack she'll drop the bridle."

The dogs set up a noisy welcome, and just one field's breadth away Jimmy's mother was standing in the door with the firelight behind her.

And it's "I was thinking you would be coming," she said.

M. S. KEAY.

PERSECUTIONS OF THE MACGREGORS.

THE upper part or western extremity of Loch Katrine, or the part which is first approached by a traveller from Inversnaid on Loch Lomond, was eminently the land of the Macgregors,—the central part of their territory,—the district of seclusion and strengths and fastnesses, where they commonly sought refuge from oppression, and to which they usually retired after their unsuccessful conflicts with other clans, or after their predatory incursions into the Lowlands. This tract does not possess the picturesque or romantic interest which so powerfully characterises the scenery toward the eastern end of the lake; yet there is a rude grandeur, a lonely sublimity about it, which at least inspires awe, and fills the mind with pleasing melancholy, though it may fail to realise the images associated with its name in our fancy. When we look upon the utter desolateness which spreads around,—the bluff head-lands which project their weather-beaten fronts into the water,—the noble outline of the lofty mountains,—the bare and rugged rocks with which they are covered,—the deep ravines that form the beds of the innumerable streams which flow down their sides,—the heath-covered muirs that intervene,—and the contrasted stillness and purity of the

transparent lake,—we feel that it is altogether highly characteristic Highland scenery. The Macgregors were long the entire masters of this district, and of a wide periphery of glen and mountain and lake and forest on all sides of it; but were from time to time dispossessed by the superior address and craftiness of the neighbouring clans; and they were a sad instance of the fluctuations of prosperity and character, and the violent alternations between comparative good and comparative evil, the sudden and startling mixtures of wrong done and wrong suffered, of crime and victimisation, which characterise an unsettled feudal state of society.

In the early part of the year 1602, a large portion of the west of Scotland was tossed into commotion by the renewal of some old quarrels between Colquhoun of Luss, the chief of that surname, and Alexander Macgregor, chief of the Clan-Gregor. Aggressions had formerly been committed on both sides; first by Luss and his party against some of the Macgregors, and then by John Macgregor, the brother of Alexander, against the laird of Luss and his dependants and tenants. To put an end to these dissensions, Alexander Macgregor left Rannoch, accompanied by about 200 of his kinsmen and friends, entered Lennox, and took up his quarters on the confines of Luss's territory, where he expected, by the mediation of his friends, to bring matters to an amicable adjustment. As the laird of Luss was suspicious of Macgregor's real intentions, he assembled all his vassals, with the Buchanans and others, to the number of 300 horse and 500 foot, with the design, if the result of the meeting should not turn out to his expectations and wishes, to cut off Macgregor and his party. But Macgregor, anticipating his intention, was upon his guard, and, by his precautions, defeated the design upon him. A conference was held for the purpose of terminating all differences; but the meeting broke up without any adjustment; Macgregor then proceeded homewards.

The laird of Luss, in pursuance of his plan, immediately followed Macgregor with great haste through Glenfruin, about ten miles west of Dumbarton, in the expectation of coming upon him unawares, and defeating him; but Macgregor, who was on the alert, observed, in due time, the approach of his pursuers, and made his dispositions accordingly. He divided his company into two parts, the largest of which he kept under his own command, and placed the other part under the command of John Macgregor, his brother, whom he dispatched by a circuitous route, for the purpose of attacking Luss's party in the rear, where they should least expect to be assailed. This stratagem succeeded, and the result was, that after a keen contest, Luss's party was completely overthrown, with the loss of 200 men, besides several gentlemen and burgesses of the town of Dumbarton. It is remarkable that of the Macgaegors, John, the brother of Alexander, and another person alone were killed, though some of the party were wounded.

The laird of Luss and his friends sent early notice of their disaster to the King, and they succeeded so effectually by misrepresenting the whole affair to him, and exhibiting to his majesty eleven score bloody shirts belonging to those of their party who were slain, that the King grew exceedingly incensed at the Clan-Gregor, who had no person about the King to plead their cause, proclaimed them rebels, and interdicted all the lieges from harbouring them or having any communication with them. The Earl of Argyle and the Campbells were afterwards sent against the proscribed clan, and hunted them through the country. About 60 of the clan made a brave stand at Bentoik against a party of 200 chosen men belonging to the Clan-Cameron, Clan-Nab, and Clan-Ronald, under the command of Robert Campbell, son of the laird of Glenorchy, when Duncan Aberigh, one of the chieftains of the Clan-Gregor, and his son Duncan, and seven gentlemen of Campbell's party were killed. But although they made a brave resistance, and killed many of their pursuers, the Macgregors, after many skirmishes and great losses, were at last overcome. Commissions were thereafter sent through the kingdom, for fining those who had harboured any of the clan, and for punishing all persons who had kept up any communication with them; and the fines so levied were given by the King to the Earl of Argyle, who converted the same to his own use as a recompense for his services against the unfortunate Macgregors.

Alexander Macgregor, the chief, after suffering many vicissitudes of fortune, and many privations, at last surrendered himself to the Earl of Argyle, on condition that he should grant him a safe conduct into England to King James, that he might lay before his majesty a true state of the whole affair from the commencement, and crave the royal mercy; and as a security for his return to Scotland, he delivered up to Argyle thirty of his choicest men, and of the best reputation among the clan as hostages to remain in Argyle in custody, till his return from England. But no sooner had Macgregor arrived in Berwick on his way to London, than he was basely arrested, and brought back by the Earl to Edinburgh, and, by his influence, executed along with the thirty hostages. Argyle hoped, by these means, ultimately to annihilate the whole clan; but in

this cruel design he was quite disappointed, for the clan speedily increased, and became almost as powerful as before.

About the year 1708, the well-known Rob Roy captured Graham of Killearn, and confined him during three days on an island near the head of Loch Katrine. The Duke of Montrose had, by the forfeiture of a wadset, obtained a right to dispossess Rob Roy of his property of Inversnaid and Craigrostan. In this it does not appear that there was any harshness on the part of his Grace; but Killearn, his Chamberlain, had recourse to a mode of expulsion inconsistent with the rights of humanity, and had grossly insulted Macgregor's wife in her husband's absence. Rob Roy, on his return, being informed of what had occurred, withdrew from the scene of the outrage, and vowed revenge. In order to make up for the loss of his property, he regularly seized a portion of his Grace's rent; but on Killearn he took a personal satisfaction, which certainly shows the mildness of his character when we consider the habits and mode of thinking of the Highlanders of his day. The Chamberlain was collecting rents at Cappeleroch, in Stirlingshire, when Rob Roy came upon him with an armed force, and demanded his share of the rents. For this he gave the Chamberlain a receipt; and afterwards carried the unwilling gentleman to Loch-Katrine, where he kept him in durance for three days, and then set him at liberty.

Glengyle, a lonely tract of country among the hills at the upper extremity of Loch-Katrine, belonged to a family of Macgregors, who, during the time when the name was prohibited, changed theirs to Graham. Rob Roy was of this family. He was the second son of Donald Macgregor, brother to the laird of Glengyle, and a lieutenant-colonel in the King's service,—most probably in one of the independent companies raised for the internal defence of the Highlands. The family of Glengyle were descended from a fifth son of the laird of Macgregor about the year 1430. He was named *Dugald Ciar*, or 'Dugald of the mouse colour.' Dugald had two sons, of whom the youngest, Gregor Dubh, or Black Gregor, was the founder of the family of Glengyle. Rob Roy originally possessed no patrimonial estate. His father lived on Glengyle as a tenant, and latterly was tutor to his nephew, Gregor Macgregor of Glengyle, styled in the language of the Highlands, *Gregor Glùn-dubh*, or 'the Black-knee'd Gregor,' from a black spot on his knee. The lands of Craigrostan and Inversnaid were afterwards acquired by Rob Roy; and we find him sometimes styled Robert Macgregor of Craigrostan, and sometimes Baron of Inversnaid. The name of Macgregor being proscribed, Rob Roy assumed that of Campbell, from respect to the Duke of Argyle.

The character and exploits of Rob Roy are so generally known from popular tradition and from many productions of popular literature, especially from Sir Walter Scott's far-famed romance of "Rob Roy," that they need not be mentioned here; but some powerful lines by Mrs. Charles Tinsley, on his last words, are much less known, and well deserve to be transcribed. The last words were "Now it is all over—tell the piper to play, *Cha till mi tuillidh*"—(We return no more;) and the following are the lines upon them:—

'We return no more! we return no more!'
Said the chief, ere he breathed his last;
For he knew that the reign of the fierce and free,
And the bold in deed, was past;
He knew that the slogan of Border war—
All mute as the sleuth hound's breath—
Should never awaken the hills again
With shouts whose echo was death;—
'Cha till, cha till mi tuillidh!'

Did they crowd around him, the brave of old,
In the dreams of that solemn hour,
All the mighty chiefs of his royal line,
In the pride of their early power?—
Macalpine, who reigned o'er a conquered race,
And those that held rule in Lorn—
Did he think of these as he turned to die?
And his words—were they words of scorn?
'Cha till, cha till mi tuillidh!'

Did he brood o'er the wrong that whelmed his sires,
Making all their hearthstones bare,
Through the ages that saw them held at bay,
And hate-hunted everywhere?—
Did he call to mind their scattered haunts,
In Balquhidder and Glenstrae,
And breathe in his spirit's bitterness,
One trust ere he passed away?
'Cha till, cha till mi tuillidh!'

O why was the gift of the seer of old
Withheld in that parting hour?
Why stood not the future before him then
In the might of its deathless power?
Why did it coldly, tamely, still
Its truths from the dauntless keep,
Leaving the brave, proud heart to sigh—
Ere it sank in dreamless sleep—
'Cha till, cha till mi tuillidh!'

For they shall not die! for they shall not die!
Whilst the hills their fame can keep;
Whilst fancy—bold as the boldest still—
Can the gulfs of time o'erleap;
Whilst the wild, free spirit of old romance
Yet haunteth each loch and glen;
Whilst Scotland can say, from her heart of hearts,
'Thus speak not my mighty men—
'Cha till, cha till mi tuillidh!'

And mighty they were those chieftains bold,
With their germs of noble thought,
By the rugged nurture of rugged times
To growths of wild grandeur brought;
With their generous love of freedom, still
Unchanged through the changes round;
And, oh, not for them 'mid their native hills,
Should those parting words resound—
'Cha till, cha till mi tuillidh!'

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications on literary and business matters should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 10 Bute Mansions, Hillhead, Glasgow.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—The CELTIC MONTHLY will be sent, post free, to any part of the United Kingdom, Canada, the United States, and all countries in the Postal Union—for one year, 4s.

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THE CELTIC MONTHLY.

DECEMBER, 1907.

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NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

As October issue commenced a new volume, readers who intend subscribing for Volume XVI. are requested to forward the annual contribution (4s. post free—American and Canadian readers may send a dollar note and save cost of Money Order) as soon as convenient to the Editor, Mr. John Mackay, 10 Bute Mansions, Hillhead, Glasgow.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

NATURAL DYES.—Sir,—Would any reader of the *Celtic Monthly* kindly describe to me the process of dyeing red from privet berries, or from the plant "Ladies' Bedstraw," as mentioned in the list of Celtic dyes in your Magazine, No. 10, Vol. IX., July, 1901?—Yours,

C. G. N.

WALTER MACVICAR, KENT. — According to some authorities the MacVicars are a sept of the Clan MacDonald. They held land at Inveraray from early times, and some interesting traditions regarding the sept are to be found in Lord Archibald Campbell's handsome and delightful work "The Records of Argyll." MacVicar means "Son of the Vicar." The name is still represented on Lochfyneside

THE FRASERS AND LORD SIMON OF THE "FORTY-FIVE."

Auchindoune,
Cawdor, Nairn,
21st Dec. 1907.

SIR,—In November issue of this Magazine appears a Clan Fraser story. Perhaps the following may be interesting to your readers, which was taken from the lips of a clansman, Mr. Alastair Fraser, who was all his life in the service of the late Fraser of Abertarff, near Fort-Augustus. This gentleman was a grandson of the celebrated Lord Simon of the "Forty-five," and was not eligible to the Lovat Title and Estates through his supposed illegitimacy. He died a few years ago, and was well-known at Fort-Augustus, where the writer lived for many years. Alastair told many tales of Lord Simon which he heard direct from "Abertarff." Speaking of Lord Simon's sons, the eldest, Simon, was in the Royalist army; it was he who scaled the Heights of Quebec with a clansman. After the Battle of Quebec, General Simon Fraser was sent home with dispatches, and on entering the presence of His Majesty, he was so tall and commanding that all eyes were attracted to him. His Majesty, no doubt, was very much pleased, and looking at the dignified officer, he said—"Is there anything I can do for the bearer?" "Yes," he answered, "your Majesty, I would like seven feet of ground on the River Beauly and the bones of my grandfather, Lord Simon." The surprise may be imagined. However, he got his father's bones and buried them in the family vault. This vault was opened some years ago to verify this statement. I may state Alastair Fraser died a few years ago, and was a most excellent, God-fearing man, not given to telling idle stories. General Simon Fraser bought back part of the Lovat Estates and returned to Beaufort. The remainder of the Estates were returned when the Act was passed, restoring the estates to the old proprietors. It may seem odd that Lord Simon, being a Jacobite, and suffering for the cause, should put his son to fight for King George. It may be mentioned that the Frasers of Lovat were remarkable for their fine physique. A. I. M.

I. FINGAL SMITH, BRITISH COLUMBIA, CANADA.—Pleased to hear from you, it is some time since I last had the pleasure. Thanks for the subscription to the *Celtic* (vol. xvi.). I am gratified to learn that "it is among my best periodicals. Its Gaelic is particularly good, and I wish it every success." Should you visit the old country to see the Edinburgh Exhibition next year, I shall be delighted to see you, and, at last, shake hands with a correspondent of so many years.

MRS. HURST, CHESTERFIELD. — I appreciate your eulogy of the *Celtic*, which I take the liberty of quoting: "The arrival of the *Celtic Monthly* is just like a breath of the heather and just as welcome. Long may it live to gladden the hearts of Celts at home and abroad. May the Bratach of the Clan Mackay wave over its editors in generations to come." All I can say by way of acknowledgment is that I hope before long to make the *Celtic* even more worthy of compliment.

"A HIGHLANDER IN MOURNING."—A correspondent sends us the following interesting anecdote:—"A friend of ours was walking in London the other day behind two workmen. A Bishop, wearing his apron, happened to pass at the moment, when one of the workmen was overheard remarking to his companion 'Who be that bloke?' and the reply was 'Dunno, but looks like a Hie'lander in mourning' (no doubt thinking the apron was a black kilt)."—E. T. M.

Sir Colin Campbell and the Ninety-third Sutherland Highlanders.

By GEORGE MURRAY CAMPBELL.

ON the initiative of *The Daily Telegraph* a strong committee has been formed, with Field Marshal Earl Roberts as chairman, to celebrate the golden anniversary of the Relief of Lucknow by a Christmas Dinner in the Albert Hall, London, to such of the Mutiny veterans as survive. It is a "far cry" from London to the Highlands of Scotland—especially at that time of the year, and few Highland soldiers may be able to attend. It has, however, been thoughtfully arranged that a Christmas hamper is to be sent to all those who, by reason of distance, old age, or sickness, may be unable to attend the dinner. But whether the Highland veterans attending the dinner be few or many, it will not be forgotten that at the Relief of Lucknow, and in the suppression of the Mutiny, the regiments they represent covered themselves with glory that shall never fade as long as there is a man left to wear the tartan.

Highlanders may also be proud of the fact that in the darkest hour this Empire ever knew; when our Rule in Hindustan was trembling in the balance; when every mail brought news of fresh disaster, and massacres of women and children, which sent a thrill of horror through the land, the one man to whom the Queen and country turned in the hour of need was a Highland soldier—

THE WAR-WORN SIR COLIN.

Old and war-worn though he was, his response to the call was worthy of himself and of his warlike race. He offered to start for India in a few hours. It was only the Queen's strong desire to see him and wish him Godspeed, that delayed his departure till next day.

Sir Colin Campbell was not favoured by fortune, or helped in his career by family influence. What he was, was due entirely to himself. At the age of sixty-four, with forty-seven years of active service, from Vimiera to the Crimea, Sir Colin might well think that he was now entitled to an honourable repose. But there was, with him, no thought of repose when his Queen and country had need of his services.

When Sir Colin, in his stirring farewell address to the

HIGHLAND BRIGADE

before leaving the Crimea, used the words: "I am now old and will not be called on again to serve," he little thought what was looming in the near future, or how soon he would be again leading one of the regiments he was then addressing—his favourite "93rd"—in a more arduous struggle than anything they had been through in the Crimea.

During the progress of the war in the Crimea a feeling grew up between Sir Colin and the Highland Brigade, much like the old-day feeling existing between a Chief and his Clan. It began at the Alma where, under his leading, the Highland Brigade contributed so largely towards the glorious result of that day. Since then, alas! we have seen a Highland Brigade, put under the orders of a man who was utterly out of touch and sympathy: who, when they had done all that men could do, and were swept down by companies, with their heroic Brigadier killed at their head, had not a sympathetic or kindly word to say to them, though his unfitness to command caused the disaster.

Ever since that day in the Valley of Balaclava when Sir Colin drew up "the 93rd" in that famous

THIN RED LINE

to meet the onset of the Russian cavalry, and showed his faith and trust in his Highlanders by saying to them: "There is no retreat from here; you must die where you stand," receiving the cheery reply, which showed the regiment's confidence in him, "Aye, aye, Sir Colin, we'll do that!" the regiment was singled out as the object of his special regard. As a boy, I often heard a Sergeant Mackay, who was present, describe the scene. The dark mass of the Russian cavalry fast moving down on them. Sir Colin, till the last moment, riding up and down in front of the line to keep it steady. Not to prevent any unsteadiness towards the rear, but to prevent the eager soldiers from rushing forward to meet the advancing squadrons. He knew how much depended upon their steadiness—the momentous issues at stake. The possession of the harbour of Balaclava, and the food supply of the army, depended that day on Sir Colin and "the 93rd." Mackay used to say that every man expected to be ridden down, for receiving a charge of cavalry in line was then a thing unheard of. But Sir Colin had to make the most of his men in order to cover the length of space he had to defend;

and he knew "the 93rd," and they knew, and absolutely trusted him, and the result did honour to both.

When Sir Colin arrived in Calcutta to take up the command-in-chief in India he found a state of things gloomy and desperate enough to try even his iron nerve. Delhi, the historic Capital of the Mogul Empire, was in the hands of the mutineers. The besieging force, weak and badly equipped, was hardly able to hold its place on the Ridge, and its command was in weak hands.

THE GARRISON OF LUCKNOW,

and a large number of helpless women and children, were shut up in the Residency with weak defences and short supplies. Havelock, who had arrived in Cawnpùr too late to prevent the awful massacre, had made several attempts to relieve it, but had failed, and was now at Cawnpur waiting for reinforcements. Agra was completely cut off from all communication. Calcutta itself was almost bare of military stores. But on the other hand, John Lawrence held the Punjaub and was sending every man he could get together under Nicholson, who was himself a very tower of strength, to Delhi. By the unparalleled devotion of a subaltern of Artillery, Lieut. Willoughby, who was in charge, the great magazine of Delhi was blown to the skies to save it from falling into the hands of the mutineers.

WILLOUGHBY'S HEROIC ACT

was of priceless value. It saved the stores; it struck terror into the hearts of the rebels; and it filled the heart of every white man in India with pride, and set an example of supreme soldierly devotion before them. Death alone was to be the limit of men's devotion, and it was this feeling that saved India. The fortress of Allahabad, with large stores of all kinds, was in our hands. Sir James Outram, who had left Calcutta before Sir Colin arrived, gathered together all the force he could, and joined Havelock at Cawnpur. This combined force, about three thousand men, under Havelock, in whose favour Outram had waived the command, made another attempt to relieve Lucknow. They fought their way in, but only to reinforce, not relieve, the garrison.

Until the 27th October Sir Colin was in Calcutta getting stores together, forwarding troops as they arrived, and arranging transport and commissariat. He then left for the front. In the meantime he had the glad news that the head-centre of the mutiny (Delhi) was once more in British hands. He gave orders that all the troops who could then be spared from Delhi should form a camp at Bantrea, between Cawnpùr and Lucknow, and there await his arrival. He arrived at Allahabad on the 1st November, Cawnpur on the 3rd, and at the Bantrea Camp on the 9th. Here he met another distinguished Highland soldier—Hope Grant—in command of the Ninth Lancers.

Before the advance on Lucknow began, Sir Colin had his small army drawn up for inspection, No holiday or complimentary parade this, but a real inspection amidst

THE STERNEST REALITIES OF WAR.

What an anxious moment it must have been for him, on whose shoulders all the responsibility rested, and who well knew the desperate work his small force had to do before Lucknow could be relieved, and the women and children rescued from horrible massacre! Dead silence reigned as Sir Colin advanced along the line. Be sure every eye was fixed eagerly on him. Many of them knew something of the work before them, for they had just come from the Siege of Delhi. Few of them had ever seen him, and they were anxious to see the man whose lead they were to follow. Yet their anxiety could not equal his to see the men on whom so much depended.

First came the guns from Delhi—black and war-worn, but with horses and men in perfect fighting trim—then Hope Grant's Lancers and the Sikh Horsemen, then what was left of the 8th and 75th and some other infantry detachments; then two regiments of Punjaub Infantry—Nicholson's Heroes—wild and fierce of aspect, swift on the march, foremost in fight and loot. As these fixed their eager gaze on him as he passed, some may have thought this is the fierce old warrior of the West, who fought and conquered our fathers at Chillianwalla and Guzerat, and the thought that he was now to lead them, would strengthen their hearts for the coming fight. But there comes a sudden change—it is no longer dead silence—Sir Colin has come to where there stretches away towards the left a

LONG LINE OF DARK TARTANS

and waving plumes. There stood the "Sutherland Highlanders"—his own favourite "93rd," nine hundred strong. What a rousing cheer they gave the Chief they loved so well—how his rugged face lighted up as he acknowledged their Highland greeting—how it must have lightened his burden of care to feel that he had them again with him. The few words he spoke to them were indicative of the warm feeling existing between him and them. "Ninety-third! you are my own lads. I rely on you to do yourselves and me credit." In reply, a voice gave expression to the feeling of the regiment: "Aye, aye, Sir Colin, we ken you, and you ken us. We'll bring bring out the women and bairns or leave our ain banes there."

At daybreak on the 4th December the march to the relief of Lucknow began.

THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW

has been so often described that its main features are now common knowledge. But it may interest your readers, especially those who are *Cattich*, if I recall some incidents connected with Sir Colin and the Ninety-third which show the distinguished share the regiment took in the relief. Over and over again, when he found himself in a tight corner, and things looked black, Sir Colin called on "the 93rd" to open the way, often, it was hinted, to the exclusion of other "corps." Well, if he did appear to show any partiality for his Highlanders, who can blame him? His mind was always fixed on the ultimate objective. He knew he could depend on "the 93rd." He had tried them hard, and never found them wanting. The other troops were strangers to him; he could not risk failure. Think what failure, or even another check, might mean. He had with him, after leaving a force to hold Dilkoosha Park and other points in his rear, but three thousand bayonets, and between him and the Residency there were sixty thousand desperate men, well armed and drilled, fighting behind walls. Well might Sir Colin call out to "the Ninety-third," when their eagerness to rush forward almost reached insubordination, and he hastened to their front to steady them,

"LIE DOWN, LIE DOWN, NINETY-THIRD.

Every man of you is worth his weight in gold to England to-day."

(To be concluded.)

Gaelic Men of Letters.

III.—REV. JOHN FORBES, THE GAELIC GRAMMARIAN.

[By FIONN].

THE author of what is known as the "Double Grammar"—the Gaelic and English being arranged on opposite pages—was born in Strathglass about 1811, and died in 1863 at the comparatively early age of 52. He distinguished himself at an early period by his ardent love of literature and thorough knowledge of Gaelic. He was for some time in the forties teacher of the school at Fort-Augustus, qualifying then and subsequently for a clergyman of the Church of Scotland, attending the necessary classes at the Edinburgh University, where he also distinguished himself greatly, having taken the first prize of his year at the Hebrew class, the second for Greek, and several other distinctions. Mr. Forbes was ordained minister in 1848 or 1849, and for two years at least was assistant in St. Stephen's Church, Edinburgh, to the late Dr. Muir. In March 1851 he was presented to the cure of the parish of Sleat, where he died as above. Mr. Forbes was a man of exceptional ability, of a commanding presence and indomitable will, and his early death was due to his contracting cold while visiting the members of his parish. While teacher in 1843 he compiled and published the Double Grammer (two editions) with which his name is familiarly known, and the merits of which have been frequently acknowledged. In the English portion of this and other works it may be interesting to state he was ably assisted by his wife, who had also been a teacher, and who was a cousin of the late Principal Candlish. Among other works written or published by Mr. Forbes are:—

An English version of Dugald Buchanan's "Spiritual Hymns, &c." 1845.

An English translation of part of Duncan Ban's Songs; not published.

A "System of Sabbath Lessons in Gaelic." 1845.

"An Lochran, or, Còmhradh nan daoine comharaichte ann an Dun-teagasg." (Gaelic). 1853.

"An Long Gheal"—a spiritual poem. (Gaelic.)

"An Leabhar-cheist Protastanach." Translation into Gaelic. 1859.

Baxter's "Saint's Rest." Translation into Gaelic. Reprinted several times.

"The Two Sacraments." 1858. (Gaelic). This was written to try and bring the people to appreciate their privileges, and avail themselves thereof.

"Marbh-rainn air fear de Sheanairean Shléit." MS.

Translation of Ossian's Poems. 2 vols. MS. 1861. This, the "magnum opus," has gone amissing, and his family have hitherto been unable to trace it.

Gaelic "Còmhradh nan Cnoc," or, "Fead air na Fithich"—a vindicatory pamphlet.

A glossary of terms in Ossian's Poems and various essays on Ossian were also written by Mr. Forbes, but are nearly all lost. Mr. Forbes wrote a Gaelic sermon every week during his incumbency, several of which are in the possession of his eldest son.

Mr. Forbes was a member of the Gaelic Societies of London and Glasgow from 1843; while in Edinburgh he taught a Gaelic class in connection with the Established Church Training College, and was an indefatigable visitor among his Gaelic-speaking countrymen. He lies buried in Kilmore Churchyard, Sleat, where a tombstone was raised to his memory, with suitable inscription, by his parishioners.

From the Wrong Side.

By JANET A. M'CULLOCH.

CHAPTER I.

"I CALL it cruelty to animals and a gross interference with the liberty of the subject."

"Well, when the animal has had a grand time in one place and is taken to another before the first one palls, I fail to see the cruelty, and when the subject has so much liberty that she can do what she likes it may be wise to restrain her to a certain extent."

"I hate sarcasm, Mr. Charles Gunn."

"So do I, Miss Helen Mackay; I think it a low type of amusement." The speaker laughed, and his companion stamped her foot.

"I hate you, Charlie; you want to get rid of me." Tears were perilously near the bright blue eyes. The man grew grave at once.

"That would mean that I had changed with a vengeance. Why, Helen, have you ever thought what we are to do without you?" His tone alone told a story of repressed sorrow. The girl came closer to him.

"Charlie! can't you and Kate say that I won't go?" Her face was eager, her eyes shone.

"I am afraid not, dear; you see it was all settled before your father died. But you have your remedy, you know. If you find that you *can't* marry Victor Meredith you can refuse. From his letters I should say he was a high-minded man, and would set you free."

"He must be awfully old; and, besides, he is an Englishman," Helen sighed dolefully.

"Can't you remember him at all? He took you to Melbourne to your aunt."

"I was only five years old then, and as he never came to see me when father died, I just remember a tall man with a brown beard.. A child's memory is erratic—I don't remember his face so well as his red shirt and big, floppy felt hat."

"I don't know his face, of course, but I fancy he is not an antediluvian. And men who live in the bush are generally athletic, manly men."

"Well, I've two months of freedom yet, and I'll try to forget Victor Meredith and be happy with you and Katie," she sighed again.

"That's right, dear. Now, we'll run out the boat and have a good morning's fishing. As it is Saturday, Katie will be busy." Mr. Gunn had been working with hooks and lines during the foregoing conversation.

Helen, like all Highland girls, had plenty of strength for all her lissom slimness, so the boat was soon launched and the pair had got a short distance from shore when two men came down to the rough little landing pier and stood to watch them. Mr. Gunn gave a lusty shout, and one of the men responded.

"I quite forgot to tell you, Helen, that there is a visitor at the Manse, from Australia, too," he remarked, carelessly; "I believe he is English, for his name is Randolph."

"Oh! I wish we had seen him; he *may* know that dreadful bogey, Meredith."

"He may!—but Australia is a big slice of the Empire." Mr. Gunn resumed rowing and Helen said no more; she really wished to forget that she had to cross the ocean to marry a man she had never really seen.

In the excitement of the morning's fishing the girl forgot the minister's visitor, but as she and her guardian returned by the Manse she heard a deep, mellow voice talking behind the garden hedge.

"I can quite understand the hold that a grand country like this has upon its inhabitants, and their longing to return. It is wonderful how these bens change their colours; I've seen three distinct changes since we came out."

"You will see some beautiful tints when we go out later on," the minister answered.

"I like Mr. Randolph's voice; it sounds *true*," whispered Helen, as the footsteps behind the hedge retreated. "I wonder if Charlotte likes him."

Mr. Gunn made no answer, and she glanced at him with a little smile.

At the door of the cosy schoolhouse a lady was looking anxiously out, her likeness to Mr. Gunn betraying their relationship, though she was many years older than her brother.

"Did Crimmon meet you, Helen?" she asked. Helen gave a little cry of dismay.

"No! we haven't seen him," Mr. Gunn answered.

"What a bother the beast is; he'll be off up the corrie after hares, the little wretch."

"Oh, he'll get lost in some hole, as he did before. As soon as I've rested I'll go and look for him."

Crimmon was a Skye terrier, a clever but exasperating creature of surpassing ugliness, but Helen doted on him. He had been a stray whom she had found, and though he adored her as his mistress, he seemed to have a knack of getting lost now and then.

"He may have gone to the village with the baker's van," said Katie.

"Oh, there's Charlotte," said Helen irrelevantly; "hurry, Katie, I'll let her in. She is sure to go with me to look for Crimmon, as Charlie must attend to his singing-class."

She ran to the gate, where a very pretty girl, a few years her senior, was entering. The tale of the delinquent Crimmon was breathlessly told as the minister's daughter walked up the path.

"Of course I'll go with you," she assured Helen. "He isn't in the village, I know. But we must hurry; it will soon be dark in the corrie."

"I don't like your going there at all; that is, alone," Charlie said uneasily. Both girls laughed.

"The ghosts won't hurt us," said Helen.

"Nor the fairies, either," smiled Charlotte.

"Couldn't you get your visitor to accompany you? Your father might find him in the way—it is sermon night, you know," persisted the schoolmaster.

"He's gone already, just before I came out. He has a perfect passion for roaming, I think."

"I hope he has an instinct for finding his way. He may get lost like Crimmon."

"Oh, no fears! he is used to wild places, and can see tracks where nobody else can."

"But if there's no tracks to see, what then?"

Charlotte, however, was quite at ease about Mr. Randolph, and as Helen was fuming at the useless arguments, Charlie let the girls go at last with a parting caution.

"Keep a look-out for the night-cap on Ben Vurich," he said, and, nodding brightly, they ran down the garden path out of sight.

The corrie was as well known to Helen as the village street or the sea-shore. She had skipped over its scattered boulders as a child (she skipped over them yet for that matter), she knew every step of the way up to a certain point, but beyond that point were treacherous bog-holes and no visible path. They had reached this point without any trace of Crimmon being seen, and the shadows had begun to gather.

"Bother that little beast; he deserves a good whipping," said Helen viciously. "I'll just jump to that stone, and if I can't see him, we'll turn, Charlotte; it is getting dark."

She sprang as she spoke, but she had not calculated properly. Her feet slipped from the edge, she fell rather heavily. With a laugh, she tried to rise, but it was only to sink down again with a sharp cry.

"Oh, Charlotte, I've twisted my ankle, I can't stand," she moaned; her face was very white.

It was only too true; Charlotte helped her to sit down, but she saw at once that unless she got assistance Helen could not get home. While she hesitated a moment before proposing to leave her friend and seek help, they heard a distant bark followed by a clear whistle. Helen's face lit up.

"Oh I'm so glad; it's Crimmon and Charlie," she cried. "Malcolm Forsythe must have turned up and taken the singing-class, so Charlie has come round the hill to meet us. Cry as loud as you can, Charlotte; if he does not hear you, Crimmon will."

Charlotte called loudly, but her voice did not carry far, for now another danger was upon them. Not only was it darkening fast, but a great wall of mist was creeping down the side of Ben Vurich; when it reached them their plight would be bad indeed,

Once more the bark and the whistle came to their ears, and presently a small black object raced towards them, and Crimmon threw himself upon Helen with frantic demonstrations of joy. A man was approaching too, he was in front of the mist wall, and they knew he was not the schoolmaster.

"Oh! it's Mr. Randolph," whispered Charlotte, and Helen made another effort to move, with the result that she immediately fainted.

She awoke to consciousness with the sensation of being carried as she had never been carried before, but the mist was all around her, she could only see a broad back behind which she seemed to swing. Her feet, too, rested in some support, she did not feel much pain. All at once she realised she was being carried in a kind of sling formed of her own and Charlotte's wraps, and her bearer was Mr. Randolph; she heard Charlotte address him by that name. She tried to sit up, her face no longer pale, but red with shame.

"Oh, put me down, please, I am too heavy," she cried faintly, and tried to wriggle herself free. A bronzed face, with merry grey eyes, looked round at her pleasantly.

"Don't stir, Miss Mackay, it's all right. You are not heavy, and a blackfellow's cradle lessens weight. You are almost at home now. Lucky Miss Murray called before the mist closed, or I might not have found you." His voice had a ring of command in it; Helen felt that for all his gentleness of manner he was a man to be obeyed, so she made no further protest.

In a very short time she was on the sofa in Katie's cosy parlour where her guardian, his sister and Malcolm Forsythe, Charlie Gunn's assistant, were hearing all the details of her mishap from Charlotte.

"But Crimmon made full reparation for his share in it by bringing Mr. Randolph to our aid," she wound up.

"He really did," the Englishman affirmed. "When I heard his bark and whistled, he came to me and then led me straight to the place where I was wanted. He's a clever little beast." He was caressing Crimmon as he spoke.

They were all quite merry after Helen's foot had been attended to. Never had Katie's tea-table been so lively; Mr. Randolph was its life and soul, he was so simple, so unaffected. He told bush yarns of adventures, hair-breadth

escapes, or Blackfellow cleverness, and, in the interest excited by these narratives, Helen quite forgot to ask any questions. When he at last went off, escorting Charlotte, they were one and all unanimous in their praise.

"A thorough gentleman," asserted Katie.

"A right good fellow," said Charlie.

"A rare story-teller," chimed in Malcolm.

Helen said nothing, but sat watching the dancing firelight with shining eyes, and in her heart a new dread of leaving home, a new repugnance to marrying Victor Meredith.

Mr. Randolph called next day, and the next again, and Helen still forgot to ask if he knew her father's partner. With these dangerously sympathetic eyes always meeting her own, with that deep, musical voice telling her of the glorious Australian land, it is no wonder that she forgot. But, upon his third visit, when he was telling her that Norfolk was his native county, that he belonged to Foulsham, a large village on the borders of George Borrow's celebrated district, she suddenly remembered.

"Have you ever been in the Tomalong district, Mr. Randolph?" she asked.

He started; she thought he changed colour.

"Yes, I have been there," he admitted rather hesitatingly. "What about it, Miss Mackay?"

"I was born there—at a station called Willow Grove, my father's place. Do you know a man called Victor Meredith?" Her eyes searched his face keenly; he certainly reddened under her scrutiny.

"Yes, I know Victor Meredith," he answered, but he looked away as he spoke.

"What sort of man is he? Is he a really honourable, *good* man; one who would do his duty?" she persisted anxiously, though her heart was throbbing painfully, her eyes dim with a strange anguish she could not understand.

Randolph drew himself together, as though bracing himself to answer; she watched his effort with breathless excitement.

"He is honourable, and as true as most men, but I cannot,——"

He got no further; the door was opened, and Mr. Murray entered, followed by Charlotte and Katie, and, with a look of intense relief, the Englishman jumped up to greet them. He excused himself from staying longer, but as he held Helen's hand as he said good-bye there was that in his face that made her own face flame, yet sent a thrill of strange, new happiness to her heart.

"I shall come to-morrow," he said, and went, leaving her with that new, blissful feeling of escape from a threatened danger.

(To be continued.)

SUNSET ON THE LOCH.

As I stood on the shore of the loch in the cool of the evening, after the heavy showers of the day, there was unrolled before my eyes such a pageant of the heavens as one does not readily forget, even through the mists of the years, in which so many sunsets have come and gone.

The loch lay stretched out before me like a sheet of glass. On the white, shingly shore the little wavelets broke with a low murmur. What was it that the soothing whisper of the waves spoke of to me as I listened? It was of peace, I think. They sang only a gentle, rippling song of peace.

The wooded hills, clad in their summer robe of green—every shade of it—girdled the waters like great, encircling arms. Like emeralds the islands lay on the bosom of the loch, one, here and there, crowned with ruins. Facing me where I stood, one islet lay like a jewel upon the waters. There were the ruins of a graveyard upon it, and, in the radiant colours of the sunset, one white marble cross stood out, gleaming amidst the green foliage.

Through the mists of memory the white, shining cross stands out more clearly than all the other details of the picture. Was it symbolic? Overhead—a wonder! Opal tints; emerald; ruby; palest duck-egg green; the purple of a royal mantle; the faint, translucent primrose tints which have no name, painted the heavens.

And there were islands in the sky, too; islands of many hues, lying amidst the billows of a many-tinted sea, like the islands of the blest—the Tir nan Oig of dreams. At my feet the loch took on new beauties every moment, changing as the skies changed, never one instant the same.

Over the woods soft, rosy tints spread, and the long, winding, white road by the side of the road grew rosy too.

And through the changing pageantry of the skies the tiny wavelets at my feet kept up their murmur—peace, peace. Then, slowly, slowly, the glories of the sky faded, and night descended quietly, like a great bird with dark, velvety wings, upon the happy earth.

And now, could I stand once more upon the well-remembered shore and watch such another sunset and hear the waves beat upon the shingle, what would be the refrain that they would sing to me? Ah, this! "Cha till, cha till, mi tuilidh!"—"We return, we return, no more."

MARGARET T. MACGREGOR.

IN MEMORIAM.

ALEXANDER M'LEAN OF MACOMB.

[Hon. Alexander M'Lean of Macomb, Illinois, U.S.A. was one of the best known and most highly respected citizens of the great State of Illinois. His native tongue was the Gaelic, of which fact he was very proud; and the Scottish Highlanders of Chicago, of which Society he was an honoured member, will greatly regret his death, which occurred early in October. He was a constant reader of the *Celtic Monthly*, and once said to me, "I shall take that Magazine as long as I live!"—C. C. M'C.]

There's a sound that has a meaning in the ancient name MacLean—
There's a sound of roaring billows and a rush of driving rain,
And from out the sea there rises, westward from the Campbell's shore,
Far away, a storm-swept island which our friend shall see no more!

But the island, in its struggles with the anger of the sea,
Speaks, in all its rocky grandeur, of a soul that's ever free—
Speaks of honesty and fearlessness of heart and hand and brain,
Of the brave, undaunted manhood sounding in the name MacLean.

Like the whistle of the claymore in the hand of ancient Gael;
Like the clang of steel on target 'midst the battle's bloody hail;
Like the sudden blast of trumpet, or the pibroch's piercing strain,
You can hear the note of honour ringing in the name MacLean.

Yet the men of old Clan Gillean are not always plunged in strife,
For to deeds of peaceful honour they have also given life;
And a note of hearty friendship, with a kindliness in train,
Gives your heart a warmer feeling when you meet with a MacLean.

So, old Mull, their rugged island, when the wind sleeps on the sea,
In the Summer sun is shining in a peaceful reverie;
And its cliff's seem strangely tender when the sea-birds rest again,
And the heather-bells wave gently o'er the tomb of the MacLean!

Atlanta, Georgia, U.S.A., October 29, 1907. C. C. M'CLAUGHRY.

CADETS OF THE HOUSE OF ARGYLL.

SIR,—In your issue of September last, Dr. Campbell contributed some notes on various cadet families of the Clan Campbell. Some of these, however, require to be accepted with caution.

DUNSTAFFNAGE—I think there can be no doubt that this family descends from a son of Colin of Lochow (d. 1390) by a second marriage, and not illegitimate. The seannachies often confounded the various Colins of Lochow; and the story of illegitimacy may easily be accounted for by the belief (due to the old burial custom) that Dunstaffnage, Melfort and Duntroon sprang from three brothers, and the generally accepted theory that Melfort was illegitimate.

MELFORT.—This family can be documentarily traced to a considerable antiquity, owing to the fact that, on the demise of each laird, the lands appear to have been formally surrendered into the hands of Lochow, who granted a fresh charter to the new laird. For reasons shown below, we may accept it as highly probable that their progenitor was a son of some Colin Campbell; and, inasmuch as their traditions seem to point to illegitimate descent, I think that progenitor was a natural son.

DUNTROON.—The lairds were sometimes called M'Dhonnachie-Mhoir; and undoubted offshoots of the family are found in documents as M'Dhonnachie Campbell or M'Dhonnachie *alias* Campbell; but they must by no means on that account be taken as of the same lineage as the Inverawe family. Duntroon was granted by King Robert to Duncan, son of Colin Mor of Lochow, and full brother to Sir Neil of Lochow. Duncan's son was almost certainly named Neil; and we find William of Duntroon and his eldest son, Colin, living in 1358. These facts make it hard to accept the progenitor of the family as a natural son of Colin Iongantach who died in 1390; and when taken in conjunction with other facts, the evidence is overwhelmingly in favour of a continual descent from Duncan, son of Colin Mor. I can add the following to Dr. Campbell's list of Duntroon sub-cadets:—Glencharne (probably extinct), Ashfield (otherwise Lergnachunzeon), Daltot, Ellanrie, Ulva (probably), Bennand and Auchachrome.

We see from the above that Dunstaffnage and Duntroon both came off sons of knights of Lochow of the name of Colin; and since their progenitors have been credited with being brothers of the first Melfort, we may take it as probable that the seannachies were aware that this Melfort was himself a son of Colin; for names were impossible things for them to get over. To my mind, it is undoubted that Dunstaffnage came from Colin Iongantach; and this fact was probably well-known. Hence the burial custom gave rise to the belief that the three Colins were identical, which they were not.

In default of absolute proof to the contrary, we are at present bound to accept the documentary evidence to hand of a purely Campbell origin for Dunstaffnage and Duntroon. As to Melfort, doubts of its Campbell origin seem so exceedingly slender, that I should hesitate to endorse Dr. Campbell's qualification of "very doubtful."

GLENFEOCHAN was probably of the same blood as Inverawe. It should be observed that Marjorie Bruce was Sir Neil Campbell's second wife, and not the ancestress of the present Duke.—I am, &c.,

London, 26th Nov. 1907. H. C. CAMPBELL.

GAELIC SOCIETY OF GLASGOW.—At a meeting of this society held last month, the president, Mr. D. MacPhie, F.E.I.S., read a valuable paper on "The Element of Satire in Gaelic Poetry," quoting largely from the works of such satirists as Rob Donn Mackay, Duncan Ban Macintyre, Alex. Macdonald, nad John MacCodrum. An interesting discussion followed. Major Matheson of the Lews, Dr. Hugh Morrison, Edinburgh; Major Gilbert Gunn, 1st Cameron Highlanders; and Mr. John Mackenzie, Dunvegan, were admitted life members.

CELTIC NOTES FOR THE MONTH.

LEWIS AND HARRIS ASSOCIATION.

THE annual gathering of the Glasgow Lewis and Harris Association is usually one of the largest of the season, and this year the attendance was most satisfactory, the City Hall being quite full. The chair was occupied by Dr. Wm. M. Morison, J.P., Durham, who agreeably astonished his hearers by speaking to them in the language of Lewis and Harris. He expressed his pleasure at being with them, and seeing so many people from their much-loved isle. He had been living in the North of England for a good many years, and in order to feel that he was now clear of the Sassunachs and among his own kith and kin, he would address them in their native tongue. In this way they would have a real ceilidh, and this would enable them all to feel more at home. In concluding an interesting address, which was evidently enjoyed by the audience, the chairman said he made no apology for speaking to them in the language of Lewis and Harris, their dear mother tongue. The language had reached such a position now that, unless they made a special effort, Gaelic would sink, never to rise again. Gaelic would not be safe till taught in every Highland school, and every Highland child should live in a Gaelic atmosphere. He asserted that teachers appointed to schools situated in islands such as theirs, where Gaelic was the spoken language of almost every family, should possess a knowledge of the mother tongue of the children, so that they might teach in a rational fashion from the known to the unknown. He was also of opinion that, in addition to using Gaelic as a means of teaching English, an opportunity should be given to advanced scholars to study the higher branches of the language, as it now occupied a place in the leaving certificates of schools and also in the entrance examinations for some of the Universities. That being the case, surely, he declared, some opportunity should be provided in order that they might acquire the necessary knowledge to compete successfully in these examinations.

CLAN MACDOUGALL.—The annual business meeting of the Oban branch of the Clan MacDougall Society was held in Oban last month under the presidency of Macdougall of Macdougall. Office-bearers were appointed for the year. The Chief referred to the publication of the ancient history of the clan which was at present engaging the attention of a special committee. He trusted that any one who had interesting historic facts regarding the clan, or traditions bearing on its history, would forward such to the clan secretary, so that they might be included in the projected publication.

IT is interesting to know that the well-known Gael, Rev. A. Maclean-Sinclair, has been appointed Celtic Lecturer in certain Universities in Halifax and Antigonish, and begins his course of lectures soon. Mr. Maclean-Sinclair is known as the compiler of an Anthology of the Gaelic bards, and the author of "The History of the Clan Maclean." He is well qualified for the position of Celtic Lecturer.

THE STEWART SOCIETY.—A meeting of the Council of the Stewart Society was held recently. Colonel Stewart of Achnacone occupied the chair. Twenty new members were admitted; and applications for aid dealt with. A proposal to erect a memorial to General David Stewart of Garth, originated by some residents in the Garth district, has been handed over to the society, and will be carried out. Colonel Stewart of Achnacone reported the steps he had taken in regard to the Culloden stones of the Appin clan, and it was remitted to him to ascertain the feasibility of raising a memorial of some kind to James Stewart of the Glen, whose execution at Ballachulish for alleged complicity in the Appin murder is still a matter of discussion in the Highlands. Keen regret was expressed at the sudden death of Mr. John A. Stewart, the society's representative in Perth, and the Secretary was instructed to forward a copy of the minute to his relatives. Mr. John A. Stewart, Glasgow, submitted a design for a heraldic badge for office-bearers, and the design was approved of.

GLASGOW GAIRLOCH ASSOCIATION.—The natives of Gairloch resident in Glasgow held their annual reunion last month, under the presidency of Mr. John Macintyre, Wishaw. In his opening address, the chairman referred to the fact that they belonged to one of the largest parishes in Ross-shire, but sad to tell, it was now one of the thinnest populated. It was to him a matter of deep regret to find the parish becoming desolate. Of course what was a loss to the parish was a gain to cities like Glasgow, who, without fresh blood, bone, and sinew from the country, would soon have for its population a race of dwarfs. It was a pity that no means could be employed to keep a larger number of the youth of Ross-shire in their native parishes, for a healthy peasantry was still the country's best stay and strength.

THE CLAN MACMILLAN.—The annual gathering of this Clan Society was held in Glasgow last month and took the form of an "At Home" in the Grand Hotel. There was a large attendance of ladies and gentlemen. The chief of the society, Mr. Don. Macmillan, J.P., Partick, received the guests. Addressing the meeting he referred to his predecessors in office, the late Rev. Dr. Hugh Macmillan, Mr. George A. Macmillan, London, and Mr. James P. Macmillan, Paisley. They were men of letters, and delivered addresses from that chair dealing with almost every phase of clan life. It was difficult for him to submit anything fresh to them. The arms of their chief, however, had not been described. The registration of arms in the Lyon-King-of-Arms Office in 1742, was as follows:—"Duncan Macmillan of Dunmore, Esq., representative of the ancient Family of Macmillan of Knap, whose son and representative is Alex. Macmillan of Dunmore, Esq., Writer to His Majesty's Signet,—Or, a Lion rampant sable, armed and langued, gules, and in chief three mullets azure: Crest: a dexter and sinister hand issuing from the wreath, grasping and brandishing aloft a two-handed sword proper. Motto: 'Miseris succurrere disco'—I learn to succour the distressed.'" The speaker then went on to refer to the mottoes of other clans. To the members of the Clan Macmillan it was pleasing to think that their ancestors interested themselves in the Christian duty of succouring the distressed.

THOMAS BAIN, NEW ZEALAND.—THE HIGHLAND BAINS are a sept of the Clan Mackay, and the origin of the name is *Bàn*, fair. Mr. Duncan Davidson of Tulloch now represents an ancient and important family of the name in Ross-shire. There are several crests registered by persons of the name, but a good many Bains use the Mackay crest, being really of the clan. Persons of the name Bain can join the Clan Mackay Society, the subscription being, life associates, £3 3/, extraordinary, 10/6 per annum, and ordinary, 2/6 per annum. An account of the origin of the Bains can be found in "The House and Clan of Mackay," a large folio volume. There is also a "Genealogical Chart of the Family of Bain," by Rev. Charles Rodger, LL.D. The late Sir James Bain, Glasgow, once gave me a perusal of an interesting volume on the Baines of England.

SCOTLAND YET.

THIS popular song was composed by Rev. Henry Scott Riddell, who was born at Sorbie, Dumfriesshire, in 1798. He died in 1870. The music was composed by Peter MacLeod, who also composed the melody of "O, why left I my hame?"

MO SHEAN CHRUIT-CHIUIL.

[Edar-theangaichte le "FIONN."]

O' fair a nall mo shean chruit-chiùil,
O, fair i dlùth gun dàil!
Oir 's fheudar dhòmhsa 'cur an gleus,
M' an triall gu léir mo chàil.
'S air m' fhacal 'n uair bhios clìth 'am chom
Gu 'n éirich fonn mo dhàin,
Mu thir nam beann is tir nan gleann,
An tir a's anns' gu bràth,
Nis òlaim cuach do thìr nan cruach
Le iolach uallach, àrd!

Tha m' fraoch a' luasgadh air gach bruaich
'S ri taobh nam fuar-bheann àrd;
Am measg nan cluain tha 'h-uillt a luaidh
Air saorsa luachmhoir, àidh,
Thoir dhòmhsa thar gach tir fo 'n ghréin
An té mu 'n iadh an sàil',
'S i tir mam beann' is tir nan gleann,
An tìr a's anns' gu bràth;
Nis òlaim cuach do tir nan cruach,
Le iolach uallach, àrd!

Tha n' cluaran dosrach air an raon
Far 'n robh na laoich a' strìth,
Air taobh a' cheartais is na còir,
A dhoirteadh fuil an crìdh,
Ach fhuair iad buaidh le buillean cruaidh
Is dh'éirich suas an dàn—
"S i tir uam beann 'is tir nan gleann
An tìr a's anns gu bràth,"
Is chuir iad cuach le seirc mu'n cuairt
Do thìr nam fuar-bheann àrd!

Gun cheò, gun neul, ged chìthear speur
An dùthchaibh céin nan tràill,
Thoir tir a' cheò dhomh fhéin ri m' bheò
'S na scòid nach géill gu bràth;
An tìr a dh' eisd ri Oisein binn,
A seinn an linn nam Bàrd—
"'S i tir nam beann is tir nan gleann,
An tìr a's anns gu bràth,"
Nis òlaim cuach do thir nan cruach
Le iolach uallach, àrd!

AN ROS.

Dhearc mi uair air ros a' fas
Maiseach, ur, fo dhriuchd a' Mhaigh—
"'S dearbht'" thuirt mi "nach bean gu brath
Dad do bhlath cho boidheach!"
Chaidh mi seachad la 'n a dheigh—
Chaidh a phabadh leis a' ghaoith,
Ceann ri leathad air, a' caoidh,
'S beacha breun 'g a rospadh.

Oigh a's aingealaiche snuadh,
Faic 's an ros do choimeas truagh!
'S ceart co deas tha d' iomadh buaidh,
'Thogail fuath ri gradh dhuit;
'S mar an nathair anns anns an tom,
Thoir ceum mearachd, 's tha cul-chainnt
Deas gu d' bhruthadh—'s mi-run lom
Togaidh fonn do naire.

BARD LOCH-FINE.

MORAIR SIM.

Till dachaidh, tiugainn dachaidh,
Till dachaidh, Mhorair Sìm;
Till dachaidh, tiugainn dachaidh,
Till dachaidh, Mhorair Sìm.

Thàinig litrichean bho 'n chòirneal,
'S thàinig òrdugh mach bho 'n righ,
Gu'n robh nighean aig Righ Deòrsa,
Dol a phòsadh Mhorair Sìm.
Till dachaidh, &c.

Cha 'n 'eil plobaire no drumair,
'N Cille-Chuimein aig an righ;
No fear cota-dheirg 's a' chaisteal,
Nach bi math an coinnimh Shìm
Till dachaidh, &c.

Frisealaich, an cinneadh ainmeil,
Theid iad 'shealg do Chill-Fhinn;
'S ged nach marbhadh iad ach geàrr,
Gu'm faidheadh pàirt d'i Morair Sìm.
Till dachaidh, &c.

NEW-YEAR IN THE HEBRIDES.

By Rev. DUGALD M'ECHERN.

I.

The Hebrides snow-white lie
Like swans on the breast of the ocean,
The wind of the frozen North
On Coll of the waves is blowing,
High on the castled crag
The wintry seas are breaking—
Beloved! a Good New-Year!

II.

Even as the Christmas-rose
Blooms in the snow of December—
In the snow and the frost that shroud
The flowers that fell in the autumn,
So in the wintry weather
My heart has ever *one* blossom—
Beloved! a Good New-Year!

III.

Do you remember our youth,
And the Hogmanay in the shieling,
The Old Year dying, the sun
Filling with gold the ocean,
The maidens of Arinangour,
And the laughter, the feast, and the music?—
Beloved! a Good New-Year!

IV.

Homeward we went, you remember,
At mid-night on hill-paths frozen,
With Margaret the golden-haired
And lily-limbed, sweet-throated Morag,
The Old Year dead, and each youth
Kissing his maiden, and saying
Beloved! a Good New-Year!

V.

"Finvola" of high white sails
Is passing the Isle of Eithearna,
Swept by a thousand waves—
But she brings not the love of my bosom!
Oh! come back in the Spring-time,
Or come in June of the roses—
Beloved! a Good New-Year!

Island of Coll.

OUR MUSICAL PAGE.

The following sweet melody, with its Gaelic and English words, is from Finlay Dun's "Orain na h-Albann."—C. M. P.

Gleus F.

d., d	: d. m	r. d	: $t_{l.}$, l_{l}	d	: m'r'd	$t_{l.}$, l_{l}	: l_{l}
Dh'éirich	mi moch	maduinn	oheòthar;	Hó,	guri 's a	hó im	bó;
Say, my	love, why	did'st thou	tarry	Far	over the	deep	sea?
m. m	: m. m	m., r	: r., d	l	: s. m	d', m	: m. r
'S shuidh	mi air a'	chnocan	bhòidheach;	Hí	rithim	ì chall	eile,
Knew'st thou	not my	heart was	weary;	Heard'st	thou not	how I	sighed for
d	: r. m	d'	: t, l	l	: s. m	r'm's	: l
Hó,	abho	ì	rì ri	Hiùraibh	i	abho i	ù,
thee;	Did no	light	wind	bear	my	wild des	- pair
		d	: m'r'd	$t_{l.}$, l_{l}	: l_{l}		
		Ho,	guri 's a	hó im	bo.		
		Far	over the	deep	sea?		

Thàinig mo leannan 'nam chòmhdhail;
Bhuail sinn air a' chomhradh ghòrach;
Cha d' thàinig e an uair bu chòir dha,
Tìota beag mu 'n d' rinn mi 'm pòsadh
Rì mac a' bhodachain bhrònaich,
Nach d' thug crìos no bréid no bròg dhomh,
Nach d' thug an stiom is i bu chòir dha.
Mhic an fhir o 'n charragh sgiathach,
'S o eilean mòr nan eun fiadhaich,
Bheirinn fhéin mo bhòid 's mo bhriathran,
Mionnan ged a chumteadh sgian rium,
Gur ann duit a thug mi 'n ciad ghaol.

Oft my eye, deceived, would wander
Far over the deep sea;
Oft it hailed a white sail yonder,
Gleaming bright where the billows play;
But it sunk in night,
As failed the sight,
Far over the deep sea.

Then at last the fatal morning
Broke over the deep sea;
When my heart, with inward scorning
Bowed: it could not broken be.
Unseen fell the tear,
For thou wert afar;
Far over the deep sea.

One short hour, and my lost lover,
Came over the deep sea;
Then wild anguish whelmed us over;
Fast fell our tears and bitterly,
And our last farewell,
Far borne on the gale,
Sighed over the deep sea.

MURDOCH AND MACMURDOCH.—Sir,—A friend of mine, knowing my interest in clan and kindred topics, has just handed me an old copy of the constitution and rules of the Clan Chattan, dated 1896-97. Amongst its septs the names of Murdoch and Macmurdoch are given. As my maternal ancestors bear the name and are very numerous, I shall be glad to know the reason why they are claimed as offshoots of Clan Chattan. My section belong to Glenbuchat, Aberdeenshire, but were not in the district when the Poll Book of Aberdeenshire, dated 1696, was compiled—nevertheless the name appeared in several parishes belonging to the shire.—Yours, etc.,

Aberdeen. ROBERT MURDOCH LAWRANCE.

MISS SOPHIA MORRISON, MANCHESTER.—"OLD GAELIC COOKERY."—I only know of one work treating of the subject you refer to, the most interesting and unique "Practical Hints on Cooking and Baking" by Mr. Thomas Mackay, ex-president of the Clan Mackay Society, translated into Gaelic by "Fionn," and published for private circulation by the above Clan Society. So far as I am aware, there is no work treating specially of "Old Gaelic Cookery." Some information on the subject might be culled from an examination of the various Gaelic dictionaries and vocabularies. Perhaps some of our readers might be able to suggest where information could be had, or favour us with some notes on the subject in the pages of the *Celtic*.

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JOHN C. MACDONALD,
Wellington, New Zealand.

HIGHLANDERS have taken such a prominent part in the colonization of our Australian possessions, and have, for several generations, so largely directed their destinies, that it is only fitting that a few prominent representatives of the Gaelic race in the Land of the Southern Cross should find a place of honour in our Portrait Gallery. On several former occasions we have presented our readers with sketches and portraits of notable Highlanders resident in Victoria, Queensland, New South Wales, Western Australia, Tasmania, and New Zealand, and it is with great pleasure that we are able to give this month a portrait of a distinguished Highlander, Mr. JOHN CHRISTOPHER MACDONALD, resident in the last-mentioned Colony.

Mr. Macdonald is the only surviving son of the late "Drudaig," than whom there was not a better known Highlander, nor more familiar figure at the annual assemblies of the Gaelic Society at Inverness in the early seventies and eighties.

The subject of our sketch was born at Drudaig, Kintail, and, having completed his education, emigrated to the East Indies, where for eighteen years, he was engaged, with the companion of his boyhood, Mr. Farquhar M'Rae, Invershiel, in the coffee-growing industry, in the development of which enterprise Highlanders have been largely interested. The growing of tea, sugar, coffee, and indigo has for many years past attracted to the far East and West Indies and Ceylon many of the most enterprising young men of our old Highland families, many of whom acquired fortunes, with which they purchased estates in the Highlands, and spent the evening of their days among their own people. Others, needless to say, did not prosper so well, but of them little is heard!

Some few years ago Mr. Macdonald went to New Zealand, where he is at present employed in the Civil Service of that Colony. He is an active member of the Caledonian Society of Wellington, and served in the Western Transvaal in one of the New Zealand Contingents under General Sir Ian Hamilton, for which he holds a medal and three clasps. Mr. Macdonald is an excellent Gaelic scholar.

THE BATTLE OF THE STRIPES.

Sir Reggi Macleod, who was first in the fray,
Had questioned the clan in Auld Reekie one day
(Though kilted in yellow, he doubted 'twas right)—
"Which *is* the clan tartan—the yellow or white?"

He said that Mackenzie had purloined the stripe,
Made the tartan Macleod of a different type;
And thus the whole clan did for ever degrade,
And swore by Dunvegan he'd not wear the plaid.

He asked for "Macleod" and was scornfully told
Macleod was a swaddling when 'Kenzie was old.
The tartan he wanted was never his own,
The stripe of Mackenzie must cover his bone.

His father, who died in the Covenant faith,
With tartan, striped white, had appeared in his wraith,
And his father before him with MacCrimmon's pipes,
Had danced the sword dance in the coveted stripes.

The colour was ta'en by a renegade son
(For first in old Harris had yellow begun),
Who owned the whole island a century since,
Ere tweeds had been reckoned fit garb for a prince.

And now the Macleod, it is sad to relate,
Though he searched for it early, and searched for it late,
Through paintings and records, he cannot yet find
To which stripe in his kilt he his sporran should bind.

H. MACNAUGHTON JONES.

Young Mamore.

By Torquil MacLeod.

Chapter VI.

A Silver-grey Gown and a Shirt of Mail.

Young Mamore walked down the High Street of Linnhetown dreaming about a silver-grey gown. His thoughts were ever tricking him now into thinking about one face and one pair of eyes and one voice. And it is when a man can think of nothing but the one thing that he is out of balance with the world, and in danger of stumbling against some unseen obstacle and doing himself injury.

So Alastair MacDonald that very moment found his lanky shins fankled up with a sable collie dog that had got in his way as he was passing an entry, and it was only after much yelping and staggering that the dog and he parted company without coming to grief.

Then followed a little spate of the good Gaelic as Young Mamore stood and threw a mouthful of bonnie words at the poor dog. But that was cut short on a sudden by the sound of a woman's voice calling the dog by name. Alastair felt a stound of misgiving at the remembrance of his Gaelic, and, turning round, he saw a girl dressed in a high-waisted grey gown and sun-bonnet standing smiling at him.

When he saw who it was, the man in the stupefaction of his ecstacy could only stammer out excuses for his clumsiness with her dog.

"Pardon me, Miss Jean."

"There is no need, I assure you. The Gaelic is so sweet and——I do not understand," said she, with a wicked twinkle in the brown eyes.

"Ah, now, you are laughing at our Highland ways. But allow me."

And he took a little package from her hand and carried it for her as carefully as if it had been a nugget of gold.

They were a most seemly pair. As they walked together down the crown of the causey, many a head was thrust out of window and entry to see Young Mamore go swinging along, so tall and handsome, in his clanranald kilt, with the little nut-brown lady at his side.

She only came up to his shoulder, so when she asked a question or answered one, she had to lift her face to his, and as he returned her glance he durst scarcely trust himself to gaze long at the girl's eyes, which looked so simply, and yet, my faith, what man can ever explain!

The Highland women's eyes he knew—the grey-blue eyes that take their colour from the grey of the sea and the azure of the skies. But the soft shadowy brown eyes of this stranger, who had come to make her home among them, were new to him, and made him feel as if he had lost the grip of himself While he longed to be always gazing down into their deeps, he scarce could let his own rest upon them for two seconds on end. And so bewilderingly strange is the way of a man with a maid, that, though he was ettling to be able to make pretty speeches to her, he must, like the muckle gowk he was—begin to talk the commonplace about some other body.

"And how is the Hoolet—I mean Miss Kate?"

"Ah! You are in the secret too, are you? But why were you so mean as to keep me out of your fun in the wood the other day?"

The maid looked up again with the twinkle in her eye, and could have laughed outright to see the solemn way in which Young Mamore took her pleasantry.

"Eh, ah, that is a thing which could hardly be explained unless in the Gaelic tongue, Miss Jean."

"Then, I must learn Gaelic at once."

"And would you do me the honour of letting me be your teacher?"

He looked down at her with his grave face. But the girl's eyes were on the ground, and her mouth was quivering with laughter. Then she threw up her head with a toss and a smile, and a sparkle of the brown eyes that came near making the man lose his senses altogether, and replied,

"Perhaps I might—if your terms were not too high."

"The task itself will be more reward than I deserve."

For if they can do anything among the Highland hills, they can turn a compliment and practise pretty manners.

"Well, then, to begin with, you will answer my questions."

"To be sure, else how could the lessons proceed?"

"Tell me, then, Mr. Alastair, why you did

In the Shadow of the Hills.

not come along to the house the other day? It was most unkind."

The girl knew her power, so she emphasized her questions, not only with her eyes, but with the slightest tap of her fingers on his arm.

At the touch of her tiny hand the great man trembled like an aspen, and felt that he dare not lie to this inquisitive little woman.

"Because—well, because the Hoolet said you would be much displeased if you knew we were holding our conventicle."

"And you believed Kate?"

"I always believe what young ladies tell me."

"Then you are—you are just a man, after all."

The fact was most apparent, and Young Mamore looked puzzled.

"And your conventicle, Mr. Alastair—did none of you ever think of me?"

"Madam," said he, with great earnestness, as he stooped over her, "believe me—I was thinking of you all the time."

Which shewed that even a Mystic can be very practical.

The girl blushed, and felt ill at ease, and blamed herself for bringing the speech down upon her own head by her thoughtless pleasantries. She was, like most of her sex, something of a saucy minx, and had quite a relish for the company of men so long as they did not trouble her with too much admiration—which is an excellent example of the logic of womankind.

So she merely let her sunshade drop, and by the time the man at her side picked it up, she was sufficiently herself again to say,

"Ah, Mr. Alastair, you Highland gentlemen do pay such pretty compliments."

"And we mean them, Miss Jean."

"Shall we quarrel about the motive?"

"It would be hard indeed to quarrel with you."

"Then take the easy way, I pray you, sir."

She was getting alarmed at Young Mamore's speeches, and being a maiden of spirit, she had made up her mind to be bothered with the admiration of no man. But she could not help seeing how very sincere and handsome her companion was, and there was a magerful look on his face, which, despite his deference to her, she could not help being a little afraid of. It is the magerful look which women both fear and admire.

They were opposite the quay head, when who should meet them full in the face but Simon Barsillie!

Barsillie's little black eyes danced from the one to the other for a moment, and finally rested, as if by a preference, on the girl's face. Then he smiled, and when Macdonald saw him smiling at the girl by his side, he understood why the Hoolet had hated him.

Some smiles mean a great deal, and others mean nothing. It is when a smile means nothing that it is hateful. And when Simon Barsillie smiled at Jean Grahame, his pale face only went through a certain lifeless form of muscular exercise, which made the scar on his left cheek shew up with a lividness that was anything but pleasant to look upon.

"Good morning, Miss Graham."

And the two men lifted their hats as the girl bowed and had the peculiar privilege of introducing them to each other.

Macdonald looked down on the man with a steady, honest gaze. Barsillie only let his eyes rest on the Highlander's face for an instant, and then, dropping his eyes to the level of Alastair's top button, said,

"So pleased to meet you, sir."

"And I am equally charmed to meet you, Mr. Barsillie. I believe we have twice just missed seeing one another by a hairsbreadth."

"Ah! Possibly. You have a rare old place up at Mamore yonder, sir, and I am sure it must be a quaint house inside and full of interesting relics, from all accounts."

"Yes, very quaint,—but a poor place at best. It looks much better, I fancy, from the outside."

The man hated him for the speech, and Young Mamore determined that Barsillie should continue to confine his acquaintance with Castle Mamore to the outside view. The pale face of the fellow, however, showed no changing expression. Jesuits never blush. He only ignored Macdonald's last remark, and turning to the girl, said,

"And how is your father, Miss Graham?"

It was Alastair's chance now to look at Jean Graham, for he remembered the solemn commission which the Hoolet had given him to look out for Barsillie and look after Miss Jean.

The girl met Barsillie's eyes calmly, and answered him in a cold voice, which came as a revelation to Young Mamore. He imagined that while the man was smiling at her, she moved unconsciously nearer to himself, and as he felt the touch of her gown on his hand and looked at her face, which had grown a trifle paler, he knew three things—that the Hoolet had lied mischievously when she said that Jean Graham had a regard for Barsillie; that the girl at his side loathed the man, and even had a certain fear of him; and that if ever Simon Barsillie and he met at cross purposes, one of them would probably take a long farewell of mortal things.

Yet this knowledge made Young Mamore distinctly happy, and when Barsillie parted from them Alastair said, "We shall most probably have an opportunity of seeing one another again, Mr. Barsillie."

A Scene in Ardgour, Argyllshire.

"It is possible, sir."

And he bowed, without looking at Macdonald. Then, smiling to the girl, he passed on.

There was silence for a few moments between Jean Graham and Alastair Macdonald as they went down to the jetty where the Camus boat lay.

Then he spoke.

"I am much indebted to you, Miss Jean, for having introduced me to Mr. Simon Barsillie."

"Then, do you admire him?"

"No. I hate him."

"Ah! So do I."

"I am glad of that. We have evidently some tastes in common. You will do well to avoid Mr. Simon Barsillie."

He handed her into the boat, and wished with all his heart that the thrill of her fingers might last for ever. He was on the point of saying some fine sentiment to the little lady, but his tongue was dumb, and he could only stand and stutter out some commonplace as he bade her good-bye.

The brown eyes twinkled most wickedly as she looked back and waved her hand. So Alastair Macdonald went up the jetty at a loss to know whether the Bonnie Jean was kind or cruel.

At the top of the jetty Young Mamore was roused from his dreamy love by the sound of a cough. He looked up, and there was Leathersole, the gipsy, at his old trick of whittling a bit of wood. When Alastair looked up, the gipsy threw the wood into the sea.

"So you have met him? What think ye o' his blue chin?"

"Yes, I have met him. He is an ugly character. You gave me excellent advice, Leathersole. The man has some deep scheme in him."

"He's deeper than hell, sir."

And the gipsy's eyes flashed.

"Then tell me, Leathersole, what you know of him."

"No' in this place, sir. Come in here."

The gipsy led Alastair across the street to a house that had a jutting-out window. As they entered, the door closed of its own accord behind them. Then they mounted a ricketty stair and entered the room that had the curious V-shaped window. Young Mamore looked out—up the street this way, and down the street that way, and on to the jetty in front. There was no furniture to speak of—an old table and a chair without a back. The gipsy motioned Alastair to the chair, while he himself sat down on the table.

"A fine spy-glass of a place this, Leathersole!"

"Ay. It serves me weel enough."

"Now, tell me something about our friend with the blue chin."

"Well, sir, I ken little yet, but I'll ken muckle afore lang. I hae the ear o' the serving lass at the Black Bull, but that Peter Fairface is no' to be lippened till. This Simon Barsillie is a papist an' a Jesuit. He has come to bide here for some ill purpose, and I sair misdoot but he hangs aboot Castle Mamore ower muckle. I hae seen him aince mysel', and ane o' my lads saw him twice, in the fir wood near the castle."

"How do you know he is a Jesuit?"

"Because the servant lass gied me a look at his bit prayer buik, and the body is gowk enough to scribble his name on't and the cursed ineetials after it."

"Yes—go on."

"Forbye a' that, sir, he gangs aboot airmed wi' a shirt o' mail and a pistol. He has a spy-hole in the fluir o' his room, and can see and hear a' that gangs on in the parlour o' the Change Hoose."

"But how do you know all this?"

"Because the fox, wi' a' his slyness, didna mind to plaister up a crack i' the door."

"Ah! I see."

"Ay, sir, he does a hantle o' writin' every ither nicht afore he gangs tae his prayers. He's been here a'maist three weeks noo, and ilka week a sealed packet gangs awa wi' the mail to anither o' thae blue-chinned rascals."

"Yes, yes—that will be his weekly report to his Superior. You will get me the address of this Father, Leathersole."

The gipsy, without a word, handed a paper to Alastair with the name and address of a prominent Father written on it.

Alastair looked at it, and put it in his pocket.

"I hae nae mair to tell jist yet—but I'll get a read o' his weekly packet afore lang, although that'll be a kittle job."

"Tell me one thing more, Leathersole. What do you think he is here for?"

"The Lord knows, sir."

"But do you suspect anything?"

"Everything."

"Tell me what."

"I think ye had better never let Maister Leslie oot o' yer sicht."

"I understand—that was my thought, too."

"Then stick till it, sir."

"I will."

The gipsy let Alastair down the stair and out at a back door, this time. From this he gained the hill, and making a détour, was soon on the road for Castle Mamore.

(To be continued.)

Gaelic Men of Letters.

IV.—JAMES MUNRO, The Gaelic Grammarian.

[By FIONN.]

We have quite a number of Grammars of the Gaelic language, such as Stewart's, Munro's, Forbes', Currie's, L. Macbean's, D. C. Macpherson's, Dr. Gillies', Reid's, &c. That by James Munro, which reached two editions, contains the result of accurate observation based on an extensive knowledge of the Gaelic language.

James Munro was born at Fort-William in 1794, and died in the old Fort there on 25th December, 1870. He was educated at the old Parochial School, Fort-William. Although his works would naturally lead one to suppose that he had attended college, yet there is no evidence that he did so. When a youth he thought of following the law, but he abandoned the idea and took to teaching. He taught one of the General Assembly Schools at Carradale, Kintyre. From thence he removed to Corpach, where he taught a school for some years; and while there he was advanced to Parochial teacher of the extensive parish of Kilmonivaig, at Blarour, where he taught with success for several years. He was for some time Inspector of Poor for the parish. He was also an elder in the Parish Church, Kilmonivaig. Eventually he resigned his offices and retired on a competency. He spent the closing years of his life at Fort-William and his remains were interred in the Craig's Burying-Ground there—under the shadow of Ewan Maclachlan's monument. A plain tombstone is erected to his memory by his sister. The following couplet is inscribed on it:—

"Chuir e riaghailtean air Gàidhlig
Agus snas air cainnt a dhùthcha."

He was for the most part a self-taught man, and, for one in his position and circumstances, his general knowledge was remarkable. He had an excellent command of Latin, Greek, and French. As a Gaelic scholar he stood very high, as is testified by the late Dr. Cameron of Brodick, who, in a lecture on "Gaelic Books,"* refers to a "Valuable Grammar, by James Munro; the first edition appeared in 1835, and the second, very much enlarged, in 1843. If I except Dr. Mackintosh-Mackay, I do not know that any one now living has done so much as Mr. Munro to advance Gaelic literature, and his services deserve acknowledgment from his countrymen, and which they have not yet received."

James Munro was a good poet and wrote many Gaelic songs, which are still popular. He was also a good musician, and could play on several instruments.

In the preface to his "Bibliotheca Scoto Celtica" Reid acknowledges his indebtedness to James Munro for various notices of the Gaelic Bards which he supplied him. The late D. C. Macpherson of the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh—the "Abrach" of the "Gael"—and author of "An Duanaire," was one of his pupils, and he undoubtedly owed much of his enthusiasm for Gaelic literature, as well as his accurate Gaelic scholarship, to James Munro.

PUBLISHED WORKS.

His published works are—"A Grammar of the Gaelic Language," 1835, enlarged edition 1843; "A Gaelic Primer with Vocabulary;" "An Treòraiche, or First Book for Schools," 1843; "An t-Ailleagan, a collection of Gaelic songs," 1830; "An Filidh, a collection of Gaelic songs with Music," 1840. This latter collection contains original songs and translations by James Munro, Ewan Maclachlan, the late Rev. John Macintyre, LL.D., Kilmonivaig, who wrote over the pen-name "Abrach;" his brother, Lieutenant Peter Macintyre, R.M., who wrote over the pen-name of "Cruachan," and the Rev. N. Macintyre, the "Eagar" of the "Filidh." The melodies of many of the songs are given in the appendix, and the "Filidh" is, without doubt, one of the nicest Gaelic song books published. It is a matter of regret that it is out of print.

* Reliquiæ Celticæ, Vol. ii., page 529.

SCOTTISH HISTORICAL MONUMENTS.—The King has been pleased to approve the appointment of a Royal Commission to make an inventory of the ancient and historical monuments and constructions connected with or illustrative of the contemporary culture, civilisation, and conditions of life of the people in Scotland from the earliest times to the year 1707, and to specify those which seem worthy of preservation.

The Commission is to consist of the following persons:—Sir Herbert Maxwell, Bart. (Chairman), Lord Guthrie, Professor G. Baldwin Brown, Mr. Thomas H. Bryce, M.D., Mr. Francis C. Buchanan, Mr. W. T. Oldrieve, Mr. Thomas Ross, and Mr. A. O. Curle, secretary to the Society of Antiquaries, secretary.

STRATHNAVER NO MORE.

[THE deplorable clearing of sheep farms to turn into deer forest in Sutherlandshire is once more depopulating the lost heritage of the Mackays, who are seeking in Canada and Australia the homes they may hold no longer on their native soil. This melancholy change has been strikingly described in a New Zealand newspaper by a young Highlander of Colonial birth, at present visiting the land of his forefathers.]

O, the shadow's on the glen, and the gloom is on the heart
Of the far-wandered men of Strathnaver,
When they look across the sea to the lost Land of Reay,
And count the bitter fee for Strathnaver!

O, if blood had been the price, then Mackay were lord to-day;
Blood-bought, ay and thrice, ran the Naver,
From the days of Angus Dubh, when the Aberach arose,
And the White Banner flew by the Naver!

And if love had bought it clear, the Mackays were thick as rain,
Where wild run the deer in Strathnaver!
It was washed in tears as milk, where the hearts of bold Mackays
Wound like the silk round Strathnaver!

And if death could hold it fast, there Mackay were lord again—
Lord first and last by the Naver!
For the white banner waves o'er a hundred thousand men
In the green, green graves of the Naver!

Ay, if death were title sure, and blood and love were coin,
While sun and moon endure on Strathnaver;

Strathnaver, near Bettyhill.

Syre, Strathnaver (near the spot where the 93rd Sutherland Highlanders were raised).

The sea-bright crown of home were upon the land of Reay,
In the gold and the gloom of Strathnaver!

It was gold of London town, it was foreign dross that dulled
The sea-bright crown of the Naver;
'Tis by English gold and gun, and the lisping English tongue
That the land lies undone on the Naver.

For the sea has opened wide her gate to bear away
The flower and the pride of Strathnaver;
And the songs of Rob the Fair, they may never sound again
In the still sad air of Strathnaver!

And thin as water runs blood of Ian and of Iye;
No grave for their sons by the Naver!
And for this, the slogan ran through the gallant Ninety-Third,
In the Queen's battle-van from the Naver!

And on many a field of skaith did the hand of bold Mackay
Strike home for the faith of Strathnaver;
And *Am Morair Mor* was the lamp of Albyn's night
By the sea-riven shore of Strathnaver.

Let the salmon and the deer be your fighting men to-day,
When the war-cloud's anear to the Naver;
Let them sing and dance for you, who are lords in Albyn now,
For Mackay's day is through by the Naver.

Let the salmon and the deer be your pleaders in the day,
When the life-wilt ye hear for Strathnaver
Called at bar of Heaven high, ye that swept its gallant glens,
And reft away Mackay from Strathnaver!

Christchurch, New Zealand. JESSIE MACKAY.

BEAN SHITH.

THA gach amaideachd a b' àbhaist do dhaoine aithris mu dhéibhinn nan sìthichean agus bòcain, agus daoine-beaga, agus gruagaichean, ùruisgean, tàibhsean, mu'n t-sac bhàn, agus mu Bhodach-a'-chipein, a nis a' dol air dì-chuimhn'; agus bu mhìthich dhoibh. Tha nithe ni's feàrr, agus sgeulachdan a's taitniche, aig na Gàidheil ri'n aithris mu thimchioll na cagailt gheamhraidh. Ach tha cuid do na seann sgeulachdan sin iongantach; agus 's e ni as iongantaiche, gu bheil sgeulachdan do'n aon t-seorsa r' am faotainn anns gach tìr agus dùthaich. 'S iomada sgeul amaideach a chuala sinn mu dhaoine-beaga; agus ged nach 'eil sinn a' creidsinn a h-aon diubh, tha cuid diubh air an innseadh air mhodh co taitneach 's nach urrainear an leughadh no an éisdeachd gun seòrsa do thlachd. Tha àit' àraid 's an taobh-tuath, dlù do Chromba—àit' uaigneach, leth-oireach—far a' bheil e air aithris ann am beul-eachdraidh gu'n thachair, ma's fìor, an nì tha sinn a' dol a dh' innseadh. Air maduinn là na Sàbaid, bha duine còir do thuathanach a' buachailleachd a chuid caorach 's an àite sin. Bu duine aosmhor, liath e, a chaill a chlaisneachd gu tur, a bha co bodhar ris a' chreig air an robh e a' suidhe. Ach ged nach robh a comasach air seanachas no conaltradh a dheanamh ri duine fo'n ghréin, gidheadh cha robh e gun chuideachd no gun chonaltradh. Bha e 'na dhuine diadhaidh, tuigseach, fiosrach—anabarrach eòlach air a Bhiobull, agus air iomada leabhar math eile. Chuir e seachad a' chuid bu mhò d'a aimsir ann an léughadh.

Chuir e na buachaillean do'n eaglais air an latha àraid so, agus dh'fhuirich e féin aig a' bhaile, a' buachailleachd a chuid caorach. Bha 'n tréud ag ionaltradh gu h-ìosal air lagan bòidheach uaine; agus leig esan e féin 'na shìneadh air tolman beag uaine bha as an cisnn—air cùl gaoithe, 's ri aodann gréine—far am faiceadh e gach neach 's nac faiceadh neach e. Bha 'm Biobull fosgailte mu choinneamh; agus bha e gu cùramach, stòlda ciallach, 'g a leughadh, 'nuair chual' 'e seòrsa do dh' fhuaim, mar oiteag ghaoithe air a chùl—a' cheud fhuaim a chual 'e o chionn iomada bliadhna. Thog e a shùilean o'n duilleig; mhothaich e air an fhraoch, 's air an rainich, 's air na seilisdeirean a bha 's an t-sealladh, gu'n robh gaoth làidir a' séideadh, a dh' eirich am prioba na sùl; agus an déigh dha amharc tamuill mu'n cuairt da, thòisich e a rithist ri leughadh. Cha deach e fad air aghaidh 'nuair a chual' e an fhuaim cheudna, a rithist; agus air dha amharc mu'n cuairt da, chunnaic e òigh àillidh, mhaiseach, 'na seasamh dlù dhà. Cha'n fhac' e riamh roimhe a coimeas airson eireachdais, agus maiselachd pearsa, agus àilleachd gnùis. Bha i air a h-éideadh ann an culaidh co aotram thana ri ceò nam beann—earrasaid do shiòda uaine m' a timchioll air a shuaineadh a sìos o'n dara gualainn thar a leasrabh, agus sìos gu 'sàil; ach a h-amhach, a h-uchd, a broilleach, 's a gàirdeanan àilidh, bha iad sin rùisgte, gun éideadh air bith, agus iad geal mar chanach an t-sléibh—a falt òrbhui a' tuiteam 'na dhuala fada réidh sìos air a druim.

Chuir an seann duine a làmh air an duilleig, shuidh e suas air 'uilinn, agus dhlù-bheachdaidh e air an ainnir chiataich. "A sheann duine," gars' ise, le guth co ciùin, mhilis, 's a thàinig riamh a mach a beul; agus, ged a labhair i gu h-ìosal màlda, chual e gach facal! "A sheann duine," ars' ise, "tha thu a léughadh an Leabhair. Innis domh a' bheil tairgse slàinte air a thoirt ann dhuinne?" Freagair an seann duine, agus thabhairt e—"Tha tairgse na slàinte air a thabhairt, 's an Leabhar so, do na h-uile h-aon do chloinn chaillte Adhaimh; ach cha 'n 'eil an tairgse cheudna air a thoirt do chreutairean air bith do sheòrs' eile." Thug an àilleag mhaiseach sgreuch eagalach 'nuair a labhair e mar so, agus ag iadhadh air sgéith, chaill e sealladh oirre am measg gharbh-chriochan is chnoc os a chisnn; agus cha d'fhuair e an ath shealladh dhi tuillidh fhad 's bu bheò e.

CUAIRTEAR.

TRANSLATION.

MARBHRANN DO PHEATA COLUMAIN.

LE ALAISDAIR, MAC MHAIGHSTIR ALASDAIR.

S tursach mo sgeul ri luaidh,
'S gun chach 'g ad chaoidh;
Mu bhas an fhir bu leanbail tuar,
'S bu mheanbh ri chlaoidh.
'S oil leam bas a' choluim chaoimh,
Nach b' anagrach gnas,
A thuiteam le mada do'm beus
Dobhran nan carn.

'S tu 's truaigh' leinn de bhas nan ian
Mo chradh nach beo,
Fhir a b' iteagach, miotagach triall,
Ge bu mheirbh do threoir,
B' fheumail' do Noah na cach,
'N am barcadh nan stuadh;
Bu tu'n teachdair' gun seacharan da,
'N uair thraigh an cuan.

A dh' fhidreachdainn an d' fhalbh an tuil,
Litir gach fir;
Dughall a's Colum gu'n 'chuir,
Deagh Noah thar lear.
Ach chaidh Dughall air seacharan-cuain,
'S cha do thill e riabh;
Ach thill Colum le iteagaich luath,
'S a fhreagradh 'n a bhial.

Air thus, cha d' fhuair e ionad d' a bhonn
A sheasadh e ann;
Gus 'n do thiormaich dile nan tonn
Bharr mullach nam beann:

'S an sin, a litir-san leugh an duine bha glic,
Gu'n 'thiormaich a' bhailc,
'S gu 'm faigheadh a mhuirichinn cobhair 'n an teirc'
Agus fuasgladh 'n-an airc.

Le neart cha spuilteadh do nead,
Ged a thigteadh gu d' shlad;
Bhiodh do chaisteal fo bhearraibh nan creag,
Ann an daingnichean rag.
Bha do mhodh-siolaich air leth bho chach,
Cha togradh tu suas,
Ach a' durraghail an taice ri d' ghradh,
Cur cagair 'n a cluais.

Cha do chuir thu duil an airgiod no 'n spreidh,
No 'm feist am biodh sugh,
Ach spioladh a's criomadh an t-sil le d' bheul,
'S ag ol a' bhuirn.
Aodach no an anart, sioda no srol,
Cha cheannaicheadh tu 'm buth;
Bhiodh d' éideadh de mhin iteacha gorm,
Air nach druigheach an druchd.

Cha do ghabh thu riabh peidir no creud
A ghuidhe nan dul;
Gideadh, cha'n 'eil d' anam am pein,
Bho 'n a chaidh tu null.
Cha'n e, gun chiste gun anart
Bhi comhdach do chre,
Fo lic anns an uir,
Tha mise, gu cruaidhe 'n diugh 'g acain gu leir,
Ach do thuiteam le cu.

The following translation of the above poem is from the pen of the late Dr. Stewart ("Nether-Lochaber"). By way of preface he writes:—I beg to send you a translation of a Gaelic "Marbhrann"—literally "death verse," or elegy—by Alastair-mac-Mhaighstir-Alastair; Macdonald, the celebrated Ardnamurchan bard—on a pet dove of his that was killed by a terrier dog. It is, in my judgment, a composition of singular tenderness, pathos, and beauty, the finest thing of the kind in the Gaelic—I had almost said in any—language. It seems to have escaped the notice of my excellent friend, Professor Blackie, when recently afield in Celtic pastures, nor am I aware that it has ever been particularly mentioned by any other writer on Gaelic poetry. Its quaint conceits and abrupt transitions, which the reader cannot fail to notice, though they may seem odd and out of place at first sight, form, in my estimation, no small part of its merit. My translation is about as literal as I could well make it, and I have endeavoured to imitate, with what success let others judge, the manner and measure, the rhyme and rhythm, of the original. Those only who have tried it for themselves can thoroughly appreciate the difficulty of translating with anything like literalness such Gaelic compositions as this into readable English verse. It is only necessary further to say that the poet's pet dove was a female, and at the time of her death had under her care, as the poet fails not to notice with an exquisite touch of tenderness in the fourth line, the dove's usual brood of downy twins. The reference in the poem to the bird's habitat in a wild state shows that it was of the species known as the blue or rock pigeon, the "columba livia" of ornithologists, the parent stock, it is supposed, of our domestic pigeon in all its varieties, thousands of which inhabit the vast caves and precipitous crags of Ardnamurchan and Moidart. Duncan Ban MacIntyre has an elegy of great beauty on a favourite dog that was drowned in a peat hag into which he accidentally fell as he was carrying back to his master a hare which he had just caught and killed; but a translation of it has already appeared in print, although I cannot at this moment remember by whom. In any case, beautiful as it is, it is inferior to Macdonald's touching elegy on *his* pet dove's untoward death.

ELEGY

ON A PET DOVE THAT WAS KILLED BY A DOG.

[By "NETHER-LOCHABER."]

Mournful my tale to tell,
Though others heed not my sigh:
My gentle, my beautiful pet dove dead—
Must the callow twins too die?
Alas! for the death of the gentlest dove
That ever in woodland coo'd:
Killed by a dog, whose properer foe
Were the otter that fights and dies so slow
In his cairny solitude.

Of all the birds that cleave the air,
Bouyant on rapid wing,
I mourn the most, my pet dove fair—
Dear darling thing!
Noah loved thee, dove, full well,
When a guilty world was drowned;
With thy message of peace thou came'st to tell
of solid ground;
He knew thy truth as the waters fell
Slowly around.

The raven and dove good Noah sent
Far over the heaving flood.
The raven wist not the way he went,
Nor back returned, for his strength was spent
In the watery solitude;
But cleaving the air with rapid wing,
The dove returned, and back did bring
His tale of the flood subdued.

At first she found no spot whereon
To rest her from weary flight;
And onward she flew, and on and on,
Till now at length she gazed upon
The mountain tops in sight;
And the dove returned with her letter—a leaf
(Of mickle meaning, I trow, tho' brief),
Which Noah read with delight.

Not easy to rob thy nest, thou dove,
By cunning or strength of men;
On a shelf of the beetling crag above
Was thy castle of strength, thy home of love,
Who dare come near thee then?
Harmless and gentle ever wert thou,
Dear, darling dove!
In the ear of thy mate with a coo and a bow
Still whispering love!

Not in silver or gold did'st thou delight,
Nor of luxuries ever did'st dream;
Pulse and corn was they sober bite—
Thy drink was the purling stream!
Never, dear love, did need to buy
Linen or silk attire;
Nor braided cloth, nor raiment fine
Did'st thou require.
Thy coat, dressed neat with thine own sweet bill,
Was of feathers bright green and blue,
And closely fitting, impervious still
To rain or dew!

No creed or paternoster thou
Did'st sing or say;
And yet thy soul is in bliss, I trow,
Be't where it may!
That not withouten coffin or shroud
In thy little grave thou dost lie,
Makes me not sad: but, O! I am wae
At the sad death thou did'st die.

THE TINKERS.

It was the business of Chatty and Mike to keep the fires burniug all day long.

Their two big brothers left the tent every morning to break stones by the roadsides, and after Jess had made the porridge and tidied everything up, she too went away for the day, to sell the heather besoms they all worked at in the long winter evenings, and to beg among the farms and crofts.

Jess was seventeen, and such a splendid beggar. She brought such wonderful things home sometimes—hats with ribbons, and once, a book with pictures. The people could not be cross with Jess. She just stood on their doorsteps, smiled, and asked if they were all quite well, without even hinting that she wanted meal or potatoes, or even a grain of tea.

Jess was slim and meek. She loved pretty things, and would sit at night, though ever so wet and weary, peering, by the light of the camp fire, over a piece of bright coloured crotchet work which her grandmother had taught her. . . . . .

If you sit among the heather very quiet and still you may watch many of its little creatures go on with their business just as if you weren't there at all, and the blue-tits will swing on the birches beside you, and the golden-crested wren will sing on in her low plaintive monotone, just over your head.

On rainy days the birches are threaded with pearls, the moss is greener, and the catkins grow, and all the air is scented with them.

"See that old rabbit," said Mike. "I know what he is doing. He is talking to the white sea-swallow flying high up there," and this is what he is saying. "Come down, sea-swallow, come down and live in my snug little house where the cold wind will not blow on you."

"But," chimed in Chatty, "the sea-swallow is saying, "I would not come down, I that have seen what is on the other side of the hills, how could I live in your corner of the heather?"

"What do you think *is* on the other side of the hills, Mike?"

The day was very long till Jess came home again with her apron full of meal, and sometimes they were very hungry, so hungry, that while poor wearied Jess made the porridge they were all very cross and quarrelsome.

But one day she came home much sooner than usual, and more than usually tired, and she crept into the tent and lay down on a heap of straw, scarcely speaking to them at all.

Then Chatty and Mike made some strong tea, and boiled it well, but Jess would have none, so they took it themselves with a large piece of oatcake and crowdie, part of the spoils of the day.

Poor Jess lay and moaned. No one passed on the road, and, in the slow hours, the gloaming, which brought the big brothers home, seemed very long in coming.

. . . . . When the chill darkness of the winter night was wavering before the morning, the two young men in that tinker's camp looked at each other in dumb misery.

They had done all they could.

She was cold, and all night they heated stones from the dyke and laid them round her to warm her, but already she was far away from them, and she was going further and further away for ever more.

The sun was shining fitfully when, four days later, Chatty and Mike stood at the edge of the wood with their grandmother, and watched the shiny black box in which the people were taking away their Jess.

There was a scent of spring flowers in the wood, and suddenly the sky was overcast and a sharp shower came down just as if it had been an April day.

"It is a good sign," said the old woman, "when the rain falls on the dead," and she sighed.

She had seen so many die.

M. S. Keay.

Clan Lindsay Society.—Part four of the publications of this society has come to hand, and reflects great credit on the editor, Dr. John Lindsay, M.A., Glasgow, who has discharged his duties with his usual discrimination and knowledge. While to clansmen the work is of absorbing interest, it also contains a great deal of information which cannot fail to attract students of Celtic history. The Lindsays were a numerous and influential race, with possessions in both Highlands and Lowlands, and there were few events of national importance in which this clan did not act a part. The editor is responsible for a valuable paper on "The Lairds of Covington," with genealogical details. Among other papers are "The Barony and Castle of Crawford," by Allan Lindsay, Jr., Bearsden, and accounts of the various gatherings of the society.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications on literary and business matters should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 10 Bute Mansions, Hillhead, Glasgow.

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THE CELTIC MONTHLY.

JANUARY, 1908.

CONTENTS.

THE SEAFORTH SANATORIUM.

THE Lords of Seaforth occupy a very prominent place in the military annals of both the Highlands and the Empire, but we venture to think that the most lasting memorial to their fame, the event which will enshrine the grand old historic name deepest in the hearts of their countrymen, will be associated with a purely peaceful function rather than one born amid the clash of arms. In our opinion the matter we refer to will be an outstanding incident in the modern history of the Highlands, and will cement again, probably more firmly than ever, the ancient ties of kinship between chief and clansfolk. Some time ago Colonel and Mrs. Stewart-Mackenzie of Seaforth gifted to Ross and Cromarty a handsome sum to build and equip for all time coming a Sanatorium to combat that fell disease, consumption, among the poorer classes of the people. A grander gift could not be conceived. The building is now completed, and a most representative gathering of the chiefs, nobility, gentry, and clansfolk of the County, met on Thursday, 16th January, to celebrate in fitting style the opening of this Palace of Hope to the afflicted. A telegram from His Majesty the King was received, wishing the Sanatorium every success. Speeches were delivered by Seaforth and his gifted and generous wife, who have wisely decided to retain the management in their own hands during their life-time, and have endowed the institution with the large sum of £100,000. The head of the honoured House of Foulis, Sir Hector Munro, Bart., Mr. Munro-Ferguson of Novar, M.P., and other County gentlemen also addressed the large gathering, and the doors were then opened to combat an insidious enemy, more deadly and subtle than the Seaforths ever defeated by force of arms. Highlanders of all clans and counties will unite in thanking the donors of this generous gift, which we understand is being emulated on a smaller scale in other counties. Such is the force of a good example. We trust that Seaforth and his lady will be long spared to direct the policy of the valuable institution which they have bequeathed to Ross and Cromarty.

WHERE PEALS THE PIBROOH.

The Aberdeen Journal and General Advertiser for the North of Scotland, Wednesday, May 14, 1817, p. 4, contains the following lines which may prove of interest to those of the surname of Gordon. To the editor, the writer, who signs over the initials of A. R. M., of Huntly, the following note is addressed: Sir, the annexed lines are intended to be set to a very pretty air (The Marquis of Huntly's Birthday), composed by the Marchioness of Huntly, Feb. 2, 1816, while his Lordship was attending his duty in Parliament—

Where peals the pibroch's 'livening sound,
Where well-plumed bonnets nod on high,
And at the festive board are found
The plaided sons of victory;
The shell pursues its circling way,
Where heroes shout, with kind'ling glee,
"'Tis gallant Huntly's natal day—
Oh, many such may Huntly see!"

Where Britain's senate sits supreme,
Holding a wond'ring world in awe;
Who loves not Huntly's patriot name,
The friend of freedom and of law?
And where his native hills display
A hardy people, loud and free,
Rings loudly—"'Tis his natal day,
Oh, many such may Huntly see!"

Where is the land, where'er he goes
That does not wish him back again?
Full many a look Helvetian throws,
To mark his progress o'er the main.
But Scotia—hear the matron pray,
While tears of fondness dim her e'e,
Heav'n bless my noblest son this day,
And send, oh send him back to me."

Aberdeen. ROBERT MURDOCH LAWRANCE.

LINES TO A BROADSWORD.

I got thee from a shieling dark and small,
The owner said thou wert the last and all
Of every arm and treasure of his sept,
Thou to the very last were kept.
He said that thou had'st carved a way
Through foemen's ranks on Culloden's day;
And in the Forty-twa's dark masses
Had hewn the Frenchmen down in Pyrennean Passes!
Oh! trusty sword, that you should see this day,
To nevermore deal terror in the fray!

Burma. "IAIN RUADH."

Sir Colin Campbell and the Ninety-third Sutherland Highlanders.

By GEORGE MURRAY CAMPBELL.

(*Continued from page 53.*)

THE first serious check came when the column was jammed up in a narrow lane leading up to the rear of the Secundrabagh, from loopholes in which, and from the houses on both sides, a murderous fire poured. Sir Colin pushed guns to the front in order to make a breach in the walls. It was here, while the infantry were lying down behind an embankment waiting for the guns to do their work, that Sir Colin had to restrain the eagerness of the 93rd in the words I have quoted. While watching the work of the guns Sir Colin got a severe bruise from a bullet that had passed through a gunner. Without waiting for orders a Sikh officer rushed forward, followed by his men, and made for the breach. He was killed, and two European officers fell badly wounded. This stopped the advancement of the Sikhs, and Sir Colin, knowing the danger of any check, at once called to the colonel of the 93rd,

"BRING ON THE TARTANS!"

Up sprang the 93rd, and rushed for the breach. The first man to get through was Corporal Donelly, killed on the instant. The next was a Sikh Subador, followed by Sergeant Murray and Captain Burroughs of the 93rd. Then the gate was forced open, the Highlanders and Sikhs rushed in, and the awful carnage began, and lasted for hours, till not a rebel was left alive. They fought with the courage of despair, for there was no escape from the death-trap in which they had been caught. The effect of the loss of so many priceless lives on Sir Colin's temper may be gauged from his reception of Col. Ewart of the 93rd when he came to report that the place was in our possession, and present the colours he himself, wounded as he was, had taken. "Damn your colours, Sir, it is not your place to be taking colours; go back to your regiment this instant."

THE MOST SERIOUS CHECK

of all was met with at a great mosque, the Shah Nujey, some distance further on. Peel's guns, though splendidly served, had little effect on

Representatives of the Sutherland Rifle Volunteers.

the strong wall which surrounded it, and his men were under heavy fire from the mosque and outlying enclosures, and many fell. Barnston and Wolseley led a gallant attempt to clear out these enclosures, but their men were raked by shot and shell, and the attempt failed. Sir Colin ordered Middleton's battery to come up. This it did, with a rush through a storm of fire, close up to the wall, and poured in round after round, but with small effect. Matters were becoming grave—a crisis was at hand. Then Sir Colin rode back to where the 93rd were holding the village, and in a few stirring words told the regiment that at any cost the Shah Nujet must be taken, and that he himself would lead them to the assault. With a cheer

THE HIGHLANDERS ADVANCED

in grand style, with the hero of many battles at their head. The fire was terrible, and the men fell fast, but they neither stopped nor stayed till close up to the wall, which was twenty feet high and loopholed. There was no breach, and there were no ladders, and musketry fire had little effect. Truly, the crisis had come. But there was in the 93rd a Sergeant Paton who had that quality so priceless in a soldier, be he general or private, *initiative*. He searched along the wall in the jungle and scrub for a possible opening. He fortunately found one near the river. He brought the news to Hope, who got some men and rushed to the spot. Paton scrambled up first, then helped Hope and others, the men going in single file. The opening was then enlarged, and more supports rushed in, and the surprised mutineers fled. The great gates were opened, and the Shah Nujey was in our hands.

Thanks to Sergeant Paton's initiative the crisis was over, and the relief of the garrison, which half-an-hour before was doubtful, was now assured, for the mutineers were now between two fires.

Next morning, 17th, the Mess House, after being first well bombarded by Peel's guns, was stormed by Captain Wolesley with a company of the 90th, and some men of the 53rd. Lieut. Roberts, who, in the very fitness of things, took the chair at the recent Christmas Celebration Dinner as

FIELD-MARSHAL EARL ROBERTS, V.C.,

hoisted a flag on the Mess House as a signal to the garrison that the relief was near. Welcome sight to those who held their own so long and suffered so much! Then the Matee Mahal was carried, and communication established with the garrison, when the historic meeting of Sir Colin, Outram, and Havelock took place.

Sir Colin then made masterly arrangements for evacuating Lucknow. First the women and the children were got out to the Secundrabagh; then the treasure, serviceable guns and military stores; and last of all, on the night of the 22nd, the garrison, the gallant Inglis, who had defended it so well, being the last man to leave the Residency. With such precision and quietness had all this been done that, after the garrison had left the Residency, the mutineers still kept up their fire, thinking it was occupied. On the 23rd the whole force was in the Dilkoosha Fort, Sir Colin himself remaining with the rearguard detachments till the last gun had safely passed in. On the 24th died, to the great grief of the army and his country, Sir Henry Havelock, one of the noblest heroes of the mutiny, where heroes were so many. On the 27th, after leaving Outram with four thousand men to hold the Alumbagh and keep Lucknow in check till his return for its reduction, Sir Colin started with the rest of the force, including the 93rd, to convey

THE WOMEN AND CHILDREN

to Cawnpur, from whence they could be sent down the Ganges to Allahabad. For some days communication with Cawnpur had been cut off, and when from Bunnee heavy firing was heard from its direction Sir Colin had grave fears for the safety of Windham's weak force, and especially of the bridge over the Ganges. Leaving the infantry to advance slowly, Sir Colin hurried on with the cavalry and artillery. But as the sound of firing increased so did his anxiety, and he galloped on accompanied only by an A.D.C. and his orderly. When he got near the bridge an officer reported Windham's force as at "the last gasp." Such language enraged the old Chief, and in very forcible language he asked the astonished officer how he dared to say that the Queen's soldiers, with arms in their hands, were at the last gasp. He then galloped across the bridge. When the bridge guard, hearing the clattering, rushed out and recognised the foremost rider, they gave a cheer.

The news spread like wildfire that

SIR COLIN HAD ARRIVED

—that the man who could hold the issues of battle in the hollow of his hand was in the camp, and that all would now be well. Tantia Topee, who had out-manœuvred Windham, knew it too, and all that it would mean for him. It is not given to many to exercise such influence as this. But what a power in war it puts into the hands of the man who has it. When his mere presence is a tower of strength, and his words are received and obeyed as if they were the very oracles of God.

The Duke of Wellington, at one of

THE FAMOUS WATERLOO BANQUETS,

told a story that well illustrates the influence of a strong man and a trusted leader. After

the crossing of the Pyrenees, Hill's Division was cut off from the main army by a sudden flooding of the rivers. One dark night Wellington crossed the river in a boat, accompanied only by an orderly. On arriving at the other side they were challenged by an Irish sentry, who threatened to fire if they did not give the word. This they could not do, but the orderly held up the lantern so that its light should fall on Wellington's face as he stood in the boat. Just as he was about to fire, the sentry recognised the well-known features, and coming instantly to the salute, exclaimed

"GOD BLESS YOUR OLD, CROOKED NOSE.

I'd rather see it than ten thousand men." The Duke said it was the greatest compliment he ever received in his life. And so it was, for the riches of the world could not buy it.

Who shall forget the feeling of thankfulness and confidence with which the army and the country heard that the trusted leader who was in the chair at the Christmas Dinner had been appointed to the chief command in South Africa, when things were at their darkest. Highlanders felt that the Highland Brigade would then be again in the hands of a man who would know how to use it. Nicholson's arrival on the Ridge at Delhi is another illustration of the same feeling of confidence and trust.

Sir Colin found

THE POSITION AT CAWNPUR

very grave. Windham had not adhered to the instructions he had received, and he was now shut up in his last intrenchments round the bridge-head, exposed to the fire of twenty-five thousand rebels led by Tantia Topee, the only real leader the mutineers had. Sir Colin contented himself with checking the rebels from molesting the bridge until the convoy from Lucknow had crossed, and was sent safely on its way to Allahabad. It took the convoy thirty-six hours to cross. On the night of the 3rd, women, children, and the wounded started in boats for Allahabad, and the "Relief of Lucknow" was complete. Here we will leave Sir Colin and the 93rd. They had to go through many a long march and severe fight together before Lucknow was relieved and the Mutiny suppressed. Of all the honours showered on Sir Colin by a grateful Queen and country, those he prized most were a personal letter from the Queen, and an intimation from the Duke of Cambridge that he had been appointed Colonel of his favourite "93rd." "I thought," wrote the Duke, "that this arrangement would be agreeable to yourself, and I know that it is the highest compliment Her Majesty could pay to the 93rd Highlanders to see their dear old Chief at their head."

The following is an extract from the

QUEEN'S SYMPATHETIC LETTER:—

"The Queen has had many proofs already of Sir Colin Campbell's devotion to his Sovereign and country, and he has now greatly added to that debt of gratitude which both owe him." But Sir Colin must hear one "reproof from his Queen, and that is that he exposes himself too much: his life is most precious, and she intreats that he will neither put himself where his noble spirit would urge him to be—foremost in danger, nor fatigue himself so as to injure his health. . . To all European as well as native troops who have fought so nobly and so gallantly, and among whom

THE QUEEN IS REJOICED TO SEE THE 93RD

Highlanders, the Queen wishes Sir Colin to convey the expression of her great admiration and gratitude."

To this touching letter Sir Colin replied:—"Sir Colin Campbell has received the Queen's letter, which he will ever preserve as the greatest mark of honour it is in the power of Her Majesty to bestow. He will not fail to execute the most gracious commands of Her Majesty, and will convey to the Army, and more particularly to the 93rd Regiment, the remembrance of the Queen."

The Queen well knew the feeling existing between

SIR COLIN AND THE 93RD.

"More particularly to the 93rd," wrote Sir Colin. We can picture the scene when Sir Colin paraded his favourite Highlanders to hear the Queen's message, and also that he was now their Colonel. Honoured be the memory of the greatest soldier the Highlands of Scotland ever produced, and to his beloved "Sutherland Highlanders" the New-Year Greeting from a Sutherland lad is:—

"Gum a slan, 's gum a fallain,
Le Gillean an fheilidh."

Chichester.

SCOTS IN BURMA.—We are indebted to our esteemed correspondent, Lieut. Iain Mackay Scobie, for a graphic account of the Caledonian Dinner held in Mandalay on St. Andrew's Day, at which he and four native pipers of the 93rd Burma Infantry discoursed pipe music "in appropriate fashion." Durness will be proud of its scion. There were 42 Scots at that gathering, and between the haggis, usquebagh, menu quotations from Burns, and "Highland Honours" on the top instead of under the table, these exiles from Auld Scotia seem to have had a particularly jolly time. Absence from home does not seem to have depressed them unduly! The Caledonians in Rangoon, Calcutta, Shanghai held similar gatherings, and altogether India and China seem to have had rather a wild time over celebrating Scotia's patron saint. This event was actually attended by over 1,000 persons!

From the Wrong Side.

By JANET A. M'CULLOCH.

(Continued from page 56).

CHAPTER II.

CHARLOTTE was bubbling over with a project she had in her mind. In a few days Randolf intended going to Norfolk to see his people, so she wanted the whole family from the schoolhouse to spend the following evening at the Manse; there was to be an informal party in honour of the English guest. Helen, she explained, could be carried the mile to the Manse by her father and Charlie, and she could easily be taken home the following day. Helen laughed and consented, so there was a merry exchange of gay badinage before the little coterie broke up.

But as Katie attended the callers to the door, Helen caught sight of an envelope lying where Randolph had stood by her couch, and with a blush and a smile she picked it up and pressed it to her hot cheek. The next moment, with that cheek cold as snow, she had thrust the paper under the cushions, and was leaning back breathless and trembling as Katie returned.

"My dear, my dear, you are ill," cried the startled lady running forward.

"No, no, it is only a slight faintness," Helen protested, and would permit no fussing over her, declaring she only needed quiet.

But when Katie, reassured by her coolness and forced laugh, had gone to give some directons to the little maid, Helen once more read the address on the envelope, then, thrusting it into her pocket, she buried her face in the soft cushions and sobbed till her very body ached with the violence of her grief.

CHAPTER III.

"You came over here deliberately to appraise the simple Highland girl, to discover if it was worth your while to fulfil the conditions by which you could secure the *whole* of the rich estate of which you had hitherto owned only a third. But Mr. Meredith, or Mr. Randolph, or whatever you choose to call yourself, I would rather die before I married a man who could stoop to such a mean action. You can take my answer now, for, be assured, I shall never change my mind." She had poured out her vials of fierce wrath, contempt, and outraged womanly feeling almost before the man, standing abashed before her, could utter a word.

But, though he was white to the lips, he faced her with studied calmness, his eyes did not quail before the fiery indignation.

"Miss Mackay, Helen, let me explain, let me tell you why I came here, and coming have stayed because of you. Let me speak and show you my reasons——"

"No!" she interrupted sharply. "Your paltry reasons are of no consequence to me. Please go, the very sight of you is hateful. I should not marry you though it was to save my life."

He drew himself up, his head held as high as her own.

"Be sure, I shall never ask you, Miss Mackay; you have refused me the simple common justice of defending myself, and whatever may happen to change your opinion of me, you may rest assured I shall not seek a chance to explain myself again." He turned from her and strode from the room, closing the door quite gently.

She felt she was victorious, but somehow the triumph was not so sweet as she had pictured it; she had an uncomfortable feeling that he had shown better in the combat than she expected. But she vowed to expose him to her guardian and Katie—they would be even more bitter than herself, she was sure. She had had no chance the preceding afternoon to tell them of her discovery. Malcolm Forsyth's father and mother had come to see their son; they had stayed the night, and were only just gone when the so-called Randolph had arrived. She lay with the incriminating envelope in her trembling hand, her eyes fixed upon the door

through which her would-be lover and husband had passed, and almost shrieked Charlie's name in her impatience.

Here he was at last, but what ailed him? his face was dark with passion, as she had never seen it darkened in her life. He came swiftly to her couch.

"What have you been saying to Mr. Randolph, Helen? Why have you sent him away like that?" he demanded, his voice hoarse with anger. She laughed scornfully, her eyes flashed.

"*Mr. Randolph!*—he is no more Mr. Randolph than you are, he is Victor Meredith. He came here to spy and find out if I was worth the price he would have to pay for me. Look at that! he dropped it yesterday and betrayed himself. Oh! it is intolerable, infamous, that I should have been so insulted!" She held out the envelope as she spoke, her air was almost tragic.

Charlie stared at her, then laughed—actually laughed! she could scarcely believe her ears.

"Randolph is Meredith's nephew; his uncle sent him over here to explain that he can't marry you; he is married already to the one woman he ever cared for. She became a widow just in time to prevent him ruining his own and your life by marrying you. He could not explain by letter properly, so he sent his nephew. Poor Randolph complicated matters by falling desperately in love with you—he had seen you before you had set eyes on him—and he wanted to win you before you knew what his mission was. He fancied if you were told beforehand it might prejudice you against him. Why, anyone but a fool might have seen he could not possibly be Victor Meredith—he is only twenty-eight, his uncle is forty-five. You have been worse than blind, my girl; you have been stupid."

Helen was almost choking; shame, sorrow, humiliation overwhelmed her, and under all these a terrible, aching sense of something lost forever—a black, nameless void she could never fill made itself felt. Her eyes, rather than her lips, questioned Charlie; he answered quietly, he knew perfectly the utter despair she was grappling with.

"He told us all, Mr. Murray, Charlotte, Kate, and myself, the first chance he had. We all approved, and hoped for the best. We need not hope now, I fear, the thing is passed and done with."

Then Helen suddenly gave way. With a half-hysterical scream she hid her face from her guardian, and Katie, just entering, was only in time to catch her, and prevent her falling from the sofa.

"She deserves to suffer," thought Charlie grimly. "But I'm sorry for him, poor chap; he's not the sort that gets over such things, I fear."

Yet, angry as he was, man-like, he immediately began to find excuses for Helen. After all, her mistake was natural enough under the circumstances. The strenuous life of the bush, while it braces, also ages some men, and Randolph was one of these unfortunates; he looked many years older than he really was. Still, justice compelled Charlie to admit that his ward had behaved badly. She had been both hasty and unfair in refusing to allow the man to defend himself. She must suffer for her temper. Even Katie saw that it was out of the question for Helen to go to the Manse party.

"She is best at home to-night. After he is gone she can be taken to see Charlotte"; the poor lady sighed, and her brother echoed the sigh. But when, a little later, they started for the Manse, they left behind them in the quiet little parlour a heart torn by anguish, a soul sick with sorrow and unavailing remorse.

Chapter IV.

There is no misery harder to bear than that which we have brought upon ourselves, and Helen realised this in all its bitterness. But she roused herself when the maid removed the tea-tray.

"Flora, you can go home for an hour or two, I shall not need you," she said, and the girl was delighted, if a little surprised. She had not expected the indulgence.

"Go out by the back," Helen continued; "you can take the key with you. The front door is locked, and Mr. Gunn has its key. I shall be all right; no one will be calling, and I can't move, you know. Only, be sure to return before ten."

The girl promised, and once certain she had left the house, Helen's pent-up misery found vent. She wept until, utterly exhausted, she lay like one in a swoon, hearing, seeing, alike in abeyance for the time. And in this state sleep surprised her, the sleep that comes with the numbing of the senses by violent emotion. She slept suddenly, deeply; it would require a wild and continuous clamour to break such torpor.

She started awake at last; startled into consciousness, she knew not by what means. She had fallen asleep in a dim, fire-lit room, and now all around her was a weird, pulsating glow, in her nostrils a sharp, acrid scent made itself felt. A strange, rushing, hissing sound, too, penetrated to the hithertoo soundless house, and she started up with a cry of horror. *Fire*! fire, and she was helpless, locked in to meet an awful

death alone. For one dreadful, tense minute she sat there, unable to realise her terrible plight, unable even to see that lurid glow; her eyes darkened with terror, her tongue powerless to call for help. Help! who could hear her screams, scream she never so loudly? the village was a mile distant, no houses were near the school. She tried to rise, to drag herself to the window, but as she did so she knew that help had come, that someone had entered the room quickly, shutting the door behind him. Before he reached her, before he spoke she knew him, and a suffocating sob of thankfulness, of absolute happiness, rose in her throat. If she must die, *he* was there to die with her. She strove to stretch her hands to him, but they dropped limply; she could only gaze and gaze at the face she loved, and whisper in her throat, "Thank God, he is with me at the last." But Randolph did not look like a doomed man; he advanced quickly, his dark face radiant.

"It is all right, Helen! it's only the wood pile in the yard. It will burn out by-and-bye —the men are throwing the logs over the wall into the field. There is no danger to the house —there is no wind, but how the cat can be responsible I can't imagine, for Flora insists that pussy caused the blaze."

Even as he spoke they could hear Flora's explanations—punctuated by sobs—and they were plausible enough.

"It will be all my fault, Miss Katie.—I was silly to forget the candle when I locked the door," she wailed, "Pussy would knock it over when she wanted to come in, and would kick it against the wood in her fright."

"Yes! that would be it," muttered Randolph.

Helen, unable to utter a word, looked at him with miserable eyes, and a sudden leap of the flames outside lit up the room: he saw her face. Instantly he had her in his arms, his dark head bent over her fondly.

"My darling! my poor little darling," he said. She clung to him, her face hidden; but the spell was lifted, her tongue loosed.

"Oh! I was wicked, wicked—can you ever forgive me?" she moaned.

"Forgive you, dearest, of course I can. Charlie and Katie told me all about your mistake. In fact, they sent me in now! they're only waiting to hear that we've made our peace."

He laughed a low, happy laugh as her hand stole round his neck. He pressed her closer. "Helen, darling! I told you in my anger that I would never ask you to marry me, but there is no reason why *you* should not ask *me*. Come? ask me now, and we'll be equal. We can announce our engagement at once. Just say "Will you marry me, Harry?" and the thing is settled."

"Oh! I can't!—I can't really. It will be all from the wrong side." She hid her flushed face on his shoulder. He laughed again.

"Nothing of the sort, dear. Now that ladies have so many privileges, surely the right to propose is one of them. I want our affair all settled before I start for Norfolk, for I am coming back to be married in your Scottish fashion on New Year's Day. Do humour me! say "Will you marry me, Harry?" before Charlie and Katie come in—I think I hear them? they are getting impatient. Remember, if you don't ask me, I'll never be married at all."

He was laughing, but there was a masterful ring in his tone, a masterfulness that she recognised and loved. She could hear Charlie and Katie laughing behind the door; they might enter at any moment. The red gleam was fading outside; already the tramp of feet warned her that the villagers were departing. She fancied Randolph's clasp was slackening, she could feel the heavy throbbing of his heart, the deep breathing that told of the tension of anxiety. She simply *could not* let him go from her. What was a mere punctilio at such a crisis? Nothing at all. With a swift, almost fierce surrender to her passionate desire to belong to this man—the one man in all the world to her—she held up her face as Charlie's hand turned the door handle.

"Will you marry me, Harry?" she said.

There is no need to record Randolph's answer.

(Concluded.)

THE ANCIENT DESCENT OF THE CLAN GREGOR.

[MR. W. H. GREGG, Sen., of St. Louis, U.S.A., sends us the following interesting and valuable contributions, which he requests us to print in reply to the Rev. D. M. MacAdam's letter on the Clan Gregor's descent in a recent issue of the *Celtic Monthly*. As we know that Mr. Gregg has been investigating this difficult subject for many years, we have pleasure in printing the following letters, as they contain the most authentic information obtainable on the origin of the Clan MacGregor.—Editor].

Rev. D. M. MacAdams, Florida, U.S.A.,
Cape Breton, Canada. Dec. 18th 1907.

Dear Sir,—I commence this letter by asking your pardon for my delay in replying to your letter, and translation of your contribution to the *Celtic Monthly* on the MacGregor subject. My excuse is that I was in New York over a month, where I could not have access to my books and papers on the ancient history of Scotland, and the Greg, Gregor, and MacGregors subject.

On arrival home in Saint Louis, Missouri, I had business to attend to which took all my time and thought.

Since my arrival in Florida, where I spend my winters, I have been able to look over the data necessary for my reply to your letter.

In regard to the statements that there have ever been chronicles or papers in the Vatican that sustain the descent of the MacGregors from the Royal Alpine line of Scotland, I will say that I have investigated the subject, and can find no proof that such papers have ever been there, and, so far as I can find, there has never been any proof that a representative of the Pope stood sponsor for a son of Kenneth MacAlpin called Gregor.

I had a long correspondence with Mr. R. P. Greg of Coles Park, England, who had heard the story of the papers in the Vatican, but found no proof of it. Mr. Greg is a brother of William Hyde Greg, and a cousin, as I understand it, of William R. Greg, a noted writer; among his productions are the "Creeds of Christendom," "Rocks Ahead," and "Critical Essays" on economical matters. The family are quite prominent, and are called the Cheshire Gregs. Sir Robert Douglas, in his "Baronage of Scotland" (1798), undertook to show the descent of the MacGregors from "Prince Gregor, third son of King Alpin, son of the celebrated Achaius, King of Scotland, who began to reign anno 787." In support of the claim, he says, "The following account of the Alpins, MacGregors, MacQuaries, etc., being made out and transmitted to us by an ingenious gentleman, who hath been at great pains in collecting materials, and with much care and accuracy, hath arranged the vouchers, and put them in proper order, we therefore let them appear to the public as we get them, without making the least alteration in the genealogy."

It seems these vouchers and accounts were never made public in detail, as far as I can find.

Miss Georgiana Murray MacGregor wrote a history of her branch of the family, and in it did not use the above material, but claimed that the MacGregors were descended from King Gregory, as modernly called, but whose original name was Ciric, which was evolved into Grig, Greg, Gregor, and Gregory by succeeding chroniclers. Miss MacGregor relied upon Mr. W. F. S. Skene for her deduction. She wrote me some ten or twelve years ago that the gentleman who furnished the proofs of descent was her grandfather.

Douglas referred to "Martin" for his conclusion, but did not say which Martin. I have tried to find him in Smith Elder & Co.'s "National Biographies," and the "Encyclopædia Brit," and cannot find the Martin. Douglas also referred to history of the Alpinian family in Latin, recovered from the Scots' College, Paris, by Daniel Mullet. Authentic Extract penes Evan Murray, Esq."

Miss MacGregor has recently written that these papers are all lost. There is no proof now extant that the MacGregors were descended from the Alpin line through Prince Gregor, third son of Alpin, and brother to Kenneth MacAlpin, or that there ever was a Prince Gregor.

It so happens that I have with me here a letter I wrote Mr. R. P. Greg, which covers tolerably well my claim to the descent of the MacGregors from King Ciric, Grig, Greg, etc., whose name gradually evolved into Gregor and Gregory, Geo. Buchanan being the first historian to call him Gregory the Great.

I enclose copy of the letter, with this.

Yours truly,

W. H. GREGG, Sr.

Penetanguishene, Canada.

Mr. R. P. Greg,
Coles Park, Herts, England.

Dear Sir,—Your interesting letters of January 25th and March 5th were received by me while on my yacht in Florida. At the time I was at work on some matter pertaining to fishes, so could not take up the Greg, Gregg, etc., subject.

In regard to King Ciric, Greg, Grig, or Gregory the Great, my contention all along has been, and still is, that his history is as clear and authentic as that of any King of Scotland down to the 13th or 14th century, as written by all chroniclers, and so-called historians, down to Geo. Chalmers, 1798 to 1804. That writer was the *first* to attack his descent, but in so doing relied wholly, as others since his time have done, upon Father Innes' (1729) review and *criticism* of the so-called Pictish Chronicle Colbertine. But Chalmers uses part three only, as Innes separated and called it, of the Chronicle. That part Innes *deliberately and very decidedly condemned as untrue*, and said it was written by some one ignorant of the Latin tongue. Chalmers in no place, or way, ever stated that Innes repudiated the account of Greg in part three, and he was followed by Mr. Pinkerton, W. F. Skene, and the lesser lights of the 19th century. In that part three is all the matter or material out of which has grown the opinion, or conviction, of the Anti-Celtic antiquarians, and so-called historians, of the 19th century as to Greg descent.

There were no such opinions, or convictions, previous to Chalmers' Caledonia, 1798 to 1804.

In order to use Innes No. 3 the above-mentioned writers had to distort, and change parts of it to get their material for their opinions; they made it read different from Innes' version, which he emphatically repudiated, and said: "It is most barbarous and in every way imperfect, and written by an ignorant translator that hath not known the Latin tongue, and by consequence is so incorrect that no sense can be made of it."

The writer above-mentioned and many followers have thus created the impression that Innes was the party who first raised doubts as to Greg's descent, *while the fact is just the contrary, as Innes condemned No. 3 partly because of* the "confused manner in which it relates King Gregory's reign." He could not have imagined the use to be made by others, of his writings a hundred years later.

I cannot be too emphatic in stating that *no writer or writers before Chalmers ever attacked the descent of Greg, or Gregory, or ever located him in any other place, as a residence, than at his Castle called Dunadeer*, etc., and no writer before Skene, 1837, ever changed his father's name from Dungal, Dungallus, Dongal, etc., etc.

(To be concluded.)

CLAN MACKAY SOCIETY.—The annual social gathering of the clan was held in Glasgow recently, Mr. A. L. Mackay, vice-president, in the chair, and was attended by a large company of clans-folk and friends. Mr. John Mackay, Editor, *Celtic Monthly*, presented Inspector John Mackay, on behalf of the society, with a handsome gold albert and seal, suitably inscribed, in token of his long and valuable services to the clan, and to mark the occasion of his leaving the city to spend the evening of his days in his native Sutherland. An interesting programme of Gaelic and English songs was rendered, and a dance followed.

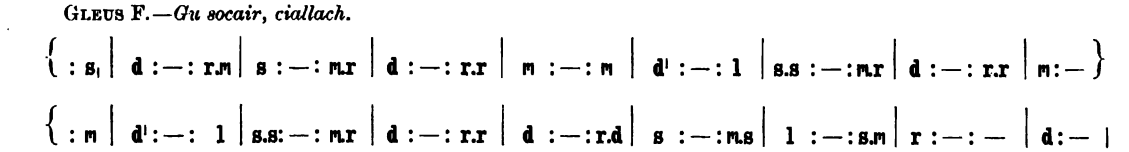
OUR MUSICAL PAGE.

I am indebted to my friend, Mr. Archibald Brown, Greenock, author of the interesting work "Memorials of Argyllshire," for the following lament or *Cumha*, and the plaintive melody to which it is sung. I am confident many of your readers will read it with interest, as well as the "Note" which accompanies it.

FIONN.

Cumha Teaghlach a' Mhaim.

GLEUS F.—*Gu socair, ciallach.*



Gur mór mo chùis smuirean o'n ghluais mi Diar-daoin,
O ghleann nan lùb uaine, 's an robh uaislean mo ghaoil,
Far 'm bu lionmhor crodh guailfhionn a' nuallan r' an laoigh,
'Sud a' bhuail' anns nach gluaiseadh a chaoile.

A Shròn* nam bad cùbhraidh mìn ùbhlan 's nam peur,
Luidh bròn air do lùchairt 's gach flùr a' dol eug,
Do ròsan air lùbadh, gan drùchd na teas gréin'
Maise shuaicheant, do shnuadh air a caochladh.

A linnteachean bruachach, gu mìn bhileach réidh,
Le'n cas linnean uaigneach, far 'm bu dual a bhiodh éisg,
Na bric le'n cladh luaineach, 'g am bualadh fo leus,
Uisge fhuarain, cha chruaich e le gaoth reòth'.

A Dhail a ghearsa bhoidheach, cha bheag'th'ort do bhar,
Gu eòrnanach clòbharach mor cheannach tlàth,
Muim'-altrum gach pòradh, tigh'nn beò anns a' Mhàirt,
Cha luidh fuarach na gruaim ort 's an fhaoilteach.

Gu seamragach neonaineach feòranach dlùth,
Gu'm b'fhasgach do shrònagan ceòsagach ciùin,
Do mhitrichean mòra le'n rómaich air ùigh,
'S ann 'g ad bhuain bhiodh smuais aig na faobhair.

A Bhàn leachainn bhruachach far am buainte sùbh craobh,
Bu lionmhor do bhuadhan, 's cha b' fhuar leam do ghaoth,
A mheud 's a bha'n uachdar do d'chruaidh bu chlach-aoil,
'Se 'ga luaithreadh, bhiodh duais aig luchd saothrach.

A Chnocan-nan uairean, † gur uaine do ghnùis,
Chunnaic mise uair, 's cha robh dual air do chùl'
Le spaisdearachd uaislean, cho cruaidh ri s na bùird
Bu ghlan snuadh na bha gluasad air t-eudan.

Thuirt an Cnocan an uaigneas 'am chluais 'na ghuth-ciùin,
"Có a nis a tha luaidh rium, is gruaim ort mu'n chùis,
Bha Clann Iamhair rium fuaight' ach chaidh 'n dual' chas air chùl,
'S iomadh sluagh thug dhomh cuairt, tha mi aosmhor."

"Ged a b'ainmeil gach dream a bha ann bho Shiol-Chuinn ‡
'Se sliochd Neill a' Mhaim tha mi 'g ionndrainn 's a' caoidh
'S tric bha mise 's do chlann 'cluich air réidhleanan grinn
'Se mo chruadal cho luath 's rinn iad sgaoileadh."

"Bha triùir ghillean òg ann 's b'e 'n dòruinn an call,
'Se Donnacha 'bu mhò dhiu—chaidh 'leòn anns an Fhraing,
Ach trid uaisle 'us cruadal cha do ghluais e bho *rank*,
Gus an d'thaosg 'e na bh'ann da fhuil chraobhach."

"Alasdair an t óigear, foinnidh seòcail gun mheang,
Chaidh dh' Innse-na h-Olaint § 'dheanamh stòr leis a' pheann,
Ach an teas, o'n nach cord e ri òighridh nan beann
Dh' fhalaich uaigh e, mo chruadal, 's b'e 'n laoch e!

Chaidh Niall òg, an t àrmunn, air sàil do *South Wales*,
Cha'n fhacas cho bòidheach 's an dùthaich ud thall.
Ach air faotainn da fòrach gu seòladh a nall,
Shluig an cuan long gun bhuaidh, 's a cuid daoine.

A Neill bha thu stàiteil 'nuair thàrladh tu 'n chùirt,
Bha thu deas-bhriathrach dàua, gun fhàilinn na lùb,
Na bochdan, bu ghnàth leat, bhi fàbharach riu,
Bheirteadh buaidh leat air chruas ge'm biodh 'n t-aobhar.

Bu tu giomanach garbhlaich, a shealg air na féidh.
Agus nàmhaid na h-earbha le t-arm bu mhath gleus,
Bhiodh do ghillean le'n callachan a' falbh as do dhéigh
Luchd bu tarbhach 'san anamoch a' t-arnadh.

Nuair a ghluais mi air falbh, chaidh an calg ann am shùil,
Cha chluinn mi guth mànrain an àros a' chiùil
Far 'm bu shiùbhlach a chlàrsach, 's *piano* nan sùnnd,
Aig na gruagaichean gruaidh-mhaiseach caoimhneil.

'S tiom dhomh 'bhi 'm thàmh chaill mi àrmuinn mo rùn,
Cha dùisg mi le ceol iad, tha 'chomhnaidh 'sau ùir,
'Se ar gliocas bhi òrdail 'n ar còmhradh 's 'n ar rùn
'S geàrr ar cuairt, 's beag ar buannachd, a's t-saoghal.

* Stroneskar. † Dial knoll. ‡ Conn of the hundred fights. § Dutch Indies.

The subjects of this elegy were a family named MacKellar, who were Barons or bonnet-lairds of the farm of Maam and Kilblain, in Glenshira, near Inveraray. The MacKellars till lately were numerous in Argyllshire. The patronymic of the race came from a priestly source, Ceallair—the superior of a monastery, and of course his descendants would have been

in the country before the eve of celibacy. In bygone days Highland lairds resorted to cattle dealing, which custom was in vogue in the days of Rob Roy. The hero of this song seems to have been associated in this calling with Campbell of Glendaruel, with whom he was probably related by marriage. During that time he kept a sumptuous style at Maam, which aroused the Duke's envy, who considered him too near the castle. It is said the Duke made proposals to buy these farms, but this MacKellar stedfastly refused. The Duke, however, was not to be balked in his object. He forced the other to erect an expensive march between them, which, when finished, MacKellar found it a difficulty to pay his moiety. Whether his straitened circumstances arose from his lavish mode of living, or, like the famous free-booter, that he found droving was not always a paying business, it is difficult now to say. However, the Duke got him into a corner, and then made a second proposal—to exchange for these farms that of Stroneskar and Glasvar, in the parish of Kirkmichael, Glassary. MacKellar agreed to this bargain, but apparently with a grudge, as the title to the farms vacated were not relinquished by his relations till about fifty years ago. Stroneskar, to which the MacKellars removed, was of yore a seat of the MacIvers of Glassary. MacKellar resolved to improve the old mansion, and for that end brought from a distance a cargo of freestone. The vessel could not land them on *terra firma*, consequently they were pitched out in Crinan Bay, where they remained and served as a quarry for sharping stones to the natives for a time; afterwards, they were carted to Poltalloch. The expensive mode of living contracted at Maam continued at Stroneskar, and to crown his misfortunes, MacKellar got involved in a tedious lawsuit which caused his ruin. A lawyer named MacGibbon, who conducted his case, fell heir to these farms, and the latter sold them to the Poltalloch family. The gallant sons of Stroneskar, when they found the family in this sad plight, laudibly made an effort, as described in the song, to redeem their position; but, sad to say, one by one of them prematurely died. The MacKellars of Maam and Stroneskar have left many relations in this country. Among them are the family of Dr. MacKellar, Pencaithland; Mr. Thomas MacKellar of Lerags, in Lorn; and the MacKellars of Crossaig, in Kintyre.

The composer of this elegy was a Duncan MacIntyre, miller, at Braeleckan, Lochfyneside, author of "Aoir Mhic an-Tuairnear." In his younger years he was a playmate of the family of Stroneskar. He visited the place when in ruins, and, viewing it from Sron-an-t-sneachda on Glasvar Hill, raised this wail.

GOLD.

A Tale of the "Forty-Five."

THE waters of Sleat Sound shone green in the sunlight, and the white sands gleamed. In the distance was Armidale, the land clear-cut against the sky Gulls wheeled noiseless, cryless, and the still air was warm in the sun of mid-day. By the water's edge, beneath the rocks, a boat rocked in the flowing tide, and there sat a girl, dark-haired and dark-eyed, of the race of the MacDonalds.

She was young, only nineteen last New Year, and her face had youth's hopefulness and joy. In the deeps of her dark eyes was the old pride that is in every Highlander, and sensitiveness was in the curves of her soft mouth. Her look was expectant, and at the crunching of dry heather she turned her head, and there was old Seumas, leaning on his stick and peering at her with ill-humour and scorn in his face. There was none more ill-natured than he, and never would he let by a chance of gibing.

He cackled hoarsely, crying, "You are waiting for the splendid young piper? And do you know what is said of that same young man?" Mairi shook her head with a smile, half tolerance and half scorn for the old haverer. He gave another hoarse chuckle and stared silent and triumphant, with rheumy eyes. The girl's look left him, and wandered over the quiet water to Skye, and at sight of her indifference rage took hold of him. He shook his fist at her, and his lean dog shrank back from him.

"They say young Donald of Assynt had business with the Governor at the Fort, forbye getting his new stand of pipes in the High Street. What's to hinder him selling his prince, that they say is in care of your folks this last while?

Mairi MacDonald looked round indignant, but at sight of his wicked joy in her anger she assumed calmness, and answered in a voice that shook, "It's little you understand of a good man's thoughts! Sooner would Donal MacLeod lose his life—get from my sight, you fool, and cease your maunderings!" She shut her lips tight on the sobs of anger that would rise in her, and the old man marched off chuckling, his lean cur at his heels.

Close on his departure came Donal MacLeod himself, that Mairi was waiting on. He cried a gay word to her, and her answer was only a smile; she could find no words yet, for anger with old Seumas surged in her. Donal leaped into the boat, making rude disturbance in the quiet water, and he kissed her first before sitting to the oars. He watched her while he rowed, but she kept her eyes on the white gulls motionless on the water, until calmness might come back to her.

At last he cried, "What's come over you, that you have no greeting for me?" She turned to him with a quick sob in her throat, and met his eyes upon her, in their depths a strange look, half of fear and half of shame. Startled, she stared without speaking, and that brought the smiles back to his face, that to-day had a queer defiance.

"It was only old Seumas—he angered me," she said, then laughed with gleaming teeth at her own mood.

"What was he saying?" asked MacLeod, his brown hands gripping tight the oars that dripped slowly on the water; his eyes were anxious.

"It was nothing—miscalling you a little—and we need never mind what old Seumas says."

"Tell me," he said shortly, and insistence was in his face. She told him the old fellow's sneers, and his face grew sullen and dark. Mairi laughed lightly, teasing him on his seriousness. But he gazed deep-thinking at the land of Morar that they were leaving, as though he heard not; then he set to rowing again, and there was an odd look in his face. All the way to the shore of Skye his moods changed curiously—at times he laughed gaily with her, then would the strange look come back, and he was silent.

She thought him troubled by her tale, and strove to take his mind from it. "Do you know," said she, "what my father said but yesterday? That Donal MacLeod was the best piper ever he trained, and that he grudged your return to your own clan at the year's end!" She smiled at him, full of pride, and he could not but smile back.

"Folk shall see that Assynt's piper, poor though he be, can take the finest piping and the bonniest girl from among the MacDonalds!"

Thus they talked, gay enough, until the boat's prow grated on the pebbles of Skye.

Side by side they stepped up the beach, and round the point to the little inlet where lived the old shepherd Mairi had a message for. MacLeod carried a basket that held a store of victual, richer far than ever old Eachainn had tasted. For they were bound for the lodging of the Prince himself, and Mairi's own hands had prepared the delicate food, to tempt the poor wanderer, in hiding in the friendly isle.

At the door of the hut they paused, and Mairi took the basket from his shaking hand. Some of his emotion was in her too, and she pretended she saw not. He stood back to let her go in alone, but at sound of the old man's voice inside, telling of the Prince's absence for a stroll in the quiet of the evening, he changed his mind and came.

His manner was strangely cold for one on a friendly visit, but his mind whirled, and he was behind a shadow of troubled thinking.

A light step sounded at the door before any could rise, and then MacLeod saw a tall young form in the faded red tartan and his Mairi curtseying. He stood to his feet straight, and stared hard through the open door—anywhere but at that royal figure that was before him now for the first time. Voices sounded about him, and he heard a new voice, sweet and courteous and sad. A hand touched his arm, and he turned to find himself face to face with the Prince. Mairi and the old man looked on with awe and pride in their faces. "Have I here yet another loyal friend?" said that soft voice, "or is it that you care nought for the fortunes of Charles Edward?"

MacLeod's breath came in quick gasps for a space, like a man's in deep water. Then he was on his knee and his lips on the white royal hand. A sound like a sob echoed through the little dark room.

The shadows crept over the water, and the man and the girl were on their way to the beach, where their boat was moored. He was silent, and she left him to his thinking. By the cairn he stopped her of a sudden, and his arms went about her. The rough sleeve of his coat touched her cheek, and her thought was that a velvet cushion in the finest court were poor exchange for it. Happiness flowed in her, and he and she were alone in the world.

His voice, queer and strained, broke her dreaming. "Mairi," said he, "would you have Donal MacLeod with but his piper's art, or the same man with gold and gold, to buy lands and fine things?"

She shivered at his tone, and looked up in alarm. His face was white in the gathering dusk, and she clutched his arm. "Donal, I want but yourself! Gold would part us.''

"So!" said he, laughing curiously and lightly, and he kissed her again and again.

Half-way over the Sound he ceased his rowing, and they watched the moon rise and make a gold road on the water. Into the glitter of it MacLeod, unnoticed by the girl, dropped a paper with a red seal upon it. Then they rowed home to Morar, and their voices, light and happy, echoed over the water and disturbed the sea-birds at rest in the calm silence.

The salt water floated the paper with the scarlet seal for a time, till the fastening loosed and it spread out flat. A moment longer it lay on the surface, the words upon it plain, "On deliverance of the said rebel, Charles Edward Stuart, shall be paid the aforesaid sum in gold."

Then it sank slowly to the bottom of the Sound of Sleat.

JEAN HILARY.

COLONEL JAMES A. STEWART-MACKENZIE OF SEAFORTH.

MRS. STEWART-MACKENZIE OF SEAFORTH.

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THE SEAFORTH SANATORIUM—
The Givers and the Gift.

"Sgur Ouran's steep crags and Conon's sweet vale,
Shall welcome Mackenzie, High Chief of Kintail."

If the good intentions of the present Government regarding ancient Scottish buildings should ever be accomplished, it may be that some day, ere it be too late, what remains of the old castle of Eilandonan may engage the attention of those to whom the administration of such legislation may be entrusted. This ancient pile, erected on a rocky islet of the western sea, was once the cradle, as it is now the shrine of the scattered remnants of that clan, which, spreading in number and influence, came at last to fill all the mansion-houses of Ross from the Butt of Lewis to the German Ocean. The origin of the Castle is lost in antiquity. It is known to have endured the attacks of the roving Viking, afforded shelter to King Robert the Bruce, received the unfriendly attentions of General Monk in the days of the Commonwealth, and was finally destroyed by Wightman after the battle of Glenshiel, in the year 1719. Colonel Stewart-Mackenzie of Seaforth, who, with his amiable wife, are the givers of the most humane and princely gift ever bestowed upon a Highland county, springs from that race of unsubmitting spirit whose ancient home now crumbles into dust beneath the shadow of the five sisters of Kintail, yet speaks eloquently of a vanished past and a power that is no more. In our day it may be said of it—

No warder calls on the castle walls,
No sound of joy or grief,
No clansmen shout in wassail rout,
No wife, no child, no chief.

Among the territorial families of Scotland there are few around which circle such a halo of romance as that of the

HIGH CHIEFS OF KINTAIL,

who were born and lived and fought within these mouldering walls, now a refuge only for the owl and the bat. The centuries are full of tales and legends connected with the clan, beginning with that far-off day when the king's life was saved from an infuriated stag by a brave Caledonian, who thus linked the name of Mackenzie with their well-known crest and the familiar motto of *Cuidich an Righ*. Of the many romances connected with the family, those associated with Kenneth Mackenzie, commonly known as *Coinneach Odhar*, the Brahan Seer, are perhaps of most

general interest. He appeared towards the close of the seventeenth century—a plain, untutored clansman—yet one who is held in remembrance perhaps more than any of the long line of his chiefs. He professed and was credited with the gift of second sight. Whatever doubt may exist as to his supernatural powers, he was manifestly a shrewd man of considerable intellectual gifts and an outstanding figure in Ross-shire life in the generation to which he belonged. Even yet his name and fame are cherished by the people, and his "prophecies," mainly bearing upon the fortunes of his clan and chiefs, still circulate freely in the more isolated portions of his native county. The tell the future, into the water, and upon the person who finds it will fall his prophetic mantle. So the legend goes. His last prophecy foretold the doom of the family of his Chief, and it was supposed to have been fulfilled in the case of the Lord Seaforth, who, with his wife, were the personal friends of Sir Walter Scott. It was of Lady Seaforth he wrote, referring to her husband's death, predeceased by all his sons, a circumstance foretold by *Coinneach*—

"And thou, gentle dame, who must bear to thy grief,
For thy clan and thy country the cares of a chief."

The serious troubles of the family began, like those of many other Highland lairds, with the

EILANDONAN CASTLE—An ancient stronghold of the Mackenzies of Seaforth.

traditional story of his death on the shore at Fortrose, near the Cathedral, which was then the ecclesiastical centre of the district, though not well authenticated, is firmly believed in by many Ross-shire people at home and abroad. He is said to have been burnt to death at the instigation of the Countess of Seaforth for having expounded a vision reflecting on the honour of her husband. A small stone pillar marks the spot on which the tragedy is said to have been enacted; and on the Ordnance Survey map there appears the legend, "The last witch was burnt here." Passing Loch Ussie on his way to doom he threw the perforated pebble, by means of which he was able to fore-

struggles of the unfortunate Stewarts. Sheriff muir sealed the fate of the then Chief of Mackenzie, as it did also that of the Old Pretender himself. Seaforth became an exile. Thereupon arose a man of whom too little is heard in Highland story. Donald Murchison, ardent Jacobite, lawyer, soldier (he fought at Sheriffmuir), scholar, and progenitor of Sir Roderick Murchison, defying the forces of the Government, aided by a sympathetic tenantry and the difficulties of warfare in a mountain land, regularly collected the rents of the estates, and transmitted them to the exiled chief. The titles of nobility so long associated with the family ultimately became extinct and

THE SEAFORTH SANATORIUM—OPENING CEREMONY.

the vast heritage of the chiefs gradually slipped away, until at last there were left only the old acres of Brahan, with the historic castle, overlooking the "sweet vale" of the Conon. *Coinneach Odhar* was indeed so far a true prophet; yet if he could have peered a little farther into the future he might have told of a time which has now arrived, when the days of doom would end, and a brighter morning dawn upon the ancient house of his Chiefs. Among his numerous prophecies, fulfilled or unfulfilled, there is not even a suggestiou of this Sanatorium—the greatest act of benevolence ever performed by his own or any other Highland Chief.

On an elevated nose above the little village

THE SEAFORTH SANATORIUM—FRONT VIEW.

of Maryburgh, and two miles round the corner from the county town of Dingwall, two generous hearts, desirous of alleviating human suffering, and moved by the greatest of all the graces, have erected and endowed what will in future be known as the Seaforth Sanatorium for the care and cure of consumptives. The total amount of the endowment, when completely established, will reach the handsome sum of £100,000. No Highland Chief ever reared so magnificent and beneficent a monument as that which will commemorate and consecrate to future generations the memory of both the givers and their gift. But its value in arresting the plague, to which the poverty and the climate of the Ross-shire glens contribute so many victims, cannot be expressed in figures or assessed in sterling money. It is not to be a mere in-body—no doubt an important factor in the process of cure. The building is beautifully situated. It may be said of it, as of Macbeth's house—

> "This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air
> Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
> Unto our gentle senses."

How snug, and bright, and quiet it looks! The stately pines and oaks of the woods of Brahan stretch out a finger and touch it on the west; the southern rim of the saucer that holds Loch Ussie shelters it from the biting northern blasts; while nothing can ever intercept the rays of even a mid-winter sun from cheering and warming the various apartments and those who are destined to occupy them.

It is a far cry from Eilandonan in its prime, with its record of mediæval war, to this latest

THE SEAFORTH SANATORIUM—BACK VIEW.

firmary, where the patient lies the livelong day murmuring elegies and brooding over his sorrowful fate—not entirely a place like Hornbook's—of

> . . . "doctor's saws and whittles
> O' a' dimensions, shapes, an' metals,
> A' kind o' boxes, mugs, an' bottles."

On the contrary, it will be a hive of industry, where useful and suitable work, under the direction of a qualified medical superintendent, will provide sufficient occupation for mind and development of human sympathy and generosity. There—was gathered all that ingenuity could then devise for the destruction of life—here—all the newest contrivances for its preservation and nourishment; and so pass we the milestones on the roadway of civilization. Charity, embodied in stone and lime, now sits in the landscape of which the giant bulk of Wyvis forms the central and crowning glory. The mariner passing through the Sutors, and navigating his ship into the upper reaches of

the Cromarty Firth, will find a new landmark to guide him on his way; the crofter of Ferintosh (where the good Lord President Forbes was wont to distil whisky free of duty) will observe a new light as he gazes at night towards the western hills and gauges the weather of the morrow; the traveller by road and rail will have his attention arrested by the crescent-shaped building on the hill; the sufferers within will experience a joyous hope of life prolonged, and universal benedictions will be the donors' reward.

[The excellent portrait of Mrs. Stewart-Mackenzie of Seaforth, which we have pleasure in giving this month, is from a painting by the celebrated artist, Mr. Ellis Roberts.—*Ed.*]

CURLIANA DINGWALL.

Young Namore.

By TORQUIL MACLEOD.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE AFFAIR OF THE BED CHAMBER.

THE parlour of the Black Bull was full of the evening clatter and clash. The same company was there that had made the same jokes and drunk out of the same shining tankards from one forenight to another this long time back. The Dominie in broadcloth, the Weaver with the cheepy voice, the Big Burly Fellow, Dreichfit, Leathersole the gipsy—and the whole clanjamfrey of Linnhetown worthies.

As usual, Peter Fairface hovered about the door between the parlour and the bar, smiling and rubbing his hands, and agreeing most conscientiously with whatever his customers said.

"Will Mister Barsillie be coming down this night for a crack, think ye, Peter?" cheeped the weaver.

"I could not say, I am sure," said Peter, "but he is in his room at this very moment, and it is very possible, gentlemen, that he will favour you with his company as usual. He is a canny gentleman, Mr. Simon Barsillie."

"Ay, as you say, Peter, he is canny," put in the Burly Fellow.

"And his speech is flavoured with very good Latinity, as I can testify." This from the Dominie, with a clearing of the throat. "What say ye, Leathersole?"

"I say a' that ye say, gentlemen, havin' nane o' the humanities mysel'."

"Very good, Mr. Leathersole, very good," laughed mine host, with one ear in the room and another in the passage. "But wheesht, gentlemen, here is Mr. Barsillie himself. It seems, sir, that we have but to express a wish for your company, and you immediately favour us. Good evening."

Leathersole smiled at the landlord's last remark and looked up at the roof.

"A good evening to you all, gentlemen."

And the Jesuit came in with his curious gliding way, that made no noise, and sat down at a table by himself.

"The usual glass all round, landlord."

"Very good, sir."

And Peter Fairface disappeared smiling and rubbing his hands harder than ever.

When he returned with the glasses, Leathersole slipped out of the room. The Jesuit, without turning round, knew that he was gone.

While the company were busy with their toastings and mine host was hanging on for his own hinmost glass, the gipsy stepped across to the bar, and taking out a letter, passed it over to the blushing and expectant barmaid.

"There ye are, Morag my dawtie, He telt me the day he wad be his ain letter next time. Have ye ony bit message back?"

"Maybe I might have that, Leathersole," giggled Morag, with the fine colour mounting up her face. Then she handed the gipsy a very dirty love letter which was largely made up of clumsy crosses set down in pencil.

"Noo lassie, is the road clear?"

"Ay, and here is a bit o' bread and cheese for fear ye are hungry. But take care o' yersel, Leathersole."

"Dinna be feared, my lass, just gie a look aboot ye afore I gang upstairs."

The girl left the bar and returned in a few moments.

"It is all right—they will be listening to one o' his foreign lies."

Without another word the gipsy passed out of the bar, listening for an instant at the door of the parlour, which was always closed out of deference to Mr. Simon Barsillie when he began his tales.

Then with noiseless steps Leathersole mounted the stairs and stood before the door of the Jesuit's bedchamber. At least Blue Chin had his match here for the velvet tread.

The door was locked as he anticipated. So taking a key out of his pocket, he felt it with his fingers to find out if it was oiled, and then carefully unlocked the door.

"Fegs, Donald made a good job o' that key, and that will be a half-mutchkin to Donald the next time we meet."

In another moment the gipsy had locked the door and was standing inside the room alone. It was a moonlight night, and the moonbeams showed him everything plainly. The room was so orderly that one might have thought it was uninhabited. There was nothing lying about, no papers, no litter, no clothes. The writing table alone attracted the gipsy's atten-

tion, for there stood on it a little upright hand-mirror, so placed that anyone who might be writing there could see the door of the room without turning round.

"My certy, he micht be an auld maid, the place is sae perjink. But we'll tickle the tail o' the serpent as muckle as possible."

So saying the gipsy went forward to the writing table and turned the mirror round so that the glass faced the wall.

Then a second thought struck him.

"I'll hae a peep at himsel 'afore I gang to sleep. Tak' the worth o' yer money Leathersole, and uphaud the credit o' Fife."

He glanced with a calculating eye at the rug on the floor, lifted it quickly, felt for the knot, which he removed, and lay down with his eye to the hole.

The company below were clearly visible, listening to the tale which the Jesuit told. The gipsy could not hear what was being said, so he raised himself and put down his ear this time to the hole and heard Barsillie distinctly speaking. What he heard made his heart jump to his mouth, for the Jesuit was saying:

"And now, gentlemen, I will bid you good night, as the hour is late."

"Mercy on us!" said Leathersole to himself, "gin he catches me here I'm a dead man."

Yet the fear of death sat lightly on the gipsy, and his curiosity was stronger than his sense of danger. So with a foolhardiness that seemed to court a good three inches of steel in his back, he actually laid his eye to the hole and looked through. Barsillie was on his feet, walking to the door.

"Losh, I'm wastin' time noo."

With that Leathersole got on to his feet, replaced the knot as coolly as if he was whittling wood in Nevis Glen, spread the rug exactly as he had found it, and then felt for something long and sharp and thin which was tucked beneath his velvet coat.

"Ay, ye're there a' richt. Noo, nae buttery fingers."

He glided across to the bed and stood listening for a second. The Jesuit's tread was audible on the stair outside. The gipsy then laid his hand on the great post that was nearest him. He had evidently studied the bed before, for with the agility of a monkey he clambered up the post and was on the top of the square wooden canopy in an instant. The dust almost choked him, but he only said "Boof" under his breath, and lay down with his head within a few inches of the cornice, when he heard the sound of a key in the lock.

"Come yer ways in, Blue Chin, yer supper is awaitin' ye. If it wasna for the deegnity o' this exaltation I wad rather sleep doon below wi' ye on feathers. But nae company is better than bad company ony day."

So ran the gipsy's thoughts as he watched the Jesuit enter the room, lock the door, and cross over to the table to light a candle. He took a rapid look round the room, holding the light up to see if everything was as he had left it. Apparently he was quite satisfied, for he blew out the candle again, rolled up the rug rapidly, undid the knot, and lay down with his eye to the hole. Then he changed the eye for the ear, and lay there in the moonlit room for almost an hour, listening until the last of the cronies had departed. With that, Barsillie rose, replaced the knot and rug, and lit the candles on the writing table. As he did it, he sighed deeply.

"He's ha'en bad luck the nicht, I'm thinkin', frae that sigh," thought Leathersole. But already the Jesuit was sitting down at the table, so the gipsy cocked his head a little way over the cornice to get a better view of the paper Barsillie had laid on the table between the candles, and he consoled himself with the knowledge that if the man at the writing table happened to look up, the gipsies in Lochaber would in all probability require to elect a new chief.

Then Simon Barsillie began to write the result of his week's work. He wrote slowly and clearly; yet only the eyes of a gipsy and a hillman could have made out anything of the writing on the paper from the distance of the canopy of the four-poster bed. But the candles on either side of the writer threw a brilliant light on the white paper, and as Leathersole was almost directly above the writer, he had a fair view of the words as they were written down. He could not see them all, for Barsillie's head came between him and the left hand side of the paper, and the hand holding the pen partly obscured the right hand side of the paper. But what he did see was enough for his purpose, and was as follows:—

. . . beg to submit . . . usual report . . . little . . . last wrote . . . Camus . . . two girls . . . nothing from gossip of inn . . . also . . . place Mamore . . . Glen Nevis . . . father, son, and boy . . . cannot say . . . patience . . . yet will find out . . . gipsy . . . spy . . . sorry that I am not . . . next time will be more . . . try . . . day after to-morrow . . . a likely age . . .

At this point the Jesuit shifted his position slightly, and made it impossible for the gipsy to see any more of the writing; and to crane his neck any further over the cornice of the

bed, or even to shift his body on the rickety canopy, would have been to make his presence in the room known to the writer below.

So Leathersole contented himself with repeating the words he had been able to make out, and in this way fixed them in his memory. He watched Barsillie finish his dispatch, seal it with black wax, put it in a little leather case, and lock it away with the rest of his papers. Then he removed the candles to the improvised altar before the crucifix and knelt down to say his prayers, which Leathersole thought were very taiglesome.

That done, he put his little red prayer book on the table and for the first time noticed the reversed mirror.

He stared at it and swore most deliberately under his breath, and looked round the room with the air of a man who does not trust anyone but himself, and that, not a great deal. But he could detect nothing out of place, so he swore again at which Leathersole said to himself,

"What a mighty jabble o' amens and sweers!"

Then the Jesuit went through the process which the gipsy had once witnessed before through a crack in the door—only Leathersole had now a more exalted and satisfying view of the performance. Again he noticed the shirt of mail, the pistol, and the cross lying on the lacerated breast. But this night there was something new to be seen.

The Jesuit before jumping into bed went to a cupboard and took out a tumbler and a black bottle.

"Ah," said the gipsy, "that'll be for his stomach's sake. He maun hae some scriptural disease. Drink yer fill, my bonny gentleman, and sleep sound. Wha' wad ha' thocht that a releegious man like you wad hae ony ill habits?"

Barsillie poured out a good glass of brandy, and held it in his hand against the candle light. Then he laid it down as if he was hesitating. His glance fell on the little mirror, and the memory of how he found it brought immediately the thought of some hidden treachery to his mind. So with a good resolve to keep his brain clear, he corked the bottle and began to replace both it and the glass. But when he lifted the tumbler to put it away the candle light shone once more through the rich coloured stuff. At the sight the man's eyes danced. He held his hand in the act of putting the glass down, and then with a good thumping oath in which there was nothing this time of a discretionary whisper, he tossed the glass to his lips and finished the brandy in one long drink. Then he blew out the candles, and Leathersole heard the sharp metallic click as the Jesuit got into bed right beneath him.

The system of the Society of Jesus is perhaps the most perfectly worked system on earth. But there is one thing which Ignatius Loyola could not altogether guard against when he drew up his rules—it is the liability of human nature to fall.

Leathersole grinned when he saw Barsillie giving way to the weakness, and said to himself, "The deil's on my side the nicht!"

It was as the gipsy had anticipated. In a short time the Jesuit was snoring heavily. So Leathersole sat up in the moonlight upon the canopy, and began to eat his bread and cheese most leisurely. But as the town clock had only struck twelve, he lay down on the canopy, determined to give Barsillie a little longer to get into a safe sleep. Then he would descend from his perch and get away.

But kismet is dooms cruel sometimes. And the gipsy himself was soon sound asleep.

Perhaps it was the bread and cheese, and perhaps it was the smother of dust that had choked him, but there he lay, inviting, as it were, the man below to awake and come up and kill him. Then there would most certainly be an end of all his pretty plannings and wood whittlings.

To make the confusion of circumstances more awkward still, Leathersole began to snore also.

So they lay—the one man above the other—the Jesuit below, in the best of feather beds, with a pistol cocked under his head, ready to kill the very first man who said, "By your leave,"—the gipsy above, and surely on the drollest couch that ever man contrived. It was a throw of the dice which of them would waken first. But, my faith, it would be the tightest corner that Leathersole ever yet got into, if the snores below gave out before the snores above.

So kismet watched the sleeping men, and there was nothing for it but to wait and see what mincemeat she would make of one or other of their schemes. For so fine is the thread by which a man's life whiles hangs that a breath of air will break it. This time—the thread was a snore.

Suddenly there was the frightful snort and gulp and choke, which is the climax of the snorer's gamut. The Jesuit turned on his pillow and sighed. The gipsy awoke too with the earthquake of sound below, and realising that he had risked his skin by so foolishly falling asleep, sat up suddenly to listen. A board in the rickety canopy creaked with a villainous loudness, and he felt himself falling through.

"Guid keep us, but the cat's oot the bag noo."

But, mercifully, the creaking of the board was the worst of the catastrophe, so the gipsy

found himself still sitting on his perch with the dust dancing in the moonbeams.

He listened with all his might.

There was no sound below. He had not the smallest idea how long he had slept, but the chances were that brandy would last longer than bread and cheese in the head of any man, so he waited patiently for the music to begin again.

There it was. A low thick breathing at first, then a faint snore, then the long drawn-out deep sonorous roar of a trumpet, and the Jesuit was lost in the thunder of his dreamland once more.

"My faith, but it's clean heels this time," whispered the gipsy to himself as he rose stealthily on the canopy. He crept to the corner and then let himself down slowly by a cord of the drapery. The cord gave way, and Leathersole fell heavily on his back at the foot of the bed, making the whole room shake with the weight of his body.

"The Lord ha' mercy just this ither time," he gasped, and in an instant he was on his feet, standing over the man in the bed, with his warm breath coming and going on the Jesuit's face, and the moonlight glinting on the polished steel of a dirk which he raised swiftly above the black head of the sleeping man.

But the man slept on, without any break in his sluggish slumber—and the gipsy's eyes lost their light, and the dirk came slowly down again and was pushed home to its place beneath the velvet coat.

"I had him bonnily whichever way the thing fell out, but deil a bit did I deserve to win aff sae easy."

He took another look at the sleeping man. Then, with the deliberate coolness of one who is used to playing dominoes with danger, he examined the cord of the hangings that had broken, and cut it off to avoid detection. After that he went to the door, took out his key, opened it noiselessly, and was soon on the other side of it.

(To be continued.)

THE JUNIOR KINTYRE CLUB met on Tuesday evening, 18th February, in the Christian Institute—Mr. R. Harvie-Pirie, LL.B., hon. president, in the chair—when Mr. John Mackay, editor *Celtic Monthly* (ex-hon. president), delivered a lecture on "The Historical and Romantic Tales of Kintyre." The lecturer described the old "Highland Ceilidh," which he considered an educative institution, imparting a knowledge of history, poetry, and traditionary tales, a love for Gaelic song and music, and which idealised morality and virtue, and gave woman a position of honoured respect in the social circle which she enjoyed among no other race. The whole influence of the Ceilidh was beneficial. Thereafter Mr. Mackay read examples of the old romantic stories of Kintyre. A most interesting discussion followed.

GAELIC SONG.

[I HAVE to thank you for your kindness in printing my little contribution in a recent issue. I now enclose a few Gaelic verses, which never before appeared in print, and which I hope you will find suitable for a corner in the *Celtic*. I was glad to see Gaelic so well represented in last issue, the dance songs of the historian specially appealed to me as old familiar friends, "asking since I had left them, had I happier learned to be." The place names which were mentioned were also familiar to me. *Gu ma slan da.* I have read these verses over several times with delight, and I hope to see something more of the same kind from the pen of our Uist friends in an early number of the *Celtic Monthly*. The following is the Gaelic song to which I referred.

York. D. MACDOUGALL.]

'SI 'N DIUBHAIL MAR THACHAIR DHUIT.

Air fonn, "Cabar Féidh."

Firidh, faraidh a shùgraidh
Mo dhiùbhail mar thachair dhuit
An tug a' chaileag cùl riut
An duthachanan fad as 'uain?
'S ann tha i cumail cuirtean
An luchairteanan Shasuinn nis.

An d'fhàg i d' dhìleachdan leat féin thu
As a deigh an Canada?
Leam is duilich thu gun duine
Chumar buileach fadal dhiot,
Thu gun leannan, fad o'n ghleannan
'San deach do sheanair altrum,
'S nam pòsadh tu te Ghaidhleach
Cha d' fhàg i cho eallamh thu.

'S ioma rìbhinn le fuil rìoghail
Tha 's an tír a bhuineas dhuit,
Eadar Cataobh 'us Dùn-Artair
A ghearadh bras 's bu chuideachd leo
Fear de 'd dhream o thìr nam beann,
Bha laoich gun mheang a bhuineadh dhuit,
'Si sheasadh cruaidh ri geamhradh fuar,
An tìr nam buaidhean urramaicht',

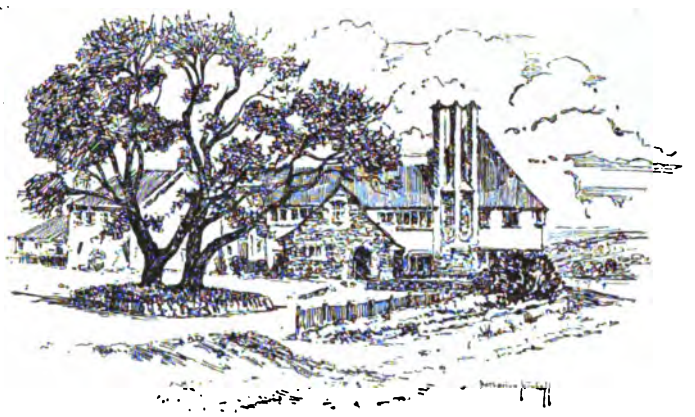
'Si chumadh blath's ruit, laidh tràthil leat,
Thogadh àrmunn ghuineach dhuit
Gu siubhal fraoich, feadh ghlinn a' chaoil
Le cuilbhair caol bhiodh cumachdail,
Luchd leònaidh fèidh mu chiaradh grein
'S bhoidh feannadh dean aig muillich orr'.

Gur duilich, duilich, tha mi
Mu'n àrmunn dh' fhàs cumachdail,
'S marcaiche cho aluinn
Air sàr each 's a chunnaic mi,
'S am fear do 'n tig am feile
Cho ceudach 's a b' urrainn bhi,
Bhi fada, fad', thar sàile
'S gun ghràdhag bhi fuireachd leis.

Firidh, faraidh a shugraidh
Mo dhiùbhail mar thachair dhuit
An tug a chaileag cùl riut
An duthachanan fad as 'uain?
'S ann tha i cumail cuirtan
An luchairteanan Shasuinn nis.

York. D. MACDHUGHAILL.

The Princess Louise Hospital on the Gareloch.



A PRINCESS loved for kindly deeds
Once here her home had found:
It answered all her simple needs,
Here she her grace shed round.

The music of the Gareloch's tide,
The sighing of the trees,
That grow hard by on Roseneath's side,
Responsive to the breeze.

The hills that capped the Gareloch head,
The "Argyle's Bowlin' Green";
The glints of sun that o'er them shed
The crimson tints at e'en;

All brought fresh pleasure to a mind
That peace and nature loved,
For here she found them both combined
Where'er around she roved.

Each nook within these cottage walls
Of her became a part,
(More homely than her Castle halls)
The impress of her art.

And still she brings her gracious smile
To welcome and to cheer
The "Boys" who here the time beguile,
To whom that smile is dear.

Let him who doubts a visit pay
And see, as I have seen,
Those Roseneath lads upon a day
Their loved Princess hath been.

H. MACNAUGHTAN-JONES.

THE GARELOCH FROM WHISTLEFIELD. *H. Wimbush.*

(By permission of Messrs. Raphael Tuck & Son.)

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications on literary and business matters should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 10 Bute Mansions, Hillhead, Glasgow.

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GEMS OF HIGHLAND SONG (BOOK I.)—This is the first part of a new collection of Gaelic Songs, with Music and English translations—including in all six well-known melodies—both music and letterpress being well and clearly printed. As for the musical arrangements, it may be sufficient to say that these are the work of one of Edinburgh's best known and highly skilled musicians, Mr. J. A. Moonie. The airs and accompaniments to which both English and Gaelic versions may be effectively sung are as original as they are sympathetic, "Macrimmon's Lament," with chorus for five voices, being especially attractive. They are arranged for solo or choral singing. The English translations are by Mr. William Mackenzie, Procurator Fiscal, Dingwall, and are true to the spirit, if not to the letter, of the original. Although we gather, from an introduction note that the publication is chiefly intended for propaganda work amongst English speakers, we strongly commend the "Gems" to the Gael at home and abroad. The publishers are the well-known firm of Paterson & Sons, and the price is 1s. 7d., post free. The Editor, on receipt of remittance, will be glad to forward copies to any readers who may wish to possess a specimen of this newest collection of the Songs of the Highlands.

CLANN MHUIRICH OR MURDOCH.

Falkirk, 10th February, 1908.

Dear Sir,—Referring to your query in the December number of the "Celtic Monthly," I may state that in Gaelic the MacPhersons are known as the Clan Mhuirich or race of Murdoch.

From the proximity of Aberdeenshire to Badenoch, I have no doubt that numbers of the Clan Mhuirich would naturally migrate in that direction. The outlets to the north and west being blocked by specially hostile clans, so that to the east and south they had to go if in search of more room and scope. In the Atholl country some of them adopted the name of MacIntosh and various other patronymics. In Banff and Aberdeen shires they took the names of Gauld, MacWillie, MacWilliam, etc., and the different clan designations of various periods, such as Cattanach, Catto, Murdoch. Some sennachies also state Bain as one of the sept names after Evan Bàn a prominent chief. But of course Bain was common to all clans. Although, when in the vicinity of any clan the probability is it was an offshoot of that clan. In the north I knew Bains who were Mackays, and others to be Sutherlands, Gunns, Sinclairs, MacDonalds, etc., and all resident in one parish.

I have a very interesting book published by the Scottish History Society in 1902, from the MSS. of Sir Eneas MacPherson, Advocate, 1660-1705, which was edited by the late Canon Murcoch. There is a deal of Information about the Murdochs in it, which you may find useful.—Yours sincerely,

D. MACPHERSON.

CLAN FRASER SOCIETY.—A social gathering of the members of this clan is to be held shortly in Edinburgh, when it is expected that there will be a large attendance of clans-folk from all parts of the Kingdom. Mr. Hugh Fraser, Solicitor, Edinburgh, Hon. Sec., will be glad to furnish all information.

"SIMON FRASER, LORD LOVAT: HIS LIFE AND TIMES." Such is the title of a new work in the preparation of which Mr. W. C. Mackenzie, Lutha, Selborne Road, Sidcup, Kent (author of "A Short History of the Highlands and Islands") is at present engaged. Should any of our readers possess any unpublished material relating to the famous Fraser chief, Mr. Mackenzie will be very pleased to hear from them.

JAMES MURDOCH, MINOR POET, BY ROBERT MURDOCH LAWRANCE.—This handsome little brochure contains a much more extended account of the life of the Aberdeenshire bard than that which appeared lately in the *Celtic*. To natives of Strathdon it should be specially attractive. The excellent portrait of the poet which appears as a frontispiece adds much to the interest of the work.

CLAN STEWART RELICS.—Colonel Stewart of Achnacone, Appin, writes us regarding a movement, initiated by the Stewart Society, for the purpose of commemorating in some suitable form places of historic interest in connection with the clan, such as the spot where James Stewart of the Glens was hanged; the graves, side by side, of the famous Donald-nan-Ord (Donald of the Sword) and his armour-bearer, Carmichael; the Battle of Stalc, etc. As this object is one of general Highland interest, an appeal for funds is made to all Highlanders and all clans, and contributions will be gratefully received and acknowledged by Colonel Stewart of Achnacone, or the Editor, *Celtic Monthly*, 10 Bute Mansions, Glasgow.

Gaelic Men of Letters.

V.—SHERIFF NICOLSON.

[By FIONN].

THIS gifted son of Skye died at Edinburgh on 13th January 1893, in the sixty-sixth year of his age. He was born at Husabost, Skye, in 1827. He was educated in his native parish, and when a mere youth came south, and entered the Edinburgh University with the view of entering the ministry of the Free Church. He changed his mind, however, and abandoned the church for the law. He was called to the bar in 1860. In 1872 he was appointed Sheriff-Substitute at Kirkcudbright, and remained there till 1885, when he was transferred to Greenock, where he resided till 1889, when he retired from office and went to reside in Edinburgh with his sister. Some twelve years before his death Alma Mater conferred on him the honorary degree of LL.D. Sheriff Nicolson was a man of intellectual power and high literary ability, but his energy was somewhat crippled by a lethargic constitution. He took a deep interest in everything relating to the Highlands, while his love for "Eilean a' cheò" amounted to a passion. In 1865 he was appointed Assistant Commissioner to visit and report upon the state of education in the Highlands. His report has been truly described by the late Lord Ardmillan as "the most readable blue-book ever printed." It is full of most valuable and interesting information, and the kindly and sympathetic references to those Parochial schoolmasters who lived in straitened circumstanees and did some "deep thinking on a little oatmeal" are characteristic of Sheriff Nicolson's benevolent nature. He was also a member of Lord Napier's Commission, appointed in 1883, to inquire into the condition of the Highland crofters, and his knowledge of the language and habits of the people was of no small service in that inquiry.

He wrote Gaelic and English with equal grace, and was no mean poet in either language. Between 1872 and 1876 he contributed several articles, including poems in Gaelic and English, to "The Gael," among them his well-known song on Skye, which was composed in English, and afterwards translated into Gaelic. This song contains one of the most noted features of his character—his passion for his native isle, Skye. His principal contribution to Gaelic literature was a splendid volume of Gaelic proverbs, which is a monument of patience and Celtic scholarship, and one of the most valuable collections of the kind in any language. This volume is now, unfortunately, out of print. Sheriff Nicolson's reputation as a Gaelic scholar, as well as his literary taste, secured him a place on the Committee appointed in 1881 by the Society for the Propagation of Christian Knowledge, for the revision of the Gaelic Scriptures, and his services were much appreciated by his learned colleagues. He was an ardent volunteer, and one of his best-known effusions, and one, moreover, which he delighted to sing at Highland gatherings, was a marching song in praise of the exploits of the Highland regiments, set to the air of "Agus hó Mhòrag."

His kindly and genial nature made Sheriff Nicolson a great favourite in social circles, while his warm-heartedness and urbanity secured him troops of friends who will ever cherish his memory.

THE ISLE OF SKYE.

AN EDINBURGH SUMMER SONG.

[By ALEXANDER NICOLSON.]

The beautiful Isles of Greece
  Full many a bard has sung:
The Isles I love best lie far in the West.
  Where men speak the Gaelic tongue.
Ithaca, Cyprus, and Rhodes,
  Are names to the Muses dear;
But sweeter still doth Icolmkill
  Fall on a Scotsman's ear.

Let them sing of the sunny South,
  Where the blue Ægean smiles,
But give to me the Scottish sea,
  That breaks around the Western Isles!
Jerusalem, Athens, and Rome,
  I would see them before I die;
But I'd rather not see any one of the three,
  Than be exiled for ever from Skye!

What are the wonders there,
  Stranger, dost ask of me?
What is there not, I reply like a Scot,
  For him who hath eyes to see?
But if you're a delicate man,
  And of wetting your skin are shy,
I'd have you know, before you go,
  You had better not think of Skye!

Lovest thou mountains great,
  Peaks to the clouds that soar,
Corrie and fell where eagles dwell,
  And cataracts dash evermore?
Lovest thou green grassy glades,
  By the sunshine sweetly kist,
Murmuring waves, and echoing caves?
  Then go to the Isle of Mist!

The Matterhorn's good for a fall,
  If climbing you have no skill in,
But a place as good to make ravens' food
  You can find upon Scoor-nan-Gillean.
And there will you see at Strathaird,
  That Grotto of glittering spar,
With its limpid pool, where Mermaids cool
  Their brows when they travel from far.

There frown the dark Coiruisg
  Which made the great Wizard wonder,
Even Voltaire might have worshipped there,
  Methinks, in the time of thunder!
There towers the wild Cuiraing,
  With its battlements grim and high,
And the mighty Storr, with its pinnacles hoar,
  Standing against the sky.

Sail round the cliffy West,
And, rising out of the main,
You there shall see the Maidens three
Like choosers of the Slain;
And go wherever you may
With a new and deep surprise,
The Coolin blue will fill your view,
And fix your gazing eyes.

Were I a Sovereign Prince,
Or Professor at large in vacation,
I'd build me a tower in the Isle of Skye,
At the expense of the Nation;
And there, like a sea-king, I'd reign,
But with a more gentle rule;
I'd harry no cattle, nor slay any man,
But I'd drive all the children to school!

There, in the bright summer days,
Stretched on the sward I would be,
And gaze to the west on Blaven's crest,
Towering above the sea;
And I'd watch the billowing mist
Rolling down his mighty side,
While up from the shore would come evermore
The music of the tide.

And when the sun sinks to his rest,
'Mid the glory of purple and red,
There will flash the light of a thousand spears,
On Blaven's cloudy head;
And each turreted ridge of black
Is lit with a flame of gold,
As they hang on high 'twixt earth and sky,
A wondrous sight to behold!

Pleasant it is to be here
With friends in company,
But I would fly to the Isle of Skye
To-morrow, if I were free!
Dunedin is queenly and fair—
None feels it more than I;
But, in the prime of the summer time,
Give me the Isle of Skye!

AN T-EILEAN SGIATHANACH.

ORAN SAMHRAIDH.

(Air eadar-theangachadh leis an Ughdar).

Air Innse na Gréig' is àill',
Tha luaidh nam Bàrd nach gann;
B' e m' ulaidh-sa riamh na h-Eileanan Iar,
Far an cluinnear cainnt nam beann.
Tha Itaca, Ciprus, is Ròds,
Ionmhuinn le clann nam fonn;
Ach I-Choluim-Chille, 's i gràdh gach filidh
Chaidh altrum an Alba nan sonn.

Ged 's bòidheach a' ghorm Mhuir Dheas,
Far an cleasaich 'n a neart a' ghrian,
'S ann leam gu'm b' fhearr 'bhi coimhead an t-sàil'
A' briseadh air cladach na h-Iar!
Beinn Shioin, an Aithne, 's an Ròimh,
Faiceam mu'n teid mi fo'n ùir,
Ach 's beag mo spéis do bhaile fo'n ghrein,
An coimeas ri Eilean mo rùin!

Ars' an coigreach, a' fiosrach dhiom fhéin,
Ciod e na h-ioghnaidh a t' ann?
"Ciod iad nach 'eil," do fhreagair mi deas,
"Ma tha sùilean gu faicinn na d' cheann?"
Ach bheirinn a' chomhairle dhut,
Ma 's duine thu tha meata na d' chàil,
Ma 's fuath leat fras, na ruith gu bras
A choimhead air Eilean mo ghràidh!

An toigh leat na beanntan mòr,
Cruachan 's na neòil gu h-àrd?
Coireachan, frithean, dachaidh an fhirecin,
'S an cluinnear na h-easan a' gàir?
An toigh leat na glacagan grianach,
Innisean sgiamhach nam bò,
Is uamhan 'bheir fonn ri guth nam tonn?
Siubhail gu Innis a' Cheò!

Tha "Matterhorn" taght' air son chas,
Ma 's àill leat thu fhein a mhilleadh;
Ach cothrom cho saor a ghiorrach' do shaoghail,
Gheibh thu air Sgùr-nan-gillean.
Air cladach an t-Srath chi thu 'n còs,
Mar gheal shneachd reòt' gun smàl,
Le 'lochan dubh fuar, far an tig air uair
Na maighdeana-mara a shnàmh.

An Coir'-uisg' chi thu 'n sud fo dhubh-ghruaim,
Cul'-uamhais measg strì nan dùl;
'N uair bhriseas an torrunn le fuaim na doinninn,
Is mairg nach lùbadh an glùn!
Is chì thu ard-ioghnahh Chuith-Fhraing,
Le bhaidealean aibheiseach mòr,
'S an Stòrr cho cas le bhinneinean glas,
Eadar do shealladh 's na neòil.

Stiùir timchioll nan creagan gu h-Iar,
Is chì thu ag éiridh 's a' chuan,
Triùir Mhaighdean Mhic-Leòid a' seasamh gu stòld',
Measg ghàirich ghairbh nan stuadh:
'S ge b' e àite an toir thu do cheum,
Chì thu le ioghnadh ùr,
A' Chuilfhionn ghorm a' leantuinn do lorg,
'S a' sàsachadh fradharc do shùl!

'S truagh nach robh mise na m' Thriath,
A' riaghladh an Eilean mo chridhe,
Thogainn mar b' àbhaist o 'bhunait Dun-Sgàthaich,
Is gainne na m' thalla cha bhiodh;
An sud dheanainn suidhe mar Righ,
'S cha chlaoidhinn mo shluagh gu teann,
'S cha togainn creach, 's cha spuininnn neach,
Ach thrusainn do 'n sgoil a' chlann!

'S ann leamsa bu mhath a bhi ann,
'S grian shamraidh a' lasadh an drùchd,
Na m' shlneadh air feur a' coimhead nan neul,
A' cadal air Blàth-bheinn nan stùc;
Is chithinn an ceathach a' snàmh,
'S a' lùbadh mu shlios nan cruach,
'S a ghnàth na m' aire bhiodh fonn na mara,
Ga m' thàladh gu foisneach gu suain.

'S an fheasgar, 'n uair théarnas a' ghrian,
Gu rioghail 's an Iar gu tàmh,
Air mullach nam beann mar mhìle lann,
Bidh boillsgeadh nan gathan àigh:
'S gach dubh-sgor a' deàrrsadh gu cas,
Fo lannair nan lasraichean òir,
Gu h-àrd 's an speur eadar talamh is néamh,
Sealladh na maise 's na glòir!

'S taitneach, measg chomunn a' bhlàithis,
Bhi suidhe 's mo chàirdean ri m' thaobh,
Ach na'm bu leam iteag, 's mi 'theicheadh an tiotadh,
Do 'n Eilean Sgiathanach chaomh!
An t-urram aig cathair Dhun-Eidin,
'S mi fhéin a sheinneadh a cliù,
Ach thigeadh an samhradh, 's bidh mise na m' dheann-ruith,
A' greasad gu Eilean mo rùin!

GLENCOE.

By Levenside the frost whitened the grasses down to the water's edge, where a thin cover of ice crackled in the tide. A cold wind was beginning to pipe through the bare bushes, and heavy snow clouds gathered on the Ardgour hills. The waters were black, and waveless; and desolation was on all the sad countryside.

Far up the glen a thin smoke rose, uncanny. It was not the homely peat smoke that puts one in mind of warm hearthsides and friendly converse round the embers; but a black, urspy, dying thing, that hovered like evil ghosts over the ending of a wicked life. To the woman hurrying from the coming storm to her home there, the sight of it brought shuddering fear; the fear that comes even on strong men, and is stronger than the greatest of them. Mairi crossed herself, and her lips muttered the priest's prayer; she cast a look about her as though she might see something. And then on the cold breath of the wind came a friendly and human sound—the sound of piping; but as it neared it brought little comfort to the woman. The fright left her indeed, but instead came a sick feeling of coming woe. The air was a well-known one, but little liked in that glen.

She dropped on her knees by the wayside, and the prayers came fast; ever the piping neared her, and then round the turn of the road came the Campbells, and their piper's fingers danced on the notes of "Bail' Ionaraora." The woman, still on her knees, watched them come. They had the look of hunger that men feel in the fight; the blood still flushed their faces and put a strange light in their eyes; and their walk was defiant and bold. Yet here and there was one among them that had cold shame in his heart.

At sight of her they stopped, staring as at a ghost; and the leader of them, on his fine horse, swore in his beard.

"Never mind," cried he, "'Tis but another of the vermin MacDonalds, and a woman."

They marched by her, and she still crossing herself, without a word. The piper even had ceased his playing, and his eyes were on the other side of the road from her. A curious slack look was on them all, as though of a sudden the spirit had gone out of them, and none looked her way. But when the troop of them were nearly past, one, a black fellow of Glen Lyon, took his dirk in his hand in a stealthy manner; she looked on the red blood that was on it, and waited with a strange calmness.

A young lad, that had tears still wet on his face, snatched at the knife, and his breath panted as he spoke, like a woman's weeping. "No more, Aonghais dhu, if I go on my knees to beg it!" The Glenlyon man laughed, with a sneer for the lad, and put by his dirk again. The boy looked back at her with a quiver on his face, and then his look left her, as a man turns his eyes from a pitiful thing.

Mairi watched them scatteer down the road, their green tartans fast fading into the gloom. Her eyes strained after them, as though she were in a half-dream, and striving to call back realities. Then back to her through the icy air came a sudden merry march, the notes clear and full, and the dark hills echoing. The men gathered together more compact and regular, and the magic of the tune made the long road short to them. Then she turned, and set her face, white and anxious, to her home. The wind whistled eerily, and black clouds sent the first flakes of snow. And then she came upon the Campbells' work.

It was black ruin and horror.

The rafters lay charred on the ground, and smouldering thatch sent up the dark evil shadow; and by each darkened doorstone, and here and there among the withered tufts of heather, lay the slaughtered MacDonald clan.

It was the pitiful end of them.

Not a living soul remained of them, and the woman gasped in a sudden fright at her loneliness, there in the darkening glen. The terror of it put aside for the time her grief, and she fled shrinking to her own home. It stood apart, and she found it still as she had left it a week before, when she had set out to visit her kinsfolk in Appin. With a cry she barred the door on the dead men outside—the door that had never before in her memory been barred on friend or foe—and screamed in an agony because the bolts were stiff from long want of using, and slow to move.

A dark patch was on the floor, and her skirts dabbled in it. Then a white face, the face of her man Donal, gleamed through the dusk. There he lay, wounded and bleeding, by his own hearth, and the sound of his weak voice brought her to a passion of tears. Her grief and her joy together were in the weeping that shook her from head to foot. Then she sank sobbing to her knees beside him, and heard his tale.

It was the old story of Campbells and treachery. The soldiers had come, friendly and kind, and had taken bite and sup with them for three days; and on that black morning had risen on the MacDonalds, and spared none. A few, perhaps, might be hiding in the hills; but where was shelter for them in the coming storm?

The MacDonald, nearing his end, cursed the traitors, and cursed a black-bearded one of them,

with shifty eyes, that had turned upon him after sharing his board. The woman sobbed, tearless now, and outside the wind moaned over the poor cold bodies.

The white snow covered Ben Dorain, and smoothed the hollows in the hills. Biting cold had sent the birds and the deer to the low grounds, and in all the white waste was but one moving thing. The woman sped down to the glen beneath, her hair streaming unheeded from beneath her plaid. Her look went to right nor left, but straight before her, and then a single roof showed black among the whiteness of the world. Before the pale sun had cast the shadows of the hills on the little croft she was knocking at the door. A child cried out inside, and a woman's step came hurrying.

"Come in, whoever ye are, from out the bitter cold," she cried to the woman in the MacDonald tartan, and the open door showed a cheery peat fire and children round the board.

"There is one Aonghas dubh——" said Mairi. But the crofter wife broke on her words.

"Come ben and take rest and sup, and seek the man to-morrow." All the same she stared, curious, at the woman who had a quest in such weather, and at the tartan that was hostile and unfamiliar to that glen.

Mairi tossed back her hair from her white face, where it clung damply, and the look in her eyes put fear in the children, so that the youngest of them set to crying.

"Tell me where Aonghas dubh bides," she said with hard lips and set teeth, and the housewife made no more pause.

"In the croft by the five pine trees, and it is a day's journey in this snow."

No more would Mairi hear, but turned down the glen, with the children peeping after her from behind their mother's skirts.

"God pity her," said she, thinking that there went a daft creature. "I wish she might have taken food anyway," and she turned and pushed her weans back to the fireside.

In Glen Lyon where five pine trees shelter a corner from the North wind, was the house of Aonghas dubh. No wife nor child had he, to take the bitter hardness from him, and his neighbours had little liking for him. He lived lonely when he was not at soldier work, and this day, that was dawning grey and grim, found him working, bringing in the peats to the ben end, for he had last night returned from the soldiering, and his hearth was cheerless.

Noiseless to the window came the woman, and as she looked she loosed a man's dirk from the fold of her gown. Her breath caught, and she saw a black mound under the snow far off in Glencoe, where four days ago she had buried her man, stark and bloody as his murderer had left him.

Inside, the black Campbell started uneasily, and a shiver came on him as of sudden cold. Then he laughed harshly, muttering to himself, "The woman's face of Glencoe comes back strangely on the mind. It might be evil portent for Aonghas dubh." And he laughed again.

The door opened softly; there was no wind. Campbell dropped an armful of peat, and his arms hung loose and nerveless. His face grew grey-white.

A tall woman entered, fearless, in her hand a dirk, and back to his mind of a sudden came the spaewife's words, "A dark woman of another clan brings death from afar."

He stood motionless, and she spoke.

"Murderer of Donal M'Iain of Glencoe! Look on his dirk that hath lain in his blood. It shall lie in your black heart this day!"

His eyes stared, and one shaking hand fumbled at his belt; but like the lightning flash she was upon him, and Aonghas dubh lay stretched on his own floor, with a MacDonald's dirk in his breast.

She looked down on him for a moment strangely, and laughed a shaking laugh. "Better for you, Aonghas dubh, if your knife had finished my life too on that black day."

Then she turned and made for the door.

JEAN HILARY.

SHETLAND HERRING.

SIR,—I am indebted to a writer in the last issue of the *Merchistonian* for the very startling information that the herring fishing on the West Coast of Shetland has been entirely ruined by the foreigner! Three years ago 60,000 crans of 750 herring were caught, and last year but 126 crans. This complete destruction of a British industry has been caused by the establishment on the West of Shetland of whaling stations by Norwegian companies. The Norwegians had found that the pollution of their own seas by the blood and oil escaping from whales being towed to their local stations had caused the departure of their own herring shoals. They accordingly transfer their whaling operations to our shores, without respect to the injury of our herring fishings, and we do nothing to protect our own subjects. Of course this is all in accordance with the unimpeachable doctrine of "Free Trade," but is it satisfactory to those whose particular living has been spoiled? Are they content to seek herrings on the coast of Norway or elsewhere? I should like to know what Mr. Angus Sutherland—a crofter fisherman's son, and long head of "The Scottish Fisheries Department"—or his successor, may think about it? We are told much of the poverty of our West Coast fishers. Will this new Norwegian arrangement alleviate it? Surely this is a matter which demands the attention of our philanthropists and men of influence.—Yours truly,

KENNETH MATHESON, IX.

Songs of The Hebrides.

ON THE EDGE OF THE WORLD.

By Rev. DUGALD M'ECHERN, M.A., B.D.
Author of "Gaelic Poems."

Laws accurst! that would drive our race
From the edge of the world,
From the isles with their witching grace
To the ways of the world,
To be herded in cities. Than these
I'd rather the croft by the seas
That resound on the Hebrides,
On the edge of the world.

A Mhairi! 'twas good to be young
On the edge of the world,
'Mong the children whose race had up-sprung
In the youth of the world,
With the soft Celtic speech, and the eye
For the beautiful mystery
Of earth, and ocean and sky,
On the edge of the world.

Oh! for the sound of the surf
On the edge of the world,
And the cot that I thatched with turf
On the edge of the world,
And the bare-footed maiden I knew,
And the lives that were simple and true,
Where our wants and our sorrows were few,
On the edge of the world.

There to grow old; then to lie
On the edge of the world—
The sands and the ocean close by—
With my pearl of the world,
Where I buried her braids of gold,
Where I covered her face with the mould
While a sorrowful mist did enfold
The edge of the world!

Isle of Coll.

THE SCOTTISH EXHIBITION.

INTERESTING HIGHLAND COLLECTION.—Arrangements in connection with the Highlands and Islands Loan Collection, which will form an interesting feature of the Educational and Historical Section of the Scottish National Exhibition, are making satisfactory progress. A long list of over 150 patrons, including the titled owners of estates in the Northern and Western counties, lends importance to the project, and the names of the influential committee charged with the making of the collection afford a sound guarantee of the thoroughness with which the work of selection will be overtaken. Major W. Lachlan Forbes, of the Royal Scottish Geographical Society, Edinburgh, has undertaken the honorary secretarial duties; his former experience in Glasgow in similar work will render his services singularly valuable. The committee is composed of gentlemen who are authorities on the subjects which will be illustrated by the specific exhibits. Mr. Ludovic MacLellan Mann, Glasgow, will have under his special charge articles of the prehistoric period; among these articles will be a very fine collection of ancient Celtic jewellery. Arms and weapons will be the particular care of Major Victor Farquharson, London. Household furniture and utensils, including silver plate, pewter, and glass, will have for sponsors Mr. Percy Bate, Glasgow, and Mr. A. O. Curle, W.S., Edinburgh. Mr. William Brook, Edinburgh, will have charge of exhibits of church plate, etc. Regimental colours, uniforms, medals, badges, and miniatures connected with Scottish regiments will come under the skilled supervision of Colonel Mackenzie-Holden, Hamilton. Mr. Pittendrigh Macgillivray, R.S.A., Edinburgh, will arrange the collection of old tartans, and Mr. Skeoch Cumming, artist, Edinburgh, will be charged with the care of portraits and prints. No higher authority for the selection and arrangement of Gaelic books and manuscripts could be found than the Rev. George Henderson of Glasgow University. There will also be exhibits of agricultural implements, and articles connected with the Jacobite risings will be both numerous and valuable.

The collection, which will be classified and arranged chronologically, will be housed in a large room 90 feet by 30 feet—in the Fine Arts building, which, being fire-proof, will afford a guarantee for the safety of the exhibits. For further security it has been arranged that the exhibits, with the exception of those of larger size, which may be fastened to the upper parts of the walls, will be placed in locked cases. They will be insured against all risks, and will be under the charge of a curator specially appointed by the committee.

As many of our readers possess relics, rare Gaelic books, etc., which would lend interest to this National Exhibition, we trust that they will make a liberal response to this appeal for exhibits. We shall be glad to supply intending exhibitors with schedules in which to fill up particulars of articles they are willing to lend. (See our advertising pages.)

IOLAIRE LOCH-TREIG.

BHA roimhe seo seann iolaire mhór a' tàmh an Aird-mheadhoin Loch-Tréig, far am minig a bha a seòrsa. Bha i liath leis an aois bho'n bu chuimhne leatha fhéin e; 's bha i uime sin an dùil gum b'i créutair bu shine bha beò ri linn. Ach an earalas nach faodadh a comhaois a bhi mairionn an àit eigin, chuir i roimhpe, an ciad chothrom a gheobhadh i, sgrìb a thoirt air chuairt. Bliadhn' a bha 'n sin, thàinig an aon Oidhche-Bhealltuin a b' fhuaire dh' fhairich no chunnaic i riabh, agus smaoinich i gum bu mhath an leisgeul d'i e air a rùn-fallaich a chur an gnìomh; agus 's a' mhaduinn mhoich Latha-Bealltuinn sin fhéin seach latha sa bith, mu'n do bhlais na h-eoin eile ant uisge, togar oirre air cheann a turuis. Ca robh dùil bheò a thachradh oirre—ach nial na h-aoise bhi oirre, nach farraideadh: Am fac thu Oidhche-Bhealltuinn riabh cho fuar ris an oidhche 'n raoir? ach chan fhac a h-aon. Coma bha 'n latha ás a thoiseach, 's bha i mar seo ag cumail air a h-aghart gun chluain, gun chlos gus an do thachair seann dreathan-donn còir oirre. "Fàilt air an dreathan, Latha buidhe Bealltuinn," ars ise, "am fac thu riabh Oidhche-Bhealltuinn cho fuar ris an oidhche 'n raoir?" Ach sean 's g' an robh tuar 'us dreach an dreathain, cha b' fhiosrach e gu'm fac. Cha robh eòlas aige air créutair bu shine na e fhéin; ach chual e gu'n robh seann ghobha-dubh bho chian am Bun-Ruaidh, 's ma bha e fhathast beò, gu'm bu dualach, ma thàinig a leithid, gu'm faca esan i; agus sheòl e 'n rathad dh' i. Thug i taing do 'n dreathan, agus togar oirre gu cèardach Bhun-Ruaidh. Ràinig i; ach cha robh roimphe ach làrach fhuar—thriall gach mith 's gach math, ach an gobha-dubh; 's bha esan fhein bho chian dall leis an aois, agus an déigh toll a dheanamh 's an innean ag glanadh a ghuib. Chuir i failte no Bealltuinu air a' ghobha, 's dh' innis i fàth a turuis: "Am fac thu riabh," ars ise, "Oidhche-Bhealltuinn cho fuar ris an oidhche 'n raoir?" Thug an gobha glaomadh bochd air fhéin, 's thuirt e nach faca riabh, agus nach cual e iomradh air a leithid; ach gu'n robh seann ùdlaiche bho chionn fhios c' uine tathaich Choill-Innse; 's gu 'n robh a chalg air liathadh leis an aois bho 'n bu chuimhne leis-san a bhi na bhùta beag a' sgiathais air feadh nam preas. "Bu tric leis ùine 's aimsir an déigh sin," ars esan, "tighinn a nall air chéilidh orm a chur seachad na h-oidhche faide Geamhraidh, agus a thoirt sgeòil domh air cor na dùthcha; ach sguir sin. An turus mu dheireadh a bha e bhos, bha 'n aois cho tróm iar laidhe air, 's gu 'm beil eagal orm nach 'eil e 'n urrainn gluasad mór a dheanamh. Thug sinn cho fad an coimhearsnachd a chéile, 's gu'n dean mi, mar a thuigeas tusa, sogan ri sheann langan, tùchanach mar a thà, an uair a chluinneas mi e 's a' chamhanaich. Is e créutair a's sine tha làthair an diugh fad m' aithne 's m' eòlais; agus ma ni thu guth aige 's an dol seachad, innis dha fàth do thuruis, agus gu'm fac thu mise; 's mur d' thàinig caochladh air ni e do làn di-beatha." Dh'aithris e 'n sin d'i gnothuichean àraid a thachair ri linn nan triath bu chuimhne leis am faicinn; mu éuchdan a shìnnsrean, agus mu bhuil a mhuirichinn. An uair a bha iad ag gabhail "maduinn mhath" le chéile dh' earb 'us dh' earail e oirre taghal aige an ath uair a bhiodh i 'n rathad. Gheall i gu modhail do'n ghobha gu'n taghladh; agus thog i oirre do Choill-Innse, 's fhuair i 'n t-ùdlaiche na chrùban am fasgadh seann stuic-fhéarna agus spideanan deighe le cuinneannan a shròine. Chuir i fàilte na Bealltuinn air gus dh'innis i fàth a turuis: "Am fac thu riabh," ars ise, "Oidhche-Bhealltuinn cho fuar ris an oidhche 'n raoir?" Bha 'n t-ùdlaiche cho sean 's gu'n do "leig e 'n cabar air ant shlinnean;" ach thuirt e air a mhìn-athais nach bu chuimhne leis gum faca riabh. Fhuair i gu faoilteach, furanach e, agus dh'fhiosraich e gu caoimhneil mu'n ghobha dhall. Thug iad an sin treallan air seanchus agus air sloinnteireachd, 's bha'n iolaire dol a thagairt urram na h-aoise; ach an uair a bha iad a' dealachadh, thuirt ant ùdlaiche gu'n robh breac cam ann an lochan Choire na ceanainn, air an do chuir e eòlas an tràth a bha e na laoighean òg an cois a mhàthar a' tighinn a nall an Làirig-leacach á Béinn a bhric. "Bha smalaich na h-aoise air an uair sin fhein," ars esan, "agus ma tha ùine agad, is fiach dhut dol dh' a choimhead—is cnacaiche gasd e," Is e bh' ann gu'n do thog i rithist oirre, 's gu'n d' ràinig i 'n lochan. Chuir i deoch-eòlais air a' bhreac cham, agus dh' innis i fath a' turuis; "Am fac thu riabh Oidhche-Bhealltuinn cho fuar ris an oidhche 'n raoir?" Thuirt am breac gu'm fac—aon oidhch' eile, 's gu'n robh i cho fuar, 's ged a bha e 'n teas 'fhala 's an tréine 'neart gu'm b' éudar dha tòiseachadh air gearradh shùrdag air feadh an uisge 'chumail teas air fhéin; "Agus," ars esan, "sùrdag dh' an d' thugas, leumar ás an uisge, 's buailear mo leth-cheann ris an lic dhuibh ud thall; ach bha nimh an reothaidh cho dian, 's mu 'n d' fhuair mi mi fhein a thoirt air m' ais gu'n do lean mo shùil ris an lic; 's dh' fhàg sin an diugh mise cam!" An tràth chual an iolair seo, thug i modh 'us urram na h-aoise do 'n bhreac; agus thill i air a h-ais adh Aird-mheadhoin adh aithris a sgeòil do 'n àlach òg.

Chunnaic iad ioma latha geal, grianach an déigh sin; ach cho fad 's a b' urrainn d' i sgiath a ghluasad, cha deachaidh Latha-Bealltuinn fuar no teth seachad oirre nach deachaidh i tacan air chéilidh air na h-aosdai còrr—an gobha, an t-ùdlaiche, agus am breac.—ABRACH.

THE ANCIENT DESCENT OF THE CLAN GREGOR.

(Continued from page 76.)

It is well to say here that Mr. Skene found a Chronicle which is in his appendix to "Chronicles of the Picts and Scots" prepared by him for the English Government; he calls it the Irish Version of the Pictish Chronicle, but gives no author or date for it, but locates it in "Trinity College, Dublin H. 3, 17." How it got there he does not say. That Chronicle places Greg in his regular order and date, calling him "Girig MacDungaile." It does not mention Eocha (or Eochodius) nor any one reigning with Greg, and thus agrees with *all* old writers. On pages 168 to 197 in my "Notes," I analyse the so-called "Chronica De Origine Pictorum," followed by a fac-simile of it reproduced from Skene's fac-simile in his "Chron. of Picts and Scots." In that Chronicle is the *first, last, and only* account of a *King* "*Ku*," the word so spelled by Innes with a (sic), or literal translation mark after it, which shows plainly that Innes doubted the word, or did not know what it meant. Mr. Skene saw fit to call the word "Run," and makes him the father of an "Eocha" who was said to have reigned with Greg. Thus Mr. Skene first *infers* that "Ku" means *Run*, and then again *infers* that Eocha was the son of Run, and on an *inference* from an *inference* has built up a *new history* of the reign of Greg. Do not lose sight of the fact that nobody knows, or has ever *pretended* to know, who wrote the Chron. Pictorum, but Mr. Skene found somewhere in the Chronicle the word "Populton," and afterwards found a man of that name in York, so attributed the authorship of the Chronicle, said to have been *written three hundred years before*, to a man in York. Thus history is sometimes *made*.

Now as to a short account of the *earliest* Chroniclers' account of King Greg.

THE "BOOK OF DEER"

is probably the oldest work containing specimens of the Irish or Celtic language written in Scotland. The Rev. Thos. M'Lauchlan, who was the leading Celtic (or Gaelic) scholar of his century (the 19th), says, "The earliest specimen of Gaelic writing which can be pronounced to be Scottish beyond any question is the Book of Deer, said to be of the 11th or 12th century." Other writers have given the 10th or 11th century as its date. M'Lauchlan also says "There is not a shade of difference between the language of the Book of Deer and the Irish writing of the same age." W. K. Sullivan, one of the leading authorities of the 19th century, also says "Irish proper and Scottish Gaelic are practically the same language, and do not differ greatly more than the dialect of English spoken in the Scotch Lowlands does from Common English." Sullivan was the contributor to the last edition of "Encyclopædia Brittanica" on the "Celtic Language," and M'Laughlan the same on the "Gaelic Language." Really, among antiquarians and historians, the "Irish," "Gaelic," and "Celtic" languages are synonymous.

Now as to the "Book of Deer." M'Lauchlan, p. 328, "Early Scottish Church," says, "The Book of Deer, a relic of the 11th century, records several grants of lands by Maomors (Earls. G.) and others, written in the Gaelic language, to the religious House at Deer in Aberdeenshire." These grants were made by sons of Cirici. I have the Spalding Club edition of the "Book of Deer," edited for the Club by John Stuart, LL.D. Mr. Stuart says in part, "The Book of Deer is a memorial of the Monastery of Deer, thus founded by St. Columbia and his disciple. It contains the Gospel of St. John complete, and portions of the three Evangelists in writing probably of the 9th century, besides a collection of memoranda of grants by the Celtic chiefs of Buchan, *written at a later time.*" The underscoring is mine. Among the memoranda, Mr. Stuart quotes the following, "Columcille acusdroston mac cosgreg adalta tangator shi," etc., etc.

Mr. Stuart translates the above as follows, "Columcille and Drosten, son of Cosgrach, his pupil, came from Hi" (Iona, G.), etc. By what right did Mr. Stuart change "Cosgreg" into Cosgrach?

I have asked that question of a Celtic scholar, who says he had no right to change it, as the words Cosgreg, or Cosgrach, have no especial significance in Celtic. As will be seen later, Mr. M'Lauchlan says Stuart's was a wrong translation.

I examined the "'National Manuscripts of Scotland,' containing photozincographic fac-similes, selected by Sir William Craig, Lord Clerk Register of Scotland. Introduction and comment by Cosmo Innes." Published by the British Government, 1867, at Southampton, England. Large folios, some 2¼ ft. square. Plate 1 is a fac-simile of the first four leaves of the Book of Deer. Pages 2 and 3 in Gaelic.

"Columcille acusdroston Mac Cosgreg adata," etc. Mr. Cosmo Innes translates above, 1867, "Columcille and Droston, son of Cosgreg, his disciple," etc. Who is correct, and where is the *animus*? In a note in the book Stuart says he consulted Mr. Skene as to the translation from the Celtic memoranda, possibly he did so in this case. Mr. M'Lauchlan, in article contributed to "Keltie's History of the Highlands," in writing of the "Book of Deer," says, "Then the names in this document are of interest. Besides that of Bede, we have Drosten and Cos-greg, his father and Gernaid," and Donnol M'Giric and Maelbright M'Chail gave Petit in Mulein to Drosten," and "It will be observed that some of the words in this translation are different from those given in the edition of the Spalding Club. Some of the readings in that edition, notwithstanding its general accuracy, are doubtful." And, "We have such as Donnall M'Giric, Donald M'Erig (Gregor or Eric) Malbrigte M'Cathail," etc. It will be seen that MacLaughlan translated M'Giric, M'Erig into "Gregor or Eric;" in note in the book the name "Grig" is used.

The "Book of Deer" is undoubtedly the earliest document in which the name Greg, Eric, MacGiric, etc., can be found. As King Greg reigned in the 9th century, and resided in Aberdeenshire, and as these marginal notes were written in it in Celtic (the body of the book being in Latin) "at a later date," it seems probable that his sons gave "Petit in Mulein" (Mill) to Drosten.

The date of the text of the book is attributed by different writers to the 9th, 10th, 11th and 12th centuries. As to the dates and the book generally, consult my notes, pages 95, 109, 113, 119-121, 124, 150-151, 154, 155, 156, 159, 160, 161, 251-255, important. On p. 154, 155, you will see that Geo. Grub wrote for the Spalding Club a version of the "Book of Deer," in which he translated correctly as follows, viz.:— "Columcille and Drosten, the son of Cosgreg (MacCosgreg), his disciple came from Hi, as God had shown them unto Abbordoboir." The above is from "Antiquities of the Shires of Aberdeen and Banff." As you will see, there have been *three* versions of the book.

I will now select

REFERENCES TO GREG

in "Chronicles of the Picts and Scots," compiled for the British Government, 1867, by W. F. Skene. He mentions Greg on pages in text 9, 21, 29, 87, 88, 131, 151, 174, 178, 204, 209, 250, 277, 287, 288, 295, 301, 305, 336, 386, 400, and in preface lxvi., cxxxv., cxxxvi., cxxxvii., cxxxviii.—

Chronicle cxxxvi., as to "Eccles Greg Church."
Pictish Chronicle, 10th century, "Eccles," "Cirici."
Chronicles of Flann Mainstreach, 1014 to 1042 A.D., as to "Girg MacDungaile."
Historia Britonn, 1040 to 1042, as to Giric MacDunegaile."
Chronicle of the Scots, 1165, as to "Grig filius Dunegal."
Chronicle of the Picts and Scots, 1186, as to "Girg MacDungal."
Prophecy of St. Berchan, 1094-1097, as to "Son of fortune, this was Grig, son of Dungale."
Chronicle of Picts and Scots, 1251, as to "Girg filio Dungal."
Metrical Chronicle, 1152, as to "Grig Dungalide or Rex Scottorum Grig filius Dungalide."
Chronicle of Picts and Scots, 1180, as to "Tirg MacDonald or Girg Dungal reigned 12 years."
Chronicle of Huntingdon, 1390, as to "Girge filius Duvenald."
Tracts on the English Claims, 14th century, as to "Gregoricus Dungalii filius Scotorum."
Tracts on the English Claims, 14th century, as to "Gregoricus Primus Dungalii filius Rex Scotorum," and claims that "Gregorius subjugated part of England," etc., etc.
Chronicle of Picts and Scots, 1317, as to "Girg filius Dungal."
Chronicle of the Scots, 1333, as to "Gryg filio Donenaldi."
Chronicle of the Scots, 1348, as to "Grig filio Donenaldi."
Chronicle of the Scots, 1348, as to "Girgh M'Dungal, died in Dunadeer, buried in Iona."
Chronicle of the Scots, as to "Grig MacDungal."
Metrical Chronicle, 15th century, as to "Greg Duodenis Donald Vudenis" and "Greg Octo per Anos."
Chronicle of the Scots, 1481, as to "Scottis King Gregour."
Chronicle, no date, "Irish version of Pictish Chronicle Colbertine," so-called by Skene. No account of its history.

The others are well-known, and have been used by historians and antiquarians as to "Girg MacDungali." Mr. Skene also gives account of Kenneth 4th, the 9th King of Scotland after Greg—

Page 174, as to "Edh MacKinet 1 anno. Interfectus in bello Strathallen. Girg filio Dungel—Sepultis in Iona."
Page 175, "Girgus MacKinath Macduff."
Page 289, "Grig fil Dubh."
Page 302, "Grig fil Dubh."

In preface, p. cxlv. and page 3 and cxlvii., as to "Greg, son of Kinet, son of Dubh," Skene says "The probability is that the King who now reigned was Kenneth, son of Dubh, also called son of Malcolm, and that he had a son Grig who may have reigned with him." And also, "In Kenneth, son of Dubh, and his son Grig this line of Kings came to an end." This King in some of the Chroniclers, and by most historians, is called "Grim."

LADY GRUOCH, WHO MARRIED MACBETH

(as her second husband), was Kenneth 4th's granddaughter, and through her descent he claimed the throne, but he was Maomar (or Earl) of Ross and Moray, and so was probably connected with the Royal family independent of his wife. Members of the Royal family were usually in charge of the different divisions of the country, and recently have been called "Maomars" by historians and antiquaries. Lulach, her son, came to the throne after MacBeth's death, and was killed in battle soon after his accession. Mr. Skene is also kind enough to say, "The rights of that family have been passed to her husband and to Lulach, and given rise to their claims upon the throne." As you will see, he is careful to use the words "may have" twice in his discussion of the MacBeth matter. Wm. Anderson, in "The Scottish Nation," p. 710, says of Macbeth, "MacBeth, King of Scotland," and "He is said to have been by birth Maomar of Ross, and also of Moray by marriage with the Lady Gruoch, grand-daughter of Kenneth 4th." M'Laughlan, "Early Scottish Church," page 317, says, "Never were claims to an inheritance more righteous than those of MacBeth, whose memory has suffered at the hands of historians, as well as at those of English dramatists. His wife was, in fact, the lawful representative of the ancient Scottish Kings."

Please notice that

THE NAME MACGREGOR

is not mentioned in the "Book of Deer," nor in any of the Chronicles above-quoted, although some of the Chronicles come down to the 15th century. King Greg, being variously called Cirici (only in Pictish Chron. Colbertin), Girg MacDungaile, Giric MacDungaile, Grig filius Dunegal, Girg MacDungal, Grig son of Dungaile, Girg filio Dungal, Grig Dungalide, Tirg M'Dungald, Girge filius Duvenald, Gregorius Dungalii, Gregorius Primus Dungalii, Girg filius Dungal, Gyrg filio Donenaldi, Grig filio Donenaldi, Girge M'Dungal, Grig MacDungal, Greg Doudonis Donald, Greg Octo pe Anos, Scottis King Gregour, and Grig Dungaile.

These Chronicles, supposed to have been written from the 10th to 15th century, down to Gregorius 14th and Gregour 15th century, certainly show the evolution of the name from Cirici, or Ciric, 10th century, down to Gregorius 14th and Gregour 15th century. The individual is identified by his date and succession.

During the 19th century the MacGregors abandoned their descent from Gregor, 3rd son of King Alpin, as stated by Sir Robert Douglas (1798) "Baronage of Scotland," and began to claim descent from King Greg, or Gregory, but I have never seen any attempt to prove it.

The proof has been abundant all the time. The word "Mac" alone proves it, as many of the race began to add the prefix Gregor, Gregour, etc., which of course made the word "Macgregor," "MacGrigor," etc., etc.

According to all authorities

THE WORD "MAC" WAS NOT USED

as a prefix to a surname until the 11th century, and the same authorities place the evolution into clans among the Highlanders in the 11th and 12th centuries. The various names of King Greg in the Chronicles are, of course, the result of the different Chroniclers' optional spelling in their writings. I lay stress upon my account in this special matter in pages 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, of my notes."

It seems to me all the evidence in the Chronicles, and histories down to Chalmers, point clearly to the descent of the Gregs, Gregors, and MacGregors from King Greg, and from him only. Hollinshead is the only authority for the statement that King Greg never married. He thought so simply because in the Chronicles there is no account of his wife. This occurs in many of them, in fact the majority of them make no mention of the wives of the Monarchs. The *earliest* Chronicles, usually are only short accounts of reigns, with very little else.

It may be considered very pretentious and presumptious for me to question Mr. Skene's work, but I cannot place the least reliance upon the Pictish Chronicle Colbertine, nor upon his MS. of 1450, see notes 15, and 17. His "Irish Version" of the "Pictish Chronicle"

he credits and discredits, see my notes 15, 16, 17, 18. He was the first to name this Chronicle "The Irish Version of the Pictish Chronicle." He uses all in attempting to destroy the M'Gregor descent from the Alpin line.

It seems to me Greg's history is as clear as any King's during the 8th, 9th, and 10th centuries. It is singular that no attempt has been made to discredit King Greg, Kenneth 4th descent. I have never found anything against it. His name and history seem to be clear, and one of his family names, if not the only one, was Greg.

I cannot find the least evidence that King Greg, or Gregory, ever resided anywhere but at his castle Donedore, and cannot credit any of Mr. Skene's accounts to the contrary, and I believe there was never an Eocha, or Eochodius, who reigned with him, or without him.

In your letter you refer to Sir Gregan Crawford, whose action in saving the King from a stag gave rise to the Gregors' motto, "E'en do bait spair not." Please see page 117, my notes.

You ask if we will print full account of the Vatican MS. in vol. 2 of the Gregg history. I have never received the Vatican MS. Did you ever send it to me? We will have no vol. 2 of our history. There will be one volume.

You ask "What was the old Pictish name of Kenneth MacAlpin 3d's son?"

According to all the Chronicles Kenneth had only two sons, Constantine, and Ethus, who both became Kings of Scotland.

Greg killed Ethus in battle and succeeded him on the throne.

You ask if I have any proof of the descent of the

GREGGS FROM THE MACGREGORS.

No, I have not, because there could be no such proof, as there were *no* MacGregors until the 11th to 13th century. The MacGregors derived their descent from the Gregs, Greggs, Grigs, etc., which is proved by all the Chronicles I have quoted. I repeat there were Gregs, or Grigs, as early as the 9th and 10th century, beginning with King Greg or his forefathers. See "Book of Deer" and many Chronicles.

In reply to your remarks regarding English Gregs, etc., I will say that I believe all, or nearly all, the English Greggs, Gregors, and Gregorys are of Scotch descent. All I have seen in very many heraldic and genealogical books claim descent from the Gregs, MacGregors, and Gregories of Scotland. It is possible that there are Gregories in England, Scotland, and Ireland who are descended from continental ancestors, but I doubt it.

In reply to my descent.

MY ANCESTOR, JAMES GREGG,

was born in Ayr, Scotland, moved to Londonderry, Ireland, remained there eighteen years, then emigrated to New Hampshire in 1718, founding, with others, the town of Londonderry. Among the emigrants were a clergyman, MacGregor, and a MacKean. These three men married sisters, by name Cargil. They were the leaders of the colony in business matters, socially, and otherwise.

I have endeavoured to reply to all your letter, fully.

I am sorry my son-in-law, Mr. Charles H. Hays, President of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, and Vice-President and General Manager of the Grand Trunk System, has never had time to call on you. He goes to London on business, and is always pushed for time. We have a summer home here, which we occupied for the first time last year.—Yours truly,

W. H. GREGG, Sr.

THE LADYE O' THE MIRK.

"Why sit ye' neath the dew ladye?
The hour is growin' late,
The gloam hath hameward brocht the bee
An' kine hae ta'en the gate."

"Oh! weel the season kens the bee
Tae hasten tae its mate,
But Time maun mark the hour" said she
"When I sall tak' the gate."

"But dark the clouds menacing frown
Before the hornéd moon,
An' yonder firespark on the downe
Betokens tempest soon."

"I fearna skaith frae tempest cloud,
Nor yet frae hornéd moon,
For calm's the couch an' close the shroud
Whaur I sall lay me doun."

"But ladye, mirk's the tempest's froun,
Your message sure can bide?
For fear o' skaith e'en horse dragoon
This nicht wad never ride."

"Oh! why should mortals strive tae rede
Such tidings as I bear?
To distant spheres the wind's my steed
Beneath the shroud I wear.

There's omen in yon lunar sign
Frowns death upon the glen,
There's treasure in this breast o' mine
Sall ransom a' its men."

The win' rose on the mountain brow,
An' raved adoun the birk.
I trembled at her accents howe
—The ladye o' the mirk.

But hark! the peal frae kirkyaird tow'r
Knelled tae the silent dead,
"The bell hath toll'd the mystic hour,
An' I maun go" she said.

An' as I turned me anxiouslie,
Wi' wondering in my mind,
Methought I heard a moan as she
Swift vanished doun the wind.

Edinburgh. MURDOCH MACLEAN.

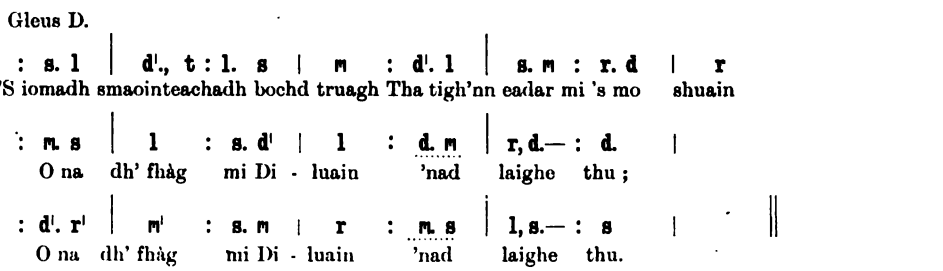
THE CLAN GREGOR SOCIETY.—The annual general meeting of the Clan Gregor Society was held in the Royal Hotel, Edinburgh. The chair was occupied by the president, Mr. Atholl MacGregor, Ardchoille. The report by the council of management and the treasurer's financial statement for the past year, which were submitted and approved of, showed that the society is maintaining its position as an agency for good, both in the educational and charitable branches of its operations. The capital funds at the close of the year stood at £3123, and of the revenue thereof over £50 was expended during the year in educational grants to young members of the Clan Gregor, and about £45 in charitable grants to necessitous persons belonging to it. The following directors who fell to retire were re-elected, viz.:—Mr. Gregor MacGregor, M.R.C.V.S., Govan; Mr. Donald MacGregor, Oban; Mr. Alasdair Ronald MacGregor of MacGregor, and Mr. Duncan MacGregor, Glasgow. A meeting of the council took place earlier in the day, when a sum of £48 was voted for charitable grants and a few new members admitted.

OUR MUSICAL PAGE.

Lament of Lilias of Clan Ranald.

THE following pathetic lament, taken from "Orain na h-Albann," is said to be the composition of Lilias of Clanranald, who lost her little daughter and her husband "between two Saturdays," while her three sons were far away, and beyond her ken. The music has been distorted to suit English words, and the annexed is an attempt to put it back into its natural form. It would be interesting to have historic light on the authoress and her family connections.

C. M. P.



O, cha 'n urrainn mi gu bràth
Cunntas a thoirt uam do chàch
Anns na rug orm eadar dhà Dhi-Sathuirne.

An ceud Di-Sathuirne bha dhiùbh,
Chuir mi Anna bheag 'san ùir ;
S tric a dh' fhàg i le sùgradh mi aighearach.

An ath Dhi-Sathuirne na dhéigh,
Ri àm isleachadh na gréin,
Thug mi lùigheachd do Mhac Dhé dh'fhear mo thighe-sa.

'S o nach 'eil agamsa 'nan déigh
Ach an t-aona mhac ni feum,
Gu'n stiùir an Rìgh fhéin do thìr athar e.

Tha Alasdair 'san Fhraing,
Is tha Iain fada thall ;
Tha Gilleaspuig air chall 's cha'n fhaighear e.

GAELIC IN NOVA SCOTIA.

REV. A. MACLEAN SINCLAIR'S LECTURES.

AT Dalhousie College, Halifax, Nova Scotia, last month, a course of lectures by Rev. A. MacLean Sinclair was inaugurated. Hon. William Ross, president of the Keltic Society, presided, and introduced the lecturer. He testified to Mr. Sinclair's remarkable attainments as a Keltic scholar, and as an historian and literary man.

Mr. Sinclair was warmly welcomed by the audience, who listened with close attention to a masterly exposition of the origin and general movements of the Celtic peoples. He closed with a verse or two from a poem by the "Bard" in Gaelic.

After some remarks by the President, Governor Fraser passed a warm enconium upon the lecturer, and testified to his remarkable attainments as a Gaelic scholar. There is not in all Canada another Keltic scholar of equal eminence. In fact he is at home in Irish as well as in Highland Keltic lore, and is thoroughly master of the grammar as well as the literature of the language. Still more, Mr. Sinclair is a student of the whole wide science of human language. His honour concluded his short and spirited speech by repeating the substance of it in very fluent and accurate Gaelic.

President Forrest warmly welcomed all students who were desirous of attending the class to come with as little delay as possible.

Rev. M. A. Mackinnon, himself an excellent Gaelic preacher, spoke words of encouragement to the students. Other friends spoke briefly. The Hon. Mr. Ross intimated that he intended paying a short visit to Baddeck, Cape Breton, without delay, in the interest of this Keltic enterprise.

PROFESSOR DUNCAN MACEACHRAN of Montreal (a distinguished Kintyrian) who has been organising the defence of the Anaconda Smelter and Copper Mining Company, U.S.A., who are defendants in an action for 2,000,000 dollars, has now completed his arduous task, and the written record of his work would fill 63 volumes of 100,000 words each. The taking of evidence alone has occupied over a year. We trust the efforts of the learned Professor will meet with success.

We understand Professor MacEachran has recently purchased a 210 acre farm on the banks of the Chateauguay, Quebec, upon which he intends building a residence, where he intends spending the evening of his days. It will be a matter of regret to his many friends in Kintyre that the Professor has decided to remain in Canada. Many of us were hopeful of seeing him back in the old land, where he would be heartily welcomed. We wish him long life and prosperity.

A. STIRLING MACKAY.

The Celtic Monthly:

A MAGAZINE FOR HIGHLANDERS.

Edited by JOHN MACKAY, Glasgow.

No. 6. Vol. XVI.] *MARCH, 1908.* [**Price Threepence.**

A. STIRLING MACKAY,

Prince Edward Island, Canada.

ALMOST a century has elapsed since the ancestor of the subject of our sketch this month left Sutherlandshire and settled in that picturesque part of Canada known as Prince Edward Island. At that period the North of Scotland promised soon to be a desolation, so great was the flow of emigration to Canada and America. Whole districts were swept of their inhabitants. It was then that the infamous Burnings of Strathnaver and Kildonan took place, and shiploads of emigrants, the victims of this brutal policy of the House of Sutherland, left the land of their ancestors to seek a home in the backwoods of the far North West, or in Nova Scotia and other parts of the great Dominion of Canada and the Southern States of America. It was the exiles of Kildonan Strath who were the pioneer settlers on the banks of the Red River, and planted the now populous town of Winnipeg, to which so many of our countrymen are annually attracted. Hundreds never reached the Land of Promise, hardships on sea and land making sad encroachments in their numbers. The history of this dark episode in the annals of the Highland people has never been written, and in the hands of a competent author should prove one of sad and exciting interest. The late Alex. Mackenzie, in his "Highland Clearances," and Donald M'Leod, in his "Gloomy Memories of Sutherland," have given us a graphic insight into the melancholy story of the evictions in the Highlands and Islands, but the historian of Highland emigration, except in so far as it relates to the early Highland settlers in America, has not yet appeared, although rich and varied material lie to his hand.

In 1815 Mr. William M'Kay emigrated from the parish of Durness, Sutherland, and settled in the green woods of the South West River, where before his death he had the satisfaction of seeing all his family settled comfortably on well-cleared farms. His son, Mr. A. Stirling Mackay, who was born at Clifton, New London, Prince Edward Island, on October 2, 1871, moved to Summerside in 1887, where he entered the employment of Messrs. Sinclair & Stewart, remaining there for two years, after which he took service with Messrs. Brace, M'Kay & Co., one of the largest general merchants on the Island. In 1889, on the death of the senior, Mr. Donald M'Leod, he was admitted a partner. Two years later the firm was formed into a Joint Stock Company, of which our esteemed clansman has since acted as Secretary and Treasurer.

In Fraternal Societies he is a Past Master of Mount Lebanon Masonic Lodge, and a Member of Prince Edward Chapter of Royal Arch Masons, also Past Grand Master of the Grand Orange Lodge of Prince Edward Island. He is also an enthusiastic Member of the Caledonian Club, the only Scottish Society in the Province. Mr. Mackay takes an active interest in church work, and is a Member of the Presbyterian body. In 1896 Mr. Mackay married Bessie Waugh, of Summerside, and has one son, Albert, three years old.

The Rev. Wm. Findlater, of Durness, was a famous minister in the North Highlands in his day, and the following certificate granted to the ancestor of our friend, on the occasion of his leaving Sutherland, will interest many of our readers in the far North :—

"This is to certify that the bearer hereof William Mackay with Barbara Mackenzie his spouse are both natives of this Parish of Durness, have resided amongst us mostly from their infancy always behaving themselves soberly, honestly and industriously, free from all Public Scandal or ground of Church Censure known to us and are hereby recommended accordingly. Given by an appointment of the Kirk Session of Durness, County of Sutherland, North Britain at Eriball the 25th day of July A.D. 1815.

By WILLIAM FINDLATER, Minister.
JOHN MCINTYRE, Session Clerk."

(True copy of original Certificate).

EDITOR.

Young Mamore.

By TORQUIL MACLEOD.

CHAPTER IX.

THE JESUIT GOES A-FISHING.

THE next day Kate Graham was sauntering down the High Street of Linnhetown. She was alone, Jean having some business at the other end of the street. Meantime Kate went along singing gaily to herself and looking at everybody after the manner of one who has not got accustomed to her surroundings, but who likes them, and has a lively interest in things great and small. Graham had only been laird of Camus for two years.

Presently, she came to a little shop that stands on the east side of the street. Its single window was decorated with a number of hooks and flies and casts of gut. She stopped and looked at the flies, which were displayed in a haphazard way on large sheets of white paper. Then, in the casual manner of a spectator who is killing time before a shop window, she raised her eyes and looked into the dark interior of shop. Old Duncan Munro was standing behind the counter with his spectacles resting perilously near the tip of his nose. He was looking at a customer.

When the Hoolet saw the customer she dropped her eyes again to the flies in the window, and made up her mind quite suddenly that she would like to buy a new reel. But she waited at the window until she saw that the customer was about to leave. Then she entered the shop.

"Ah! good morning, Miss Kate."

"Oh, Mr. Barsillie, I did not see you."

The Jesuit smiled as he bowed and let her pass. He had not been trained in his own particular school for nothing. So, as he walked down the street he said to himself, "Now, I wonder why she told that lie?"

The Hoolet was at an age when nice questions of expediency do not greatly perplex the mind. She waited therefore until the door was closed and then set about her purchase in a most off-hand way. She was just old enough to feel that a man like Barsillie, whom she hated, must on that account be incapable of anything good. For it is the characteristic of extreme youth to exaggerate its own prejudices, to the obscuring of everything else but the inference which it draws from its love or hate. The Hoolet hated Barsillie because he had once smiled in a particular way to her sister. Then the Hoolet believed ever afterwards, that even if Barsillie went into a shop to buy some trout flies, some wicked design must underlie his purchase. It was very illogical and it was very youthful, but it brought Duncan Munro another customer that day, which shows the benefit, from one point of view, of bad logic.

"Good morning, Mr. Munro."

"It is yourself, Miss Katrine. Can I do anything for you at all?"

And the old fisherman beamed at the red-haired girl over his spectacles.

"I wish a new reel for my rod. Not a dear one you know. One that will squeal lots when a big fish gets on to the line."

"Ay, yes, yes, to be sure. Have you caught any more fish with the rod you got this spring?"

"I caught two, but one was so little that I threw it back. The other one I had for breakfast, but fish shrink a great deal in the cooking, so I had two eggs after eating it."

"Well now, you are a good one, a very good one."

The old man looked out a cheap reel and gave it to the girl, who asked the price of it in a nervous voice.

"I'll make that one two shillings to you, Miss Katrine."

She put her hand into her pocket, but could only feel one shilling and a few coppers.

"Please, Mr. Munro, I have only one and seven pence with me, but I'll give you the five pennies again."

And even the Hoolet blushed.

"It's all right, it's all right, dinna mind the five pennies, my lass, and ye'll have the more to buy drops wi' at Mistress Mackellar's."

The girl thanked him, and blushed again.

"Mr. Munro, is that gentleman who was in just now a great fisher?"

"I am thinking not. But he will be trying a cast on the Nevis River to-morrow morning, if he is spared."

"Will he really?"

"Ay, so he was telling me."

"Good-bye, Mr. Munro, I see my sister out there, and I hope this reel will shriek."

"Get you the fish on, Miss Katrine, and I'll warrant the reel will sing you a bonny song."

That same evening when Young Mamore was crossing the hall on his way to the evening meal, Callum stepped up to him and handed him a note. It was sealed clumsily, and when Macdonald saw the seal he knew that the Hoolet was up to some trick again.

"*Mr. Barsillie means to fish the Nevis River to-morrow morning.—Yours affectionately,*

"*The Hoolet.*"

"Who brought this note, Callum?"

"It was Leathersole, sir."

"Is he away?"

"No, sir, he is in the kitchen."

'Then tell him to speak with me afterwards in the sanctum."

In a little while Mamore, Young Mamore, and Leslie Forbes were seated in the dusky dining hall of Castle Mamore. Hamish came and went as usual with his ashets, but father and son spoke little during the meal. It was not their way to speak much. Little Leslie being accustomed to the solemn dignity of the evening meal and a trifle afraid of Mamore's cold grey eyes, ate his supper very politely without saying a word, and wished for the time to come when Hamish would march in to play the *Salute*.

When the music was done, Mamore rose, and, as was his custom, went across to the library. But Alastair made a sign to Leslie to wait behind. The boy was accustomed to the silent ways of Castle Mamore, and stood still on the bearskin rug, looking at the fire.

"Leslie," said Alastair, when they were alone, "would you like a day's fishing to-morrow?"

"With you, Alastair?"

"Yes."

The boy's eyes danced in his head, and, without answering a word, proceeded to tumble a somersault on the bearskin—which he would scarcely have dared to do two minutes before.

"Then, see that you are ready immediately after breakfast."

"Are we not going out early, then?"

"No."

"Why, Alastair? You always start at five?"

"Yes, but the fish won't rise to-morrow before nine or ten."

"How clever you must be to know that! But how do you know they won't rise?"

"Oh, because of the look of the sky to-night and the smell of the winds."

The boy stared with open mouth at his tall companion and was more than ever convinced that what Alastair did not know was not worth knowing.

Then Young Mamore retired to a little room adjoining his bedroom at the end of a long corridor. This room was his own particular sanctum. It was very plainly and even barely furnished. One wall was entirely covered with books, another was hung with guns and fishing rods, a couple of rapiers and a claymore, while a long narrow window was let into the third wall and commanded an uninterrupted view of the Hill of Heaven and the road down the Glen. Above the fireplace hung one or two portraits and pictures with a miniature of the late Lady Mamore, and on the mantelshelf stood a case of pistols well oiled and very finely carved.

Young Mamore lit two candles and sat down at the writing table before the window. The dusk of the summer night was creeping over the hills. It was here that he dreamed his dreams and saw his visions and brooded over the fact that he scarce durst do a daring deed through the day without casting the thing over in his mind at night and asking for the why and the wherefore of his conduct. So in the bookcase close by could be found histories of the wars on one side and volumes of philosophies and poems and romances on the other. These bookshelves were a picture of a man's two-sided soul. For, while one half of him fought with a sword, the other half of him sat and dreamed over a printed page.

He had not sat long when there was a gentle tap at the door. Without rising or turning his head Young Mamore said,

"Come in, Leathersole."

The gipsy opened the door, closed it quietly, and stood with his bonnet in his hand.

"Take a seat and give me your news."

Leathersole sat down at the side of the table and began to give Young Mamore a detailed account of the night he had spent in Barsillie's bedroom.

Macdonald listened without interrupting him, and then said:

"Leathersole, why did you ever leave Fife?"

"Ah! sir, that is a lang story."

And a far away look of remembrance came into the gipsy's eyes.

The two men discussed the affair of the bed chamber for some time, and Macdonald wrote down the words of the Jesuit's report as nearly as the gipsy could remember them.

"This happened last night?"

"Ay."

"Then, *the day after to-morrow* in the report means to morrow?"

"Ay."

"Well, I happen to know that Barsillie is going to fish the river down there to-morrow morning."

"Do ye say that, sir?"

And Young Mamore handed Leathersole the note he had received from Kate Graham.

"The deil tak' him. What will ye dae, sir?"

"Leslie and I mean to go a-fishing, too. At least Leslie will fish one beat and I will fish another, and you will be ready to gaff the fish. Do you understand?"

"Ay, fine."

"Then you will be here at eight o'clock?"

"Trust me, sir. But I maun be aff noo. For I'll hae some o' my lads to see this nicht—I needna explain."

"No. I quite understand. Good-night."

Shortly after, the gipsy was running like a hare down the road to Linnhetown, and that night it rained heavily, as if the elements knew

that on the morrow a Jesuit meant to go a-fishing.

The morning broke clear and shining, and Leslie Forbes was up early, jagging his fingers with hooks, and practising casts on the pleasaunce before the door of Castle Mamore.

At nine o'clock Alastair, the boy, and Leathersole went down to the river. The boy in his eagerness ran on before, and Alastair said to the gipsy,

"Well?"

"He started frae the Change Hoose at half-past seeven, and made his first cast doon aboot the farm yonder."

"Then he should be here soon if he is fishing up the water."

"Ay. The laddie will better start fishin' whaur he is, and gang doon stream. Then they'll meet."

"And you?"

"Never heed me, sir."

So Alastair told Leslie to fish down stream, and promised that he himself would follow at leisure.

The boy was nothing loath to begin, and was soon lost in the interest of his sport. The river sang merrily, and the fleecy clouds came and went across the face of the sun, casting wandering shadows over the rushing stream. The winds blew clean and sweet, and the glen was full of the freshness of a summer morning.

Leslie had just raised a big trout, and was in the act of throwing a second cast—eager to be the first to grass a fish—when he felt instinctively that someone was standing behind him. He glanced over his shoulder, spoiled the cast, and saw the Jesuit standing smiling at him. The hooks caught on the branch of a tree, and the suddenness of the jerk which the boy had given to the rod, through fright, snapped it above the top joint.

"Well, my boy, that was an unfortunate cast of yours."

"It was your fault, sir, and it is a new rod, and Alastair will be angry because I have broken it so soon."

"Is Alastair your brother?"

"No."

"Who is he, then?"

"I—live with him."

"At the Castle up there."

"Yes. Do you wish to see Alastair? If I call he will come."

"Oh no, I am very fond of little boys, and would like to fish down the river with you."

"If you are fond of little boys, why did you frighten me?"

"Did I. I am sorry, but I don't know your name."

"Leslie, sir."

"Leslie Macdonald."

"No. Leslie Forbes."

"Ah! What a nice name. Leslie Forbes. Yes, I like your name."

"What is yours, sir?"

"Mine? Oh, Simon Barsillie."

"I don't like that name, sir."

"Do you not?" laughed the Jesuit. "That is a pity, for we are going to be friends, Leslie, are we not?"

"I don't think so—you broke my rod."

"But I'll give you a fine new one if you come down to Linnhetown. Will you come?"

"I'll ask Alastair."

"But why ask Alastair? He would never know you had broken your rod if you got a new top to that one." The Jesuit was proving himself true to his calling. "Why, come away down now, and you can be back in an hour fishing here as if nothing had happened."

The boy's eyes shone with eagerness at the idea of a new top piece. Just then there was a snap of a twig behind them. Barsillie looked round, but there was no one to be seen. So he urged the boy again and the little lad was just turning to go with him when the Jesuit dropped to the ground with a cry of pain and lay stunned. Some one from the wood had hit him on the head with a stone, and the stone which must have come with unerring aim and dreadful swiftness lay at the side of the unconscious man.

Leslie Forbes turned pale, picked up his broken rod and ran. He met Alastair coming down the bank of the river and told him all he knew. Alastair sent him back to Castle Mamore and promised to follow shortly—which he did. And there was no more fishing for them that day.

The gipsy met young Mamore in the wood as he returned to the Castle.

"That stone was a little too hasty, Leathersole."

"Ay—but it was ane o' my lads that did it—curse him. But it's a' richt. I gaed doon and lifted the stane, and when Maister Simon gets back his senses he'll juist think that some deevil o' a waterkelpie gied him a clour on the back o' the heid."

Alastair told the gipsy Leslie's story.

"Then, sir, there can be nae doot o' the thing noo."

"No. None."

"What think ye o' doin' next?"

"Come up to-night, and I shall have made up my mind by then."

"Very guid, sir. Wad ye like this stane for a keepsake?"

Alastair smiled good-humouredly and said,

"No, Leathersole, keep it yourself, for you may need it again."

"I wadna say but ye're richt.'

So the gipsy put the stone into his pocket and disappeared in the wood.

At nine o'clock that same evening Leathersole tapped lightly at the sanctum door.

"Come in," said young Mamore from his seat at the writing table.

"Weel sir, here I am."

"Yes. Any news of our friend?"

"He cam' to his senses half an 'oor after gettin' the clour, got up, looked aboot him, bathed his heid in the river, and walked back to Linnhe-town in nae very happy frame o' mind. There were nae fish in his basket."

"He'll be none the worse of the lesson."

Then the two men sat silently thinking about what their next move was to be.

Young Mamore spoke first.

"I am in need of some more books, Leathersole, and find that I shall require to go to town to get them. This is Wednesday. On Monday next I intend going to Edinburgh and taking Leslie with me. It will be a change for us both, and I can make sure of getting exactly the editions that I want."

Young Mamore paused to give the gipsy time to digest his remarks, and anyone looking at him might have thought that he was merely planning a trip for little Leslie and himself.

"Very guid, sir, but dae ye mean to let folk aboot here ken ye are gaun to Auld Reekie?"

"That is what I meant to say next. I wish you to let everybody know."

"I see, I see."

"Speak about it to-night at Peter Fairface's, and make very sure that Mr. Simon Barsillie knows when, where, and how I am travelling. I go by the morning coach on Monday and travel straight to Edinburgh, where I shall find lodging at Mrs. Petullo's, 3 St. James Square. Do you understand?"

"Maist certainly, sir—I see it a'."

"Then, that is all. Good-night."

"Guid nicht, sir."

Then the gipsy paused and added in an undertone:

"But for the love o' guidness, dinna dream owre muckle!"

The gipsy disappeared with his usual abruptness, and left Young Mamore looking up at his books with a smile.

(To be continued.)

UNDER the auspices of the Tiree Association, a Celtic Concert was held in the Waterloo Rooms, Glasgow, under the presidency of the Marquis of Tullibardine, D.S.O. The object of the concert was to collect funds for the erection of a pier in Tiree.

Gaelic Men of Letters.

VI.—REV. THOMAS MACLAUCHLAN, LL.D.

By FIONN.

THIS popular Gaelic divine was born at Moy, Inverness-shire, on the 29th January, 1816. His father was the Rev. James Maclauchlan, who laboured long in Moy, while his mother was a member of the Clan Fraser. He was educated in his native parish and continued his studies in Aberdeen University, completing his theological course in Edinburgh at the feet of the great Dr. Chalmer. He was licensed to preach in 1837 by the Presbytery of Inverness, and was appointed colleague and successor to his father at Moy in 1838. At the Disruption he threw in his lot with the protesting party and was appointed minister of Stratherrick. He was of great service to the Free Church throughout the Highlands, and in 1846 he went to Canada to visit the Presbyterian Church there as the representative of the Free Church of Scotland. In the spring of 1849 he was called to St. Columba Gaelic Church, Edinburgh, one of the largest congregations in Edinburgh, where he laboured till the close of his career. He undertook the charge of a Gaelic class for the benefit of Highland students attending the Edinburgh University which he conducted for many years. In 1856 he was made a member of the Society of Antiquaries (Scot.), and among the papers which he contributed to that Society's transactions were—"On the Dean of Lismore's Gaelic Manuscript"; "On Standing Stones in the Ross of Mull"; "On the Kymric Element in the Topography of Scotland." In 1864 he received the honour of LL.D. from Aberdeen University. He acted as convener of the Free Church Committee on the Highlands and Islands from 1854 till 1882, and was a warm supporter of whatever had for its object the moral and material welfare of his Highland fellow-countrymen. In 1876 he was elected Moderator of the Free Church General Assembly. He died at Edinburgh 21st March, 1886.

Among his best known works are "The Early Scottish Church," 1873; "Carswell's Prayer Book," 1873; Celtic Gleanings," 1857: "The Dean of Lismore's Book," 1862; "The Gaelic Reference Bible;" which he edited along with Dr. Clark, Kilmallie; "The Review of Gaelic Literature" (1877), which appeared in in the "History of the Highlands and Highland Clans," was also from his pen. For many years he translated the "Monthly Visitor" into Gaelic, and the "Fear-tathaich Miosail" was heartily welcomed in many a Highland clachan. Dr. Skene who wrote the interesting "Introduction" to the Dean of Lismore's book, makes

the following reference to the labours of Dr. Maclauchlan in connection with that publication:—"It is hardly possible to convey to the reader an adequate conception of the labour of the task undertaken by Dr. Maclauchlan, or of the courage, perseverance and ability with which it has been overcome. Dr. Maclauchlan had first to read the Dean's transcript—no ordinary task, when to a strange orthography, affording no clue to the original word, was added a careless handwriting of the beginning of the sixteenth century, faded ink, and decayed paper. He had then to convert it into the corresponding Gaelic in its modern shape and orthography, and then to translate it into English, in which he had to combine the literal rendering of an idiomatic language with an intelligible exhibition of its meaning in English."

In addition to the original works written by Dr. Maclauchlan, he edited a pocket edition of "Ossian's Poems" and an edition of "Stewart's Gaelic Grammar," while his contributions to current Gaelic literature will be found in the pages of "The Gael" and "Bratach na Firinn."

HIGHLAND MEDICAL LORE

(Compiled from several sources).

I.—Medical Learning in the Highlands in Olden Times.

THE legends of the Gael, says Professor Mackinnon, like those of other nations, credit their heroes, among other accomplishments, with a knowledge of medicine. In old Gaelic tales, cures which far transcend the most brilliant achievements of modern science are recorded with all the circumstantiality and picturesqueness characteristic of the Celt. The Gaelic hero, Fionn, possesses a magic cup or *cuach*, the contents of which can cure all manner of disease. Accordingly, when James Macpherson makes his Fingal a physician as well as a warrior, with a knowledge of medicinal plants and herbs second only to Agamede, that able man merely put in stately language what legend and tradition uniformly assert regarding the heroes of the race:—

> The art of closing wounds is mine;
> Of every flower in wood or glen
> I have plucked the ripe heads on the hill,
> As they bent before me by the stream
> Under the rocky peaks of secret winds.
> —Temora, viii. 320.

It would appear that the early Gaelic missionaries made themselves more or less conversant with the medical knowledge of their day, and that people flocked to the monastery for the cure of bodily ailments as well as for spiritual consolation. Adamnan tells us, *e.g.*, that one day Columba, hearing some one shout across the sound of Iona, spoke in this wise:—"That man is much to be pitied for he is coming here to us to ask some cure for the disease of his body; but it were better for him this day to do true penance for his sins, for at the close of this week he shall die." The incident, it will be observed, is recorded in proof, not of the medical skill of the monks of Iona, but of the prophetic gifts of St. Columba.

But among the mediæval Gael, in the Highlands of Scotland as in Ireland, there were

REGULAR MEDICAL PRACTITIONERS

who devoted themselves to their profession. These men left behind them a large quantity of manuscript written in their own Gaelic tongue, a considerable remnant of which is still preserved, chiefly in the great libraries of Dublin, London, Oxford, and Edinburgh. Twenty years ago Dr. Norman Moore, of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, London, read eight manuscripts of this class which are in the British Museum, and printed an account of them in the *Bartholomew Hospital Reports* for 1875. Dr. Moore finds that the larger portion of the documents which he examined is a translation or version of the principal medical works of antiquity and the middle ages, especially of Bernard de Gordon of Montpellier, Galterus, and Philanetus; and fragments of abstracts of Isodurus, Averroes, Hippocrates, Galen, Aristotle, and others. He has been able to trace and identify the originals of several of these manuscripts, and the others he concludes, with reason, to be of the same character.

Our Scottish collection is peculiarly rich in literature of this class, about one-third of our old Gaelic manuscripts being medical or quasi-medical in whole or in part. In addition to those in the Advocates' Library collection, there is a large paper folio of nearly 700 pages in the library of the Society of Scottish Antiquaries in Edinburgh, an interesting volume in the University of Edinburgh (Laing collection, No. 21), and three vellums, one of them of great value, in Prof. MacKinnon's possession. There may be others lying in neglected corners. Ninety-five years ago Dr. Donald Smith, a physician and well-known Gaelic scholar, examined the two or three medical manuscripts at the time in the Scottish collection. I am not aware that any other medical man of modern times has read one of these documents. The greater number of them belong to the Kilbride collection. The late Mr. Skene and Dr. M'Lauchlan of Edinburgh both looked through some of

them, but I do not know another Scottish scholar who has read any of them. Like all old Gaelic writings, especially those dealing with technical subjects, these manuscripts abound in contractions; and my knowledge of medical literature is not, I regret to say, sufficient to enable me on all occasions to get behind these contractions. Still I can assert with confidence that the manuscripts in the Scottish collection are the same in general character with those in the British Museum so well described by Dr. Moore, ours being more voluminous and of greater variety in form and subject matter.

A considerable portion of this literature consists of scattered leaves of parchment or paper loosely stitched together. Other MSS. contain elaborately and apparently complete treatises, written out with great care and skill. Some are large folios, others tiny volumes. The contents present great diversity, and in one way or another may be said to cover the whole field of

MEDIÆVAL MEDICAL KNOWLEDGE

and practice. There are separate tractates on special subjects. In MS. xviii., *e g.*, is a chapter headed "Do tsalchar an croicinn" (On Disease of the Skin). In the University MS., again, is a tract, evidently pretty exhaustive, on Urine. Other treatises are of a more general character. MS. xii., *e.g.*, contains chapters on Anatomy and Natural History. MS. xxv., the contents of which are religious and ecclesiastical, has for covering a piece of skin which at one time formed part of a treatise on Foods, Fishes, and what not. Here and there one comes upon a chapter headed "De Sensibus," evidently a translation of abstract of a Latin version of the *De Anima* of Aristotle. In Pharmacy a most valuable manuscript is one in my own possession. It is unfortunately incomplete; but, as it stands, the MS. consists of thirteen leaves quarto size, closely but clearly written, abounding in contractions, and to a layman rather obscure. Here is given, in alphabetical order, an exhaustive list of plants, trees, &c., with the therapeutic properties of each. The manuscript was at one time a full and complete pharmacopœia. The name of the tree or plant is given in Latin and Gaelic, the explanation and comment in Gaelic only. Two small fragments of a similar treatise were printed by Dr. Whiteley Stokes in the *Revue Celtique* (vol. ix. p. 224), in a paper entitled "On the Materia Medica of the Mediæval Irish." Occasionally an elaborate work, carrying one over the whole field of medical practice, is met with. Such is the

LILIUM MEDICINÆ

(as the author, following the fashion of the day, calls his book) of Bernardus de Gordon, Professor of Medicine in Montpellier in the end of the thirteenth and beginning of the fourteenth centuries. The *Lilium* was written in 1303, and at once obtained a wide celebrity. It was translated into Gaelic among other European languages. A copy in the British Museum was translated or transcribed in the year 1842, and afterwards bought by Gerald, Earl of Kildare, for twenty cows. In the year 1874 the Rev. Donald Macqueen, minister of Kilmuir, in Skye, sent a copy of a Gaelic translation of the *Lilium* to the Society of Scottish Antiquaries, in whose library it now lies. A memorandmm states that this book was, five generations previously, the property of "Farchar Beaton of Husibost," in Skye, who held the book of such value "that when he trusted himself to a boat in passing an arm of the sea to attend any patient at Dunvegan, the seat of Macleod, he sent his servant by land for the greater security of the *Lilium Medicinum*. The writer adds that the cost of transcribing a copy of the *Lilium* was sixty milch cows. The volume in the Antiquarian Library is a paper MS., folio size. The text covers 676 pages. Then follow tables of prescriptions according to the practice of the various schools, and afterwards those favoured by Bernard de Gordon himself.

Among the medical MSS. must be placed

A TINY VELLUM,

forming No. iv. of the Advocates' Library collection. The volume measures only $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches by $1\frac{1}{2}$ by $1\frac{1}{2}$. It is bound in a stoutish cover, and fastened with a thong and button. The contents are somewhat miscellaneous. The first twenty-four folios, *e.g.* consist mainly of prayers, psalms, and hymns in Latin. This portion is beautifully written, with capitals daubed over in red and yellow. Then follow two blank pages, on which memoranda were written at a subsequent date. On folio 26 the subject proper commences. It may be described as an attempt to fix the position of medicine in relation to divinity and philosophy on the one hand, and on the other to physics, astronomy or rather astrology. The treatise opens with a pregnant sentence from Galen, "Quem scientia vivificat non moritur," which the writer translates into Gaelic and explains. The author adds, "And because God is the Creator of us all, it is of Him we ought to speak first of all, and the attempt shall here be made." Paragraphs on God, the Firmament, the Sphere, Substance, &c., follow; after which some short chapters dealing with the speculations of the Schoolmen, Thomas Aquinas and others. The volume closes with a discussion of the relation between the soul and the body; a description of the members of the body, their functions, ailment, and cure. In other manuscripts—

MSS. ii., xxxiii., the University MS., &c.—carefully prepared calendars are found, with marginal notes on several of them, as to the foods and drinks proper for the various seasons, blood-letting, and other observations of a quasi-medical character. Separate treatises, containing a description of the planets, the zodiac, and the influence of the heavenly bodies upon the life and health of the man, are also to be found in the same MSS. as well as in others.

Little is known regarding the lives and fortunes of the authors, or, to speak more correctly, the translators and transcribers of these documents. We have still less information as to how these Gaelic physicians received their professional education, about the drugs they used, where they purchased them, or how they prepared them. In the Celtic polity offices of learning and skill were, or tended to become, hereditary. Among the Gaels the social unit was the tribe, *fine*, or clan. The headship of the tribe was, as to family, hereditary; as to the individual, it was in theory elective, though in actual practice the heir in line was rarely passed over. The

ORGANISATION OF THE GAELIC CHURCH

was modelled on the tribal system. The founder of a monastery became its first abbot, and the office remained in the family from which the founder sprung as long as there was a person qualified to occupy it. It was not patronage; it was nepotism of the most exclusive character. In accordance with this practice, the first ten abbots of Iona were, with one single exception, near relations of the founder Columba. The arrangement which appears to us so inept, worked in practice tolerably well, and pervaded all departments of administration. In Ireland the O'Clerys, the MacEgans, the Donleys were historians, lawyers, and physicians for many generations. When Macdonald of the Isles was in the plentitude of his power, Macphee of Colonsay kept the records of the Isles, and Mackinnon of Mull and Skye had charge of the weights and measures. In accordance with the same custom, a family of MacEwans were historians and poets attached to the Campbells of Glenurchy, while the

M'VURICHS OF SOUTH UIST

were for eighteen generations *seanachies* and bards of Clanranald. It would appear that the practice of medicine in the West Highlands of Scotland descended in like manner from father to son; and though genius is not always hereditary, men of talent did practice with success in these parts the craft of the bard and the leech under these anamolous conditions.

(To be continued.)

THE GRAVE IN THE SNOW.

By The Rev. DUGALD MACECHERN, B.D.

ELEGY IN MEMORY OF LOUISE PORTEOUS, SISTER OF GEORGE PORTEOS, ESQ., OF THE TOWERS, JUNIPER GREEN, MIDLOTHIAN

(The Author's Cousin).

I.

Sister, sleep, beside the stream
Where we dreamed each youthful dream,
Where we saw the summers die,
And their withered leaves float by.
When the loves of youth were gone
Then I turned to thee alone,
In the rain and in the sun
Grew thy life and mine as one,
O'er thee now the snow drifts deep,
Sleep, belovéd sister, sleep!

II.

Sister, sleep—Ah! true and good
Flowed in thee thy mother's blood,*
Blood of royal mountain race,
Celtic strength, yet tender grace,—
True as when in Atholl's vale,
Summoned by his prince, the Gael
Left the Garry's rushing tide
And on red Culloden died—
Self-forgetting love, how deep!
Sleep, belovéd sister, sleep!

III.

Sister, sleep beneath the storm:
God is king and not the worm
In thy grave beneath the snows,
For, though fails the Christmas rose,
Lo! a snowdrop white up-springs,
Harbinger of happier things.
Snowdrop from the Mind Supreme!
God is not a vanished dream,
Life is in the deepest deep.
Sleep, belovéd sister, sleep!

IV.

Sister, sleep, for God is good:
At my side I know he stood,
When I viewed thine eyes grown dim,
When I touched thy frozen limb,
When I layed thee in the shell,
When I heard the tolling bell.
Now I bless the wounds of Christ—
Pledge that He will keep his tryst,
Now less bitterly I weep,
Sleep, belovéd sister, sleep!

V.

Sister, sleep! Thy life did prove
He who made a sister's love
Must Himself be love. I know
That thy spirit pure shall go,
Robed in loveliness and truth,
To the Isle of deathless Youth.
Kneeling, dearest, o'er thy dust
In the Love Supreme I trust,
Yet, ah! *yet* I sorely weep,
Sleep, my more than sister, sleep!

Island of Coll.

* NOTE.—Miss Porteous, on her mother's side, was of the Clan Ferguson of Atholl.

TOMMY.

LITTLE blue-eyed Celt, Tommy! Can I ever forget your tiny figure in it's rough clothes, as you rowed me every day about the land-locked harbour of the fishing-village! Day after day I came down to the slip to find my little boatman waiting, and ready to take me for my morning row.

Sometimes we did not venture beyond the harbour; at other times we adventurously rounded the wooded headlands which jut out at the harbour-mouth, and coming—as it seems from a distance—almost together, like encircling arms, leave a channel for the boats to pass.

What a picture the scene made on one of those summer mornings, with the bright sunlight lighting up into all shades of gold and russet the barked sails and varnished hulls of the fishing-skiffs; the water dancing and blue; and the houses on the green hill-sides white and dazzling to the eye. The parish church keeping guard over the village, perched on its own special hill to the left; another note of colour being added to the scene by the blue jerseys of the few fishermen who—at this comparatively early hour for them to be astir, after their night's work—are scattered about the shore and quay.

There was ever a drowsy charm about it all; and as Tommy and I rowed ourselves contentedly about, I think we were both happy.

My first introduction to Tommy came about in this wise. Going down one morning to the boat-hirer's, to ask for a rowing boat and someone to take me out in it, the person whom I addressed turned to a small brown figure, sturdy and serene in appearance, and addressing it peremtorily as "Tom," gave orders to "take the lady out." So I got into the habit, every day, of going down to the shore to find my small boatman waiting for me.

We had many quaint conversations together; and I gathered from what Tommy let fall that the great and absorbing interest of his small life was "boats." His father told me afterwards that Tommy and all his brothers and sisters had had a cradle in the form of a boat for their first bed.

Tommy's little brown legs and feet were always bare; he ran in and out of the water as if he were as much at home in it as upon the land.

On the evening preceding the day of my departure, Tommy and I had our last row for the season together. As a special treat he rowed the small-boat into what he termed the "Doochlin"—a corner of the harbour charmingly pretty and sheltered, and studded with many small islands.

Here he rowed me about in the golden evening light, and, on that summer night, Tommy talked more than I ever remember to have heard him. I think my boatman was not a little grieved when the moment for parting came.

During several summers after this one I saw him occasionally, and once or twice he took me out on the loch, or rowed me across the harbour to the steamer. But I noticed, with what was almost a feeling of regret, that the ten-year-old Tommy whom I had enshrined in my memory was "growing-up." And this last summer, not having been in the village for two years, one day, walking down the shore-road, I was accosted by a bonny boy about seventeen or thereabouts, who came up to me with outstretched hands, and the brightest smile showing his white teeth, and said, calling me by my name, in accents of delighted surprise—"I hardly knew you!" And indeed I might have replied that *I* hardly knew the Tommy of old whom I remembered. His dongaree jacket proclaimed the fact, of which he presently informed me, that he was now promoted to working in the yacht-building yard.

He said that he would take me out any evening, and, about seven o'clock a few days later, going down to the post-office, I was signalled to by Tommy from the harbour, in the old boat, coming to give me a row. So I embarked, and Tommy's strong young arms propelled the boat swiftly far out beyond the headland to the left; away out until we were near the island whose name in Gaelic, translated, is "The Battle Isle," where tradition has it that a battle was fought long ago.

Ah, Tommy! shall we ever set sail together again? The years roll on and bring many changes, but, while memory lasts, the picture of my little boatman will never fade from it.

Dear little Tommy, with your quaint Highland tongue, the paths the ships of our destiny must take on the ocean of life, are likely to lie far enough apart. But, perhaps, now and then, we may signal to one another when passing—"Ships that pass in the night" although we be. And should your craft ever get out of calm waters, be storm-beaten or becalmed—which Heaven forfend!—I pray I may be granted by fate to lend a helping hand, or even to throw out a signal to you, which may help you in your extremity.

For to none of us men and women is the sea of life an easy one to navigate, and it is great joy to one mariner to know that he has helped another to find his bearings on the difficult voyage.

MARGARET T. MACGREGOR.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications on literary and business matters should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 10 Bute Mansions, Hillhead, Glasgow.

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THE CELTIC MONTHLY.

MARCH, 1906.

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NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

VOLUME XV., tastefully bound in cloth, gilt title, can be had for 6s. post free; also Volumes VIII. to XIV., at 6s. per volume, post free, from the Editor, Mr. John Mackay, 10 Bute Mansions, Glasgow.

Clan Mackay Society.—The usual monthly meeting of this Society was held in Glasgow—Mr. John Mackay, Editor *Celtic Monthly*, in the chair. Mr. W. Urquhart Mackay, Hon. Secy., read a report on the Competition held recently by the Reay company of the Sutherland Volunteers for the silver challenge cup presented by the Clan Mackay Society to encourage shooting, and it was agreed to present the Winner with a silver badge as formerly. The report on the Social Gathering held last month showed that function to have been very successful. The chairman read a communication from Lord Reay, chief of the clan, regardind the correct pattern of the Mackay tartan. The Highland Society of London are makihg a collection of authenticated tartans, which will be valuable in future for reference purposes, and the Chief considered it most desirable that the pattern of the clan *breâcan* should be correct in sett, shades of colour, and all other details. The chairman stated that he had been investigating into the matter very carefully, and would be pleased to hear from any person who possessed an old representation of the Mackay tartan, in cloth, painting or any other form.

The Cambuslang Highlanders had a successful Concert under the presidency of Dr. MacPherson, Cambuslang, who is president of the Association.

THE ROAD-SONG OF THE WANDERERS.

Now, this is the song of the broken clan,
The children of old Boboon;
And they sing it by day to the laughing sun,
By night to the wistful moon.

* * * * *

The clean, blue skies above us,
The warm earth to our feet,
The misty bens around us,
And our road shall aye be sweet.
Its a hame they've got in the castle,
A spot they can call their own,
A spot they can aye return to
When their steps are weary grown.
And we see the signs of plenty
In the fields of waving corn,
And we hear the sounds of pleasure
In the huntman's winding horn.
And as we look and listen
And the slanting sunbeams glisten,
Comes the thought to our hearts again,
To our lips the old refrain,—
"Meat and wine in the laird's castle,
Water and bread for Boboon's children!"

The glinting stars above us,
The dry moss to our feet,
The heather for our pillow,
And our rest shall aye be sweet.
Oh, they're merry to-night in the castle—
Feasting and wine and song,
Jest and laughter and quibble
To help the night along.
And we see the lighted windows
With glimmering candles bright,
And we hear the lilt of voices
Come wafted on the night.
And as we look and listen
And the stars above us glisten,
Comes the thought to our hearts again,
To our lips the old refrain,—
"Meat and wine in the laird's castle,
Water and bread for Boboon's children!"

The wild, wet winds above us,
The wide sands to our feet,
The tossing sea beside us,
And our joy shall be complete.
Its a shelter they've got in the castle,
Timber and stone and board,
That the wild airts may not harm them
When they fling their hosts abroad.
And we watch the twilight deepen
O'er the grey seas of the north,
And we hear the waves' glad answer
As the joyful winds break forth.
And as we look and listen,
And the seething foam-lines glisten,
We take it up again
With a laugh—the old refrain,—
"Meat and wine in the laird's castle,
Water and bread for Boboon's children!"

* * * * *

Now, this is the song of the broken clan,
The children of old Boboon,
And they sing it by day to the laughing sun,
By night to the wistful moon.

THE CONQUEST OF QUEBEC.

THE taking of Quebec was one of the most remarkable achievements of the British arms on the American Continent,—and also figures as one of the most curious exploits of modern warfare in any country; and therefore might well claim, on its own account, to be noticed in our miscellany of historiettes. But it presents itself with peculiar interest, and becomes entirely appropriate to the purpose of our Scottish Tales, on account of the conspicuous part which the Fraser Highlanders acted in it,—furnishing a fine specimen of the style in which Scottish soldiers have acquitted themselves in America.

Fraser's Highlanders, or the 78th Regiment, were embodied on behalf of the British government in 1757, by the Hon. Simon Fraser, son of the Jacobite Lord Lovat; and though he possessed not an inch of land, and had in his youth ranked as a rebel against the power which he now served, yet, from the mere influence of clanship, he raised in a few weeks a corps of 800 men from among the families of his own name; and to these were added upwards of 600 of others who were raised by his friends and officers. The uniform of the regiment "was the full Highland dress, with musket and broad-sword, to which many of the soldiers added the dirk at their own expense, and a purse of badger's or otter's skin. The bonnet was raised or cocked on one side, with a slight bend inclining down to the right ear, over which were suspended two or more black feathers. Eagles' or hawks' feathers were usually worn by the gentlemen, in the Highlands, while the bonnets of the common people were ornamented with a bunch of the distinguishing mark of the clan or district. The ostrich feather in the bonnets of the soldiers was a modern addition of that period, as the present load of plumage on the bonnet is a still more recent introduction, forming, however, in hot climates, an excellent defence against a vertical sun." The regiment embarked in company with Montgomery's Highlanders at Greenock, and landed at Halifax in June 1757. They were intended to be employed in an expedition against Louisbourg, which, however, after the necessary preparations, was abandoned. About this time it was proposed to change the uniform of the regiment, as the Highland garb was judged unfit for the severe winters and the hot summers of North America; but the officers and soldiers having set themselves in opposition to the plan, and being warmly supported by Colonel Fraser, who represented to the commander-in-chief the bad consequences that might follow if it were persisted in, the plan was relinquished. "Thanks to our gracious chief," said a veteran of the regiment, "we were allowed to wear the garb of our fathers, and, in the course of six winters, showed the doctors that they did not understand our constitution; for, in the coldest winters, our men were more healthy than those regiments who wore breeches and warm clothing."

In consequence of the treaty of peace between Great Britain and the several nations of Indians between the Apalachian mountains and the Lakes, in October, 1759, the British government was enabled to carry into effect those operations which had been projected against the French settlements in Canada, and the most important by far of these was the enterprise against Quebec. According to the plan fixed upon for the conquest of Canada, Major-general Wolfe, who had given promise of great military talents at Louisbourg, was to proceed up the river St. Lawrence and attack Quebec, whilst General Amherst, after reducing Ticonderga and Crown Point, was to descend the St. Lawrence and co-operate with General Wolfe in the conquest of Quebec. Yet the force under General Wolfe did not exceed 7,000 effective men, whilst that under General Amherst amounted to more than twice that number; but the commander-in-chief seems to have calculated upon a junction with General Wolfe in sufficient time for the siege of Quebec. The forces under General Wolfe comprehended the following regiments,—15th, 28th, 35th, 43d, 47th, 48th, 58th, Fraser's Highlanders, the Rangers, and the grenadiers of Louisbourg.

The fleet, under the command of Admirals Saunders and Holmes, with the transports, proceeded up the St. Lawrence, and reached the island of Orleans, a little below Quebec, in the end of June, where the troops were disembarked without opposition. The Marquis de Montcalm, who commanded the French troops, which were greatly superior in number to the invaders, resolved rather to depend upon the natural strength of his position than his numbers, and took his measures accordingly. The city of Quebec was tolerably well fortified, defended by a numerous garrison, and abundantly supplied with provisions and ammunition. This able and hitherto fortuuate leader had reinforced the troops of the colony with five regular battalions, formed of the best of the inhabitants; and he had, besides, completely disciplined all the Canadians of the neighbourhood capable of bearing arms, and several tribes of Indians. He had posted his army on a piece of ground along the shore of Beaufort, from the river St. Charles to the falls of Montmorency,—a position rendered strong by precipices, woods, and rivers, and defended by intrenchments where the

weakest. To undertake the siege of Quebec under the disadvantages which presented themselves, seemed a rash enterprise; but, although General Wolfe was completely aware of these difficulties, a thirst for glory, and the workings of a vigorous mind, which set every obstacle at defiance, impelled him to make the hazardous attempt. His maxim was, that a "brave and victorious army finds no difficulties"; and he was anxious to verify the truth of the adage in the present instance.

Having ascertained that, to reduce the place, it was necessary to erect batteries on the north of the St. Lawrence, the British general endeavoured, by a series of manœuvres, to draw Montcalm from his position; but the French commander was too prudent to risk a battle. With the view of attacking the enemy's intrenchments, General Wolfe sent a small armament up the river above the city; and having personally surveyed the banks on the side of the enemy from one of the ships, he resolved to cross the river Montmorency and make the attack. He therefore ordered six companies of grenadiers and part of the Royal Americans to cross the river and land near the mouth of the Montmorency, and at the same time directed the two brigades commanded by Generals Murray and Townshend to pass a ford higher up. Close to the water's edge there was a detached redoubt, which the grenadiers were ordered to attack, in the expectation that the enemy would descend from the hill in its defence, and thus bring on a general engagement. At all events, the possession of this post was of importance, as from it the British commander could obtain a better view of the enemy's intrenchments than he had yet been able to accomplish. The grenadiers and Royal Americans were the first who landed. They had received orders to form in four distinct bodies, but not to begin the attack till the first brigade should have passed the ford, and be near enough to support them. No attention, however, was paid to these instructions. Before even the first brigade had crossed, the grenadiers, before they were regularly formed, rushed forward with impetuosity and considerable confusion to attack the enemy's intrenchments. They were received with a well-directed fire, which effectually checked them and threw them into disorder. They endeavoured to form under the redoubt, but being unable to rally, they retreated and formed behind the first brigade, which had by this time landed, and was drawn up on the beach in good order. The plan of attack being thus totally disconcerted, General Wolfe repassed the river and returned to the isle of Orleans. In this unfortunate attempt the British lost 543 of all ranks killed, wounded, and missing. Of the Highlanders, up to the second of September, the loss was 18 rank and file killed, and 6 officers, and 85 rank and file wounded. In the general orders which were issued the following morning, General Wolfe complained bitterly of the conduct of the grenadiers: "The check which the grenadiers met with yesterday will, it is hoped, be a lesson to them for the time to come. Such impetuous, irregular, and unsoldierlike proceedings destroy all order, make it impossible for the commanders to form any disposition for attack, and put it out of the general's power to execute his plan. The grenadiers could not suppose that they alone could beat the French army; and therefore it was necessary that the corps under Brigadiers Monckton and Townshend should have time to join, that the attack might be general. The very first fire of the enemy was sufficient to repulse men who had lost all sense of order and military discipline. Amherst's and the Highlanders alone, by the soldier-like and cool manner they were formed in, would undoubtedly have beaten back the whole Canadian army if they had ventured to attack them."

General Wolfe now changed his plan of operations. Leaving his position at Montmorency, he re-embarked his troops and artillery, and landed at Point Levi, whence he passed up the river in transports; but finding no opportunity of annoying the enemy above the town, he resolved to convey his troops farther down, in boats, and land them by night within a league of Cape Diamond, with a view of ascending the heights of Abraham,—which rise abruptly, with steep ascent, from the banks of the river,—and thus gain possession of the ground on the back of the city, where the fortifications were less strong. A plan more replete with dangers and difficulties could scarcely have been devised; but, from the advanced period of the season, it was necessary either to abandon the enterprise altogether, or to make an attempt upon the city, whatever might be the result. The troops, notwithstanding the recent disaster, were in high spirits, and ready to follow their general wherever he might lead them. The commander, on the other hand, though afflicted with a severe dysentery and fever, which had debilitated his frame, resolved to avail himself of the readiness of his men, and to conduct the hazardous enterprise in which they were about to engage in person.

In order to deceive the enemy, Admiral Holmes was directed to move farther up the river on the 12th of September, but to sail down in the night time, so as to protect the landing of the forces. These orders were punctually obeyed. About an hour after mid-night

of the same day four regiments, the light infantry, with the Highlanders and grenadiers, were embarked in flat-bottomed boats, under the command of Brigadiers Monckton and Murray. They were accompanied by General Wolfe, who was among the first that landed. The boats fell down with the tide, keeping close to the north shore in the best order; but, owing to the rapidity of the current, and the darkness of the night, most of the boats landed a little below the intended place of disembarkation. "The French," says Smollett, "had posted sentries along shore to challenge boats and vessels, and give the alarm occasionally. The first boat that contained the English troops being questioned accordingly, a captain of Fraser's regiment, who had served in Holland, and who was perfectly well acquainted with the French language and customs, answered without hesitation to *Qui vive?*—which is their challenging word,—*la France;* nor was he at a loss to answer the second question, which was much more particular and difficult. When the sentinel demanded, *a quel regiment?* the captain replied, *de la reine,* which he knew, by accident, to be one of those that composed the body commanded by Bougainville. The soldier took it for granted this was the expected convoy (a convoy of provisions expected that night for the garrison of Quebec), and, saying *passe,* allowed all the boats to proceed without further question. In the same manner the other sentries were deceived; though one, more wary than the rest, came running down to the water's edge, and called, *Pour quoi est ce qui vous ne parlez pas haut?* 'Why don't you speak with an audible voice?' To this interrogation, which implied doubt, the captain answered with admirable presence of mind, in a soft tone of voice, *Tai toi nous serens entendues!* 'Hush! we shall be overheard and discovered.' Thus cautioned, the sentry retired without farther altercation.

When the troops were landed, the boats were sent back for the other division of the troops, which was under the command of Brigadier-general Townshend. The ascent to the heights was by a narrow path, that slanted up the precipice from the landing-place; this path the enemy had broken up, and rendered almost impassable, by cross ditches, and they had made an intrenchment at the top of the hill. Notwithstanding these difficulties, Colonel Howe, who was the first to land, ascended the woody precipices, with the light infantry and the Highlanders, and dislodged a captain's guard which defended the narrow path. They then mounted without further molestation; and General Wolfe, who was among the first to gain the summit of the hill, formed the troops on the heights as they arrived. In the ascent the precipice was found to be so steep and dangerous that the troops were obliged to climb up the rugged projections of the rocks, and, by aid of the branches of the trees and shrubs growing on both sides of the path, to pull themselves up. Though much time was thus necessarily occupied in the ascent, yet such was the perseverance of the troops, that they all gained the summit in time to enable the general to form in order of battle before day-break.

M. de Montcalm had now no way left of saving Quebec but by risking a battle, and he therefore determined to leave his stronghold and meet the British in the open field. Leaving his camp at Montmorency, he crossed the river St. Charles, and, forming his line with great skill, advanced forward to attack his opponents. His right was composed of half the provincial troops, two battalions of regulars, and a body of Canadians and Indians; his centre, of a column of two battalions of Europeans, with two field-pieces; and his left of one battalion of regulars, and the remainder of the colonial troops. In his front, among brushwood and corn-fields, fifteen hundred of his best marksmen were posted to gall the British as they approached. The British were drawn up in two lines: the first, consisting of the grenadiers, 15th, 28th, 35th Highlanders, and 58th; the 47th regiment formed the second line, or reserve. The left of the front line was covered by the light infantry; it appearing to be the intention of the French commander to outflank the left of the British, Brigadier-general Townshend, with Amherst's regiment, which he formed *en potence,*—thus presenting a double front to the enemy.

The Canadians and the Indians, who were posted among the brushwood, kept up an irregular galling fire, which proved fatal to many officers, who, from their dress, were singled out by these marksmen. The fire of this body was, in some measure, checked by the advanced posts of the British, who returned the fire; and a small gun, which was dragged up by the seamen from the landing-place, was brought forward, and did considerable execution. The French now advanced to the charge with great spirit, firing as they advanced; but, in consequence of orders they received, the British troops reserved their fire till the main body of the enemy had approached within forty yards of their line. When the enemy had come within that distance, the whole British line poured in a general and destructive discharge of musketry. Another discharge followed, which had such an effect upon the enemy that they stopped short, and after making an ineffectual attempt upon the left of the British

line, they began to give way. At this time General Wolfe, who had receiven two wounds which he had concealed, was mortally wounded whilst advancing at the head of the grenadiers with fixed bayonets.

At this instant every separate corps of the British army exerted itself, as if the contest were for its own peculiar honour. Whilst the right pressed on with their bayonets, Brigadier-general Murray briskly advanced with the troops under his command, and soon broke the centre of the euemy, "when the Highlanders, taking to their broad-swords, fell in among them with irresistible impetuosity, and drove them back with great slaughter." The action on the left of the British was not so warm. A smart contest, however, took place between part of the enemy's right and some light infantry, who had thrown themselves into houses, which they defended with great courage. During this attack, Colonel Howe, who had taken post with two companies behind a copse, frequently sallied out on the flanks of the enemy, whilst General Townshend advanced in platoons against their front. Observing the left and centre of the French giving way, this officer, on whom the command had just devolved in consequence of General Monckton, the second in command, having been dangerously wounded, hastened to the centre, and finding that the troops had got into disorder in the pursuit, formed them again in line. At this moment, Monsieur de Bougainville, who had marched from Cape Rouge as soon as he heard that the British troops had gained the heights, appeared in their rear at the head of 2,000 fresh men. General Townshend immediately ordered two regiments, with two pieces of artillery, to advance against this body; but Bougainville retired on their approach. The wreck of the French army retreated to Quebec and Point Levi.

The loss sustained by the enemy was considerable. About 1,000 of them were made prisoners, including a number of officers, and about 500 died on the field of battle. The death of their brave commander, Montcalm, who was mortally wounded almost at the same instant with General Wolfe, was a serious calamity to the French arms. When informed that his wound was mortal,—"So much the better," said he, "I shall not live to see the surrender of Quebec." Before his death he wrote a letter to General Townshend, recommending the prisoners to the generous humanity of the British. The death of the two commanders-in-chief, and the disasters which befel Generals Monckton and Severergues, the two seconds in command, who were respectively carried wounded from the field, are remarkable circumstances in the events of this day. This important victory was not gained without considerable loss on the part of the British, who, besides the commander-in-chief, had 8 officers and 48 men killed; and 43 officers and 435 men wounded. The death of General Wolfe was a national loss. "He inherited from Nature an animating fervour of sentiment, an intuitive perception, and extensive capacity, and a passion for glory, which stimulated him to acquire every species of military knowledge that study could comprehend, that actual service could illustrate and confirm. Brave above all estimation of danger, he was also generous, gentle, complacent, and humane;—the pattern of the officer, the darling of the soldier. There was a sublimity in his genius which soared above the pitch of ordinary minds; and had his faculties been exercised to their full extent by opportunity and action, had his judgment been fully matured by age and experience, he would, without doubt, have rivalled in reputation the most celebrated captains of antiquity." When the final ball pierced the breast of the young hero, he found himself unable to stand, and leaned upon the shoulder of a lieutenant who sat down on the ground. This officer, observing the French give way, exclaimed,—"They run! they run!" "Who run?" inquired the gallant Wolfe with great earnestness. When told that it was the French that were flying: "What," said he, "do the cowards run already? Then I die happy!" and instantly expired.

On the 18th of September the town surrendered, and a great part of the circumjacent country being reduced, General Townshend embarked for England, leaving a garrison of 5,000 effective men in Quebec, under the Hon. General James Murray. Apprehensive of a visit from a considerable French army stationed in Montreal and the neighbouring country, General Murray repaired the fortifications, and put the town in a proper posture of defence; but his troops suffered so much from the rigours of winter, and the want of vegetables and fresh provisions, that, before the end of April, the garrison was reduced, by death and disease, to about 3,000 effective men. Such was the situation of affairs when the general received certain intelligence that General de Levi, who succeeded the Marquis de Montcalm, had reached Point au Tremble with a force of 10,000 French and Canadians, and 500 Indians. It was the intention of the French commander to cut off the posts which the British had established; but General Murray defeated this scheme, by ordering the bridges over the river Rouge to be broken down, and the landing places at Sylleri and Foulon to be secured. Next day, the 27th of April, he marched in person with a

strong detachment and two field-pieces, and took possession of an advantageous position, which he retained till the afternoon, when the outposts were withdrawn, after which he returned to Quebec with very little loss, although the enemy pressed closely on his rear.

General Murray was now reduced to the necessity of withstanding a siege, or risking a battle. He chose the latter alternative, a resolution which was deemed by some military men as savouring more of youthful impatience and overstrained courage, than of judgment; but the dangers with which he was beset, in the midst of a hostile population, and the difficulties incident to a protracted siege, seem to afford some justification for that step. In pursuance of his resolution, the general marched out on the 28th of April, at half-past six o'clock in the morning, and formed his little army on the heights of Abraham. The right wing, commanded by Colonel Burton, consisted of the 15th, 48th, 58th, and second battalion of the 60th, or Royal Americans; the left under Colonel Simon Fraser, was formed of the 43d, 47th Welsh Fusiliers, and the Highlanders. The 35th, and the third battalion of the 60th, constituted the reserve. The right was covered by Major Dalling's corps of light infantry; and the left by Captain Huzzen's company of rangers, and 100 volunteers, under the command of Captain Macdonald of Fraser's regiment.

Observing the enemy in full march in one column, General Murray advanced quickly forward to meet them before they should form their line. His light infantry coming in contact with Levi's advance, drove them back on their main body; but pursuing too far, they were furiously attacked and repulsed in their turn. They fell back in such disorder on the line, as to impede their fire, and in passing round by the right flank to the rear, they suffered much from the fire of a party who were endeavouring to turn that flank. The enemy having made two desperate attempts to penetrate the right wing, the 35th regiment was called up from the reserve to its support. Meanwhile the British left was struggling with the enemy, who succeeded so far, from their superior numbers, in their attempt to turn that flank, that they obtained possession of two redoubts, but were driven out from both by the Highlanders, sword in hand. By pushing forward fresh numbers, however, the enemy at last succeeded in forcing the left wing to retire, the right giving way about the same time. The French did not attempt to pursue, but allowed the British to retire quietly within the walls of the city, and to carry away their wounded. The British had six officers, and 250 rank and file killed; and 82 officers, and 679 non-commissioned officers and privates, wounded. The enemy lost twice the number of men.

Shortly after the British had retired, General Levi moved forward on Quebec, and having taken up a position close to it, opened a fire at five o'clock. He then proceeded to besiege the city in form, and General Murray made the necessary dispositions to defend the place. The siege was continued till the 10th of May, when it was suddenly raised; the enemy retreating with great precipitation, leaving all their artillery implements and stores behind. This unexpected event was occasioned by the destruction or capture of all the enemy's ships above Quebec, by an English squadron which had arrived in the river, and the advance of General Amherst on Montreal. General Murray left Quebec in pursuit of the enemy, but was unable to overtake them, and he afterwards joined General Amherst, in the neighbourhood of Montreal, and acted a conspicuous part in the capture of that last stronghold of the French in Canada.

Fraser's Highlanders were not called again into active service till the summer of 1762, when they were, on the expedition under Colonel William Amherst, sent to retake St. John's, Newfoundland. In this service Captain Macdonell of Fraser's regiment, was mortally wounded, three rank and file killed, and seven wounded.

At the conclusion of the war, a number of the officers and men having expressed a desire to settle in North America, had their wishes granted and an allowance of land given them. The rest returned to Scotland, and were discharged. When the war of the American revolution broke out, upwards of 300 of those men who had remained in the country, enlisted in the 84th regiment, in 1775, and formed part of two fine battalions embodied under the name of the Royal Highland Emigrants.

THE THISTLE.

Again the thistle greets mine eye—
The emblem dear of Scottish right;
The right to live—and eke to die!—
Unfetter'd by the hand of Might!

The soul that stirr'd the Wallace brave,
When Tyranny's rough minions strove
His land and kindred to enslave,
Was that of Valour guarding Love!

The loyal purple was his love—
(The thistle bloom)—and round about
The nettles of his valour wove,
With blades of steel, a cordon stout!

And e'en his death by traitor's hands—
As by the scythe the thistle falls—
A bond of love to Scotland stands;
And from the grave his spirit calls!

CHARLES C. MCCLAUGHRY.

Atlanta, Georgia, U.S.A.
27th February, 1908.

SGEULACHDAN.

I.—Sgeul Goirid, Firinneach.

Bha ann an eilean Mhuile dithis fhear. B'e ainm aon diubh, Dughall Mac-na-faiche; ainm au fhir eile, cha'n fhios domh. Bha Dughall cleachdta ri dol do'n chladh a ghearradh feoir. Cha robh so taitneach le 'choimhearsneach agus bha e toileach stad a chur air gearradh an fheoir. Dh'fhalbh e agus dh' fholaich se e-fein foidh aon de leacan a' chladh, agus rinn e an rann a leanas an uair a thainig Dughall le'chorran 'n a laimh:

I.

"Co thug dhuitse 'Dhughaill ordugh
Air tighinn a bhuain feoir do 'n àit' so?
Fuirich bhuamsa fad an iaruinn,
'S na bi 'tigh'n siar air mo charnan.

II.

Chunnaic mise uair de'n t-saoghal,
'N uair 'bha Clann-a-Baoth 's an aite,
Dh' fhalbhadh iad 's an coin air iallan,
'S bhiodh iad a fiadhach 's a' bhraighe;

III.

Thigeadh iad, 's an daimh air iomain,
Seachad muineal Chnoc-tabhaid;
Ruigeadh iad Tom-Fhinn na h-aibhne,
'S bhiodh iad 'g an roinn air na cairdibh.

IV.

Cha robh brailis, leann no caochan,
Aig daoine ri fhaighinn 's an àl sin,
Ach meadraichean mora foidh 'n cobhar
De bhainne nan gobhar bana,

II.—Mu Bhlar na Dunach.

Bha na Gaidheil bho shean cleachdta ri da latha sonruichte anns gach bliadhna a ghleidheadh mar laithean feille. B' iad sin latha na Nollaige moire agus latha na Nollaige bige. Bha oidhche na Nolliage bige air a gleidheadh 'na h-oidhche ro shonruichte, agus air a h-ainmeachadh "Oidhche Chollainn" anns an robh a h-uile fear agus bean, fleasgach og agus gruagach air an cruinneachadh aig fleagh am measg an cairdean agus an coimhearsnaich, agus bha an cruinneachadh so air a dheanamh le mor ghreadhnachas, chairdeas agus fhiughantas anns an doigh a leanas. Bha caora no mult air 'fheannadh le feannadh-builg airson fleagh na Collainn. Bha crioman beag de'n chraicionn air 'fhagail gun fheannadh air uchd a' bheathaich agus an deigh sin air a thabhairt a mach gu glan agus air ainmeachadh "Caisean Collainn." Bha an Caisean Collainn an sin air a ghiulan le muinntir na Collainn; bha gach fear agus fleasgach aig uair shonruichte de 'n oidhche a' cruinneachadh comhla agus a' falbh a dhionnsaidh tighean an cairdean agus an coimhearsnaich. Dh' fheumadh a' chuideachd uile dol deiseal tri uairean timchioll an tighe, gach fear le lorg 'n a lamh agus ag aithris an rainn so a leanas, mar a bha e' dol air aghart a' cuairteachadh an tighe—aig a cheart am a' slachdadh ballachan an tighe leis an lorg a bha 'n a lamh: "Chollainn, a bhuilg bhuidhe, bhoicinn, buaill an craicionn air an totadh. Cailleach 's a' chuil—cailleach a' chill—cailleach eile 'n ceann an teine; bior 'n a da shuil; bior 'n a goile: Eirich agus fosgail dhuinn." Bha gach fear an sin ri rann a ghabdail ag an dorus m' am fosgailear dha e. Is e so aon de na rannaibh:

"Eirich thusa 'bhean choir,
'S a bhean og a choisinn cliu;
Liobhair thusa 'Chollainn uait
Mar bu dual dhuit a thoirt dhuinn.
A'mhulchag air am bheil an aghaidh reidh,
'S am fear nach do bheum suil;
'S mar 'eil sin deas ad choir,
Foghnaidh aran 's feoil dhuinn."

Bha an dorus an sin air 'fhosgladh le greadhnachas agus fiughantas nach bu bheag; bha an Caisean Collainn an sin air a thabhairt air bonn agus prabadh dathaidh air a thabhairt air anns an teine agus air a thabhairt do'n mhnaoi a bu shine bha 's an tigh. Chuireadh ise ri 'sroin an Caisean leth dhaite agus rachadh a chur m' an cuairt air na bha 's an tigh. Bha bord na cuirme an sin air a chuairteachadh le muinntir na Collainn; bha rogha gach bidh agus dibhe air a' bhord agus bha cairdeas, greadhnachas agus toil-inntinn ri 'm faicinn am measg na cuideachd.

A reir a' chleachdaidh so dh' fhalbh tuath Mhic-Fhionguin, tighearna Mhisnis a bha 'chomhnuidh 's an am sin 's an Eiridh, baile a tha beagan tuath air Tobar-mhuire, air Chollainn gu Mac-illeathain, tighearna Thorloisg, agus thainig tuath fear Thorloisg gu Mac-Fhionghuin. Rinn Mac-illeathain fiughantas agus suilbhearachd nach bu bheag a nochdadh do chuideachd Mhic-Fhionghuin; thug e dhoibh rogha gach bidh agus dibhe agus cunntas sonruichte de chrodh a bheireadh iad leotha aig àm pillidh. Cha d' fhuair tuath Mhic-illeathain bho Mhac-Fhionghuin ach a mhain na dh' ith 's na dh' ol iad. An uair a bha an da chuideachd a' pilleadh, choinnich iad ann an gleann a tha eadar Darbhaig agus Tobar-mhuire, troimh am bheil abhuinn a' ruith bho dheas gu tuath ris an abrar, "Abhuinn-tuil-Ghall." Ri taobh na h-aibhne so thoisich an tabaid—cuideachd Mhic-illeathain a' tilleadh a' chruidh a fhuair tuath Mhic Fhionghuin. Anns a' bhlar so mharbhadh seachd fichead Mac-Mhoirein de nach d' thugadh fiasag. Is e ainm a' bhlair, "Blar-na-dunach."

III.—Sgeul mu Haoisgeir-na-cuiseig.

Bha triuir choimhearsnach ann an iochdar Mhuile aig an robh briuthas. Air dhoibh beagan uisge-beatha a dheanamh dh' fhalbh iad leis 'n an triuir g' a reic do Eilean Thiridhe. An deigh dhoibh an t-uisge-beatha a reic phill

iad air an ais, ach an uair a bha iad fagus air cladach Mhuile—oidhche na Nollaige bige—sheid a ghaoth 'n an aghaidh le cur ro ghailbheach shneachda. Bha an oidhche dorcha, agus am fuachd do ghiulan, ionnas gu 'n do bhasaich dithis de na fir mu 'n robh iad ach goirid an deigh fuadach a ghabhail. Mhair an treas fear beo agus stiuir e am bata cho math 's a b'urrainn da. Beagan an deigh mheadhon-oidhche chuala e gairich-cladaich; rinn e air, agus an uair a thainig e fagus ghlaodh fear bho thìr ri fear a' bhata, "Gabh mar so." "Co thusa?" "Mise Mac-illeruaidh." Gabh mar so," ars' an dara guth. "Co thusa?" "Mise Mac-illedheirg." "Gabh mar so," ars' an treas guth." "Co thusa?" "Mise Mac-illebhain." Fhreagair am fear a bha 's a' bhata, "Gabhaidh mi a dh-ionnsaidh an aite 's an cuala mi a' chiad ghlaodh." Chaidh e air tir agus chunnaic e gur i sgeir-mhara a nis anns an robh e le gle bheagan talanta oirre. Rinn e toll leis a' bhiodaig, anns an robh e 'laidhe gun bhiadh gun deoch, ach aon chard de ìm. Chaid e 'n sin a shealltainn an robh duine no creutair air an sgeir ach e fein; thuig e nach robh. A thuilleadh air a so sheall e air na h-aiteachan bho 'n cuala e na guthanna agur chunnaic e gu 'n robh e eucomasach dol air tir ach a mhain far an robh a' chiad ghlaodh. Dh' fhan e air an sgeir bho oidhche Nollaige bige gu Latha Feill-Paruig. Bha e 'teachd beo air bairnich a' chladaich air am buain le sgithin agus air an cur ris a' ghrein an uair a bhiodh i 'dearrsadh. Dh'itheadh e 'n sin iad le beagan d' an ìm 'nan deigh. A h-uile h-oidhche chluinneadh e glaodhaich agus sgreadail mar gu 'm biodh muinntir 'g am bathadh; ruitheadh e sios gus an cladach 's an uair a ruigeadh e, cha robh creutair beo air thoiseach air. Lean e mar sin gus an d' fhas e sgith de bhi air a mhealladh. Bha e air an sgeir gus an do thog bata-iasgaich e an deigh Feill-Paruig agus thugadh e do Uist, far an robh e o thigh gu tigh 'g a eiridinn leis a h-uile caoimhneas gu Bealltuinn. Thainig e air ais gu ruig Muile agus an latha 'thainig e bha a bhean a' roupadh no a' reic a' h-uile ni a bh' aice. Nochd am fear a bha air a shaoilsinn a bhi baite, e fein 's thill gach duine na nithean a chaidh a cheannach a dh-ionnsaidh na mnatha. Tha an sgeir air an robh e fagus air eilean Chana, agus is e 'h-ainm, "Haoisgeir."

IV.—Sgeul mu Leannan-sith.

Bha ann an iochdar Mhuile fear d' am b' ainm Domhnull Mac Ruairidhbhain. A' h-uile oidhche an deigh laidhe b' eiginn da eiridh agus a bheanphosda 'fhagail 'n a cadal. Bha e uine fhada mar so. Cha robh fios aig aon neach c' aite 'n robh e dol no ciod a bha e a' deanamh. Philleadh e air 'ais aig deireadh na h-oidhche, fuar, fliuch. Cha robh so taitneach le 'mhnaoi 's throdadh i ris gu sgaiteach, geur airson a bhi air falbh bho tric bho 'leabaidh. Thoisich Domhnull air scargadh as gun fhios aig aon neach ciod a b' aobhar dha. Mu dheireadh bhris ad t-iomradh a mach gu'n robh leannansìth aig Domhnull ris an robh e a' deanamh coinneamh. Chum so a bhacadh choimhairlich iad d'a mhnaoi eolas no soisgeul 'fhaighinn d' a fear. Fhuair i so agus cheangail i e mu 'amhaich. Thainig an leannan-sìth a dh-ionnsaidh na h-uinneig far an robh Domhnull 'n a laidhe agus thubhairt i, "Tha thusa an sin, a Dhomhnuill, 's a' ghealbhain bhoidheach mu t-amhaich." Dh' fhan Domhnull an oidhche sin 's cha 'n fhacas tuille i air a thoir.

Moran bhliadhnaichean an deigh sin bha marsanta-siubhail a' falbh le bathar aig an robh each a' giulan a' bhathair. Bha e air a thuras eadar Misinis agus Cuimhnis; thainig e gu beul-atha aibhne ris abrar Abhainn tuil-Ghall. Dh' fhairtlich air an t-each a chur thairis. Mu dheireadh, thuirt am marsanta, "Cuiridh mise thairis thu an ainm h-uile deamhan an ifrinn ann." Air dha so a radh dh' eirich gurraban beag caillich air taobh thall na h-aibhne's thuirt i, Na 'n abradh Domhnull Mac Ruairidh-bhain sin riumsa a chiad oidhche a choinnich e mi cha robh mi cho fada 'g a leanailt," agus fhuair am marsanta thairis.

V.—Sgeul air Bean-shith.

Bha tuathanach anns an leth iochdraich d' an eilean Mhuileach agus chaidh aon de 'n chrodh aige air iomrall. Dh' fhalbh e fein agus a mhac a dh'iarraidh a' mhairt a bha air chall agus ghabh fear gach rathad dh' fheuch am faiceadh iad i. Air do'n mhac a bhi sgith le 'thuras, shuidh e ri taobh sruthain a tha 'ruith troimh aite ris an abrar Coire-nan-caorach, ann am braigh a' bhaile ris an abrar Cille-Mhuire. Bha cu aige, 's bha e 'n a laidhe lamh ris. Thoisich an cu ri deithlean 's ri comhartaich le braise ro dhian. Thug so air a' ghille a shuile a thogail feuch co ris a bha an cu a' comhartaich. Chunnaich e taobh eile an t-sruthain gurraban beag boirionnaich comhdaichte le aodach uaine agus leth-chuinnean a sroine duinte. Bha an gille aig an am a nitheadh a chas anns an t-sruthan. Thug e mach sgian air son innean a lomadh. Lean lus a bha 'n a phoca ris an sgithin an uair a thug e mach i—b'e an lus, Achlasan Chaluim-chille. Labhaire a' bhean-shith ris mar so, "Caisg an cu 'Dhomhnuill air neo caisgidh mise e." "Caisgidh mi fein e." Thoir dhomhsa an lus sin." "Ciod a ni thusa d' an lus so?" "Ni mi snaoisein dheth." "Cha 'n fhaic mi aite snaoisein agad." "Galar luchd-falbh na h-oidhche ort!" "Coid e 'n galar a bhios an

sin?" "Cha bhi sin agad ri 'innseadh do d' mhnaoi no do d' leannan, oidhche do sgeoil no do bhainnse." Dh' eirich Domhnull 's dh' fhalbh e, ach dh' fhan an cu. Uair anmoch d' an oidhche thainig an cu dhachaidh agus cha do dh' fhan rib fionnaidh air agus fhuaire e bas, ach dh fhan Domhnull beo.

VI.—Sgeul Goirid mu Mhac-illeathain Dhubhairt.

Bha comh-strith eadar Mac-illeathain agus a bhrathair ionnas gu 'm b' eiginn d'a bhrathair Muile fhagail agus dol gu ruig Eirinn. Thug e tri bliadhna ann an Eirinn air choimhich.

Mu dheireadh chuir Mac-illeathain fios a dh-ionnsaidh a bhrathar e a thilleadh dhachaidh agus gu 'm faigheadh e 'sith. Air d' a bhrathair an naidheachd so fhaotainn thill e do Mhuile ach 's i 'n t-sith a bha 'feitheamh air an ceann a chur deth. Dh' iarr Mac-illeathain air duine foghainteach de theaghlach Chola d' am b' ainm Niall Mor, an ceann a thoirt bharr a bhrathar. Thuirt Niall Mor, gu 'm b' fhearr leis a thoirt air duine eile an gniomh ud a dheanamh na airsan a choinn gu 'n robh goisteachd eatorra. Fhreagair Mac-illeathain, "Mur cuir thusa an ceann deth cuiridh fear eile an ceann dhiotsa." Thuirt am fear a bha ri 'mharbhadh ri Niall Mor, "Tha fios agam gur duine treun thu agus gu 'm bheil gniomh duine air do laimh, 's na cum fada mise ann am pein." Air dha so a radh, bhuail se e agus stad an claidheamh air chor 's gu 'm b' eiginn do Niall Mor a chas a chur air a cheann m' an tugadh e an claidh-eamh air 'ais. An sin thuirt Mac-illeathain Dhubhairt, "Ged a dh' orduich mi am buille cha 'n fhuiling mi an tamailt," agus dh' orduich e Niall Mor a mharbhadh. An sin theich Niall agus thug e tri bliadhna air theicheadh riomh Mhacilleathain a bha air ti cur as da; agus airson so a dheanamh chuir e fios gu ceatharnach d' am b' ainm Ailean Mac Dhomhnuill. Thainig Ailein gu ruig Drium-na-coise, am baile 's an robh Niall Mor a chomhnuidh le coig fir dheug maille ris agus dh' fhaighnich e an robh Niall aig an tigh. Thuirt a bhean nach robh; gu 'n deachaidh e do 'n cheardaich a dheanamh obair ach gu 'n cuireadh i an treabhaiche air a thoir. Bha Niall's an àm so foluichte aig a mhnaoi ann an ceann eile an tighe. Chaidh a bhean a sios am feadh a bha an toireachd a stigh agu thug i nios pios de ghàta iaruinn, 's ghlaodh i air an treabhaiche 's thuirt i ris, "Chaidh do mhaigh-stir do 'n cheardaich 's dh' fhag e fios agadsa dol 'n a dheigh le mir iaruinn," 's i 'breith air a' ghàta 'n a laimh, "saoil thu ciod e na dh' fheumas e, an dean am fad sin gnothuch dha?" —'s i 'comharachadh fad sonruichte d' an ghàta. Thuirt an treabhaiche gu 'n deanadh. Lub i an sin an gàta eadar a da ordaig agus bhris i e 's thuirt i ris a ghille, "Falbh leis a sin do 'n cheardaich, thoir dha e agus abair ris gu 'm bheil daoine 'stigh a' feitheamh ris." "Cha 'n abair, cha 'n abair a bhean," thuirt Ailein Mac Dhomhnuill cha 'n 'eil a bheag de fheum againne air," 's dh' eirich e fein agus na coig fir dheug a mach 's thuirt e ris na daoine an deigh dha dol a mach, "Nach e Dia a shabhail sinn a chuideachd, nach robh fios aice an gnothuch air an d' thainig sinn air neo cha d' fhag fear againn beo an tigh leis a' ghàta a bha 'n a laimh." 'N a dheigh so chur Dubhairt fios gu Niall Mor, e g' a choinneachadh 's gu 'n deanadh iad sith. Dh' innis e so d'a mhnaoi agus thuirt a bhean ris, "Tha tri roinneagan air sroin Mhic-illeathain agus an uair a bhios sith air 'aire bidh na roinneagan 'n an laidhe air a shroin; agus an uair a bhios fearg air bidh na rionneagan air an cruinneachadh comhla." Dh' fhalbh Niall agus choinnich iad ri cheile anns an Dubh-leitir aig taobh sruthain ris an abrar, Allt-Dubhaig, ri taobh Loch-Phrise. Bha na fir reith, siochail gu leoir 's thill e dhachaidh agus dh' fhag e Druim-na-croise 's ghabh e comhhuidh ann am baile ris an abrar, a' Chill-bheag, ach thuirt a bhean ris, "An tug thu fa-near ciamar a bha na roinneagan?" Thuirt e gu 'n robh e cho siochail 's a chunnaic esan riamh, agus, ars' esan, "Buidheachas do Dhia faodaidh mise laidhe 'stigh a nochd agus tha tri bliadhna bho nach do laidh mi roimhe 'stigh." Fhreagair a bhean e, "Is i mo chomhairle-se dhuit an oidhche nochd a leigeil le cach." Air an oidhche sin fein thainig an toir air Niall do 'n Chill-bhig. Thainig cuideachd g' a ghlacadh agus bris iad fosgailte an dorus, ach dh' fhag Niall iad air bheag dochainn agus theich e rathad a' Bheal-aich-ruaidh agus ghabh e air aghart thairis air a' Chlachan-dubh. Choinnich an ath chuideachd e an deigh dha dol thar a' Chlachain-duibh aig cnocan beag agus thoisich iad air sàbaid ann an sin agus leth-mharbh iad Niall Mor. Is e ainm a' chnuic gus an là 'n diugh, Dunan-Neill. Dh' fhag iad e ann an sin a' call 'fhola agus ghabh a' chuideachd air an aghart rathad na h-Airde-duibhe. Ach an deigh 'fhagail thuirt fear a bha anns a' chuideachd d' am b' ainm Dughall Ruadh Mac Ailpein, "Cha d' thuirt mise nac tig Niall mor beo fathast." Thill iad an sin agus fhuair iad e air a dha ghluin agus air basan a lamh; bhuail iad air a rithist agus thug iad 'n a mhirean beaga as a cheile e, air chor 's gur ann am brata na leapach a thug iad dhachaidh e.

The Mid-Argyll Association met lately in the Shepherds Hall, when the President, Mr. A. J. Fraser, Scotstoun, was presented with an enlarged portrait of himself, as an acknowledgment of the appreciation of the members of the interest he had taken in the work of the Association.

THE CLAN IVER.

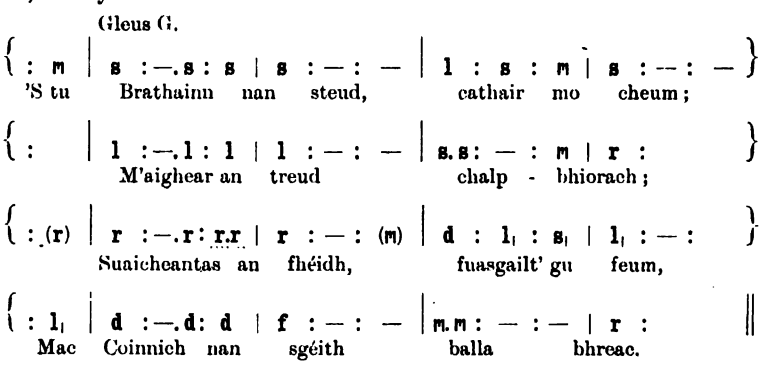
CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE.

Malcolm IV.	1153-65	Iver, the progenitor from whom the patronymic was probably derived.
William the Lion.	1165-1214	Macbeth MacIver, "Vicecomes de Scona," "Judex de Gowrie."
William and Alex. II.	——	"Dovenald filius Macbeth Mac-Ywar," witnesses the perambulation of the boundaries between the lands of the Abbey of Aberbrothock and Kinblathmoni.
Alex. II.	1219	Dovenald witnesses the grant by the Earl of Athol of the Church of Dull to the
Alex. II.	1221	Iver (Crom), First Baron of Lergachonzie, and his brother, Tavish (Corr), ancestor of the MacTavishes, take part in the subjugation of Argyll and settle there. Iver "Conqueror of Cowal."
Alex. II.	——	Laliva, daughter of "MacIver," married to Donald MacReginald, progenitor of the Lords of the Isles.
Alex. II. or Alex. III.	1221-92	The MacIvers of the Vale of Glassary (Kirnan and Glasvar) and of Cowal (Ballochyle) probably branched off before 1292.
John Baliol	1292	Malcolm MacIver of Lergachonzie is fourth in the list of the eleven Barons of Argyll at the erection of the Sheriffdom.
John Baliol	1296	The MacIvers of Lochaber, Glenelg, and Ross migrate thither from Argyll.
Robert II.	1361	Ivor MacIver of Lergachonzie marries Christina of Craignish.
Robert II.	1375	Battle of Beallach-na-bròige in Ross-shire.
James II. & James III.	1430-1500	The MacIvers engaged in conflicts with the M'Neills and M'Alisters of Knapdale and Kintyre.
James III.	1474	MacIver of Lergachonzie, about this time or earlier, appointed hereditary Captain of Inveraray Castle.
James III.	1476	Battle of Glenlyon. The MacIvers there dispossessed by Stewart of Garth. The remnant remove to Kenmore and Killin.
James IV.	1500	The MacIvers of Pennymore branch off from Lerachonzie before this date.
James IV.	1513	Battle of Flodden, 9th Sept.
Mary	1547	Battle of Pinkie, 10th Sept.
Mary	1564	Iver MacIver of Lergachonzie obtains from Archibald, 5th Earl of Argyll, a renunciation of all claim to the calps of any of the Clan-Iver, Iver agreeing to give the Earl his own calp. He is supposed to have been father of Charles (the father of Duncan of Stronshiray, Kenneth Buey, and Farquhar), and of Iver Bayne.
James VI.	1575-85	MacIvers proceed to Caithness under Kenneth Buey and his brother Farquhar.
James VI.	——	The MacIvers in Argyllshire begin to assume the name of Campbell.
James VI.	1594	The MacIvers in Caithness attacked by the Gunns near Harpsdale. Farquhar Buey slain.
James VI.	——	The MacIvers defeat the Gunns at Strathie.
James VI.	1595	The Earls of Argyll coming to reside personally at Inveraray Castle, Sir Duncan MacIver or Campbell of Stronshiray resigns the hereditary office of Keeper, &c. His descendants assume the title of Asknish.
James VI.	1610	The MacIvers of Ross migrate to Lewis in aid of Lord Kintail, afterwards Earl of Seaforth, under two principal families—the MacIvers of Gress (of the family of Leckmeim and Tournack in Ross), or Clann-a-Mhaighstir, and the M'Ivers of Ness or Tolsta, afterwards of Stornoway, or Clann-a-Bhaillidh. Of these two families, and their cadets, most of the MacIvers of Lewis are descended.
Charles I.	1623-28	Quarrel between William Buey MacIver, son of Kenneth Buey, and Lord Berriedale. William expelled from Caithness. Assumes the name of Campbell. His forays and death.
Charles II.	1657	Patrick Buey Campbell of Quoycrook recovers possession of part of the property in Caithness.
Charles II.	1679	Iver MacIver Campbell of Asknish joins the Earl of Argyll with 100 of his Clan.
Charles II.	1680	Battle of Altimarlach or Wick in Caithness. The Campbells and MacIvers totally defeat the Sinclairs.
James II.	1685	Iver MacIver Campbell of Asknish joins the Earl of Argyll with his Clan, and is forfeited.
William and Mary	1689	Forfeiture of Iver of Asknish rescinded in favour of his son Duncan.
George III.	1818	The male issue of Sir Duncan of Stronshiray becomes extinct on the death of Sir Humphrey Trafford Campbell.

OUR MUSICAL PAGE.

BRATHAINN NAN STEUD.

THE following spirited song, with its bold recitative tune, is said, in *An t-Oranaiche*, to have been composed to Mackenzie of Brahan at the time of his having fought against the King for six years. The author's name is not given. Can any of our readers supply information about him? The tune was taken down from the singing of Mr. John Cameron, Paisley.—C.M.P.



Slàn iomradh dhuit féin; sìth gu do cheum;
Sì-phort an déigh ainmeachadh;
Bidh ceatharn le sunnd, le aighear 's le mùirn
A' caitheamh do chùirt anabharraich.

Gheibhteadh gu leòir pailteas mu d' bhòrd,
Deoch de gach seòrsa dh' ainmichteadh,
Rum, portair is beòir, fìon, braundaidh ri òl,
A chuireadh fir òg fo mheanmnachd.

Gu'm bu mhiannach le diùc tachairt 'nad chùirt;
Gheibhteadh luchd-ciùil eanchainneach;
'N àm cromadh do'n ghréin, teannachadh theud;
Bhiodh farum aig beus dearbhte dhuit.

Mìn, socair ri sluagh, gun dìth thoirt do dhaoin-uàils',
Làidir, macanta, cruaidh, feara-ghramail,
Chumadh taice, ri'n taobh, 's cha b' i ghlagaireachd chùl;
'S ann leat gu'm bu diù cealgaireachd.

Dh'éireadh sud le mo rùn, fir Chinn-tàil' air do chùl:
'S tric a choisinn sin cliù naimhdean duit;
Clann-Ill-Fhionnain nam buadh, 's tric a dh'iomain iad sluagh:
Sud na fir a bha cruaidh, ceannsgalach.

Sliochd Mhurchaidh nan corc, dh'éireadh iad leat,
'S cha chuireadh a' gheilt amaladh orr':
Fiùrana gasd, ùrail an neart;
'Nan dùsgadh, cha chaisg seanachas iad.

An àm tarruing nam pìc ealamh 's an strìth,
Ghearradh iad cinn is earballan;
Tlachd ri do thaobh, taic ri do chùl,
Sliochd Ruaraidh o Thùr Farbairne.

Cloinn-'ic-Rath air do sgàth ghabhadh do phàirt,
Nach athadh gu bràth is fearg orra;
Fiughanta, deas, ciùin nach lèig leis,
A shiùbhladh gu teth anameinneach.

Nuair shíneadh iad crosd, chìteadh gun toirt
Cinn air an droch charbhaireachd;
Bhiodh naimhdean fo 'm bonn, gun anam 'nan com,
Le mireadh nan sonn farbhuilleach.

Clann Dòmhnuill an fhraoich, 's leòir ri do thaobh;
Leòdaich maraon, is fearg orra;

An Asainnt mu thuath pailt de dhaoin-uails';
Cataich cha ghluais cearbach leat.

Tòisich nam mac òrdail am feachd,
Sròl agus cat earballach;
Clann Chatain nam pìc, a' sgathadh 'san strìth,
'S a bheireadh fo chìs dearganaich.

Iarla Chromba o Leòid, 's foirmeil a sheòid;
Foirfe 'san tòir thonna-bhuilleach;
An eireachdas slòigh, an iomairt is dòigh,
Gu ceannaireach cròc loma-ruisgeach.

An àm tarruing dhuit féin, fuasgailt gu feum,
Fearail gun léig bhuaileadh iad;
Bhiodh naimhdean 'nan réis dol as uapa féin,
'Nan déigh, gu réidh luath-cheumnach.

Clann-Ill-Eathainn nam buadh, gleidhear leat sluagh,
Sgatharra, le tuar an t-sealg orra;
Le'n cuilbheirean gleusd, lom lanna geur,
Ghearradh gu treun fara-bhuillean.

Chìteadh 'nan déigh cuirp air dhroch ghreidh
'Nan cupail air feur gairisneach;
'S an cunnart cha téid maill' air an ceum:
Is gaisgich fo bhréid Albann iad.

'S mòr t' onoir 's do chliù an Lunnainn 'sa chùirt;
Tuigse an cùil cha'n fhalaicheadh tu;
Dàna, mìsneachail, ciùin, 's tu a thagradh gach cùis,
'S a sheasamh air taobh nan Albannach.

Bha tha gu d' chinneadh mar chrùn, a'd chul-taic 's a'd cheann-iùil;
'S iomadh meangan deas ùr a champadh leat;
Agus gille glan òg théid gu iomairt le deòin,
Nuair thogteadh do chròc ri geala-bhrataich.

'S tu chum ar tìr gun bhi glact' iomadh bliadhna le' d neart;
Luchd nan casagan dait' cha deargadh ort;
Fùdar 's luaidh gun airc, gunna gleusda 's lann ghlas
Os cionn féileadh nam pleat neo-ainmigeach.

Sàr cheann thu air feachd, chuir do naimhdean fo smachd;
'S do ghaisge 's do neart gu'n dhearbhadh leat;
Thoir mo shoraidh-sa null thar Chonain nan steall
Gu Brathainn nam plos airgeadach.

FATHER ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL, S.J.

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FATHER ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL, S.J., St. Joseph's Church, Glasgow.

One of the best known Highlanders in Glasgow is Father Campbell, S.J., who was born at Ballachulish, Glencoe, in 1850. Leaving the Highlands when about twenty years of age he joined the Society of Jesus, in Flanders. He remained for two years in the ancient Abbey of Tronchiennes pursuing his classical studies, whence he was transferred to the Society's House of Studies at Manresa House, Roehampton, near London. After a residence of eighteen months in the last-mentioned house he was sent to Stonyhurst, where he went through the whole course of philosophy, including logic, mathematics, natural theology, and moral philosophy, together with chemistry, etc. After devoting three full years to these studies he was appointed one of the professors at St. Francis College, Liverpool, where he remained for four years. At the end of that period he was sent for his theological studies to St. Bueno's College, St. Asaphs, North Wales. He was ordained priest by the Right Rev. Edmund Knight, the then Bishop of Shrewsbury. In 1884 he was sent to the Cowcaddens, Glasgow, where he has laboured since. Ever since he came to Glasgow he has devoted his spare time to the furtherance of the interests of the Caledonian Catholic Association despite the fact that for the last sixteen years he has had the full charge of the large district of St. Joseph's. He conducts fortnightly religious services in Gaelic in St. Bride's, Cheapside Street, which are largely attended. Father Campbell is well known among all creeds and classes in Glasgow, and much beloved on account of his devotion to the Gaelic-speaking people. He from time to time takes runs to the Highlands and Western Isles on what he styles missionary excursions, and his services are much appreciated in the Hebrides.

Last summer he visited the Gaelic-speaking catholics of Canada, when his journey was of the nature of a "royal procession." He was received with open arms everywhere. He laboured abundantly, giving no less than nineteen missions. On leaving he was presented by the Canadian Gaelic-speaking clergy with a chalice, ciborium and cruets, to be used by him when giving missions in the Highlands.

On his return to Scotland a large meeting was held in the City Hall, Glasgow, where he was presented with a purse containing 250 sovereigns. He was also presented by the Caledonian Catholic Association, of which he is chaplain, with a purse of sovereigns. In his reply Father Campbell spoke of the genuine hospitality he enjoyed among his fellow Highlanders—"the sea-divided Gaels"—stating that one diocese he visited contained sixty Gaelic-speaking priests and fifty Gaelic-speaking nuns. He also mentioned that the descendants of those who left this country some fifty or sixty years ago were contented and happy. They were their own landlords in most cases, and had no fear of factor or landlord—and had no rent to pay. They were contented and comfortable, having attained to the golden mean between poverty and riches—which might be described as a competent portion of the good things of this life. There was no poverty to be seen, and one might travel for a year and not be asked for charity. It was delightful to hear the descendants of those who left Moidart or Barra speaking the rich Gaelic of these places. He even found the descendants of Irish parents who had no Gaelic, speaking rich idiomatic Scottish Gaelic, as they happened to be born in a Scottish Gaelic settlement.

We are sure many of our readers at home and abroad will wish *saoghal fada do 'n t-Sagairt Mhór.*

Young Mamore.

By TORQUIL MACLEOD.

CHAPTER X.

THE WAY OF A MAN WITH A MAID.

"LESLIE! slack away the jib sheet a bit. That's better."

And the boat reached across the loch, laying her leeside down to kiss the waves that rushed and seethed away from her, as she flew like a living thing over the summer seas. The freshening wind came up the loch with the sigh of summer in the hollow of it, ruffling the waters of Linnhe into a deep sapphire blue. The clouds were tumbled in dazzling banks above the hills, far down on the Ardgour horizon, making a picture of mountain-ranges with eternal snows in some distant world of dream. But the vault of the sky was a cloudless blue, out of which the sun streamed warm and beneficent, touching everything on earth with a thrill of life.

Leslie lay forward, with his curly head hanging over the gunwale, watching the dance of the seas, and the pyots screaming over them in mad delight. Alastair sat behind, with his one hand on the tiller and his other on the main-sheet—bareheaded, and full of the rare delirium of life which the good God gives to those who go down to the sea in ships, and love to hear the rush of waves, and the slap of clean salt water against the timbers of a boat, as she answers, like a creature of varying moods, to the hand of him who guides her.

The scent of the sea was like a draught of excitement to Young Mamore, and filled his soul with a fine fancy of voyagings with argosies and arms to lands that lay beyond the margin of the world. When the sea sang its song, for him, at least, its singing was never in vain; for the music of it fired his blood and made him dream rare dreams and see queer shapes rising out of the racing tides. He could even sniff the salt in the winds when he was high up among the corries of Mamore after the deer, leagues upon leagues removed from the wrack-strewn shores; and the smell of the sea in a strange land brought a warmth to his heart and a softness to his eye, as when a man in exile is minded on a sudden of some familiar voice or some one well beloved in his homeland far away.

So this day, the Mystic sat in the stern of the scudding boat and gave his heart to the sea. Deep, trusty, mysterious, it had never betrayed a secret he had committed to its ear. Whiles he would bend his face to meet the salt spray as it splashed over him, and smile at it as one would kiss a bonny bairn that frolics in delight. Now his lips would move as if he held speech with the winds, and told them of his love for the woman whose voice they had often wafted from one shore to another.

Yet, withal, he durst scarcely admit to himself that the thing which may come one day to a man, and twist him and shape him and drive him as it wills, had come to him at last. He had been used to shaping life for himself, and he could not understand any subtle power rising up within a man's soul and taking the grip of things from him. He tried to reason about it and understand it. But this is the Thing in Life which has no Reason in it, and Young Mamore did not know that yet. All that he knew was, that there had been no women at Castle Mamore since ever he could remember, that he had passed his days happily in dreamings with books, or busy with his gun and rod on hill or stream, looking upon all maids, both gentle and simple, with the calm, cold eye of the outsider who was fond of saying to folks that he had more to think of than the frowns or simpers of saucy minxes who might now and then cast an eye his way.

And then the Thing came to him one day, without saying "By your leave,"—almost without his knowing—from the great bag of life where the Almighty keeps his mysteries—the Unreasonable Thing that torments a man in his work by day and throws his spirit into a dream by night, that lifts his soul and shakes the conceit out of it, and will not let him go until he has taken his heart in his hand, and with many a stammer and stutter, has offered it to the woman, whose eyes lighting upon him, first made him know what trouble meant.

My sorrow! but this is the chagrin of love—that it comes to a man without asking if it is convenient and—be he crabbed bachelor or gay young buck—sends his best laid plans flying helter-skelter like the autumn leaves, and then bids him, nilly—nilly, beg for very life at the feet of a little trembling maid who looks at him, maybe, with sheep's eyes and wonders what made him take leave of his senses.

So Young Mamore came to know that the Thing had gripped him, but his trouble was the trouble of every man, for while he by slow degrees came to admit that the grip was hurting him, he quarrelled with the fates because they had taught him love for a woman who, in the carelessness of her heart, now favoured him and now laughed at him.

"Ready about, Leslie."

And the boat put her head into the wind, flapped her snow-white wings, and the next moment spread them again and was off on the other tack.

"Alastair," said Leslie, who was looking up the loch now instead of down, "look at that boat over there. It has grounded in the shallows and the tide is running out."

"You are right, boy. There seem to be two women in it."

"Yes, for only girls would go over the banks when the tide is running out."

"Well, then, young wiseacre, ready about once more."

Again the boat swung her head into the wind and stood fluttering her wings for a moment before she leaned over to kiss the waves with her yellow sides, and was off on the old tack, flying up the loch this time before the wind and making a fine swish of water at her bows.

"Alastair, I say, Alastair, I believe it's the Hoolet and her sister!"

"I know," said Young Mamore, as he took in the situation with dancing eyes. "Why don't you set up that screeching of yours now and let the poor Hoolet know you are coming to the rescue?"

"What a jolly idea!"

And the next moment Leslie was screaming like a peesweep at the bow of the boat.

The two girls saw them coming, and stopped pushing and shoving with the oars. The wind was freshening, and, as the boat lay stuck fast in the sand, each wave gave her a slap and broke over her, drenching the girls with spray. It was all they could do to keep themselves from being lurched out of the boat.

"Now then, Leslie, we can't get nearer than twenty yards or so. See, we are in the channel now, and the ground is shelving up already. When I have run our boat up as far as she will go without grounding, "I'll put her round into the wind and you just keep her there, sailing off and on, until I come up to you with the other boat."

"All right, Alastair. Will they drown, do you think?"

"No, confound you. Hoolets don't drown. Ready about!"

The boy came aft and took the tiller.

Then Young Mamore stepped lightly on the gunwale and leapt into the water.

The girls gave a cry of alarm in the other boat, and Alastair began to walk toward them, with his head and shoulders above water. Every step brought him into shallower water, and in a short time he was standing at the side of the boat, with the waves lipping about the fringe of his kilt.

"I am sorry to have given you such a wetting through our stupidity," said Jean Graham.

"I never liked the feel of salt water better," replied Mamore, as he laid his hands deliberately on the boat.

"But is it not dreadfully cold?" screamed the Hoolet.

"Never felt it warmer. But please lean to the leeside while I shove her off the bank."

The girls obeyed.

Then Young Mamore put all the strength of his body into a long, steady shove, and the boat went slowly into the deeper water.

"Now, sit in the stern, out of the way, till I get in."

The girls obeyed in silence again, wondering not a little at the calm way in which Young Mamore ordered them about.

And one of them resented it.

He waded to the bow of the boat, gave a spring, and was soon sitting on the middle thwart. There was a strange constraint of silence, then, for a little, in the boat. The man was quite at home, because he had something to do, and the best of all reasons for doing it.

The Hoolet, however, began to babble and talk, and waved her handkerchief to Leslie in the other boat. But Jean Graham sat silent, for, by a stupidity of her own, she had laid herself under a deep obligation to a man who, she knew, was willing to do anything for her. She was quite aware that he admired her, and felt all the more aggrieved with herself because she had played into his hands so evidently. Why should a man like Alastair Macdonald depend so much on her. He was so strong and silent and self-reliant, that he had no need of a woman's love. If he would only make a mistake, or shew himself weak, then she could understand. But she could not forget how masterful he looked when he came ploughing through the water to them and took charge of the boat.

"We are greatly obliged to you, Mr. Macdonald, for coming to our help, and I am afraid you will catch cold through your wetting."

The man smiled as he rowed the boat with long, powerful strokes, for he had stood many a day in the water killing salmon, and forded the river when the snow was on the ground, and a little salt water on a summer day was not likely to do him harm.

So he replied: "I am more obliged to you for letting me help you."

It was the last thing he should have said to her, and it made her colour with annoyance. But the man was perfectly happy, and, in the very obliviousness of his happiness, only knew that he was rowing a boat across the summer seas, with the woman he loved sitting in the stern. Let her frown or smile, it was all one to him. She was Jean Graham, with the brown eyes—and he loved her. So he rowed

on, with the salt water running in little streams from his dripping kilt—silent, happy, strong—until he brought the Camus boat alongside of his own.

"Now, will you get into my boat, and we'll run you over to Camus and tow yours behind?"

"Really, Mr. Macdonald, we can pull the boat back by ourselves. There is no need."

"Oh, Jean, think how lovely it will be to spin along with these sails!"

"Sensible, Hoolet!" laughed Mamore.

Jean Graham bit her lip, said nothing, and stepped into the sailing boat.

The Hoolet and the Peesweep went forward at once to attend to the jib sheets. Jean sat down in the stern, while Young Mamore made fast the Camus boat to his own, and then they began to skim across the water again.

This man, who would never have dreamed of trying to land a salmon without first playing the fish very patiently and with a gentle hand, was making love to Jean Graham, in the deliberate, apparent, and masculine way which most men, in the blindness of their hearts, think the only way of winning a maid. Some women do respond to such deliberate courtships, but they are the women who are not worth winning.

The little lady, with the flashing brown eyes, was not one of these. So she sat biting her lip with chagrin at the cool manner in which Young Mamore was taking her here and there without even giving her a choice. Perhaps it was the grip of the Thing which she felt closing round her own heart for the first time. If so, it hurt her. But the man was so despairingly kind, and cool, and downright, that she could not find anything in his conduct to protest against. So, without saying why, she sat there and hated him for his courtesy.

Macdonald, however, was too happy in his wet clothes to notice anything, or even to speak. He sailed on and on, and only when they were getting near the Camus shore he said,

"Which jetty do you usually land at, Miss Jean?"

"The little one, if you will be so kind."

The man noticed a cold ring in her voice, and, looking at her out of the corner of his eyes, saw at last the annoyance that was written on her face.

"I do hope I have not spoiled your gown with my wet things," said he, making a guess at the cause of her annoyance.

She laughed a little bitterly, and wondered if, after all, men had any brains.

"Not at all. We women are not always thinking of our gowns. You have been most kind—far too kind, indeed—that is all."

"Not kind enough, you mean?"

"Ah, there! We shall certainly quarrel if we do not take care."

And it annoyed her still further to see Alastair slip over the side of the boat again into the water and walk ashore to hand her out.

"I wish, Mr. Macdonald, you would think more about yourself."

"No," said he, as he gave her a hand, "for then I would think less of you."

Again the blood dyed the little lady's cheeks crimson, and her eyes flashed. But that only made her bonnier, and pleased Macdonald more than ever—which shows how folk in love play at cross purposes.

As she jumped from the boat, Young Mamore noticed something drop. It was a little rosette of silk from the band of her gown. He stooped and picked it up, and deliberately put it in his pocket as he said good-bye.. The girl saw the action, but was too proud to ask him for it back again.

Then she went up the beach, kicking a pebble with her pretty buckled shoe, saying to herself,

"If he had only waited until I was away before he did that—the silly creature!"

And he stepped into the boat again thinking to himself: "What strange creatures women are!" But that only proved, that for want of a little playing with his line after making the cast, he had lost a bonny fish.

(To be continued.)

WHEN I LOVE THEE.

(To E.)

I love thee in the Spring, when life awakes
After the winter sleep;
When birds. and flowers, and all the sweet things hearts
Secrets of Summer keep.

I love thee when the Summer sun beats warm
Upon the throbbing land,
When scent of clover, scent of rose and musk,
And all the odorous band

Of sweetest flowers perfume the drowsy air,
And forest songs are poured
From all the little throats melodiously,
In praises to the Lord.

In Autumn, when each bush and tree aglow
With russet and with gold,
Sets all the forest ways aflame with fire,
Before the Winter's cold.

I love thee when the keen frost locks the earth,
When storms and winds are rife,
When wintry rains fall, like Heaven's pitying tears,
For all the sad world's strife.

Through all the moving seasons of the year,
My love can never change;
No griefs that scar, no joys that lift the soul,
Can e'er my heart estrange

From thine. And when all pain and change are past,
And we are spirits free,
Still in that unknown world beyond this star
Shall my soul cling to thee.

MARGARET T. MACGREGOR.

PIPE BANDS IN THE INDIAN ARMY.

A Famous Indian Piper and Composer.

Upper Burma, 1st March 1908.

Whilst reading that recently issued and most ting work by Frank Adam—"The Clans and of the Scottish Highlands"—I came across his regiments in the Indian army which have pipe

Pipe Major Ian Baz Khan, 72nd Punjabis, Burma (Dress—Drill Order).

ds. Full as the list may seem there are yet more e added amongst the regiments in Burma alone. he six so-called Burma battalions (recruited, how- r, from Northern India) there are two which possess bands, the 72nd and 93rd Punjabis. Both bands of fairly recent institution. The 72nd Punjabis ar the MacDougal tartan on the pipe bag and ons, the shoulder plaid being a finely embroidered hmere shawl matching the turban or puggaree. 93rd Punjubis wear no shoulder plaid, as far as now, the pipe bag being of green cloth, with ribbons of 42nd tartan. Both bands have about eight pipers at full strength, and are remarkably good. The pipers of the 72nd Punjabis are all Pathans; whilst the 93rd Punjabis, with the exception of the Pipe Major, who is a Pathan, are all Punjabi Mussulmans. Besides the two above regiments, the 1st Battalion 10th Gurkhas, at present stationed in Burma, has also a pipe band, and, like other Gurkha regiments, dress their pipers in plaids, doublets, and broad bonnets. I am not certain, however, what tartan they wear.

Amongst the numerous military police battalions in this country, one at least owns a pipe band, the pipers being Gurkhas. They wear no shoulder plaid, the pipe bag being green, with twisted blue and green cords and tassels; no ribbons are used.

No doubt, as time goes on, more pipe bands will still be added to the Indian army, as all natives, especially those from the hills, naturally prefer the pipes to a brass or bugle band, and it only requires the presence of one or two Scots officers in a corps to set a pipe band going.

IAN BAZ KHAN, PIPE MAJOR, 72ND PUNJABIS.

By-the-bye, the 72nd Punjabis have left here for

Rangoon, and the new regiment, the 91st Punjabis, *have no pipes*. Sad, isn't it? However, I can still listen to the "roar of the drone, and the sob of the chanter" of my *own* beloved pipes; that's one advantage in being able to play oneself.

You will be interested to hear that Ian Baz Khan, now Pipe Major of the 72nd Punjabis (his father having retired), composed *two tunes* in my honour before he went, and they were played by the pipe band on the last guest night the regiment was here. One is a capital little march called "Lieutenant Mackay Scobie," and the other a quite original strathspey—"Lieutenant Mackay Scobie's Strathspey." These two tunes, together with another one composed in honour of his Colonel (a Scotsman), and a Pathan march, "Bakhmidil," I sent for publication to Scotland, and I have just had word that they are to appear in a new pipe music collection now in the press. I am sending you a print of this clever native piper in drill order, with his pipes under his oxter. In his regiment you notice they wear Cashmere shawls instead of tartan plaids. I daresay he is *the first native piper* to have an original composition included in a collection of bagpipe music; and, by Jove, he was a proud man when I told him his tunes had been accepted, and that the publisher was going to send him a presentation copy as soon as ready. I believe the pipers of the 72nd Punjabis are much appreciated in Rangoon, which is only natural seeing that half the white population are Scotsmen.—Yours truly,

IAIN H. MACKAY SCOBIE, Lieut.

OIGHRE GHART.

O chionn cheithir cheud bliadhna roimhe so, rugadh oighre air Gart, g'an d'thugadh cioch le te de Chloinn-Diarmaid, aig an robh dithis mhac. Bha aon diubh 'n a chomh-dhalta do oighre Ghart, agus am fear eile na bu shine na sin. Dh' fhas an t-oighre suas 'n a oganach sgiamhach agus gaisgeil, agus cha robh a chomh-dhalta a' bheag sam bith air deireadh air, a thaobh misnich agus tabhachd. Aig an am sin bha an earrann a bu mho de Ghleann-Liobhann le Cloinn-Iabhair, cinneadh dalma agus cruadalach a chaill coir air an oighreachd, goirid an deigh do'n sgeul a leanas tachairt.

Dh' eirich aimhreit' eadar am mac a b' oige 'bh' aig ban-altrum oighre Ghart, agus aon do Chloinn-Iabhair; agus air do 'n oganach moran tamailt 'fhaotainn, thubhairt e ri Mac-Iabhair, "Mar is beo mise, a Mhic-Iabhair, bheir oighre Ghart ort gu 'n diol thu air son so fathast." Dhealaich na fir; agus cha do chaill an t-oganach agus a bhrathair uine air bith gus an do thog iad orra gu dol gu Caisteal Ghart, a chur an ceill do 'n uachdaran mar a thachair. Chuala Clann-Iabhair gu 'n do ghabh na h-oganaich air an t-slighe gu Gart, agus chuir iad an ruaig orra. Thainig iad air an da bhrathair gun fhios doibh; ach air dhoibhsan an cunnart fein fhaicinn, ghrad leum iad a stigh do linne dhomhain ann an Liobhann, 's an dochas nach leanadh Clann-Iabhair leis an eagal iad. Ach ged nach deachaidh Clann-Iabhair a stigh do'n abhainn, gidheadh, thilg fear dhiubh saighead air na h-oganaich a bha 's an linne—leonadh comh-dhalta Ghart gu searbh—thuit e sios do ghrunnd na linne, agus bhathadh e. B'e Domhnull Mac-Dhiarmaid a b' ainm dha, agus goirear "Linne-Dhomhuill" ris an aite gu ruig an la an diugh. Fhuair an t-oganach eile comas teichidh, agus rainig e Gart. Dh' innis e do 'n tighearn og mar a thachair, agus air dha a bhi lan corruich air son mar a bhuin Clann-Iabhair ri 'chomh-dhalta, chuir e roimhe air ball aichmheil a thoirt a mach, agus a bhas a dhioladh. Chruinnich e gu h-ealamh a dhaoine, agus rainig e Gleann-Liobhann air an ceann. Air do Mhac-Iabhair cuisean a thuigsinn, chruinnich esan mar an ceudna a luchd-leanmhuinn fein, agus chomhlaich e fear-Ghart aig meadhon a' ghlinne. Air do na seoid coinneachadh, chuir iad failt' air aon a cheile, agus labhair iad dh' fheuchainn an rachadh cuisean a shocrachadh gun bhuille a bhualadh. Bha breacan air guaillibh Ghart, air an robh taobh dearg agus taobh dorcha, agus thubhairt e r'a chuid daoine, iad a bhi deas gu bualadh air an naimhdean, gun mhoille, gun bhaigh, na 'n cuireadh esan taobh dearg a' bhreacain a mach! Is gann a thug e an aithne so seachad an uair a rinn Mac-Iabhair fead, agus ghrad leum moran dhaoine fo 'n lan armachd, a mach a tom coille a bha goirid o laimh, agus sheas iad maille ri 'n ceann-cinnidh, agus ris na fir a bha comhladh ris a' labhairt ri fear Ghart.

"Co iad sin? (ghlaodh fear Ghart), agus ciod an gnothach an so?"

"'S iad sin (arsa Mac-Iabhair) treud de na h-earbaichean agam-sa, a ta leumnaich air feadh nan tom agus nan creag."

"Direach ceart (ars' an t-oigear eile) ma' s ann mar sin a thu 'chuis tha 'n t-am agam-sa bhi 'gairm mo mhiol-chon."

Ghrad thionndaidh e an taobh dearg de 'n bhreacan a mach, agus ann am priobadh na sula, bha na fir am badaibh a cheile! Car uine bha 'n tuasaid teth, agus garg; agus bha closaichean gun deo 'n an laidhe gu tiugh air an raon! Mu dheireadh theich a' chuid a bha lathair de Chloinn-Iabhair. Thug iad na beanntan orra, agus a mach o'n la sin, chaill iad am fearann. Tha e air 'innseadh nach bu mhor a chaill Gart d' a dhaoine anns an tuasaid sin, ach gu 'n do thuit corr a's sea fichead de na Liobhannaich.

Tha iomadh cuimhneachan air an la fhuilteach sin fathast anns a' Ghleann 's an do thachair e; agus cha 'n 'eil teagamh nach bi an sgeul so taitneach do na Liobhannaich air an la an diugh, aig am bheil eolas air an ait anns an do chuireadh an cath deistinneach so, agus a chua. a reir coslais, gu minic m'a thimchioll.

Mu 'n do thoisich na laoich ri cheile, thilg fir thighearna Ghart dhiubh an cuarain a chum gu' n

ruitheadh iad ni bu luaithe air toir an naimhdean, agus theirear "Leac-nan-cuaran" fathast ris an aite 's an d' rinn iad sin. Tha mar an ceudna "Ruisgeach," "Lagan-a'-chatha," agus "Camus-nan-carn," mar ainmean fathast air na h-aitibh sin, far an do ruisg iad an claidheamhan, an do chuir iad an cath, agus an d' adhlaic iad na daoine a thuit. Tha 'n abhainn fein 'n a cuimhneachan air an la gharg sin, oir roimh an am sin, b' e "Duibh" a b' ainm do 'n abhainn, agus "Gleann-Duibh" a b' ainm do 'n ghleann. Ach an uair a phill fear Ghart agus a chuideachd o 'n ruaig, "liobh," no ghlan iad an claidheamhan fuilteach 's an abhainn, gus an robh an t-uisge dearg; agus an sin ghlaodh an ceann-cinnidh gaisgeil a mach, ag radh, "Cha ghoirear 'Duibh' mar ainm air an uisge so tuille, oir

"Bho latha liobhaidh nan arm,
Bithidh 'Liobhann' mar ainm air 'Duibh.'"

COMHRADH NAN IOLAIREAN.

THA e air a radh gu 'n cuala ciobair an Comhradh a leanas eadar seann iolaire agus a h-alach og, am feadh 's a bha e 'toirt aire air an treud:

"Mo chlann," ars' an iolaire, "chunnaic sibh mi a' tiolpadh nan cearc as na h-iolannan, a' glacadh na maighich anns a' phreas, agus a' togail a' mhinn o 'ionaltradh. Ach thu cuimhne agaibh blas 'fhaighainn air biadh moran is millse na iad sin—is minig a thug mi dhuibh cuirm de fheoil DUINE."

"Innis dhuinn," arsa na h-iolairean oga, "c' aite 'm faighear *daoine*, agus ciamar a dh' aithnichear iad; oir is cinnteach gur i feoil an duine biadh nadurra na h-iolaire. Carson nach d' thug thu duine slan a dh-ionnsaidh na nid ann ad spuirean?"

"Tha e tuilleadh 's dumhail, trom," ars an iolaire; "an uair a dh' amaiseas sinn air duine cha 'n urrainn duinn ach 'fheoil a stroichdeadh leinn agus na cnamhan 'fhagail as ar deigh."

"Ma tha an duine cho mor a's sin," ars' an fheadhain oga, "ciamar a tha 'dol agad air a mharbhadh? Tha fiamh agus eagal agad roimh 'n mhadadh-alluidh agus am math-ghabhainn; ciod an cumhachd leis am bheil buaidh aig na h-iolairean thairis air an duine? Am bheil an duine na's laige na caora?"

"Cha 'n 'eill againn," fhreagair an iolaire, "neart an duine, agus tha mi air uairibh an teagamh a bheil a sheoltachd againn; agus b' ann fior-ainneamh a gheibheadh iolairean cothrom air 'fheoil itheadh mur biodh Nadur, a dh' orduich e chum ar feum, air buirbe iongantaich a chur ann, nach faca mi riamh ann an creutair air bith eile a tha 'chomhnuidh air an talamh. Gu tric coinnichidh da threud mhor de dhaoine, criothnaichidh an talamh leis an toirm a ni iad agus lionar an t-adhar le teine. An uair a chluinneas sibh toirm agus a chi sibh teine a' ruith air aghaidh na talmhainn, greasaibh a dh-ionnsaidh an aite le uile luaths ur sgeith, oir bithibh cinnteach gu bheil dhaoine a' sgrios a cheile; gheibh sibh an talamh dearg le fuil agus cuirnichte le closaichean marbha, agus moran diubh air an srachdadh agus air an gearradh air son nan iolairean."

"Ach an uair a mharbhas na daoine an cuid creiche," ars' na h-iolairean beaga, "carson nach 'eil iad 'g a itheadh? An uair a mharbhas madadh-alluidh caora, cha 'n fhuiling e do 'n iolaire teachd g'a choir gus am bheil e fein air a shasuchadh—*Nach e seorsa de mhadadh-alluidh a tha anns an duine?*"

"Is e an duine," ars' an iolaire, "an t-aon chreutair a mharbhas an ni sinn nach ith e, agus is i a' bhuaidh so a tha 'g a fhagail 'n a charaid cho math do 'n chinneach againn-ne."

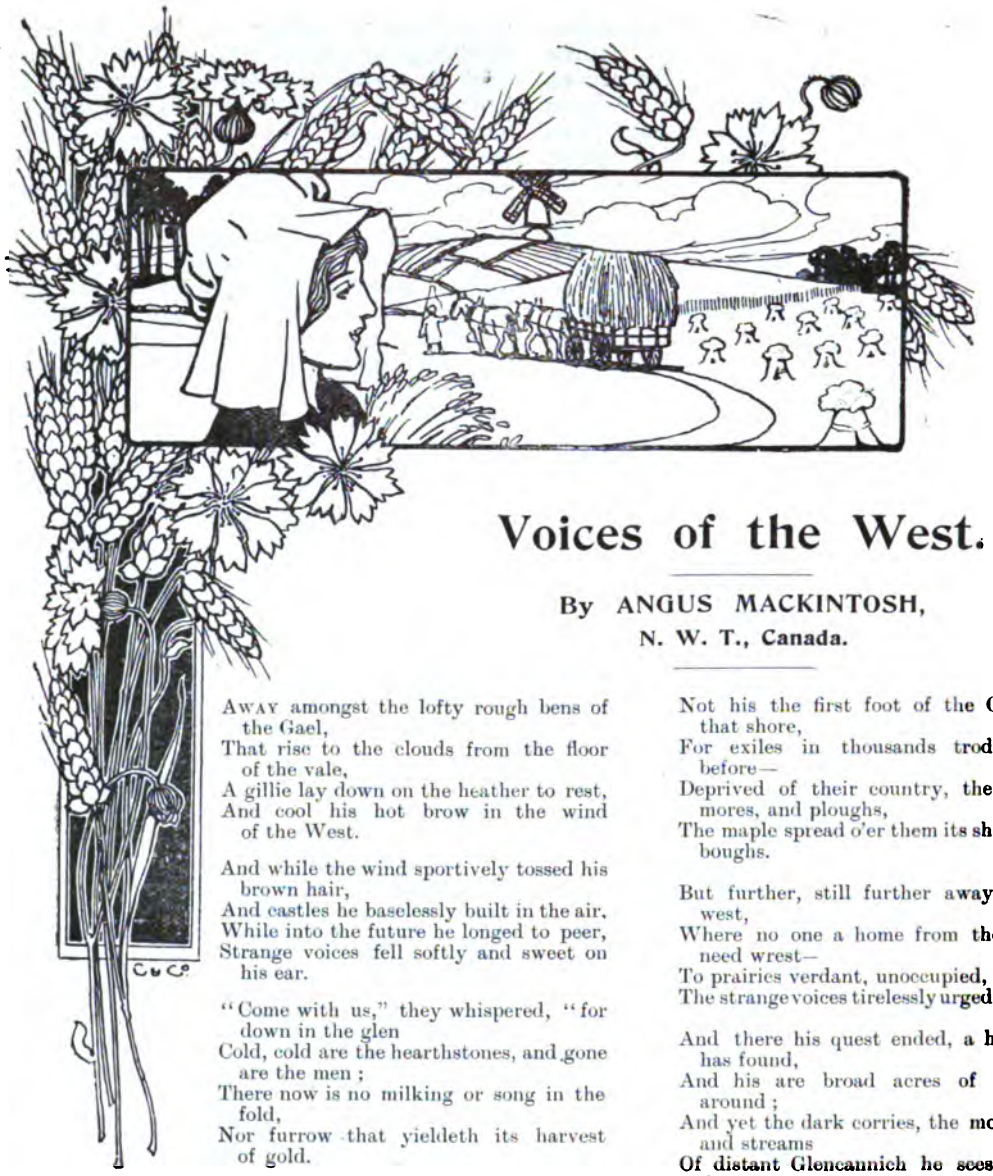
"Ma tha an duine mar so a' marbhadh creiche dhuinn-ne agus 'g a fhagail ann ar rathad," ars' an iolaire og, "ciod am feum a tha againn air saothrachadh air ar son fein?"

"Tha," ars' a mathair," a chionn gu 'm fan an duine air uairibh re uine fhada samhach 'n a gharaidh. Innsidh na seann iolairean duibh cuin a tha sibh ri suil gheur a chumail air a ghluasadan. An uair a chi sibh buidhnean mor dhaoine a' siubhal comhladh, faodaidh sibh a thuigsinn gu bheil iad ri seilg agus gu 'm faigh sibh ur diol de fheoil duine gu h-aithghearr."

"Ach stadaibh," ars' an iolaire og, "bu mhath leam fios fhaighinn air an aobhar air son am bheil daoine mar so a' sgrios a cheile. Cha b' urrainn domh fhein a mharbhadh an ni sinn nach ithinn."

"Mo leanabh," ars' a mathair, "an uair a bha mise og, b' abhaist domh dol a thaghal air seann iolaire aig an robh a comhnuidh anns na creagan ud shuas. Bha i 'tighinn beo o bhliadhna gu bliadhna air mionaichean dhaoine. Thuirt i, mar a bha geugan na craoibh dharaich air am bualadh r' a cheile leis an doininn a chum gu 'n tigeadh na mucan-fiathaich beo air na cnuthan a thuiteadh dhiubh, gu 'n robh daoine mar so le cumhachd do-thuigsinn air an sparradh an aghaidh a cheile a chum 's gu 'm biodh na h-iolairean air am beathachadh. Agus tha an fheadhainn a tha ag itealaich os an cionn a' toirt aire gu 'm bheil fear anns gach treud a tha toirt seolaidh do chach agus a tha reir coslais a' gabhail tlachd anabarrach anns a' chasgradh oillteil. Ciod e a tha toirt coir do 'n fhear so air inbh cho ard cha 'n fhios duinn; mar is bitheanta cha 'n è idir fear is momha no is luaithe na cach, ach tha e 'taisbeanadh leis cho dian a's cho dichiollach 's a tha e gur esan, gu sonruichte, CARAID NAN IOLAIREAN."

I. B. O.



Voices of the West.

By ANGUS MACKINTOSH,
N. W. T., Canada.

AWAY amongst the lofty rough bens of the Gael,
That rise to the clouds from the floor of the vale,
A gillie lay down on the heather to rest,
And cool his hot brow in the wind of the West.

And while the wind sportively tossed his brown hair,
And castles he baselessly built in the air,
While into the future he longed to peer,
Strange voices fell softly and sweet on his ear.

"Come with us," they whispered, "for down in the glen
Cold, cold are the hearthstones, and gone are the men;
There now is no milking or song in the fold,
Nor furrow that yieldeth its harvest of gold.

The days of the shieling have gone with time's stream,
And of their returning 'tis folly to dream;
Arise then, not here is thy race to be run,
But yonder where setteth in glory the sun."

But dear to his heart was the mountain and lake,
The braes of the heather, the corry and brake;
And blackbird and mavis high amongst the tree-spray
Seemed aye to be singing "Stay with us, oh stay!"

But when he would listen to nature's sweet song,
The strange voices whispered "be resolute, strong,
Not here shall the earth to thee treasures unfold,
Where even thy birthright long since has been sold."

Thus lured from the mountains and glens of his race,
On the sun of the evening he soon turned his face;
The billows behind him rolled foamy and blue,
His bark to the shores of fair Canada drew.

Not his the first foot of the Gael on that shore,
For exiles in thousands trod on it before—
Deprived of their country, their claymores, and ploughs,
The maple spread o'er them its sheltering boughs.

But further, still further away to the west,
Where no one a home from the forest need wrest—
To prairies verdant, unoccupied, lone,
The strange voices tirelessly urged him on.

And there his quest ended, a home he has found,
And his are broad acres of verdure around;
And yet the dark corries, the mountains and streams
Of distant Glencannich he sees in his dreams.

And oft his heart longeth for even one day
In lone Sgur-na-lippich's recesses to stray—
Aloft the sun shining on patches of snow,
And up the clefts driving the mist from below:

The forest king turning his back on the glen
And proudly ascending his throne of the ben;
And up through the lonely rough pass of Kintail,
The balmy wind breathing on heather and gale.

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aelic Men of Letters.

–JOHN FRANCIS CAMPBELL OF ISLAY.

[By FIONN].

T CAMPBELL OF THE TALES" was the the late Walter Francis Campbell of ld and Islay. He was born in Islay on h December, 1822. He owed his know- f Gaelic and his love of matters Highland fact that he was, when a boy, placed the charge of his father's piper, John ell, who learned him to play shinty and manly sports, and to speak and read . He also had as tutor and companion arned son of Islay, the late Hector Mac- He afterwards studied at Eton and urgh Universities. He held offices at and was afterwards secretary to the nouse and Coal Commissions. In 1859 ited the Highlands in search of ancient tales, and being able to talk to the in their native tongue, they unbosomed tales as they would not to a stranger, ver high a reward he might offer. With ssistance of his former tutor, the late or Maclean, he prepared his first two vol- of "West Highland Tales" for the press, being published in 1860. The other two nes followed in 1862. These volumes are ded by folk-lorists as most valuable, and contents could only have been collected ne who made himself free with the High- peasantry and found his way to their ts through the Gaelic tongue, which he e with the graceful fluency of a native. he fared among them is told by himself in "West Highland Tales"—"There are few ants," he remarks, "I think so highly of, that I like so well. Scotch Highlanders faults in plenty, but they have the bear- of Nature's own gentlemen—the delicate, ural tact which discovers, and the good e which avoids, all that would hurt or offend uest. The poorest is even the readiest to re the best he has with the stranger. A d word, kindly meant, is never thrown ay, and whatever may be the faults of this ple, I have never found a boar or a churl in highland bothy." J. F. Campbell was one of most formidable opponents of the authen- ty of Macpherson's Ossian. His earlier ws, as expressed in Vol. IV. of the "West ghland Tales," were not so pronounced, but more he studied ancient Gaelic ballads nd in manuscripts the more confirmed he came in his growing conviction that Mac- erson was both author and translator, and at the English was first composed. These ews he set forth in his review of Dr. Clerk's Ossian (1871)—written in the "Times," and followed the matter up by publishing in the following year his "Leabhar na Feinne," or Heroic Gaelic Ballads, which have gone a long way in forming what is now the accepted opinion among Celtic scholars regarding the authenticity of Macpherson's Ossian.

Despite the reverses which befel the Shawfield family, causing its connection with Islay to terminate, yet J. F. Campbell was always "Iain òg Ileach" and "Rùn nan Ileach." This affection of the people of Islay was abundantly evident, when, in 1878, he presided in the City Hall, Glasgow, over the gathering of the natives of Islay. Not only was the City Hall crammed, but an overflow meeting of genuine "Ilich," who had arrived from Islay about midnight, had to be organised. At that meeting the Rev. Nigel Macneill sought to give expression to the feelings of the meeting in a song called "Rùn nan Ileach," which was sung.

Is ioma sian chaidh seach Beinn-bhàin,
Is ioma tonn air traigh a sgàin,
O'n dh' fhag thu, ach ar cridh tha làn
Le meud a ghraidh a th' againn duit.

Mile failt' do'n uasal ghrinn.
Bho na h-Ilich cridheil cruinn!
Failte dha bidh iad a seinn
Air teuda binn gu fileanta.

. . . . .

Tha Ile bhochd gach là ri bròn,
'S i cuimhneachadh air àm a leòin
'S an d' fhag sibh i, 's nach ann da deòin
Chaidh sibh air fògar fada uaith'.

Ged tha i roinnte aig fir ùr,
'S leibhse a cridh, a h-ainm, 'sa cliù
Tha ioma nàistneach innt' is fiù
A ghleidheas dlù nan aigne sibh.

Campbell travelled much and wrote several books descriptive of what he saw and heard, but to the Gael he will ever be known as "Great Campbell of the Tales." He died at Cannes, France, on 17th February, 1885. The Islay Association (An Comunn Ileach) erected a handsome granite monument to his memory in "green grassy Islay," bearing suitable inscriptions in Gaelic and English.

CLAN MACKAY SOCIETY.—At the meeting of this Society held in Glasgow on 16th inst.—Mr. George Mackay, vice-president, in the chair—a proposal, signed by ten members (in accordance with the rules) was presented, that Mr. John Mackay, Editor of the "Celtic Monthly," and founder of the society, be elected to Honorary Membership (the "Blue Ribbon" of the Clan), which has only been conferred on other three clansmen in twenty years), as they considered that he had done credit to the clan, rendered special services to the society, and was worthy of the honour. The meeting heartily approved of the nomination. The formal election takes place at the Annual General Meeting. The society expressed sympathy with Mr. Mackay in his present serious illness—having been confined to bed at the Crieff Hydropathic for the past two months—and hoped he would have a speedy recovery.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications on literary and business matters should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 10 Bute Mansions, Hillhead, Glasgow.

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THE CELTIC MONTHLY.

APRIL, 1908.

CONTENTS.

REVIEWS.

"OITEAGAN O' N IAR."—BREEZES FROM THE WEST. BY MR. JOHN MACCORMICK. EDITED BY MR. MALCOLM MACFARLANE.—During the past year or two some striking events took place in connection with the Gaelic movement. It is perhaps too soon to venture an opinion on the ultimate effect of these. But it is safe to prophesy that those which bulked largest in the public mind will have the least beneficent and the most hurtful influence on the future of the movement. It is on the quiet happenings, the spade work—and it is persistent spade work which is most required now—that the future of the Gaelic language mostly depends. Neither the shouting of "Suas leis a' Ghaidhlig" nor the possession of money will raise it from its present low position. The existence of the language depends more on the quality and extent of its written literature than on any other thing. If that is cared for, the rest will follow as a matter of course. We venture to say that at no time in the history of Scottish Gaelic has the written language been presented to its readers in worse or in better form, than at present—the careless, illiterate product and the careful, literary product alternately engendering despair and awakening hope in the breast of the thinking Gaelic patriot. We have had such evidences, quite recently, of the despicable side of the case that it is with thankfulness we are reminded that there is another side. Our reminder, in this instance, comes to hand in the shape of a book named "Oiteagan o' n iar"—Breezes from the West—by Mr. John MacCormick. We know of no Gaelic book published within recent years, better calculated to awaken the latter feeling than this book. It is pleasing to look upon, with its neat binding, its good paper, its excellent type and its evidences of loving care in the editing. But it is in the literary matter the charm of the book lies. It contains a humorous play, and several genuinely Gaelic stories of a class which appeals to the general reader, illustrative of many phases of human nature, such as adventure, love, faithfulness, hardihood, etc., all told in a natural, easy, breezy style, and in that direct idiom which the undegenerate Gael at once recognises as good Gaelic. We do not say that the book is perfect. There are a few slips of spelling, and some debateable items in the phraseology; but these are so relatively rare that we would be ashamed to specify them. We know the difficulties which surround the publication of Gaelic matter, and are bound to say that the work is creditable to author, editor, and publisher. And the fact that the editor's work is a pure labour of love, makes us glad that there is, among the Gaels of Scotland, a remnant of old-fashioned devotion which considers neither fee nor reward, but the pleasure of doing useful work—in this case for the mother tongue. It is an open secret that Mr. MacCormick was on the point of consigning his Gaelic papers to the flames owing to the scant appreciation and encouragement given to good Gaelic literary work by his countrymen, when he changed his mind and sent them to a publisher instead. Fortunately they fell into the sympathetic hands of Mr. MacFarlane, who took control of them, re-wrote them, and saw them through the press. One or two of the stories obtained prizes at Mòds, which is good enough in its way, but not the kind of encouragement which authors, conscious of merit, most value.

We have great pleasure, indeed, in recommending "Oiteagan o 'n iar" to our Gaelic readers, and in drawing the attention of Societies to its extreme suitability as presents or prizes for young folks in schools throughout the Highlands and elsewhere.

It can be had from the Editor of the *Celtic Monthly*, price 2/9, post free.

THE OLD HIGHLANDS; being papers read before The Gaelic Society of Glasgow, 1895-1906, with an Introduction by Neil Munro.—Highlanders will welcome this very handsome and interesting volume most heartily. The mere title is so attractive that one is enticed to open the work if only to find out what the designation signifies. As Dr. Neil Munro (whom we desire to congratulate on the high honour recently conferred on him by the Glasgow University; it will not impair his modesty, we feel sure) very aptly remarks, the word "proceedings" is always associated in the public mind with a volume of papers of a highly scientific and unpopular nature, and the directors of *An Comunn* are to be congratulated on their selection of such a quaint and appropriate title for the third volume of their transactions. There is nothing dry about the contents of The Old Highlands, for while the papers are contributed by leading authorities on the subjects treated of, they are presented in such an attractive and simple literary form that the reader hardly suspects that he has been absorbing learning from some of its most gifted teachers. The contents cover generally the whole field of Celtic interest—history, traditions, poetry, music, education, clanship, Gaelic language and literature, two of the contributions being in the Gaelic language. As already remarked, the authors are of the highest standing, and include Professors Kuno Meyer, Ph.D., D. Mackinnon (Celtic Chair), Magnus Maclean, M.A., D.Sc., F.R.S.E., Neil Munro, LL.D., W. A. Craigie, M.A., LL.D., William Mackay, F.S.A. Scot., Inverness, Henry Whyte (*Fionn*), Malcolm MacFarlane, William Mackenzie (Crofters' Commission), Lachlan MacBean, Hugh Macleod, David MacKeggie, M.A., and John Bannerman. Full particulars of titles of papers and authors will be found in our advertising pages. The work extends to 351 pages, printed in large clear type on thick paper, and bound in art cloth, making one of the handsomest Celtic books we have seen for a long time. The price is 6/6, post free (abroad, 7/, post free). Copies can be had from John Mackay, 10 Bute Mansions, Glasgow.

Tales of the Big Doctor.

I.—THE BLACK SCHOONER.

"I'M not asking ye are they true, but do ye believe in them yourself?" queried the mate.

"Believe in what?" asked the Doctor.

"Why, the stories you'll be always telling about *The Fairies* and ghosts."

"'It's the smoke within that comes out,'" the big man repeated the Gaelic proverb sagely, "and just you mind that, Eachunn."

The Big Doctor was as well known to travellers by the canal steamers as the sun-beaten Captain Macphail himself, now pacing silently, hands behind back, between the paddle boxes.

They said that old Macphail, from forty years hammering of his heels on the ancient planks of the *Fingal*, had in his time worn a path, as sheep make a track on the moor. But then the self-same scoffers affirmed that there was not a deck-chair that had not been smashed into spars and strips of canvas by the massive weight of the Big Doctor.

A mighty man of thews and sinews, with the head of a Viking, and a back flat and broad as a barn-door, the Big Doctor was not only a grand surgeon, but a teller of tales, unequalled north of the Grampians—weird yarns of second sight and the *Men of Peace* that made your nerves tingle at the time of telling, and banished sleep for nights after.

The old *Fingal* was on her last run for the season. The evening was drawing in heavy and lowering. Carn Dhearg, capped with clouds, loomed mysterious and awesome over the dark woods of Drummond, which ran from the loch edge to the red granite cliffs near the summit.

It was plainly the place and the hour for a tale from the Doctor, and the four or five passengers drew in their deck-chairs expectantly.

Eachunn, the hairy, red-faced mate from Skye, who could fell a stot with a blow, or dandle a sea-sick child like a woman, balanced his huge bulk on the rail, and with a nod to the others,

"Now, Doctor, strike up!" said he, "Give us yon one about the night you were on the canal bank."

"Ach man, Eachunn," said the Doctor, "it's not you that would be believing a word of it, though, by God, it's as true as I'm here. Ah, minister, I thought you were below"—this by way of apology for invoking the Deity.

The reverend doctor, the wonderful man of the blue eye and silver hair, who knew everything nature knows of bird, beast, and plant, gravely took out his briar pipe, and drew his camp-stool into the circle.

"Have I heard this one, Doctor, think you?" he asked.

The Big Doctor was ramming home the last charge of tobacco into his pipe-bowl with the tip of a horny little finger. He smiled in his brown beard, glancing across at the minister.

"The story? Ach, it was not much of a one anyway, but it was very queer for all that," he said. "You'll be believing in second sight and things like that, minister?"

"When *you* tell them, doctor," smiled the priest. "But what was this one?"

"It was up by Darroch, was it no?" put in the captain, halting on his beat.

"Ay, was it; when I was three and twenty," began the Doctor, blowing out a huge puff of white smoke. "I was not long from the hospitals, and had just got my appointment as Fiscal for the county—something like a coroner," he explained, for the benefit of the English shooting tenant at Mamore, who, poor man, didn't know what a Fiscal was, and hadn't a word of Gaelic either.

"My father, as you know, captain, was a shipper of timber from the West Highlands, and our house stood in a field at the bottom of Darroch woods, a stone's throw from the canal. There was a wee lochan near the door, and as boys we used to catch fish and swing them across the bank into the loch, and that's where the fine trout that are in it came from. Ay, and I mind a wonderful queer sight I saw in that loch itself, but I'll tell ye that one some other time."

"Yon were the fish!" muttered the captain, an old schoolfellow of the Doctor.

"Go on, Doctor," said Sinton, the man from Glen Fuar, with a slanting mouth and an unquenchable thirst for the weird and gruesome. "Go on," he repeated, touching his lower lip with his tongue, a trick he had when the scent was hot.

"It was one night after a terrible day of blackness and rain," the Doctor resumed. "I was coming along from Lochend way, where I had been called on some Fiscal work—oh just a scare the Balvain *bodachs* got from the body-snatchers.

"Lochend, you'll mind, was the matter of a mile and a half from our place, and the canal bank ran north in a long bend from the old church till it passed by the wee lochan I told ye about.

"Well, I was tramping steadily homewards in a thick smirr of rain, thinking when would I ever get a right practice, when, just fornent Sandy Bain's sawmill, I thought I saw, ahead of me, something—just a darkness—against the water of the canal. I stopped and screwed my eyes up, and yes, I made out like a shadow, the lines of a vessel, with masts and spars moving against the blackness of the sky. On coming up I found it to be a schooner, made all snug for the night, hatches covered and everything trim, and a fine smoke falling on her deck from the vent in the forecastle. She was tied fore and aft to yon big post just forenent Sandy's mill. All that I could make out by times but not distinctly.

"Between me and the hull, on the canal bank, lay a dark heap—cargo, thought I, discharged in the afternoon. I touched it with my foot like that, and, as sure as death, minister, a kind of stound ran up my leg to my brain.

"Frightened? No, I don't know that I was that, Sinton. It was a kind of shock like electricity, but not that either. I lit a match. It was just an ordinary tarpaulin thrown over something, and the flame struck a pool of rain in the folds at my feet.

"Down I stepped to the edge of the canal, and another match let me see the boat as she rode on the gentle swell from the loch. She was coal black, new painted, with a broad white line round her rail, and what I thought queer, as I had never seen it before, the vent in the forecastle coloured pure white. There was no sound or sign of life, so I went round to the stern to see her name. "Dubh Ghlaic" (The Dark Valley) I read; and that is a terrible name, thought I, and it's not one I would paint on any boat of mine.

"Mind you, there is no kind of doubt at all that I saw the schooner, and never to this day do I smell burning pine without seeing yon awful name on the stern of her in front of me.

"I climbed the bank quicker than I went down, and, in the middle of thinking about it all, I came home. My father was in the kitchen, with his coat steaming on the back of a chair by the fire. He had walked from Lochend too, maybe five minutes in front of me, not knowing I was that way at all.

"'What was yon boat down by at Sandy's?' I asked.

"'What boat?' said my father, turning his coat on the chair.

"'A schooner. It was tied up to a post just forenent the sawmill.'

"'It wasn't there when I passed,' said my father, 'and that was ten minutes since.'

"'Ah, you missed her, then,' I replied. 'She was tied up with a double rope bow and stern, so that means she was there hours ago. Did you not see the tarpaulin on the bank besides.'

"'You're havering, lad,' said the old man, throwing his wet boots from him. 'Was it not myself was standing talking to Sandy Bain, ay, for ten minutes, by that very post. Ye'll be meaning the big stob yonder opposite the mill?'

"'That's the spot,' said I. 'It's the only one between this and Lochend.'

"'Then you've been dreaming, Duncan, lad,' said he. 'There was no ship or tarpaulin there, and I passed nothing sailing between Lochend and the house here.'

"'Oh, there's no use talking like that,' I cried testily, 'I tripped across the rope, and that's what stopped me to look.' The old man sniffed. 'I'm telling you I went down the bank to make sure.'

"'Away ben the house, lad, and take your sowens,' said he; 'you're no good at diagnosis if ye cannot tell a schooner from a shadow. Had your *birlinn* no name to her?'

"'Ay, had she,' I said, slowly. Something in my voice made him look round sharply. 'It was "Dubh Ghlaic."'

"At the word, a surprising change came over my father's face.

"'Well,' he said, after a moment, 'two see more than one, so we'll settle the matter now.'

"He took his sodden boots from the fender, threw on his steaming coat, and, catching his stick in his hand, turned towards the door. 'We'll walk as far as the ferry, if ye like,' he said, and off we set.

"The rain had stopped, and the moon was hanging very bright between two banks of dark clouds. In the wonderful clear night we crunched along the gravel bank of the canal—ye mind the determined twist of the old man's heel, captain—and, as we were nearing the bend by Lochend, I remarked,

"'It is just round the corner now.'

"'It *was*,' threw in my father, grimly, 'if ye mean your ship.'

"I smiled to myself, knowing in a minute or two more we should pass the wood and see the masts and rigging of the schooner.

"'This is a wild-goose chase, to my mind,' muttered the old man, 'and it's very wet feet I'll be having again to-night.'

"As he spoke the last word we cleared the bend. I stood amazed. There, in the broad, white light of the moon, lay the canal, clear and empty, the schooner and her smoking vent clean vanished, with never a trace of tarpaulin or tackle.

"'I told ye,' cried my father, with a snort of triumph: 'I told ye, and we are the silly men to be out here at this time of night.'

"'It was there, as sure as death,' I said; 'and what's more'—

"'Huts!' the old man cut me short. 'What's the use of talking, lad? Come away and look for yourself.'

"The post had evidently been untouched for days, the last coat of tar still shining smooth and wet in the moonlight. My father pointed to it.

"'Ye're more of a gomeral than a doctor. But what's this?' he cried, stooping to the stones.

"'That's my case,' said I. 'It must have slipped from my pocket when I was looking at the tarpaulin.'

"'It is your case,' said he, 'and take it quick. The sound of your knives rattling is enough to give a man the grue'; and he hurriedly thrust the red cedarwood box into my hand.

"As we climbed the steep bank, I asked where he had been standing with Sandy Bain. 'There,' and he pointed with his stick, 'Sandy stood just where you are at this moment, with myself, as it might be, here. We talked for a good ten minutes by the clock, and no black ships nor tarry cloths did we see.'

"Brave words, but he glanced swiftly over his shoulder at the water, and, catching me by the sleeve, whispered huskily, '"Dubh Ghlaic!" it's a terrible name for a boat, lad, and last time she was seen here your mother was taken.'

"By the morning I had quite forgotten the whole affair of the night before. I was ben the kitchen frying a fine trout in oatmeal, with my father in the window stropping his razor on the leather cover of the old Bible, when Seumas Macdiarmid burst into the room. He had a white lip on him, and I could foresee he had bad news; and indeed that is what it was. Late the night before, he told us, a ship with wood from one of the Islands had come up the canal;—but would we come down with him, for he had heard that something terrible had happened?

"'God!' whispered my father, 'what if it's true?' This he said to me, and I saw that on Seumas' words, he had gashed the leather cover with his razor.

"We started as we were, and I mind my father running ahead of Seumas and me, without coat or waistcoat, and yon old red braces on the back of him. He was in front as we came once again to the corner of Lochend wood, and he turned it first. I saw him slacken his pace, swither a minute, and then stop.

"'Look ye yonder, Duncan,' he said, and his cheek was grey in the sunshine. There lay the black schooner fastened bow and stern to the stob—and, yes, the heap of tarpaulin on the bank, with a knot of whispering men beside it.

"As we came up, my father cried to John Fraser, 'What is it, John?'

"'A bad business this, Calum! Poor man! Poor man!'

"'What is it, man?' said my father, and gripped him by the elbow.

"Fraser started. 'And were ye no hearing about it? Oich! Oich! It will just be poor Sandy Bain himself that was drowned last night!'

"The story was that when the schooner came in, the sailormen hailed Sandy, who rowed over and boarded her; but as he was helping to clear some tackle, he slipped on the wet deck, and disappeared with a cry into the canal.

"We never found him till morning, for it's terrible deep yonder, and he had on oilskins and his heavy boots,' added Fraser."

"Yes, minister," said the Doctor, knocking his pipe against the rail, "and that's a true story, and the thing was exactly as I saw it the night before, ay, even to the pool of water in a hollow of the tarry cloth between poor Sandy's feet."

"But what about the red box with the knives?" the husky query came from Sinton's slanting mouth.

"Never mind that," said the captain shortly, as he swung himself up the iron ladder to the bridge.

One by one the passengers rose and went below.

"Did you look at the name on the schooner, Doctor?" the minister asked the question with a certain anxiety in his voice.

"I did," said the Doctor slowly, "but it was not 'Dubh Ghlaic,' but 'Reul na Sith'" (Star of Peace).

"I knew it would be that," said the old priest, and smiled as he took the Doctor's arm to walk towards the bow.

R. D. MACKINTOSH, M.D.

PROPOSED MEMORIAL TO THE REV. JAMES FRASER, MINISTER OF WARDLAW, 1662 to 1709, AUTHOR OF "THE WARDLAW MANUSCRIPT."—A Fund has been started under influential patronage to place a tablet, with a suitable inscription, on the wall of the aisle of the old church of Wardlaw (or Kirkhill), under which is the vault where the ancestors of the famous Lord Lovat of the "45" are buried. A number of subscriptions have been already received, but not nearly enough for the purpose, and an appeal is made to Highlanders to contribute the balance necessary to carry out the object in view. Mr. Charles Guthrie, W.S., 1 North Charlotte Street, Edinburgh, treasurer of the Fund, will be glad to receive and acknowledge donations.

THE "APPIN MEMORIALS."

SIR,—Some two years ago, on the restoration of the Culloden graves, the old headstone of the "Appin Stewarts" was replaced on the spot by a newer memorial; and the old stone, through the offices of the Stewart Society, which had subscribed liberally to the renovation, and by the direction of the Chief "Appin," was handed over to me at that time for disposal, as to the last of the old land-owning representatives still retaining possession of their lands in Appin. While, therefore, I have this matter in hand, it has occurred to me that, and in so far as the means hereafter to be placed at my disposal may allow, an effort should be made at the same time to include other Appin memorials within the scope of the undertaking; and of these there are a certain number which, for various and amply sufficient reasons, are well worthy of some such commemorative distinction. Among them, for instance, are the site of the battle of Stalc, where many hundreds of lives were lost—the historical spot where James of the Glen was hanged —the graves, side by side, of the famous Donald nan Ord and his armour-bearer, Carmichael—and various other minor places, which may later, perhaps, be taken into consideration in the event of the means becoming available.

The subscriptions I am hoping to raise for the above purposes are not merely from the well-to-do. I desire to interest those from all ranks of life who are united by "a common bond"; and whose shillings, or pence, shall be as warmly welcomed for that reason as those of the greater givers who, as I already know in the case of some, are desirous of furthering this object out of respect to those who are gone. Furthermore also, I do not desire to confine it to those of the name of Stewart whose ancestors officered the "Stewarts of Appin," or to the various Lorn names who constituted the body of the Clan and regiment of Appin itself, but to cordially accept the co-operation of Highlanders and others who take an interest in the preservation of such old associations.

The sums required will be very considerable in the aggregate if all that may be is to be accomplished. One memorial worthy of the name is a large undertaking in a limited community—several requires a bold stretch of imagination.

The following gentlemen have kindly consented to act as collectors and receivers of subscriptions, but the co-operation of those who will independently interest themselves will be much appreciated:—

1 (Central) Stewart of Achnacone, Appin; 2, Broderick Chinnery Haldane, Esq., Dunbeg, Onich; 3, The Rev. Alex. Stewart Macinnis, The Rectory, Glencoe; 4, Mr. Kenneth Stewart, Brecklet, Ballachulish; 5, Capt. Beresford Drummond, of Ballachulish; 6, Mr. Robt. Corson, Auchindarroch, Duror; 7, The Rev. Wm. Torrie, The Manse, Lismore; 8, W. D. Anderson, Esq., M.D., Sylvan Villa, Oban; 9, J. K. Stewart, Esq., Hon. Sec., Stewart Society, 10 Waterloo Place, Edinburgh; 10, John Mackay, Esq., Editor, *Celtic Monthly*, 10 Bute Mansions, Glasgow; 11, Mr. Duncan Livingstone, 5 Burnbank Terrace, Oban; 12, Henry Whyte, Esq. (*Fionn*), 32 Minerva Street, Glasgow.

I.—THE CULLODEN STONE MEMORIAL.

The circumstances under which this old stone has been relegated to Appin have been narrated. It was originally placed at the head of the trench on Culloden Moor where repose 92 men and officers of the Appin Regiment who fell in that gallant charge of the right wing of the Prince's army, composed of Stewarts (Athole and Appin) and Camerons, on the 16th of April, 1746. Starving, decimated, and worn, the Appin Regiment had gone into action only about 300 strong, though a year previously, at the commencement of the campaign, they had numbered 400 broadswords. Chambers says they suffered more than any other of the Highland clans. Of the officers of the name of Stewart who led them, and numbering between fifty and sixty, 47 were killed and wounded. The following is extracted from the account given by the authors of "The Stewarts of Appin":—

One who signs himself "an eye-witness to most of the facts," writing in 1748, says: "Those on the right (Stewarts and Camerons), with their glittering swords, ran swiftly on the cannon, making a dreadful huzza, and crying 'Run, ye dogs.' They broke between the grenadiers of Barrel and Munroe, who had given them fire at the muzzles of their guns. When within two yards of the cannon they received a discharge of cartridge shot, while those who crowded into the opening made by the havoc received a full fire from the centre of Bligh's. They who survived possessed themselves of the cannon and attacked the regiments sword in hand; but Wolf's and Fleming's wheeled to the left of Barrel's, with Bligh's and Semple's, and made such a continued fire on their front and flank, that nearly all the right wing which broke in were killed or wounded."

Surely these gallant men deserve to be remembered in the land of their birth, and by their descendants!

The names that in part constituted the body of the right may be noted here by those who have an interest in their Appin connection, or in tracing the probability of it. The following partial extract is from a list of the killed and wounded, from original manuscript copies in my possession, taken from the Register of Appin. Comparing the relative numbers of the killed and wounded, by inference the latter is certainly incomplete. This is easily to be accounted for, since no return of the rank and file could possibly have been made for some time; and, when possible, it was a dangerous honour to own to for a long time thereafter:—

Summarized List.

	Killed		Wounded
Appin family (natural cousins),	1	—	1
Ardsheal's family,	8	—	3
Fasnacloich's family,	2	—	4
Invernahyle's family,	4	—	12
Achnacone's family,	2	—	0
Stewarts, followers of Appin,	5	—	5
	22	—	25

Commoners, followers of Appin—	Killed		Wounded
M'Colls,	18	—	15
Maclarens,	13	—	4
Carmichaels,	6	—	2
M'Combichs,	5	—	3
M'Intyres,	5	—	5
M'Innishes or M'Innises,	4	—	2
M'Ildeus or Blacks,	1	—	0
Mackenzies,	2	—	3
M'Corquodales,	1	—	0
M'Uchaders,	0	—	1
Hendersons,	1	—	1
M'Rankens,	1	—	0
M'Cormacks (Buchanans),	5	—	1
Camerons,	0	—	1
M'Donalds,	0	—	1
M'Lauchlan's,	2	—	0
Macleas or Livingstones,	4	—	1
M'Arthurs,	1	—	0
Volunteer—George Haldane, nephew to Lanrick, Ardsheal having married Haldane of Lanrick's sister,	1	—	0
Total of killed and wounded,	92	—	65

The foregoing were of course not all the names in the regiment; and in establishing a connection it should be borne in mind that, up to say forty years ago, the movement of families and names from district to district was comparatively insignificant to that which is now occurring. Furthermore, it is quite certain that Appin Stewarts and Appin men in the days of the '45, and therefore later, came in some instances from a wider area than Appin alone, for they certainly came from Lismore, Morven, Mull, Ardnamurchan, Balquhidder, Glenlyon, and other places.

A suitable site for the Memorial has at length been granted by the Parish Council in the Old Churchyard of Appin, against the outer aspect of the north-west gable of the ancient and ruined Old Parish Church. Here it is proposed that the stone should find its resting-place, and protected by a projecting Norman arch; while a tablet may probably be let into the wall with a list of the killed and wounded, and briefly describing also the circumstances under which the stone has been brought to Appin. Should subscribers, or any of those who think they have an Appin connection, desire it, and will let me know their names and addresses, these shall be inscribed on a roll to be deposited in an hermitically sealed receptacle within the wall in course of its erection, if such an idea can conveniently and easily be carried out.

As 33 M'Colls appear among the killed and wounded, and as the M'Colls were peculiarly and originally in Appin attached to the House of Achnacone 400 years ago, just as the Maclarens were to that of the Chief, I trust that the M'Colls will take this matter up, and assist me in real earnest wherever they may now be.

After this Memorial has been completed, the next in due order will be taken up if the project meets with the support which I think it deserves.

I am, yours etc.,

ALEX. K. STEWART, of Achnacone.

Appin.

HIGHLAND MEDICAL LORE

(Compiled from several sources).

II.—Medical Learning in the Highlands in Olden Times.

AMONG the medical practitioners whose names are preserved, continues Professor Mackinnon, were the M'Conachers of Lorn. It would also appear that a family of Macleans practised medicine in the Isle of Skye, a member of which was living when Pennant visited those parts.

In his "Sketches of Early Scottish History" Cosmo Innes mentions that very early in the sixteenth century Dr MacConnacher was called from Argyllshire to Rome to attend the family of the third son of the Earl of Argyll; and in 1530 John MacConche, or MacConchr, designated of Stronecormik, pays to "my Lord" forty merks "for ye grassum of ye office of chirurgeon." According to the tradition of the country, the MacConnachers were men of position and consideration, being proprietors of the lands of Ardorain, near Oban. Mr. Mac Nicol, of Lismore, the author of the spirited reply to Dr. Samuel Johnson, states that a member of the family "wrote all his prescriptions in Gaelic, and his manuscript has been seen by many men still alive in this country." Mr. MacConnacher's manuscript, so far as I can judge, has not yet found its way to the Scottish collection.

But the men who wrote or transcribed the greater number of the medical manuscripts in the Scottish collection, and whose names appear on the margins and blank spaces of a number of them, belonged to a family, or perhaps two families, which attained to celebrity in Islay, Mull, and Skye, and went by the name of M'Bheath in Islay, Latinised to Beaton at a later date in Mull. The Skye physicians wrote their name Bethune, sometimes also Beaton. The Skye family claim descent from a Dr. Peter Bethune, son of Archibald Bethune of Pitlochy, son of John Bethune of Balfour, uncle of Cardinal Beaton. A lady of this family married in the last century the Rev. Thomas White, minister of Liberton, near Edinburgh, and brought among other things to her husband a MS. history of the Bethunes of Skye, which Mr. White revised and printed in the year 1778. According to this pamphlet, Dr. Peter Bethune aforesaid, "being a famous physician, was called to Argyllshire to practice his skill there, and from thence received an invitation to the Isle of Skye from the lairds of Macdonald and Macleod." The doctor was promised as much land as he inclined to possess, rent free. It was further arranged that one of his descendants, by preference the eldest son, should be educated as a physician, but without any expense to Dr. Peter or his successors. Dr. Bethune married and had a family, the members of which were prudent and prospered. His descendants became clergymen, soldiers, and tacksmen in Skye and elsewhere. More especially they practised medicine in Skye for many generations, and to them certainly belonged the translation of the *Lilium Medicinæ* now in the library of Scottish Antiquaries, and at least one other MS. (No. ii. of the Advocates' Library collection).

The physician of Islay and Mull were a much older family, and claim for themselves quite a different origin. Piecing together what may be regarded as well-founded tradition, stray notices in inscription, records, charters, and genealogical tables, the story of this remarkable family is somewhat as follows:—Among the twenty-four sons of clan families who came from Ireland in the train of the daughter of O'Cathan, when she married Angus Og of the Isles, the staunch friend of Bruce, was Beath, whose pedigree is traced in the Laing MS. to

Neil of the nine hostages, monarch of Ireland. The administration of the M'Donalds included the office of Chief Physician to the Isles, which was richly endowed and established in the family of this Beath. When that great house fell, and Islay became the property of Campbell of Cawdor, Fergus M'Beath was holder of this office. He was evidently a man of consequence and consideration. He had sufficient influence to obtain from King James VI. a Crown charter confirming him in his office and in the lands and privileges belonging to it. This most valuable document has fortunately been preserved, and is printed for the first time in the *Book of Islay*. The charter is dated 1609, and from it we learn that the family of Fergus held their lands from M'Donald hereditary from "beyond memory of man"; that apart from other privileges and casualties pertaining to his office, the Chief Physician of the Isles possessed the lands of "Ballenade, Areset, Howe, and Saligo."* It would appear that Fergus was the last physician of the Isles. Under the new regimé in Islay there seemed to be no need for such an officer. Fergus died in 1627 or 1628. His son John succeeded to the lands, and disposed of them to Lord Lorne in the year 1629. With this transaction the Islay branch of the family disappears. Some of them may have followed their patrons the M'Donalds to the north of Ireland, from whence several of these MSS. appear to have come to the Scottish collection. One comes here and there upon entries by M'Beaths, dated from Donegal, Coleraine, and elsewhere.

Members of the same family settled in Mull as physicians to M'Lean of Duart, who himself held lands in Islay, and was connected with the M'Donalds by inter-marriage. The Laing MS. at one time belonged to Fergus M'Veagh, who lived at "Peanygros"—without doubt Pennycross in Mull, where the ruins of the Mull doctor's house are still pointed out. A distinguished member of the Mull branch of the family, John Beaton, died in 1629, and was buried in Iona, as the inscription upon his tomb, erected by Donald Beaton in 1674, bears. Fergus Beaton, a member of this family, practised in South Uist, when Martin made his tour of the Western Isles in the end of the seventeenth century. Martin states that this man had in his possession the following ancient Irish MSS. in the Irish character—to wit "Avicenna, Averroes, Jaonnes de Vigo, Bernardus, Gordonus, and several volumes of Hippocrates," some of which are without doubt in the Scottish collection now.

Among the many traditions regarding these distinguished men which float about Islay and the neighbourhood is a persistent one to the effect that on one occasion the Islay doctor of the day was summoned to the Court to prescribe for the King of Scotland. The story goes that the Court physicians attempted by an unworthy device to baffle the country doctor when diagnosing the case. But in vain. As an old Gaelic verse puts it—

> An urgent message came from the king,
> Saying that he was at death's door,
> Their wiles were of no avail,
> To cheat you was beyond their power.

According to the tradition, the Islay doctor succeeded where the Court physicians failed. I know of no historical data to prove that any of these men ever attended a king of Scotland. But there is nothing improbable in the matter; rather the contrary. The King, according to the tradition, suffered from gravel, and their writings show that the Gaelic physicians devoted great attention to this and kindred disorders. And it is on record that, in 1379, Prince Alexander Stewart granted to Ferchard, the King's physician, the lands of Melness and Hope, in Sutherland; and, in 1386, King Robert II. granted to the same Feerchard *Leche*, in heritage, all the islands from Rhu Stoer, in Assynt, to Armadale Head, in Farr. In 1511 Donald M'Donachy M'Corrachie, "decendit frae Farquhar *Leiche*," resigned Melness, Hope, and all his lands in Strathnaver to M'Kay. The writer of the old Statistical Account for the parish of Eddrachillis adds that this Ferchard was "Ferchard Beton, a native of Islay, and a famous physician." The Islay tradition would thus appear to be based upon historical fact.

In Mr. White's history of the Bethunes of Skye it is stated that Dr. Angus Bethune, a distinguished member of that family, "wrote a system of physic entitled the 'Lily of Medicine,' which he finished at the foot of Montpellier, after he had studied physic for twenty-eight years." This is, of course, nonsense. The 'Lily' is Bernardus de Gordon's treatise, which was written three hundred years, and translated into Gaelic at least one hundred years, before Dr. Angus was born. A few of the more distinguished of these physicians may have left their own land to study medicine. But it is probable that the Highland doctors

* At the present time Saligo is evidently included in Balinaby, the rental of which is £450. Areset is rented at £60 10s. 8d. Howe I am unable to identify. It was 16s. 8d. land; and as Areset was only 6s. 8d., the rental of Howe ought to yield £150. This would give it an endowment of £660 in present-day money to the Chief Physician of the Isles. And even if it were to turn out that Howe is included in Ballinaby (which is unlikely), Fergus M'Beath's income would still be £510 per annum, in addition to such perquisites as might fall to him in the shape of fees, etc.

ike the Highland pipers, harpers, and bards, were educated at home or in Ireland. These men wrote in Latin and in Gaelic. One writes his name in Greek characters; but only in one MS., the Laing MS. in the University, is there any writing in English, and that is considerably later than the Latin and Gaelic texts. Their drugs were also very probably prepared by these men themselves. It is said that medicinal plants were grown by the Beatons in Mull, traces of which are or were recently met with. The tradition is still current in Skye, and the secluded spot still pointed out where Farquhar Bethune used to pound his medicines; and exceedingly jealous the good man was, by all accounts, of any who dared to approach him when engaged in these secret operations. Martin, himself a physician, speaks of a Neil Bethune, whom he knew personally, and whom he describes as an illiterate empiric, as being nevertheless an efficient herbalist and surgeon. But, as a matter of fact, little or nothing is known regarding the details of the practice of these distinguished men.

These writings, it need hardly be said, are of no scientific value now. Medical science has undergone a revolution since they were written. But the "Islay Doctor" and the "Mull Doctor" are household words in the southern Hebrides still; and traces of the teaching and influence of these men are recognisable in these parts to this day. The housewife of a past generation might be ignorant of books, but she had a considerable knowledge of simples and salves—a legacy, all believe, from these old physicians. In my native parish of Colonsay the belief has always been that consumption is not only hereditary—that it is infectious. I have been told that Hippocrates, among others, taught this dogma; and his name and word ever turn up in these Gaelic MSS. The teaching of the old Greek physician was transmitted to modern Highlanders through the M'Beaths of Islay. But although these documents and their authors have now been superseded, their historical and literary interest is surely great and fresh still. In hardly any part, even of the Highlands, the rival chiefs and clans fight with greater vigour or with more deadly effect than in Islay during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. This phase of Highland life in the past we are all familiar with. But it is not so well known that for centuries there lived in this same island of Islay a Chief Physician of the Isles; that the office was highly endowed; that the men who held it, while knowing little or nothing of English, were conversant with the medical literature which circulated in Europe in their day; that the names of Galen, Hippocrates, Avicenna, Averroes, John of Damascus, Isodurus, Joannes de Forlivio, Joannes de Vigo, Barnardus de Gordon, and, as the writer of MSS. x., with pardonable exaggeration, puts it, a thousand others, were household words among them; that they translated the works of these men into their own Gaelic tongue, and multiplied copies of them, which they valued very highly; they, as early as the fourteenth century, their reputation as physicians was such that, in a grave emergency, one of their number was summoned from Islay to attend the King of Scotland; and that a grateful monarch rewarded Farquhar the Leech right royally for his services. A chapter on the life and labours of these men might well find a place in the History of Scotland.

(*To be continued.*)

THE BADGER'S CAVE.

UAMH A' BHRUIC.

It was Sunday, the 13th of November 1715, the day on which was fought the memorable battle of Sheriffmuir. That battle, it is well known, "broke the heart of the rebellion." As a mere engagement, indeed, the action was not decisive. For while the left wing of the Jacobites was routed and driven across the Allan, two miles beyond the field of battle, by the right wing of the royal army, commanded by Argyle in person, not less completely in its turn was the Royalist left defeated by the Jacobite right, composed of the MacDonalds, MacLeans, and some other Highland clans, who drove before them the division of General Whetham in the opposite direction, to within a short mile of Stirling Castle. But though the battle of Sheriffmuir as a separate and single action was thus undecisive, as part of a campaign it was far from being so. In its results it was of advantage exclusively to the royal cause; for it effectually disconcerted the plans and frustrated the hopes of the Jacobite general. He felt that the passage to the south was now hopelessly closed against him. He had to retrace his steps to Perth, whence, but a few days before, he had set out with such lofty promises: and notwithstanding the arrival from France of the Chevalier himself, and his personal presence among his followers, from that day forward their numbers melted rapidly away, till the disastrous intelligence from the south of the surrender of the Jacobite army at Preston. This event, which, by a remarkable coincidence, occurred on the same day as the battle of Sheriffmuir, so utterly disheartened them, that from that time to the beginning of the February following, when the last straggling body that had held together was dispersed among the wilds of Badenoch, the

campaign may be said to have been a continued flight on the part of the rebel, and a continued chase on that of the royal army.

It was, we have said, the 13th day of November 1715, and the shortening winter day was drawing near its close, when two female figures might be descried occupying the peaked summit of a steep hill, thickly covered with broom, and distant some nine or ten miles south-west from the field of the battle. The hill on which they stood rose abruptly from the road which wound along the northern bank of the Teith, and though by no means the highest in the range of which it formed part, was that which commanded the most uninterrupted view towards the north-east, in which direction the two females above mentioned might be observed to keep their looks anxiously and steadfastly turned. The day being frosty, both were closely muffled up, but through the draping of her tartan mantle it might be discovered that one of them was a Highland maiden, about the age of eighteen, of a slight but graceful and well-turned figure, and whose dress and carriage evidently spoke her of gentle birth and breeding; while the other, apparently her attendant, though hale and vigorous, seemed considerably advanced in years, and wore the garb of a Highland matron of the humbler class. The younger female was the only daughter of the Laird of Bracklyn, a considerable proprietor in that part of Perthshire: her attendant had been her nurse, and since her mother's death was her constant companion and confidential friend. The two, it had been said, had their looks anxiously directed towards the east.

It was known that the armies of Mar and Argyle were in presence of each other. From an early hour of that morning the report of musketry and artillery, continuously heard, intimated with too much certainty that the quarrel was then in act of bloody arbitrament; while easily distinguished from the place on which they stood, in the clear atmosphere of a November sky, the wreaths of smoke seen hovering like exhalations over the distant Sheriffmuir, guided the eye to the spot on which the deadly game was being played.

With what intense interest and anxiety these rolling clouds of smoke were contemplated by our observers, and the varying fortunes of the field from time to time conjectured according to the direction, north or south, in which they were variously carried, may be guessed by the reader when he is informed that the two brothers of the younger were in the heady current of that very fight, both holding commissions in the royal army, the elder as captain in Lord Forfar's regiment, the younger as lieutenant in the Earl of Stair's dragoons. The anxiety so natural in a sister, and a loved and loving one, was, in the case of Ellen, considerably augmented by an accidental circumstance. Her attendant Jane Bane was of a family in which that fatal faculty, the *second-sight*, was, or was believed to be, hereditary. As it usually, almost exclusively, foreshadowed evil, showing to its possessor only sights of woe, or signs of coming death, this prophetic gift, though no doubt sometimes falsely pretended to by imposters, was, by most of the *bonâ-fide* seers, reckoned not a distinction to boast of, but a misfortune and a curse, though they found it impossible to escape from its visitations, to doubt its reality, or disregard its warnings. Another peculiarity attending these visions was, that the seers considered themselves under a religious obligation to reveal them to some one, more particularly to those for whose warning or benefit they conceived them to be sent. Now Janet Bane had lately seen a vision, which, as usual, she lost no time in communicating to Ellen.

Some weeks before the time at which our narrative commences, while standing at a window in Bracklyn Castle one clear day at noon, she saw a young horseman in the dress of an officer, mounted on a white horse, suddenly dash in sight from behind a tree, and pass by her at full gallop, urging his steed furiously forward, till following him with her eyes she observed horseman and horse drop all at once to the ground as if struck dead on the instant, and then the vision vanished as suddenly as it had arisen. Though trained by an enlightened father from her earliest years to treat with incredulity and contempt the faith in witches, fairies, wraiths, and second-sight, then so prevalent in all parts of Scotland, and almost universal in its Highland districts, Ellen could not, without some portion of that sensitiveness or superstitious impressions of which the strongest mind cannot wholly divest itself in moments of impending peril to ourselves, or to those who are dear to us, help recollecting, that her elder brother, in the very last letter she had received from him, had been lavish in his admiration of a noble white charger that had belonged to a cavalier officer of rank, and of which he had just made prize in a reconnaissance on which he had been employed by the Duke of Argyle, in the neighbourhood of Tullibardine Castle, to observe the motions of the rebel force.

Nor was her anxiety diminished when Janet Bane, suddenly grasping her arm, and pointing to a large ash-tree, whose broad branches, concealing a turn of the road, overhung the river, where it made a bold and sudden sweep, exclaimed hurriedly, and with an agitated voice to Ellen,—"Look there! look there! It's the very spot—I ken it brawly—it was from behint

yon ash-tree I saw the bonny young soldier come galloping so fast—something's to happen there!"

Alarmed, yet anxious to conceal her agitation, and making an effort to reason down her apprehensions, Ellen proposed that they should immediately return home, remarking to her companion that as they had two long miles to walk it would be dark before they could reach the castle of Bracklyn. They were descending the hill with this intention, when, as they had proceeded about half-way down, the clatter of a horse's hoofs was suddenly heard from the east—and sweeping round the large ash-tree a horseman came in sight urging his steed furiously forward, till at the narrowest part of the road which wound close to the river's edge, and which was immediately under that part of the hill on which they were, the horse stood suddenly still, staggered forward a few paces, and with a loud groan fell heavily with his rider to the earth, on which they both lay stretched without motion and apparently dead.

At this sudden apparition Ellen and her attendant instinctively shrieked, and stood for a moment rooted with horror to the spot. But it was only for a moment. Their humanity overcame their terror, and hastening down the hill it may easily be conceived how much their agitation was increased, when, on nearing the spot, they discovered what the twilight had hitherto prevented them from observing, that the colour of the horse was white, and that his fallen rider wore the dress and equipments of an officer. In an agony of terror Ellen rushed towards the fallen youth, fully expecting to find in him her elder brother. But she was agreeably disappointed. He was a total stranger to her—the white plume in his bonnet showed him to be of the Jacobite party, and the rich dress and decorations which he wore bespoke him a person of considerable rank in the rebel army. With a mind greatly relieved by this discovery Ellen set herself to ascertain whether the fallen soldier was really dead; and after Jane Bane had sprinkled his face with water from the limpid current that ran by, they were gratified to find that he had only fainted—though, from the blood which welled abundantly from wounds received on various parts of the body, they had reason to fear that his recovery was beyond the reach of their good offices. But Janet, like most Highlanders of her years and sex, was an expert and practised chirurgeon, and she plied her herbal styptics and extemporary bandages to so good purpose, that the question soon arose how to remove their patient to the shelter of some covering from the inclemency of the weather, for the evening had now settled down into a severe frost.

But here two serious difficulties presented themselves. A royal proclamation had forbidden the harbouring of rebels under the severest penalties. The Laird of Bracklyn was of the Government party. Both his sons held commissions in the royal army, and any attempt to conceal the wounded cavalier under her paternal roof, Ellen foresaw would probably entail on those who were nearest and dearest to her the forfeiture of their possessions, if not of their lives. And as to her father's tenants and dependants, in common with most of the neighbouring peasantry, they were, she knew, zealous Presbyterians, and so determined enemies to popery, prelacy, and the *warming-pan Prince*, as they had nick-named the Pretender. This, together with the high reward, which the delivering up of a Jacobite officer of rank would ensure them from the Government, would, she was afraid, prove a trial of their secrecy too strong to be resisted. But when she looked on the pale but noble features of the wounded youth, and the thought passed rapidy through her mind, "Thou, too, has perchance a sister at home to weep for thee," every other consideration gave way before the feeling of compassion and the instinct of humanity, and she resolved, at whatever hazard, to venture the attempt of saving his life. The wounded cavalier, however, was incapable of co-operating by any effort of his own towards his removal, being exhausted by loss of blood and nearly insensible. To summon assistance were to admit of dangerous partakers in their secret, and even were the stranger able to sit his horse, or the two females, unaided, to replace him in his seat, that expedient came too late. The horse was found on examination to be dead. And for the first time Ellen now remarked that the poor animal had been ridden to death, without saddle or bridle, and even without a halter. In this dilemma an expedient suggested itself to the mind of Janet Bane, whose natural ingenuity, as well as natural humanity, was, it may be, in the present instance quickened somewhat by her political sympathies, for, in common with a large proportion of her sex in that age, Janet was at heart a devoted Jacobite.

The present, and the preceding, had been years of scarcity throughout Scotland. In the poor and thinly-peopled Highland districts, it was not of rare occurrence to find wandering paupers dead or dying of hunger by the wayside. Under pretence of removing an unfortunate wanderer of this description to the castle of the hospitable Laird of Bracklyn and his humane daughter, Janet undertook to procure from the nearest farmhouse, which was at no great distance, and all the grown-up males in which she knew were then absent with the

royal army, a horse and sledge, one of those rude cars then and still employed in many parts of Scotland for carrying hay and corn in places not accessible by carts or any description of carriages on wheels. This kind of conveyance being but slightly raised above the ground, and when in motion altogether noiseless, was peculiarly adapted to their present need. And while Janet was despatched to procure a vehicle of this sort, Ellen had time mentally to mature her plans, and to arrange her measures for the disposal and concealment of the wounded stranger.

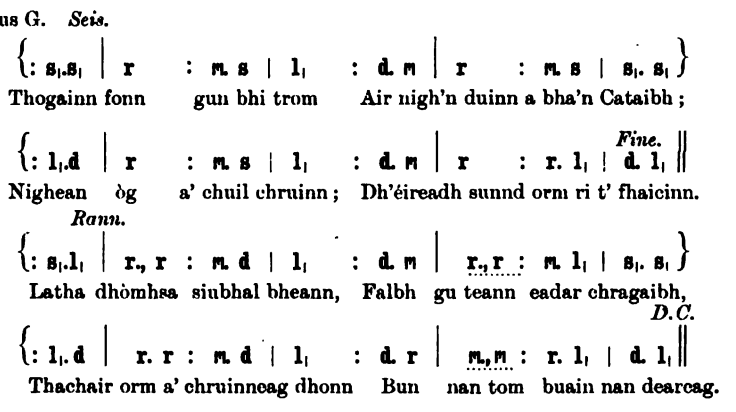
(To be continued.)

OUR MUSICAL PAGE.

Thogainn fonn gun bhi trom.

THE following canty song, and its equally canty air, have not, to my knowledge, been drawn together before, although they have both been published, the former in Gillies' Collection of Songs and Poems, and the latter in MacDonald of Kilmore's Collection of Airs, both of which books are over a century old. The song itself has internal evidence of being very much older than the date of its publication, and of North Highland extraction.—C. M. P.

Gleus G. *Seis.*



Nuair theid mise chun na féill,
'S e do bhréid gu'n tig dhachaidh ;
Ribean ùr air a chùl,
Bu lùr sùl bhi 'ga fhaicinn.
Thogainn fonn, etc.

Théid mi slos, théid mi suas ;
Bheir mi ruaig do Loch-abar ;
'S ged robh Rothaich air a' chàl,
Bheir sinn pàirt d'an chrodh bhreac uath'.
Thogainn fonn, etc.

B' fheàrr leam fhéin na mìle bò,
'S na tha dh'òr aig Righ Sagsuinn,
Gu'm bithinn fhéin 's a' chruinneag dhonn
Bun nan tom buain nan dearcag.
Thogainn fonn, etc.

'S tu mac-samhuil na gil-ghréin,
Moch ag éirigh 'sa mhaduinn ;
Thu bhi eadar mo dhà làimh :
Sud an saibhreas bu mhath leam.
Thogainn fonn, etc.

SCOTTISH NATIONAL EXHIBITION, EDINBURGH : HIGHLANDS AND ISLANDS LOAN EXHIBIT.—Under the energetic superintendence of Major Lachlan Forbes, this interesting department is rapidly nearing completion, and already contains one of the most varied and valuable collections of objects of Highland antiquarian interest ever brought together in one place. Highland chiefs and gentry, and collectors of such articles, have all contributed liberally of their relics to swell the exhibit, and visitors will find here many unique antiquities which we frequently read of but have never before seen. Historic claymores, dirks, targes, ornaments, ancient Celtic manuscripts, rare Gaelic books, old prints and paintings, articles of old-time domestic and agricultural utility, and hundreds of other Highland objects all find a temporary home here. No Gael who visits the Exhibition should miss the opportunity of seeing this wonderful collection of the relics of his native land, many of which are associated with incidents of romantic interest. The Clan Mackay Society have contributed to the exhibit the *Bratach Bhàn* (White Banner) famous in Sutherland song and story, which was acquired for the Society some years ago, under somewhat romantic circumstances, by Mr. John Mackay, Editor *Celtic Monthly* (who then acted as Secretary), and the late Provost William Mackay, Thurso ; two bannerettes of the Reay Fencible Regiment, and other relics of the Clan Mackay.

THE HONOURABLE LORD GUTHRIE.

ONE OF THE SENATORS OF THE COLLEGE OF JUSTICE IN SCOTLAND.

The Celtic Monthly:

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THE HONOURABLE LORD GUTHRIE.

Of the many distinguished men who have been Sheriffs of Ross and Cromarty, and Sutherland, none took a more worthy view of the dignity and the responsibilities of the office than Sheriff C. J. Guthrie. Happy in the circumstances of his appointment—for he owed it to a government to which politically he was opposed—he distinguished his tenure of the post by his keen interest in all that affected the welfare of his Sheriffdom. He was not the mere judge from outside who considers that his duty is done by the bare discharge of his legal and administrative functions.

Reviving the old practice under which the Scots Sheriff resided for a portion of the year within his territory, he became conversant with its customs and traditions, and was the personal friend of peer and crofter. Thus identifying himself with the interests of his Sheriffdom, he supplied the only thing which was lacking at the date of his appointment to make him an ideal Sheriff.

The *Celtic* thus honours itself in presenting to its readers a permanent memorial of one of the best Sheriffs the Highlands ever had. In the Scottish annals he may live as Lord Guthrie, the judge of the Court of Session; in the Highlands he will be remembered as the Sheriff who understood Highlanders as one of ourselves, who respected our ways, and paid homage to our traditions.

Charles John Guthrie was born in Edinburgh in 1849. To have as his father, Dr. Thomas Guthrie, the genial, pawky, big-hearted, impulsive, eloquent apostle of Christian commonsense, was to start the world with a big handicap over his contemporaries. That inheritance carried with it something from James Guthrie, the Martyr, "the short man that could not bow," as well as traits of Angus farmer forebears. Through his mother came to him the clerical and covenanting traditions of the Chalmers, the Burns, and the Trail families—families which wrote their names on the history of a wider area than their native Aberdeenshire or Angus.

An alumnus of the Royal High School and the University of Edinburgh, he studied law in London as well, and men and manners in the course of a tour on the North American Continent. On his call to the Scottish bar in 1875, his abilities secured him immediate employment, and twenty years of busy junior practice led to twelve more of arduous work as a Senior Counsel. No pleader more readily secured the ear of the bench, and his appointment in January 1907 to succeed Lord Kyllachy, was hailed with universal satisfaction. His success as a Sheriff is being repeated in the Supreme Court. Popular with the bar and trusted by litigants, he has proved himself an accession of strength to the judicial establishment of our country.

Shrewd, level-headed, well versed in legal principles and precedents, and the soundest of advisers, he is also a man of wide tastes and large sympathies. A philanthropist, a temperance reformer, an antiquarian, a lover of art and music, a traveller in many lands,—no wonder that he is the most fascinating of companions.

His father taught him to follow the advice of Izaak Walton—"All that are lovers of virtue . . . be quiet and go a-Angling"; and under the shadow of the Aberdeenshire hills not a few trout have fallen victims to the "Moderator" or the "High Commissioner"—flies of the Doctor's own making. In later days the Golspie trout discovered that the arm of the Sheriff had not lost its cunning. But Golspie has better reason to remember him for the practical interest he took in its educational establishments,—not least in the Golspie Technical School, a scheme which appealed to him strongly. One of his gifts to it will appeal to all Highlanders—he presented it with a set of bagpipes.

It would be impossible to tell over everything he did for his Sheriffdom—some things known to the world, many things known only to a few. He took by the hand Sir Hector Macdonald's young son, believing that one of the best tributes to the father's memory was to ensure an honourable career to the son. Lord Guthrie has hosts of well-wishers, but none heartier than in his old Sheriffdom.

We are indebted to Mr. Moffat, photograper, Princes Street, Edinburgh, for permission to reproduce the excellent likeness of His Lordship, which appears on our front plate this month.

Young Mamore.

By Torquil MacLeod.

Chapter XI.

Shadowed in Auld Reekie.

One summer eve, the mail coach from the North stopped before an inn in the High Street of Edinburgh. Immediately there was a crowd round the door by the hostelry; some greeting an old friend who clambered out of the high-stepped door; some gaping with open-mouthed curiosity to see what new arrivals had come from the north; while hostlers and postboys shouted to one another, as they ran hither and thither with pails of mealy water to quench the thirst of the lanky beasts that had pulled up peching at the door of the inn five minutes before their time.

From the top of the coach Young Mamore and Leslie Forbes descended leisurely to the pavement, where they stood waiting until a valise was handed out to them by the red-faced guard.

Alastair then looked round the crowd of men who were hanging about the inn door, as if he was expecting someone.

"Ah! Yonder he is—as fresh and young-looking as ever."

And he held up his hand and beckoned to an elderly man, with a very thin face and quick-glancing keen eyes. The man smiled, and, coming up to Alastair, touched his hat.

"Well, Soopleshanks, how are you?"

"Daein' no sae bad, sir. Hoo are ye yersel'? We're rale gled to see ye in Auld Reekie again."

"Ah! we are only to be for a day or two. This is Leslie. You heard me speak of him the last time I was down. But I hope there will be no need of playing spy on Frenchmen up and down the Canongate in the small hours this time. Eh, Soopleshanks?"

And Alastair laughed at the recollection of a previous adventure out of which this quick-eyed man had successfully brought him.

"Ay, sir, yon was a ploy," said Soopleshanks, as he took in the appearance of little Leslie at a glance.

"Here is my valise. I'm at Mrs. Petullo's in St. James's Square."

And the man lifted the valise and made off with it without a word.

"Who is Soopleshanks, Alastair?" asked Leslie, as they followed the man.

"He is a kind of handy man who runs errands and does odd jobs, and knows every out and in of what is going on in Auld Reekie. When you are older, my boy, I will tell you about the adventure which Soopleshanks and I had with the Frenchman."

Leslie could do nothing but stare about him at everything he saw. Young Mamore, who knew the town well, and had nodded to several folks from the top of the coach as it came swinging along the Causey to the sound of the horn, stood still for a moment casting his eyes about him. But all that he saw was the crowd of idlers hanging round the inn door, and on the other side of the street a man with a blue bonnet standing staring across at them.

"Come along now, Leslie, for I am much afraid we shall miss Mrs. Petullo's fine hot beefsteaks if we don't hurry down the bridges."

The boy was nothing loath, for truth to tell, he was famished with hunger after the long journey.

"What very high houses, Alastair!"

"Yes, but you'll have plenty of time to count the stories when you begin to climb the stairs to Mrs. Petullo's."

So with that, they set off at a brisk pace, and turning down the North Bridge, were soon climbing the short, steep passage that leads from the top of Leith Street to St. James' Square. It was a quiet, sober-looking place, with high houses on every side, and a quadrangle of grass and trees in the centre. Here one could find a genteel lodging at the top of one or other of the long stairs, and at number three Young Mamore had on more than one occasion found comfortable accommodation in the house of the aforesaid Mrs. Petullo, the widow of a sea captain.

At the entry they found Soopleshanks waiting for them. He preceded them up the long tortuous stair, which seemed to Leslie to have no ending.

At last they reached the top, and found a blythe-like old dame in white mutch and apron, curtseying and smiling, and shaking her ringlets, at the door.

"Well, Mrs. Petullo!"

"Come yer ways in, Maister Alastair. I am prood to see ye. And this is the bairn? Eh! but he's a pretty lad."

At which speech Leslie blushed with annoyance.

Then they entered a front parlour facing the north, with two low windows and an oak wainscot running round the room. A pure white cloth covered the table, on which were placed steaming ashets of steaks and potatoes. The very smell of these good things made Leslie hungrier than ever.

The boy, however, went at once to the window and looked out.

"Oh, Alastair, come here. You can see the

sea and an island and a distant shore, and a brig coming up with the tide."

For this house commanded one of the finest views of the waters of the Forth, with Inchkeith and the Fife lands beyond. The sun was setting in the west, and cast a golden light across the sea, gilding the sails of the old brig and lighting up the shores of Fife until the whole panorama looked like some picture in a dream.

"Ay, it's a bonny sight, lad. But come, we must set to and eat Mrs. Petullo's steaks."

The candles had been lit in the little room, and Alastair was just following the boy to the table when he looked down again into the dusky square.

He saw a man prowling along the railing of the quadrangle and staring at the doors as he went. At number three he stopped, and then slowly looked up the whole house until his eyes rested on the windows of the sitting room where Young Mamore stood looking down. The two men saw one another, and Alastair noticed that the man in the square was wearing a blue bonnet. It was the same that stood in the High Street opposite the inn watching the arrival of the coach. When he caught sight of Young Mamore at the window, he deliberately sat down on the little stone wall of the railing and lit his pipe.

"That's one of them," said Alastair to himself with a grim look, and he knew that the plan was beginning to take shape.

They had a hearty meal, and after the things were cleared away Alastair proposed that they should have an evening stroll.

"That is, if you are not too tired, Leslie."

"Tired! I could walk anywhere. I am not tired at all."

For the lad was full of excitement at coming for the first time to town.

"Then, come along."

They went down the long stair silently, and Leslie informed Alastair at the foot of it that there were one hundred and sixteen steps.

When they got out on the pavement it was almost dark, and the stars of the summer night were twinkling in the sky overhead. Alastair pointed out the stars to Leslie, and then with his own eyes followed a black shadow which crept slowly along the railings opposite and disappeared swiftly in the direction of Leith Street. This figure was tall and thin.

"That's another one," said Alastair to himself, as he lit his pipe, and felt instinctively for something under his jacket.

"Let us go along Princes Street, Leslie, and see the lights of Auld Reekie."

So they turned to the right, and were soon walking along the broad pavement watching the folks hurrying past in their evening braws —some to see the play, some to tread a measure in the Assembly Rooms, and some to attend the evening receptions in the houses of the Town gentry.

Opposite, and across the valley, loomed the ridge of the Auld Toon, climbing the hill from Holyrood to the Castle. The valley was full of mists and shadows, and in the windows of the houses above gleamed here and there yellow lights that went winking out and in like stars. The Castle itself, standing high on its rock, rose out of the gloom like a watch dog, and somewhere on the battlements a soldier stood and sounded a bugle call.

Just then, a man jostled roughly past Young Mamore from behind, and asked pardon for the rudeness.

As he passed, he turned and looked first at Alastair and then at Leslie, and disappeared in the gloom across the street. The man was heavily cloaked, and he had red hair.

"And that's a third," thought Young Mamore. He showed no sign to the boy, however, but said,

"Leslie, you must keep close to me when we are out at night, else we might lose one another in the crowd."

The boy put his hand inside Young Mamore's, and they continued to walk slowly to the other end of the street.

When they were just about to turn, two men came leisurely along the pavement dressed in cloaks, which they held well up to their faces, as if they were afraid of catching cold. But that could scarcely be the reason, for it was a balmy summer night—if anything, a trifle close. As they passed, Alastair stared steadily, first at the one face, and then at the other. Each man instantly dropt his eyes, but not before Alastair had noticed that the one had a scar on his left cheek, and the other had red hair.

"So soon! The deil must have switched him here with his tail to be in Auld Reekie by this time. But no matter, the thing is plain enough. I may buy my books to-morrow, and get back to Mamore whenever I like. The Glen I know. But these cobble stones are sore on the feet, and there are too many cloaks in this place for this time of year."

They turned then, and Leslie began to yawn surreptitiously behind his back.

"Ah, my boy, you are tired. Come, we'll get away to bed, and dream of Mamore."

That night, to Mrs. Petullo's astonishment, Young Mamore had Leslie's bed put up in his own room, and they slept for company within the same four walls. It was a calm, still night when Alastair, after blowing out the candle, looked down on the Square. Just below, he

saw the shadow of a man crouching against the railings.

Next morning they were up early, and went out into the clean-swept, sunny streets to see the sights of the town.

"Leslie, I think I can manage my business to-day, so we'll just sleep another night at Mrs. Petullo's, and then be off with the early coach for home."

"But am I not to see the Castle, Alastair?" said the lad in a tone of disappointment.

"Why yes, we can go there now, and down to Holyrood; then I shall see about my books."

They went up to the Castle and down to the ancient palace of Holyrood, and after seeing all that they wished to see, went into John's Coffee House in the High Street, where they had something to eat. Alastair had noticed Blue Bonnet standing at his old place in the High Street in the morning, and now when they came out of the Coffee House there was a man with a red head standing speaking to one of the serving men at the door.

The Highlander, however, kept all his wits about him, and had to all seeming left his dreams for once at home. He had not even a nodding acquaintance with fear, and though this town of Auld Reekie might be full of Blue Bonnets and Red Heads, the sight of them would only add to his keenness for an adventure. Still, he kept close by Leslie, and never let the lad out of his sight, even when they were going up the Bridges early in the afternoon to the bookshops.

In a little narrow street at the side of the college there was a shop kept by one David Hedderwick. Here Young Mamore had bought many a volume of philosophy or travel, and here he planted himself like a rock before the bookstall, and began to finger the volumes with a great relish in his soul. For he was the boon bibliophile.

"Don't go away from the door, Leslie," said he to the boy. Then in a moment he was lost in his books. One was about Travel in the Indies, another was a Treatise on the Folklore and Mythology of Ancient Peoples, and here was a most heartsome edition in vellum of the Latin poet Horace. One by one, Young Mamore fingered them, and every other book meant a dream. 'Twas the Mystic now that was standing in the narrow street, but he saw none of the squalid men and women who passed up and down, or the monkey that was dancing a jig in a little red coat to the strains of an Italian's melodeon across the Causey.

The boy Leslie stood obediently at the shop door watching the monkey. He had never seen a monkey before, and the droll creature winked at him and made such queer grimaces that he could not help laughing. The Italian smiled at him, and took off his cap. Another man came up and gave the monkey a copper, which it rattled in a tin can, and Leslie could not help wondering how so poor a man could afford to give coppers to a monkey.

Then the creature hobbled across the street to Leslie and held out the can, at the same time giving him a most comical wink. The boy was tickled mightily with the performance, and felt in his sporran for a copper. He bent down to drop it in the tin can, when the monkey, in a fit of mischief, jumped up and snatched his bonnet from his head. Leslie laughed more than ever, and tried to catch his bonnet. But the long chain which kept the monkey captive was suddenly tugged by the Italian, lest the creature should do the young gentleman an injury, and Master Monkey, in high offence, ran across the street and disappeared up the nearest close, bonnet, tin can, and all. Leslie made a bolt up the close to recover his bonnet, and the Italian followed to recover his monkey, and there was no more music in the narrow street.

Young Mamore had quite an armful of books by this time, and was just going into the shop to come to terms with old David Hedderwick when he remembered Leslie Forbes. He looked round, but Leslie was not to be seen. He looked this way and that, up and down the street, but there was no sign of the boy. So, laying his books down again on the stall, Alastair Macdonald cursed himself and his dreams, and could have torn up the cobble stones in his rage.

For an hour he looked everywhere, but it was of no avail. The boy had disappeared. It did not need much logic to guess who had kidnapped him. But it was dooms poor consolation to think of Blue Bonnets and Red Heads now. He might look long enough in this Auld Reekie for Leslie Forbes, but it would be like searching for a needle in a hayrick, for a man might jouk a whole regiment of soldiers up and down its closes and runnels for a year, and never let the light of day fall on his face.

So Young Mamore turned on his heel with a bitter laugh—how bitter only he himself knew—for the poor soul did not need to be told that the Mystic had spoiled the Fighter in him once more, as indeed he had done all through.

(To be continued.)

Gaelic Men of Letters.

VIII.—THE MACLEODS OF MORVEN.

By FIONN.

THE name of the Macleods of Morven has been closely associated with the Church of Scotland for over a century, and the family has given to that Church some of its most powerful and eloquent preachers and model pastors.

The Morven family came from Skye, that isle of romance and chivalry, though its real progenitor was Torquail Macleod of Assynt, Sutherlandshire. Torquail's son, Donald, settled as tacksman at Swordale, Skye, close to Dunvegan Castle. The eldest son of the "gentleman tacksman" of Swordale was the Rev. Norman Macleod, whom we may designate Norman I. of Morven. He was born in the memorable '45, and was admitted minister of Morven at the age of thirty. To prevent confusion it may be well here to give a chronological tree of the family, as owing to the frequency of the family name of Norman, a good deal of misunderstanding exists as to the relationship of the various distinguished bearers of his name.

Donald Macleod of Swordale.

Rev. Norman Macleod.
Morven, 1745-1824.

Rev. Norman Macleod, D.D.
St. Columba, Glasgow, 1783-1862.
Rev. Norman Macleod, D.D., Glasgow (Barony)—1812-1872.
Colonel John N. Macleod, Glen Saddell,
Sir George H. S. Macleod, M.D., Glasgow—1828-1892.
Rev. Don. Macleod, D.D., Glasgow.

Rev. John Macleod, D.D.
Morven, 1801-1882.
Rev. John Macleod, D.D., Govan—1840-1898.
Rev. Norman Macleod, D.D., late of Inverness.

The Macleods of Morven have always been men of powerful physique, commanding presence and graceful mien, with a kindly courtesy which secured the true reverence and respect of high and low We are told that Norman I. of Morven was upwards of six feet in height, with a noble countenance, which age only made nobler. In 1777 he married Jane Morrison, daughter of John Morrison (Achnaba) whose wife, Jessie, was the daughter of John Campbell (Barnacarry) and Grace Macneill of Colonsay. They were blessed with a family of seventeen (of whom four were sons), but only three daughters survived to middle or old age, and two of the sons, Norman and John. When the minister of Morven entered on his charge the stipend was £40, which was afterwards raised to £80, to which, however, must be added a good glebe and a very moderately rented farm. His charge was scattered over 130 square miles with a seaboard of 100 miles. For close on half a century he ministered to the spiritual wants of some 2000 souls, and before he passed away, in 1824 he had the joy of seeing his youngest son, John, appointed as his assistant and successor. This Norman I. of Morven was a man of literary tastes, and some of his Gaelic compositions will be found in Ronald Macdonald's collection of Gaelic songs, 1776.

NORMAN II.—CARAID NAN GAIDHEAL.

The eldest son of the Manse, Norman, was born at Fiunary, Morven, on the 2nd December 1783. He was tutored at home, and about the close of the century entered the Glasgow University, where he finished his "Arts" in 1803-4, and entered the Divinity Hall of Edinburgh University in 1804. He completed his course of study for the ministry in 1807-8, was licensed by the Presbytery of Mull, and was shortly afterwards appointed assistant in the parish of Kilbrandon, Argyllshire. In June 1808 he was ordained to the first charge of Campbeltown, Argyll, where he continued until 1825, when he was translated to the parish of Campsie, near Glasgow. During his incumbency in Campbeltown he took an active part in the work of the Church Courts, being specially interested in Highland Education, making powerful appeals in the General Assembly on behalf of his Highland fellow-countrymen. He had Gaelic schools established throughout the Highlands, and prepared admirable Gaelic school books for the children. Although resident in the Lowland parish of Campsie, his heart was ever in the Highlands, and he devoted much of his time devising schemes for the benefit of the Gaelic-speaking people. He started in 1829 a Gaelic monthly magazine called "An Teachdaire Gaelach"—The Gaelic Messenger—which lived for several years, and which was in point of talent, interest, usefulness, and genius the most precious literary boon ever conferred on the Highlands. Along with Principal Dewar, Aberdeen, he prepared a Gaelic Dictionary, which was published in 1831, and which still holds the field.

From Campsie he paid a visit in 1833 to the Celts of the north of Ireland, and preached to them in the Gaelic tongue. Finding the Presbyterians there without a manual of praise he, along with an Irish gentleman, Mr. Thaddeus Connellan, adapted the Scottish Gaelic version of the psalms to the use of the Celts of Ireland. The work was completed in 1836, and dedicated to King William IV., who graciously accepted a copy for the Royal Library. His ministry in Campsie was most successful, and there was great regret in the parish when, in 1836, he accepted the call to the Gaelic Chapel, Glasgow,

afterwards known as St. Columba Church. That same year he was chosen Moderator of the General Assembly, and his "Alma Mater" conferred upon him the degree of D.D. He was also appointed Dean of the Chapel Royal and one of the Queen's Chaplains, in which capacity he preached before the late Queen and the Prince Consort at Blair Atholl during their visit to Scotland in 1842.

Dr. Macleod took a leading place in the Church Courts during the ten years' controversy which ended in the Disruption of 1843. It is a remarkable fact that while in the northern Highlands especially the bulk of the Gaelic-speaking people followed the Free Church, Dr. Macleod's congregation was not the least affected, showing that the ties which bound pastor and people together were of a peculiar kind.

During the famine of 1836-37 he visited England and addressed numerous meetings for the purpose of securing support for his famishing fellow-countrymen. In 1847, when another famine was raging on account of the failure of the potato crop, he visited the Highlands, and did much for the suffering people. It was for these and other like services that he secured for himself the enviable sobriquet of "Caraid nan Gaidheal"—The Highlander's friend. Dr. Macleod married, in 1811, Agnes, daughter of James Maxwell, Aros, Mull, Chamberlain to the Duke of Argyll. Of their eleven children four sons and three daughters reached maturity. Dr. Macleod died at Glasgow on 25th November, 1862, in the eightieth year of his age and fifty-seventh of his ministry. We have already referred to the Gaelic school books prepared by Dr. Macleod and his painstaking secretaries, Macfarlane, father and son. The first was entitled "Co-chruinneachadh air a chur ri cheile air iarrtus Comuinn Ardsheanadh Eaglais na h-Alba; airson an sgoilean, air feadh Tir mor agus Eileana na Gaeltachd, 1828." This was followed by "Leabhar nan Cnoc" in 1834. His contributions to the "Teachdaire," "An Cuairtear," and "Fear Tathaich nan Beann," were published in a collected form in 1867, edited by Dr. Clerk of Kilmallie, and called "Caraid nan Gaidheal. Dr. Macleod is known as the author of the song "Farewell to Fiunary," which is equally popular in Gaelic as in English, in which it was composed.

DR. JOHN OF MORVEN.

The first Norman Macleod of Morven was succeeded by his younger son, Rev. John Macleod, who was born at Fiunary on 31st March, 1801. He was licensed by the Presbytery of Mull in November, 1823, and succeeded his father as minister of Morven in September, 1824. In 1845 the University of Glasgow, his "Alma Mater," conferred upon him the degree of D.D. In 1851 he was elected Moderator of the General Assembly, and appointed Dean of the Most Noble Order of the Thistle and Dean of the Chapel Royal. He married in 1834 Margaret, daughter of Daniel Maclean of Boreray and Drimnin, a grand-daughter of Donald Macleod of Bernera, many of whose family attained to great distinction, with issue Rev. Norman Macleod, D.D., late of Inverness, and the late Rev. John Macleod, D.D., Govan, and two daughters who died in childhood. Dr. John Macleod (Iain Mor na Morairne) possessed the physique of the Macleods in an eminent degree. He was six feet seven in height, with a powerful athletic frame, which caused him to be facetiously referred to as the "High Priest of Morven." He spoke Gaelic with great freedom and with a grace of idiom seldom equalled, and contributed extensively to his brother Norman's Gaelic periodicals, writing also several Gaelic poems and hymns. He received many calls to greater parishes, but he preferred to remain amid the scenes of his youth in woody Morven on the shores of the Sound of Mull. The Rev. Dr. John Macleod died at Fiunary in 1882, the combined ministry of the father and son in that one parish having extended over the extraordinary period of 105 years.

CARAID NAN GAIDHEAL'S FAMILY.

Of the family of Norman II. (Caraid nan Gaidheal) little need be said, as their life and history must be well known to my readers. Norman of the Barony was born at Campbeltown in June, 1821. He was minister at Loudon, Dalkeith, and finally in the Barony, Glasgow. He was a pastor, a poet, a preacher, an editor, an orator, a novelist. The Celtic side of his character is best seen in his most attractive work — "Reminisences of a Highland Parish." He died at Glasgow in 1872. The other sons are Colonel John N. Macleod of Glensaddell, Kintyre; the late Sir George H. B. Macleod, who was born in 1828, and died at Glasgow in 1887; Dr. Donald Macleod of Park Parish, Glasgow, the editor of "Good Words."

Dr. Norman Macleod, late of Inverness, is the only surviving son of Dr. John Macleod of Morven. He was for a time minister of St. Columba Church, Glasgow, and afterwards at Blair-Atholl and Edinburgh. His brother, Dr. John Macleod of Govan was born at Fiunary in 1848, and died at Govan in 1898. Through all the Macleods of Morven a rich view of robust vital poetry can be traced, and on a future occasion we may deal with the poetry of the family.

HIGHLAND MEDICAL LORE

(Compiled from several sources).

III.—Medical Learning in the Highlands in Olden Times.

"We know very little of ancient Celtic pharmacy." So sums up Logan in his "Scottish Gael"; and although he gives a goodly number of plants and other remedies which might have been used by the Highlanders, when one looks for his authority, it is found to be an almost one continuous reference to Pliny and his statements as to Gaelic medicine. How far these may be adopted as applicable to the Scottish Celt it is quite impossible to say; and as literature in general gives but little help, we must (writes Dr. Hugh E. Fraser, of Inverness, in the "Caledonian Medical Journal") turn to tradition for possible enlightenment. In the Celtic nations, as in others, the rudimentary medicine man was first joined to the priest, and up to the Christian era, probably, his evolution proceeded no further. Thereafter he gradually became emancipated; but, since he was at no time scientific, it is not to be wondered at that, as knowledge advanced, he has slowly disappeared, and now is practically no more. Still, whatever is mysterious is always to the popular mind an object of reverence, and old beliefs die hard; so to-day we are able to find traces of what formerly was regarded as good medicine by former dwellers in these parts. In their search for remedies for disease, it would be surprising if they did not come across some of real value among the mass of substances—animal, vegetable, and mineral — collected together, differing according to various adventitious circumstances—locality, fashion, fancy of the physician, and the like.

With these preliminary considerations one may go on to look at the methods of cure, and these are naturally two—(1) subjective and (2) objective. In regard to the former, one could write volumes, including, as it does, the whole range of mysticism and superstition—charms and amulets, good and evil spirits. Accordingly, I must confine myself to the second method, as far as possible, if I am to put limits to a paper such as this.

Let us look in the first place, then, at the diseases known to the Highlanders, and thereafter at the remedies found to be of use. No fixed pathological ideas seem to have been possessed by them, but one can gather from writings, especially religious, that the prevailing hypothesis was that disease was a distinct entity—a power inhabiting the body, for evil in most cases, for good in some; in the former to be propitiated according as the fancy of the physician or patient might dictate; in the latter, to be allowed to run its course. Coming to details, one finds no proper classification of diseases owing to the want of a pathology, but diseases with well-marked morbid processes were naturally recognised easily. Thus, consumption, whooping-cough, epilepsy, colic, insanity, neuralgia, fevers, and surgical diseases received much attention from a therapeutic point of view, while obscurer diseases, as internal inflammations, cardiac and renal derangements, were treated according to their most prominent symptom—pain, dropsy, shortness of breath, as the case might be.

In earlier times material remedies were non-existent, and ceremonial the prevailing mode of cure, but as observation succeeded dogma, a knowledge of the use and efficacy of remedial substances began to spread. The most simple of these would be the first used, and thus water was from the first held to be of great utility. It was used with varying rites, sometimes required to be brought from one place, sometimes another, sometimes used internally, sometimes externally, according to the prevailing idea of the time.

Of the use of herbs by the ancient Celts, Pliny gives numerous instances, e.g., hyssop for diseases of the eyes (xxiv., 9); samolus for diseases of cattle (*ibid.*); and from Sir R. Hoare's researches we learn that of surgery they were not altogether ignorant.

In the middle ages a school of medicine was established in the Western Isles, and of the native physicians, perhaps the most famous was Neil Beaton, or Bethune, of Skye, whose skill was such that, from the colour of the flower he was enabled to tell the nature of the remedy! Be this as it may, there is no doubt he attained great celebrity, holding in contempt the practice of his contemporaries, and striking out quite an original path. He died about 1780 (Martin, "Western Islands," p. 198).

In more recent times we find herbs used for many diseases, and the following may serve as examples. The tops of nettles chopped small, and mixed with the white of an egg, is still used as a soporific, as also is a variety of heather—both in the form of poultices applied to the head. Wild garlic, infused and taken internally, was used for stone. Broom, juniper, and foxglove have been long known as remedies for dropsy, and, of course, in suitable cases, with good results. Foxglove is, in addition, in common use for many other diseases, the last I have come across being "the rose"—a term, in this part of the country at all events, apparently used to denote any erythematous condition of the skin, from simple erythema and eczema to true erysipelas. In this case, which was one of

varicose eczema, the method was by direct application of the moistened leaves to the skin. Other vegetable remedies for "the rose" were decoctions of rosewood and leaves, with poultices of the leaves with fresh butter locally, and infusions of wild geranium and stone crop internally. Remedies other than vegetable were used for this disease, and among these we find the application of red cloth sprinkled with flour or alum, the use of which is common for all inflammatory conditions. Again, as the late Dr. Aitken, of the Inverness District Asylum, mentions ("Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness," vol. xiv., p. 312), the power of individuals to cure the disease, especially by a "line in Latin," was firmly believed in.

The remedies for consumption were almost as numerous in the Highlands formerly as everywhere now, and I find that Dr. Masson, of the Edinburgh Gaelic Church, who has had more opportunities than most men, in his double role of qualified medical scientist and clergyman, of studying the subject, gives (*ibid.*, p. 298) a most interesting series of modes of treatment—all the more so as some of them are personal—for the cure of the "white lights," an old Scottish name for tuberculous lungs. Nourishing foods and fat substances were found to be of great value—the oily drippings of snails, chopped up fine, and hung in a flannel bag in front of a fire, and marrow, being the forerunners of the now ubiquitous cod liver oil. Infusions of bitter herbs—gentian and taraxacum, for example—were given internally, and were no doubt of service in promoting digestion; while chalybeate springs were much resorted to, especially in mild cases of this dire disease. Other remedies taken internally were a jelly made from the scrapings of deer's horns, decoctions of the black spleenwort (*Asplenium adiantum nigrum*) of heather tops and of nettle roots.

Besides medicinal treatment, another method was in vogue—the mechanical—consisting in the forcible expansion of the lungs by drawing the lower ribs outwards with the hands lubricated with fresh butter, the operator standing behind the patient, who was seated in a chair before a fire. I came across a native of Strath-errick on whom a similar mode of treatment was carried out when he was a boy. In addition, in his case, the performer attempted raising the body by drawing upwards the clavicle and head, and this was supposed to be especially useful if headache were present. During treatment the patient was advised to drink as much milk as possible, and of especial value were the strippings of the cow considered. The milk of the goat, ass, or mare was highly thought of for the same disease. A point in diagnosis was the behaviour of the sputum when expectorated on to a plain surface: if it fell flat it was regarded as a pathognomonic sign, while if it broke and scattered, the disease was at all events not consumption.

For diseases commencing with chills sweating was a remedy in great favour, and to induce it a common method was the following:—A fire was lighted in the middle of the room, and the floor being earthen, heat was freely absorbed. When a short time had elapsed the fire was extinguished, and several layers of straw or hay placed on the warm ground. Over all a pail of water was poured, and the patient was placed on the wet straw and covered with blankets. Before long a copious perspiration broke out, resulting, as one can understand, in suitable cases, in a cure of the disease. For fever, a large red onion split in two, and hung, one half at an open window, and the other above the door, was thought useful in attracting the disease, as in a short time the onion assumed a soot-black colour.

Elongated uvula was considered a dangerous complaint, and therefore treated sometimes a little energetically, as, e.g., by the tip being snared off by a piece of cord passed through a quill. A more idealistic treatment was by means of pulling upwards a lock of hair from the crown of the head, or by holding the cheeks and neck of the patient as low as the larynx firmly by the hands, and raising them upwards. Again, a charm for the purpose of keeping it up was a piece of the small red seaweed (altuinn dhearg) found in pools of water when the tide is out, tied with a piece of cord, and carried about the person of the patient. It had to be gathered by some other person, who said, while handing it over to the patient, "Ann an ainm an Athar, a' Mhic, agus an Spiroaid Naoimh, air cioch-shlugain A.B." (in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, for the uvula of A.B.)

In regard to diseases of the nervous system the Highlanders were inclined to attribute many of their manifestations to the working of evil spirits; and epilepsy, being an alarmingly sudden and generally striking disease, was looked on as the type of diseases due to malignant spirits, which were to be propitiated or exorcised, if that were possible. The following are a few of the means employed for its cure:—A black cock was taken reverently to the place where the person had been attacked for the first time, killed, and carefully buried, a series of incantations being repeated during the ceremony. Or, again, the parings of the finger or toe nails, carefully wrapped, along with a new sixpence, in a piece of paper, on which was written, "In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost," were placed under the wing of the black cock,

which was then taken backwards to the place where the patient had had the first fit, and buried alive by the oldest God-fearing man in the district, who had to watch all night thereafter by a fire, which must not be let out.

Drinking out of a suicide's skull, a mode of treatment common to many localities, is varied on the West Coast by giving the patient to drink the water with which a corpse has been washed. Bishops, and in some places all clergymen, were credited with the power of curing the disease, as also were persons who had been born breech or footling, which power was supposed to be sometimes transmitted in families.

Besides epilepsy, bishops were supposed to be able to cure insanity, which was a disease in which the person's heart was believed to be out of its proper position. In order to get it back, the following ceremony must be performed by some "wise" *i.e.* sane, person. Some melted lead, after the aid of the Trinity had been invoked, was poured into a wooden vessel containing water, which had been placed on the patient's head, and if any piece of the solidified lead at all resembled a heart, it was taken and turned round, with the result that the patient's heart returned to its place, and the disease was cured. The piece of lead was carefully preserved afterwards so as to prevent relapses.

This remedy of "casting the lead" is mentioned by the Rev. James Macdonald, Reay, ("Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness," vol. xix., p. 274), as being used in his district for the cure, among other diseases, of typhoid fever. The patient was given water to drink which had been drawn from a spring—not from a running stream—and which had been poured over the leaden heart, and recovery was confidently expected thereafter.

For the cure of toothache and neuralgias, spine-wort placed in a limpet shell and applied to the jaw, a poultice of red onions applied to the cheek, fly-blisters placed on the back of the neck and on both wrists, are common remedies in this district; while the following incantation for the same purpose is given by Dr. Aitken, who had it from an old inhabitant of Glen-Urquhart. It was repeated by some other person, and written on a piece of paper to be worn by the sufferer :—

"St Peter sat on a marble stone,
Jesus Christ came to him alone,
'Peter, what aileth thee to weep?'
'My Lord and God, it is the toothache.'"

As it stands this is evidently incomplete, and Mr. Alex. Macbain ("Highland Monthly," vol. iii., p. 291), and Mr. William Mackenzie ("Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness," vol. xviii., p. 151), supply us with the complementary lines, which are :—

"Rise up, Peter, and not you alone,
But everyone who in this charm doth have belief
Will from the toothache never lack relief."

Mr. Mackenzie says the charm is common all over the Highlands, but, strange to say, rarely met with in Gaelic, probably, as Mr. Macbain suggests, due to the fact that few old Highlanders could write their native tongue. A Latin version is found in the Maclagan MSS. In the "Folk Lore Journal," 1st February, 1894, Mr. W. Pengelly, of Torquay, communicates the fact of this charm having been in use in Cornwall for the cure of toothache, which is of interest, as its inhabitants are of Celtic origin. Other incantations exist, some of them implying a belief in the cause of the toothache being a worm eating into the tooth.

DIREAM NAN SGIAN.

Có siod chi mi air bearradh an aonaich,
A tearnadh a stigh Beallach nan sgòrr?
Tha 'n òige sgaoilte mu ghuaillean
Tha cheum luaineach measg fraoich agus còs,
Tha deàrrsa na gréin air a sgiath,
Tha chlogaid 's a liath na m' shùil,
Tha gaothair air thoiseach 's fear eile na dhéigh,
Tha bhogha air ghleus 's e lùbt'.

Tha 'n siod agad Dream nan Sgian
Fear tholladh nam biann 's a' chruaich,
Sàr shiùbhlaiche garbhlach is sliabh,
Mac beadrach an triath o 'n Ruaidhich,
Is coingeis leis earbag, na torc
Cha gheill e do'n toirc aon sgonn,
'S tric òs leis a tuiteam gu làr,
Làn chabrach bu shàr mhath ghloinn.

Cha lag e 'n còmhrag nan sgiath
Fear foinnidh, fialaidh, còir,
Fear beadrach, cridheil, làn mùirn,
'N am tachairt an cùirt an òil,
Thig fasant' air féile-beag cuaich,
'S triubhais na h-uaisle 's an spòrs',
Is na cuarain math laithidh ri bhonn,
Ann t' b' eutrom donn na cròic.

York. D. Mac Dhughaill.

IN MEMORIAM.

THE HIGHLAND BRIGADE IN SOUTH AFRICA

Pibroch—

The scream of the pipes! How the war-stirring strain
Seems to mock the wild cries of the eagles again,
When the pibroch bids heroes arise for the fray,
And our brave Highland lads are in battle array!

Lament—

The wail of the pipes! As we look o'er the plain
Where the fierce charge was made through the thick leaden rain,
How the heart-breaking notes of the mournful lament
Tell that once more for Britain is Gaelic blood spent!

Atlanta, Georgia U.S.A., Tearlach.
13th April, 1900.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications on literary and business matters should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 10 Bute Mansions, Hillhead, Glasgow.

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THE CELTIC MONTHLY.

MAY, 1908.

CONTENTS.

GAELIC SOCIETY OF LONDON.—The President at last meeting made the interesting announcement that the London University had been approached with a view to the establishment of a Celtic Lectureship. The Principal of the University, Sir Arthur Rucker, is favourable to the proposal, and all that is necessary to ensure its success is that a sufficient number should come forward to attend the lectures. The course will probably consist of ten weekly lectures, beginning in October, and the fees will be nominal. Full particulars may be obtained from Mr. H. C. Gates, 160 Stapleton Hall Road, Stroud Green, London, N., or from the Secretary of the Gaelic Society.

"AN SMEORACH"—the Mavis—a collection of Gaelic Songs in Two-Part Harmony, 4d.—This is a neatly got up collection of Gaelic songs in sol-fa notation, intended chiefly for schools and juvenile choirs, but which may also be used by adults. It contains in all twenty-five songs, many of which come under the category of "action" songs. Most of the melodies are extremely sweet, while the arrangements are simple but effective. The work has been edited by Mr. M. MacFarlane, Elderslie, whose name is a guarantee of careful work, while the harmonies are by Miss C. H. Mackay, Stirling. The great interest now taken in Gaelic song should make such a book a success, and we can heartily recommend it to our readers.

DONALD A. CAMERON, SOUTHLAND, NEW ZEALAND.—Very pleased to hear from you again, and to learn that you are keeping well and hearty. I have pleasant recollections of our long *ceilidhs* on Highland subjects last winter. I hope that the present revival of Scottish patriotic feeling will find expression in an adequate History of Scotland which will do justice to the important part played by the Highlanders in achieving Scottish Independence, and in the after great struggles between our English neighbours and the Scots. A true narrative of these facts would greatly alter the popular conception of our history, and I trust that some well informed writer will soon undertake this patriotic and not unpleasant duty. Mr. William M. Mackenzie's "Shorter History of Scotland" is an admirable school contribution in this direction. Mr. Cameron's concluding sentence should encourage the members of *An Comunn Gaidhealach*—"Remember to fight for our dear mother tongue that it be made a class subject in the schools, otherwise we shall lose our nationality." Most Gaels approve of that sentiment. Only I consider we go about the matter in the wrong way. Instead of worrying the Education Department to grant additional important concessions, we ought to direct our energies to stirring up the Highland School Boards, who are mostly indifferent or antagonistic to Gaelic instruction. Our views have never, except in isolated cases, been put before the Highland people directly, and their support enlisted. We have no sufficient mandate either from people or Boards to demand on their behalf increased grants, or extra facilities for the teaching of Gaelic in Highland schools. It will doubtless be considered heresy by certain officials to express one's views frankly on this important subject (possibly a vote of censure will be threatened!) but after the very friendly and helpful way Dr. Struthers explained the situation to a deputation from *An Comunn Gaidhealach* at an interview recently, our most sensible policy is to appeal direct to our kinsmen at "home" in the Highlands and Islands, and get them to force the local School Boards to petition direct, or through *An Comunn*, for the facilities considered desirable to encourage the teaching of Gaelic in Highland schools. Then fortified with a direct mandate from the people most concerned, Dr. Struthers and his department would, as he promised himself, use every effort to meet the wishes of the petitioners. Such all along have been my own views, and they are shared by many influential Gaels. An effort is being made to interest Scottish Members of Parliament in the preservation and fostering of the Gaelic language, with the object of inserting a clause in the new Scottish Educational Bill to make the teaching of Gaelic compulsory in Highland schools.

GOOD-NIGHT.

Falling leaves, in a garden dead and still,
Creeping mists of October on the hill—
A cold, grey sea
And a chill in the heart of me—
Good-bye! Good-bye!

Joy of my life, and children's faces there,
Holy sound of a simple evening prayer—
Then, quiet sleep—
And may God my beloved keep—
Good-night! Good-night!

Beacon lights shine out o'er the cold, grey sea,
Love kills dool in the lonely heart of me—
A little while,
And again I shall see you smile—
My own! My own!

T. RATCLIFFE BARNETT.

The Tragedy of Isle Maree.

A LOVE TALE OF THE VIKINGS.

ISLE MAREE was as sweet a spot at the end of the ninth century as it is now. A thick grove of tall trees crowded round its circular Druidical enclosure. There were noble specimens of the indigenous oak, so mysteriously connected with the Druidical worship; there was a dense thicket of the smooth-leaved holly, the sacred tree brought here by St. Maelrubha himself, who, it would seem, intended it to become (as it did) a Christian rival to the Pagan oak. Then, as now, the undergrowth of ferns and flowers, and a large kind of grass, attained almost tropical proportions beneath the benign influence of the warm shade.

The scene of our story is laid in this beautiful and hallowed island. St. Maelrubha had been long gathered to his fathers, and the sacred college of Iona had appointed a successor to his hermitage on Isle Maree, who in turn had made room for another. The occupant of the cell at the date of our story is an aged saint of peculiar sagacity and piety. Long known to the wild people of Gairloch for his bold denunciations and shrewd penetration, he had acquired by his stern eloquence and ascetic life an extraordinary influence over them. The Christian festivals brought successive offerings to the sainted hermit, and the island oft resounded with the psalms of David chaunted by the throng of faithful pilgrims.

But not only the common people resorted to the cell of the holy man; the Norse Vikings, who held the district in partial subjugation, frequently came to him for the ministrations of religion and for the benefit of his sage counsel. To one and all, to young and old, to Celt and Norwegian, he was alike accessible.

A YOUNG NORWEGIAN PRINCE

was chief among the Vikings who then dominated this part of the west coast. Prince Olaf was of the blood royal of Norway, and on this account alone would have been willingly adopted by his fellows as their leader, had not his personal bravery and reckless daring secured to him the post of honour. He had a grievous failing,—a restless and ungovernable temper. Naturally high-spirited, he had been as a boy the spoilt darling of his fellows, and had grown up a creature of impulse, subject to paroxysms of fearful passion. Whenever he was thwarted in his plans, or roused to anger by foe or friend, the evil spirit came upon him, and he lost all command of himself.

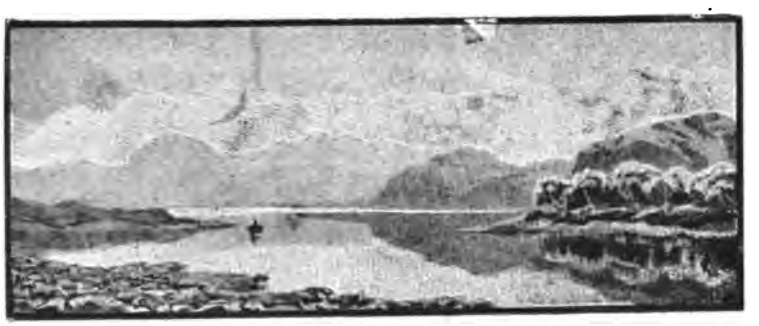
The prince lived with his fighting men in his great war galley, except during the winter, when they encamped on one or other of the islands of Loch Ewe. Often would Olaf repair to the hermitage of Isle Maree, and receive from the saint kindly advice and priestly absolution.

It was natural that one so impulsive should early fall under the influence of the tender passion. We need not try to imagine

THE STORY OF OLAF'S LOVE;

it was no common attachment; the flame burned in his breast with an intensity becoming his fiery spirit.

But a difficulty arose. He was unwilling, at least at first, to ask his bride to exchange the comparative quietude of her father's home for the restless life of a ship of war. In dire perplexity he sought the advice of his friend the saint of Isle Maree. The wise old man proposed that another and a larger dwelling should be erected in the form of a tower to the west of the enclosure in the centre of which stood his own humble cell. To this tower Olaf might bring his bride and there they might take up their abode, within easy reach of the prince's galley on Loch Ewe.



Loch Maree from Inveran, Ross-shire.

To hasten on. The prince eagerly adopted this plan, and in a short time the tower was built, and Olaf brought his bonny bride to the island. Here they were married by the aged hermit, amid the rejoicings of their followers. The princess and her maidens were delighted with the romantic and secure retreat. Olaf's attendants pitched their tents around, and the leafy grove grew gay with joyful laughter and with genial song.

For a while all went smoothly. The life of the young lovers was a continual delight; their passion for one another only increased as months rolled on. In vain his comrades sent message after message entreating the presence of the prince on board his ship. He could not tear himself away from his darling, and she in turn

Glen Grudidh from Loch Maree.

was more than unwilling that he should leave her. At length there came word that

A LONG-PLANNED EXPEDITION,

in which other leaders were to take part, was ready to start, and Olaf was expected to assume the command. He dared no longer remain in retirement. With aching heart he told the princess of his approaching departure. Her tears were unavailing; on the morrow he must leave. Meanwhile strange forebodings of evil filled the minds of both. What if he should be slain in battle! What if some unknown danger should cause her death in his absence! A scheme was concocted for shortening the final moments of suspense. It was agreed that when the prince should return, a white flag would be displayed from his barge on Loch Maree if all were well; if otherwise, a black flag would be shewn. The maidens prepared these flags, and the prince took them with him. The princess was to leave the island in her barge whenever her lord's boat should come in sight, and she in like manner was to display

A WHITE OR BLACK FLAG

to denote her safety or the reverse.

The morning came, and they parted. The prince arrived at Poolewe, was received by his men with wild enthusiasm, and set sail at once. It is not necessary that we should follow him through the perilous campaign. Enough that all ended well, and the victorious prince returned safely to Poolewe. In hot haste, and half crazy with excitement, he sought his boat on Loch Maree, raised with his own hand the snow-white banner of success, and mustered the faithful attendants who were to row him to Isle Maree.

During his absence the princess had passed through several phases of anxiety. At first despair took possession of her heart, and it was long ere the good old saint and her own maidens were able to soothe her with words of hope. As she became calmer, a new misgiving occurred to her. Did Olaf prefer the excitement of warfare to the peaceful society of his bride? Had she lost the devotion of his heart?

DID HE REALLY LOVE HER?

Then horrible jealousy became her absorbing feeling. Was the faithless prince to treat her as an insignificant plaything, to be caressed one day and deserted the next? It was all in vain that her companions strove to check this new folly; she declared continually that her husband had never truly loved her. Under the influence of this crushing doubt, she devised a scheme whereby she resolved to test the reality of his vaunted affection, if indeed he should ever return.

At last the outlook announced that he saw the prince's barge, bearing the white flag, emerge from the river Ewe into the open loch. And now what emotions filled the breast of the lovely princess! What conflicting sentiments, love and doubt, joy and fear! All had been arranged to carry out her strange scheme. The large barge was ready; from its stern the black flag was raised aloft; a bier was placed in the

centre of the barge on which the princess herself—now pallid with anxiety—reclined as if sleeping the sleep of death; a white shroud covered her recumbent form; around were grouped her maidens, gloomy with well-simulated grief; and the sad and silent rowers moved the barge slowly onwards toward the lower end of Loch Maree.

Meanwhile Olaf gazed earnestly in the direction of the island (which was kept in sight all the way), urging anon his willing crew to put forth their utmost speed. Soon, in the distance, he discovered the barge of the princess. Could he be mistaken? Was that

THE BLACK FLAG OF DEATH

which waved above? He made all his men in turn scrutinize the approaching barge, and each reluctantly confirmed what Olaf's own eyes had testified. Gradually the prince grew frantic with awful despair. Was he to be thus foiled by evil fate in the very hour of his triumph? Had death snatched his darling from his fond embrace? Were they never to meet again? Yes, he would follow her to that heavenly home the holy father had often told them of! His agony increased each moment; he cursed; he raved; his manly face became like a manaic's; his words and gestures were those of a man possessed. The crew were horror-struck; none dared speak; they pulled the oars with what seemed superhuman strength, but the wind was against them, and some time elapsed before the barges were alongside. The dreadful interval served only to increase the prince's frenzy; his wild ravings became unintelligible.

Before the vessels touched, the madman leapt into the other barge. He saw the shroud; he raised it; he gazed a moment on the still, pale face of his bride; he gave one agonized cry; then he plunged his dirk in his own breast, and in a moment that storm-tossed heart ceased to beat!

And now the miserable princess sprang from the bier, convinced too late of her husband's passionate love; there he lay dead, she alone the cause; with a wild shriek of remorse, she

DREW THE DIRK FROM OLAF'S HEART

and plunged it in her own. Her death was not so instantaneous as his, and life had not quite fled when the barge, with its terrible freight, arrived at Isle Maree. The holy father raised the crucifix before the lady's closing eyes, and uttered words of earnest prayer; then her spirit passed away, and all was over.

The bodies of the unhappy pair were buried within the enclosure on the island, beneath the shade of the sacred hollies; they were laid with their feet towards each other, and smooth stones with outlines of mediæval crosses were placed over the graves, and there remain to this day. A few stones still indicate the site of the hermit's cell, and a considerable mound marks where the tower stood.

Such, with some little filling-in of detail, is the story as commonly told in Gairloch of the sad tragedy which casts

A HALO OF ROMANCE

around the beautiful Isle Maree. There are, as might be expected, some slightly different versions of the legend, but this is the most usual one. Its variations in form only go to prove its general truthfulness, and there is no reason to doubt that the tragedy really occurred substantially as here related; the tombstones, with their ancient crosses, are still to be seen, and there is no other account of them proposed.

JOHN H. DIXON, F.S.A. Scot.

Above Grudidh Bridge, Gairloch, Ross-shire.

THE HIGHLAND SOCIETY OF WINNIPEG.—We are indebted to a correspondent for a copy of the programme of a Grand Highland Concert which this flourishing society gave on 17th April, and which proved a splendid success. We are pleased to notice that the opening item was the Highlanders' Gathering Song, "Suas leis a' Ghaidhlig" (the spirited music of which was composed by our gifted contributor "Fionn"), rendered by our old friend Mr. John MacLeod, whose cultured and expressive singing of our popular Gaelic melodies was a treat which Glasgow Gaels are not likely soon to forget. Mr. MacLeod's decision to follow the call of the "Lost Pibroch" to the Far North-West was our loss and Canada's gain, and it will be a pleasure to his hosts of friends here to know that his personality and musical gifts are so highly esteemed in the land of his adoption. We notice his closing song was Mr. John MacFadyen's "Oidhche Mhaith Leibh" (Good Night to You), an appropriate ending to a great occasion. Mr. A. T. N. Bain, Secretary of the Society, is a native of Duthel, Inverness-shire, and brother of a lady contributor to the *Celtic*, an article from whose pen will appear in next issue.

The following verses were composed for this occasion by the bard of "An Comunn Gaidhealach, Winnipeg," and were recited to the audience:—

Sons of the Mountains

(Dedicated to the Highland Society of Winnipeg, Canada).

Sons of the mountains, from far and near,
Bond of affection for ever dear,
On the lone hillside, or on foreign strand,
Hearts beat as one when hand clasps hand;
For the humble cot in the distant glen,
The memory yearning turns again.

Aboon the sheiling the peat reek curls,
While past its door the burnie swirls,
To the mountain sides, sae rugged, steep,
The white mists cling like huddled sheep;
And the Highland maidens sweet love songs sing
At the altar of love,—their offering.

Fidelity's banner, for woe or weel,
Clansmen are kinsmen true as steel,
Time's withering hand can ne'er efface,
Our love of country and pride of race,
Tell to the world, aye tell it again,
Proud of their country are Highlandmen.

G. J. MACALPINE
(Seoras Dubh).

Winnipeg.

THE LUCKLESS HUNTER.

THE following is a free translation of Duncan Ban Macintyre's popular song, *Oran Seachran Seilg*:—

Chorus: I beheld the deer and hinds
Lightly climb the pass together;
How they sniffed the gentle winds,
As they trod the purple heather.

Great my grief, and small my joy
As I left the misty corry,
Blazing powder in the air—
'Twas, indeed, a luckless foray.

I my Spanish gun retain,
Despite those laws* which press us sadly,
Though to-day she proved untrue—
Grieved my soul—she missed so badly.

In the morn I cleaned my gun
And with Glasgow powder loaded;
Wad of tow, and bullet tight—
Till the barrel nigh exploded.

Carefully I dressed the flint,
And the lock with oil anointed;
For to keep my partner dry
A cloak of skin I then appointed.

Cautiously I stalked the hind,
As she lay by yonder fountain,
Fired my shot—when, lack-a-day,
Up she rose to climb the mountain.

Yes, I spent on her my shot,
And I thought I saw her quiver;
I had hoped to see her fall
But she higher leaped than ever.

Sad to tread the forest drear
When the storm doth rain and rattle,
"Ordered" venison to find—
Puts the hunter on his mettle.

But I now must seek the glen—
Mountain paths grow grim and eerie,
And all the hills are robed in gloom,
And with mist my eyes are bleary.

But we'll live this night in hope
Of a bright and better morrow—
Sun and wind,—with better luck,
Shall quickly banish all our sorrow.

Then with hounds we'll chase the deer—
Every bullet death shall carry;
And the deer's heart-blood shall flow
Till the hunters all are merry.

FIONN.

*The Disarming Act of 1746, forbidding Highlanders to carry guns.

A JACOBITE SONG.

HERE is a Jacobite song, which appeared in the *Aberdeen Journal*, Wednesday, February 10, 1819,—unsigned:—

The blood upon Culloden now
Has made the heath look green,
And ill befa' the cruel Duke,
He's spoilt the bonniest een.

But dry your een, my bonnie lass,
And dinna greet sae sair;
For a' the wae that's come to pass,
O' pleasure ye'll get mair.

Oh, dry your een, my bonnie lass,
And sing the lilt to me,
Shall charm the adder in the grass,
And a' thy waes frae thee.

Gae bid the rose to raise its head,
The last upo' the lea,
When Autumn's ling'ring days are fled,
Then wipe the tears frae me.

The father felt the tyrant's stroke,
The mither widna stay,
The bonnie sister's heart was broke,
And Jamie's now away.

And shall the lark, that built its nest,
Within the sweeping scythe,
Still carol wi' a lightsome breast,
And still continue blythe?

To heaven, the blood of Jamie cries,
And well 'tis heard by me:
And ken ye, when the brave man dies,
He wad remembered be.

Can any reader of the *Celtic* throw light upon the authorship of the above song?

Aberdeen. ROBERT MURDOCH LAWRANCE.

SGEULACHD NO DHA.

THA loch aillidh ann an aon de eileanan na Gaidhealtachd. O'n loch so tha sruthan a' ruith a chum na mara; a's ged nach 'eil eas no baeadh air bith 's an rathad tha e air aithris nach 'eil bradan ri 'fhaotainn air an t-sruthan sin. A nis cha 'n 'eil teagamh agam nach 'eil so fior; is ma tha e fior, feumaidh gu 'm bheil aobhar eigin ann an Nadur air a shon; ach so agaibh an t-aobhar a thug na seann sgeulachdan seachad a' thaobh na cuise. Bha, latha araidh, duine ag iasgach air an t-sruthan sin. Thug e uine fhada air iomairt na slaite is air siapadh na cuileige, ach iasg cha d' thug plub, agus ceann cha do ghlac e. Mu dheireadh thainig seann duine coir far an robh an t-iasgair. Bha an duine comharraichte air son màldachd a ghnuise agus suairceis 'aogais. Co bha 's an fhear-thurais ach Calum-cille, a bha aig an am air chuairt anns na cearnaibh sin a' searmonachadh an t-soisgeil. Chuir e failte le modh duin'-uasail air an iasgair. An deigh dhoibh a bhi greis a' seanchas, dh' iarr Calum-cille air an iasgair a' chiad bheathach a ghlacadh e. Gheall an t-iasgair sin a dheanamh. Cha bu luaith' a thug e an gealladh na ghlac e bradan ciatach. An uair a chunnaic e cho eireachdail 's a bha an t-iasg a thug e air tir, ghabh e aithreachas d' an ghealladh a thug e do 'n choigreach, a's thuirt e ris, "Gleidhidh mi am fear so, is gheibh thu an ath aon a ghlacas mi." "Bitheadh e mar sinn," arsa Calum, is ann am priobadh na sul' bha bradan moran na bu mhomha na 'chiad fhear aige air ghiuran. A rithisd thug sglamhaireachd agus sannt air a ghealladh a bhristeadh; "Bheir mi dhuit," ars esan, "an ath iasg a gheibh mi." "Bitheadh e mar sinn," arsa Calum. Ann an uine ghearr bha bradan tar-gheal, fada na bu mhomha agus na b' fhearr na 'n dithis eile, aige air a dhubhan. Thug e gu tir e, agus fhuair sannt a' bhuaidh an treas uair air an iasgair; agus a rithisd dh' fhailnich e 'n a fhacal. Las corruich Chaluim; mhallaich e an t-uisge, agus o'n latha sin gus a so cha deachaidh bradan a thoirt gu tir air bruaich uaine an t-sruthain so. Tha e soilleir do gach aon nach 'eil an sgeul so fior, ach gidheadh, tha e' n a dhoigh bhardail air ni nadurra a chumail air chuimhne, is tha e aig a' cheart am a' toirt seachad leasan moralta ro mhath; tha e 'leigeil ris cho graineil 's a tha ceilg ann an gnothuichean; a' foillseachadh cho taireil 's a tha sglamhaireachd agus sannt, agus a' teagasg gu 'm pill ceilg, breugan, carachd agus lubachd shnagach le dioghaltas dubailte air cinn na dream a chleachdas iad. Cha 'n 'eil teagamh agam nach teagaisgeadh sgeul d' an t-seorsa so do shluagh aineolach na b' fhearr na ma dh' fhaoite iomadh searmoin, cho feumail 's a tha e an fhirinn a labhairt aig gach am, a's gach gealladh a bheirear seachad a choimhlionadh.

Tha e, mar a tha 'fhios agaibh 'n a sgeula cumanta gu 'n do chuir Paruig an ruaig air na nathraichean á tir na h-Eirionn. Tha e sothuigsinn do gach neach nach 'eil an sgeul sin fior ann an seadh litreachail, ach faodaidh e bhi fior gu leoir ann an rathad eile; oir, tha sar fhirinn air a cur an ceill anns an sgeul ma 's e 's gu 'n robh e fior gu 'n robh na Gaidheil aon uair a' toirt aoraidh do 'n nathair. Ma tha e fior, mar tha cuid dhiubhsan a tha 'toirt aire do sheana cleachdainnean ag innseadh dhuinn, gu 'n robh nathair-aoradh air a chleachdainn am measg nan Ceilteach; an sin tha e da-rireadh fior gu 'n do chuir Paruig ruaig air na nathraichean trid toirt a steach na h-aidmheil' Criosdaidh. Cha 'n 'eil aon air bith nach cuala mu dheibhinn na h-altarach a fhuaradh o chionn bhliadhnachan dluth air Loch-nan-eala, ann an sealladh tri binneinean Chruachain—Ban-righ nam beann. Tha an altair so, ma 's fhior; air dealbh nathair mhoir, agus tha iad ann a tha tarruing uaith so gu 'n robh aoradh air a thoirt do 'n bhiasd shnagaich le ar n-aithraichean anns na linntean fada-thall. Ma 's e agus gu bheil so fior, oir cha 'n eil mi dol a thoirt barail' a thaobh na cuise, tha e soilleir mar a chuir Paruig an ruaig air na nathraichean—trid a bhi 'n a mheadhon air creideamh a b' fhearr agus eolas a b' airde a thoirt a steach do 'n duthaich. Tha cuid ann a tha ag aicheadh gu 'n d' thug na Gaidheil aoradh, aig am air bith, do ni no neach ach dhasan d' an dlighe aoradh: their iad gur tuaileas a tha air a chur orra an uair a theirear mu 'n deibhinn, gu 'n robh iad a' toirt aoraidh do *Bhàl* no do 'n ghrein. Tha iadsan a tha de 'n bharail so ag radh nach 'eil na facail, "Bealltainn"—*Bàl-teine*, agus "miorbhuil"—*meur-Bhàil*, a' dearbhadh ni air bith, oir, gur e "Beuil," 's e sin *beatha-uile*, an t-ainm leis an do chomharraich na Gaidheil a mach an Ti ud a 's e Ughdar gach ni. Tha iadsan a tha d' an bharail so a' faicinn, eadhon anns na h-altairean ud, mar a tha an altair faisg air an Oban, dhearbhadh cha 'n ann air iodhal-aoradh, ach air an fhior aoradh. Tha na h-altairean so do ghnath air am faotainn ann an sealladh beinne eigin, aig am bheil tri barranna no binneinean; agus tha a' chuid d' an altair air an robh an iobairt air a tairgseadh air mullach cinn na nathrach. Tha a' bheinn, deir iad, 'n a samhladh air an Trianaid bheannaichte—'n a triuir, ach fhathast 'n a h-aon; agus an altair air ceann na nathrach a' leigeil ris na buaidh' a bha ri bhi air a toirt leis an Ti ud a b'e "Siol na mnatha a bhruth ceann na nathrach." Cha 'n 'eil teagamh nach robh cuid de fhirinn air a measgadh leis gach seorsa

saobh-chreidimh agus iodhal-aoraidh; agus bhitheadh e 'n a chuspair gle fhreagarrach do chuid de na h-ard-sgoilearan gleusta a tha 'deanamh comhnaidh leibh, oidheirp a thoirt air solus a chur air eachdraidh bharailean agus ceud-chreideamh nan Gaidheal.

Bheir mi nis seachad sgeul beag eile trid an d' thug na seann daoine oidheirp air ni ann an Nadur a mhineachadh. Tha eilean beag 'n a laidhe faisg air corsa aon de eileanan mora Innse-Gall, anns am bheil e air a radh, nach fhan nathair beo. Cha 'n 'eil fhios agam am bheil so fior, ach tha gu leoir de natraichean nimheil anns an eilein mhor. A nis, tha a' cheart ni air a radh do thaobh Eirinn. So agaibh an seol air an do mhinich na seann sgeulachdan a' chuis. Tha e air a radh gur e mir de dh-Eirinn a tha 's an eilean bheag—gu 'n robh air maduinn Shamhraidh araidh, anns na linntean ud anns an robh famhairean ag aiteachadh nan cearna so, aon de mhnathan-uaisle nan curaidhean uamhasach sin a' miannachadh sgriob a thoirt a nall á Eirinn-do dh-Albainn. Ann an aite dol air bord luinge no bata, chuir i truisealadh oirre fein is ghabh i nall troimh linne bhuaireasaich nam beuchd, mar gu 'm biodh neach a' dol thar aite tana na h-aibhne. An uair a bha i 'tarruing dluth air cladaichean na h-Alba leig i sios an truisealadh a bha oirre; agus 'd é a bha ach an t-eilean beag aice ann an luib a sgiort gun fhios aice air, ged a tha mu dha chota-ban fearainn ann. Thuit an t-eilean an sud, agus an sud tha e fhathast. Tha cuimhne agam aon uair a bhi 'labhairt ri seann duine coir a bha a' lan chreidsinn an sgeoil so. Dh' oidheirpich mi air a dhearbhadh dha cho tur an aghaidh naduir 's a bha an ni. Cha rachadh agam air a chur as a bheachd fein aon lide; agus thar leam gu 'm bheil mi a' faicinn fhathast mar a las suil an duine choir le lan bhuaidh, an uair a chur e ceisd rium a bha e lan chinnteach a thilgeadh os cionn mo mhi-chreideamh anns an sgeul. "Ciamar, mata," ars esan, "a mhinicheas tu a' chuis nach fan nathair beo an Eirinn, agus nach momha dh' fhanas aon beo anns an eilean so?" Cha d' thuirt mi fhein diog, oir bha 'fhios agam gu math ged a dhearbhas tu ni an aghaidh a thoile air neach, gu 'm bi e gun chaochladh bharail 'n a dheigh sud uile. Is iomadh uair uaith sin a smaointich mi gu 'n robh reusonachadh an duine choir a chearta cho diongmholta ris a' cho-dhunadh a chum am bheil daoine foghlumta a' teachd a thaobh iomadh aon de na ceisdean deacair ud a tha an comhnuidh a' teachd f'ar comhair; oir, ged a ni sinn gaire fochaide air creideamh an t-seann duine mar ni amaideach, agus a dh' ardaicheas sinn beachdan nan teallsanach leis na h-ainmean, foghlum, agus ealainn, tha cuid dhiubh a cheart cho gorach ri naidheachd an eilein. Cha 'n 'eil ach bliadhna no dha o 'n thug aon de luchd-teagaisg Oilthigh Ghlaschu seachad barail a thaobh na doighe anns an d' thainig beatha a dh-ionnsaidh an t-saoghail so againne air tus a bha mile uair na bu mhi-choltaiche na 'n sgeul mu 'n bhan-fhamhair; oir gorach agus mar 'tha a' bharail, bha e a cheart cho daicheil gu 'n d' thug ise an t-eilean 'n a h-uchd agus gu 'n d' thainig *sioga do sin* seanair Adhaimh a chum an t-saoghail so air tus mar dhaol, an crochadh ri spitheig bhig a bha air a siapadh o shaoghal eigin eile a chaidh 'n a bhloighdean anns an iarmailt. Chaidh fuadach air barailean faoin nan Gaidheal, ach cuin a threigeas na teallsanaich am beachdan amaideach 's a shiubhlas iad anns an t-solus fhior a tha 'dearrsadh o ghrein an aigh?

R. I.

EILIDH GHLINN-DARUAIL.

AIR FONN—"*Mo Mhali bheag òg.*"

Tha 'Bhealltuinn chridheil, cheòlmhor
A nis 'an Gleann-daruail;
Tha guth na cuthag leòmach
Uair eile 'n Gleann-daruail,
'S an druid agus an lòn dubh
Le 'n teudan 'an deagh òrdugh
A' strì co 's binne òran
A nis 'an Gleann-daruail.

An t-urram thar gach àite
A nis do Ghleann-daruail.
Gleann nam bean òg a's àille
Fo 'n ghréin 's e Gleann-daruail.
Ged tha Gleann-Aora bòidheach,
Leig leam-sa bhi tràth glòmiunn
Ri taobh na h-éiteig òg ud,
Nic Mhuirich Ghlinn-daruail!

O, 's truagh dach b' ann am màireach
Bu leam-sa, 'n Gleann-daruail,
Le toil a muinntir, làmh gheal
Mo rùin 'an Gleann-daruail!
Cha'n fhacas riamh fo 'n ghréin ud
Aon duine 'leth co éibhinn
'S a bhithinn-sa le m' eudail,
Mar sud, 'an Gleann-daruail.

Air leam gu 'm bheil mi 'd fhaicinn
A rùin, an Gleann-daruail,
'N ad éide-bainnse sneachd-gheal
Ri m' thaobh an Gleann-daruail,—
Gach maighdean mheachair làmh ruit
Le eud a' coimhead d' àilleachd,
'S fir òg, le 'm b' ait bhi 'm àite,
Fo sprochd 'an Gleann-daruail.

Cha tugainn air son rìoghachd
Mo ghaol an Gleann-daruail;
Gu 'n dòirtinn m' fhuil g' a dìonadh
O bheud 'an Gleann-daruail.
'S na 'm biodh réir maise m' eudail
Mo sgil-sa gu toirt sgeul air,
Bhiodh cliù, gu crioch an t-saoghai
Air Eilidh Ghlinn-daruail!

EVAN MAC COLL.

THE BADGER'S CAVE.

(A Tale of the Rising of 1715.)

CHAPTER II.

BRACKLYN CASTLE was an irregular edifice, or rather *comble* of edifices, built at different periods and in different styles of architecture. The more modern part of the building, though the least picturesque, was the most commodious, and was that now almost exclusively inhabited. The most ancient portion of the castle, a semi-ruinous square tower of three stories, was perched on the square edge of a precipice, round the base of which the Keltie made one of the boldest sweeps, in the narrowest part of that wild and romantic glen through which it rushes, at a distance of about two miles above its junction with the Teith, in whose now classic stream it merges both its waters and its name. As might be anticipated in such an age and such a locality, Bracklyn Castle, like other castles of the olden time, was haunted; and it needs no Œdipus to guess that the haunted part was this square tower, to which honour its high antiquity and semi-ruinous condition conjunctly and severally gave it a natural right of preference. Proximately, however, this part of the castle owed its ghostly visitations to the circumstance, that, about half a century before the time to which our narrative relates, one of its chambers had been the scene of a tragic act of alleged suicide and suspected murder. A cousin of the then Lord of Bracklyn, who had unexpectedly arrived at the castle the evening before, was next morning found dead in his chamber, and, as was given out, by his own hand. He had sat up late with his kinsman on the preceding night. He had not, it appeared, been to bed, for he had not undressed; and the instrument with which the deed was done—his own pistol—was found lying by his side discharged. The cause assigned for this act—at least conjecturally assigned by his kinsman-host—was, remorse for having been accessary to the capture, and so eventually to the death, of the celebrated and unfortunate Earl of Argyle, whose execution had just taken place. This, it was given out, he had, with feelings of contrition and remorse, acknowledged overnight to his relative, the Laird of Bracklyn; but the general belief in the neighbourhood was, that he had in fact been murdered by his treacherous host himself, a daring and unscrupulous man; and who, on the decease of his murdered cousin's father, then in extreme old age, was heir of entail to his estates, to which he actually succeeded a very few months thereafter. In this suspicion public opinion was confirmed by the misfortunes which befel, or the judgments, as they were considered, which overtook the suspected murderer. For though at the period of his cousin's death the father of a numerous family, none of them survived him; and dying in middle age childless, he was himself in turn succeeded by a cousin, the present laird. Since the period when this crime, whether murder or suicide, was committed, the chamber, though not stripped of its furniture, had never been occupied. Strange noises, resembling, it was said, the voices of two men, as in angry altercation, had frequently been heard in it, even during the lifetime of the suspected murderer; and subsequently to his death, the curiosity of one of the domestics having on one occasion tempted him to look through the key-hole of the apartment, he most distinctly saw, as he continued solemnly to aver to his dying day, the deceased laird standing by the bed-side, in the very spot on which the deed was committed, in the act, as it seemed, of wringing his hands, with an expression of the most intense agony and despair.

From that time forward no domestic in Bracklyn Castle would ever in the day-time venture into this apartment alone, and after night-fall no consideration could induce any of their number, even though accompanied, to set foot within any part of the western tower.

Into this apartment Ellen, for whom it had no such superstitious terrors, resolved, if possible, to transport the wounded stranger, well aware that, after night-fall at least, she would there be quite secure from intrusion while attending him. And in order to divert suspicion from her frequent visits to the western tower, and to account for the novelty of smoke being seen daily ascending from a part of the castle which had long been unoccupied, she bethought her of the expedient of removing to a deserted apartment on the ground floor, and immediately under the haunted chamber in which she purposed to bestow her guest, a brood of young turkeys, which had just been sent her as a present of great value, that species of poultry being then exceedingly rare in Scotland, and being supposed to require not only peculiar care but artificial heat in rearing them. By this stratagem she hoped to account for, and to divert attention from, the frequent visits of herself and Janet to the haunted tower.

Janet meanwhile had succeeded in her mission. Wrapping the almost insensible cavalier in their cloaks or tartan mantles, they laid him gently on the low sledge which Janet had carefully mattressed with hay; and striking from the high road into the fields, both for the purpose of evading observation and for the advantage of a softer path to spare the aching invalid, they entered the grounds of Bracklyn Castle at the

point least likely to attract notice, and, favoured by the darkness which had now set in, succeeded, without being discovered, in lodging their guest safely in the haunted chamber.

We pass over the expedients variously resorted to by Ellen in order to procure the requisite supplies for her wounded guest, and in order to conceal or account for her frequent visits to the western tower. Nor shall we stop to describe, for the edification of our medical readers, the various liniments, and draughts, and cordials employed by Janet Bane in her practice, pharmaceutical or chirurgical, as his leech in ordinary, which, though doubtless they had done good service at Borodino and at Waterloo, saving many a shapely limb, and preserving many a precious life, must, we fear, be reckoned by posterity among the lost arts, vainly to be sought for in the pages of modern authorities in military surgery and the materia medica.

Right reluctantly, too, must we leave among the unrecorded curiosities of literature the gossip and ingenious theories which occupied the domestics of Bracklyn Castle, during the long winter nights, in full kitchen assembled, while attempting, on principles natural and preternatural, to account for the strange possession which had so suddenly seized their young mistress, the fastidiousness and extravagance which, to the grievous discomfort and discontent of Lizzy Cook, she had all at once displayed in matters *cuisine*, and her singular passion for her turkeys; which latter question split the hall into two angry factions. One party, that which may be styled the *poetical*, ascribed it to witchcraft, the outlandish birds being, according to them, neither more nor less than witches in disguise, as the semi-human cast and complexion of their wrinkled legs clearly indicated, while, obviously, their unearthly gobble was not the warble of birds, but the jargon of a Turk transmitted through the organ of a fowl!—whereas the other, which may be contradistinguished as the *theological* party, connected the power of fascination, which, it was admitted, the turkey poults exercised over the mind of their mistress, with some undefined mysterious influence arising out of their accidental location in the weird vicinity of the haunted chamber. Nor, finally, must the gourmand of horrors, if such there be among our readers, expect a "full, true, and particular account" of the many *extra-eerie* sights and sounds which, during the winter nights of that memorable "feifteen," were seen and heard by the domestics of the castle within and around the confines of the western tower. We shall merely observe, that after a long and doubtful struggle between life and death the tenant of the ghost chamber was at length pronounced by Janet Bane fairly out of danger. His wounds were proceeding favourably towards a cure. He was now in a condition to be informed by his kind young hostess of the results that had followed to his party from the fatal fight of Sheriffmuir, and in return to impart to her the secret of his name, of his share in that engagement, and of the circumstances which, so fortunately for his safety, had placed him under her protection. The substance of his narrative was to this effect:—

He was David Drummond, of one of the principal families in Strathearn, being cousin to the Viscount Strathallan, and to James, Lord Drummond, the *soi-disant* Duke of Perth, both of whom were zealous Jacobites, and had early embarked in the rebellion.

Lord Strathallan's regiment, composed of his own kinsmen and tenants, and of which young Drummond had under his noble relative the chief command, formed at Sheriffmuir part of the left wing of the Jacobite army, which it is known were totally routed by the right wing of the Royalists, and driven with considerable slaughter to the river Allan, two miles westward of the field of battle. From the moment that defeat became irretrievable, Major Drummond, anxious for the safety of his general, joined himself to the *restoration squadron*, as they were called, a select body of young noblemen and gentlemen, to whom had been entrusted the Jacobite standard, and whose gallant resistance so retarded the pursuit as to enable Mar and his immediate attendants to reach in safety the reserve at Ardoch. But they too were at length dispersed or cut in pieces. The gallant young Earl of Strathmore and the Captain of Clanronald had fallen; Panmure was for a time a prisoner,* and Drummond's anxiety was now directed to the safety of his kinsmen, Lord Strathallan and his brother Thomas, both of whom were severely wounded. With this view he placed himself at the head of a small band, most of them gentlemen of Strathearn, well armed and mounted, who, forming and charging their assailants wherever the ground favoured them, retreated slowly towards the Allan, and in the hope of being able to place that river betwixt them and their pursuers. But resistance was unavailing. They were overpowered by numbers—most of them were cut in pieces—Lord Strathallan and his brother were taken prisoners—and the remnant having reached the Allan dashed into its stream, and dispersing on its farther bank, sought safety in individual flight.

* He was rescued by his brother Harry, and died at Paris in 1723.

Suspecting, as well from their superior appointments as from the desperate resistance which they had offered, that there was in this little band some persons of consequence, Mar, or the Duke of Ormond, or perhaps the Chevalier himself, both of which latter personages, it was given out, in order to inspirit the Jacobite troops, had secretly arrived at the camp the evening before, Lord Forfar, when it was at length broken by his dragoons, commanded them to pursue every individual fugitive of its numbers, in the hope of being rewarded with the capture of some prisoner of importance. This order rendered the escape of Major Drummond nearly desperate. He had been observed to command the party. His accoutrements betokened him an officer of some rank, and accordingly, after crossing the Allan, he found himself hotly pursued by an officer and four soldiers of Evans's dragoons. He was well mounted, but his horse had been severely tasked throughout the day, and he soon found that the officer and one of the dragoons, who were considerably a-head of the other three, were fast gaining on him—when, having reached one of the steepest of the many gullies or narrow glens by which the hilly district on which he had now entered was intersected, he availed himself of the vantage ground it afforded, and, halting suddenly on the farther bank, discharged one of his pistols at the Royalist officer, which wounded his horse and brought him to the ground; while the dragoon he cut down in the act of clearing the difficult bank on which he had made his stand; and then, resuming his flight, slanted his course to the south-west, in the hope of effecting his escape by taking refuge among the intricate thickets and ravines of the glen of Cambus. But the three dragoons continued vigorously in pursuit. Drummond became sensible that the strength and speed of his horse were failing rapidly, and he had just gained the high-road, about a mile westward of the village of Doune, when, perceiving that one of the dragoons was now within a few yards of him, he wheeled round and discharged his remaining pistol at his pursuer, receiving at the same moment his fire in return. Both shots took effect; for the dragoon fell heavily to the ground, while Drummond's horse, mortally wounded, dropt dead upon the spot. The two remaining dragoons were approaching fast; and, bracing himself for the deadly struggle, and resolved to sell his life as dearly as he could, Drummond, with his sword drawn, had placed his back against a low fold-dyke which skirted the high-way, when a band of horses that had been grazing in the adjacent field, attracted by the tumult, leaped the fence and came galloping to the spot, wheeling and snorting round the fallen steed. By a desperate bound, to fling himself on the back of the nearest of them was with Drummond the thought and act of a moment, and furiously plying sword and spur, he urged the terrified and maddened animal along the road at such frantic speed as soon effectually to distance his pursuers.

How far beyond this point the pursuit was continued the narrator could not tell, having, from exhaustion and the loss of blood, became so faint as to have lost all recollection of what followed from the moment he sprang on the back of the white horse till he had been restored to consciousness by the kind ministrations of Ellen and her attendant.

(To be continued.)

Gaelic Translation.

WHA'LL BE KING BUT CHARLIE?

THE following translation of the above song is by the late Sheriff MacDonald of the Lews. It was written down in 1873 from the recital of the Sheriff by Mr. W. Mackay, Inverness:—

CO BHIOS NA RIGH ACH TEARLACH?

A Muideart thainig sgeul nam buadh,
'S ro bhinn an cluas nan Gaidheal,
Gu 'n d' thainig luingeas thar a' chuan
Le rùn an t-sluaigh, Prionns Teàrlach.
Cruinnichibh, fheara, dha 'n dual a bhi fearail,
Gun dàil, mu bhrataichean Theàrlaich.
Biodh gach cinneadh a' strì, a' feuchainn co's dils';
Co bhios na righ ach Teàrlach?

Na fineachan, le 'n claidhmhean géur,
Air éirigh anns gach àite,
Is dòirtidh iad am fuil mu 'n géill;
'S a chaoidh cha tréig iad Teàrlach!
Cruinnichibh, fheara, etc.

Tha h-uile gruagach anns an tìr
A' sìor thoirt bhòidean làidir
A chaoidh nach tòir i làmh no 'gaol
Do h-aon nach bì le Teàrlach!
Cruinnichibh, fheara, etc.

Sin guidh'maid buaidh do dh' arm a' Phrionns,
'S gun coisinn iad cliù mar 'b 'aill leinn;
Tha 'n t-ainm a mhàin cur blàis 'nar cridh'—
Co bhios na righ ach Teàrlach?
Cruinnichibh, fheara, etc.

DEATH OF JOHN MACKINNON, ESQ. OF BALINAKILL, KINTYRE.—We deeply regret to announce that John Mackinnon, Esq. of Balinakill, died at his London residence on Friday, 8th May. Mr. Mackinnon's death will be lamented by all who knew him, tenants and employees as well as intimate friends, for the deceased had liberal views upon the responsibility and duties of a landowner, which we would like to see shared by more of his class.

READERS OF THE CLAN MACNAUGHTON will doubtless be interested to learn that Sir Andrew Noble of Ardkinglas intends to restore the ancient castle of Dundarave, Lochfyne, once the seat of the chiefs of this powerful clan.

OUR MUSICAL PAGE.

THE following beautiful love song is the composition of the late Murdoch Macleod, "Saighdear Sgiathanach." The melody bears a close resemblance to "The Braes o' Strathblane."

ANNETTA C. WHYTE.

'S ann air feasgar Di-ciadain

('TWAS ON WEDNESDAY EVENING).

Key D. *Moderato.*

d¹., t	l : r : f	m : d	:r.,m	s	:l.s : m	r	: —
Ni mi	innse le	firinn,	an	nì	rinn mo	chràdh,	
m., s	l : l : d¹	r¹ : r¹	:s.,l	d¹	:r¹.d¹ : t	l	: —
Nì bheir snith air	mo shùilean	's a	dhùineas	mo	chàil,		
m., s	l : l : d¹	r¹ : r¹	:s.,l	d¹	:r¹.d¹ : t	l	: —
An gaol thug mi	'n mhaighdinn	bu	chaoimhneile	gnàth			
d¹., t	l : r : f	m : d	:r.,m	s	:l.s : m	r	: —
D' am b' ainn	Màiri Anna,	tha 's an	anart	a'	cnàmh.		

'S ann air feasgair Di-ciadain 'n uair bha 'ghrian anns na neòll,
A dealradh gu sgiamhach le sgiathan mar òr,
'Thachair mise 's mo ghràdh ann an gàradh nan flùr,
Is bha fàileadh nan ùbhlan gu cùbhraidh mar thùis.

Rinn mi fhoighneachd do 'n òg-bhean, gu stòlda 's gu ciùin,
"'N téid thu còmhl' rium, mo mhàltag gu sgàile an tùir,
Far nach 'eil ni gus ar còmhdach, bho lòinteag an driùchd,
Ach duilleagan bòidheach nan òganan ùr."

" Théid mi leat roimh gach cunnart air muir is air tìr,
'S gu 'n dean mi fuachd fhulang, gus do chumail gun dìth,
'N uair a théid thu do 'n bhlàr, bidh mi làmh riut le m' sgéith,
Chum do dhion o na nàimhdean 'n uair thàrr'nte lann geur."

'N uair thuig a h-athair 's a màthair gu'n robh Màiri an gaol,
Rinn iad fhoighneachd gun dàil dhi, co h-àilleagan caomh ?
Thuirt i riu gu 'm bu ghunnair e, o mhullach an t-sléibh,
No á Gàidhealtachd na h-Alba, far am marbhte na féidh.

'N uair a chual iad am facal, gu 'n do ghlais iad i suas,
Ann an seòmar a cadail, fad seachdainn gun truas ;
Bha mo chrìdh' air a bhristeadh, nach fhaighinn bruidhinn ri m' luaidh,
'S i gu'm choimhead roimh 'n uinneig, le snith air a gruaidh.

Thàinig litir gu 'm ionnsuidh, air a dùnadh gu dlùth
Mi 'ruith sios gu siùbhlach gu cùl-thaobh an dùin,
Far an robh carbad gu mùirneach, gus mo ghiùlan gun dàil,
Gu pàileis duin'-uasail, far 'n robh gruagach mo ghràidh.

'N uair a ràinig mi 'n aitreamh, 'bha mar shneachda nam beann,
Gu'n do sheas mi gun fhacal, air stairsneich an tranns',
Gus an d' thàinig fear ghlas-chinn, 's na deòir a' frasadh o ghruaidh,
'S thuirt e "'s tusa Mhic Leòid a chuir an òg-bhean do 'n uaigh."

Thug e suas mi do 'n àite 's an robh m' àilleagan buan,
Rinn a sùilean ciùin dràbhadh, 's dreach a' bhàis air a gruaidh,
A bha cho dearg ris na ròsan, 's a bha bòidheach is suairc,
'S 'n uair a rug mi air làimh oirre, dh' fhàg a cainnt i gu luath.

Ach sheall i orm-sa 's an aodan, gu caomh mar a b' àbh'ist,
'N uair a phòg mi 'bilean gaoil bha mar chaoran air fàs,
Rinn a gruaidhean ciùin aomadh, le aogas a' bhàis,
'S gu 'n d' dhùin i 'sùil shocair, gun a fosgladh gu bràth.

JOHN H. DIXON.

The Celtic Monthly:

A MAGAZINE FOR HIGHLANDERS.

Edited by JOHN MACKAY, Glasgow.

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Mr. JOHN H. DIXON, F.S.A., Scot.

THE subject of our sketch this month may be described as an Englishman by birth and a Highlander by choice, for he was born in Wakefield, Yorkshire, in 1838. His family have been associated with that district for over three hundred years, and still hold property there. Mr. Dixon began life as a solicitor. He was associated with and succeeded his father in an extensive practice in Wakefield. In his boyhood he occasionally crossed the Border with his father. In 1868 he began to visit Gairloch in Ross-shire, and when his health broke down in 1871 his physician, Sir William Gull, advised him to spend as much time as he could in Scotland. Finally, in 1874 Mr. Dixon settled at Inveran, near Poolewe, in Gairloch, and resided there for twenty-five years. He took a keen interest in the public life of the parish. He was an ardent volunteer, and made the local company perhaps the most efficient in the county. As chairman of the School Board and member of the County Council he made himself master of every detail of business coming before these public bodies, by whom his judgment was highly valued.

While resident in Gairloch Mr. Dixon, who is a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, became much interested in the history and folk-lore of the district, and in 1886 published a handsome volume entitled "Gairloch: its Records, Traditions, Inhabitants, and Natural History." This work, which was admirably executed, involved a vast amount of untiring research and investigation, and much that would otherwise have been lost to posterity has been thus preserved.

As might be expected, Mr. Dixon has received many tangible acknowledgments of his numerous public services. Having taken an active interest in the Wakefield Exhibition of 1865, he was presented with a handsome silver salver in recognition of his labours. Always interested in the youth of the district, the Young Men's Society at Wakefield presented him in 1873 with a full-length portrait, along with an illuminated address.

When Mr. Dixon came to Pitlochry he had intended to retire altogether from public life, but as might be expected of a man of such active habits, he has only done so to the extent of not taking up the work of public Boards; otherwise he continues to lead the same active, busy life that has been so characteristic of his three-and-a-half score years. His interest in the young has again found expression in the formation of a Young Men's Society, of which he is President. An admirer of the bagpipes, he is also President of the recently-formed Atholl Pipers' Association, and many other local societies, too numerous to mention in detail. His partiality for Scotland is shown by his regularly wearing the national garb. His hobbies are sketching in water-colours and gardening, while his knowledge as a naturalist is considerable. Mention has already been made of his literary activities, and his facile pen is still busy, as is abundantly evident in the lectures and addresses which he from time to time delivers.

On Empire Day he presided over a most successful celebration at Pitlochry—arranged by the Young Men's Society. Among those taking part in this enthusiastic function was two patrols of Pitlochry Highland Boy Scouts —kilted, formed in February last through the patriotic action of this gallant son of the Empire.

"Mr. Dixon's outlook on life," says a recent writer, "is that of a benevolent and cheery optimist; and he has endeared himself to a wide circle of friends in the beautiful district of Atholl in which he now resides, and in which he has become such a power for good." To this appreciation we add the Gaelic benediction of all true Gaels:—"*Saoghal fada dha.*"

The portrait which appears with this sketch is from a photo by Messrs. Valentine & Co., Dundee.

FIONN.

Young Mamore.

By TORQUIL MACLEOD.

CHAPTER XII.

HOW ALASTAIR LAID ASIDE HIS KILT.

WHEN Young Mamore walked down the narrow street he swung along with the purposeful step of one who knows what he means to be about. As he turned the corner of the College and went down the Bridges, one idler said to another:

"There gangs a braw Heilant gentleman."

"Ay, certy, but he has the look in his face that wad keep ony man o' gumption frae middlin' wi' him. Thae kind hae been oot o' wark since Culloden."

So the tall, kingly-looking man strode on, heedless of the eyes—mostly women's eyes—that turned to admire his handsome face, and when he came to the Tron Church he slackened his pace for the first time, and looked up and down the High Street.

He saw a small group of men standing at the opposite corner, with his old friend Soopleshanks in the centre. With a wave of the hand Young Mamore signed to him to come over, and the man came quickly across the street.

"Yes, sir?"

"I wish you to do me a service, Soopleshanks. But come over here to the coffee-house, where we can talk in quietness without being observed."

The two men walked up the street to the coffee-house where Young Mamore and Leslie Forbes had taken their mid-day meal.

Here Macdonald told his tale, and, while he was speaking, the man never moved. Only when he had heard it all did he look up and say,

"And what is't ye want me to dae?"

"To find Leslie Forbes."

"Hoo lang can ye gie me to find the lad?"

"Till to-morrow morning. We leave then by the first coach for the North."

"Ay. That's gey short notice. But we'll try."

"Then, when will you get to work?"

"The moment ye have answered three questions, Mamore."

"What are they?"

"First, whaur exactly did ye lose the lad?"

"At David Hedderwick's bookstall behind the College."

"Hoo many men hae ye seen playin' spy on ye since ye cam' to Auld Reekie?"

"First, Blue Bonnet, then a tall thin fellow, whom I could not make out in the dark, then Red Head, who wears a cloak at night, and Simon Barsillie, who has a scar on his left cheek."

"Ay—I ken them a'. Papist dogs, every one o' them. This'll be a kittle job."

"Barsillie is a Jesuit."

"I ken, I ken, Mamore. But anither question. Wad this laddie answer to a whistle or a call or such like thing? Have ye nae signal that ye use up Mamore way that he wad recognise?"

"Ah, yes. To be sure. He has a girl companion in Linnhe side who calls him Peesweep, and he calls her The Hoolet, and when they wish to attract one another's attention Leslie cries like a peesweep and she calls like a hoolet."

The man slapped his knee and said,

"Fine, man, fine—that's worth something. But noo, Mamore, gang doon to Mrs. Patullo's and keep a calm sough till ye are sent for. Ye can dae na guid showin' yersel' on the street, but muckle harm. I hae the case in tow, and will fetch the laddie back though I should seek him the next ten days."

"Then am I to do nothing?"

"Exactly. Dinna even look oot at the window without keekin' round a curtain, and dinna leave this place till the darkenin'."

Then, without any further word, Soopleshanks nodded to Young Mamore and left the coffee-house.

Macdonald finished his coffee, and went to the reading-room to look over the despatches. It was long light on these summer nights, so he ordered his evening meal, and did not set out for St. James' Square till it was quite dark. Then he took a round-about road, crossed the valley below the North Brjdge, and came into the square by way of York Place. He walked slowly round the pavements to see if anyone was watching the door of Number Three. But there was no one. The square was still and deserted. So he mounted the stairs and let himself into the parlour, where he blew out the candles and sat down at the window to watch. There he sat for hour after hour, but apparently no one was required now to watch the door. The bird, alas! was safe in its cage by this time, and Alastair felt sorely put about to think how it might even now be breaking its wings against the bars.

Then he went to bed, for no message came to him from Soopleshanks. But ever through the darkness of that night he could hear Leslie crying, and only when the dawn came creeping in at the window did Young Mamore fall into a troubled sleep.

At breakfast time there was no word, and all that day he sat, like a lion behind the bars, eating his heart out with anxiety for the boy who was dearer to him than life. Sometimes he read his books, and sometimes he watched, but the noon gave place to evening and the darkness came again bringing with it no sign

or word or message. So the miserable man, helpless in his strength, lay down once more and tossed on his bed till morning. At breakfast time on the second day he made up his mind to go out and search by himself if no word came. But before he had finished eating his plate of porridge, Mrs. Patullo came in with a note for him.

He tore it open. There was little in it. Only a few words set down in a scrawling hand.

"*Come to the Tron Kirk at twelve o'clock and dinna forget to put on breeks.*"

It was now nine o'clock, and Young Mamore was all excitement until the next three hours had passed. In the interval he had bought himself a suit of dark clothes, and when he walked up to the North Bridge at ten minutes to twelve he looked for all the world, like a douce citizen of Auld Reekie taking his forenoon stravaig.

At the Tron Kirk he met Soopleshanks.

"Well, did ye weary doon bye? But man, ye look rale snod in the breeks."

"Tell me," said Alastair, ignoring the man's remarks, "have you any word of Leslie?"

"Wait and see. Here, you Blearie—it's time we were aff."

And Soopleshanks, Macdonald and another man, whom Soopleshanks had dignified by the name of Blearie, went down the Canongate as leisurely as if they were killing time.

First they entered one of the closes that led down a steep narrow incline to the Cowgate. No one spoke, and Macdonald followed the two men without asking a question. Half way down the long evil-smelling close they came to a little courtyard full of papers and dust. On the upper side of this courtyard was a wall with a door in it leading to a house on the other side of the wall. The upper windows of the house were quite visible from the courtyard to one coming up from the Cowgate, but the three men had come down the long close from the Canongate, and therefore they arrived at the wall without being seen by anyone in the house.

First Soopleshanks crept slowly under the shadow of the wall until he reached the door. Then Blearie followed. And last came Alastair. So they all reached the door before anyone in the house could possibly know they were there.

Suddenly there was a most discreet *Toohoo-hoo-hoo* from Soopleshanks, followed by a high pitched *peesweep-peesweep* from Blearie. This they repeated three times until that evil-smelling place betwixt the Cowgate and Canongate of Auld Reekie resounded with the crying of hoolets and lapwings as if it had been the sweet wrack-scented shores of Linnheside itself.

"Noo, cock yer heid oot a wee bit, sir, and look up at the second window abune the door, and gin ye see onybody ye ken, just gie him a bit smile o' encouragement and draw in yer heid dooble quick."

Alastair did what he was told, and craned his neck until he could see the second window above the door. His heart beat violently. For there at the window was the curly head of Leslie Forbes, as he looked out with a pale face to see who it was that was making the bird-music.

When he saw Alastair the blood came back to his face, and he beamed with an anxiety of pleasure that was weasome to see. Alastair smiled back and nodded his head. Then Soopleshanks whispered,

"Draw in yer heid, Mamore,—we have nae time to put aff."

"But what are you going to do now?"

"Let the laddie oot, of course."

"Then, is there no one in the house with him?"

"Hoot ay, yer auld friends Simon and Red Heid are watchin' the wee chap."

"Then how are we to get in?"

"Wi' this key," replied Soopleshanks, "and when we are in, if onybody daurs to kep us, they maun first tak' a sair heid. However, Simon is verra fond o' the bottle, and so is Red Heid. They are sober men for or'nar, but whiles they go on the randan when they meet, and, fegs, they hae met this mornin'."

"Then, do you know they are drunk?"

"I ken the man that supplies their brandy bottles, and got a draw at the cork o' twa o' them afore they were delivered this mornin'. I'll warrant if a man drinks a glass o' yon stuff he'll sleep soond for a while. I needna say mair, sir."

"No—I understand. Let us go in now."

"Then mind, if onybody says cheep, just let fly wi' yer fists."

"Trust me," said Alastair.

"And me," added Blearie.

Soopleshanks turned the key in the lock, and immediately they were within the wall. The door of the house proper was also locked, so Soopleshanks took another key from his pocket and opened it likewise. Both keys were brand new. Once inside the house they stood still and listened. There was not a sound to be heard.

Then one by one the three men crept up the wooden stair. On the first landing they stopped and listened again. A groan came from somewhere overhead, and Alastair was about to rush up the second stair, when Soopleshanks checked him.

"Ca' canny, Mamore, ca' canny."

One by one they crept up the other stair, and when they had all reached the landing Soopleshanks pointed to a door.

"The laddie is in there, but gang canny, or they may dae him an injury."

"And are the two men in there as well?" asked Alastair.

"Ay—blin' fou."

With that the man put his hand very gently on the handle and turned it. It gave a sharp squeak.

"Curse it," said he, and listened.

There was no sound.

So he turned it further and opened the door cautiously. Young Mamore looked over his shoulder and saw right into the room.

Leslie Forbes was sitting with a white frightened face at the window. The Jesuit and Red Head lay with their faces on the table —drugged into a heavy sleep. At the sight of Leslie, Alastair pushed in at the door, quite regardless of the noise he made or the risk he ran of awakening the two men. He threw his arms round the boy, who was beside himself with joy. Then the little lad burst into tears.

"Come oot, come oot quick, Mamore, for fear thae gentry there should wauken up."

But Young Mamore scarcely gave a thought to the two drunken fellows. He simply put Leslie Forbes outside on the landing, and then drawing a dirk, went back to the room. For a moment he leaned over the form of Simon Barsillie with the dirk raised in the air. He was looking at the drunken brute's face. Then with a downward cut of the dirk he severed the tail from the Jesuit's coat, and proceeded to do the same to the other man's garment. He laid each piece of cloth, before its respective owner, on the table, and finally pinned them both with a couple of thrusts to the wood. It was the work of a moment, and when it was finished he left the room and joined the rest on the landing.

"My faith, Mamore, that minds me o' the trick King Dauvid played on the muckle sulky Saul," laughed Soopleshanks as they descended the stair. They locked the house door behind them, and were just passing through the gate in the wall, when who should meet Young Mamore face to face but Blue Bonnet.

With a shout of alarm, the fellow made a grab at Leslie. But before he knew more, Alastair clenched his fist and hit him full in the face with such a force that he went spinning across the court like a peerie and fell senseless against the wall.

"That's guid wark, Blearie," whispered Soopleshanks, and the two men chuckled with satisfaction to see Blue Bonnet lying there, limp and bleeding.

Then they all walked up the close and gained the Canongate, where a coach was waiting for them at the entry. They all got in, and Soopleshanks said to the man on the box,

"Queensferry, like the very deil, Andy!"

"Right."

And the horses started at a brisk trot.

At Queensferry they got out and had a noble repast at the Hawes Inn. Then Alastair paid the two men and the driver, and when the ferry-boat put out from the quay for the Fife shore, Young Mamore and Leslie Forbes stood on the deck, waving their caps to three black figures on the shore, and that night three men walked down the Canongate of Auld Reekie with their pockets jinkling.

This is how it fell that Young Alastair Macdonald of Mamore sorely displeased the Glen Folk by coming back from Edinburgh in breeks.

(To be continued.)

THE DANCES OF THE HIGHLANDERS.

In 1745, when the Duke of Cumberland was leaving Nairn to meet "Bonnie Prince Charlie" at Culloden, the clans Campbell, Munro, and Sutherland accompanied him. Observing the stalwart Highlanders carrying their pipes, he said to one of his officers—"What are these men going to do with such bundles of sticks? I can supply them with better implements of war." "Your Royal Highness cannot do so," the officer replied. "These are the bagpipes, the Highlanders' music in peace and war; wanting these, all other implements are of no avail, and the Highlanders need not advance another step, for they will be of no service." Without his weird bagpipe the Highlandman can neither dance nor chant those dreamy melodies of the romantic genius of the Celt. Dancing has ever been a favourite pastime with the dwellers north of the misty Grampians. It has enabled those high-souled mountaineers in far back days to give expression to feelings of sacred and festal joy, to the wild shout of victory, and to rouse the martial fervour of the Gaelic tribes in the day of battle. Their lives devoted to all manly exercises and feats of skill, their lithe bodies, agile, and enduring all hardships, have often enabled them to excel in the gentler "poetry of motion" called dancing. To-day we watch with admiration the stately step of a Highland piper, while the neat and nimble movements of the feet of a kilted laddie in the

"Gillie Calum," or sword dance, cause a secret fascination to steal over his attentive circle of onlookers in a way that no other form of dancing is able to do.

THE EXCLUSIVELY HIGHLAND DANCES.

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

THE SWORD DANCE

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

THE HIGHLAND FLING,

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

IS THE STRATHSPEY

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

THE REEL OF TULLOCH.

Both are danced in conjunction with, but after, the Strathspey. The tune of the Reel is quicker, however, and in the Reel pure and simple the same number of bars are danced both in the "reel" and "setting" parts. In the Reel of Tulloch, after the first "reel" part, a series of "setting" to partners takes place as follows:— The couple "set" four bars, then, each grasping the other by the rear part of the arm with the right hand, turn to the left in two bars, then change hands, dancing two bars the reverse way, the gentlemen meet in the centre and set as before, the partners resting, and thus alternately to the end. The Strathspey and the Reel are the most popular of the Highland dances, and in a quaint volume entitled "Sketches Relative to the History and Theory, more especially to the Practice of Dancing," published at Aberdeen in 1805, we find the principal steps of each dance plainly and clearly described.

NORMAN HAY FORBES.

Tales of Ollamh Mor.

II.—THE TRAGEDY OF DUN GRIAN.

THE *Fingal* was thudding her way across the loch, her paddles cutting into the smooth water which lay for five and twenty miles north and south in the still heat of the August sun, as Gleann Mor had for a spell a solid floor of glass.

Ahead the solitary crag of Dun Grian frowned, its seamed precipices fronting the pass gleaming in the strong light. A bold cliff faced the loch, a thousand feet in height, its base buried in a rough tumble of loose rock from which enormous bosses of green stood up here and there like islands in a grey sea.

The Big Doctor was lolling in the cool shade afforded by the purser's cabin. Pointing with his pipe, he turned to his neighbour in a deck chair by his side.

"Do you see yon hill, Mr. Penghyll?" he asked. "Well, that's Dun Grian, and it stands on the northern march of your shooting of Corrie Beg."

The sportsman levelled his glasses at the crag.

"You'll maybe be seeing a line yonder on the summit," the Doctor continued, "a bit rougher than the rest, and running close to the edge on three sides?"

"Yes, I can make it out clearly," said the other; "but you can't see that from this distance!"

"Oh, indeed I do," laughed the Doctor. "My eyes are as good as your new-fangled prisms any day. You see, sir, it is merely a matter of optics. In the south you folks are always focussing your eyes for short range—brick walls and narrow streets, and no hills at all worth the name to look at for practice. Here we have—that!" He waved his briar in a sweeping circle.

"It certainly looks a remarkable hill," said Penghyll. "What name did you give it?"

"'Dun Grian'—in English, 'the Hill of the Sun,'" the Doctor translated.

"How expressive!" The Englishman ran his eye over the gigantic cliff blazing in the sun like a white shield.

"That ridge you speak of on the summit looks uncommonly like a wall," he suggested.

"A solid stone wall, sir," the Doctor said; "built by the hands of men, and very clever engineers at that. Archæologists call it a 'vitrified fort,' but they know as little about it as you or I. East and west you can see that the cliffs are nearly impossible to scale; and that black corrie on the south side there, is the famous Pass of Gorton.

"Behind the hill the fall is sheer, and facing us as we sail, lies the only track to the top. And a very stiff pull it is!" he added, reminiscently.

"I don't think the car could take that hill, anyhow," Mr. Penghyll remarked; "but I shall certainly try for the summit on foot one of those days. You've been up, Doctor, of course?" he enquired.

"I? Oh yes, indeed," said he. "I went up there with a man, and a very clever man, too, for a School Inspector. But it wasn't he that found the fort, for Donald Fraser of Torness was there long before him."

"Ay, that's a story for ye to hear, sir," said Captain Macphail, who had joined them in the shade.

The Englishman swung his leg over the arm of his chair and faced the Doctor expectantly.

The Doctor looked upwards at Dun Grian. "It's twenty years since my feet went across yon rocks," he began, "but if ever you stand inside the fort you'll find what I'm saying is right. The top of the Dun is as flat as that book," the Doctor balanced the *Caledonian* on his broad palm, "and maybe a hundred yards square. The wall itself is near seven feet high,

and thick and strong past crediting. It is a curious thing too, that the flat space is shaped like a heart, the apex, as anatomists say, lying just on the edge of the precipice overhanging the pass." He drew a rough outline on the cover of his book.

"Now, in the apex here," he went on, pointing with his pencil, "is a very remarkable object to be sure. It is an immense altar with five stone steps, maybe as broad at the base as the *Fingal* herself; and on the top of that stands a great square block of red granite. Mind you, sir, there's not a lump of granite that colour, big enough to make a curling-stone, on this side of the loch. And where think you it came from, but from Carn Dhearg itself, yonder?" He pointed over his shoulder to a hazy blue peak on the far northern shore.

"How on earth was it carried up there?" enquired Penghyll, gazing with increasing interest at the towering crag.

"Oh, well, it would take a very wise man to answer that"; and the Doctor paused. "But there it stands at this moment, a hundred tons if it's an ounce."

"This is highly interesting, Doctor," said Penghyll; "but what of your friend who first made the discovery?"

"Ah, Donald Fraser?" the Doctor smiled, as he pulled meditatively at his pipe. "Well, it's a wild story, and maybe you'll not be believing it."

Penghyll pulled out a fat cigar-case. "Try one of these, Doctor," he replied, "and let's hear the tale. Captain, will you have a fresh belaying-pin?"

"You must know," the Doctor began," that Donald Fraser was a terrible queer fellow. He had the second-sight Another thing he had was a cleek for his right hand."

"What may that be?" interrupted the Englishman.

"*Cluic* is just the Gaelic for an iron hook," explained the Captain. "I knew Fraser well myself, and very handy he was with his cleek at most things; in fact, he was known to everybody in the Strath as 'Cleek Fraser.' It is my firm belief that the man was born with yon iron hook on him."

"I was saying," the Doctor proceeded, "that Cleek was a mortal strange creature, and many a tale he could tell of pixies and *bocan* and what not besides. But I know the man was telling the truth, for have I not the gift myself?"

The Englishman smoked in fine patience, and once more the Doctor took up his tale.

"Now, Cleek was sitting on the top of yon slope, with his back to that cliff, and when, think you, for a human being in his senses, but in the middle of the night. I asked him one day what he would be doing there. 'Oh,' said he, 'just up to see the sun coming across Glen Fuar;' and he added, 'Man, it's a grand sight to see!'

"Well, there he sat, with his eye cocked on the skyline, when he suddenly heard a low distant humming like a skep of bees, or as Cleek put it, 'like the tuning of the *piob mhor*.' He leant forward to listen, and after a moment a most wonderful strange tune, like nothing on this earth, broke out in the darkness. It was poor Cleek had yon tune on his tongue, and himself alone, till his dying day.

"He sprang to his feet and put his ear to the rock. The music came from above him, so up the cliff-face he climbed,—for he could travel in the dark on a precipice itself, like a goat from Colonsay, with yon iron hook working above him like a grapnel. The higher he mounted, the louder the hum, and the clearer the tune; but even at its strongest, it was never more than the sound of the pipes across a glen, or a mavis singing far in the heart of a wood.

"God knows how the man did it, but he managed to scale the cliff to the foot of the wall yonder, and there he stood, turning round as a climber does when he's getting his second wind, to face the path he had followed.

"Conair Mhairi! what should he see, but a broad track of light stretching out on the dark loch below, and wavering like the fire in a smiddy forge when the bellows are blowing!

"There was no moon, and besides, yon light was like no moon ever seen in this world. As the thought struck him, Cleek turned to face the wall again, and there, may be twenty yards along the front of the stone-dyke, a strong band of light came streaming out through a gap, and at times long slow licking tongues of flames leapt over the top as high as a church steeple itself. The fire, whatever it was, burned beyond the wall.

"Cleek got an awful shaking on him at that, for, mind you, never before did living man know that even a wall was up yonder at all. He dropped where he was, and with his face in the moss repeated a charm three times over—'A Righ na Gile, A Righ na Greine, A Righ na Reula,' it goes—so the fear went off him a bit after that. But, would you believe it, instead of coming away down out of that like a wise man, the queer twist of yon brain of his must be taking him on to see what the light could be and where the fire was burning. So off he crawled, inch by inch along that narrow ledge by the foot of the wall, with his cleek sticking straight in front of him. As soon as he saw the polished iron shining in the light, he crept up to the hole and to it clapped his eye.

"'Dhe bi maille ruinne!'—I mind his very

words:—'I was struck stiff on the spot, like a man with paralysis. My mouth in one moment went as dry as a peat, and I felt the hair of my head crackling with pure fright!'

"Move he could not, and there he sat on his heels with his cheek to the hole, and it was not till next day he knew that the sharp whinstone had cut into his flesh.

"The wide, flat roof of Dun Grian was carpeted with bright green moss, and as smooth as the loch there before us. The altar steps stood up clear and white from the green floor, and Cleek saw—the first human eye that ever had—on the top of the great red granite block, a mighty fire flaming. Then he knew what was the strange light he had seen rising and falling on the loch below.

"'Dhe!' gasped the poor fellow, 'this is the Temple of the *Daoine Sith*, and it is a lost soul I am if they see me!' But for all that, he could not for his life take his face from the stone.

"On each side of the temple floor were twelve hillocks of moss as high as a man, and a dwarf piper on the top of each, playing yon wild tune Cleek was hearing. On this side, the pipers stood with their backs to him. One was just forenent Cleek's peephole, and he could see his ribs stretching as he blew, and his elbow jerking on his bag, not three feet in front of him.

"On the open floor swarmed hundreds of the *Daoine*, banded in long chains and ribbons, maybe fifty men across. They were cleeked arm in arm, and they circled in and out again, like daft folk at the Reel o' Tulloch; but let them whirl and dance their wildest, never a blade or hair of moss did they bend!

"In a clear space before the altar, sat some yellow dwarfs on what Cleek thought were toadstools, but he couldn't make that out clearly: and what else should he see—and that nearly finished him—standing on the topmost step with her face to the flames, but the *Ban-druidh* herself, with her dress of green, and a long narrow scarf flying at her shoulder! She turned as he watched her, and facing the dancers, swung her arm high above her head. On the moment the pipers stopped their tune, their fingers hanging on the chanter-holes, and every dancer stood in his capers like a headstone in a churchyard.

Then to their feet sprang the yellow dwarfs, and gripping pick and shovel, dug in the moss with most desperate fury and speed. One moment Cleek saw the humpy backs of them in full view, the next they were gone, and clouds of green feathery moss were flying up on both sides of the trench like gravel from a grave. A minute more and out they scrambled, throw their tools from them. The *Ban-druidh* who was watching, then stepped from the altar, and down she walked into the hole. When she came up again, she had something in her arms that made Cleek's heart stop. It was a living human baby as naked as my hand!

"The wee thing was crying like it was feared, and with every wail, Cleek saw the teeth of the whole clan shining yellow in the firelight.

"With the wean in her hands, the Green Woman walked slowly up the steps, Cleek with his eyes on her like a rabbit on a serpent. 'Man, Doctor,' he used to say, 'my body wasna there at all! I had no arms or legs that I could feel—just all the force of the seven senses of me working through my eyes; so how was I to move whatever?'

"Standing on the highest step, she laid the infant on the granite stone, and whipped out a sharp flint knife from her belt. The cold sweat broke out on poor Cleek. 'Droch bhas ort!' he cried, 'it's a human sacrifice!'

"At that awful moment, above the edge of the wall opposite him, he caught sight of a wild, white, human face, looking like himself in horror at the Woman in Green! At the first look he knew it was a professor, who had been in the glen for some weeks, studying the rocks.

"His rough, grey hair was hanging over his eyes, and Cleek could see the sweat of rage and anger on his face. He pulled himself up on the wall, and stood full height, tall and fierce in the fire-light. He swung his hammer behind his neck, and sent it whirling at the *Ban-druidh* herself!

"It rang on the granite stone, not an inch from her hand, and the shaft flew in splinters. The steel head sprang in the air, and Cleek heard it birr above him, and crash away down there among the fallen rocks.

"Tearing off the leather belt from his jacket, the professor gave a twist with the end of it round his hand. 'Stop!' he yelled, 'Stop your devilish work!' and with that sprang off the wall, and up to his waist in the moss. He struggled madly for the altar steps, like a drowning man trying to touch land. With a snarl the whole clan of dwarfs rushed on him. Cleek saw them gripped by the score in his arms, their bodies crushed and twisted like stalks of green corn, and dashed from him in all directions. He fought furiously till he gained the first step of the altar, the *bocan* swarming over him like a bike of wasps.

"Across the smooth rock he was swept, and pressed backwards against the wall behind the altar. He clutched at corners and cracks in the stone as he slid, but they stamped and jumped on his fingers, till they slipped bleeding from their hold. Foot by foot he was driven

backwards, and then forced right up the face of the dyke, all the time the dwarfs working like madmen, and squealing like weasels in a trap.

"Cleek saw the man lifted bodily in the air, and in a flash he was lying on his back on the top of the wall. To and fro across his face and body the pigmies danced viciously, but never a sound did Cleek hear from his lips. He clung desperately to the heather and bracken for an instant, and then was sent crashing over the precipice into the black Pass below.

"The roar of falling earth and rock brought Cleek to his senses.

"'Here's for it!' he cried, and stuck his iron hook in a crack. He balanced on the top for the jump, but his foot slipped, and he fell head-first inwards, landing with the head of him on a stone.

"The first thing he saw when he came to his senses was the sun shining red on the granite stone, but the temple was silent and empty, and the ferns and bluebells nodding by his face, sparkled with dew, and never a mark of foot or form was there in the space.

"He crawled across the fort with his head spinning, and peered over into the Pass. There, as he shuddered, he caught sight of the body of the old professor, lying a twisted heap on the rocks a thousand feet below!"

"'That's rather a—well, a queer yarn,'" said the Englishman, doubtfully.

"Yes, sir, that's the story as Cleek gave it to me himself; and you'll see the monument to the professor standing in the Pass yonder where he fell, on your way to Corrie Mhor.

R. D. MACKINTOSH, M.D.

MACNAUGHTON OF THE DUN.

THE Arms of the Macnaughtons (originally "Macneacain"—"Clan Neactain," afterwards "Nachtan" and "Naghtan") are two castles superimposed; the motto, "I trust in God."

"Alexander the Third in 1287 appointed Gilchrist of that ilk 'Heritable Keeper of his Castle and Island of Fraoch Ellan,' on Loch Awe, on condition that he should be properly entertained when he should pass that way, whence a castle embattled was assumed as a crest for the family."—*ScottishNation*, vol. iii. By William Anderson.

"A-dheadh Mhicneacain an Dûin,
O thùr na mùirn 's nam baideal
Nan annir ùr-gheal's nan gaisgeach."

Translation.

"Thou brave MacNaughtan of the Dun,
Of the tower, of the hospitality, and of the battlements,
Of the fair beauteous maidens, and of the brave men."

Another castle of the clan was that on Loch Fyne. "Its naked, water-beaten, aged tower and battlemented pinnacles are striking and picturesque from whatever direction viewed...."

"Dun of hospitality, of cups, and of brave men;
Dun of the battlements, and of scarlet banners,
Where heroes were wont to dwell."

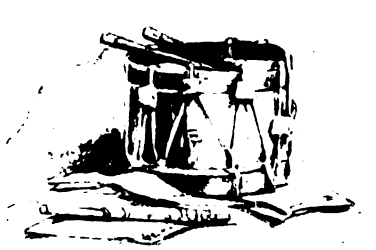
The following inscription is over the main door of the old tower, 1596:—

"J. MAN. BEHALD. THE. END. OF. ALL. BE. NOCHT. VYEN. NOR. THE. HJEST. J. TRUST. IN. GOD."

The Records of Argyle. By Lord Archibald Campbell, p. 493.

On an ivy-mantled wall
Stands aloft a flagstaff tall,
O'er a turret, flapping free,
Floating high that all may see,
Flies a flag with strange design—
Emblem of a broken line
That in knighthood's ancient days
Served the State in diverse ways.
Some in war, and some in art,
Striving ever, played their part,
Begging naught, nor seeking place,
Building of a noble race,
Passing on from sire to son,
Titled deeds by valour won.
One of these from out a book,
Quaintly writ, a castle took,
Which some scribe of olden time
Drew therein to point his rhyme.
And from thenceforth it became
Sign and symbol of the name,
Calling all where'er it soared
To a hospitable board,
Whereat those of Royal line
E'en did not disdain to dine.
And it's purpose still it serves,
Warning him who ever swerves
From the right and to the wrong,
That the hand of God is strong.

London. H. MACNAUGHTON JONES, M.D.



TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications on literary and business matters should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 10 Bute Mansions, Hillhead, Glasgow.

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THE CELTIC MONTHLY.

JUNE, 1906.

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NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

VOLUME XV., tastefully bound in cloth, gilt title, can be had for 6s. post free; also Volumes VIII. to XV., at 6s. per volume, post free, from the Editor, Mr. John Mackay, 10 Bute Mansions, Glasgow.

"The Honble. Peter Mackenzie, A.D.C. to the King." (A Genealogical Query.)

Dear Sir,—I should be greatly obliged if you would permit me, through the pages of the *Celtic Monthly*, to ask if any of your readers can assist me to establish the identity of a Peter Mackenzie.

In his will, dated 1773, and proved 1775, he is described as of Esher-Surrey, Esquire, late of Jamaica, and he bequeaths to his "nephew John, late Lord Macleod," his estates and heriditaments in the West Indies, and to his "sister, Lady Anne Mackenzie," an annuity of £50 for life.

These two bequests appear to identify him as a brother of George, 3rd Earl of Cromartie, who, together with his son John, Lord Macleod, forfeited their honours and estates, owing to their participation in the rebellion of 1745.

I cannot, however, find any mention of a Peter in such records of the Cromartie family that I have been able to consult, and hence I am seeking the aid of the readers of the *Celtic Monthly*.

I should add that, in addition to the bequests to Lady Anne Mackenzie and to Lord Macleod, he left bequests to his "niece Elizabeth, wife of Christopher Gardner," and to "Dorothy, sister of Elizabeth Gardner, and wife of John Smith."

A miniature of Peter Mackenzie is endorsed "The Honble. Peter Mackenzie, A.D.C. to the King," and shows him in military (staff) uniform.

Your courtesy in permitting this enquiry to appear in the *Celtic Monthly* will be greatly appreciated by your obedient servant

Henry Hudson.

"The Weaving of the Tartan."—Among the artistic Home Industries of the Highlands which have become obsolete is that of tartan weaving. In the old days nothing could have given the ladies of the household more delight than spinning, dyeing and weaving those lovely tartans of the clans, which show such a variety and harmony of design and colouring. The act suppressing the wearing of the Highland dress and tartans, the evictions, emigrations, and famines, which in succession afflicted the Highland people, turned their attention from the cultivation of their artistic tastes, to the more pressing and prosaic duty of looking after their daily wants. So the ancient industry died. Recently, we were delighted to receive from Mr. D. Ross Munro, manager of the Seaforth "Harris and Lewis Depôt" in London, a specimen of Mackenzie tartan, spun, dyed and woven in Harris. As a first attempt it was most successful, the colourings being perfect and the cloth tough enough to last a lifetime. It is intended, we believe, to manufacture other tartans. Visitors to the Franco-British Exhibition should visit Mrs. Mackenzie of Seaforth's Stall, where this web of Mackenzie tartan may be seen. We understand that this is the first genuine web of tartan, home spun, dyed and woven in the Highlands, which has been manufactured for many years.

SALM NA BEATHA.

LE LONGFELLOW.

(Eadar-theangaichte le A. C.)

Na can rium am briathraibh dubhach,
Beatha 'n duine 's bruadar faoin;
Is tha 'n t-anam riamh marbh a choidleas,
'S cha 'n 'eil ni réir barail dhaoin'.

Beatha 'n duine 's fìor ni luachmor!
'S cha 'n i 'n uaigh dhorch ceann a réis;
Ris an anam riamh cha dubhradh,
"'S duslach thu 's gu duslach théid."

Cha 'n e sòlas 's cha 'n e àmhghar
'Tha mar àrd-chrìch dhuinn fo 'n ghréin,
Ach bhi gnìomhach chum bhi fàgail
Astair ùir gach là 'n ar déigh.

Ealdhain 's mall 's tha ùin' ruith seachad,
'S tha ar crì, ge calm' is treun,
Ghnàth mar dhruma 'bhròin a' bualadh
Caismeachd thiamhaidh thruaigh an éig.

Ann an àrfhaich mhòir an t-saoghail,
'N camp na Beatha so na bi
Mar an t-ainmhidh balbh a ghreasar!
Bi mar ghaisgeach anns an strì!

Earbs' na cuir 's an latha màireach!
'N ùin' 'chaidh seach fàg air do chùl!
Saothraich anns an àm 'tha làthair,
Treun an cridhe 's Dia a' d' shùil!

Nochdaidh eachdraidh laoch gu 'm faod sinn
Ar beath' dheanamh buadhach àrd,
'S luirg ar cos 's an t-saoghal fhàgail
As ar déigh 'n uair 'thig am bàs.

Luirg 'n uair 'chi theagamh neach eile,
'S e air cuan na Beath' gun iùl,
Bràthair faondrach 'rinn long-bhriseadh,
Glacaidh thuige misneach ùr.

Eireamaid nis 's biomaid gnìomhach,
Le treun chrì 'bheir buaidh 's gach càs;
'S fòghlumaid, tre chosnadh 's leanmhuinn,
Dìchioll 's foighidin gach là.

Ewan Mac Gabhar, the Son of the Goat.

A TALE OF GAIRLOCH, ROSS-SHIRE.

On the north-eastern shore of Loch Maree, about three miles above the place where the river Ewe leaves the loch, is situated Ardlair, than which no lovelier spot can be found in all the range of Highland scenery. There are groves of different kinds of trees, and a belt of them skirts the shingly shore of the loch; smooth grassy glades are interspersed among the woods, behind which rise a series of marvellous precipices, unclimbable, except in two or three places, save by sure-footed deer or goats. Below the steep back-ground lie here and there great masses of rock, which ages ago have fallen from the cliffs above. About a quarter of a mile to the south-east of the present Ardlair House, and rather nearer to the house

At Ardlair.

than a small tarn nestling there beneath the cliffs, is a large cairn or assemblage of enormous rocks, heaped and piled upon each other in fantastic confusion. Ash trees and wild roses, heather and ferns, grow in tangled medley among the *débris*, and, concealing the interstices, render access extremely difficult. But the persevering searcher will discover a roomy cave, formed by a mighty block of rock lying slantways over other fallen blocks. The entrance to the cave is well concealed, and can only be got at by climbing on to a ledge that forms a narrow platform in front of it. After groping two or three yards along a low narrow passage a dark chamber is reached in which one can stand upright. The floor is level, and perfectly dry. The cairn is about a hundred and fifty yards from the shore of Loch Maree. This cave is called by old Gairloch people now living "The cave of the king's son," a name that it owes to the following story, the opening scene of which is laid here. No date can be assigned to the events narrated, but they cannot have occurred later than in the thirteenth or fourteenth century.

A worthy old woman named Oighrig (Euphemia) lived near Letterewe with her only son Kenneth. They had a pet goat called Earba (*i.e.*, a roe). The goat failing to yield the usual supply of milk was watched by Kenneth, who with much trouble and difficulty traced her at length to "the cave of the king's son," about three miles distant from their home. Here the goat held possession of the small platform in front of the entrance, and would not allow Kenneth to climb to it. He went for a rope, and throwing it over the goat's horns, secured the animal. A beautiful little boy now appeared on the scene, and uttering sympathetic cries, hugged the struggling goat. At first Kenneth thought that the child was a fairy, but he soon discovered his mistake.

A YOUNG LADY OF GREAT BEAUTY

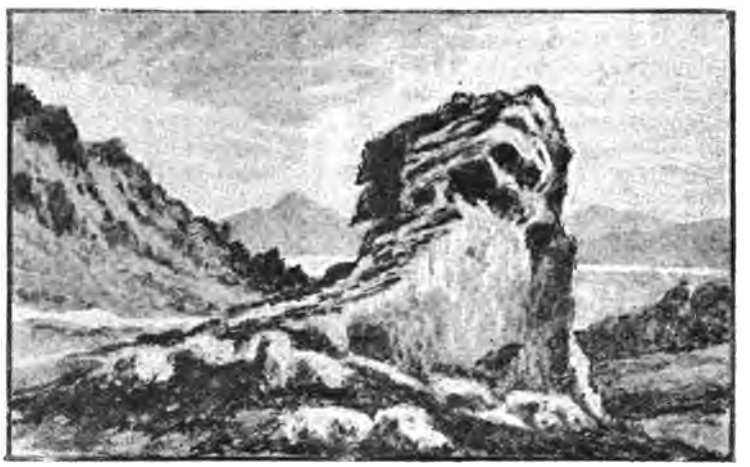
came forth from the cave on hearing the cries of the little boy. It now appeared that the couple had taken refuge in this cave, where they would have perished from hunger had they not enticed the friendly Earba to supply

them with her milk. Kenneth reported all the circumstances to his mother, who seeing that the helpless couple in the cave must ultimately die of want and cold if they remained there, went and persuaded them to come and live at the humble cottage near Letterewe. The young lady's name was Flora, and she told them that the boy's Christian name was Eoghan, or Ewan, but she would not reveal either of their surnames, so the boy was called Eoghan Mac Gabhar, *i.e.*, Ewan the son of the goat, to his dying day. They all lived happily together. Earba brought them kids of her own, which the little Ewan herded and fed. Flora grew more lovely than ever, and Kenneth astonished even his own mother by his success in hunting and fishing for the maintenance of the increased family. Kenneth naturally fell in love with the beautiful Flora, though his mother strongly dissuaded him from his suit, pointing out that Flora was doubtless of royal lineage, being probably, though much older, the sister of Ewan, who, from the sword and mantle that Flora with much care preserved for him, was probably the son of a king. The mantle was a

ROBE OF SCARLET VELVET

bound and fringed with pure gold, and the sword had a hilt of gold and ivory, and some mystic characters engraved upon it. As young Ewan grew, his lordly disposition and commanding presence confirmed the belief that he was of royal birth.

Matters continued thus until one day the great lord of Kintail came from Eileandonain Castle to hunt the mountains of Letterewe. He came unexpectedly to Oighrig's cottage,



The Minister's Stone, Ardlair.

Loch Maree from Ardlair.

and entering without ceremony, jocosely blamed Kenneth, who was one of his foresters, for not being at the hunt. Then seeing Flora and Ewan, he began to inquire who they were. Evasive answers were returned, and Kenneth and Flora pretended they were man and wife. The lord of Kintail, on hearing the name Ewan Mac Gabhar, exhibited surprise and even alarm, for he recalled a well-known prophecy about "the son of the goat," which had been erroneously interpreted as unfavourable to the destinies of the house of Kintail. Failing in persuading Flora to go away with him, his lordship left his kinsman Hector Dubh to watch the family. Flora and Ewan growing anxious under such circumstances, soon afterwards resumed their concealment in the cave. On this Hector, suspecting that he was duped, hastened home with the news to Kintail.

Clach a' Mhail, Ardlair.

Fearing Lord Mackenzie's sleuth-hounds, the whole family decamped and went down to Poolewe, and Earba followed with her two kids. Next evening

A VESSEL CAME TO POOLEWE

and sent a boat ashore. Kenneth and Flora went down hand in hand to ask for a passage to the islands. As the boat approached they saw by their tartan that the crew were from Eilean-donain Castle. They fled like deer, but the ground was rough for Flora, and they were soon overtaken, captured, and carried off in the vessel.

Oighrig and Ewan remained disconsolate, protected by friends near Poolewe; their store comprised the three goats, three baskets, and a small locked chest containing Ewan's sword and mantle and a few jewels. The captain of a vessel, which shortly came in to Poolewe, promised to take them to Eilean-donain, where Oighrig wished to go in search of her son; but, whether by chance or design, the hapless pair were conveyed instead to the country of a great chief named Colin Mor Gillespic.

Oighrig and Ewan were there taken ashore. The captain searched their baggage and found the mantle of state and the royal sword. Oighrig told him all the tale, and he repeated it to Colin Mor, who placed Oighrig in a hut beside his castle, provided well for her goats, and gave her a cow. He took Ewan to his castle, and brought him up with his own sons as a warrior and a gentleman. Meanwhile Kenneth, after gaining the favour of the lord of Kintail by his prowess in warfare, had found means to escape from Eilean-donain with Flora; they married, and ultimately discovered Oighrig, who lived with them to a good old age.

As for Ewan Mac Gabhar, he grew up a strong brave man, and none could match him in warlike exercises. Orders came from the Scottish king for the prosecution of a great war against a realm which included the island of Mull, and was then under the rule of the queen widow of Olamh Mor, who had been the renowned monarch of that land. Colin Mor was

JOINED BY THE LORD OF KINTAIL

in this great enterprise, and with their allies they mustered an army of twenty thousand men. Ewan Mac Gabhar was all fire and eagerness for the glorious war, and was entrusted with the command of a thousand men. During the bustle of preparation a Highlander came and proffered his services to Ewan as page. Ewan at first rejected the offer, on the ground of the slender form and small stature of the man; but every day the page was in wait-

ing, and proved so handy, that Ewan at last engaged him and entrusted him with his baggage.

The invading army succeeded in taking possession of the whole of the large island of Mull, which they plundered and burned. They then proceeded to the mainland in a vast fleet of vessels, and anchored in a long arm of the sea that extended twenty miles into the country, apparently Loch Sunart. Here they anchored, and the soldiery immediately began to burn and plunder without opposition.

At night the chiefs and some of their followers returned to the fleet as a safe and comfortable retreat. The main body of the army encamped at a considerable distance, having seen no appearance of a foe. But before daybreak the forces of the queen, who had quietly entered the loch in the night, surrounded the fleet of the invaders, and boarding the vessels, made prisoners of all the chiefs and of such of their followers as were with them, except a small number who were slain in a fruitless attempt at resistance. Colin Mor was taken, with two of his sons and Ewan Mac Gabhar. The lord of Kintail and three of his brothers, with sixty gentlemen, were also made prisoners. The army on shore was surprised at the same time, and routed with great slaughter.

THE NOBLES AND CHIEFS

were taken before the gallant and ruthless queen, who made a vehement speech, charging them with being the slaves of a tyrant and with having persecuted and destroyed her royal race. She declared for vengeance, and in accordance with the savage usages of the times, ordered that next morning at nine o'clock the whole of the prisoners should be brought into her presence and hanged by sevens at a time, beginning with the youngest, so that the fathers might behold the dying throes of their sons.

The hour arrived, and the seven youngest prisoners were led forth to make their obeisance to the queen before their execution. When the queen saw them she began to shew signs of emotion, her colour went and came, her lips quivered, and she shrieked out, "O God! what do I see? Stop the execution! stop!" and then she fell down in a swoon. Her maids came to her assistance, and now a hundred shouts rent the air, "Mac Olamh Mhor! Mac Olamh Mhor!" (the son of Olaf the Great); and instantly all the queen's chiefs and kinsmen were kneeling round one of the condemned prisoners. He was a tall and goodly youth, clothed in his father's royal robe and with his father's ancient sword of state girded by his side. The reader will have guessed the name of the young king; he was none other than Ewan Mac Gabhar! Soon the enthusiastic shouts of the people seemed to rend the rocks, and Ewan was borne aloft on the shoulders of his kinsmen, and

Uamh a' Mhail, Ardlair.

SEATED ON HIS FATHER'S THRONE.

When the queen recovered, she began to doubt the sentiments of her own heart, and required proof that Ewan was indeed her beloved child who had long ago, as she believed, been foully murdered in his bed, along with her own sister, by the conspirators who had planned the destruction of her royal seed. The evidence was soon forthcoming. Ewan's page was none other than Flora, who was herself the youngest sister of the queen. She had, unrecognised, accompanied Ewan to the war, and, having charge of the mantle and the sword, had that morning arrayed him as his father was wont

to be, certain of the effect. She explained how at the time of the conspiracy she had given up her bed to the wife and child of one of the conspirators who had intended to slay her and the infant Ewan, but who in the darkness had murdered the others instead; and how she had then escaped with her precious charge to "the cave of the king's son" at Ardlair on Loch Maree.

Thus Ewan Mac Gabhar was established in his kingdom. His first act of authority was to release all his condemned associates, whose joy and astonishment may well be conceived. He entertained them gallantly at his castle for many days, and a friendly league was formed that long preserved the peace and tranquillity of those realms. Ewan was greatly assisted in his kingdom by Kenneth, who had become a renowned warrior, and who, with his beloved Flora, came and resided at Ewan's castle.

EWAN MARRIED MARY,

youngest daughter of Mackenzie, Lord of Kintail, and by his friendship helped to increase the dominions of that great house, so that the old prophecy about the son of the goat (already referred to) was literally fulfilled:—

"The son of the goat shall triumphantly bear
The mountain on flame and the horns of the deer,—
From forest of Loyne to the hill of Ben Croshen,
From mountain to vale, and from ocean to ocean."

JOHN H. DIXON, F.S.A., Scot.

Gaelic Men of Letters.

No. IX.—NEIL MACALPINE.

[By FIONN].

AMONG the various dictionaries of the Gaelic language which we possess, there is none better known to students than Neil M'Alpine's.

The Gaelic lexicographer was born in Kilchoman, Islay, in the year 1786. His parents were not largely endowed with worldly riches, but like other earnest students young Macalpine set himself to the acquisition of the best education which his country could afford. He entered college, and in the midst of severe struggles he entered the Theological Hall at the Glasgow University and became a Divinity student. As such he describes himself on the title page of his dictionary. The "student in Divinity" blossomed ultimately into a "parochial schoolmaster" in his native island of Islay. It was in 1831 that he completed his Gaelic Dictionary. The Gaelic Dictionaries published prior to Macalpine's were sold at high prices: Armstrong's cost £3 13s. 6d., the Highland Societies' £7 7s., and Macleod & Dewar's £1 1s. Macalpine was desirous of reaching the masses, and so he describes his coming work in his prospectus as follows:—"A Pocket Pronouncing Gaelic Dictionary for Schools in the Highlands and Islands, containing a far greater number of pure Gaelic words than any other Dictionary, and three times, in some instances ten times, the number of illustrations and examples in the large Gaelic Dictionaries, from the Bible and other sources; also, all words that are exclusively Irish pointed out, and reasons given for rejecting them. By N. Macalpine, Student of Divinity and Parochial Schoolmaster, Islay. Sold in all parts by all the teachers in the Highlands, price sixpence on coarse paper—ninepence on royal. To be finished in from ten to twelve numbers, including an abridgement of Gaelic Grammar, with rules for forming the genitive and irregular verbs conjugated" (1831). It was also announced that a considerable number of copies would be given to poor children at school in each parish, at half price.

This dictionary soon became popular, and has maintained a larger circulation than its competitors to the present day. Two causes contributed to this success—the work was cheap and the pronunciation was given. Besides this the numerous illustrations and examples of how to use the words were most helpful features. The English Gaelic portion usually bound with Macalpine's Gaelic-English Dictionary is the work of John Mackenzie, author of the "Beauties of Gaelic Poetry." Mackenzie took the great liberty of inserting a preface at the beginning of Macalpine's portion of the work commenting on the circumscribed character of Macalpine's Gaelic and challenging his orthography. This brought down on Mackenzie the ire of the lexicographer, who was undoubtedly a better Gaelic scholar than Mackenzie.

Macalpine was a well-known figure in his native island. He was known as "Niall Mòr" for he was when in his prime 6 feet 4 inches in in height, straight, and well-proportioned. As "parochial teacher" his life was an uneventful one, but he did his work faithfully and well and earned the respect of his neighbours. He died in his native Kilmeny at the age of 80. Some years ago a monumental stone was erected to his memory in his native place chiefly through the efforts of the late Captain Malcolm M. Currie. The inscription runs:—

IN MEMORIAM.

NEIL MACALPINE,

Anthor of THE GAELIC DICTIONARY,
Died 12th December, 1867. Aged 80 Years.

Erected as a tribute of Respect by a
Few of his Fellow Countrymen.

"An honest man's the noblest work of God,"
And one lies here.

RESURGAM.

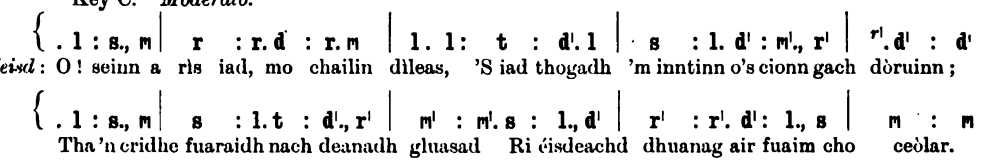
OUR MUSICAL PAGE.

THERE has just passed away at his residence in Edinburgh, Mr. Donald Mackechnie, the Jura Bard, author of the following song. Mr. Mackechnie was born in Jura in 1836, but removed early in life to Glasgow, where he entered on a commercial career. Educational advantages in his island home were but few, but the Jura lad was animated by a desire for self-culture, and attended evening classes, where he made excellent progress. Some forty years ago he removed to Edinburgh to prosecute his commercial career, and was able to retire some years ago from active life. His leisure time he devoted to literary pursuits. He published a collection of his poems, songs, and humorous sketches in 1904, entitled "Am Fear-ciùil," and it is interesting to know that the work is virtually sold out. His poetry is full of thought, and carefully constructed. His prose is full of rich humour, expressed in that rich idiomatic Gaelic of which he was the happy master. Quiet-mannered and unpretentious, the Jura Bard was esteemed by all who knew him. The melody attached to the following song is the composition of Mr. John M'Callum, Tighnam-barr, Taynuilt. FIONN.

NA SEANN ORAIN

(THE OLD SONGS).

Key C. *Moderato.*



Seisd: O! seinn a ris iad, mo chailin dìleas, 'S iad thogadh 'm inntinn o's cionn gach dòruinn;
Tha 'n cridhe fuaraidh nach deanadh gluasad Ri éisdeachd dhuanag air fuaim cho ceòlar.

Cho binn 's a dh' éireas am bàrr na géige,
Air mhadainn chéitein á beul na smeòraich;
Air fuinn a dh' fhàsas, 'sna glinn gu nàdurr',
'S nach tig gu blàth, ach an sgàth nam mòr-bheann.

Tha greis o'n dh' fhàg mi an gleannan fàsail,
'S an d' fhuair mi m' àrach an làithean m' òige;
'S an cual mi 'chànain tha 'm chluais gun fhàgail,
'Am fuaim nan dàn air an robh mi eòlach.

O, creid gur firinn a tha mi 'g innseadh,
Is ionmhas prìseil do thìr a h-òrain;

Cha dìleab shuarach o'n bhàrd a dhuanag,
Ged 's beag, mo thruaighe! 'chuir i 'na phòca.

O, ceòl ar dùthcha, is spiorad-iùil e
A tha 'g ar stiùradh air cùrsa mòrachd;
An cumail ùrail nam beusan fiùghail,
A choisinn cliù dhuinn an cùis na còrach.

'Na fhann-ghuth gràsmhor, biodh cèol nan àrd-bheann,
'Am chluais 'san là 'bhios gun mhàireach dhòmhsa,
'S mo bheannachd dh' fhàgainn, an cainnt mo mhàthar
Do'n tìr 'rinn m' arach an laithean m' òige.

ALASDAIR.

Alasdair, when we knew him first, was a bowed, broken old man. Like Job of old he had seen many afflictions, and, like Job, he bore them all with unfaltering patience.

Once he had been master of his own croft and his own cows. That was before the coming of the storm which wrecked his life; when he saw one after another of his brothers and sisters for whom he had cared, fall victims to a dread scourge, and all his possessions swept away.

Then it was said Alasdair's troubles had taken his mind, and he was sent away to be "taken care of" in one of the great institutions for such cases.

When at last he regained his freedom he was not permitted to return to his own native parish on the wild North Coast, for which his heart was yearning, but, branded with the name of pauper, the old man who had been proud of his decent independence, was sent, as is now too often the custom, to live with a strange family many miles away, where his cup of bitterness was filled to overflowing.

He had a generous warm-hearted nature, and would treasure a kindness done him, or a kind word spoken, like something precious, but now, alas! Alasdair was often saddened by harsh treatment, often hungry, often cold, often ill, and wearied with over-hard work. He had to stand long in driving rain or bitter winter wind herding the cattle or attending to the endless tasks required of him—he who had had his own "bit croft" in those better days gone by.

It seemed cruelly hard that he should have to suffer thus and for no fault of his own. He was an uncomplaining soul, but sometimes the burdened heart would overflow in a cry: "Eh, if they wad but send me to my ain hame. The wark's ower much for me noo, and there's them there that wad care for me." But the "authori-

ties" in such cases are hard to move, and for Alasdair there was no relief from toilsome days and nights of weariness.

Yet through all his troubles he had a strong faith which marked him out from other men. It was another of his griefs that his keepers tabooed the very name of religion, and so scoffed at and tormented him that he was driven to seek on the moors and in the forest the opportunities of quiet communion denied him. The neighbours have since told how they used to see him kneeling in the wood with bared head, telling all his sorrows to the Father whose love he never doubted, or, Bible in hand, seeking in its well-known pages solace for his pain.

They dared not keep him from church, for awkward questions might have been asked, and the wearied old man was regular in his attendance Sabbath after Sabbath.

At the manse he was well-known and much respected, and how grateful he was for any kindness shown him; how thankful for the food he so often needed; how sympathetic and unfailing in his enquiries when there was illness in the minister's family! Long will the remembrance of his kindly "God bless ye," linger.

For Alasdair's sorrows are over now. One sabbath morning he was, as usual, in his accustomed place in church, but it was for the last time, for, ere the dawn of another day, he heard his Master's voice, saying, "Friend, come up hither." He had dreaded the hardships of an approaching winter, but his portion was to be in the land of everlasting sunshine.

We see the bowed familiar figure no more; we miss the smile of pleasure with which he ever greeted us; but we rejoice that he has received the answer to his often prayer to be "with Christ, which is far better," and to his worthy memory, to the example of faith and patience he has left us, we offer this poor tribute.

JANET ARGYLE.

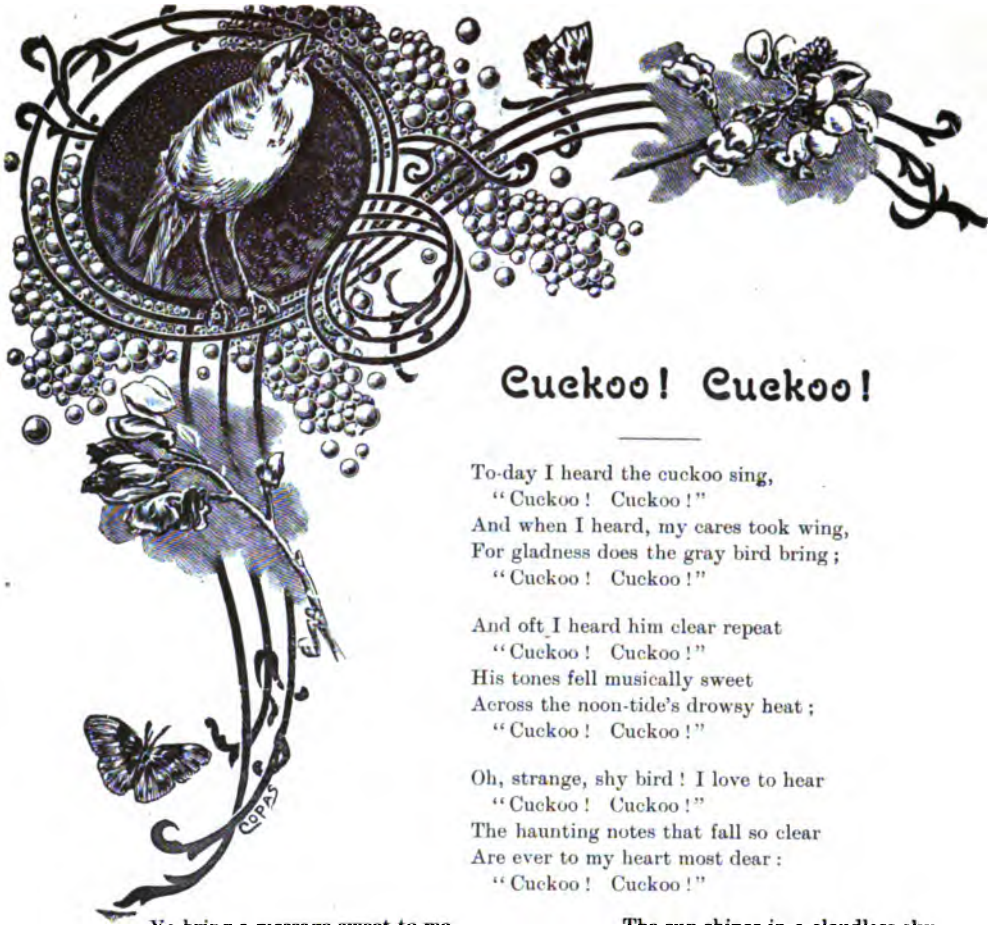
AM MADADH-ALLAIDH AGUS AN T-UAN.

AIR latha bruthainneach, teth, thuit do mhadadh-allaidh agus do uan tighinn aig an aon àm a chasgadh am pathaidh á sruthan soilleir, glan a bha a' ruith gu bras a nuas aodann beinne. Sheas am madadh-allaidh air àite ard, agus an t-uan astar math uaith, shios an sruth. Ach air do'n mhadadh-allaidh toil a bhi aige cur a mach air an uan, dh' fheoraich e dheth, dé bu chiall da 'bhi 'cur an uisge troimh-cheile agus 'ga fhagail cho salach nach b' urrainn dàsan 'ol; agus aig a' cheart am a' tagradh diolaidh. Bha an t-uan bochd air chrith le eagal 'n uair a chual e bagraidhean a' mhadadh-allaidh agus thubhairt e ris, am briathraibh cho ciuin 's a b' urráinn da, nach robh e comasach dhàsan a bhreathnachadh ciamar a ghabhadh sin a bhith; a chionn, an t-uisge a dh' ol e gur ann a ruith e nuas g'a ionnsuidh o'n mhadadh-allaidh, agus uime sin nach b' urainn gun robh e air a chur troimh-cheile cho fada suas an sruth. "Bitheadh sin mar a thoilicheas e" arsa m' madadh-allaidh, "cha 'n 'eil annad ach an sloightire, agus chaidh innseadh dhomh gun robh thu 'g am chul-chaineadh o cheann mu thuaiream 'leth-bhliadhna." "Air m' fhocal," ars' an t-uan, "bha an t-àm a dh' ainmich thu m'an do rugadh mise." An uair a chunnaig am madadh-allaidh nach robh feum dha cathachadh n' a b' fhaide an aghaidh na firinn, chaidh e ann an corruich fhuathasach a'donnalaich agus cobhar m' a bheul mar gu 'm bitheadh e air a' chuthach. "A gharraich," ars' esan, agus e 'tighinn n' a bu dluithe air an uan, "mar tu féin 's e t-athair a bh' ann, agus is e an aon chuid e." Le sin rug e air a' chreutair lag, neo-chiontach, bhochd agus shlaod e as a cheile na leopan e.

AN COMHCHUR.

THA an ni a tha air a chomharrachadh a mach anns a' chosamhlachd so cho soilleir 's nach ruigte leas a bhi meudachadh fhocal uime. An uair a tha duine droch-nadurach, an-iochdmhor, toileach aon a's isle na e féin, aon chuid ann an cumhachd no ann an cruadal, a mhi-bhuileachadh gar an d' thug e dha an t-aobhar a bu lugha air a shon, nach math a dh-fhaodar a choimeas ris a' mhadadh-allaidh aig an robh a nadur cho gionach, shanntach 's nach b' urrainn e cur suas le bhi 'faicinn neo-chiont a' tighinn beò ann am fois 'na choimhearsnachd. A dh-aon fhocal c'ait air bith am bheil droch dhaoine ann an cumhachd tha neo-chiont agus treibhdhireas cinnteach a bhi air an geur-leanmhuinn. Mar is miosa 'n sluagh 's ann is mo a tha aca de ghnùis air son an reachdan aingidh. Tha e ealadh gu leoir amharas a thoirt air duine e 'bhi a' *gnathachadh* onarachd ann an droch thìmean; ach na 'm bitheadh de dhanadas aig neach air bith onarachd a *mholadh* 's dòcha gur ann a rachadh gach cionta agus droch-bheairt a chur as a leth; oir, seasamh a suas airson ceartais ann an rioghachd a tha air claonadh uaipe is ionann e agus a bhi a' tabhairt achamhsain do 'n luchd riaghlaidh, agus is bitheanta leis gur ann a bheir e 'nuas dioghaltas air ceann an fhir a dh' fheuchas ris. Far am bheil an iochd, gamhlas agus cumhachd laimh an laimh cha 'n 'eil ni is usadh dhoibh no leth-sgeul fhaotainn air son ain-tighearnas a dheanamh os ceann neo-chiontachd, agus gach uile ghne eucoir a chur an gniomh.

"*Theid neart thar ceart.*"



Cuckoo! Cuckoo!

To-day I heard the cuckoo sing,
"Cuckoo! Cuckoo!"
And when I heard, my cares took wing,
For gladness does the gray bird bring;
"Cuckoo! Cuckoo!"

And oft I heard him clear repeat
"Cuckoo! Cuckoo!"
His tones fell musically sweet
Across the noon-tide's drowsy heat;
"Cuckoo! Cuckoo!"

Oh, strange, shy bird! I love to hear
"Cuckoo! Cuckoo!"
The haunting notes that fall so clear
Are ever to my heart most dear:
"Cuckoo! Cuckoo!"

Ye bring a message sweet to me.
"Cuckoo! Cuckoo!"
A message of glad days to be,
A promise that sad times will flee;
"Cuckoo! Cuckoo!"

The sun shines in a cloudless sky,
"Cuckoo! Cuckoo!"
Oh, cuckoo! say not yet "good-bye!"
Wait, wait until the roses die;
"Cuckoo! Cuckoo!"

MARGARET T. MACGREGOR.

THE BADGER'S CAVE.

(A Tale of the Rising of 1715.)

CHAPTER III.

IN this relation there were many things calculated to awaken uneasiness in the mind of Ellen. To the name and family of David Drummond she was no stranger. She knew that he was reckoned one of the bravest and most accomplished officers in the Chevalier's army. Among those excepted in the royal amnesty, and for whose apprehension a high reward was offered, Major Drummond was expressly named. He had been the rival too, and the successful rival, of her elder brother for the heart and hand of Matilda Græme of Braco, the "Rose of Strathallan," as she was named; and their marriage had been delayed only by the breaking out of the rebellion. That rebellion was now crushed. James and his general, Mar, had escaped to France. Argyle had gone to London to enjoy, as he vainly hoped, the honours and rewards of his successful campaign; and, relieved from all farther uneasiness at home, King George was preparing to set out on a visit to his German dominions. Her elder brother was expected in a few days at Bracklyn Castle on leave of absence. To conceal the proscribed cavalier within its walls during his stay, Ellen well knew was a hopeless undertaking; while from his impetuous temper she had everything to fear for Major Drummond, should he be discovered. It became of urgent necessity, therefore, to remove the latter from the castle with-

out loss of time. But his recovery was not yet complete. In the neighbourhood there was not a roof that would venture to receive him, or, if it did, to which it would be safe to entrust him. Several Jacobite chiefs, it was suspected, were in hiding in that very district, and an active search was then going on for them. All the outlets by sea were carefully watched and guarded; and the high rewards offered by government for the apprehension of such as had been active partisans, or held prominent command, during the recent insurrection, had doubled the zeal and sharpened the sagacity of political opponents in ferreting out their places of concealment.

Occupied with these painful reflections, Ellen had one day insensibly extended her walk to an unusual distance along the high bank, which edges on the north the wild and singular ravine through which the Keltie, in headlong rush over rock and precipice, or in fierce and foamy rapids, or in eddying whirlpools, or in still and dark unfathomed linns, variously makes its way through the romantic glen of Bracklyn,—when she was startled from her reverie by the sudden appearance of a fox, that, dashing rapidly past her, leaped down the bank, and was lost to view amid the rocks and brushwood of the ravine. Immediately after, a splash was heard in the bed of the river, and Reynard was seen making his way across a deep pool of the Keltie, towards the opposite bank, where he suddenly disappeared in the crevice of a rock that, rising sheer from the water's edge to a considerable height, had its outline broken, and in some places entirely concealed, by a dangling drapery of birch and hazel bushes.

The scene instantaneously and vividly recalled to the mind of Ellen an adventure of her girlish years. While nut-gathering at that very spot some years before with her younger brother, she had, with the agility of a mountain maid, clambered up a considerable way among the bushes on the side of the rock, when a branch on which she had seated herself for the purpose of collecting the spoil, suddenly bending with her weight, she was precipitated into a deep pit, which the treacherous brush had concealed from view, uttering a scream of terror which quickly brought her brother to her side. The hole into which she had thus fallen was at top completely hidden by two large hazel trees that, bending over it, matted their intermingled branches overhead. It was but a few feet above the level of the river, and the landing-place that led to it—a ledge of slaty rock—was polished smooth as marble by the action of the water as it eddied in front of the cave into a deep clear pool that reflected as in a mirror the shaggy precipice above. This pit they found was but the mouth or vestibule of a larger cave; for, creeping on all fours along a narrow passage that opened from it into the interior of the rock, Norman, with animated exclamations of wonder and delight, called on Ellen to follow; who, after proceeding a short way in darkness, found herself all at once in a lofty and spacious apartment, of which a faint slanting light, through a fissure on one side near the top, served dimly to reveal the outline and dimensions. The form of this cavern was that of a vast irregular vault, the central, which was the highest point, rising nearly thirty feet above the floor, while it gradually sloped away towards the extremities, insomuch that, at the end at which they entered, a full-grown person could not stand upright. The cave was itself the work of nature, but it bore evident marks of having been at some period the habitation of man, for the sides were in many places blackened with fire; a semi-circle of discoloured stones defined the outline of an ancient hearth; blocks of soft slate-stone from the bed of the river had been rudely fashioned into seats and couches; and in what had been the fire-place Norman found the deer-horn haft, and broken blade of a *sgian du*, or hunter's knife. When or by whom this cave had been tenanted was involved in mystery, there being no tradition on the subject in the neighbourhood, where, indeed, its very existence seemed unknown; and with the pride and airs of discoverers, Norman and Ellen—tantalising the curiosity of their elder brother and their juvenile associates, by frequent allusions to a mysterious something in the glen which "they could an' they would"—kept the secret of Ua-na-brock, which they occasionally visited by stealth, religiously to themselves. The name of Uamh-nan-broc they gave it, for the following reason:—While engaged in the examination of the cave, on nearing a dark recess in one of its sides, our young adventurers were all of a sudden startled and alarmed by hearing a low unearthly sound, half growl, half grunt, which advertised them that the place had other live inhabitants than themselves, and forthwith a train of terrified animals, of what kind the dim light did not enable them to discover, rushed past them with a loud snorting noise, and disappeared at the extremity of the cavern opposite to the end at which they had entered. When Norman, recovering from his panic, plucked up heart to follow, he found that the fugitives were a family party of brocks (or badgers), whom their visit had disturbed, and at the same time also made the farther discovery that the cave had two entrances, one at each end, exactly similar, the mouth of each being completely concealed from observation by an overgrowth of brush. Being thus equally

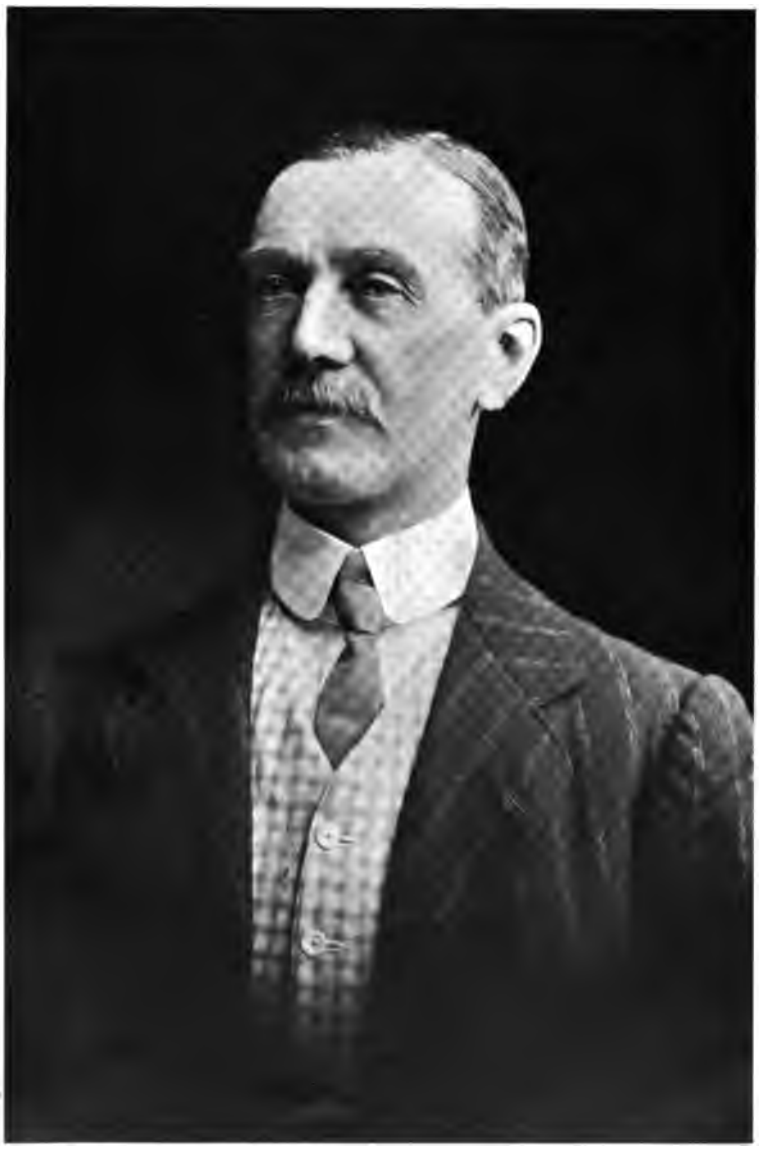
fitted for concealment or escape, it is probable that the occupants of this subterraneous retreat had been banditti, or outlaws, or it may be fugitives in times of persecution, who, if tracked to their lair, could effect their escape by the northern outlet to the bed of the river, and thence to the wilds of Bræleny, or the caves of Ua-Vòre, or by the southern, and conceal themselves among the woody mazes of the glen itself, or push on for more inaccessible retreats amid the rocky rifts and broken precipices of the craig of Callander.

The adventure, and the scene which the place and incident so vividly recalled to Ellen's imagination, soon mixed themselves with the current of her absorbing present feelings. Might not Drummond be removed to Uamh-nan-broc? It was scarcely two miles distant from Bracklyn Castle, whence it might be practicable secretly to convey to him his daily dole of food; till recovered health on his part, or relaxed vigilance on the part of Government, should enable him to seek a more comfortable asylum in his own country, or to effect his escape beyond seas to his friends in France.

The idea thus suggested wholly occupied the mind of Ellen during her walk home. Her contrivances hitherto for the concealment of her guest had been greatly favoured by the credulity and superstitious terrors of the domestics of the castle, and now, when forced on a somewhat wider stage, it occurred to her that the same instrumentality might still be turned to serviceable account. But there was one serious difficulty in the way. She had already taxed the conscience and orthodoxy of Janet Bane to the uttermost. Janet was herself a devout believer in the popular creed of the day. It was not without some visitings of remorse that she had of late been accessory, art and part, as co-actress with her young mistress in certain ghostly personations, wherein more freedom was taken with the nature and functions of wraiths and spunkies, and "the good people," than to her appeared either seemly or safe. She had made repeated remonstrances and protestations to Ellen on the subject, and had she been papist, as she was but prelatist, past doubt she had long ere now made a clear breast, and by confession and penance sought to cleanse her conscience of the perilous stuff that weighed upon her heart. In the more active and daring operations of *taisherie* now contemplated Ellen knew that Janet was not to be reckoned on, even did her advanced years fit her, which they did not, for an active auxiliary. It became necessary, therefore, to look out for a substitute. In this exigency the thoughts of Ellen naturally turned to her bosom friend and companion from infancy, Esther MacCallum, only child of the Reverend John MacCallum, the first presbyterian minister who had been settled in the parish of Callander. Esther, like herself, had been bred a presbyterian, and consequently a whig and anti-Jacobite. But she had a clear head and a kind heart. She was superior to the superstitious credulity which then possessed not the vulgar merely, but a great majority of the upper classes of her own sex, and Ellen knew that if from scruples of conscience, or fear of consequences, constrained to decline actual co-operation, her secret, at least, would be perfectly safe in the keeping of her friend. She lost no time, accordingly, in proceeding to the manse, which was but two miles distant from Bracklyn Castle, and in making Esther fully acquainted with her secret and perplexities. Though sensitively awake to the hazardous nature of the experiment, the difficulties attending its execution, the chances of detection, and the grave consequences that must follow a discovery, not only to the actors themselves, bnt to their families and connections, Esther could not for a moment think of leaving her friend unsupported in her generous efforts to save the life of a fellow-creature, compromised, too, by an act which to young persons of their sex, in that day, did not appear a very serious one, if indeed it did not secretly command their positive sympathy, and she at once volunteered to divide with Ellen the risk and responsibility of the undertaking.

Before separating, the two friends had fully concerted their plan of operations, and the part which respectively they were to bear in carrying it into effect. One entire day was occupied in making Esther MacCallum familiar with the scene of intended operations—with Uamh-nan-broc itself, and with the many wild and intricate recesses of the ravine in its vicinity, both above and below the far-famed *Falls of Bracklyn* and the perilous bridge which spanned the largest of them, then consisting simply of two undressed logs of oak, loosely thrown from rock to rock across the chasm, and slightly covered with a sod of turf. Another day was employed by the two friends in transporting to the cave such articles of necessity or convenience for the use of its destined occupant as they could contrive to carry thither without attracting observation or awakening suspicion; while a third was spent in concerting the various signals to be used; the plan of relieving each other in the office of purveying for the tenant of the cave; the cypher to be employed in conveying to him such intelligence as circumstances might render needful, and in arranging such other matters of detail as the successful execution of their scheme seemed to them to require.

(*To be continued.*)



NEIL M'NEILL, J.P.

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NEIL M'NEILL OF ARDNACROSS, J.P.

THE M'NEILLS OF KINTYRE.

From early times the M'Neills have been numerous and influential in Kintyre. In the clan conflicts which kept this romantic land in a turmoil for so many generations, the M'Neills are understood not to have allowed much of the excitement to pass their own doors. When claymores were bared to decide a quarrel, depend upon it there was a Gigha, Carskey, or Tirfergus right in the centre of the trouble. They were, as Neil Munro aptly puts it, "bonnie fighters." It is a pity that the history and traditions connected with these old martial families of the clan have never been written, for they should certainly occupy a prominent place in the annals of the district. But their fame and deeds are not entirely forgotten in their homeland. The story is still told how, when the Campbells and Macdonalds were disputing for the possession of the ancient castle of Dalaruan (now the site of the Castlehill Church, the pulpit of which was, in recent times, filled by an Ardnacross M'Neill), Hector M'Neill of Carskey settled the matter by throwing a sword of Clan Diarmid over the walls, which they must follow to find. And when Elizabeth, Duchess of Argyll, attempted to introduce English sermons into the Highland church in Campbeltown, and came in great state with a numerous retinue to enforce her views, MacNeal of Ugadale met her at the door with a drawn sword, and informed her that, while her sex entitled her to admission into the church, he would take good care that none of her "tail" (followers) would cross the doorstep. So the English Duchess built the Lowland church, and curiously enough, the present popular head of the ancient house of Ugadale and Arnicle, Captain Hector MacNeal, took an active part in the recent restoration of this interesting old edifice. Thus the centuries meet.

In the Covenanting days everyone in Kintyre had to take sides, the M'Neills mostly supporting the Marquis of Argyll, and in 1618 Carskey held Kilkerran Castle for the government. But in earlier times they followed the banner of the great Macdonalds, Lords of the Isles. I have handled a small fragile manuscript, a Bond of Manrent and Friendship, signed at Killeonane, 18th July, 1594, between Hector M'Neill of Carskey, on behalf of his "whole kin and surname," and Sir James Macdonald of Smerby, son of Angus, Lord of the Isles, which was endorsed by no fewer than eleven gentlemen of the Clan M'Neill of Kintyre. But in later days, when the targe and dirk had to be put aside for the plough and the scythe, Kintyre was considered by many no suitable place for a man of spirit and energy to live in, so, dazzled by the glamour of the Americas, many of the M'Neills, led by a Hector M'Neill, sailed in 1739 for North Carolina, where they expected to find routh of gold and jewels, and such adventure and glory as kept a Highland gentleman in congenial and active occupation. The M'Neills soon made their neighbours and enemies respect them; but what was their amazement on reaching this remote country, to find a clansman, "Bluff Hector M'Neill," from Kintyre, settled there before them, and a man of considerable importance. Without doubt the two Hectors must have had a late *ceilidh* that night, and Kintyre would not have been out of their thoughts!

M'NEILLS OF ARDNACROSS.

Pages might be occupied with old-time tales of this gallant race, but the special intention of this paper is to put on record a brief history of one of the only two ancient landed families of the clan which still hold their possessions in Kintyre. The MacNeals of Ugadale (who still possess the historic "Bruce Brooch") were dealt with in two early volumes of the *Celtic*; the other are the M'Neills of Ardnacross, who, if they do not now follow the profession of arms, do great credit to the old name in commercial and professional circles. Between them they keep the Clan Neill flag still flying in Ceann-tir. Ardnacross, or, as it is given in the vernacular, *Ard-na-Chroish*, which signifies the cross on the promontory, probably derived its name from a Celtic cross erected over the grave of a priest, who may have been a member of the great monastic institution at Saddell, founded by Reginald Macdonald of the Isles. It is recorded that in 1647 Ardnacross was in the possession of the Mackays, and an interesting story is told of how young Mackay, a nephew of the famous General Alistair Macdonald, followed his uncle in his campaign in the north in support of Montrose, and fell at the battle of Auldearn in that year.

The exact date when the M'Neills came into possession of this romantic property seems to be unknown, but in 1752, a deed is signed by Neil M'Neill of Ardnacross. The Ardnacross family, like the Carskeys, are descended from the M'Neills of Gigha, chiefs of the clan in Kintyre, who themselves trace their origin to the M'Neills of Barra, chiefs of the whole clan and race of Neill.

Neil M'Neill, above referred to, was one of the large family of M'Neill of Tarbet, Gigha, another member of which, Hector M'Neill of Drumdrishaig, afterwards acquired the estate of Saddell. Neil was succeeded by his son Captain Gorrie M'Neill, a large silver bowl, dated 1785, which was presented to the Captain in token of the assistance which he rendered to a ship-wrecked crew on the coast, being still in possession of the family. This head of the house was of a roving disposition, and travelled a great deal abroad. His younger brother, Major Hector M'Neill, who in 1791 owned the estate, had a distinguished military career in the service of one of the Native Indian Princes. He married a daughter of Donald Campbell of Sunderland, Islay (whose grave may be seen in Kilkerran graveyard, Campbeltown,) and had one son, who predeceased him.

It is perhaps interesting to mention that Captain Gorrie M'Neill had a son Donald, who, moved by the spirit of adventure, went abroad, and was knighted by the Portuguese government, and died in Glasgow as Sir Donald M'Neill.

On the death of Major M'Neill, about 1824, the land passed to his nephew, Neil M'Neill, who was succeeded by his son John, who had been engaged in commercial pursuits, and was a partner in the well-known firm of Maclaine, Watson & Co., in Batavia. He married his cousin, Catherine Campbell of Melfort, (a prominent Argyllshire family) and bought the estate of Glenmore in the parish of Kilmelfort, where he died. His family by this marriage predeceased him. He secondly married Agnes Loudon, and had two daughters, the youngest of whom is the present Miss M'Neill of Glenmore. The estate, being entailed in the male line, passed to the Rev. Hector M'Neill, who was born in 1807, and educated at the Universities of Edinburgh and Glasgow. He was minister of the Hope Street Gaelic Church, Glasgow, and eventually of the Castle Hill Church, Campbeltown. He "came out" at the Disruption in 1843, and was ordained to the Lowland Free Church, Campbeltown, which position he held till 1878, when declining years caused him to retire. He married, in 1847, Mary Jane, only daughter of George MacNeal of Ugadale, D.L., and dying in 1879, was succeeded in Ardnacross by his son George, who, on his decease in 1893, was followed in the ownership of the estate by his brother,

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the present popular proprietor. He was born in 1856, and coming to Glasgow in the early seventies, entered the employment of the well-known firm of Messrs James Watson & Co., Iron and Steel Merchants, of which he eventually became a partner, and is a prominent figure in all circles connected with the trade. In 1883 he went to Swansea to open and manage a branch office of the firm, and remained there till 1894, when he returned to Glasgow. He married in 1886 Marjorie Cameron, daughter of the late Mr. Neil Sinclair, a gentleman who for many years took a deep interest in all matters relating to his native Highlands, and was a leading office-bearer in the various Celtic Societies in this city. Mr. M'Neill has three sons, Hector Loring, Ian Douglas, and Nigel Lorne, who share their parents' love for the Highlands. Mr. M'Neill is a Justice of the Peace for the County of Argyll. He is a conservative in politics, and is a member of the New Club, and Conservative Club, Glasgow, and also a life-member of the Kintyre Club, and the Celtic Society. His recreations are cricket and golfing.

The portrait is reproduced from a photograph by Messrs. Lafayette, Ltd., Glasgow.

EDITOR.

Young Mamore.

By Torquil MacLeod.

Chapter XIII.

A Bit of Blue-lined Paper.

On the morning after his return to Mamore, Alastair Macdonald sat alone in the sanctum looking out at the open window—dreaming. He knew that he had been within an ace of losing Leslie Forbes. He knew also that he had his own weakness to thank for it. So on reaching home again he made a resolve that in the future he would lay aside even his love of books and philosophies and give his practical soul no rest until he had fathomed the mystery of Leslie Forbes.

The result of this registered vow was, that next morning Young Mamore was sitting before the open window of the sanctum—dreaming.

The glen lay before him—a bonny Highland glen steeped in the languorous heat-haze of summer. He could see the river winding like a thread of restless quicksilver through the valley. The roadway, too, showed white and ribbon-like far down beyond the pine trees. There was enough dream-beauty in the moving world to send the soul of a poet on a journey. The man of visions sat beholding it with a far-away look in his eyes, which, while they saw the mystery of the things that were unseen, knew nothing for the moment of the realities in the glen before him.

Then the eyes suddenly lost their vacancy and focussed themselves on something seen. The man forgot his mysteries and became conscious of a small black speck moving along the dusty roadway down the glen. The black speck stopped, and Young Mamore leaned forward to watch. Then it moved on again, and finally, leaving the road, disappeared in the pine woods.

"He will be here in ten minutes, but I wonder why he stopped."

And Alastair began again to go over the order of events of his visit to the South. By the time he had reached Queensferry in his mental review, there was a knock at the sanctum door.

"Come in."

Leathersole, the gipsy, entered the room and closed the door quietly behind him. This man of the open air rarely made any noise. He was accustomed to living among creatures whose very existence depended on stealth, and unconsciously he had caught the trick of unobtrusive ness from nature, so that even when he had to turn the handle of a door he did it gently.

"I was expecting you. Sit down."

The gipsy took a seat. By the time he had settled himself he knew, from what he saw in Young Mamore's face, that something had happened.

"Well, I am back again."

"Ye didna make a long stay."

"No."

"But maybe long enough as things went."

"Have you heard anything?" asked Alastair, with a quick look at Leathersole's face.

"No. I have not, sir."

Then Young Mamore began to tell his story. While he was speaking the gipsy sat motionless and looked at his feet. Only once in the course of the tale did he raise his eyes. It was when mention was made of David Hedderwick's bookstall. Then, he looked at Alastair as a man might do at one of the rowers in a race who had missed a stroke.

"That is the whole story," said Alastair Macdonald with a laugh, "and now tell me what you think of it."

"I think, sir, ye should burn yer buiks."

"Do you?"

And Mamore laughed again.

"And I think thae gentry are after the laddie and mean to get him, by hook or crook. Man, I ken Soopleshanks an' Blearie fine!"

And the gipsy smiled with reminiscence.

"But we are as much in the dark as ever, for we know no more about Leslie Forbes than we did on the night he was left on the doorstep here thirteen years ago."

"That's true. Maister Simon Barsillie kens mair o' the laddie's forebears than you or me. What age did ye say he was?"

"He has been here thirteen years, and Cairstine said she thought he was about nine months old when he was left at the door. That would make him almost fourteen years of age now."

"A maist creetical age—wi' lawyers," said Leathersole, scratching his head.

"Possibly, but we are at a dead lock now. We can do nothing. For we know nothing."

"But bide a wee, bide a wee, Mamore, and ye'll see Barsillie has na forgotten the glen. Meantime watch the laddie nicht and day."

"Yes, I have seen to that. He sleeps in a room adjoining mine now, and the door, connecting the two rooms, is always left open at night. I fancy he is pretty safe."

"The rooms are in the tower, facin' the bit gairden, are they no'?"

"Yes. This room is connected with my bedroom through that little door there. From my sleeping room I can see the garden, and from this room I can see all down the glen."

"Ay. We a' ken Mamore, and wad rather hurt oorsels than see ony ill come to the castle. I have set the chiel that threw the stane yon

day to watch the place at nicht, and there's aye some o' my wanderin' folk stravaigin' i' the glen by day."

Macdonald rose and stretched himself to his full height in the little room and then laughed.

"Do you think that is necessary, Leathersole?" And unvoluntarily he took up one of the pistols on the mantelshelf and examined the carving on it.

"I do, sir. There's a price on that laddie's head—or I never saw Fife. We maun hae nae mair monkey and melodian tricks. Man! Mamore, the buiks played the very deil wi' ye yon time."

And the gipsy drew in his feet, and, leaning forward, stared at Alastair.

"Yes—I suppose so," he replied, as he put down the pistol and glanced at his bookshelves. "Well, one must just wait now until something turns up."

"Then ye'll no hae lang to wait."

"Why?"

And Leathersole for answer drew out of his pocket a little square paper with a ragged edge, torn evidently from a blue-lined note book.

"Tak' a look at that, sir."

Alastair took the paper and looked at it.

"Why, this is a rough plan of Castle Mamore?"

"Ay."

"And here is a mark evidently meant to indicate two windows in the tower."

"Ay."

"Overlooking the pleasaunce."

"Ay."

"Did you draw this plan, Leathersole?"

"No, sir."

"Then where did you get it?"

The gipsy rose and pointed through the open window to the road beyond the pine trees.

"Lyin' on the roadside fornent yon bush o' whin."

"Ah! I saw you stopped there before entering the wood."

Young Mamore sat down at the table again and spread out a bit of crumpled paper before him. He sat looking at it a long time without changing a muscle of his face. This man was not afraid. The things that make other people afraid only acted on him like an exhilarating tonic and sharpened the edge of his enjoyment in life. But the sight of the paper before him made him feel that he was in the dark, with an enemy somewhere ready to thrust at him. In such circumstances even a brave man is helpless. He has no advantage over the coward. For a stab in the dark may kill either brave man or knave.

"Did Barsillie leave Linnhetown on the same day as I did?"

"He did, sir. Forbye that, he took a shorter road to Auld Reekie than you."

"Yes, I saw him the first night I was in Edinburgh. But this paper—this plan of Castle Mamore—did Barsillie drop this on the road? He has been away the best part of a week now, and this paper must have lain there for some time. If so, it is strange that none of us saw it."

"Barsillie never made that plan, sir. The paper was dropt yonder after three o'clock yestreen."

"Come now, Leathersole, how do you know that?"

The gipsy drew himself up, and answered like a man on trial.

"Because I gaid doon that way at three o'clock yestreen, and I didna see it. Which means that the paper wasna there."

"And has this stone-throwing son of yours as good eyes as you? Did he notice nothing after three o'clock?"

"He couldna see the paper, for his business is to keep oot o' sicht, so he never gangs nearhand the road. But he keeks oot whiles frae a whin bush or the tap o' a tree."

"Then did he see any one prowling about the place at all last night?"

"He did."

"Ah!"

"I had a word wi' him as I cam' up here this mornin' and he telt me."

"Told you what?"

"That the Red-haired Lad gaed up the glen aboot eleeven last nicht, and hung roond the castle till three o'clock this mornin'. It was a fine, licht nicht, and my laddie missed naething. My laddie comes frae Fife."

The gipsy grinned with fatherly pride.

"Red Hair! Is there another Red Head in the case?"

"It wad seem so, sir."

"Who is he?"

"Anither o' thae leein'-tongued velvet-shod gentry. They ca' him Joseph Quin He arrived at Peter's the day after Barsillie left, and took owre the same room, and plays keekspy through the hole juist like the Jesuit. He has red hair, red een close thegither and far ben, wi' a hungry-lookin' yellow face. He maun be keepin' Simon's bed warm."

"Young Mamore looked for a long time at the point of a quill and then said very deliberately:

"Another one! We must sit tight. Barsillie is not back yet, is he?"

"No."

"You think he will be back soon?"

"The verra meenute he can gang agait."

"He may be back, in that case, to-day?"

"I wadna wonder."

Again Young Mamore fell into thought.

The gipsy seldom spoke unless he had something particular to say—which, after all, is a

fundamental axiom of good conversation. These two strangely-assorted companions—the one, a Highland gentleman of ancient name, and the other, a nomad and the head of a gipsy tribe—were silent, reserved, observant men, who did not understand the art of babbling, and had a deep sympathy with one another. So they sat there in the quiet room, each thinking his own thoughts and saying little about them.

At last Macdonald spoke.

"This whole thing is shrouded in mystery, Leathersole. My father refuses to trouble himself about Leslie, and I am largely responsible for the boy. But the thing gets a deeper mystery every day."

"Maist things are that to a thinkin' body," replied the gipsy, reflectively.

"I don't know who Leslie Forbes is, and I don't know why these cursed spies are here. They must know something that I do not, and that you do not, and this something we must find out. I would give my life for the lad, but in this affair I am like a man in the dark, and can do nothing."

"Hae patience for a wee while langer, sir. Ye said the laddie's age was aboot fourteen."

"Yes—fourteen about the end of October next."

"Then ye canna expect the papist gentry to let the laddie alone until after that."

"Why? What do you mean?"

"Weel, sir, I ken nae mair aboot the lad than yersel, but I ken brawly that if I was o' the same order as Simon Barsillie and had a use for the lad for good or ill, I wad like to get haud o' him before he turned fourteen."

"But why?"

"Because after that a laddie can choose for himself, accordin' to Scots Law."

"Well, but why should they wish to get hold of him at all?"

"That I canna say, but I ken this Simon is a papist dog,"—here the gipsy spat on his hand—" and you, sir, like every Mamore Macdonald afore ye, are a protestant. Weel, then, if the hale clanjamfrey o' the Jesuits are after a wee laddie that bides in a protestant family, I'm thinkin' that, in a' probabeelity, the question o' the lad's value is a question o' releegion. Am I richt?"

"Yes, go on."

"The laddie's parents may ha' been papists for a' we ken—at least ane o' them—and in that case, Simon's gentry maun grup the lad afore he is fourteen, or they'll be owre late."

"Well?"

"Ye ken as weel as me, sir, that Leslie Forbes is no' the laddie's richt name."

"*The Yew may graft with the Cranberry, but let the fruit thereof be yellow Broom,*" repeated Alastair, slowly, without taking his eyes from the gipsy's face.

"Exactly, sir."

"But why do the Jesuits wait until now before they try to kidnap the boy? He has been here for the last thirteen years, and it is only within the last few weeks that we have noticed the spies."

"That may be, sir. But the name may ha' misled them. Had the laddie been kent by his richt name he could ha' been found easy enough, and in that case the papists wad ha' gruppit him lang syne. Wha' kens but they hae been lookin' for him a' the time, and hae just come on him through a suspicion o' his likely age and appearance and siclike?"

"That may all be true, or it may not," said Alastair, "but we have nothing certain to go upon. Meantime I can do nothing but keep my eyes open and sit tight."

"Ye can dae twae things, sir."

"And what are these?"

"Ye can let me sleep in this room the nicht, and ye can gang owre to Camus this very day and ask Miss Jean for a cup o' tea. But, for michty sake, dinna be readin' thae buiks o' yours."

And the gipsy disappeared through the door, leaving Young Mamore standing on the hearthrug.

(To be continued.)

Translation.

MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.

[THE following Gaelic translation of Burns' well-known song is by Mr. John Whyte, Inverness. The song has been recently set to music by Mr. F. W. Whitehead, Inverness, and the words are given, with the music, in English and Gaelic. It is published by Novello & Co. Ltd., London.]

Mo chrìdh' air a' Ghàidh'ltachd
Tha 'n còmhnnidh an déidh,
'S am b' àbhaist dhomh bhi sealgach
An ruadh-bhuic 's an fhéidh;
A' ruagadh nan làn-damh,
'S earb anns an fhrìth,
Mo chion air a' Ghàidh'ltachd
Tir àillidh mo chrìdh.

Mo chead leis a' Ghàidh'ltachd
'S le beanntan an fhraoich,
Tir bhreith na fior ghaisge
Is dùthaich nan laoch;
Gach àite g' an ruig mi
Air uachdar an t-soogh'l,
Cha leig mi as m' aire
Tìr mhaiseach mo ghaoil.

Mo chead leis na beanntan,
'S an sneachd air an cinn;
Mo chead leis na còmhnardan
Bòidheach, 's na glinn,
Mo chead leis na frìthean
'S na coilltean cho gorm;
Mo chead leis na tuiltean
Is uamharra toirm.

The Tales of Ollamh Mor.

III.—THE VISION ON THE MOOR.

THE rain was drumming on the tin roof of Cameron's shed on the old pier, and the clean water rushed in small waterspouts from the eaves, splashing between the planks, to fall on the white sand far beneath.

The tide was out, and the doctor and the piermaster were waiting with the patience of the West Highlander for the red funnels of the boat from Oban to round the headland looming dark and indistinct in the south.

The door of the 'office' creaked, and in walked the old minister and Charles Macdonell. The reverend doctor was encumbered with a cape of grey Harris tweed, which hung dripping from his shoulder-blades like the melting wings of Icarus. As he habitually wore it in that manner, it afforded not the slightest shelter from the wet, but was a mere badge of office, donned with no effeminate desire to evade the elements.

Charlie owned neither cloak nor umbrella, deeming both useless, as in the glen it was rarely fair. True, at funerals he bore a formidable tent (an uncle's legacy), with a shaft like a Lochaber axe, carrying ribs of solid whalebone and a roof of rainproof canvas; but that was as an outstanding token of respect for the departed. Let the rainspouts of Glen Sunart descend on the devoted heads of the bier-carriers as they wound solemnly along the loch-side, never in the memory of one of them had Charlie's umbrella been seen unfurled.

And was not Corran Righ a grand spot for the rain! It headed the poll easily for that in the weather reports over the three kingdoms, with its eight solid feet—cubic and annual—of water distilled from the skies.

The minister flapped a shower of spray from his shoulders, drenching the big piermaster, who sat through the process at his desk, stolidly, with true Celtic politeness. He then seated himself on a box of groceries for Miss Macbain at the Post Office, labelled in largest type, which shewed ludicrously between the clerical knees—"Jam, with care."

"Are we to have thunder, think you, Angus?" he asked.

Cameron flicked a rain-drop furtively from his nose. "Ay, and it's going to be very wet, too," he answered; "and the *Fusilier* will be very late the day. The Doctor here," he went on, "was telling me a wild story about Cleek Fraser seeing the *Daoine Sith* on Dun Grian when you came in. Oh, he must be a great hand at the *ceilidhs* in the winter time!"

"And never a story have I told ye yet, Cameron, that you believed a word of," the Doctor retorted.

"Ach, man," laughed Cameron, "they're just fine for passing the time on a day like this, but ye canna expect a man"——

"Did ye ever believe anything, Angus?" put in Charlie, with a droll look in his eye. "I've heard tell ye didna credit even Bella Maccoll when she offered to have ye!"

Crack! crash!! A terrific thunder-clap burst overhead, and on the instant a dazzling stream of lightning shot from the sky. Charlie, who was peering through the small window by Cameron's desk, clapped his hand to his eyes.

"Bochanan!" he gasped, and he looked forth again. "Eh! Angus! Your flagstaff's gone, and the rope's smoking yet!"

The bolt had fallen on the tall pole at the pierhead, from which Cameron flew a flag to signal the steamer when she was required to call at Corran Righ on her way north or south.

"That's a spirit from heaven with some sense in it, now," exclaimed Cameron. "Is it not myself that has been applying to MacBrayne for two years for a new pole, and now I'll be getting one without asking for it! Now, doctor, what ghost you were ever seeing could do as much for ye as that?" and he chuckled hoarsely down in his fat neck.

"I've little hope of ever convincing you, Angus," the Doctor wagged his great head solemnly, "for ye're a born atheist as far as spirits go."

"Except Long John," put in Charlie.

"But I'll give ye two true stories," he added, "that happened to myself, one when I was a laddie of ten, the other no longer ago than last year itself."

Charlie lit his black cutty and perched himself on a barrel of paraffin. Cameron spun round on his stool, wedging the small of his back against the desk, and thrust his hands deep in his pockets, with a smile of settled unbelief.

"Go on, Doctor," the minister commanded, and without preface, Ollamh Mór launched forth on his favourite theme.

"My father, besides doing timber-shipping, had a bit of an estate behind the thatched house at Darroch. The river and canal were

there in front, and the lochan I told you about; behind the barn and the byres, the wood ran up the hillside to the very top of Craig Ian.

"Well, a strip of that wood was ours, and a field or two and the old house—not much of a property, you see, but a happier fireside never smoked from the Ord of Caithness to the Grampians.

"My great grandfather—he was

OUT IN THE '45—

had been a younger son of the chief, and after the Prince went, you know what happened. Yon patch was all that was left to him; and when my father came into the property, things were in a queer kind of way. North of us, old Dundas had his grand castle and lands as far as you could see with a glass; south of us, the same laird had bought estate after estate away down as far as Achadh-na-Caridh itself, so there was our wee housie and bit of land sticking like a wedge between the old man's two kingdoms.

"Nothing would satisfy old Dundas but what he must have our place. He wanted to mount the hillock behind his castle—the same place where his monument stands now—and look north to the Frith and say, 'All that is mine!' and, turning his face to the south, add 'And every acre as far as Dun Grian!' But ye see there was our busy town below his very nose, with the ten bairns of us running in and out all day, and my father walking up into the wood with his axe in his oxter.

"I'll not deny that to a man like Dundas it was galling," the Doctor commented.

"Naboth's vineyard," ejaculated the minister. "Call the man by his right name—Ahab—and be done wi't!"

"Now, Dundas," the Doctor resumed, "had what Ahab never had—a factor. Davidson was his name, and

EVERY CROFTER ON THE LAND

hated and feared him, cursing him and his race every time he put his foot to the road. He ground the very faces off the poor folks to get an extra penny out of them, and the thinner and poorer Dundas's tenants looked, the fatter and richer grew Davidson.

"In the year I'm telling ye about, he was a fine figure of a fellow, with his shining lum hat, and his coat cut in Edinburgh. He drove his carriage, too, with a pair of ramping horses that hadna their equals in the wide country.

"The old laird stopped in Italy most of the year, and so long as he saw the rents swelling his account in the Muirtown bank, not a rap cared he what happened to the crofters, or whether Davidson had ten horses, with a chariot to the tail of each of them.

"There can be no doubt that the factor—scoundrel as he was—flourished on his ill-gotten plunder. Man, to see him standing behind yon plate in the kirk on the Sabbath Day, with a ring on his finger and a thick gold chain across his belly, was enough to make an honest man sick. I was only a laddie then, but I mind fine one Sabbath morning, when I was putting my penny in the plate, I couldna help planting a spittle on the man's patent leather boot. You see, I had a hole in the front of my mouth here, where a tooth was knocked out at *camanachd*, and I had practised the thing till I was perfect. Old Sandy Bain was the deacon that day, standing on the other side of the factor, and he made a fine show of rapping me on the skull, and crying 'Fèich! Feich!' but it was a comical twinkle the old rascal had in his eye, the only one he had in his head.

"Everything fair and foul Davidson could contrive, he tried, to get my father out of his house. Not for seven days together did he leave the poor man in peace. First, he had him before the Sheriff for trespassing for game—a lie on the face of it. Next, he started a lawyer's case about the boundary line of the estates; and when that wasna giving my father sleepless nights, he was sending letters about the stirks breaking into his corn, and suing him for damages. The man was so bitter that he even tried to get the Commissioners to stop us laddies from fishing in the canal.

"Now, you'll have heard that my mother, Isobel Macphail, had

THE GIFT OF SECOND SIGHT;

that's what everybody in the Glen knew. She had a fine collie just then, called 'Nighean,' that used to run about the place after her like her shadow. Davidson couldna thole my mother beyond everybody, the story going that once she refused him; not that I believe it, for she was a good woman, my mother, and yon man was a devil from his birth.

"To make a long story short, one bad day for my mother, Davidson got the dog in his planting, and without a word, shot it dead, and threw the body across our fence. Poor 'Nighean' met her death on the Thursday, and next day my mother went to Muirtown market with her eggs and butter. I mind seeing her turning round at the bottom of the corn-field and cracking her fingers for her doggie, forgetting for the moment that she would never run at her heels again. About four in the afternoon she had finished her business, and took the road for home, and an hour after she had got past the racecourse, and was on the moor near Darroch. It's a grand wide road there, for Davidson drove to his office in Muirtown and he had made it for his own convenience. It ran as straight as you could draw a line for near

three miles, with the whins and heather on each side, and not a tree within a hundred yards.

"That's one for you, Cameron, about the trees," the doctor explained, "for you'll be sure to say that what my mother was seeing was nothing but a shadow.

"It was a fine summer day in June, and there was not a healthier, clearer-brained woman alive, than my mother at that moment. She had got half-way through the straight stretch when she saw a cloud of white dust flying across the moor some distance ahead of her. Presently, round the corner chased

THE FACTOR'S GRAND HORSES,

with their harness glittering in the sun, and the fox himself sitting on his cushions like a chief. My mother climbed the bank by the roadside, for she couldna bear to look at the man after what he had done to her doggie; so she popped in at the back of a whin bush, and knelt down to watch him pass.

"Nearer and nearer whirled the coach, till she could see the flunkies with their green coats, and the horses flinging up their manes in in the air and jingling their chains, for all the world as if they were the proud horses to come from the great factor's stables. And behind them all sat the dour, crafty face of Davidson himself.

"The next moment she sank to the ground spellbound. On rode her enemy, but smaller grew the horses, and carriage and flunkies shrivelled as she looked. Nearer and nearer they drew, and louder the champing of bits and the grind of wheels on the macadam, but still did horse and man shrink before her open eyes. Fifty yards from where she sat, the animals were no more size than a brace of setters, and the machine as wee as that barrow out on the pier. Twenty yards, and she could see what might have been rats drawing a creel behind them; and by the time the thing passed her whin bush, the horses were the size of running mice, and the factor's great carriage no bigger than a mouse-trap. My mother used to say the awful thing was to see the evil face of Davidson shewing below his hat, every line as sharp as steel, though it had shrivelled to the size of my watch.

"She waited on her knees till they passed and vanished, then she took her basket and set off to Darroch as she never walked before. Every Friday, as I said before, she went to Muirtown, and every Friday did my father meet her by the big sandbank on the canal-side, near Macpherson's house. But that day he wasna there. One look round she gave, and off she went, faster than ever. She was running when I first saw her from the window coming through the corn-field, and in a minute she was in the kitchen. There sat my father by the black fire-ribs, with his two fists clenched on his knees, and a terrible look on the face of him. I was at the window-sill learning my lessons, and heard and saw the whole thing.

"'Calum! what's wrong?' she cried, and ran to slip her hand round his neck.

"'My troubles are near an end now, lass,' he said huskily, in a queer quiet voice that made a lump come in my throat. 'Yon scoundrel, Davidson, has us fairly in his grip this time.'

"He then told her what had happened. Unknown to her, he had borrowed money on his ships and timber from a man he knew, to clear his heavy law expenses in the boundary case; somehow Davidson got wind of it, bought the debts for twice their worth, and now he had my poor father in his claws. One thing alone could save us from disgrace—

THE SALE OF THE CROFT

and land, and even that would be barely enough.

"My mother just stood still and speechless beside him, and not a word did she say to check him, though she was vexed, I could easily see.

"'That's the story,' cried my father, standing up and stretching himself. Then he began to light the fire and made try to whistle *Gabhaidh sinn an Rathad Mór*, but he didna get far through with it, for his lip was trembling when he started.

"'I've got a plan to try across the hill by Torranmore, Isobel,' he began briskly. 'We'll be near Mary, and she would often be saying she wanted you for her bees.'

"He fidgetted with his feet as he stood by the table, and waited for my mother's word, as she sat quiet in her chair. She rose, and standing in front of him, put both hands on his shoulders and looked him calmly in the eye.

"'Calum Bàn,' she said at last; 'we'll go across no hill to Torranmore. In Darroch were you born, and my bairnies too, and in Darroch shall we bide and die.'

"'Ah! Isobel, you're the wife for an ill man,' and my father's voice wavered. 'But it's no to be this time. On Friday the last day is up, and then the factor can do what he likes with us.' He turned from her as he spoke, crossing to the window where I sat with my slate, and put his hand on my head.

"'Friday is four days yet,' said my mother quietly, 'and before that comes the folks of Darroch will see some queer changes.' Then she told him of her vision on the Muirtown road, just as I gave it to ye now.

"From that moment my father was a changed man. He put on his flat bonnet and took me down with him to the canal, and there we saw the old 'Duke of Edinburgh' coming through

the locks. John Fraser was opening the sluices, so we put our hands on the pole and turned with him.

"'So Dundas has won off at last!' were the lock-keeper's first words. 'Were you hearing about it, Calum?'

"'What's that?' exclaimed my father with a start. 'Is the laird gone?'

"'Ay is he,' said John; 'he died in yon place in Italy where the hens and the straw hats come from. Yes, man,' he ran on, greatly relishing the excitement on my father's face; 'he would be ill just an hour or two with a stroke. Ay, he's off to his account at last, and he's got something to face!'

"The news turned out to be true enough. In a day or two

THE YOUNG LAIRD

was in the castle, the flag flying from the tower, and Tom Macdonald, the piper, in a new kilt, playing on the terrace,—a thing we hadna seen since the Queen herself was there.

'My mother saw Davidson in his carriage on that Friday, sitting, as she used to say, 'like a spider in a matchbox, with two wee mice drawing him.' On the Wednesday after, the young laird had him in the library and dismissed him on the spot. We saw him slinking from the place, late one night soon after, a broken man. Down the hill he went from that hour, and when last I heard tell of him he was a pauper in the County Poorhouse."

The Doctor lit his pipe in silence. Cameron coughed twice, and spat carefully through the open doorway.

"Ay, ye may cough again, Angus," said Charlie Macdonell. "That's a story for ye to think about."

"Ach, now," the piermaster began, with a cackling laugh, "I have my own theories how the thing happened, whatever."

"S—sh! with you, Cameron!" and the minister's voice was stern as he put out his hand. "Hush, with you! It was the just act of Almighty God Himself!"

R. D. MACKINTOSH, M.D.

AN SEOL AIR AN DEANAR AIRGIOD.

LEIG seachad gnothuch gach neach eile, agus thoir an aire do d' ghnothuch fein. Na ceannaich an ni sin nach 'eil a dhìth ort. Gnàthaich gach uair chum buannachd, agus feuch gu'n cuir thu t-uairean diomhanach gu deagh bhuil. Smuainich a ris mu'n tilg thu fiu na sea-sgillinn air falbh gu h-amaideach, agus cuimhnich gu'm bheil té eile agad r'a dheanamh na h-àite. Biodh e dhuit mar chulaidh-shùgraidh a bhi 'toirt an aire do d' ghnothuch fein agus mar sin cha dearmadar do ghnothuch an uair a bhios tu an toir air culaidh-shugraidh. Ceannaich ìosal, reic cothromach, agus gabh cùram de'n bhunnachd. Na biodh do shùil an déigh na sgillinn a bheir thu do'n deircean thoiltinneach. Gléidh do leabhraichean-cùnntais gu riaghailteach, agus ma gheibh thu fiù a' bhònn-sea a'm mearachd faigh a mach agus ceartaich e. Dean ceartas teann edar duine agus duine, agus ged a bhiodh e 'na d' chomas na meall neach eile anns a' chuid a's lugha. Na iarr dà phrìs, ach reic air an aon sgillinn ris an uachdaran agus ris an iochdaran. Ged a thuiteadh buille mi-shealbhach ort 'na d' cheaird fein, gabh cùram fosgail do shùilean, oibrich ni's cruaidhe, agus ma tha e idir 'nad' chomas na géill. Còmhlaich cruaidh-chas agus teinn le buan-sheasmhachd gun sgìos, agus teichidh iad a' chuid 'sa chuid air falbh. Agus ged a dh' fhàilnicheadh thu nad' ghleacadh ri cruadal, measar airidh air urram thu; ach géill anns a' chùis, agus, nithear dìmeas ort. Na tig beò os ceann do chumhachd, agus ged nach robh agad ach sgillinn Shasunnach 'san là, caomhain an deicheamh earrann di. Le bhi 'leantuinn nan riaghailt so, le beannachd, cha'n eagal nach teid a' chùis leat. Dean ceartas, dìol gu h-ealamh gach fiach agus mar sin faigh do dhlighe fein. Na rach a'n urras air neach 'sam bith ged bu bhrathair e. Ma ni thu sin cha'n 'eil teagamh nach dean thu do charaid 'na namhaid, a thuilleadh air gu'm fuiling thu càlldach nach fhurasd duit a dheanamh suas. Cùm t'fhocal gu poncail treibh-dhireach, cur do dhòchas ann am freasdal an Ti a's Airde, iarr a bheannachd-san air do dhìchioll, agus cha'n eagal duit. S.

SECOND SIGHT.—Sir,—In looking over some old numbers of the *Celtic*, I noticed an article on "Second Sight," and I thought I would lay before you the following instances of what occurred to myself some years ago under the class of "dreams that come true."

The first case was as follows:—I dreamed that a gentleman who was living on the Continent was coming home, and within a few days I was standing at a window and saw him pass by and come in to see me. This actually happened.

The second case was about a gentleman, an officer on a steamship trading with the East, and whom I had not seen for years. I dreamed I went out one morning and took a walk (as is my custom) before breakfast in the grounds of a park. I took the main centre path, and I met him turning by a side path round a certain plantation of bushes into the main path. The singular part is that I met him face to face on the actual spot that I dreamed of in my dream. At the time I dreamed he was passing through the Mediterranean on his way home from the East, and the actual meeting took place a few days afterwards, as dreamed of. I had no communication with either party beforehand, and in each case I was several hundred miles away some days before even I myself was at the meeting-place of the persons in the flesh.

I can only say that I think it was a case of the brain or mind working independently of the body, and in this instance during sleep.—Yours truly,

East London, South Africa. J. D. ROSS WATT, L.D.S.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications on literary and business matters should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 10 Bute Mansions, Hillhead, Glasgow.

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"A GAELIC WELCOME."

[A Reply to the query—"If I come, may I speak in Gaelic?"]

Come, speak to us in Gaelic,
Old Scotland's story tell
Before the mist and shadow
On Caledonia fell.

Come clad to us in Gaelic,
In tartan, sporran, dirk,
The kilt that ne'er in battle
The stoutest foe did shirk.

Come, sing to us in Gaelic
Some rare old Highland song,
To Highland ears the sweetest,
And bring your pipes along.

For there's no tongue like Gaelic
To win the Highland heart,
Nor is there any music
Can like its tones impart

The feeling that steals o'er us
When we those wild notes hear,
The warning of the pibroch,
The clang of claymore clear.

So speak to us in Gaelic,
Hibernia's ancient tongue,
For she like Scotia knew it
When Erin's songs were sung

By men of old unfettered,
Ere Freedom's harp was flung
Aside to be forgotten,
Ne'er more to be re-strung.

Yes, sing to us in Gaelic—
There's music in the voice
That touches chords so welcome,
That sings that song for choice!

London, 12th July 1908. H. MACNAUGHTAN-JONES.

FAREWELL TO SCOTLAND.

THE following poem is gleaned from *The Aberdeen Journal*, Wednesday, November 22, 1815, p. 2, col. 4, signed F. A., Aberdeen, 1815, and contains lines expressing fine feelings of an emigrant.

With soft tender throbbings of youthful emotion,
Belov'd Caledonia, I leave thee awhile,
To bound o'er the waves of the wild troubled ocean,
That howl round the shores of my dear native isle.

O clime of renown, on my mountains so hoary,
Where stands, ever-blooming, fair Liberty's tree;
Thou birthplace of wisdom and patriot glory,
Forlorn and dejected, I wander from thee.

But, what distant land shall thy nursling discover,
Whose sons are so manly, and daughters so gay?
Then why, like an exiled and heart-broken rover,
From kinsmen so loving thus hasten away?

Though thy low-lying valleys be dear to my sight,
Where oft like a hermit I've wandered alone,
What time o'er the mountains the moon shed her light,
And the cuckoo repeated his dull, changeless moan.

And tho' hallow'd to me each riv'let of thine,
But chiefly ye strains of the fast-flowing Dee,
Yet the Fates, ever cruel and wayward, combine,
O land of my fond love, to tear me from thee.

Farewell, ye who fostered, with anxious devotion,
And care ever tender, my weak infant form:
May no blast of winter, with dark'ning commotion,
Your sunset of life overspread with a storm!

Ye sweet'ners of grief, and ye stays of my heart!
Ye comrades, still constant, and friends ever true!
Though our destinies fix us in climes far apart,
My soul oft in fancy shall revel with you.

Aberdeen. ROBERT MURDOCH LAWRANCE.

THE "SEAFORTHS" ON ACTIVE SERVICE.—A reader of the *Celtic* who took part in the recent campaign in N.W. India, makes the following interesting comment on this gallant regiment's recent experiences:—"I was fortunate to get into the Mohmand Country, being attached to one of the native regiments for the expedition. We often met the Seaforths; poor fellows, they had a very hard time, constant marching, disturbed nights from continual sniping, heat, dust, flies; and boots worn out. I think none were more pleased at the termination than they." And, as usual, their gallant conduct in this difficult mountain warfare added "glory to the tartan."

Traditions of Gairloch.

JOHN ROY MACKENZIE.

IAIN RUADH MACCOINNICH, or John Roy Mackenzie, third son of John Glassich, and grandson of the great Hector Roy, was a minor when his brothers died in 1566, and his lands were in 1567 given in ward by Queen Mary to John Banerman of Cardenye.

John Roy became one of the most renowned of the old chiefs of Gairloch; he was in fact second only in fame to his celebrated grandfather, Hector Roy, whom he closely resembled in appearance and physique. He is one of the most prominent figures in the old traditions of Gairloch, though there are no stories extant of his personal prowess in warfare.

He was born in 1548, but two years before his father was poisoned at Eileandonan. On this event his mother, Agnes Fraser, fled with John Roy to her own relatives, and she concealed him as best she could, putting him, it is said, every night under a brewing kettle. His mother afterwards became the wife of the

LAIRD OF MACKAY

in Sutherlandshire, and John Roy then spent some time in hiding on his patrimonial estate of Glasleitire in Kintail, under the faithful guardianship of Iain Liath, one of the MacRae heroes. It is said he was afterwards concealed by the lairds of Moidart and of Farr.

John Roy grew up a tall, brave, and handsome young Highlander. When he could carry arms and wear the belted plaid, he went to the Mackay country to visit his mother. None but his mother knew him, and neither she nor he made known who he was. In those days any stranger who came to a house was not asked who he was until he had been there a year and a day. John Roy lived in the servants' end of the house, and slept and fed with them. Mackay had two rare dogs, called Cu-dubh and Faoileag, and they became attached to John Roy, so that they would follow no one else. Near the end of the year Mackay told his wife that he suspected the stranger was a gentleman's son. Her tears revealed the truth. John Roy was then kindly received at the table of the laird, who asked him what he could do for him. John Roy begged that Mackay would give him a bodyguard consisting of the twelve of his men whom he might choose, and the two dogs Cu-dubh and Faoileag. He got these, and they went away to Glas Leitire in Kintail, taking with them an anker of whisky. Arriving there John Roy placed his twelve men in concealment, and went himself to the house of Iain Liath Macrae. It was the early morning, and the old wife was spinning on the distaff. She looked out, and saw a man there. She called to Iain Liath, who was still lying down, "There is a man out yonder sitting on a creel, and I never saw two knees in my life more like John Roy's two knees." Iain Liath got up, went to the door, and called out "Is that you, John?" John Roy answered that it was. "Have you any with you?" "Yes, I have twelve men." "Fetch them," said Iain Liath. He killed the second bull, and feasted them all. Then he told John Roy that Mackenzie of Kintail was coming that very day to

HUNT ON THE GLAS LEITIRE HILLS

of his (John Roy's) fathers. John Roy, with his twelve men and Iain Liath, went to the hill, taking the whisky with them. Mackenzie arrived to hunt the deer, and when he saw John Roy and his men, he sent a fair-haired lad to inquire who they were. John Roy bade the boy sit down, and gave him whisky. Whenever he rose to go, more whisky was offered, and he was nothing loath to take it. Mackenzie, thinking the lad was long in returning, sent another boy, who was treated in the same way. Mackenzie then saw that John Roy had returned, so he went back with his followers to

Gairloch from Strath.

Brahan, and John Roy was not further molested by the lairds of Kintail.

John Roy came back with Iain Liath to his house, when the latter told him that he had Hector Roy's chest with the title-deeds of Gairloch, and that John Roy must claim the estate. Iain Liath took all his belongings, and accompanied John Roy and his twelve men to Gairloch. They came to Beallach a Chomhla, at the side of Bathais [*Bus*] Bheinn. Coming down the mountain they found a good well, and there they rested and left the women and the cattle. The well is called to this day "Iain Liath's well." They met people who informed them that Iain Dubh Mac Ruaridh M'Leod, or Black John, the son of Rorie M'Leod, who was

Beinn Lair from Fionn Loch.

GOVERNOR OF THE OLD CASTLE

of the Dun, was accustomed to walk every day across the big sand and to lie on the top of the Crasg to spy the country. The party went to the Crasg, and Iain Liath told Iain Dubh Mac Ruaridh M'Leod, whom they met there, that unless he left the castle before that night he would lose his head. M'Leod took the hint, and sailed away in his birlinn with all his valuables, except one chest containing old title-deeds, which came into Roy's possession along with the castle.

It is said that after this John Roy had the resolution to wait on Colin Cam Mackenzie, lord of Kintail, who established him in all his lands. John Roy came of age about 1569, but it was not until 1606 that he received a charter erecting Gairloch into a free barony.

How John Roy came to revenge the assassination at the hands of Ruaridh MacAllan M'Leod of Gairloch, of the sons of Mac Ghille Challum of Raasay, and how this led to John Roy obtaining possession of the third part of Gairloch, which had been retained by the M'Leods since Hector Roy's time, will be related in another chapter. John Roy had a

LONG FEUD WITH THE M'LEODS,

and it seems to have been nearly the end of the sixteenth century before they were finally expelled from Gairloch. In the latter part of this struggle John Roy was much assisted by his twelve valiant sons, several of whom, as will be seen, also figured in struggles with the M'Leods after they had abandoned Gairloch.

John Roy was twice married. By his first wife, Elizabeth, daughter of Angus Macdonald of Glengarry, he had eleven children. By his second wife, Isabel, daughter of Murdo Mackenzie of Fairburn, he had five children. Besides these he had several illegitimate children. The recorded pedigrees give the names of only eleven sons; but tradition says that, as John Roy's family grew up, his body-guard of twelve chosen warriors was composed solely of his own sons.

John Roy resided in Eilean Ruaridh, on Loch Maree. There are two islands of the name, distinguished as big and little; they almost adjoin. It was in the little island that John Roy dwelt, in the house where formerly Ruaridh M'Leod had lived. John Roy enlarged and improved the house, and made it his Gairloch home. Some remains of the house and adjoining garden are still to be seen.

It was early in 1609 that John Roy paid a visit to the laird of Mackay in Sutherlandshire. On his return journey the laird of Mackay escorted him as far as the Meikle Ferry, on the Kyle of Sutherland. When the party arrived at the ferry, the groom of a gentleman, who was also about to cross, endeavoured to keep possession of the boat. Amongst the attendants of the laird of Mackay was his youthful piper, named Roderick Mackay, a fine lad of seventeen summers. The groom placed his hand on the boat to hold it until his master should come up. The hot-headed young piper drew his dirk and cut off the groom's hand. The laird of Mackay said, "Rorie, I cannot keep you longer; you must leave the country." John Roy Mackenzie said to the piper, "Will you come with me, Rorie?"

THE PIPER LAD

was only too glad to accept this invitation, and his master, who had a great liking for the handsome and talented boy, was quite willing that

he should go with John Roy, who sent Hugh Mackenzie of Gairloch, his gamekeeper, to the laird of Mackay in exchange for the piper. The descendants of Hugh Mackenzie still dwell in Sutherlandshire, where it is remembered how their ancestor came from Gairloch. Donald Mor Mackay, an elder brother of Rorie the the piper, spent a number of years in Gairloch, and assisted his brother in the office of piper.

In the following winter—probably early in 1610—Kenneth, Lord Mackenzie of Kintail (son of Colin Cam), who had lately obtained a charter to the Lews, and had been raised to the peerage, from his new possessions, landed at Torridon. John Roy's growing power had revived the old jealousy of the Kintail family, and Lord Mackenzie had determined to slay him. John Roy's sons strongly dissuaded their father from going to Torridon, fearing that he might share the fate of his father, but he determined to go, and to go alone. He requested his sons to follow him, and to keep watch, but to do nothing until the morning of the following day. Towards evening John Roy arrived at Torridon, and was hospitably received by Lord Mackenzie. He and his men were drinking and making merry far into the long winter night. At last they resolved to retire to sleep. It was in a barn where their couches of heather were prepared. John Roy would not lie down except on the same bed as Lord Mackenzie. He lay quite still as if asleep. After a while a man came in, with his dirk drawn, and asked Lord Mackenzie if he should stab John Roy. Lord Mackenzie replied, "No, you shall not befoul my bed; let be until daylight." At daybreak a man came hurriedly into the barn, and told his lordship that there were

TWELVE BIG MEN AND A PIPER

on the Ploc of Torridon, putting the stone and playing other Highland games, and that one who seemed to be the chief of them was so tall that he had the head above the whole of them. Lord Mackenzie got up and went out in some alarm. No one knew who the men were, until Lord Mackenzie asked John Roy. John Roy said, "They are only my boys come to see if I got safe over the hill." It was a hard winter, and the snow was deep on the mountains. Lord Mackenzie then told John Roy that he had been thinking to do him harm. John Roy said, "If you had had the supper you intended, you would have had a dirty breakfast." When the young men saw their father they told the piper to play; they came up to where their father was and took him away with them. They went over the shoulder of Liathgach, and the piper played all the way to the top of the hill without a halt. Then they made their way homewards, and reached their house in Eilean Ruaridh without mishap. The man who was a head taller than any of the others was Alastair Breac, second son of John Roy, and his successor in Gairloch. The piper was Donald Mor Mackay, brother of John Roy's piper Rorie.

THE TERRIBLE FEUD

between the Glengarry Macdonalds and the Mackenzies of Kintail came to a head during John Roy's life. He was not involved in the warfare, and it is unnecessary to give any account of it in these pages. During its blood-stained progress Alexander MacGorrie and Ranald MacRory, allies of Glengarry, made an incursion to the district of Kenlochewe, and there meeting some women and children who had fled from Lochcarron with their cattle, attacked them unexpectedly, killed many of the defenceless women and all the male children, and killed and took away many of the cattle, houghing all they were unable to carry along with them. At this time Kenlochewe seems to have still formed part of the Kintail possessions.

Later on we find that the lord of Kintail was staying on a visit with John Roy at his house in Eilean Ruaridh in Loch Maree. There is some confusion or obscurity in the dates, but it seems certain that this visit was after the incident at Torridon; it shows that the enmity between the Kintail and Gairloch Mackenzies

On the Ewe.

was now at an end, and we hear no more of it.

When the M'Leods were finally expelled from Gairloch, and all the fights to be recorded in our next chapter were over, John Roy applied to the crown for a "remission" for himself and his sons for their lawless conduct during the struggle, and this was granted by King James VI. on 2nd April 1614, in a document now in the Gairloch charter-chest, which gives John Roy and his sons credit for "much and good benefit to His Majesty's distressed subjects."

John Roy acquired some properties in the part of Ross-shire towards the east coast, partly in right of his mother and partly by purchase. He built the first three stories of the tower of Kinkell, and no doubt himself resided there at times. He was a shrewd and prudent chief, frank and hospitable, and (notwithstanding his necessarily imperfect education) a good man of business. He greatly furthered the interests of his people and of his own large family.

He died at Talladale in 1682, in his eightieth year, and was buried in the chapel his son, Alastair Breac, had erected in the old churchyard of Gairloch.

JOHN H. DIXON, F.S.A., Scot.

HIGHLAND PRIDE AND FIDELITY.

THE character of the Highlander of Scotland is, like his origin, a complex one. A blend of the various races who struggled for supremacy at the dawn of history in Britain, he has not altogether been uninfluenced by his surroundings, and this latter fact has undoubtedly contributed towards the forming of a character at once original and peculiar.

Prominent amongst his many characteristics are those of racial pride and unswerving fidelity, engendered in him, no doubt, as a result of centuries of warfare, coupled with the fact of the ease with which he could trace his descent, no matter how poor, to the earliest times, to some half-mythical Celtic warrior; of his habit of living in small communities almost cut off by nature from the outside world; of the hereditary contempt with which he regarded the "Gall," or stranger from the plains; of the absolute need of union and mutual help in face of a common foe; and of the intense love he bore towards his home and family.

Setting aside the two world-wide known qualities of the Highlander—hospitality and undaunted valour in battle—we come to those two which form the subject of this essay:

"Highland pride!" Have we not heard these words uttered again and again, both by those who are cognisant of their true meaning, and by those, the ignorant and unread ones, who would scoff at them? Highland pride, as we know it, is not that foolish empty, vain, self-conceit, which is so often wrongly called pride. It is the healthy self-respect, the fact of being able to look back on a line of ancestors, and being able to say, "though poor, our parents and grandparents were honest," or "our forefathers were fearless, loyal, and true, let us never disgrace them," which constitutes what Highland pride really is. Many a Highlander has been prevented from doing some mean or low act through this same pride. "What will they say of me or my race if I do this?" is the question the Gael asks himself. Who, indeed, has not heard the pathetic story of

JAMES MOR MACGREGOR,

son of the renowned Rob Roy, who, when an exile in France, and reduced to extreme destitution, was offered a free pardon and a lucrative employ by the Government if he would betray another fugitive named Alan Breac Stewart, answered, "I was born a Highland gentleman, and can never accept that which would make me the disgrace of my family, and the scoff of my country."

To the Highland soldier of the old days, that which he dreaded most, to which he infinitely preferred death itself, was the "posting up" of his name on the kirk door of his native town—a thing only done in cases of disgraceful conduct in barracks or in the field. A soldier who incurred this penalty, shunned by his comrades, and not daring to return to his native countryside, generally sought and found a speedy end to his misery on the battlefield.

It is recorded that when

THE BLACK WATCH,

the first Highland regiment to be formed, was embodied in 1743, King George expressed a desire to see a Highland soldier. Two privates, Gregor MacGregor, commonly called "Gregor the beautiful," and John Campbell son of Duncan Campbell, of the family of Duneaves in Perthshire, were chosen to appear before the King. After having performed the Lochaber, and Claymore exercises to His Majesty's complete satisfaction, they each received a guinea, which however they gave to the porter at the palace gates, as they went out! the King had quite forgotten that, although they were private soldiers, they were Highland gentlemen.

But not always do we see Highland Pride exercised in the right direction. It is said that at the rising of 1715, the Earl of Mar, the

"ROBBING JOHN" OF HISTORY,

called an assembly of all the chiefs and gentlemen of his army. To this the chief of the MacLeans haughtily replied "that in that case, the whole of his clan, some 800 men, would have to be present as they were all Highland gentlemen"; and it required all the tact and

persuasion of the leaders of the Jacobite force to prevent a schism in the already too small army.

Had it not been for this same pride, the Battle of Culloden might have had a different ending. The Macdonalds, who claimed the post of honour on the right wing of the Jacobite army, an honour they had had since the day of Bannockburn, were, through an oversight, put on the left of the line. Their honour and pride were slighted, they refused to charge at the critical moment; "but," to quote from Drummond Norie's *Life and Adventures of Prince Charles Edward Stuart*, "the chivalrous

ALEXANDER OF KEPPOCH,

true Highland gentleman that he was, had no thought of turning his back on the Sassunach, and finding, much to his sorrow and mortification, that his clansmen refused to advance, he went on alone to meet a hero's death in front of the foe. It was then that he is reputed to have exclaimed in his anguish 'My God, have the children of my tribe deserted me!' He had not gone far when a musket ball struck him to the earth. A captain of Clanranald's regiment, Donald Roy MacDonald, ran quickly forward to assist the wounded chief, and endeavoured to persuade him to return, but Keppoch positively refused to listen to such a suggestion, and once more moved towards the English ranks. He only proceeded a few steps when he was again hit, and he fell mortally wounded among the heaps of the slain." But still, even at the sight of their chief being killed before their eyes, the MacDonalds remained immovable, and they ultimately retired towards Inverness without having fired a shot.

A story told by Col. Gardyne in his splendid history of the Gordon Highlanders, shows very well the lofty

PRIDE OF THE HIGHLAND CHIEF.

Speaking of the raising of the Gordon Fencibles in 1793, he says:—"The forming of flank companies excited no little jealousy among several of the Highland officers, especially one young chief who had no conception when he brought four score of his clan as volunteers, that they were to be disunited, and said in the mess room, 'If the commanding officer dared to draft any of his men to other companies, he would order his piper to sound his gathering and march them all back to Lochaber; that his men were gentlemen, and he would not have them associate with "bodich nam brigis" (carles with breeches).' It had to be explained to him that his men were now soldiers and must go to whatever company they suited, and that a court martial might prove a disagreeable commencement to his own military career."

To show what height Highland pride is capable of soaring, the following tale is perhaps as good an example as may be found anywhere. One of the

MACNEILLS OF BARRA,

named Rory the Turbulent, who lived in the reign of James VI., and who came of an old family in the Western Isles, famous for their antiquity, their valour, and their vanity, had a herald who proclaimed in Gaelic, daily, from the summit of his castle:—"Hear, ye people, and listen all ye nations! MacNeill of Barra having finished his dinner, all the kings and princes of the earth have liberty to dine."

Surely, indeed, Highland pride can go no further. As the Sassunach has it—

"——— that race of high-born beggars,
The MacKenzies, MacLeods, and Macgregors."

Nevertheless, this pride of race and of family, whether for good or bad, has always been and always will be one of the most prominent characteristics of the Celtic race, and will last until that race dies away in the vistas of the the centuries yet unborn.

THE FIDELITY OF THE GAEL,

which we now turn to, has always been a strong element in the Celtic character, and never did it shine forth more conspicuously than in that romantic but ill-fated campaign of 1745-6. The story of the Highlander who was captured by the Hanovarian troops when in charge of a horse known to have been sent as a present from some Jacobite noble to Prince Charlie, and who, when he was to be granted his life and liberty if he would divulge who had sent it, refused to do so, and was consequently executed, is only one example of many, showing the unshakeable fidelity of the Gael during those troublous times.

It was during the wanderings of Prince Charlie after the fateful battle of Culloden, however, that the fidelity of the Gael appears in its strongest light.

WITH A SUM OF £30,000,

an untold amount in those days, on his head, the Prince, for a period of over five months, lay at the mercy of any Highlander who might be base enough to betray him, and so secure the enormous reward. But not a man did so, unless we except the attempt made by a half-starved Lowland gipsy boy, who, when the Prince was wandering in South Uist, happened to chance on the royal fugitive's hiding place, and went straight away and informed a party of militia who happened to be near. Luckily, his dirty appearance and manners were such that nobody believed him, and he was laughed at for being a fool.

We cannot do better than quote what Drummond Norie in his *Life and Adventures of Prince Charles Edward Stuart* has to say with reference to the reward of £30,000 offered for

the Prince's capture. He says, "what a fabulous sum this must have seemed to the poorer Highlander, to whom money was a rarity, and a pound Scots (one shilling and eightpence) quite a little fortune; and even to those of the highest rank whose rent rolls rarely exceeded £500 per annum, how enormous the reward must have appeared, and how tempting the ease with which it might be gained. To the everlasting honour of the Gael, the reward was never earned, "Nior leigeadh Ni Maith!" said a Highlander who knew where Charles was hidden, when he was told that, as sure as the sun was in the sky, he and his friends could make themselves wealthy for life if they betrayed the secret of the Prince's hiding place, "Ochan! ged gheibheamaid an saoghal mu'n iadh a'ghrian, cha bhrathmaid ar n-oganach Rioghail gu brath!" (Goodness forbid! alas! should we receive the world, around which the sun revolves, we should never betray our royal youth,!) and again, when Donald MacLeod, who had helped the Prince to escape from Loch Boisdale, was captured by the Hanoverians and brought before General Campbell, that officer tried to explain to him how he might have made himself happy and contented for life by betraying the Prince, and so gaining the Government reward. To this, however, the old Highlander replied, "what then, thirty thousand pounds! though I had gotten't I could not have enjoyed it eight and forty hours. Conscience would have gotten up upon me, that money could not have kept it down, and tho' I could have gotten all England and Scotland for my pains, I would not have allowed a hair of his body to be touch'd if I could help it."

Perhaps in no other country in the world could such extreme loyalty, undying fidelity, and faithful devotion to a Prince who had brought nothing but disaster in his train, have been possible!

But with the Highlander, his fidelity was bound up, so to speak, with his laws of hospitality, which were as sacred to him as they are at the present day amongst the Arabs and wandering tribes of the Sahara.

"Bheirin dha cuid oidche ged robh ceann fir 'na achlais" (I would give him a night's fare although he had a man's head under his arm) is a Gaelic saying which means more than is apparent at first sight, preserving as it does the memory of the story of how

MACGREGOR OF GLENSTRAE

sheltered the murderer of his own son, and unable to violate the sacred laws of hospitality which he had extended to the murderer when in ignorance of the deed that had been done, even aided him to escape from the vengeance of his pursuers.

Thus we see that the Prince, having received and having partaken of the hospitality of the Celt, was as safe in their hands as it was possible to be, considering the fact that the whole country was swarming with the enemy's troops.

The Highlanders took it as their absolute duty to exercise all the means in their power to enable him to escape out of the country scathless and free. For had the Prince been captured in their country, they would have regarded it as a reflection on their character, on their fidelity, and on their strict laws of hospitality.

The fidelity of the Highlanders towards their chief was just as unswerving as that towards "Prionnsa Tearlach nan Gaidheal." This fact enabled many of the fugitive Jacobite chiefs to remain in hiding in their own country, often within a mile of the enemy who were searching for them, and to ultimately escape to France, or to remain hidden until the affair had blown over. To take a remarkable instance of this tribal devotion, we have the case of

MACPHERSON OF CLUNY,

who, in his "cage" on Ben Alder, lay securely hidden throughout the troublous period following the Battle of Culloden. At one time, indeed, a large force of the enemy under Lord Loudoun lay encamped within a short distance of the "cage," and it was only due to the extreme caution and secrecy of Cluny's clansmen that the Hanovarion General never had the slightest suspicion that such an important fugitive was so near. In Stevenson's *Kidnapped* we have a vivid description presented to us of this chief in his hiding place. It was in Cluny's "cage" that Prince Charlie found welcome, rest and shelter just before his departure from Lochnanaugh for France.

In conclusion let us take yet one more instance of devoted loyalty on the part of the clansman to his chief. After the rising of the '45 was over, Stewart of Ardsheal, who had led

THE STEWARTS OF APPIN

throughout the whole campaign, had managed to escape to France after Culloden. He was of course attainted and his property forfeited by the Government. Nevertheless, during the whole time he was an exile in France, the rents of his estates were regularly paid to him, through his natural brother, "James of the Glen," by his devoted tenantry, who thus, poor though they were, and notwithstanding the fact that they were already paying one rent to the Government, managed somehow to find a second rent for their beloved chief.

Such an extraordinary instance as this of devoted fidelity is, in truth, indeed fit to rank amongst the noblest acts of the human race.

IAIN H. MACKAY SCOBIE (Lieut.).
Upper Burma.

Men of Letters.

. JOHN SMITH, D.D., Campbeltown.

[By FIONN.]

ho was one of the most accom-
s of his day, was born at Croft
iorchy, in 1747. Having studied
:y, he was licensed in 1773, and
i settled as minister of Kilbrandon,

It was while minister of this
e translated Alleine's "Alarm to
ted" into Gaelic. It is said that
ie translation chapter after chapter
ners, and caused a deep awakening
a. The work was published in
/ear before this he published his
iquities," or old Gaelic poems
to English. He became minister
)wn in 1781, and two years there-
iblished "A View of the Last
. He translated the prophets from
lachi into Gaelic. This translation
l, however, as too poetic and not
iteral, and it was revised and altered
, especially Isaiah, by Dr. Stewart
. The original MS. of Dr. Smith's
lation of the prophets is still extant,
t was made by Rev. Donald Masson,
burgh, some thirty years ago, to
me printed by subscription, but the
ipport was not forthcoming. At the
:he Synod of Argyll, a body to whom
ich indebted for our ecclesiastical
ature, Dr. Smith revised and corrected
metrical version of the Psalms, which
hed in 1787. From the University
:gh he received the degree of D.D. in
l in that year he published his
na," regarding the authorship of which
:ontroversy has arisen. "Sean Dàna"
i to the world as the originals of the
anslated into English and printed in
Antiquities" in 1780. The question
elic scholars has been—How much of
Sean Dàna" are the work of Dr. Smith
for he was an excellent Gaelic scholar
mean poet.

mith gave the following account of his
Dàna," or ancient poems, in 1780:
pieces were found of no inconsiderable
though few of them either entire or un-
ted. What seems in this case the most
l expedient was to collect from different
rs as many oral recitations as possible, in
to supply the defects and rectify the
kes of the one by the help of another.
the materials were collected, the next labour was to compare the different versions, to strike off several parts that were manifestly spurious, and bring together some episodes that appeared to have a relation to one another. It might be unnecessary, if candour did not require it, to mention the unavoidable necessity of throwing in sometimes a few lines or sentences to join the episodes together and to lead the reader through a breach which must otherwise have remained a hiatus."

In the preface to his "Sean Dàna," in 1787, Dr. Smith writes as follows:—"The following poems contain many examples of whatever is beautiful or sublime in composition; but, being collected from various quarters, they may in some places appear, perhaps, inelegant and abrupt; it being sometimes necessary to take half a stanza, or perhaps half a line, from one version to join to as much of another. As the poems were for the most part taken down from oral recitation, frequent mistakes may have been made in the proper division of the lines, and in the assigning of its due quantity to each. As those who recited ancient poems took frequently the liberty of substituting such words as they were best acquainted with in the room of such as were more foreign and obsolete, a few words which may perhaps be considered as modern or provincial may occur in the course of their compositions."

When the controversy regarding the "Authenticity" of Macpherson's Ossian raged, Dr. Smith, with evident fellow-feeling, wrote as follows in January, 1798:—"With regard to the degree of liberty used by Mr. Macpherson in his translation, it is a point on which it is difficult to decide. With better materials and superior talents, his execution was far beyond anything I could pretend to; but I am convinced from experience that he must have followed the same process. He must not only have used a discretionary power, or critical acumen, in combining and arranging the scattered parts of poems—as was done by those who collected the books of Homer—but he must have also used his judgment in comparing one version with another, selecting or rejecting words, lines, and stanzas, now from one and then from another, in order to make one correct version from which he would make his translation. He may have sometimes added here and there a connecting line or sentence, or may have, perhaps, cast one away without deviating in the main from the spirit, sense, and sentiment of his author; but the exact degree of liberty which he took can hardly be ascertained. Different versions of the same poem were very widely different from their having been recited for ages by different persons and in different places; so that, without having the translator's corrected version of the

original, the translation may not exactly correspond with any single version that may now be found. From having compared the original and translations from a few passages and parts of poems many years ago, the impression that remains upon my mind is that the liberty taken is no more than I thought allowable; and I am persuaded that it would have appeared to be still less if I had the translator's own version."

In 1787 Dr. Smith published "A summary view and explanation of the writings of the Prophets." He published in 1791 a work on Isaiah, in 1798 a life of St. Columba, in 1801 a free rendering of the Psalms into Gaelic—adapted to Christian worship—in 1805 "A general view of the Agriculture of the County of Argyll," and in 1805 "Lectures on the Nature and End of the Sacred Office." He also published in 1808 a volume on Family Prayers in Gaelic and a collection of Gaelic Hymns. Dr. Smith married, in 1783, Helen MacDougall, and had two sons and three daughters. He died on 26th June, 1807.

SALM XXIII.

(From Dr. Smith's Christian version of the Psalms).

'Se Dia m' fhear-iùil 's mo bhuachaille,
Cha dual do m' anam dì;
A Spiorad 's fhocal stiùraidh mi,
'S bidh fhreasdal dlù gu 'm dhìon.

Aran na slàinte bhèir e dhomh,
Is deoch do'n uisge beò;
Is bheir e mi gu tearuinte,
Gu fois air neamh fadheòidh.

M' anam, ma theid air seachran,
Bheir e air ais a rìs;
Seòlaidh e mi le caomhalachd
'Na shlighe naomha fhìor.

Ge d' shiubhlam trìd ghlinn dorcha bhàis,
Cha bhi orm geilt no sgà;
Is tusa, Dhia gam neartacha',
'S gam fhurtacha' le d' ghràs.

Ge b'olc le m' naimhdibh dheonaich thu
Do m' anam lòn gu pailt;
Am chridhe chuir thu aoibhneas àrd,
'S niom gàirdeachas gun airc.

Mar so, an cian a bhios mi beò,
Mealam do thrcòair chaomh;
'S an deigh a' bhàis, mo chònuidh bhuan
Bidh shuas a' t-àros naomh.

THE BADGER'S CAVE.

(A Tale of the Rising of 1715.)

CHAPTER IV.

AND now as the young laird was expected at Bracklyn Castle in a few days, it became indispensable that the cavalier should, without loss of time, remove to his new habitation. But how was this to be effected? With the aid of a crutch he was, indeed, able to walk leisurely the requisite distance. But by day he dared not quit his present concealment, while after night-fall it would be impossible for him to find the cave, the entrance to which even in daylight was not to be discovered without a guide. To obviate this difficulty, Ellen had recourse to the following expedient. Among the current dogmas of the popular faith, one of the most universally received was this, that some time before the death of *notable* persons—occasionally for years before that event—their *taish*, or fetch, or ghostly double, made its appearance; or, as it was usually expressed, the person "*walked.*" The evidence for the fact was ample and satisfactory, it having been attested by at least a score of witnesses on the testimony of their own senses. Many were the men, and not a few the women, who, returning home before cockcrow from far or *late-wake*, or other jovial *occasion*, were ready to take their oath at the table of the Presbytery of the bounds, that they had seen the veritable and venerable laird, in his customary suit, cocked hat, ample brown wig, flapped and flowing vest, one pair of silver buckles glancing like twin stars at either knee, and another, broad and bright like the harvest-moon in duplicate, glittering on his instep, with his gold-headed cane in hand, pacing slowly along the highway, or up and down the banks of the Keltie, or amid the clumps and avenues of the castle "policy."

Now, while as a consistent peripatetic, the *taish* made thus nightly free with the *form* (or visible *species*) of his corporeal constituent's habiliments, these same habiliments *in substantialibus* lay snugly sconced and neatly folded in the interior of their owner's wardrobe, one of those picturesque articles of ornamental furniture to be found in castles of that time, made of yew, elaborately carved and exquisitely finished with the knife. From this dormitory, after a repose of years, they were by Ellen dragged forth to the light of day and secretly transferred to the haunted chamber;—whence duly arrayed in them, the young cavalier nightly issued forth to take the air round Bracklyn Castle, and to rehearse his character of *taish* in preparation for his *flitting* to the cave. The statagem succeeded to the very wish of its fair contriver. Never before had the old laird *walked* so regularly or so visibly. Never had supernatural fact more ample or more authentic attestation—for it no longer rested as before on the dixit of some "dazed and daundering body," returning homeward at untimeous hours, and who could not be plenarly *assoilzied* of barley-bree. "Douce and sponsible" men, whose sobriety and veracity were beyond impeach, including in their number a decent ruling elder of the Kirk, solemnly affirmed it as a fact of ocular perception, "con-

descending on" the minutest particulars of time and place, and all agreeing to a tittle in their specification of dress and gait and personal appearance—more especially as to the fact that the old laird walked feebly, hobbling slightly as if lame, and leaning heavily upon his staff, signs which the village authorities in ghostly science unanimously interpreted as betokening the speedily approaching death of the bed-rid veteran.

For weeks nothing was talked of at kirk, or smithy, but the laird and his *taish*. If their occasions called them to pass near Bracklyn Castle after dark, the boldest spirits of the parish "held their breath for a time;" felt a sensation, resembling an incipient ague, creep heavingly along the goose-skin of their fell of hair; and adhering with mathematical precision to the very middle of the road, with sundry quavering attempts at getting up a tune to keep their "courage cheery," they maintained, eyes now right and now left, a sharp look-out in suspicious places.

His reputation being thus fairly established, the coast was clear for the *taish* himself. He was a privileged pedestrian, and might at any hour of the night proceed without obstruction to Uamh-nan-broc. But alas! ghost as he was, he could not find his way to it by instinct or by intuition: and it was not according to rule for a *bogle* to be seen "keeping company" with a brace of buxom damsels in their teens and still "in the body." But there were link-boys of his own kind and kidney—the frisky fraternity of *spunkies*—and it being a case of moral necessity, our two friends thought it not robbery to make themselves *pro loco et tempore*, and without the formality of an election, free of this ancient incorporation as amateur and honorary members. —Arming themselves, accordingly, with "*bouets*" duly prepared for their purpose, divided into compartments by means of paper variously coloured,—upon a "*mirk monunday*" night in February, 1716, they placed themselves at proper stations in the line of march, and skipping lightly to and fro, now approaching, now receding, turning now the dark side of their lanterns, now the bright, flashing now a greenish, now a bluish flame, trailing now their glow-worm lamps along the ground, and anon, like meteors, shooting high in air,—while to the panting *taish* they showed the way as lady ushers to his new abode, to the awe-struck gaze of the uninitiate spectator they seemed a troop of devilettes doing their infernal disport on the braes, or along the marshy margin of the moors, and at length sinking suddenly into the ground or descending sheer to devildom through some sulphureous scissure in the rocks that rimmed the glen.

Sadly forspent and sorely out of wind was the poor taish ere reaching the glen, screwing his laborious way round rock and precipice, forcing a pass "thorough bush and thorough briar;" and finally, in imitation of his guides, creeping cautiously on all-fours along the dark and tortuous passage to the cave, he found himself all at once in the interior of Uamh-nam-broc.

Exhausted as he was, he could not refrain from lively exclamations of astonishment and delight at the scene which now presented itself. The light served dimly to reveal the grandeur of the last natural chamber into which he had been thus abruptly ushered, while enough remained in shadow for imagination to shape and fancy into something still more spacious and magnificent. Nor when its tenant had time to explore his dwelling somewhat more at leisure, was he sparing in his expressions of admiration, or in his acknowledgments to his fair protectors, for the ingenuity as well as the considerate attention displayed by them in its internal arrangements and economy, in which, not his safety merely, but his convenience and even his amusement, during the term of his inhumation, appeared to have been most sedulously consulted.

There was, however, one inconvenience attending the place of his concealment. It was of very difficult access, being situate in the very wildest and most rugged portion of the glen. It was, in consequence, scarcely practicable to transport thither daily the supplies of food that would be required for the use of its inhabitant. And, besides, it was not expedient to incur the risk of drawing attention to the spot by making frequent visits to it, or to its immediate vicinity. For this purpose, therefore, it was found necessary to select another cave, at some distance from Uamh-nam-broc, but to which there was, from the latter place, a secret access, by a wide sinuous fracture, which extended along the whole length of the precipice, though entirely hidden from view by an overgrowth of brushwood. From this cave it would not be difficult for Drummond to transfer to his principal retreat, after night-fall, the provisions daily brought him by his fair purveyors. This second cave was but a few yards above the rude bridge which spanned the principal Fall, and was that point in the glen which, though not perfectly, was yet the most nearly equi-distant from the residence of the two friends,—from Bracklyn Castle on the north side of the ravine, and from the Manse which lay in the valley to the south-west, about half-a-mile farther off than the castle, the advantage of greater proximity on the part of Ellen being compensated for by the necessity of crossing the dangerous bridge over the Falls in order to reach it.

(To be continued.)

OUR MUSICAL PAGE.

THE following beautiful song is the composition of the late Archibald Campbell, Lochearnhead. The bard was born in 1804, and died at Lochearnhead in 1885. He was gardener to Sir W. Macgregor, Edinburgh, for many years, a position which the bard's son now occupies. A selection of his poems was published by Messrs. Johnston & Hunter, Edinburgh, in 1851. The following is one of the prescribed songs for the "Orain Mhóra" Competition at the forthcoming Mòd to be held at Rothesay in September next. A. C. WHYTE.

FEASGAR LUAIN

(A SUMMER'S EVE).

Key C. *Moderato.*

: .s : d'. d'	d' : —.r' : m'. r'	d' : —.s : l, s :—	d', t : l., s — : s.	
Air feasgair	luain 's mi	muigh air chuairt,	An gleannan	uaine neòineanach;
: .l : s, .m	r : —.d : m. s	l :—.l.(l) : s., m	d., m : r., d : d.	
'S mi bhi 'm	shìneadh air an	luachair Bruadair		mi 's bu neònach leam;
: .d : m. s	d' : —.r' : m'. r'	d' :—.s.(s) : l. t	d'., m' : r'., d' : d'	
An rìbhinn	uasal, is mò	buaidhean A bhi		cluaineas còmhladh rium;
: .t : l. s	m : —.l : s. m	r :—.d.(d) : m. l	s., m : r., d : d	
Is nuair a	mhosgail mi o'n	tùirneal Bha mi		tùirseach, brònach dheth.

O, cha robh ann ach faileas faoin,
Cha robh mo ghaol-sa còmhla rium;
Nuair shaoil mi i bhi dlùth do làimh,
O, b' fhad' a thàmh o m' chòmhradh i.
An rìbhinn ùr, do'n d' thug mi 'n ùidh,
Dh' fhàg brùite, tinn, fo m' chòta mi;
'S mur faigh mi còir oirre le cinnt,
'S i chill is àite-còmhnuidh dhomh.

Gu cinnteach càirear mi 's an uaigh,
Ri luaths mur dean thu tròcair orm;
'S mi 'n ceangal aig do ghràdh cho buan
'S nach dualach dhomh bhi sòlasach;
Oir ged a shiùbhlainn deas is tuath,
Mu 'n cuairt air an Roinn-Eòrpa so,
Cha 'n 'eil bean eugais ann do m' luaidh,
Am beus, an uaisl', 's an spòrsalachd.

Cha 'n 'eil bean eugais ann do m' ghràdh,
No té bheir bàrr am bòidhchead ort;
Bho chrùn do chinn gu sàil do bhuinn,
Ro chumte, grinn, gun lòdalachd;
Cha 'n 'eil cron cumaidh ort r' a luaidh,
'S gu bheil do bhuaidhean còrdadh rium,
'S bidh sàr dhaoin'-uaisl' ag òl á cuachaibh
Slàinte bbuan an còmhnaidh dhuit.

Is ged do chuir mi cuibhrionn slos
A réir mo mhiann, an òrdugh dhuit,
Cha chuirinn crìoch, a chaoidh, le rian,
Ach gann, air trian de dhòigheannan;
Ach fhir a dh' imicheas mu'n cuairt
Na ceil mo dhuan, ach fòghlum e,
Do'n mhaighdinn, 'chunnaic mi Di-luain
Anns a' ghleann uaine, neòineanach.

THA MULAD, THA SGIOS ORM.

The following melody and song are from "Orain na h-Albann," by Finlay Dun, where it is stated that the words were composed by the widow of one of the Breadalbane Foresters. The melody is here given stripped of the slurs which had evidently been added for the purpose of making it suit English words, and in what is probably its native original simplicity.

C. M. P.

Gleus G.

: l,	r : r : m	s : s	
Tha	mulad, tha	sgìos orm,	
: m. m	l : s : s	m : —	
'S mi	nìos ris an	stùc;	
: s. m	r : r : l	s : m	
'S mi	'g amharc na	frìthe	
: d. d	m : r : r	r : —	
'S tric	dhìr - ich mo	rùn.	

Anns na ghuin thu 'n damh ploeach,
'S t' uilinn chlì air do ghlùn;
'S i 'n obair bu dual duit,
Is bha suairc air a chùl.

'S tric a dh' fhàg thu mi 'm chodal
'S mi gun airtneul, gun ghruaim,
'S a thug thu 'm boc biorach
As an fhireach ud shuas.

Agus coileach na géige,
Seal mu 'n éireadh an sluagh;
Ri ceòthran na maidne
'S tric a leag thu 'n damh ruadh.

Nuair bhios mnathan a' bhaile
Ri aighear dhoibh féin,
'S ann bhios mise 'nam chrùban
Agus tùchan 'nam bheul,

O nach tig e d' am dhùsgadh,
Am fear 'gan robh an cùl réidh;
Ged fhaighinn gu m' roghainn,
'S tu thaghainn roimh cheud,

The Celtic Monthly:

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WILLIAM HENRY GREGG, SEN., St. Louis, U.S.A.

SOMEONE has said that it is only when a Scotsman leaves his native land, and settles in some far-distant clime, that he first appreciates at its true value his Scottish nationality, and develops a passion for its language, dress, music and literature. The hundreds of Caledonian Societies, under a variety of names, which flourish in the United States, afford abundant evidence that the statement is not lacking in truth. That the Scot in America is proud of his name and descent is well illustrated in the case of the subject of our sketch this month, Mr. Wm. H. Gregg, of St. Louis, Mo. His ancestor, Captain James Gregg, went from Ayr, to near Londonderry, Ireland, in 1690, and along with other fifteen families, emigrated in 1718 to New Hampshire, America, where they founded the town of New Londonderry, which was at first called Nutfield. Captain Gregg commanded a body of Militia, who fought several engagements with the Indians.

Major Samuel Gregg, great-grandfather of Mr. W. H. Gregg, served in the British Colonial Army during part of the French War, took part in the Cape Breton Expedition, and was present at the siege and surrender of Lewiston, and was major of the New Hampshire Militia during the Revolutionary War. His brother, William Gregg, was colonel of a U.S. regiment in the American Revolution, and held an important command under General Stark at the battle of Bennington.

Five generations of Mr. Gregg's ancestors married ladies of Scottish descent, his father, Mr. John Gregg, who settled in Palmyra, Wayne County, N.Y., about 1822, being the first to marry outside the Scots circle, his wife being Miss Anne Wilcox of Palmyra. He was engaged in the iron business, and in 1846 came to St. Louis, where he died shortly afterwards.

His son (in whose career we are at present more specially interested) at 15 years of age entered the employment of his uncle, Mr. M. N. Burchard, and after filling several situations, became, in 1854, partner in the firm of Warne & Merritt. Two years later he was admitted a member of the firm of Cuddy, Merritt & Co., who did a very large rolling-mill and iron-furnace construction business. In 1867 Mr. Gregg assisted in organising the Southern White Lead Coy., of which he was president, and which proved a most successful enterprise, its business connections extending to every State in the Union, as well as Canada and Mexico. In 1889 the stockholders sold their interest to the National Lead Coy. In November, 1889, he retired from the organisation, and although he still owns considerable stock in various concerns, he takes no active part in business.

Mr. Gregg usually spends his summers at St. Louis or Penetanguishene, Canada, and the winters in Florida, where, on board his yacht "Orian," he devotes much of his time to his favourite sport, angling, and has written a very interesting and handsome volume on the fishes peculiar to this famous angling resort.

Mr. Gregg was married on November 21, 1855, to Miss Orian Thompson, and has two sons and three daughters. The sons, Mr. Norris B. Gregg, and Mr. Wm. H. Gregg, Jun., are respectively president and vice-president of the Mound City Paint and Colour Coy. His daughter, Miss Clara J., is married to Mr. Charles M. Hays, the well-known president and general manager of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Coy.

For the past ten years Mr. Gregg has been engaged upon a most exhaustive and authoritative work on the "History of the Family of Gregg," which disturbs considerably many accepted theories in early Scottish history. This great work is expected to be published in a few months. To avoid any chance of misquotation in the many references which he makes, the author has had engraved about 250 *fac-similes*, taken from old and rare works. In this and many other respects it will be a unique contribution to Scottish history, and all the more remarkable when it is remembered that the author's family have been exiles from Scotland for over two centuries. EDITOR.

Young Mamore.

By Torquil MacLeod.

Chapter XIV.

The Man with the Little Red Eyes.

Young Mamore knew that the gipsy, in leaving the room with these strange words of farewell, had made two very serious requests. And by the suddenness of his disappearance he also knew that the gipsy meant him to lay the words seriously to heart without asking any questions. Some men's suggestions are weightier than other men's reasons, and Leathersole was essentially a man of suggestions.

So, after thinking the whole matter over, Young Mamore determined to go to Camus in the afternoon, and he determined to take Leslie with him.

The memory of his last visit was still fresh in his mind, and he was ill at ease when he thought of the Bonny Jean. But Love is not to be put by, and the more the man thought of her, the faster did his heart beat.

At two o'clock, Alastair and Leslie were on the beach at Linnhetown overhauling the tackling of the boat. Leslie was babbling away, as a boy will, when the prospect of a sail is before him.

"We'll have a fine reach across, Alastair. If I were a man like you and had a boat, I would like to take the Hoolet for a sail. Do you think she'll be at home to-day? She's got very red hair, and I would'nt like to have red hair, but she can beat me at running a race any day. Of course she is ever so much older. That's the reason. And doesn't she call fearfully like a Hoolet? When I was in yon smelly place in Edinburgh where Mr. Barsillie lives and heard the Hoolet calling, I thought it was Katie Graham. Won't that be a fine thing to tell her about?"

"You must say nothing about that to anyone here, Leslie. If you are asked how you liked your trip to Edinburgh you must say you enjoyed it very well indeed."

"Why?"

"Because I say so."

The boy was a little crestfallen, but he had an implicit faith in Alastair, so he replied,

"All right, Alastair. Although I had a horrid time with Mr. Barsillie, it was a grand trip all the same. But hullo! here's Leathersole!"

And the gipsy came down the beach.

"Ha! do you think the wind will hold, Leathersole?" cried Alastair.

"Ay, the wind will hold, I'm thinkin'. I cam' doon to see if ye wad gie me a sail across. I hae a man to see at Camus-na-gaul, and I got a sicht o' ye as ye gaed by the door."

And he jerked his head in the direction of the house with the jutting-out window at the head of the Quay.

"Of course. Jump in, Leslie," said Macdonald. For the boat was already afloat. "You don't often cross the loch, Leathersole?"

"Whiles," replied the gipsy, with an immovable face until Leslie had jumped into the boat. Then he looked at Alastair and let the eyelid fall gently over his right eye. Young Mamore saw it, and nodded gravely.

When they were half-way across, and the boy was busy amusing himself forward, Leathersole, without looking at Macdonald, said,

"He's back again."

"Is he?" said the steersman, as he looked up at the sail.

"Ay—he cam' back the day."

"He's in a hurry. I hope he's quite well." And the conversation stopped.

When they landed, the gipsy went along the road by Camus-na-gaul, while Young Mamore and Leslie Forbes went up to Camus House.

They were shown into the long sunny drawing-room, where presently Jean Graham joined them. She was drest in a simple white muslin gown with crimson roses at the waist. Evidently she had come straight in from the garden, for she was swinging a large sun-bonnet by the strings. Moreover, she had been running, for her cheeks were full of fresh colour, and her breath came and went in little catches, as if she had not taken time to recover herself.

"Oh, it is you two. I did not know."

She said it without blushing, and shook hands very demurely, first with Leslie and then with Alastair.

"I hope you have recovered from your adventure last week," said Alastair rather clumsily. Like most big men, he was utterly unable to invent small talk.

"Ah! it is for you I ought to ask, Mr. Macdonald. I do hope you were none the worse of your dreadful wetting. Men are so very reckless."

The girl looked at him with a twinkle in her eyes, for she knew that the way to make him ill at ease was to compel him to talk about himself.

"I? Eh . . Ah . . I never take any harm from a wetting, Miss Jean. It was a pleasure to assist you. Leslie and I went off for a holiday next day."

"So I heard. And you never told us. Kate was furious when she heard that the Peesweep had taken wing without even a cry across the water."

Leslie sat twirling his bonnet in his hands,

wishing all the while that he was outside in the sunshine.

"We came across to tell you that day, but somehow in the excitement of the adventure we forgot."

"I am afraid I did not thank you sufficiently for all your kindness," said the girl, flicking an invisible speck of dust from the sleeve of her gown, and blushing at the memory of her annoyance.

"I needed no thanks, I assure you," Alastair was saying, when the door opened, and Graham of Camus came in with a young man.

"Ah! it is Young Mamore and his satellite. How are you, sir?"

And the old gentleman shook hands with Alastair.

"Allow me to present you to my friend, Mr. Quin, who has come to stay in our neighbourhood for a few days."

And Alastair bowed to a young man, who, he noticed, had red hair, little red eyes set close together and deep set in a thin yellow face. Even as he bowed Young Mamore remembered Leathersole the gipsy, and blessed him.

"Yes," continued the old gentleman, "Mr. Quin brought a letter of introduction from an old friend of mine, and we have just been discussing the neighbourhood in the library." The library window, Alastair remembered at that moment, looked out on the sea. "Indeed we were speaking about Mamore, and I was telling Mr. Quin about you and your satellite here. Very strange you should just appear. Very strange. Most curious. Eh, young Leslie Forbes, how are you?"

"Quite well, thank you, sir."

Then the old gentleman, after staying to converse with the company for some time, excused himself, and retired again to the library.

So the conversation went on. Mr. Quin said little, but kept looking from one to another, never letting his little red ferret eyes rest for two moments on the same place.

Alastair Macdonald also said little, but he started to gaze at the red-haired young man until he succeeded in making him feel the penetration of his gaze.

"Are you having a profitable holiday, Mr. Quin?" said Young Mamore at last.

"A very pleasant holiday. I like your romantic neighbourhood, and have been once up as far as your fine old place in the glen."

Mr. Quin smiled, and Alastair could have told from the manner of his smile that he was a friend of Simon Barsillie.

"Then you have some interest in the Castle Mamore! It is very good of you, and I do hope you got good light to see it in."

Alastair bowed.

Mr. Quin looked at him for a moment, as if he was trying to see behind Young Mamore's expressionless face. Then he too smiled and said quickly,

"Yes, I am greatly interested in old houses."

Here he looked at Leslie Forbes, as if to contradict the statement that had just fallen from his lips.

"Mr. Quin was telling us before you came in," remarked Jean Graham, "how much he would like to see through Castle Mamore."

Alastair looked at her, but she was gazing straight before her out of the window. He wondered how much or how little she meant by her remark.

"Yes," said Mr. Quin. "I hear you have some fine old tapestries."

He was looking at Leslie again.

"It is most kind of you to be so interested. Are you under any engagement this evening?"

"I—I rather think I am," said Mr. Quin, with a look of disappointment, and another glance at Leslie. He could not stand the steady stare of Young Mamore.

"Oh, I am sorry. Then we will not have the pleasure of seeing you at Castle Mamore this evening?"

"No, not to-night; but some other time I shall be most charmed. You have been in town lately?"

"Yes. Leslie and I went up for a few days' jollification."

"And did Master Leslie enjoy his stay?" asked Mr. Quin, quite sure of putting the little lad in a close corner, and thus getting some revenge out of Alastair Macdonald for his questions.

"Yes, thank you, very much indeed," replied the boy quite frankly.

The red-haired young man's eyes flickered for a moment, and then he replied,

"That was right."

Jean Graham had been listening all the time to the conversation, which she thought just a trifle formal. She had a vague sense of something theatrical in the air, and could almost have imagined that the two men were playing at a game. So she proposed they should go out for a little before tea, as it was very close within doors, and the next moment Jean Graham, Young Mamore, Mr. Quin, and Leslie Forbes were walking along the winding woodland path.

When Mr. Quin saw Young Mamore and Jean Graham together, a glance at the tall Highlander's face was enough for him. Alastair's eyes were full of lovelight, and he walked on in front with the Bonny Jean swinging her sun-bonnet by the strings at his very side. This girl was not afraid of her complexion.

The very artlessness of her as she walked beneath the shady trees seemed to him a wonderful thing. The fresh colour of her cheeks, the shadowy depths of her brown eyes, the glint of the sunbeams in her hair, the pose of her dainty head, the redness of her lips, the clear-cut outline of her face against the green—it all seemed a miracle to Young Mamore striding along at her side, tall and handsome himself, yet having no thought for anything but the beauty of his fair white-robed companion. It was the miracle that has made men forget, ever since the world began, and will make them still forget when it comes to an end.

"Miss Jean," said he, "I thought the last time we were over, I had offended you in some way or other."

"Did you?"

The girl laughed unnaturally, and looked along the path.

"Yes, but if I did, I feel somehow to-day that you have forgiven me."

"Why, there was nothing to forgive."

And she plucked a leaf from her red roses and threw it away.

They walked on in silence for a little then, and the man, in the obliviousness of his love-dream, did not see that the silence was embarrassing the girl at his side.

So she said hurriedly,

"I think we should go back now, Mr. Macdonald."

But when this man meant to go forward there was no making him turn back. So he paid no attention to what she had said, but simply looked down at her with something very like hunger in his eyes. She did not see the look, or her life might have been different. He was like a man who wished to unburden his soul of something, and could not find the words. So he simply said,

"Jean."

Then they both stood still, as if struck by a bolt. For the cry of a hoolet went complaining through the wood not fifty feet from where they stood.

"Oh, that must be Kate!" exclaimed Jean Graham, with a world of relief in her voice. And the next moment Kate Graham came plunging through the wood and joined them in the path.

But at the call of the hoolet Young Mamore thought of Leslie Forbes.

He remembered.

Turning round, he looked as far back as he could along the woodland path, but there was no one to be seen. He looked down at Jean Graham, but she was calling by this time to Kate. So when the Hoolet came bounding up to them, Alastair simply said,

"Have you heard the Peesweep calling, Kate?"

"No, he must be forgetting our bargain. He is a bad Peesweep."

"We must go back at once and look for him."

"Yes," laughed Jean Graham, "let us go back by all means and look for Leslie and Mr. Quin."

Mamore glanced down at her when he heard her careless laugh, and his heart smote him, for he read in the words that came so glibly from her lips an answer to the question that he had not put, and he saw that his presence had evidently become a burden to her.

They went back, but neither Leslie nor Mr. Quin could be found. They had not been at the house. They were not down at the jetty. And they had not returned from the wood.

"I must find Leslie at once," said Alastair, with an alarm that astonished the two girls at his side. "Kate, call like a hoolet as loud as you can, and at once."

And there was something like command in Young Mamore's voice.

Then the sound of a *Toohoo-hoo-hoo* went through the wood. Again and again, but when they stopped to listen, there was no answering cry.

"Call again, please," said Mamore, and his face was full of anxiety.

"*Toohoo-hoo-hoo*" said the Hoolet again, and once more they listened.

"There he is, the dear Peesweep!" cried Kate.

"Thank God," said Alastair.

And they all went down the wood in the direction of the sound.

"*Peesweep, peesweep,*" came up to them again. And presently they saw two figures coming through the trees towards them. The one was Leslie Forbes, and the other was Leathersole.

"Why, where is Mr. Quin?" enquired Jean Graham. And her suspicions were confirmed at once.

"What a white face you have got, Peesweep!" said Kate.

Then Leslie laughed very much like a boy who does so in order to keep himself from crying.

But Young Mamore said nothing. He stood looking first at Leslie Forbes and then at Leathersole, as if for an explanation. His face was set hard like a flint.

"Where is Mr. Quin, Leathersole?" asked Jean Graham.

"Maister Quin! Oh, I met in wi' Leslie and him doon by in the plantin' there. Maister Quin, he trippit on the root o' a tree and gied himsel' an ugly gash on the heid, puir fellow,

So he askit me to tak' Leslie up here and mak' his excuses for no' comin' up himsel'."

"But is he still down in the wood?"

"Hoot, no. Come this way, Miss."

And Leathersole led them to a place where they could see across the loch. There was a small boat with one man in it rowing slowly out from the shore.

"Yon's Maister Joseph Quin, and I fear he's awa hame wi' a sair heid."

On the way back, Young Mamore was silent as he steered the boat across the blue waters of Linnhe. Leslie was attending as usual to the jib sheets. Leathersole had told Alastair already of the tussle with the red-haired young man, whom he had watched decoying Leslie down to the shore. Gentle measures had failed, so the gipsy had to take other means of teaching Joseph Quin a lesson. It was of all these things the two men at the stern of the boat sat silently thinking as the waves of Linnhe danced round them on every side.

When they jumped ashore the gipsy whispered to Young Mamore,

"I blamed ye yon time for the buiks. But this time it's no sae easy. For she's a bonny lass."

And with that he disappeared.

(To be continued.)

THE SCOTO-IRISH RACE.

[THE following interesting note has been sent us by Mr. W. H. Gregg, St. Louis, Mo., U.S.A., which we have pleasure in printing.—EDITOR.]

Extract from the Address of Governor William M'Kinley, later President of the United States, to "The Scoto-Irish Society of America," at their Fifth Annual Congress, at Springfield, Ohio, May 11th, 1893. Governor M'Kinley said in part:—

"With the conflicting theories of those who delve into the musty past, we need to trouble ourselves but little. The Scotch-Irishman comes of mighty stock—that we know—descending from those who would fight, who could die, but never surrender.

Celt and Saxon in him are combined, after each has been tempered and refined. The Celt made his stand as a racial individuality in the extremities of Western Europe. Hence he issued forth as a colonist and missionary. Taking up his abode in the Lowlands of Scotland, he became subject to Angle-Saxon influence. The blood of the North Britons mingled with that of the Celt from the Green Isle, and with that of the ancient Pict. The result of this commingling of blood and local environment was the Lowland Scot, even then possessing characteristics distinct from the Highlander and the Irish Celt. The Lowlander re-crossed the narrow sea to Ulster. His going marked an epoch in the history of civilisation. The tragic history of Ireland has been for centuries food for racial hate. In this land, at least, however, the irremediable past should not be a matter for quarrel, for who of us can say that naught of wrong tarnishes the history of his race?

Scot though the Ulsterman is proud to call himself, yet is he also re-transplanted Celt."

Judge John C. Miller's poem is, in part, as follows:—

"This is the race who with Milesius came
To the far Western Isle, and laid their claim
To all its emerald hills and sea-girt shore,
The name of Scot their banners proudly bore;

"And when its borders they had all possessed,
Their eager, untamed spirits knew no rest,
But fondly yearned for other lands to gain,
And sought for other vict'ries to attain.

"They boldly crossed the swelling flood again
To ravage hapless Caledonia's main;
From all its peaks, from Forth to John o' Groat,
With pen of sword the name of Scotland wrote,
And then to Scotia Major, Erin now,—
They turned again, and with the peaceful plow,
Made newer conquests upon Ulster's soil—
The soldiers had become the sons of toil.

"There they took on another form of life,
In arts of peace, and knew no hostile strife,
Save of the Church within whose walls they bowed
In prayer, with lordly priests and Pontiffs proud,
With one hand on the Word, the other grasped
The plow, or the swift shuttle firmly clasped,
Till woeful want to peace and plenty grows,
And wasted Ulster "blossoms as the rose."

"This is the race which from its northern hive
Hath sent its countless swarms to live
On all the wide domain of mother earth;
Their hardy deeds in every land gave birth
To a new name—Scotch-Irish—they are called,
They fought for liberty where men were thralled
In either Church or State; in every land
Where freedom sought its birth they formed a band
Of equal men, whose only Lord was God,
Whose only servant was the soil they trod.

"To fair Columbia's happy land they brought
Their best of blood and brawn and thought,
And in the ranks with other peoples fought,
And side by side with other peoples wrought,
To wrest the country from the savage beast,
And men more savage still, until from East
Unto the farthest West the smiling field
Harvests of golden grain was made to yield.

"Where erstwhile was the forest dark with shade,
The swamp, the canebreak, and the everglade,
Here they their lowly cabins built, and reared
To God their humble shrines—to them endeared
By many mem'ries of the olden time—
When to that far-off land, that far-off clime,
The church which stood on every countryside
Was more to them than all the world beside.

"This is the crudest picture of a race
Which hath with all men fully kept apace
In pious deeds, and in affairs of State,
In science, art, and all that makes men great,
On every field of battle lie their bones,
In every forum's heard their honeyed tones,
In every shop their talent fruitage bears,
In every excellence their genius shares.

"All hail, Scotch-Irish! Lift your banners bright
(The Scottish lion on a field of white),
And in the fav'ring breezes float them high,
Wherever 'neath the over-arching sky
One of your race doth live. Then 'twill be found,
Throughout the globe encircling wide around,
As in the thick'ning storm the snow-flakes are,
Your banners glist'ring white fill all the air."

BLAR NA FEITHE.

CHA n' eil cnoc na gleann, mòinnteach na tràigh, bagh na bogha tiomchioll, na air feadh Chairinis an Uidhist-a-tuath nach 'eil an sgiala fhein aca air a bhlar fhuilteach sin ris an canar "Blar na Féithe," gus an latha 'n duigh. Tha e air aithris dhuinn gur e thug an t-ainm sin dha gu robh féithe, a bha 'na còmhnard ionad a bhlair, dearg le fuil nan gaisgeach a bha comhrag mu bruaich, agus 'se Féithe na fola s' ainm dh' ise mar an ceudna. Chaidh am blar iomraideach so a chur eadar Clann Domhnuill Uidhist-a-tuath agus Clann 'ic-Leoid na h-Earradh aig an am a bha neart a dol thar cheart ach cha b'ann mar sin a thacair air an latha ud. Chaidh ceart le neart, mar a chluinneas sibh mu'n criochnaich an sgiala ghoirid a bheir mi dhuibh mu thiomchioll. B'e Iain Domhnullach, Mac Iain 'ic Sheumais a bh' air ceann nan Uidhisteach; a thacair a bhi, aig an am anns an d' thainig na h-Earraich a thogail na creich, le dhaoine ann am Beinn-a-faola, Duthaich Mhic-'ic Ailein. 'Nuair a chunnacas na h-Earaich a tighinn tha e air innse dhuinn gun do leig a mhuime, ris an cannte Nic-Coiseam, aon sgal aisde a chuala Mac Iain 'ic Sheumais ge b'e cearn' san robh e do Bheinn -a-faola. Thuig e mar a bha chuis agus thug e ordugh teann dha dhaoine iad a dheanabh air an fhaoghal cho luath sa ghiulaineadh an casan iad, cho fad sa bhiodh an làn cho iosal 's gu faigheadh iad thairis orra. 'Nuair a rainig iad a Chaigionn, eilean a tha mu meadhon na tràigh, a tha dealachadh an dà àite bho cheile, chunnaic iad smuid air a cur suas an Teampull na Trianaid an Cairinis, a bha aig an am ud an dà chuid na Eaglais agus na aite tearmuid bho naimhdean. Aig an tim dheth 'n bhliadhna bh' ann, bhiodh muinntir na duthcha le'n cuid chruidh is chaorach air airidhean sa mhòinntich, ach beagan a bhiodh air fhagail air son math na bhiodh aig baile. Bha e cinnteach gur ann air a' mhoinntich, a chuireadh a chuid bu mhodha dheth na h-Earaich an aghaibh, chuir e chuid dhaoine ga'n cuideachadh sin agus rinn e fhein direach air an Teampull, a snàmh gach linne, bha gle liomhmhor ann san t-slighe, gus do rainig e talamh tioram. Na chaidh a mach taobh na moinntich dheth na h-Earaich choinnich iad fein 's na h-Uibhistich a cheile aig eilein beag a bh' air an traigh, buidhionn air gach taobh dheth 'n eilein. Thoisich an iomairt 'sa chòmhrag. Na h-Uibhistich a buannachd gach ceum 's na h-Earraich ga 'n call, agus tha mise gle chinnteach ge b'e bhiodh ga 'n amharc gu'm faiceadh e sealladh nach biodh furasda leigeadh air dhi-chuimhn. Tha Eilein-na-comhraig mar ainm air an eilein sin aig an linn a thainig agus tha mi creidsinn gu'm bidh aig gach linn a thig. B'e Mac Dhomhuill Ghlais an ceannard a bh' air ceann nan Earrach, agus dithis bhraithrean dha na luchd oifig fodh laimh, agus b'e fear dheth 'n dithis so a bha treorachadh nan daoine aig Eilein-na-chomhraig. Ach rainig an gaisgeach treun, gun eagal, an Teampull aosda, a tha ri fhaicinn an duigh le thuraidean arda 's le bhallachan laidir, a toirt dulan do gach seorsa side thug ionnsuidh mhin agus gharbh orra bho na chaidh an cur suas agus tha mi gle chinnteach nach be sud latha bu lugha bhiodh aca ri innse na' m biodh cothrom labhairt aca. 'Nuair a rainig an t-Uibhisteach foghainteach fhuair e Mac Dhomhuill Ghlais 's na chum e aige dheth dhaoine stigh san Teampull, 'se gabhail a chuibhrionn gu roiceal de dh' fheoil na h-aona mhart aig a' bhanntraich bhochd, Nic Coiseam, agus e g' radhtuinn ris fhein mar a thuirt an' duine saoibhir "ith ol agus bi subhach" ach 's beag a bha dh' fhios aige gu de bha feitheamh air, no co bha muidh ga eisdeachd. Thuirt fear dheth n' chuideachd a bha stigh, a toirt dulan do Dhia 's do dhaoine, 'se togail crioman do'n fheoil, "ithidh mi so" ars esan "air bailcais na Trianaid." 'Se thug air sin a radhtuinn gu ro cosamhlachd na Trianaid air a gearradh ann an cloich ghlais air ceann an Teampuill agus b'e sin a thug "Teampull na Trianaid" mar ainm air. Thuirt Mac Iain 'ic Sheumais 'se freagairt a muidh "theid mo lamhs iomrall 's cha b' abhaist dhi e, ma ni thusa sin." Chuimsich e saighead a steach thromh tholl a bh' air a bhalla 's bhuail e os cionn na sùl e, 's thuit a cheann gu aghaidh, sa lamh gu chùl. Dh' fhag na h-Earraich gach aite dion, teine agus biadh, thug iad farsuinneachd an raon orra agus cha b' ann gu banais. Bha gach fear a bh' aig baile, 'san eilean air bruchdadh a nuas do'n chomstri gach aon le bhogha 's le chlaidheamh gus cuimse lamh agus neart ghaordainean fheuchainn air a luchd creich.

Bha nis na thoisich aig Eilein-na-chomraig, na bha san Teampull, agus na bh' air cruinneachadh dheth na h-Uidhistich, nan aon mheall, bad air bhad air an leathad sin air an' thugadh Leathad a bhuailte mar ainm 's cha robh ioghnadh ged a bheireadh. Bu daor a phaigh na h-Earraich air tighinn a dh' iarraidh a ni nach d' fhuair iad, bha iomadh closach air fhagail marbh gun deo air feadh na h-àraich dhiu agus tha 'n duslach air measgadh an diugh ri uir nach robh duil aca. Ann an teas a chath chaidh saighead ann am' bonn Mhic Iain ic Sheumais 's chruinnich mnathan a bhaile ga toirt as, 'sa seinn oran cianal le guth ard mun cluinneadh a chuid ghaisgeach a ghearain 's gu meataicheadh e am misneach. Gheibhear pairt dheth 'n oran sin ann 'san' leabhar urramach sin "An t Oranaiche." Chual e 'se san ionad sin, gu robh Mac Dhomh-

Wm. H. Gregg

uill Ghlais air teicheadh 's dh'eigh e Mac Iain Mhoir à Iolaraidh a leigeadh air a thoir, 's rug an ceatharnach sin air aig bord locha 'sa mhoinntich, 's mharbh e Mac Dhomhuill Ghlais, agus mar a tugadh as e tha e sin fhein fhathast. 'Se locha Mhic Dhomhuill Ghlais a theirear ris gus an latha 'n diugh.

Chaidh fear eile dhiu mharbhadh air raon a bhlair aig an am san robh Mac Iain 'ic Sheumais air a leon, Dh'iarr e mathanas air an laoch a bha toirt na buaidh air, ach chaidh innse dha nach robh mathanas ri bhi ann 's Mac Iain 'ic Sheumais na shineadh. Dh' fhalbh na h-Earraich am bristeadh, 'san ceannard air thoisich, dh' fhiach esan ri teicheadh gun fhios ga fhalach fhein bho bhearradh a chladaich ach chaidh a mharbhadh le seann duine bha g' iomain spraidhe air an traigh a tha dealachadh eilean a' Bhaileshear bho Chairinis agus tha Oitir Mhic Dhomhuill Ghlais mar ainm air an aite sin mar chuimhneachan air gniomh euchdach a' bhodaich. 'S iomadh gniomh gaisgeil a chuala mise 'ga innse aig seann daoine nach 'eil beo n' duigh ach cha cheadaich tim dhomh innse aig an am so. Tha aon ni cinnteach mun chuis, se sin a chuid a thill dhetli na thainig a thogail na creiche, cha b'e chreach, ach sgiala nan creach a bh' aca 'tilleadh.

RUAIRIDH MAC AOIDH.

AMONG THE FARTHEST HEBRIDES.

WE had left Tobermory sleeping quietly in a bath of sunshine, its well-wooded bay looked cool and green, reminding one of Isola Bella, so transparent is the atmosphere and so brilliant the summer light in the western islands. High overhead a Marconigram receiver—if that be the proper scientific term—casts its reflection on the smooth waters, beneath which divers are zealously seeking the treasures of the Armada, thus strangely do the centuries jostle each other. Over against us are the dark hills of Morven with their sweet reminiscences of a Highland Parish, where a family of famous Scottish preachers spent their happy boyhood. Rugged Ardnamurchan stands boldly forth, the type of the happy warrior steadfastly battling against storm and oppression—a cloud of spume by day, a warning beacon by night to warn and direct the erring mariner. Our antiquated little cargo-steamer doggedly thrusts her blunt nose through the great green waves, and puffs and pants on her nine-knot course with the plodding determination of struggling talent. After passing the low-lying islands of Coll and Tiree, there arise to the north the weirdly-shaped outlines of Eigg, Muck, Rum and Canna, with the blue hills of Skye in the distance. We are out of the track of commercial shipping, so there are no giant liners, no picturesque "windjammers," nothing but a row of blue-pointed hills showing up against the western skyline, like the smoke-stacks of giant warships sailing hull down. These are the distant Hebrides,—rightly considered, a range of mountains raising their rocky heads above the green twilight of the sea to offer a precarious foothold to a few hardy humans, and a peaceful abode to countless myriads of sea-fowl. The solid land we are slowly approaching is Barra, the chief of a little group of islands, one of which, Muldoanich, guards the entrance to Castlebay and is uninhabited save by flocks of those hardy sheep whose fleece provides the famous Harris tweed. Another little island,

VATERSAY,

lying to the south of Barra, has recently been invaded by a few starving crofters, who have dared to seek here the smiling tillage which the larger island denied. Standing in the middle of the bay of Castlebay, is a little rocky islet surmounted by an ancient keep, in whose shadow the seal and the sea-mew listlessly enjoy the pleasures of digestion, and in the waters around are moored fishing-boats of every type to be met with near our shores. Rising almost from the water's edge is Mount Heaval, whose cone of a thousand odd feet looks more imposing and majestic than many a peak of greater altitude situated in a hilly country. The strong odour of fish offal proclaims this to be no gilt-edged abode of touristry, yet it is an interesting land well worth our closest scrutiny and observation.

The traveller who finds his way to the rocky island of Barra has many surprises awaiting him. At first he fancies himself in Galway, with its primitive cabins and emerald fields of immature oats. The inhabitants, too, are Irish in appearance and Roman Catholic in religion, only a few families being Protestant. Again, the wiry hill-ponies with pack-saddles and fish-creels filled with stores remind one of the Pyrenees and the Spanish muleteer. These ponies, sure-footed as goats, are well adapted for climbing the rocky pathways of an island where there is but one well-made road. The cows watched by some aged dame or tethered to a little patch of pasture no bigger than a parlour floor, recall similar scenes among the fiords of Norway, and the Norwegian character is further emphasised by the wooden fish-curing sheds planted along the shores of Castlebay.

THE STUDENT OF FOLKLORE,

if he be acquainted with Gaelic, will learn from the people many a quaint legend of brownie and kelpie, and the antiquary may here observe the ancient implements of husbandry in vogue

more than a century ago on the mainland, when the sickle and the flail, the spindle and distaff, were important and necessary adjuncts of household life.

Words are powerless to describe the exceeding poverty of the soil. Green grow the rashes everywhere, a sure token of insufficient drainage or of sour bogland. The sole crops are oats and potatoes, these latter being grown in trenches called "lazy beds," a mode of culture that obtains where the depth of soil is such that the spade instead of the plough must be employed. Fields of rye and barley are to be met with in the west, where the wind-blown sand, mixing with the soil, offers a suitable habitat for these cereals. Old and young climb the hills to dig the turf which forms their fuel, or to cut the wild mountain grasses for their only cow, whose existence must be as exiguous as that of her human owners. The bed-rock crops out everywhere, forming islands of desolation in the midst of very tiny lakes of scanty tillage. On this stony ground the grain springs up as rapidly as that spoken of in the Evangile, and is as soon withered up by the fervent heat of the sun. Fields of golden marigold are beautiful to the æsthetic observer, but are less satisfying to the hungry crofter. No pleasant

WAYSIDE BLOSSOMS

charm the sight or woo the imagination, none but the ill-weeds that grow apace to vex the weary husbandman, the burdock, dead-nettle, dodder, and all manner of tares fit only to be bound into bundles and cast into the fire. There are no trees except in tiny glens, where attempts at afforestation have proved abortive. Every available foot of ground is tilled, but there are still many waste places gay with sparse heather, bog asphodel, and snowy canna.

To compensate for the poverty of the soil, Providence sends annually to these shores, shoals of the finest herring. What gold is to Klondyke, the herring is to Barra, and especially to Castlebay, the chief centre of population in the south of the island. These large and beautiful fish are too dear for home consumption, but, when cured, are shipped to Russia and Germany, where they are almost as expensive as caviare. It is somewhat surprising to hear the inhabitants of this wind-swept island speak as fluently of marks and roubles as we might of shillings and sixpences. The fishing begins about the first week of May and lasts through the summer, for July marks the close of the harvest. The prices of the herring vary according to the quality of the fish and the abundance or scarcity of the catch, but, when we observe that the high-water mark is something over £4 per cran, it will be understood at once that the consumers are not moujiks. Fishermen from all parts of the kingdom congregate like gulls to collect these shoals of silvery beauties, and disappear as mysteriously when the waters cease to yield their harvest, so that naturally much of the wealth returns with the strangers, and the island is not greatly benefited thereby.

Although the geographical names undoubtedly point to an epoch when this was the home of

FIERCE NORWEGIAN JARLS,

there is very little trace of Teutonic admixture in the Celtic inhabitants of to-day. The people, though poor, are bright and hospitable, and are endowed with a large share of that charm of manner which seems to be the birthright of all Celtic races. They appear very tenacious of their mother tongue, for one seldom hears English except among the strangers whom trade has brought to the island. During the winter the women and children are left to guard the tiny garth, while husbands and stalwart sons migrate to the shipbuilding towns on the Clyde, or earn a living as sailors on the large liners, but they never forget the stone cabin, for they always endeavour to send some of their small economies home to keep away the ever-baying wolf. It is no unusual thing to enter into conversation with the simple-minded peasant and find that, having seen all the world's famous beauty spots he prefers to end his days in the surroundings in which he first saw the light, and for which he experiences a heart-hunger we city-bred people wot not of.

The western shores of the island are very beautiful, with the jade waters of the Atlantic dashing in constant fury or murmurous fret on sandy creek or everlasting rock, but the winter storms have raised up dunes of sand, which threaten to overwhelm what little remains for man to cultivate. The artist will find this a dreamland of fairy-mist and divine colour, and the social reformer will find here many a moral wherewith to adorn his platform oratory.

Glasgow. J. P. PARK.

ANE MULCTURE OURT IN THE AIRD.—1616.

[By ARCH. A. CHISHOLM, Lochmaddy.]

OF HARDSHIPS under feudalism of which the people in Scotland complained, servitudes of many sorts on account of meal mills were part, and of these the negligent and outrageous conduct of millers with the exactions of multures, knaveship, bannock, lock, gowpen, etc., were among the worst features. Persons raising corn on certain lands were astricted or compelled to grind it into meal at particular mills, except what they might keep for seed. Out of the corn a proportion, at some mills one-tenth,

and even more, was taken by the mill owner as ferme or rent multure, whilst further quantities as knaveship, etc., were deducted by the miller and his servants, from the often too scanty grain of astricted and afflicted suckener. A mill then was a specially valuable subject, controlling the production of the staple food of the district, and one of the things which made property in land the most desirable of acquisitions. Usually the miller was a man of great local importance; his financial stability as a surety passed into a well-known Gaelic proverb; and he, his wife, and daughter, are enriching characters in old song and story. Instances occurred, where, from different causes, mills got out of working order and unfitted to grind the corn thirled to them, and then astricted parties taking their grain to be ground at other mills paid multures there as well as to their astricted mills, which did not and could not grind for them; and should people sell corn unground, they were liable to be haled before a Baron's Court and punished for defrauding the millers of their dues, and the millers could insist upon suckeners being put on oath and telling how much grain they had given as food to cattle, and even to their fowls. Happily, none of those abuses have been noticed in connection with the particular mills to be referred to now.

At Carnaghlaish, near the east end of the parish of Kiltarlity, an old Fraser place of assembly, Thomas Fraser of Struy sat in judgment as Baron Bailie for Lord Lovat. The afterquoted Decree by him shews that a suit disposed of by him was occasioned by default of the principal miller of the mill of Bruiach and another new mill built on some other part of the district which was thirled to the Bruiach mill. Hucheoun Fraser of Culbokie, usually called the fourth of Guisachan, rented the mills from Lord Lovat, and re-let them to Hector mac Farquhar, who, it may be assumed, in turn sub-let them to working millers. Who Hector was is not clear; he possibly was one of a race of Monros long millwrights in the Aird, or a Maclean or Mackintosh. Hucheoun was married to Katharine Mackenzie, alive at the time of this suit, a daughter of John roy, laird of Gairloch. The Baron Bailie was, according to Mackenzie's History of the Frasers, the son of another daughter of John roy, also a Katharine, so that the judge was nephew to the complainer's wife. But the defender would be a bold man did he venture to breathe any objection to that family intimacy of complainer and judge. Although the complaint was on account of the mills having been allowed to decay through want of working millers, wheels and stones, and other materials, and was against Hector only, yet the judgment was made more sweeping, and to embrace shortcomings of all future principal millers, and who might be in ignorance of the decree until it should be brought to bear upon them. It is pleasant to be able to infer that the suckeners of Bruiach mills were not expected to pay multures to its farmer in default of the mills grinding their corn, as the farmer alleged he could not pay rent to Lord Lovat unless the mills were properly upheld. For four-and-a-half years default appears to have continued. Then the decree is extracted, presumably for the purpose of being enforced against Hector or some other principal miller equally negligent of "quhellis and stones," and causing "straythe" and damage to Culbokie, by "lying Idell or threw ewill serwice," who proceeded to "Remeid." The record of the episode now available ceases with the extracting of the Act of Court, but one need not feel concerned but that at the hands of Thomas and Hucheoun, Hector, or any other principal miller, got full law and justice.

Follows the document, which is backed "Actis and Statuitas anent the Millis of Bruache & new millis biggit vpone the Suckin yrof," and runs:—

Ane curt Haldin at the Glaskarne of Foynes ye xvj day of Januar 1616 yers be ane noble and potent lord Symon Lord Fraser of Lowat Thomas Fraser of Strwy bailzie The Suits callit ye curt being Le^{l} fensat as vse is.

The qlk Day anent ye Coplent giffin in be Hucheoun fraser of culbokie Fermerar of ye miln of Brwiach and new miln biggit wpon ye Sukin yrof Cotrar Hector mc ferq^{r} in Kiltrlatie principall millar of ye saids millis and vptaker of the knaefchip yrof for Vphalding and Susteny of ye saids millis suffecietlie Yit not ye less ye said millis are abte to decay and is decayit for falt of stones and sik wyr materiallis as ye principall millar awcht to furneis quhairbe ye said Hucheon Fraser of Culbokye is not able to pay my lords fermes of ye saids millis wt owt Remeid be fownd in tyme cu'ing.

Thairfor It is statut and orda'it be ye said bailzie that in all tyme cu'ing ye said Hector mc ferq^{r} or anie oyr principall millar induring yr ryt or possessioun of ye saids millis sall susteine sufficiet millars wt sufficient queillis and stones and wyr materiallis quhilk ye saids millars of ye saids millis wes wont to doe for repearing and vphalding of saids millis in tyme cu'ing. And in caise ye said Hector or enie wyr principall millar sall failzie in doing and vphalding of ye samyn and yat ye saids millis lye idle or ye sukners yrof sall abstract yr cornes yrfrae in defalt of giud serwice The said Hector or wther principalls millars and possessrs of ye said millarschip for the tyme salbe astrictit in all tyme cu'ing to paye ye lose straythe and da'nage qlk ye said fermerars sall susteine threw ye said millars denyit aether be lying Idell or threw ewill service in tyme cu'ing quhairwpon ye said Hucheoun Fraser of culbokie tuik act of curt

Johne Wrycht clerk
of curt wt my hand

29 Julij 1620

That day the Bailye ratefes ye former act abou gaun And ordeins ye sam' to be extrac' & tacun under ye subsn of James Abraham nor pubk vrtr heirof
J Abraham

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications on literary and business matters should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 10 Bute Mansions, Hillhead, Glasgow.

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A MHAIRI BHAN.

AIR FONN—"*Farewell to Fiunary.*"

Fonn:—A Mhàiri bhàn a dh' fhàg mi trom,
A Mhàiri bhàn a dh' fhàg mi trom,
A Mhairi bhàn a's àille com
Cha tog mi fonn o'n dhealaich sinn.

Gur a mis' tha tùrsach brònach,
'S beag mo shunnd ri deanaibh òrain,
S mi ri caoidh na h-ìonaig òig
A's grinne dòigh 's a's geanala.
'Si Mairi bhàn, etc.

'Nuair a thig an geamhradh fuar,
'Sa theannas bainnsean 's tighean luaidh,
Tha cùram orm gu'n toirear uam thu
Ma bhios cuan ga m' dhealachadh,
Ri Mairi bhàn, etc.

Dh' fhàg thu mi gun uaill, gan mhànran,
Mar an t-uan an déigh a mhàthair,
Cha chluinn caraide no nàbuidh
Dé ceann fath mo ghalair-sa.
Mu Mhairi bhàn, etc.

'Nuair a bhios mi falbh na m' aonar,
Bidh mo chridhe tùrsach daonnan,
Aig cho tric sa bhios mi smaointinn
Meud a ghaoil a ghabh mi air
Mo Mhairi bhan, etc.

'S truagh a Ri nach mi bha làmh riut,
'G éisdeachd cainnt do bheòil 's do mhànrain,
'S bhiodh do shùgradh binn mar b' àbhaist
Dhomh na shlàinte mhairionnach.
A Mhàiri bhan, etc.

'Nuair a thigeadh tu na'm chòmhail,
Fiamh a ghàir air t-aghaidh bhòidheach,
Ged a b' fhiach mi miltean òir,
Gur mi bhiodh deònach taruinn.
Le mo Mhàiri bhan, etc.

Cha n' 'eil dubh no bàn mun cuairt,
A bheireadh bàrr ort ann an snuadh,
Tha t-aghaidh fìnealta gun ghruaim,
'S tha cuailein cuachach, clannach
Air mo Mhairi bhan, etc.

Fiamh do ghàire mar ghath gréine
Maduinn shamhruidh n'am dhi éiridh,
Có fear òg nach deònaich speis dhut
'S tu thoirt géill dha leannanachd.
A Mhairi bhan, etc.

Tha do shlios mar chanach mòinntich,
Do dhà ghruaidh cho dearg 's na ròsan,
Mala chaol mar ite n' eòin
'S tha 'n t-shuil a's bòiche sheallas oirnn.
Aig Mairi bhan, etc.

Pearsa dhireach, riomhach, chumte,
Dealbhach, gun bhi meanbh na dumhail,
Troigh a's bòidhche m' brògan dùinnte,
Shiubhlas luthor, faramach.
Air Mairi bhan, etc.

Nàdur ciatach, rianal, rùineil,
Fiosrach, fiallaidh, ciallach, grunndail,
Modhal, socair, tosdach, ciuin,
'S gu cridheal, sunndach, ceanalta.
Tha Màiri bhàn, etc.

'Nuair a rachadh tu do 'n' bhuailidh.
Bhiodh do làmh a sàs 'sa bhuaraich,
Crodh a geumraich, laoigh 'san ruagail
Aoidh ri snuadh na banaraich
'Si Mairi bhàn, etc.

'Nuair a chluinn mi guth na smeòraich,
Seinn gu binn 'sa mhaduinn cheòthar,
Saolaidh mi gu'm bidh cuid òran.
Seinn air doigh mo leannain dhomh,
'Si Màiri bhan.

A nigh'nn òg an leadainn dualaich,
Tha do ghaol an deigh mo bhuaireadh,
'S gur é mheudaich dhut mo luaidh,
Nach faichte gruaim na smalan ort.
A Mhairi bhan, etc.

RUAIRIDH MAC AOIDH.

THE KILT.—Sir,—As a venerable and constant reader of your pages is always on the look-out for what he calls "one of my tit-bits," I send you the following *on spec.* All is not gold that glitters, neither are all *fior Ghàidheil* who wear the kilt. But what of that? Is not admiration the sincerest flattery?

When marching on the 24th June behind 78 Pipers at the Edinburgh Exhibition I foregathered with a podgy little man, with much braid on his tunic. "I have not a Highland name," he said, "but I like the dress. It is healthy. I was 17 years in America, and joined the Caledonian Society."

The Maharaja of Napol admired the kilt, and he recently put the question, "Who are those that are entitled to wear the kilt?" "These are old Princes," was the reply. "Then would I be allowed to wear it?" "Oh yes. Go to a tailor—he will fix you up." The Maharaja did so, and chose either the Buchanan tartan or one equally gay.

In Hawkes Bay, New Zealand, there is a very respectable tribe of Maoris named Kohoon, and these are all dressed in Colquhoun tartan.

Glen Devon. KENNETH MATHESON IX.

CAIVALA OF THE SILVER HAIR.

CAIVALA the Queen was alone. She had fled from the great Dûn up into the hills, and there in a hollow where the summits meet she lay on the heather, the sky and the hurrying clouds above her head, and no sound in her ears save the far-away voice of the sea mingled with the wind-blown silence of the mountains. Here at last she could think: she could try to understand and realise that she who but yesterday was Caivala, the King's daughter, was now Caivala the Queen. She closed her eyes and lived through it all again, scene by scene.

Once more the wild lament rang in her ears, as they laid the warrior King to rest in his cairn on the hillside within the hearing of the sea, him whom the men of Erin had slain. She had stood there silent amid the wailing of the women, her long dark hair falling unbound over her white robe, and in her heart there was a great loneliness, for though she had seen but little of the fighting King, he was her father, and she had no mother, nor brother, nor sister.

The last stone was rolled against the cairn, and then on a sudden there was silence. Caivala raised her eyes, blue as the Highland mountains, and she saw that the women had moved away, and that the warriors and clansmen stood about her.

"Caivala our Queen!" The shout echoed among the rocks.

She turned to the Ard-Druid, who still lingered by the cairn with his band of white-robed priests.

"What does it mean?" she asked.

"It means, my daughter, that they have chosen thee to fill the place of him who is gone. Thou art his child, and therefore thou art the most worthy to rule."

Then they paid her their homage, and she who, for all her youth, had the courage of her sire, promised to sustain their rights, to make their welfare her life's work. With hands uplifted, the multitude then swore a mighty oath to avenge the death of Dûvach their King. Between Alba and Erin there should be no peace or love till much blood had paid the debt of revenge. And Caivala swore with the rest, for she was their Queen.

When the warriors had parted, she remained long beside the cairn with the Ard-Druid, for she was young and she needed the old man's counsel.

"A Queen," he told her, "must live for her people, even as the King thy Sire, died for them. Her life is her own no more, it is the nation's. Dost thou understand, my daughter, thy life belongeth to thy people?"

Caivala felt a vague foreboding creep into her heart.

"May then a Queen have no happiness, no love?" Her voice shook a little as she breathed the last word.

"Happiness and love she may have if it be such as the nation wills," replied the Druid sternly, "but remember this—thou art a Queen first, and then a woman."

There was silence between them. Her head was bowed, her hands clasped on her breast, and the dark mantle of her hair was all about her. He stood by the cairn of grey stones, a white robed figure, old and gaunt. A gentler look had crept into his eyes when he spoke again, and his eyes were fixed on the far horizon.

"We have all of us a destiny to fulfil," he said slowly, "for such is the Law of the Gods. Thy destiny is here to be a Queen—and then—" he pointed to the West, where the sun sank daily into the ocean. And she understood, for beyond the western seas lay the fair Land of the Dead who live again. A new courage filled her soul, she raised her head, the spirit of the warrior King shone in her eyes:

"I will fulfil my destiny," she said, "cost what it may, I will fulfil my destiny." . . .

Thus it was that she lived through it all again as she lay on the heather, with the scent of the bog myrtle all about her, and the sound of the sea and the wind and the silence in her ears.

"I will fulfil my destiny," she repeated, raising herself and stretching her arms upwards in supplication, "ye Gods, ye Gods, grant that it may not be as I fear!" Then with a sudden change of thought,

"Will he come to-day?" she wondered.

As if in answer to the unspoken words a footfall sounded behind her. She turned—it was he for whom she waited.

"Isla! Isla!" The cry of joy broke from her lips. She forgot Caivala the Queen, forgot all save that he whom she loved was here, that his arms were about her, that his eyes looked into hers. She heard him murmur in her ears, and all the world seemed full of golden light, more golden than the rays of the sun, as he hung low over the western sea.

"Caivala, my little love, my little love." But at the sound of her name she started from him, a look of fear creeping into her eyes.

"What is it, little one?" he said, seeking to draw her to him again.

"Nay, Isla, we must end our play," she said, "we have been happy, thou and I, knowing nought of one another save that thou wert Isla and I Caivala and—that we loved. But now we must know more."

"As thou wilt, little one," he replied, drawing himself up to his full height, a magnificent specimen of the dark Celt of the days of Tara's glory. "There is little for me to tell thee. I was reared by lowly people. None knew who had been my father, save, perchance, the old Druid, and he never told. My mother had died when I was a babe—they say she was beautiful. When I grew to manhood, not brooking the quiet life of my foster-parents, I followed Erin's King—"

A low cry broke from her lips.

"It is as I feared," she murmured.

He took her hands, seeking to re-assure her.

"Why dost thou tremble?" he said. "What matters it that I am of Erin and thou art of Alba, and that Erin and Alba are at war! It is not of our making. Come with me, Caivala, come with me to Erin, and thou wilt learn to love our land even as I love it."

But she shook her head.

"I am the daughter of Dùvach, the King, who was slain," she said, "and they have chosen me to fill his place."

At that he let go her hands:

"Caivala the Queen!" he gasped, "and I have dared to love thee: I who am nothing!" Then seeing her distress, he took her hand again, and pressed it to his lips:

"Caivala my Queen," he said, "let me be thy serf, the lowest of thy menials, so that I stay by thee."

Her voice shook as she replied,

"It must not be. We have sworn the vow, and 'twixt Alba and Erin there can be no peace or love till the blood of the King, my sire, has been avenged. Thou must not linger here," she cried in sudden terror; "they will slay thee—they have sworn the vow. Oh! why did'st thou not return with thy countrymen to thine own land?"

"Why? How could I go, and leave my heart in Alba? Caivala! Caivala!" His arms were about her again, and she suffered it, knowing it would be a long farewell.

"My little love," he whispered, "let us forget that thou art Queen, and I but a warrior—we love each other, thou and I—I will make thee happy in Erin—come with me!"

"And leave my destiny unfulfilled? Nay, Isla, it must not be"; and yet she lingered in his arms, for she was but a maiden, and she loved.

The sun had gone down into the ocean as she led him on to the hill-top, and over the silver grey of the quiet waters a path of crimson flowed out from the glory of the sky. They paused a while, the light flowing on their faces. Then she spoke,

"I must fulfil my destiny—here to be a Queen—and then——" she pointed over the western sea. There was silence between them, for he understood. And then without another word or touch of hand she turned and went down the mountain side, and he stood and watched her as she went, with the light of the sunset all about her. He had not asked her to be true to him, for they were both Celts, and he knew that a Celt can love but once.

"—And then—" he repeated, "—and then—"

The light died away and the land was full of shadows. But still he stood where she had left him.

"It is too much—I must see her—I must serve her—I cannot wait till—*then*." He moved at last, and turning strode away through the gathering darkness.

. . . . . .

One evening there was a tumult near the great Dûn, and into the hall where the Queen sat with her maidens burst a crowd of men, cheering their leader, Donal the Black. He held aloft a sword still red with blood, while his eyes gleamed with savage triumph. He was a kinsman of the late King Dùvach, and he would fain win the love of Caivala. Now surely she would look on him with favour! He threw the sword at her feet.

"Vengeance hath begun, O Queen," he cried; "it is I, Donal Dubh, who have shed the first blood, according to our vow."

Caivala rose. Her face was deadly pale.

"Whom hast thou slain?" she asked.

Then several spoke at once, and by degrees she learned that a man of Erin had come to the Dûn in the guise of a serf.

"But 'twas one of Erin's fighting men—we saw it in his look! we heard it in his speech," they cried. He said his name was Isla, he begged to be taken as one of the Queen's serfs. When they charged him with it, he did not deny that he had been one of Erin's warriors, but now he would fight no more, he said. He was weary of battle, he would be the Queen's slave.

"At that I cried 'We want no spy in our midst'" continued Donal, "and I struck him with my sword. He fell crying 'Caivala! Caivala!' whereat, wild that such a one should use thy name, O Queen, I plunged my sword into his heart, and he is dead."

"He is dead!" they shouted, "vengeance hath begun! Let us fling his body to the dogs!"

But Caivala raised her hand, and her voice was steady,

"It shall never be said that Alba stoops to dishonour the bodies of—of those who have fought against her. Build him a cairn, and see

to it that battle arms are laid beside him. I have spoken! Ye may go!"

That night the Queen fled out alone among the hills. When she returned at daybreak her hair was dark no longer. And thus came she to be known as Caivala of the Silver Hair.

She lived for many years, and her rule was wise and kind. Her people prospered, and they loved her. But when they asked that she should take a husband from among the chieftains who sought her hand, she would ever shake her head, and the shadow that dwelt in the blue of her eyes would deepen, though she spoke no word. Age came at last, and then one evening at the set of sun she died amid the mourning of her people.

It happened that at the same hour a shepherd on the hillside saw a wondrous sight. Over the pale amber of the sky he had watched the rosy red spread upwards like a great flame from out the ocean, casting a path of liquid crimson over the blue-grey stillness of the waters. And suddenly along that sunway he beheld a white bark, and in the bows two figures clothed in white, and above their heads hovered a snow-white bird. Swiftly they sped away into the sunset until they were but a shining speck upon the ocean—and lo! there rose before them a fair land with mountains, mystic blue. For one moment only did he see this wondrous thing, framed in the rose-red glory of the west. Then it passed away, and the light died upon the waters, and the shadows crept out upon the hills.

MARY HERBERT.

TEACHING OF GAELIC IN SCHOOLS.

[THE following address, delivered by Mr. William Mackay, Hon. Secretary and Chief of the Gaelic Society of Inverness, at the annual concert held in connection with that popular Society, will doubtless interest many of our readers. At a time when this important topic has become the subject of heated controversy, both in the press and on the platform, Highlanders will welcome such a moderate and practical contribution to the discussion by one well qualified, by knowledge and experience, to speak with authority on the subject. Mr. Mackay's views will, we have no doubt, be heartily endorsed by the large majority of our countrymen.—EDITOR.]

Mr. William Mackay, the chairman, who was very cordially received, said:—In delivering the address which, as the programme tells you, I am expected to open this meeting with, I shall be as brief as I can, for I know that you have all come here with the desire, not to listen to speeches, but to enjoy the rich feast of music and song which is to be placed before you. I wish, however, to refer to two objects of our Society. The first of these is, the cultivation of the poetry and music of the Highlands—(applause). When the Society was founded in 1871, little or nothing was being done to promote the general study of the songs and airs of the bens and glens, and the

FIRST GAELIC CHOIR SEEN IN INVERNESS

appeared on this platform at the Society's first annual concert in July, 1872, when it rendered the first Gaelic song ever sung in this hall, "Ho! mo Mhairi laghach, 's tu mo Mhairi ghrinn." The choir consisted of four or five members, who were got together with difficulty, and who laboured under the disadvantage of having been trained by my inexperienced self; but the thing was so new that the great meeting which filled the hall was surprised and delighted, and, according to one of the newspapers of the day, "even to English ears the strains were sweet, and the words themselves musical in a high degree"—(applause). My object, however, is not to praise the old choir, but to contrast the scene I have recalled with another scene witnessed by many of you in this hall last month, when upwards of 450 boys and girls from Inverness and neighbouring parishes competed in Gaelic song and Highland music to the satisfaction of the experts who judged. When we look at 1872 and again at 1908, we cannot help realising with pleasure the great progress made during the intervening years—(applause).

GAELIC IN SCHOOLS.

The other object of the Society to which I wish to allude, is the cultivation of the language of the Highlands, with special reference to the subject of Gaelic in schools. That subject has during the last few weeks been prominently before the public in connection with the Education Bill at present before Parliament. It is impossible for me in the few minutes at my disposal to enter at any length into the controversy which has during those weeks raged in the press, and so greatly perturbed School Boards and schoolmasters. Principal Macalister, of Glasgow University, the other day delivered an extremely interesting address on the subject, which many of you have no doubt read, and which all of you should read. At this time of day it is extraordinary that we should have to insist on the elementary principle that a child can best be educated through the language which he best understands, and that consequently, in the case of the child whose home language Gaelic is, the proper course is to educate him, to begin with, through that language. The present controversy is not new. It occupied the attention of the directors of the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge as early as the year 1710. That Society after a time accepted the principle which I have stated. The chief purpose for which the

GAELIC SCHOOL SOCIETY

was founded in 1811 was to give more general effect to the principle. In 1824 the Educational Scheme of the Church of Scotland was founded, and Principal Baird and Dr. Norman Macleod—the beloved "Caraid nan Gaidheal," whose son, Dr. Macleod of Glasgow, we have the pleasure of having with us this evening—travelled through the Highlands and Islands, endorsing and enforcing the principle, and urging rational educational methods—(applause). The Gaelic Society of Inverness has, in its many efforts during the last thirty-seven years in the cause of education in the Highlands, acted upon the principle. The deputation appointed by the Comunn Gaidhealach to wait upon the Secretary for Scotland two years ago submitted and emphasised it. It is now fully accepted by the Education Department, which also accepts the view that facilities should be given in schools for reading the language in the elementary stages, and for studying it as a subject of higher education. In short, for some time past the question of Gaelic in schools has

been on a fairly satisfactory footing, if School Boards and teachers would only make a fair use of the facilities at their disposal—(cheers). Recently, however, the Executive of the Comunn Gaidhealach—an association which has done splendid work, and of which I am myself proud to be a member and a trustee—went far beyond the principle to which I have referred, and induced one of our Highland members of Parliament to submit an amendment to the Education Bill which would, if passed, raise serious practical difficulties in connection with the educational administration of many a Highland parish, and which, in some cases, might deprive school boards of important money grants which they could ill afford to do without. I am now speaking as one who has for the last forty years taken a keen interest in the people and language of the Highlands, and who has, for almost as long a period, had a wide experience in educational affairs in the north, and I cannot help saying that it was

A GRAVE TACTICAL ERROR

to attempt to make the teaching of Gaelic in Gaelic-speaking districts compulsory by Act of Parliament, and to impose a severe statutory penalty on parishes which might be unable to obey, or which might—perhaps for sufficient reasons—refuse to be compelled—(hear, hear). The immediate effect of the ill-considered amendment was to place school boards, officials, and others, who are really favourable to a reasonable use of the language, in a position of apparent antagonism to it, and thus to give the cause which the authors of the amendment have at heart a serious set-back. I sympathise with those gentlemen in their enthusiasm for the old tongue, but I do wish that their zeal had been more tempered with discretion, and that it had been more guided by a knowledge and appreciation of the difficulties in the way—the scarcity of Gaelic-speaking teachers, for example—and of the unsatisfactory, nay, in some cases, embarrased pecuniary circumstances of many of the boards which the amendment, if passed, would have affected—(applause). In my opinion the Government acted wisely in opposing the amendment, and in leaving the question of Gaelic to a large extent in the hands of the boards. These boards are the creation of the people, and if in any parish circumstances are such as to demand special treatment of the old tongue, boards can be elected who will see that that treatment is given to it. Many of the boards and teachers are doing good work for the Gaelic in the circumstances which already exist. My hope is that that work will increase and spread, and that greater facilities and privileges will gradually be given by Parliament and the Education Department, without resorting to

PENAL COMPULSION.

The authors of the too forceful amendment made a mistake; but that must be forgotten, and those who are entrusted with the educational interests of the Highlands must remember that, notwithstanding the amendment and its fate, the Gaelic question still remains and must be dealt with with reason and intelligence. Gaelic-speaking parents also must keep in view that the question at issue is not, "Are you for or against the Gaelic?" No Highlander is against the Gaelic. The question for each parent is:—"To what extent ought Gaelic to be taught in the school or schools in which I am specially interested, and what use is to be made of Gaelic in teaching my child English, and in equipping him for his life work?" In the case of many, Gaelic clearly pays. For myself, I confess with gratitude that—apart altogether from the intellectual pleasure and benefit which I have during my whole life derived from it—it has been to me a valuable asset; and I can point to many others to whom it has been equally profitable—(loud applause).

Gaelic Men of Letters.

XI.—Rev. MACKINTOSH MACKAY, LL.D.

[By FIONN.]

THIS well-known author and divine was born in the parish of Eddrachilis, Sutherlandshire, in 1793. Having passed through his usual course, he was licensed to preach in 1823. In the year 1825 he was appointed minister of Laggan parish, where he remained till 1832, when he was appointed minister of the united parishes of Dunoon and Kilmun. Such was his success there that he soon had the Dunoon church enlarged, Kilmodan erected into a separate parish, and two mission churches appointed—one at Toward and the other at Ardentinny. It was while here that he edited the works of Rob Donn, the Sutherlandshire bard, which were published in 1829. He supplied a biography of the bard, which has given rise to much controversy. At the Disruption in 1843 he gave up one of the best livings in the Church of Scotland and joined the Dissenting party. Between 1844 and 1847 he spent much of his time visiting the Highlands and Islands in the yacht "Breadalbane," preaching to the people, and at the same time writing for and editing the Gaelic organ of the Free Church—*An Fhianuis*. Of this publication 37 parts appeared, dating from 1845 to 1850.

During the distress in the Highlands in 1846-7-8, consequent on the failure of the potatoe crop, he brought the condition of his fellow Highlanders before the General Assembly of the Free Church, with the result that upwards of £15,000 was collected for their relief. He also did much in the way of providing bursaries for Highland students, and with the assistance of the Ladies' Society of the Free Church he had a number of schools established in remote parts of the Highlands and Islands. In 1849 Dr. Mackintosh Mackay was appointed Moderator of the Free Church. Some years afterwards he visited Australia where he helped divided Presbyterians to unite. On his return to this country he was called to Tarbert, Harris, where he had a manse and school erected, but finding his strength unequal to the task of ministering to such a charge, he relinquished the living. He died in 1873. Dr. Mackay's abilities as a Gaelic scholar are well known. It was he who completed the Highland Society Dictionary, which was published in 1828. His share in this great work is referred to in the following terms in the "Introduction":—"In its progress through the press it has been superintended and corrected by the Rev.

Mackintosh Mackay, now minister of Laggan, and it is only just to add that in its present form the Gaelic Dictionary is much indebted to his philological acuteness and learning, which have greatly contributed to render it more accurate and complete."

When at Laggan he had the honour of instructing in Gaelic Dr. W. F. Skene, the author of "Celtic Scotland." In 1872 he wrote for Mr. William Mackenzie, of Glasgow, a "History of the Church" in Gaelic, and prepared for the press with great care and scholarship the "Scots Worthies"—"Eachdraidh nam Fiùghanach Albannach"—translated into Gaelic by Dr. Macgillivray—a native of Mull. He also translated a number of hymns into Gaelic, which he published in a little collection called "The Treasure." Dr. Mackintosh Mackay was undoubtedly one of the most accomplished Gaelic scholars of his day.

PASSING MORVEN.

THE following verses were written in 1883 by the late Rev. John MacLeod, D.D., Govan, son of the late Rev. John MacLeod, D.D., Morven:—

Down Mull's dark sound, from port to port,
The vessel holds upon her way:
From green Lochaline's wooded shore
To yonder castle-crowned bay.

And silent, 'mid a motley throng
Of strangers, on her deck I stand:
Watching with thoughts unutterable
The glory of the gliding land.

O land of Morven! dearer far
To me than fairest spot on earth;
O land on which my eyes first looked,
The land that gave my fathers birth.

Scanning to-day thy windy shores,
Although as through a haze of tears,
I feel anew thy wondrous spell,
Rich heir-loom of a hundred years.

I see the kirk-crowned sward of Keil,
The old grey cross against the sky;
The eastward-ordered grassy graves,
Where holy generations lie.

I seem to see in visions fair
The summer Sundays long ago:
The little church—his kingly head
Stooping to pass its lintels low.

I hear the old, familiar sounds
That broke but did not mar the calm;
The clear sweet piping of the lark,
The plaintive cadence of the Psalm.

But past the shores of Achabeig,
By craggy Dhucraig—Achnahaw—
By Savray's beach and wooded knoll
We swiftly sweep and nearer draw

To where the midmost channel reached,
Blest Fuinary I behold once more:
The double gables, flanked with trees,
The gleaming arch above the door.

And ev'ry spot on which I gaze,
From sandy beach to cairn-topped Ben,
Islands and cottage, fields and burns,
Green Fingal's hill, the bridge, the glen:

All—all—to-day, but speak to me
Of that bright past for ever fled.
Of him whose presence haunts them all,
A year past numbered with the dead.

Lo—the "Grey Isles!"—our paddles forge
Through rushing tides a track of foam,
The sullen shores of Mull are reached,
And I once more have lost my home.

"OVER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY."

"Over the hills and far away,"
My thoughts go roaming night and day;
Away beyond the mountains grim,
Beyond the far horizon's rim;
Beyond the dull day's dull routine,
Beyond the sordid and the mean,
My wistful sight for ever strays—
Beyond the daily fret and maze.

Over the hills and over the sea,
Are wonders many and countries free;
I wearily think by day and night
Of lands where ever the sun shines bright;
Of lands where men's hearts seem free from care,
And the burdens less that they have to bear;
Over the hills, away, away,
Nor life nor skies seem so dull, so grey.

Over the hills, in my nightly dream,
I see fair cities whitely gleam;
I gaze on tower and minaret,
On fretted marble; and jewel set
In mosque and temple; and still I crave
For a life o'er the hills and over the wave;
"Over the hills and far away"—
Some spot where the year is always May.

"Over the hills and far away,"
Man's soul goes yearning day by day;
He ever longs for a fuller sphere,
And the far-off things seem most near and dear;
In the heart of him is the craving set,
And his God will still the deep longing yet;
"On, on, and upward!" is still the cry,
Does the craving end when man must die?"

"Over the hills and far away,"
Away beyond the gates of day,
Is a haven and home for you and me,
Where we shall forever be glad and free;
Where the pains and sorrows, and jars of life,
The disappointments, the wearing strife,
Shall forgotten be in that land of light,
Where the Sun of Love shines ever bright.

MARGARET T. MACGREGOR.

DEATH OF THE REV. JAMES ABERIGH-MACKAY.—It is with sincere regret that we have to intimate the death of the Chieftain of the Abrach branch of the Clan. His son, Colonel J. Livingston Aberigh-Mackay, succeeds to the Chieftainship. An interesting biographical sketch of the deceased will be found in Vol. I. of the *Celtic Monthly*.

THE BADGER'S CAVE.

(A Tale of the Rising of 1715.)

CHAPTER V.

THE cave itself appeared to have been formed by the falling simultaneously in opposite directions of two vast ledges of rock, which, in their fall, meeting in exact midway, rested against each other, the roof being thus a pointed arch, while the sides spreading out widened at the base after the manner of a tent.

In the interior of this cave, which opened towards the river, and commanded from above a view of the principal Fall, were scattered blocks of all shapes and sizes, of a peculiar sort of slate-stone, found in the glen, of a grain so soft that written characters might be traced on them with the point of a nail or pen-knife, with as much facility as on paper with a pencil; while these characters could be effaced at pleasure by the simple expedient of scraping the surface with the blunt side of the knife, the layer written on being by this operation converted into a fine powdery dust, leaving a smooth surface for a fresh inscription. Near the centre of the cave stood a remarkable block of this kind of stone, in shape and smoothness resembling the truncated joint of a pillar of polished green marble, from some ancient temple, a portion of which still remains, or at least did some years ago, though worn nearly to the ground by a succession of initials and inscriptions perpetually replaced by new. This fine natural tablet was made use of by the friends in communicating with their *protégé* by means of a cipher concerted with him, the inscription being of course immediately effaced so soon as it was deciphered by the party for whom it was intended. On another block, in a dark recess or natural closet, in the back part of the cave, were left the viands daily brought for his use.

For some weeks all went on smoothly. The unconfirmed state of his health, and the uninviting roughness of his immediate pleasure ground, conspired to check all forward desire of extravagation on the part of Major Drummond; while, with woman's proverbial fertility of expedient, the two friends, without being observed, or at least without awakening suspicion as to the real object of their journey, contrived to make their visits to the glen with a regularity which kept his larder amply furnished. It is true that Ellen, ever since her brother's arrival at the castle, found herself compelled to seize the time daily spent by him in his father's chamber for her stolen visits to the *depôt*, and that her brother frequently and fretfully expressed his surprise at the aversion to long walks which had so unaccountably grown upon his sister, and more especially at her sudden dislike to the glen, their former daily walk, and her favourite resort. It is true, also, that her profuse housekeeping continued to be matter of marvel and of daily speculation among the domestics of the castle, with the sole exception of Janet Bane; that the ancient butler in particular was sorely puzzled to account for the mysterious disappearing of sundry bottles of his choicest Nantes and most esteemed Bourdeaux; and that, his affection for his young mistress notwithstanding, he could not help calling to mind certain wicked stories which in the course of his long professional experience he had heard related, touching the inextinguishable attachment that sometimes unaccountably springs up in secret betwixt fair ladies and forbidden cordials.

It is true, also, that the gadding propensities of late evinced by Esther Macallum, who had always been most exemplary as a keeper at home, were beginning to excite observation and uneasiness in the breast of her father; and as her forenoon absences were for the most part on pretended visits to her friend Ellen, he could not help recollecting that this active intercourse with the castle had suddenly commenced about the time that the handsome young laird had returned garnished with the laurels of Sheriffmuir. Of the suspicions thus attached to their proceedings the two friends were probably not altogether unaware, but while they strayed so widely from the mark, they were for a season satisfied to underbide them.

But weeks passed on. Drummond's health was fairly re-established. His confinement of course waxed more and more irksome to him every day. The weather too was becoming fine, for it was the middle of March. The whole night was now spent by him abroad. And in quitting his retreat, he could hardly prevail on himself to wait the coming on of dusk. He began to expatiate freely beyond the limits of the glen. His ghostly habiliments were become thread-bare by constant use; the nights were shortening rapidly; and his fair guardians becoming daily more and more alarmed for his safety were casting anxiously about for means to secure his escape and speed his departure from Uamh-nan-broc. Accident befriended them in their perplexity. Among the wounded at Sheriffmuir was a nephew of Janet Bane, who had served under Norman, in the Earl of Stair's dragoons.

Along with the other wounded of the Royal army this young man had been removed to Stirling; and his hurts being severe and his recovery tedious, he was desirous of having the medical tendance and advice of his old aunt, of whose attainments in pharmacy and chirurgery

honourable mention has already been made. On being made aware of this request it instantly occurred to Ellen that the circumstance might be turned to the advantage of Major Drummond. She had learned from him that a wealthy citizen of Stirling was a friend of his family, and in secret also a friend to *the cause*, though prudence and the accident of his position as a burgh magistrate had prevented him from openly declaring for the insurgents during the late rising. Bailie Mackillop was himself a ship-owner and extensively engaged in foreign commerce, and an opportunity, it was hoped, might be found by him in the course of his mercantile operations for smuggling Drummond on board some ship lying at Stirling, or Alloa, bound for foreign parts. Nothing loth to be employed on such errand, Janet set out for Stirling the bearer of a letter from the major, which she concealed about her person, and delivered safely into the hands of his friend the bailie, having duly provided herself with a pass from the young Laird of Bracklyn, which secured her from suspicion and from molestation on her journey.

But during her absence events happened in the glen which seriously endangered the safety of its resident. At Drummond's urgent request Ellen had been induced to lend him her brother Norman's flute, to help him whiling away the tedious moments under ground.

While solacing himself with a Jacobite "spring" on this instrument, one fine gloaming, rather too near the mouth of his den, it chanced that a shepherd from the neighbouring farm, entering that part of the glen after some of his stray stock, suddenly heard the strains of the invisible performer, with a surprise surpassed luckily only by his terror. For imagining that by evil chance he had stumbled on a *toman-shie* fairies' hillock, he took forthwith to his heels, and ran for life, not stopping to draw breath till he found himself fairly housed within his own shieling. It was well for Drummond that the frightened *herd* had at the same time also called away his dog. For *Colley*, not having the fear of Oberon and Titania before his eyes, would otherwise without fail have unearthed the rebel, seeing he had already penetrated the secret passage into the cave more than half way, barking lustily.

This adventure was reported by the shepherd, with those enhancements and additions which fright and fancy never fail to lend to the narrative even of a truthful teller,—while, in making as it rapidly did the tour of the parish, it received from each new mouth and at each new mile, some touch of colour or of circumstance, which added to its poetry and its perfectness, till at length it grew up into a very pretty fairy tale, if not into a very passable inductive instance, to be employed by some future Glanville, or "*Theophilus Insulanus*," in redarguing scepticism, or silencing scoffers by facts vouched by credible testimony, and duly circumstanced with day and date, place and particulars, name and surname.

Angus Rùa—so ran the story in the version most improved and most approved—was upon a day sitting quietly on the top of a beautiful green hillock, near the margin of the Glen of Bracklyn, thinking no harm, indeed thinking of nothing, with Colley's nose upon his knee, and "all his little flock at feed before him," when all of a sudden there struck up in his hearing the most dulcet and delicious airs, "*like a Highlandman's wind a' round about*," played by a band of invisible musicians; and forthwith emerging in swarms, as it seemed, from the bowels of the earth, uprose a multitude of tiny things, in gala dresses of silken green, who began footing it "like mad" on each fantastic *toe-let* to the inspiring melody, till Colley, like an ill-bred graceless tyke as he was, poking his cynical inquisitive nose within the magic circle, the vision vanished in a moment, "the good people" sank into the earth, "with a bizz *like a swarm of bees into their byke*," (as Angus described it); while in disappearing last, the chief fairy, a wrinkled dwarf, with the head of an octogenarian surmounting the body of a babe, applied his switch of state, no bigger than a stalk of rye-grass, with such goodwill to Colley's shoulders as sent the poor brute scudding home with tail between his legs, howling piteously. This tale, which was rapidly circulated and generally believed, drew from day to day a crowd of inconvenient and unwelcome visitors, men, women, children, and dogs to *toman-shie*, which, for Drummond's safety and peace of mind, was *nimium vicina Cremonæ*.

As misfortunes rarely come single, this adventure was soon after followed by another and more serious one.

Impatient of his prison, Drummond had one fine evening left his retreat somewhat earlier than usual, "but as the gloamin' was begun, thought nane would ken." After duly visiting the lesser cave, which served him for "larder, post-office, and all," he was tempted to extend his walk some distance up the bank of the Keltie, where it is bare of wood, that he might breathe the air more freely than he was wont to do amid the stifling thickets of the glen below. It chanced that a shepherd's wife from the braes of Leny had been that day to the lowlands for a burden of oat-straw wherewith to thatch her cow-house, and instead of going round by the bridge, in order to shorten the distance, she resolved, in returning, to cross about half a mile

farther up, by a ford which, in the then state of the river, was practicable. She had just, with kilted coats, entered the stream with this intention, when Drummond, not then or there expecting company, suddenly came in sight from behind a rock in his masquerade costume of *taish*, and the poor woman, uttering a scream of terror, fell into the current in a faint; and floating on her back on her *bottle of strae*, would inevitably have been carried over the falls and dashed in pieces, had not the ghost gallantly rushed to the rescue, and placed her and her burden in safety on the farther bank; finding it however, expedient to decamp without loss of time, so soon as he perceived the drookit gudewife returning to herself. At a late hour that night, more dead than alive, the poor woman reached her home, told her tale, took to her bed, fevered, and had nearly lost both her wits and her life. As reported by her, or rather as it had attained its climax in the process of transmission from mouth to mouth, thus ran the incident, which in the sober form of fact we have just narrated.

Jenny Gow was returning from the strath on a Friday evening with a battle of straw upon her back. On entering the Foalsford for the purpose of crossing to the other side, the laird's taish suddenly made his appearance on the opposite bank in his well-known *walking* suit, and shaking his gold-headed cane threateningly at Jenny seemed to warn her against crossing at that place. Jenny, however, courageously persisting in her purpose, no sooner had she reached the middle of the stream than the bogle seized her by the rope which fastened her burden round her waist, and springing aloft in air dropt her straw and all souse into a linn; and then not satisfied with this prank flew with her to the top of the bridge, whence with herself and her battle of thatch under his arm, he shot the Great Fall, and, after trawling her several times up and down the *Devil's Kail-pot*, the black unfathomed pool into which the torrent discharges itself, he laid her on the north bank of the river, a little above the falls, where vanishing with an eldritch screech he left her to recover her senses and dry her duds at leisure!

Jenny's character for sobriety and veracity being well established, her narrative borne out by the circumstantialities of her ducking, her fright, and her fever, and there being many concurrent testimonies of late as to the fact of the laird's *walking*, the story was very generally believed throughout the district, where it produced as might have been expected a prodigious sensation.

As giving the glen an ill-name, this tale might have redounded to the safety of its inhabitant, but for the unlucky accident that it found its way to the ears of the young Laird of Bracklyn; and the fiery soldier, indignant at the freedoms used with the name of his venerated father, and laughing to scorn the foolish credulity on which they were founded, made a correct guess as to the true explanation of the facts, declaring his conviction that the taish was neither more nor less than a skulking Jacobite rascal in disguise, and vowing that should he come across his ghostship he would try what effect a brace of King George's bullets would have on his appetite for nocturnal rambles. This speech, while to the general ear it sounded at once fool-hardy and profane, awakened in the breast of Ellen very serious alarm. She lost no time in giving Drummond intimation of his danger, imploring him as he valued his life to confine himself, for some time to come, strictly to his cave till the story should be forgotten, and the danger had blown over. Though fretting at this unlucky *contre-temps*, Drummond felt the propriety of following the advice thus tendered him, and for some weeks quitted his retreat only for a short visit to his store and news-room in the lesser cave, during the very early hours of morning. Anxious to decipher an important communication left for him by Ellen, he had one morning lingered in the cave till there should be light enough to enable him to make it clearly out, and after reading and then erasing the inscription, he was in the act of tracing a few sentences in reply, when he startled by hearing the report of a musket shot, seemingly at no great distance. This in a few seconds, was followed by another, and immediately thereafter two men, evidently fleeing for their lives, rushed into the cave, whom, despite their haggard looks and worn habiliments, he instantly recognised as his friends and companions in arms, MacGregor of Glengyle, and Graham of Buchlyvie, well known leaders in the late Jacobite rising. The recognition and surprise were mutual.—But short time had they to exchange greetings or news. Hunted from the woody fastnesses of Lennox and Lochlomond side, the two chiefs had for some time concealed themselves in the savage gorges of Loch Ketturin, and latterly in the dens and caverns of the craig of Callander, whence they had that morning been dislodged, and as their pursuers were hard upon their traces they implored their brother Jacobite, without losing a moment, to conduct them to his hiding-place. This, however, Drummond well knew was impracticable.

The secret pass to Uamh-nam-broc was so intricate and so difficult that before it could be threaded by his friends, their pursuers, whose voices were now clearly distinguished in approach, would be upon them, and, the attempt would have no

other effect than that of sacrificing himself without saving them. Chancing at the moment to turn his eye on the mountain torrent then in flood, rushing furiously past, a thought suddenly struck the mind of Drummond, and he lost not an instant in acting upon it. Hastily placing a loaf in the hands of each of his famished friends, he directed them to cross the bridge, and then calling on them to unite their efforts on the farther side with his on the hither, they succeeded in rolling the loose logs of which the bridge consisted from their rest on the edge of the rock into the boiling gulf below, thus barring effectually all farther pursuit. Instantly plunging into the secret pass, Drummond gained his own retreat in safety; while on reaching the fearful void which the rude bridge had lately spanned, the pursuers were filled with rage and disappointment to find an impassable chasm yawning before them, and to observe the two fugitives, now safe from pursuit, ascending leisurely the opposite hill, Glengyle directing his flight to the north-west, as towards Benvorlich and the woody fastnesses along the borders of Lochearn; while Bucklyvie struck away to the north-east, as if meditating to seek refuge among the deep caves of Uamvar, or the dreary solitudes of Stuckachrone.

While rejoicing at the safety of his friends, Drummond, after the hurry of his spirits allowed him calmly to reflect on his position, found little reason to be pleased with his morning's adventure. In destroying the bridge, he had cut off Ellen's access to the lesser cave by the northern bank; and that by the southern, while it more than doubled the distance from the castle, was so exposed to observation, and therefore so unsafe, that for all practical purposes it was nearly useless. He had learned from Glengyle that other Jacobite leaders, including in their number the Marquis of Tullibardine and Sir Donald Macdonald, were supposed to be in hiding in that very neighbourhood, and that it was in consequence of the active search going on for them that he and his companion had been that morning discovered and dislodged. This rendered his residence in the glen every day more and more unsafe; while, to crown his vexations, in the very communication which he had been engaged in deciphering when so unexpectedly intruded on, he was informed that Janet Bane was that very day to return from Stirling.

Ellen, too, was sorely vexed at the destruction of the bridge, but consoling herself with the thought that what was but an inconvenience to her had proved the means of saving the lives of others, she hastened to the manse, and devolved on her associate, whose means of communication had not been interrupted, the more active portion of their common duties for a time. This Esther undertook and executed so well, that Drummond was hardly sensible of any interruption to the regularity of his epistolary communications, while in the matter of supplies he experienced no inconvenience whatsoever. On the third morning after the affair of the bridge, his gazette supplied him with the important news that Janet Bane had arrived; that the answer of his friend the bailie, though but verbal, was favourable; that the two friends were busily employed in concocting a plan for his escape; that next day a written paper, explaining the details of their plan more minutely than could be done by the tablet, would be left for him in a place pointed out, where also he would find the dress required for his disguise; and that he must hold himself prepared to quit his retreat next evening, two hours before midnight, a party of soldiers from the castle of Doune being expected on the day following, for the purpose of scouring the glen and other suspected places in the neighbourhood, in search of lurking Jacobites.

Next day Drummond found everything as promised; and after inscribing a few hurried sentences of grateful and glowing acknowledgment to his generous and noble-minded preservers, arraying himself in a suit of Bracklyn tartan, such as that commonly worn by farm-servants, secreting his pistols carefully about his person, and having on him no apparent weapon save the skiandhu then carried by most Highlanders, he started from Uamh-nam-broc about ten o'clock in the evening, and fording the Keltie, struck away to the eastward among the hills, in order to reach the place appointed at the proper hour.

Janet Bane also set out next morning for Stirling to fetch home her nephew, for whom, at her request, the young laird had procured leave of absence for a few weeks, to try the effect of his native air in completing his recovery. She was escorted by a squire, behind whom she rode on a pillion, in the fashion usual among dames of that age in going to kirk or market. Her attendant led another horse, saddled and bridled, for the use of the invalid soldier; and this horse Ellen had taken care was the fleetest and strongest in the Laird of Bracklyn's stables. The squire-attendant, too, was of Ellen's selecting, a half-witted lad named Grigor, and nicknamed Gorach, *i.e.* the *silly* or *simple*. Nor did his name belie his nature; for Grigor could justly challenge one-half at least of the poet's compliment—if not "*in wit a man*," he was, beyond contradiction, "*in simplicity a child*": and his fair patroness did not consider this as any disqualification for his present office.

It was high noon when Janet and her squire reached the rustic hostelry at the Burn of Cambus. Here she proposed they should halt to bait their horses, and enjoy their own luncheon. Just as they alighted, a stranger, who from a commanding eminence near the Glen of Cambus had been anxiously watching their arrival, made his appearance at the door of the hostelry; and Janet, without appearing to take any marked notice of him, desired him to see their horses properly attended to, while they themselves partook of some slight refreshment in the inn. This the stranger busied himself with the ostler for some time in doing; but soon after, pretending to confer with Janet for a few minutes in the inn, he ordered the spare horse to be got ready for his use with all speed, as he was directed to ride forward to the village of Doune, with a message to the family doctor there to wait her coming. With this order the ostler immediately complied, supposing from their simultaneously arrival at the inn, and the charge given him by Janet about the horses, that Drummond was of her party, while the latter set off at an easy trot, which he increased to a rounder pace so soon as he got fairly out of sight of the hostelry.

But while the steed was thus being stolen, where meantime, it may be asked, was Janet's master of the horse, the hopeful Grigor Gorach? Fast asleep in the spence of Burn o' Cambus inn! Like all naturals in general, and all Highland naturals in particular, Grigor was an ardent lover of alcohol; and on this occasion, though labouring under the imputation of stinginess as a distributor of the "*mornings*" at home, Janet was all drams and no scruples. So liberally did she refresh the happy Grigor with *skalk* after *skalk* of authentic usque-bae, potent of barley and redolent of peat, permitting him between whiles to cool its ardours by repeated applications to a mug of porter, a heavy Lowland beverage, to which his brain was not "native nor to the manner born," that in the unaccustomed interior of the poor Gael there soon arose such dire commotion, intestine wars, and rumours of wars, as ended at length by throwing him into a slumber as profound and prolonged as any induced in a succeeding age by a more scientific substitute—*the doctor*.

(*To be continued.*)

OUR MUSICAL PAGE.

Thug mise 'n crodh-guailfhionn.

THE following song is from Finlay Dun's "Orain na h-Albann," and refers to some unknown tragedy. Evidently a bride was poisoned on her marriage day by a jealous rival of her own sex. The words appear to be incomplete, and the victim is made to speak in the last three verses.

C. M. P.

Gleus B♭

: m	m : d : r	m : l_1 : d.r	d : s_1 : l_1	d : m_1
Thug	mise 'n	crodh-guailfhionn,	Do'n fhleasgach	ùr uasal,
: r_1.m_1	s_1 : l_1 : d	m : l_1 : s_1.m_1	r_1 : — : —	d_1 : —
Agus	cruinneag na	buaile	g' an éir - - -	eadh
: d.d	d : r : m	s : — : d.l_1	l_1 : — : —	s_1 : —
Agus	cruinneag na	buaile	g' an éir - - -	eadh.

An fhéisd mhòr a rinn t' athair,
An fhéisd mhòr air bheag aighear,
'S ann a fhuair e a leanabh ri chàradh.

Nuair chaidh thu do 'n talla,
Gu 'm bu deas am boinn' fal' thu;
Ceud nan creach! 's ann bhuail galar a' bhàis thu.

Ged théid mi do 'n chlachan,
Bean t' aogais cha 'n fhaic mi,
O 'na rinneadh do thasgadh an àirde.

An leabaidh na fuaire,
Gun uiread is cluasaig,
Ach leacag air uachdar do bhràghaid,

'S ged laigh ort na sìontan,
Fo shneachdadh 's fo liath-reoth',
Cha tig thu g' ad iargain ri d' chàirdean.

'S i Deònaid òg chùl-donn
A chaith ormsa na lùban:
Thug i dhòmhs' an droch shùgh thug am bàs domh.

Uisge-beatha na bùire,
Le chaineal 's le fhùdar,
Sud a' bhurmaid throm ùr thug am bàs domh.

O, mhàthair mo chridhe,
Ma 's toigh leibhs' ur nighean,
'S mór a'm amal air an t-slighe na deòir sin.

REV. DONALD SAGE MACKAY, D.D., LL.D.

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The Late Rev. DONALD SAGE MACKAY, D.D., LL.D., Minister of the Fifth Avenue Collegiate Church, New York, U.S.A.

The Rev. Dr. Sage Mackay, whose untimely death has been recently noticed in most of our newspapers, is a true son of the Highlands, and so forms a worthy representative in our gallery of notable Highlanders. He was born, indeed, in Glasgow, in Monteith Row, opposite the Green, but his ancestry goes back to the plains of Caithness and the hills of Ross-shire. His father was the Rev. W. Murray Mackay, of Young Street Free Church (or United Free Church now), in the heart of the Calton of Glasgow. He came from the parish of Watten in Caithness—one of a strong family who made their way in divinity, medicine and agriculture in every part of the globe. A devoted pastor, the Rev. W. Murray Mackay was known as the widow's friend in the East End. No nobler minister of the poor ever worked in Glasgow, and his funeral was a sight to behold.

On his mother's side, Dr. Mackay came of an illustrious Highland line. His grandfather was the Rev. Donald Sage, of Resolis, in Ross-shire, one of the most intellectual preachers the Highlands ever produced. His *Memorabilia Domestica* not only evinces exquisite literary taste, but is a perfect mine of antiquarian research, a quarry for many a lecture on the Highlands. Ian Maclaren said of it, he found no book more useful in preparing his lecture on "The Highlands." Mr. Sage's grandfather was the famous Eneas Sage of Lochcarron—a muscular Christian, who began his ministry by successfully wrestling with the village blacksmith of the then cock-fighting, Sabbath-breaking Highlanders, and when he had laid him on the grass, finished by saying, "Now, Donald, in return for this, you go and drive all these people into the church, and I'll preach to them!"

Dr. Mackay was thus a born preacher—if heredity means anything—and indeed he began it when he was six years old, by addressing a barn-ful of villagers in his grandfather's parish at Resolis. For a while, however, he was attracted to the law, and served his apprenticeship in an office in Glasgow. While there, he came to the knowledge of his gifts as a speaker. He had joined the Glasgow Parliamentary Debating Society, which met then in the Christian Institute. Donald Mackay rose one night to speak—an unknown lad from a back bench. His speech was a revelation! It was marked at once as the utterance of a perfect orator. Promotion was rapid: next night he was made Postmaster General, and spoke from the Treasury Bench!

Partly this consciousness of his gifts of speech, and partly religious reasons, led him shortly after to give up the law and devote himself to the ministry. He took his Divinity classes in Edinburgh at the New College, and in his first year there, began to preach. It may interest Highland readers to know that the place where he preached his first sermon was Ardclach, in Nairnshire. He was spending his summer holidays at Nairn, and, supply suddenly failing, an appeal was made to him to fill the breach. He had no time to write a sermon, having only a busy Saturday in which to put together his notes. The result was, he preached his first sermon extempore. It was for him a wise choice. Had he read at the first, he might have continued to do so, and so clipped his message of one half of its power; for, without discussing the vexed question of read *versus* spoken sermons, there can be no doubt that for him the best method was to preach from the MSS. of the heart. A born orator, with a natural flow of choice language, and a voice combining tenderness and power, it was a pleasure to hear him speak alone, without regard to the matter. But

Dr. Mackay was far from being a mere speaker: he had a fresh and original mind, and had the rare power of being a favourite both with the learned and the unlearned, the student and the peasant.

After license, he acted as assistant for a few months in Edinburgh; but a man of his gifts could not long remain uncalled, and in the autumn he was unanimously elected by the Fraserburgh Free Church—his first and only "vacancy." He was, however, far from well at the time. The strain of his work at the Hall, in which he had taken a distinguished place, combined with his preaching, had told upon him, and, fearing the climate and work of the north-east of Scotland, he declined the call, and went to America instead "on a visit." That visit, like Isaac Watts' visit to Sir Thomas Abney, proved "for a life-time." He accepted first an invitation to a church in Vermont, and there fell in love with her who became his devoted wife—Miss Helen Smith, daughter of one of the Governors of the State. That settled his future life. America does not suffer fools gladly, but she loves wise men. She soon took the young preacher to her heart, and bound him by the ties of mutual love. After many calls, Dr. Mackay accepted one to the North Reformed Church, Newark, where in five years he doubled the membership, and packed the building so that every Sabbath night seats had to be placed in the passages.

Finally, in 1899, he was called to the Fifth Avenue Collegiate Church, a magnificent pile nearly opposite St. Patrick's Cathedral. There he soon attracted one of the most wealthy and influential congregations in the world. President Roosevelt was a member, Russell Sage, the millionaire, another. Miss Gould, the daughter of the famous financier, and herself a noble philantropist, a third. Nor was Dr. Mackay afraid to speak boldly and fearlessly to these people. He carried the Mackay motto "Manu Forti" into his message, and even during one winter astonished the wealthy west-enders by bringing to his pulpit men from the slums to tell the story of their conversion to God. "Dr. Mackay," said a New York paper, "is distinctively a men's preacher, and is eagerly sought after by the leading colleges. Students and business men alike are drawn to him. He believes his creed but does not believe it to be the full measure of Christianity." His sermons tingled with life and were never dry. Often they were reported in the papers, and after the death of John Hall and the removal of Van Dyke to a professor's chair, he became one of the leading, if not the leading intellectual force in the New York pulpit.

Dr. Mackay received many honours. In 1895 he received the honorary degree of D.D., and in 1905 that of LL.D. Two years ago he was made Moderator of his church—one of the youngest men that ever sat in that seat. But the pace he was living at was too much for any man. A nervous breakdown was the result, and though last year his people collected £3500 and gave him a year's holiday, the rest came too late, and after a weary search in one place after another for health, he returned home last month only to die.

But though his life was short—barely forty-five—it was well and nobly lived, and he has left behind him in the land of his adoption a memory which many of its sons will not willingly let die.

Though he loved America, he never forgot his fatherland, and especially the Highlands. One of his children lies buried under the shadow of Ben Wyvis, and often he expressed the hope that, after his life-work was over, he might return to bonnie Scotland, to lay his bones beside his beloved child, surrounded by the glorious mountains under whose shadow his ancestors had so nobly lived.

MAC AOIDH.

THE DOVE'S LAMENT.

"It was a' for our rightful King."

I sought thee far and wide, my love,
I sought thee far and wide,
I sought thee in the lonely glen
And on the mountain side;
I sought thee in the secret bower,
Was known to us alone,
You were not there, the bower was bare,
And cold the moonbeams shone, my love,
And cold the moonbeams shone.

The spoiler's cruel hands, my love,
The spoiler's cruel hands
Had torn our nest and with its walls
Are strewn the yellow sands;
Our bonnie bower is bleak and bare
That once was fair and green;
And oh! the flowers that blossom'd there
Shall never more be seen, my love,
Shall never more be seen.

The hunters follow fast, my love,
The hunters follow fast,
I hear their bugles in the glen,
Their horns upon the blast,
Where'er their cruel footsteps tread
They leave a crimson stain
That dies the heather a deeper red,
And I must wing the main, my love,
And I must wing the main,
Ne'er to return to my true love,
Nor Scotland's hills again.

Argentine Republic. D. MACAOIDH ROICH.

Young Mamore.

By TORQUIL MACLEOD.

CHAPTER XV.

SLASHED FINGERS.

THAT same evening, when Hamish was playing the *Salute* in the dining hall of Mamore, Alastair Macdonald's soul was full of bitterness. The music stirred the martial spirit in him, as it always did, but the memory of the day's experience filled him with remorse, and he cursed himself for the weakness of a disposition that had been the means of risking the life of little Leslie Forbes once more. The man was torn to pieces with the bitterness of his chagrin. His soul became the battle-ground for the time being of the knight-errant and the Mystic; and it is much to be feared that in the joust of passion the Mystic was sorely worsted.

One of the terrors of life falls once a man begins to be conscious of a weakness within him, and to doubt whether he will ever be able to overcome it. Only the good God can help him then. And the terror was stealing like a thief into the soul of Young Mamore.

Afterwards he went out with Leslie Forbes, and strolled up the glen. It was a still summer night, and the scent of honey and heather and bog myrtle was in the air. When it became dark, they returned to Castle Mamore, and Alastair bade the boy good-night. He felt that he had never loved the curly-headed lad with a stronger love, and if he had been a woman he would have covered the face of Leslie Forbes that night with kisses.

But being a man, Young Mamore simply saw the boy to his room, nodded to him, and passed through the door that led to his own bed-chamber, where he stood for a moment in the dark looking out of the window at the still shadowy garden below. Then opening the little door at the side of his bed, he passed into the Sanctum.

The candles were lit, and Young Mamore saw a man sitting silently at the fireside.

"You here, Leathersole!"

"Ay."

"Ah yes, I remember. You are welcome. But it will be rather dull work sitting there all night. I hope you may not be disappointed."

The gipsy laughed.

"Well, anyway, we'll have a smoke before I turn in. If anything happens you can waken me."

The two men sat and smoked for an hour and more, talking of many things, and recalling old days and old scenes, as men will do when their memories are mellowed by the subtle influence of tobacco.

Then Macdonald knocked the ashes from his pipe and bade the gipsy good-night. When he had passed through the door to his bedroom, Leathersole heard him throw open the other door between Leslie's room and his own. In a short time there was the creak of a bed through the wall, and the gipsy knew that Young Mamore had retired for the night.

Then Leathersole blew out the candles and sat down to think and smoke, but not to sleep. He sat at the window which looked down the glen, and very gently raised the sash. But there was nothing to be seen but the black depth below where the rock shelved sheer away from the Castle wall.

Nor did he sit long at the open window, for then the smell of his tobacco would have been wafted out into the night, and who can tell but it might have made a dovering cushie sneeze! So the gipsy sat across the room with his back to the wall, and gazed absently into the darkness.

He was not watching anything. The darkness made it impossible for him to do that. But he had the attitude of one who strains his ear to hear. And the sounds of the summer night came stealing through the silence one by one, and fell on the ear of the sleepless man as he sat in the dark room.

The long even rush of the Nevis River made the back-ground to the nightly sounds. Then there came to him the wandering note of a whaup, as it went yammering far up the Hill of Heaven, the twitter of a bird as it rocked in its sleep on the pines, the screech of a hoolet, and the bark of a dog at the farm down the glen—all these sounds rose out of the even rush of the Nevis River and broke the stilly monotony of night.

When the dog barked at the farm, which was two miles down the glen, it was one o'clock.

"Somebody waked that dog, and he had a clumsy fit," muttered the gipsy to himself.

So for half-an-hour longer he sat motionless. Then he thought he heard the cracking of a twig in the wood below the window. He put out his pipe, and laid it on the floor. But there was no more sound.

It was now nearly two o'clock, and the gipsy stealthily crossed the room to the window, and listened. All was as still as death. He strained his ear again. He thought, this time, he heard the faint sound of something wooden coming in contact with stone and scraping along the surface. Yet he never moved. Again, he distinctly heard the whisper of a man's voice, followed by the scraping of the wood against the stone.

"What can the gowk be waitin' for noo?" said Leathersole to himself, as if he were expecting something else to happen. And something else at that moment did happen.

A sheep began to bleat faintly down in the wood, or rather as an ignorant man might have fancied, on the top of one of the pine trees.

"Once," whispered the gipsy.

The sheep gave another bleat, and this time the gipsy instinctively looked up at the pine trees.

"Twice."

Once more the sheep gave a bleat.

"Three times."

Then silence followed—a long hush of silence, as if night had fallen on sleep once more, Yet there was a subtle sense of life in the air. The sheep did not bleat again. So the gipsy crept stealthily to the little door that led to Young Mamore's bedroom. He opened it without any noise, and passing through, saw that the door of Leslie's room was open too.

Then he laid his hand on the sleeping man.

Young Mamore stirred in an instant, and said,

"Well, what's happened?"

"Nothing, but get up quick."

Alastair got out of bed, put on a dressing-gown, and followed Leathersole silently to the door of Leslie's room.

"Wheesht, Mamore; did ye hear that?"

"Curse them. Let me get at the fellow."

"Haud a care, sir, haud a care; the fun hasna commenced yet. That window is snibbit, and this ane in your room is open. Bide a wee."

The sound at the window stopped, and though both men were not three yards from it, neither of them stirred. But Alastair turned his head and looked at the bed. Leslie Forbes was sleeping as soundly as a babe."

"They'll maybe try your window noo, for it's no snibbit. We'll coorie doon here."

And the two men crouched in the shadow, where they could see all that went on at the window without themselves being seen.

"Listen, sir."

There was another scrape, like the drawing of a bit of wood against a stone.

Then silence.

Far away the gipsy heard the sheep bleating again—once, twice, thrice.

"Ay, they're at your window sure enough noo, sir."

So the two men glared at the window.

Suddenly there was a shadow thrown across the glass. It was the shadow of a man's head. Then the head was raised with a jerk, as if the man had stepped up another rung of a ladder. An arm went up then and felt the top sash, which was drawn down ever so little, but just enough to let the man know that the window was open. He lowered his arm after that, and in a second the lower sash was raised slowly and silently. Once it made a noise, and the man stopped to listen. But there was no sound in the room. So again he went to work until he had raised the window sufficiently to admit him.

Still there was no sound in the room, but the wan light of the summer night fell upon something that glistened where the gipsy crouched. Young Mamore saw it, and drew a breath in the dark.

Then all of a sudden the head at the window was lowered, and only two hands were seen holding on to the window-sill. Young Mamore and the gipsy were standing now—one on each side of the window behind a curtain.

A loud scrape and thud and crash followed outside, and both of the men in the room knew that the ladder had slipped and fallen.

"Guid keep us! but my laddie certainly comes frae Fife," whispered Leathersole.

"Watch the fellow for a moment!" said Young Mamore. Then he slipped across the room, and came back with something in his hand which also glittered.

"What's to be done now, Leathersole?"

"Tak' a bit keek at the loon, but for the Lord's sake dinna touch him yet or let him see ye."

So the two men peered out from between the curtains. The two hands still grasped the window-sill, and at the sight of them Alastair Macdonald's blood tingled. He felt the edge of his dirk. But in this affair the gipsy had charge, so he restrained himself, and only peered further over the window, until he could see the man's face.

It was Simon Barsillie. He was looking down over his shoulder, and speaking to someone below in a quick, hurried way. They could hear quite distinctly what he said.

"By all the devils in hell, put up that ladder again. Why did you let it slip?"

The man below mumbled something in reply, and Barsillie said again,

"You didn't see it fall? Gammon. Why didn't you stay where you were? That's right. Now, don't leave the foot of that ladder this time, but watch."

Again the head was raised slowly to the window, and the man Barsillie looked in. Alastair could hear him breathing. He took a long, steady look round the room, but in the darkness it was impossible to see if there was anyone in the bed. So very cautiously he began to raise himself from the ladder again, when, with a sudden slip and slide, he dis-

appeared once more, and hung with his hands straining painfully on the edge of the window-sill. Again there was a thud below, and a crash. The ladder had fallen a second time.

Leathersole gave a smothered guffaw in the dark, and said,

"Weel done again, Jock! Ye mind me maist awfu' o' the east neuk."

"What's the meaning of this pantomime?" asked Alastair, who himself began to laugh at the humour of the thing.

"Wheesht, and ye'll soon see."

Again they raised themselves behind the curtains, and listened.

Barsillie was cursing wildly under his breath.

"Son of hell, what's the meaning of this? Were you not holding the ladder this time? What! It slid while you were holding it? The ladder is bewitched, is it? The devil! The thing could not slip if you were holding it. It did, did it? Bah, you are a cursed fool. Get it up again or my hands will break. Quick!"

So the ladder was raised the third time, and while Barsillie was waiting in that painful position till he should feel it under his feet, Leathersole whispered to Alastair,

"Noo sir, the next time the ladder slips, and this ill-tongued gentleman hings by the fingers, up and gie him a slash across the hands wi' yer dirk. I hae ither business on hand, so will leave the honours o' the poseetion to you."

"But will the ladder slip again?"

"Ay will it, or Jock's nae son o' mine?"

Leathersole guffawed again, and crouched down.

Silently and slowly the head appeared once more. The ladder was in its place. Barsillie's feet were on it. He was leaning all his weight on the top rung.

Then, scrape, crash! The thing had slipped a third time. Barsillie hung by the fingers as before, blaspheming the summer night with one long oath.

"Up, sir!"

Alastair stood up silently, and slashed his dirk across the back of each hand on the window-sill. There was a yelp of pain. The hands disappeared, and the man's body fell heavily with a thud on to the ground.

"Get oot o' the road, sir!" gasped the gipsy.

Alastair stepped back, and the next moment he saw Leathersole leaning over the window with a great bucket in his hands.

"Gardyloo below!" cried he.

And when Alastair joined him at the window he saw two men lying huddled on the ground, spluttering and spitting, and cursing at the sudden drenching they had got.

"Losh me! What a ploy!" laughed the gipsy.

Then the men rose and ran across the pleasaunce—one of them limping painfully—and disappeared in the pine wood.

The gipsy quietly lowered the window, and beckoned Alastair into the sanctum.

"Let them alane noo. They'll no win hame as quick as they cam'."

"But the ladder, Leathersole—what is the meaning of it all?"

"It's yer ain ladder, sir, put there at the dark'nin' by my ain hand. I kenned they were comin', and thocht I wad faceelitate their plan."

"And what on earth made the thing fall when Quin was watching and even holding it all the time?"

"My lad Jock had a lang string tied to the end o' the ladder, and the string led across the grass, and fell owre the parapet where he could get at it frae the rock in the wood. Ye heard the sheep *mehing!* Weel, that yowe was my lad on the tap o' a tree. When he saw the ladder fixed, what mair had he to dae than slip doon and gie the string a tug, and doon cam' Simon three times. Gosh! but the hale thing gaed gran'."

"Leathersole! you are—well, you—you are just Leathersole."

And lighting a candle, they sat down to smoke. For no man ever yet enjoyed a smoke in the dark.

(To be continued.)

DONALD, THE HUNTER BARD OF LOCHABER.

THIS celebrated hunter and poet, who lived fully 300 years ago, was well known in his time by the cognomen of "Dòmhnull Mac Fhionnlaidh nan Dàn." He was a native of Lochaber, and flourished before the invention of fire-arms. According to tradition, he was the most expert archer of his day. At the time in which he lived wolves were very troublesome, especially in Lochaber, but Donald is said to have killed so many of them that, previous to his death, there was only one left alive in Scotland, which was shortly after killed in Strathglass by a woman. The only one of his compositions which has been handed down to us is a poem composed by him when old and unable to follow the chase. The occasion of the poem was this—he had married a young woman in his old age, who, as might have been expected, proved a very unmeet helpmate. When he and his dog were both worn down with the toils of the chase, and decrepit with age, his "crooked rib" seemed to take a pleasure in tormenting them. Fear rather than respect might possibly protect Donald himself, but she neither feared nor

respected the dog. On the contrary, she took every opportunity of beating and maltreating him; in fact, "like the goodman's mother," he "was aye in the way." Their ingenious tormentor one day found an old, feeble owl, which she seems to have thought would make a fit companion for the old man and his dog, and accordingly brought it home. The poem is in the form of a dialogue between Donald and the owl. It is very unlikely that he ever heard of Æsop, yet he contrives to make an owl speak, and that to good purpose. On the whole, it is an ingenious performance, and perhaps has no rival of its kind in the language. In the poem, which extends to sixty-seven stanzas, Donald thus refers to a favourite friend of his, whose remains were interred in the old churchyard of Kingussie:—

"Sann an Cinn-a'-ghiùthsaich 'na laidhe.
Tha nàmhaid na graidhe deirge.
Làmh dheas a' mharbhadh a' bhradain
Bu mhath e 'n sabaid na feirge."

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

It is related that in his declining years Donald, the Hunter Bard, when he could no longer "take the hill," and his former house became too distant from the best scenes of his sport, sought another habitation near Loch Treig. There is a little "lochan" at the east end of that lake, and in it a small island, on which, in Donald's time, there was a "tigh chrann" or block-house, which originally had been built as a place of strength and retreat, but was then used by the gentlemen of Lochaber when they went to hunt at Loch Treig. Opposite this small island Donald, with his daughter and his last greyhound, lived in a turf "bothan" or hut, and unable any longer to participate in the chase in those days, when he lamented to his old companion—

"Thug a' choille dhiots' an earb
'S thug an aird dhiomsa na féidh."

(The wood took from thee the roe;
The hill took from me the deer)

—he solaced himself with the occasional sight of the deer by day and the tales of the hunters when they returned at evening to the island, where his songs, traditions, and celebrated adventures made him a venerated guest. At length he became confined entirely to his bothy, and in the intervals when the island lodge was uninhabited, his only enjoyment was to sit at the window, which looked to the west, and watch the sun go down over his old haunts, and sometimes the deer, which came to feed on the green sheilings by the lake. One still autumnal evening, as he sat in the gloaming, and watched the parting beams of the sun steal upwards on the mountain, some straggling hinds had descended upon the meadow, and presently a large dark shadow passed across a little hollow which was now left in the shade of the hills. The old hunter's eyes instantly turned upon the moving object. It glided through the rushes, crossed the yellow light upon the stream, and came out broad and tall and black upon the bank—a mighty stag, carrying on his head a tree of clustering points. His daughter heard his breath come strongly, and she arose. "Socair!" (gently) said the old man; "thoir dhomh am bogha" (give me the bow). Mary looked at him with astonishment, but the old man pointed to the couple, and she lifted down the dusty yew. He motioned her to approach softly, and while his eyes were fixed upon the stag, "Cuir air lagh e" (bend it) said he, without turning his sight. She smiled. "There is not the man in Lochaber can do that," she replied. "Feuch, mo nighean!" (Try, my daughter) said the old man, and he placed the bow at the back of his leg, and directed his daughter how to apply her weight and effort, but the wood scarcely yielded. Donald had always been celebrated for the great strength of his arms, and in an extraordinary degree he retained this power to the end of his life. "Once more," he said, and with their combined force the cord suddenly slipped over the horn. "C' àit a' bheil na saighdean?" (Where are the arrows?) he whispered. His daughter laid the quiver on his lap. He chose out one, felt its point, smoothed the feathers through his fingers, and fitted the shaft to the string. Then, drawing back from the window, he raised the bow, drew the arrow almost to its head. There was a sharp twang, a flutter like a bat's wing, a breathless pause, and the hart leaped upon the bank, and rolled over on the grass. Donald sank back on his chair with a smile, and his daughter fell upon his neck and wept with astonishment and joy. "So a Mhàiri" (Here, Mary), he said as he gave her the bow; "it is the last shot—'beannuich Dia!'" (Praise God). "I did not think to have done the like again." In his declining days Donald was brought down among the people in the inhabited strath of the Spean, and died at Inverlaid at a very old age. At his own desire, however, he was buried, wrapped in a deer's hide, upon the brow of Cille-Corell, from whence he had been used to look over the hills of the Fearsaid and his favourite haunts of Loch Treig. There, according to the wish expressed in the lay of the old bard, "the deer have couched on his bed," and "the little hinds have rested by his side," and the "primrose and the wild St. John's Wort" have grown "over his breast" for three hundred years.

THE CLAN EACHERN OR MACEACHRAN.

THE pedigree of the Clan Eachern, as given in the Skene MS. is as follows:—Andrew, son of Colin, son of Macrath, son of Gilchrist, son of Macrath, son of Marceartach, son of Cormac, son of Seth, son of Ferchar, son of Finlay, son of Nicol, son of Maine, son of Murdoch, son of ———, who was called In Gamor, son of Eatgar, son of Andrew, son of Eatgar, son of Ath. The name of the man who was known as In Gamor is illegible. In Gamor may stand for an gaineoir, the archer, but what it really does stand for it is impossible to say. Marcear-tach or Marc-ceartach and Ectigerne or Eacharn mean the same thing—horse-manager or horse-lord—and are thus in reality the same name.

Marceartach or Eachthighearna, which is now Eacharn, must have been born about 1180. He lived in Kintyre and possessed lands both in Kintyre and Nether-Craignish. He married apparently a daughter of Macrath, son of Maol Suthain, and had Macrath and probably other children. Macrath married Bridget, daughter of Dugald Macbain, thane of Lochavich, and had by her, Gilchrist, Dugald and Ranald. Gilchrist succeeded his father in Kintyre. Dugald obtained the lands of Nether-Craignish, and others. Ranald lived in Craignish and appears as a witness in 1270.

Andrew, son of Colin, son of Macrath, son of Gilchrist, was chief of the Maceacherns when the Skene MS. was written, or about the year 1385. Colin, a descendant of Andrew, held the lands of Kilellan in 1493 and was chief of the Clan Eachern.

THE MACCOULS OF CRAIGNISH.

Dugald, second son of Macrath son of Mar-ceartach, was the progenetor of the Macdougalls or Maccouls of Craignish. He married a daughter of Macsween of Skipnish, and by her had Dugald Og his successor. Dugald Og married Janet, daughter of Lamont of Lamont, and had Dugald who succeeded him. Dugald married a daughter of Macmartin of Glasrach and had by her Dugald his successor. Dugald, fourth by name, married a daughter of the chief of the MacNaughtans and had two daughters, Christina and Effreta. He died in 1350. Christina was married, first, to the heir of Mac-dougall of Lorn and had one son by him. She was married, secondly, to her first cousin, Alexander MacNaughtan, who died a few months after their marriage. She was married, thirdly, in 1361 to Iver Maciver, chief of the Clan Iver, and had by him at least one son. Effreta, or Oighrig, second daughter of Dugald of Craignish, was married to Duncan MacIgheil or Mac-a-ghéill, proprietor of Barrichibean. Mac-a-ghéill seems to stand for Mac Aoidh Fhéill, but may perhaps be a nickname.

THE MACCOULS OF CORVORRAN.

Ranald, son of Macrath, son of Marceartach, was born about 1250 and witnessed a charter in 1270. He had a son named Malcolm who succeeded him in his possessions. About 1330 Malcolm Og, son of Malcolm, son of Ranald, married Alice Maclachlan, and in 1343 obtained from the Pope a dispensation for marriage with her. His object in getting the dispensation was to put the legality of his marriage and the legitimacy of his children beyond all doubt. Ranald, son of Malcolm Og and Alice Mac-lachlan, was known as Raonall Mor na h-ordaig or Big Ranald of the Thumb. He was a man of ability, energy and determination. He obtained from Sir Colin Campbell of Lochow in 1412 a charter of the lands of Corvorran, Barrichibean, Aird Craignish, Duchra, Kilmun and others. In 1414 he obtained from Sir Duncan of Lochow a charter of the superiority of the lands of Barrichibean. He was succeeded by his son Malcolm, who was succeeded by his son Ranald Og. In 1446 Ranald Og received from Colin, first Earl of Argyll, a charter of comfirmation of the offices of seneschal, tois-eachdoir and man of fee of Craignish. He was drowned in Loch Fine, whilst returning from Edinburgh, in 1447. He left two sons, John Gorm, his heir, and Duncan, who settled in Glenmoriston.

Gorm Mac Coul of Craignish was infeft in his father's lands in 1448. He had at least three children, Gillespic, Donald and Mora. Gillespic married a daughter of John Dubh Maclean, second son of Hector Roy of Duart—the Hector Roy who fell at Harlaw in 1411—and had by her two sons, Dugald and Terlach Mor. Dugald who succeeded his father in Craignish, had a natural son named Dugal and a lawful son named Ranald. In 1523 Dugald, natural son of Dugald, obtained a charter of Danna, Carsaig and other lands. He was succeeded by his son Duncan. Ranald, lawful son of Dugald of Craignish, was infeft in his father's lands in 1523. He was married and had one son, Dugald Og.

Dugald Og Mac Coul of Craignish succeeded his father in his estates in 1540. He was married but only for a short time. Both him-self and his wife were carried off by the plague which raged in Scotland in 1545. He left apparently two natural sons, Dugald and John Gorm. After his death the whole barony of Craignish, except Barrichibean, passed into the hands of Archibald Campbell, fourth Earl of Argyll.

Terlach Mor, second son of Gillespic, son of John Gorm, appears as a witness in 1544. He

succeeded Dugald Og, in 1545, as Kenkinnie of Mac Couls of Craignish. He settled shortly afterwards in Glenlyon, whence he removed to Rannoch. He was married twice. By his first wife, who lived in Glenlyon, he had three sons, John, Patrick and Terlach Og. By his second wife, whom he married in Rannoch, he had two sons, but their names are unknown. John his eldest son, had two sons, Terlach Dubh and Robert. Terlach Dubh occupied the lands of Ardeonaig in Breadalbane. John his son married Barbarba, daughter of Campbell of Lawers, and had by her Patrick and Dugald. The descendants of Terlach Mor by his first wife were known as Campbells, whilst his descendants by his second wife were known as Macerachters.

THE MAC COULS OF BARRICHIBEAN.

Donald, second son of John Gorm Mac Coul of Craignish, married Effreta Mac Ighéill, and in 1481 obtained possession of the lands of Barrichibean. Ranald, son of John, son of Donald, son of John, son of Donald, son of John, son of Donald, became laird of Barrichibean in 1590. He was known in Gaelic as Raonall Mac Iain Mhic Dhomhnaill, and in English as Ranald Campbell of Barrichibean. He was an intelligent and prudent man, and succeeded in increasing his estate, wealth, and influence. Donald Og, son of John, son of Ranald, became laird of Barrichibean in 1666. He had eight children—George, Alexander, Donald, Archibald, Catherine, Alice, Mary, and Ann. Catherine was married to John Maclean of Carsaig or Tarbert, by whom she had Donald, fifth of Torloisk. Alice was married to Archibald Campbell of Sutherland, Mary to Campbell of Sanochan, and Ann to the Rev. Robert Robertson.

THE MAC CALLUMS OF POLTALLOCH.

Malcolm, progenitor of the Mac Callums of Poltalloch, was born probably about 1480, and seems to have been a son of Archibald, son of John Gorm of Corvorran. He was infeft in Poltalloch in 1510, and was succeeded by his son Archibald. Donald, son of Archibald, was infeft in Poltalloch in 1562. Donald had two sons, his successor and John. The name of the elder son I do not know. John became minister of Knapdale in 1609, and was known as John Mac Callum. Archibald, son of John, was born in 1605 and graduated at the University of Glasgow in 1639. He assisted in translating the Shorter Catechism and the Old Testament into Gaelic. The successor of Donald of Poltalloch had a son named Donald and was succeeded by him. Donald died without issue, and was succeeded in 1642 by his first cousin, the Rev. Archibald Mac Callum of Knapdale. Mr. Mac Callum married, first, Janet, daughter of John Boyd, nephew of Zachary Boyd, and had two sons, Zachary and Donald. He married, secondly, Janet Maclachlan, by whom he had a son named Donald. He died in 1685, and was succeeded by his son Zachary—the Achairi Mor of tradition.

Zachary Mac Callum was a student at St. Andrew's in 1648. He was noted for his strength and for his skill with the sword. He died in 1692 and was succeeded by his son Archibald, who sold Poltalloch to his uncle Donald. Dugald, a descendant of Donald, succeeded to the estate of Poltalloch in 1779, and changed his surname from Mac Callum to Malcolm. He died in 1787, and was succeeded by his cousin Neil, who died in 1802, and was succeeded by his son Neil.

Bishop Maceachern of Prince Edward Island was an active and prominent man in his day. Dugald Maceachern, a native of Tiree, who settled in Pictou, Nova Scotia, was a Gaelic bard of fair ability. Sir Malcolm Donald Maceachern was mayor of the city of Melbourne in 1900. As the Mac Couls have, as a general rule, made Campbells of themselves, it is impossible for those who live in the woods of America to distinguish them from the real Campbells—Sliochd Dhiarmaid nan lann 's nan sròl. Sir John W. Malcolm of Poltalloch, chief of the Clan Callum or Clan Malcolm, was member of Parliament for Argyleshire in 1886-92.

Prince Edward Island, Canada. A. MACLEAN SINCLAIR.

PIPERS' FACINGS.—I should like to ask you if you have ever heard a legend which runs to this effect:—That at a certain time when a red flag, or one of that tint, comes up a certain Western Loch, the lands taken from their rightful owners will begin to be returned to their proper possessors.

I came across this legend some time ago. I wonder if you can throw any light upon it, for I have no knowledge of its origin.

At the present time, when the "Franco-British *entente*" is on everyone's mind, I do not think I am wrong (when I look over articles on pipers and pipe music) in saying that the "green and white facings" of the usual piper's dress recall to mind the gallant "Guarde Ecosse" and the ancient Franco-Scottish relationship of days long gone bye. I believe I am right in saying that the Scots Guards of France did wear green and white, which colours are to-day perpetuated in pipers' uniforms from the time of Queen Mary.

I am sending you herewith a tune I have composed, The Buchanan March—(Green and White Facings).—Yours truly, J. D. Ross WATT, L.D.S.

East London, South Africa.

JOHN A. M'KAY, WINDSOR, ONT., CANADA.—I have sent you copies, as desired; also yearly booklet of the Clan Mackay Society, of which every real clansman ought to be a member. The secretary is Mr. W. Urquhart Mackay, 104 Sauchiehall Street, Glasgow, and the Annual Subscription is only 2/6; life membership, £3 3s.

"Her Own Way"

(Miss MAXINE ELLIOT).

From Photo by Histed.

When I knew her she as a mite,
Elfish imp with glances bright,
In the wrong or in the right,
She always had
Her own way.

Later on in girlhood's day,
Let her whim be what it may,
With her schoolmates, work or play,
She ever won
Her own way.

Once I met her in a wood
('Twixt us both the bracken stood),
Meant to kiss her if I could;
She taught me in
Her own way.

Coming one day on a stile,
Only crossed in single file,
She my hand with just a smile,
Pressed, and took
Her own way.

On a stroll one moonlit night,
Taking what was mine by right,
Whisp'ring of a certain rite,
She answered me
Her own way.

When the priest said "and obey,"
Thought I then, "What *will* she say?"
"Love and honour . . . *dis*obey"
Replied she in
Her own way.

Now she never seems to get
From me what she wants, and yet,
I will wager any bet,
She always has
Her own way.

London. **H.-MACNAUGHTAN-JONES.**

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications on literary and business matters should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 10 Bute Mansions, Hillhead, Glasgow.

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THE CELTIC MONTHLY.

SEPTEMBER, 1908.

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NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

As this issue completes Volume XVI. Subscribers desirous of receiving the Magazine for another year should forward their Contribution (4s. post free) (Readers in Canada and the United States can send a dollar note) at once to the Editor, Mr. John Mackay, 10 Bute Mansions, Hillhead, Glasgow.

BOUND VOLUMES.

VOLUME XVI., tastefully bound in cloth, gilt title, can be had for 6s. post free; also Volumes VIII. to XV., at 6s. per volume, post free, from the Editor, Mr. John Mackay, 10 Bute Mansions, Glasgow.

"The Hon. Peter Mackenzie, A.D.C. to the King." (A Genealogical Query).—Sir,—In reference to Mr. Henry Hudson's enquiry as above, at page 170, of last *Celtic*, I think his difficulty will be solved if he will consult the late Mr. Mackenzie's *History of the Mackenzies*, in the chapter devoted to the Cromarty family. My edition of the book is the first (1879) to which I subscribed at the time; and at page 414, I find amongst the children of John, second Earl, the fourth son, "Patrick." This is obviously the "Peter" enquired about, as "Peter" and "Patrick" were frequently used indifferently as synonymous— at least I have known them so. The chapter in question is pretty full and explicit, and Mr. Hudson will, I think, obtain all he wants.—I am etc.,

Komgha, South Africa, A. D. C.
20th July, 1908.

IN PRAISE OF KINTYRE.

The Western Isles are bonnie,
And their mountains tower so grand
Above the trailing cloud and mist
That sweep o'er sea and land;
But my weary heart is sighing,
And my laggard footsteps tend
To the dear scenes of my boyhood,
Kintyre's sweet gem—Southend.

There are those who sing the praises
Of the charming Sound o' Sleat,
The skirl of Rory's piping,
And the tread of Angus' feet;
But I'll give them all the go-bye,
And my warmest love I'll send
To the land of Colum-Cille,
And the kind folks in Southend.

O! the glory of the mornings
When the sun bathes hill and lea,
And guardian of this treasure
Stands grim Dunavertee;
The land of Cowal may be fair
And thousands thither tend,
But my aching heart is yearning
For the peace of dear Southend.

Bright purple paints its hillsides,
And rich yellow decks its plain,
And Sabbath quiet can here be found
To soothe the weary brain;
Of the bustle of the city
I can gladly spare and lend
For a romp among the heather,
And a month in sweet Southend.

O! the joy of summer mornings
When we drive off from the tee,
And our balls fly up and onwards
In thy line, Dunavertee,
And on the "Mount of Zion"
We watch the "Hazel" send
Its waves to sing an *oran*
On thy glistening sands, Southend.

And dim across the waters
We see green Erin's shore,
And the frowning cliffs of Sanda
Tell of the days of yore
When the Vikings sought its shelter,
And Macdonald and his men
Gave the land a thrilling story,
To the glory of Southend.

Now laggard are my footsteps,
And joyless is my heart,
For soon *Ceann-tir*, the fairest,
And its exile sons must part;
But in Glasgow's bustling city,
And beside the winter fire,
I'll dream of bliss and sunshine
As I found them in Kintyre.

10 Bute Mansions, Glasgow. John Mackay.

J. A. Munro, S. Canterbury, New Zealand.—Thanks for subscription for volumes 16 and 17. Have altered address as desired.

J. C. Thomson, Shanghai, China.—Your letter reached me when on holiday in Kintyre some days ago. The armorials of the Thomsons and a copy of Mr. Frank Adam's great work on the Clans, Septs and Regiments, have been sent, and I trust they will reach you ere this meets your eye.

The Bagpipe in War.

By Lieut. Ian Mackay Scobie,
Upper Burmah.

Oh that I had three arms, two for the Pipe
And one for the sword.—*Gaelic Song.*

There is no doubt that the antiquity of the bagpipe as a war instrument is very great. Dr. Fraser, a well-known authority on the instrument, says "It is more than likely that the Celts of Pannonia used the bagpipe in war, before the Christian era," and further mentions that "Prudentius, however (b. A.D. 348)—the greatest of the Roman Christian poets, is the first writer, so far as I am aware, to mention the bagpipe as a recognised instrument of war." He says:—"Signum Symphoniæ belli Aegyptis diderat"—which, when translated, reads:—"The bagpipe gave the signal for the battle to begin, to the Egyptians," *i.e.*, the bagpipe sounded the charge. Thus early do we find the piper in the forefront of the battle!"

According to a Roman writer, Procopius by name, we learn that the bagpipe became "the recognised marching instrument of the Roman Infantry."

On the downfall of the Roman Empire, however, the pipes fell into disuse as a war instrument, and we hear no more of them as such until the early part of the 15th century, when they began to supersede the war song of the bards in the Highlands of Scotland.

How and when they first came into
CELTIC SCOTLAND IS
still an unsolved mystery and a bone of contention amongst historians. It is sufficient, however, to say that, although other nations certainly had pipes of various kinds, at one time or another in their history, the Highlanders of Scotland were the only ones to really develop and improve the instrument on proper lines, composing a class of music specially suited for it, and thus making it, both in peace and war, their national instrument.

As a musical instrument of war the Great Highland Bagpipe, or "Piob Mhor," stands without equal, its shrill and penetrating notes being well suited to the roar and din of the battle, either when calling to the charge, encouraging the pursuit, or checking the retreat, in enlivening the weary march, or in rousing the "crith gaisge" or "tremblings of valour," to be followed later by the "mire chath," or frenzy of battle, which hurled the Gael like a veritable avalanche on the foe.

It may be interesting to mention here that the Highland bagpipe is louder and shriller than any other, as it was always intended to be used as an instrument of war. According to the author of "The Highland Bagpipe," pipe music has been known to have been heard at a distance of six miles, and, under specially favourable conditions, of ten miles. A bagpipe in the possession of the Duke of Sutherland, which was used in the Rising of 1745, has been heard at a distance of eight miles. Up till about 1800 the war-pipe had two drones, the third one only being added at the commencement of the 19th century.

It was only natural amongst an essentially war-like people like the Highlanders that their favourite instrument should have qualities fitting it to be useful in war, and we have only to look at its repertoire of music, particularly the more ancient

"CEOL MOR," OR PIOBAIREACHD,

to see that war indeed formed the theme of a large number of its tunes. That the pipes are eminently adapted for conveying the highest feelings of human passion and emotion, especially in regard to war, nobody can deny who has heard a Piobaireachd such as "The Desperate Battle" properly played. To a Highlander such a tune brings vividly before him the whole battle scene—the changing fortunes of the fight, the clash of arms, the shouts of the combatants, the shrieks and groans of the wounded and dying, and the terrible scene of carnage as night descends on the battlefield, covering friend and foe, the living and dead, under her mantle.

Neil Munro, that most Highland of all our writers, thoroughly understands this feeling when he says, writing of the Piobaireachd "Cogadh na sith" in

"THE LOST PIBROCH";

"'Peace or war, peace or war; come which will, we care not,'" sang the pipe reeds, and there was the muster and the march, hot-foot rush over the rotting rain-wet moor, the jingle of iron, the dunt of pike and targe, the choked roar of hate and hunger, batter and slash and fall, and behind, the old, old feud with Appin!"

In the preface to Ross' Pipe Collection, written by the Rev. Norman MacLeod, we read that "the bagpipe is the instrument best adapted for summoning the clans from the far-off glens to rally round the standard of their chiefs, or for leading a Highland regiment to the attack amidst the roar of battle. . . In the Lament we expect a sadness, but even in "the summons to battle," with all its fire and energy, it cannot conceal what it seems already to anticipate—sorrow for the slain."

The strange effect of the pipes on Highlanders and Scotsmen generally is too well

known to be entered into largely here. Whether in peace or in war, it is all the same, that indescribable thrill, that war-like feeling aroused even in the most peacable of us, which is always a source of wonder to the stranger.

Men who, although

HIGHLAND ONLY IN NAME

or descent, or in some cases not even knowing the land of their origin, have been greatly affected on hearing the pipes for the first time, thus showing to what an extent this peculiar instrument has engraved itself in the past on the Highland character.

As a fine example of the powerful influence exercised by the pipes on the Scottish Highlander, we cull the following passage from Neil Munro's "John Splendid"—"On a sudden there rose away before us towards the mouth of the glen the sound of a bagpipe. It came on the tranquil air with no break in its uproar, and after a preparatory tuning it broke into an air called "Cogadh na Sith"—an ancient braggart pibroch made by one Macruimen of the Isle of Skye—a tune that was commonly used by the Campbells as a night-retreat or Tattoo.

"My heart filled with the strain. It gave me not only the simple illusion that I saw again the regimentals of my native country—many a friend and comrade among them in the shelter of the Castle of Inverlochy—but it roused in me a spirit very antique, very religious and moving too, as the music of his own land must in every honest Gael.

"Cruachan for ever!" I said lightly to M'Iver, though my heart was full.

"He was as much touched by that homely lilt as myself. 'The old days, the old styles!' said he. 'God! how that pibroch stings me to the core!' And as the tune came more clearly in the second part, or Crunluadh, as we call it, and the player maybe came round a bend of the road, my comrade stopped in his pace, and added, with what in another I might have thought a sob—'I've trudged the world; I have learned many bravadoes, so that my heart never stirred much to the mere trick of an instrument but one, and the Piob Mhor conquers me. What is it, Colin, that's in us, rich and poor, yon rude cane-reeds speak so human and friendly to?'

"'Tis the Gaelic," I said, cheered myself by the air. "Never a roar of the drone or a sob of the chanter but's in the Gaelic tongue."

"'Maybe,' said he, 'maybe: I've heard the scholats like yourself say the sheep-skin and the drones were Roman—that or Spanish, it's all one to me. I heard them at Boitzenburg, when we gave the butt of the gun to Tilly's soldadoes, they played us into Holstein, and when the ditch of Stralsund was choked with the

TARTAN OF MACKAY,

and our lads were falling like corn before the hook, a Reay piper stood valiantly in front and played a salute. Then and now it's the pipes, my darling!'"

Again, let us see what that well-known writer of Highland stories, James Grant, has to say in regard to the effect of the pipes on the Gael in battle. In his book, "The Romance of War," speaking of the defence of the Rock of Maya in the Peninsular War, he says:—"As the battalion (the Gordon Highlanders) moved in open column of companies along the hill-top from the camp towards the pass, Colonel Cameron addressed a few words to them, exhorting them to fight to the last man, and maintain the ancient fame of the North. He reminded them that they were not only fighting merely for the defence of Spain, but of those homes where their kindred dwelt. His voice became drowned in the din of the conflict which rolled along the face of the hills, and Stuart heard only the concluding part of the address, and part of it was in Gaelic. 'Highlanders! we shall have a bloody Sabbath here to-day; but we go forth to shed our blood that the Sabbath bells may ring in peace at home, in those green straths and wooded glens where many a Scottish heart is praying for us at this hour.' The sound of the pipes, as the piper on the flank of each company struck up

"ON WI' THE TARTAN,"

was the only reply. What a gush of indescribable feeling came through every breast, when the blast of the pipe was heard at such a moment! Every eye lighted up, and every cheek flushed: the effect of the sound of that strange instrument on the sons of Caledonia is well known."

Returning to the early times when we first hear of the pipes as a war instrument, we see them used in conjunction with the bard. To quote from W. L. Manson's interesting work on the pipes: "The bards who preceded the pipers as an inspiring military force seemed themselves not only susceptible to the influence of the "Mire chath," but capable of imparting it to others. Before the battle they passed from clan to clan giving exhortation and encouragement in wild and recitative strains, and rousing the feelings of the warriors to the highest pitch of frenzy. When the noise of the fight drowned their voices, the pipers, after they became general as military instruments, kept the enthusiasm alive. Both bard and piper helped when the battle was over to celebrate the deeds of those who had survived, and the honour of those who had fallen, the piper's part

of the work being more often the playing of Laments for the departed."

As time went on, however, the piper gradually superseded both the harper and the bard, and reigned supreme at the feast or on the battlefield.

In 1314, at the Battle of Bannockburn, we hear that the Clan Menzies took their pipes with them, and that they were played by one of their hereditary pipers. In fact, remains of these pipes are still in existence. There is also mention made in a poem on the battle that both bards and pipers were employed to urge the clans to victory.

At the great clan fight on the North Inch of Perth in 1390 we are told that "the clans stalked into the barriers to the sound of their own great war-pipes," and Sir Walter Scott in "The Fair Maid of Perth," tells us in his account of the fight that each side had its own piper, and that "when they saw that the conflict was well nigh terminated for want of men to support it, threw down their instruments, rushed desperately upon one another with their daggers, and each being more intent on despatching his opponent than in defending himself, the piper of Clan Quhele was almost instantly slain, and he of Clan Chattan mortally wounded. The last, nevertheless, again grasped his instrument, and the pibroch of the clan yet poured its expiring notes over the Clan Chattan while the dying minstrel had breath to inspire it. The instrument which he used, or at least a part of it called the chanter, is preserved in the family of Macpherson of Cluny, chief of Clan Chattan, and is much honoured under the name of the "Feadan dubh," or Black Chanter." Another tradition, however, says that during the progress of the fight an aerial piper appeared, who, after playing some wild strains, let his pipes drop to the ground. Being made of glass, they were broken by the fall, except the chanter, which was of lignum vitæ, and which was secured by the Clan Chattan piper, to be afterwards kept as a memento of the fight. On the retention of this "Feadan dubh" in the family is supposed to rest the prosperity of the house of Cluny.

It is said that at the Battle of Harlaw in 1411 the Highland army charged to the sound of piobaireachd "deafening to hear," and that in 1431 at the Battle of Inverlochy the war-pipes were largely in evidence. In fact, all through the 15th century we continually come across references to the pipes being used in war, and towards the end of that century they may be considered to have become inseparable from the Highlander on the field of battle.

(To be continued.)

GAELIC PROVERBS AND MAXIMS.

PART I.

The following Gaelic Proverbs were collected chiefly in Carnish, North Uist. We believe the most of them are not to be found in published collections.

KENNETH MACLEOD.

A' cheud ghloine do fhear-an-tighe 's an ath fhear do'n aoidh.

The first glass to the host, and the next to the guest.

The custom is still followed by old-fashioned Highlanders. The idea, probably, is to show the guest that there is no poison in the drink.

A' fàs ris an uaigh.

Growing towards the grave.

Applied to a growing young person who is not likely to live long.

A' ghaoth 'dh' fhàgas a' Challainn bidh i buan fad na bliadhna.

Hogmanay's wind will be the prevailing wind of the year.

See Nicolson's Collection—p. 191.

Amaisidh an dall air a réilig.

Even the blind can find his grave.

Am an treabhaidh, 'n uair thòisicheas an talamh ri sgeith na h-ùrach.

The time for ploughing, when the ground begins to cast up earth.

After severe frost?

Am bodach-ruadh nach obadh dubhan.

The codling that ne'er refuses hook.

The codling is as a rule keen on the bait.

Am fear a thigeadh a bhuain mòine h-ugam, h-uige rachainn.

He who would cast peats for me, for him I'd cast.

Am fear nach seall ri 'ghnothach, cha seall a ghnothach ris.

If a man looks not after his business, his business won't look after him.

Am fuachd a ghiùlaineas a' ghaoth Tuath chum na h-àirde Deas, tillidh o'n Deas 'na dhìle fhuar is teas 'na dhéigh.

The cold carried by North wind to South airt returns from the South as cold rain with heat after.

Am Mada Beag's am Mada Mòr's am Mada Gruamach, ach b'e 'm mada Loch-na-Mada fhéin.

The Little Hound and the Big Hound and the Fierce Hound, but the biggest hound of all is Lochmaddy itself.

Lochmaddy—the loch of the hounds—gets its name from three rocks, resembling crouching dogs, which lie near the entrance to the bay and are called respectively am Mada Beag 's am Mada Mòr 's am Mada Gruamach. Evidently some enemy or other thought the word "Mada," or hound, described the people as well as their rocks—hence the proverb. A more recent saying about Lochmaddy is—"Cha'n'eil 'an Loch-na-

Mada ach Beurl' is acras"—"there's nothing in Lochmaddy but English and hunger."

An aon dithis aig nach'eil òrdugh pòsaidh: an sagairt's Am-Fear-nach-Fhiach.

The only two without marrying orders: the priest and the Worthless One.

The Worthless One is, of course, Auld Nick. The saying is attributed to a well-known Uist bard and catechist, Alexander MacDonald, better known as the Dall Mòr—see Rev. Archibald MacDonald's *Uist Bards*. It seems that one of the Uist priests, while on a visit to MacDonald of Balranald, ventured to reprove the blind catechist for the irreligious tone of some of his songs, whereupon the latter suggested that, instead of discussing secular matters, they should have a theological talk. In the course of the discussion which followed, the catechist proposed this question:—"Who are the only two that have not received marrying Orders?"—and the priest failing to solve it, he himself gave the above answer. Not only is it a hit at celibacy, but by a clever use of the word "òrdugh" it is insinuated that a priest has no valid orders at all. "Ordugh baistidh is pòsaidh" is the usual Gaelic phrase for ordination.

An cunnart a chaidh seachad, is cùis fharmaid e.

A past danger is an enviable danger.

Enviable in the sense that it is nice to talk about it afterwards.

An déigh tàirneanaich a' gheamhraidh thig aona chuid sìde ro mhath no sìde nan seachd siant'.

After winter thunder, comes either very good weather or the weather of the seven elements.

"Sìde nan seachd siant'"—"the weather of the seven elements"—is the roughest weather that could possibly come—a mixture of wind and rain, snow and frost, thunder and lightning, and hailstone.

An dithis mu dheireadh a thréigeas tu: do chù is mac do pheathar.

The two last to desert you: your dog and your sister's son.

Supposed by some to be one of "Facail na Féinne"; others suggest that the latter part refers to St. Paul's sister's son.

Ann am priobadh sùil muice.

In the twinkling of a pig's eye.

'An latha math thoir do chòta leat, 's an droch latha dean mar thogras tu.

On the fine day take your coat with you, on the bad day do as you like.

An ni nach toigh leat earb ri fear eile.

The work you don't like entrust to another.

i.e. A man who doesn't like his work isn't likely to succeed in it.

An rud a bhios a stigh is dual dha gu'n tige mach.

What's in the mind will out.

An rud a chì sùil fharmadach, miannaichidh cridhe farmadach.

What the envious eye sees, the envious heart desires.

An uair a bhios na Fir-chlis ri mire 's gann nach dean iad milleadh.

When the Merry-Dancers play they are like to slay.

The playfulness of the Merry-Dancers is supposed to end occasionally in quite a serious fight. Next morning, when children see red patches of lichen on the stones, they say among themselves: "The Merry-Dancers bled each other last night"—"Thug na Fir-chlis fuil air cach a-chéile an raoir."

An uair a thachras an dà iarunn cho cruaidh, is dual dhaibh dealachadh.

When the two irons are equally hard, rebound they must.

Applied to two persons equally quarrelsome and disagreeable.

An uair a théid, a' ghrian fodha, teichidh m' fhaileas; ach grian ann no as, cha teich mo cho-dhalt'.

When the sun sets, my shadow forsakes me; but in shade or shine, true is my foster-brother.

An uair thig Rocaburra ris,
Is dual gu'n téid an soghal a sgrios.
When Rockall comes up to view—
That the world will sadly rue.

There are two Rockalls—the one which does exist and the one which doesn't, except in the mythical lore of the Outer Hebrides. After the manner of the MacLeod fairy-flag, the mythical Rockall has appeared twice already; when it appears for the third time, the destruction of the world may be expected.

Aoidheachd Mhuisein: siuthad, siuthad, a bhean-an-tighe, cha'n'eil thu 'gabhail sianadh.

The churl's hospitality: help yourself, goodwife, you're taking nothing.

The inference is that the churlish host, instead of attending to the guest, is attending to his own wife.

Aoidheachd Thormaid Mhòir: fuirich, fuirich, tha chearc 's a' chliabh, 's a' bhean 's a' chladach.

Big Norman's hospitality: stay, stay, the hen's in the creel, and the wife's at the shore.

This meant a wholesome diet of eggs and shell-fish. The proverb illustrates well that true Highland hospitality which gladly shares its all, however little that may be, with the stranger.

Aois leisgein: ceithir-fichead ri muir-tràigh, 's tri-fichead ri muir-làn, is gann á fichead 'n uair bhios a' ghealach slàn.

The sluggard's age: eighty at low-water, sixty at high-water, and scarcely twenty when there's full moon.

At low-water, while the sea-ware is being gathered for manure, the sluggard is as feeble as a man of eighty; at high-water, when less difficult work is engaged in, the sluggard is slightly livelier, but is still incapable of much exertion; but when night comes, especially if there should be moonlight, he is as lively as a young fellow of twenty, and probably walks many miles on courting errands.

Baile fada-gu-latha.

The Township of the long night.

Literally, "The long-till-day township." The reference is to Paible, a populous township in North Uist. Long ago a worthy stranger happening to spend a night in the place, some mischievous lads covered up his bedroom window from the outside, with the result that the night was lengthened out

by many hours. Several times the astonished stranger was heard to mutter—"B'e so am baile fada-gu-latha." "What a long-till-day township."—hence the proverb. It is to be feared the saying is now applied to Paible in an intellectual and even in a religious sense.

B' annsa leam ministeir-maide na madadh-ministeir.

Better a wooden minister than a ministerial hound.

Said by a ploughman who had served under two ministers. One was a Moderate and a gentleman, the other was an Evangelical and a tyrant. To a friend who asked his opinion of the respective merits of the "ministear maide" and the "ministear diadhaidh," the ploughman replied as above.

Beinn-a-bhaoghla, a' bheinn a's motha air an t-saoghal.

Benbecula the biggest Ben in all the world.

So the Benbecula people are accused of saying—by their enemies, of course. "Leòm nam Baolach"—"The conceit of the Benbecula folk"—is also a common proverb in the Outer Hebrides. On the other hand, the Benbecula people use even less flattering expressions regarding their neighbours of North and South Uist.

(To be continued.)

TIR-NAN-ÒG.

PERHAPS there was hail there, and snow as well,
And the bitter biting of cold rain winds;
Perhaps there was pain there, and longings fell,
For the things that lay there beyond the hills;
Yet I never see it so:
For the rivers are running free of ice,
And sparkling clear in the sun's bright rays;
Where there never was sorrow or darkened ways,
But the gladsome shining of golden days,
And a sainted presence there.
Where the mountains whispered of Tir-nan-òg.

The rivers sang there a wondrous plaint,
In the wild cascades and the deep dark pools;
Impetuous Roy with ringing notes, sinking to murmurings low and faint.
Stately Spean, whose granite rocks were crowned with berry and tree;
How oft have I wandered there—
Awaking the roe deer couched in the fern,
Where Ben Clianaig, the Stob, and the Aonach Mòr,
Raised proud crests to the starry floor,
Of Flath-Innis' secret door;
Sending down on the mountain breeze,
The echoes of far-off Tir-nan-òg.

The woods are aglow there with myriad tints,
Cast by the sun through their flickering leaves,
On starry mosses, and quiet brown pools,
Where the peace of God on the mountain breathes;
And the foam-flecked waters go,
In diamond spray thrown bright and clear,
Over the rocks where the berries red,
Wave dew-wet from their glossy bed,
On shining trailers 'mid heather spread;
And the pungent myrtle scents the air,
In the land that whispers of Tir-nan-òg.

Sweet in those glens 'twas to live and wait,
The changeful scenes as the seasons passed;
At one with the sparkling winter nights, or the long sweet summer twilight late,
Wandering down by the Spean banks, or the fairy rocks of the rushing Roy;
In dreamland I wander still—
For never another land can wean my heart
From hearing the songs in the sweet soft tones
Of the Gaelic tongue, or the skirl of the drones,
Flung up as the Pipe now thrills, now moans
In the wailing Pibroch that ever cries,
For the long-lost music of Tir-nan-òg.

I may wander here, I may wander there,
'Mid the roses of France, 'neath Italia's skies;
And give the homage of keen delight to scenes of nature and art so rare,
But the love of my heart is never gained: far, far from those sunny lands it hies
Winging its homeward flight—
Where the moon shines clear o'er the great Ben's height,
And the valley is steeped in the glamour of night;
Where the waters sparkle, and brown tarns lie,
Crowned with white lilies, and waving light,
Fringes of sedge, and the royal fern.
Ah, me, to see them now!
With the heather ablaze on the red Mull Roy,
Or the crisp keen air of October nights, when the leaves turn russet and gold,
And the creamy ferns hide the shy moor-hens, and to breathe there is joy untold;
To wander far up the fairy glens, watch star on star unfold,
Each mystic light above the hills;
There you catch the music of Tir-nan-òg.

Then when the night comes gently down, and sounds grow faint and still,
Things that were near look far away, and the hour of sleep draws near,
When the cry of the screaming eagle's hushed, and the shadows cross the hill,
And we wait with folded hands at peace, detached from earthly cares.
Gazing at that short dream we thought
So long, with its useless worry and fret,
O, may that hour of all the hours, find me at rest in those glens so fair,
With the prayers of my dear loved clan around rising like incense on the air,
The grand old Gaelic prayers I heard from our sainted mother there,
As the household nightly gathered round, their praise of God to share.
So light would my wandering steps fly home,
From the dark to the dawn in Tir-nan-òg.

ALICE C. MACDONELL, of Keppoch.

THE HEATHER'D HILLS.

The hills of Scotia high their heads may raise,
Proud of the race that long those hills shall praise!
When Scottish tongue to Scottish hearts shall sing,
With Scotia's praises shall the echoes ring!

"The land of Wallace and the land of Bruce,"
The simple phrase hath in it mighty use,
It kindles in the heart that holy fire
Which aye leaps up to light the tyrant's pyre.

O Scotland! all thy blood and all thy pain,
The tears thy children shed, are not in vain;
For 'round the globe are laurels twined for thee;
"The heather'd hills" still symbol liberty!

Atalanta, Ga., U.S.A. C. C. M'CLAUGHRY.

MURDOCH MACIAIN AND THE GREEN FAIRY OF GAICK FOREST.

THERE are many circumstances connected with this forest that give it an interest.

In the centre of Gaick there is a plain of about eight miles long, and in this plain there are three lakes—"Loch-an-t-Seillich," "Loch Viotain," and "Loch-an-Dùin"—all abounding with excellent trout and char, and other species of fish called dorman by the country people. This fish called dorman is large, with a very big head, and is believed to prevent salmon from ascending into the lakes. Some of them weigh from twenty to thirty pounds. The hills on each side of this flat are remarkably steep, with very little rock, and of considerable height, and in the south end there is a hill of a very striking appearance. Its length is about a mile. Its height is at least 1000 feet above the plain, and its shape is that of a house. This hill is called the Doune, and is the southern boundry of the forest. It was in Gaick that Walter Comyn was killed by a fall from his horse. He was probably a son of one of the Comyns of Badenoch, and certainly a very profligate young fellow. Tradition says that he determined on causing a number of young women to shear stark-naked on the farm of Ruthven, which was the residence of the Comyns in Badenoch. He was, however, called on business to Atholl, and the day of his return was fixed for the infamous exhibition. The day at last arrived, but instead of Walter, his horse made his appearance, with one of his master's legs in the stirrup. Search was of course made instantly, and the mangled body was found with two eagles feeding upon it; and although nothing could be more natural than that birds of prey should feed upon any dead carcase, yet the whole was ascribed to witchcraft, and the two eagles were firmly believed to be the mothers of two of the girls intended for the shearing exhibition. The place where Walter was killed is called "Leum na Feinne," or the Fingalian's Leap, and a terrible break-neck path it is. The fate of Walter is still proverbial in the Highlands, and when persons are very much excited without the power of revenge, "May the fate of Walter Gaick overtake you!" is not an uncommon expression. Stories of witches and fairies connected with Gaick are numberless, but the following two may serve as specimens:—A noted stalker was one morning early in the forest, and, observing some deer at a distance he stalked till he came pretty near them, but not altogether within shot, and on looking over a knoll he was astonished to see a number of little neat women dressed in green miking the hinds. These he knew at once to be fairies, and one of them had a hank of green yarn thrown over her shoulder, and when in the act of milking the deer the animal made a grab at the yarn with its mouth and swallowed it. The fairy, in apparent rage, struck the hind with the band with which she had its hind legs tied, saying, at the same time, "May a dart from Murdoch's quiver pierce your side before night." Murdoch was the person listening, from which it may be inferred that the fairies were well acquainted with his dexterity at deer-killing. In the course of that same day Murdoch killed a hind, and on taking out the entrails he found the identical green hank that he saw the deer swallow in the morning. It is said that it was preserved for a long period as a great curiosity, and no wonder! for it would make a most valuable acquisition to one of our museums had it been preserved till now. Upon another occasion the same person was in the forest, and, having got within shot of a hind on the hill called the Doune, he took aim, but when ready to fire he observed that it was a young women who was before him. He immediately took down his gun, and then it was a deer. He took aim again, and then it was a women, but when the gun was lowered it became a deer. At last he fired, and the deer fell in the actual shape of a deer. No sooner had he slain the hind than he was overpowered with sleep, and having rolled himself in his plaid, he laid himself down in the heather. His repose, however, was not of long duration, for in a few minutes a loud cry was thundered in his ear saying, "Murdoch! Murdoch! you have this day slain the only maid of the Doune," upon which Murdoch started up and replied, "If I have killed her, you may eat her," and immediately quited the forest as fast as his legs could carry him. It may be remarked that this man was commonly called "Murchadh MacIan," or Murdoch, the son of John. His real name, however, was Macpherson. He had a son that took holy orders, got a living in Ireland, and it is said that the late celebrated Mr. Sheridan is descended from a daughter of his. The most extraordinary superstition, however, was that of the belief of a "Leannan Sith" or a fairy sweetheart, and all inveterate deer-stalkers that remained for nights, and even weeks, in the mountains were understood to have formed such a connection. In these cases the earthly wife was considered to be in great danger from the machinations of the fairy mistress.

ARCH. C. MACDONALD, OTAGO, NEW ZEALAND.—Very pleased to receive your encouraging letter. Glad to learn that you find the "*Celtic* as bright and interesting as ever, and always delighted to see it." Many thanks for subscription for current and next volumes. Shall be delighted to hear that you have secured your two Highland friends as readers of the *Celtic Monthly*.

THE BADGER'S CAVE.

(A Tale of the Rising of 1715.)

CHAPTER VI.

DEEMING that the fugitive had now sufficient start, Janet roused the sleeping toper from his lengthened nap, rebuking him with well-feigned anger for his untimeous slumbers and neglect of his so onerous charge, and commanding him, without farther loss of time, to get their horses ready for their journey. Great was the dismay, loud the ululations of poor Grigor Gorach, when he found the stranger fled, and with him flown the wightest gerran in the Laird of Bracklyn's stables. Affecting equal astonishment, and scarcely less dismay, Janet declared that she had taken the stranger for a familiar of the inn; but that now on recollection it occurred to her he bore a remarkable resemblance to a certain Alaster Fiach whom she had once seen, and who was first cousin to Rob Roy, and a famous horse stealer, or rather general *lifter*, from the Braes of Balquidder. But the morrow being Stirling fair, to which it was probable the robber was bound with his booty, Janet cheering her disconsolate squire with the hope of their recovering the stolen steed, and with the joy of seeing Alaster Fiach, at full length, swinging from a *widdie* for his morning's work, at last prevailed on him to remount and proceed on their journey, he whimpering many a dolorous *ochone!* and she between whiles, and as her laughter permitted, pouring into his ear short speeches of consolation and encouragement.

The pseudo Alaster Fiach, meanwhile, was fast approaching the Castle of Doune, which was then garrisoned with Royalist soldiers, and near which he must of necessity pass. The bridge across the Teith, a short way above the castle, had been broken down at the commencement of the troubles, by order of Argyle; and Drummond was thus compelled to direct his course along the north bank of the river intending to pursue the road to Stirling by the narrow bridge across the Ardoch, a tributary of the former stream. Slackening his speed accordingly, to avoid suspicion, he proceeded through the village of Doune to this bridge, where he found his further progress barred by a dismounted dragoon, who was posted on it, and who demanded to see his pass. This was a contingency for which our traveller was not prepared. A pass indeed had been obtained from the young Laird of Bracklyn; but, alas, it was at that moment in the hostelry at the Burn of Cambus, safely deposited in the innermost recesses of Janet Bane's voluminous pocket. In vain was it that Drummond represented himself as one of the young Laird of Bracklyn's followers, and at the moment commissioned on his affairs to Stirling. In vain was it that he represented the business on which he was sent as most urgent and demanding haste. In vain was it that in proof of being in reality what he represented himself, he pointed to the trappings of his steed and the *set* of his tartan. The sentinel was a surly Southron, who knew little and cared less about the Highland clans and their sets of tartan, which covered, as he swore, but a pack of lousy rascals, who were, to a man, either rebels or robbers; and seizing hold of Drummond's horse by the the bridle, he insisted on his accompanying him to the guard-house at the castle, that he might there duly report him to the officer on duty.

Drummond knew well that a visit to the guard-house would, under present circumstances, be tantamount to his death warrant; for as he was widely known throughout that district, he could not fail to be recognised by some one among the officers in the castle or their men. Accordingly, while the dragoon was leading his horse down the steep path which conducts to the castle from the high road, watching his opportunity, he struck him with the butt-end of his pistol so heavy a blow on the arm that it compelled him instantly to relinquish his hold, stunning him for the moment; then spurring his horse against him he rolled him down the bank into the rivulet, and wheeling round galloped off at full speed across the bridge and along the high road which leads direct to Stirling. The dragoon, however, lost not an instant in raising the hue and cry, and few minutes had passed ere with four of his comrades he was mounted and in full pursuit of the fugitive.

At the point where the roads to Dunblane and Stirling diverge, a deep irregular fir-wood skirted the latter on both sides of the way for upwards of a mile. This, fortunately for Drummond, allowed the road only to be seen in short reaches at a time; for just as he had cleared the farthest extremity of this wood, he was suddenly met by a detachment of foot-soldiers, sent that morning from Stirling to replace the troop of Portmore's dragoons, then on duty at the Castle of Doune; the latter being ordered to the westward for the purpose of scouring the glens and suspected places in which it was supposed the Marquis of Tullibardine and other Jacobite leaders were secreted. Considering the furious rate at which he was advancing suspicious, the officer in command of the detachment halted his men across the road with a view to intercept his passage. But Drummond assuming a look of earnestness and anxiety exclaimed, "For God's sake, sir, delay me not. The good lady of Argaty, my mistress, is taken in sudden labour,

and I am sent in haste to fetch the *howdie.*" The ruse took. Argaty was a known loyalist, and the young officer laughingly wishing the lady a happy minute and King George a nice young he whig subject at the end of it, opened his ranks and allowed the messenger of Lucina to post on his way rejoicing. But hardly had he done so, when he was made aware of his error, for hallooing and making signs to stop the fugitive the foremost of the drogoons now came in sight, and cursing himself for his simplicity, the officer with bootless rage commanded his men to send a volley after the Jacobite rascal! But the latter was now far beyond the reach of their fire. Past the high grounds of Keir, Drummond was now descending into the steep and narrow glen of the Allan, and he well knew that so soon as he had cleared this defile he would be, for two long miles, in full view of his pursurers and also in full view of Stirling Castle, then thronged with royalist troops.

While painfully revolving the difficulties that lay before him he had reached the narrow bridge over the Allan, where he found his passage for a moment stopped by two loaded carts of hay, on their way to the inn at the bridge. It chanced that the person in charge of the carts was a native of Strathearn, who, instantly recognising Major Drummond, after respectfully saluting him, exclaimed, "It's no fleeing ye are, sir, is it?"—"Ay, Duncan, and for my life," replied Drummond, "the dragoons are after me."—"Awa! awa! in God's name, then," rejoined Duncan, clearing a pass for him, "It'll gang sair wi' me, but I'll taigle the loons a gliffie!"—and thereupon deftly slipping one of the wheels off the foremost cart he overturned it in the very gorge of the bridgeway, sealing the pass almost hermetically, and bringing the hindmost cart so closely forward as to fix the fallen one immovably as with a wedge in its position. In vain did the furious dragoons as they came up storm at this interruption, and swear at the stupidity of the waggoner. Were they to sabre him upon the spot the matter would not be mended. After sundry ineffectual attempts to pass, therefore, they tried the river. But the farther bank was not only precipitious, it was also crowned at top with a high stone dyke, which extended up and down the river's side for upwards of a mile. They had nothing for it, therefore, but grumblingly to unite their efforts with those of the waggoner for the extrication of his carts; and after a shower of curses on him, for a stupid lout, to remount their horses and resume pursuit. Meanwhile, Duncan's stratagem had proved of incalculable service to Drummond. For ere his pursuers came again in sight he had entered the woody fringes of the romantic *Abbey-craig*, which then feathered the whole plain down to the very edge of the Forth, the high road to the east winding along the foot of the rock through a fine natural avenue of beech and birch.

When he had reached the termination of this avenue, Drummond suddenly dismounted, threw his plaid across the saddle of his horse, and setting him loose, drove him with a smart lash of his whip forward in the direction of the Abbey-ford. He then plunged into the heart of the wood, and doubling his way back through the dense copse to the central part of the craig, concealed himself in one of the shallow caves formed by masses of basalt in their fall from the stately colonnade which nature has extended along the whole front of that majestic rock. While making his way through the thicket, Drummond had the satisfaction of hearing the dragoons pass on at full gallop through the wood below; nor did they draw bridle till they reached the banks of the Forth, where they found the exhausted and deserted steed, with the rider's plaid across the saddle, the rider himself being nowhere to be found. It chanced that just as they came in view of the river they had observed a boat, containing but one person, cross to the opposite bank; and presuming, as his horse had been found near this spot, that the boatman was none other than the fugitive, they instantly dashed into the stream, swimming their horses over the deeper part, and resuming their chase and their search on the farther side. Being on a false scent, it is needless to say that their search, though active and long-continued, proved unavailing. After examining every field and ditch, and farm-steading and villa, below the Abbey-ford and the gates of Stirling, the dragoons were compelled to resign the search as hopeless, and returned at night-fall with a heavy heart to the Castle of Doune, where Janet Bane, having proved the identity and ownership of the stolen horse, and duly deponed to the circumstances of its abstraction while her squire attendant slept, it was restored to her, and she and the joyful Grigor once more set forward on their way to Stirling.

The residence of Bailie M'Killop, as of most of the wealthier burgesses then and still, was outside the walls of Stirling. It was on the right bank of the river, and consequently on the very spot that had been the theatre of the recent search. And though as a magistrate the bailie could not but lend his aid and countenance to the dragoons in performing their duty, yet guessing, as well from the nature of his late message by Janet Bane as from the description given him of the fugitive's person, that he was no other than his friend Drummond, it may

well be imagined that he experienced the utmost uneasiness during the continuance of the search, which he strove by every means in his power to abridge; the expedient which proved most effectual towards this end being the hospitable and prolonged refreshment to which he invited the pursuers, whom, more satisfied with their dinner than their chase, he sent back to Doune Castle, with a certificate under his hand, bearing that they had done their duty zealously and faithfully, though unfortunately, for the time, without success.

The same evening, towards midnight, having first ascertained that all his household had retired to bed, the bailie wandered forth anxiously along the bank of the river, judging that if Drummond were in the neighbourhood, he would probably approach his friend's habitation under cloud of the night. Nearly about the same time Drummond also ventured from his retreat, and concealed himself amid the ruins of Cambus-Kenneth Abbey, watching for some opportunity of crossing unperceived to the opposite side. While looking out from an upper window of the ruins, he descried the figure of a person walking slowly up and down on the right bank of the river, nearly opposite, and hoping that this might be his friend the bailie, he proceeded cautiously to the river's edge, and placed himself in a position in which he could not fail to be observed from the other side. In this hope he was not deceived. The bailie perceived him at once, but afraid to commit himself by speech in case of mistake, he commenced humming as to himself, though sufficiently loud to be heard on the opposite side, a well-known Jacobite air, "The Auld Stuarts back again;" to which Drummond instantly responded by humming, in like manner, another favourite song of his party, "The wee wee German Lairdie." This musical Freemasonry established at once a perfect understanding betwixt the two performers. The bailie forthwith launched into the river a boat, provided for the occasion, and after receiving his friend, and rowing him across, conducted him to his residence, where he concealed him in an apartment prepared for his reception, to which, it being the *sanctum* in which his rarest valuables as a trader were deposited, none had access save himself. Here he could be daily closeted with Drummond for hours, without awakening suspicion, and hither with his own hand he regularly brought him his meals, watching anxiously the while for any opportunity that might occur to forward his escape.

At length, on Tuesday, the 11th of April, a boat belonging to the Trollhättan, of Gottenburg, Jonas Peterson master, might be observed moored in the Forth, a short distance below the Abbeyford, and that evening, about dusk, a party, consisting of Bailie Mackillop, part owner of the vessel, and sole owner of the cargo, the skipper Peterson, and eight stout sailors, bearing on their shoulders boxes of various shapes and dimensions, might be seen to issue from the avenue that led from the river to the magistrate's dwelling, and proceed to the little bay where their boat lay moored. Rowing swiftly with the ebb tide down the romantic reaches of that noble river—so many, so mazy, and so short, as viewed at a distance, and from higher ground, to show like the glittering links of a vast silver chain—a little before midnight the party reached their ship, which lay at Alloa ready to sail; and when the sun rose next morning the Trollhättan might be seen midway the Firth, beyond Inch-Keith, all sails set, proceeding merrily on her voyage. In the course of that day the bailie returned to Stirling.

Among the eight sailors who rowed the owner and the skipper down the river might be noticed one remarkably handsome young fellow, who, in the act of rowing, displayed far more exertion and far less art than his brother sailors. This very energetic, though not expert, oarsman bore the name of David Vanderbrock, and despite the coaxing care that had for weeks been employed in copsing every height and hollow, angle or edge, of the facial promontory wherever with skilful husbandry a crop of hair could be raised, the keen observer might detect in him a marvellous likeness to the Laird of Bracklyn's whilome *taish*, and a still more startling likeness to the sometime "portioner" of Uamh-nam-broc.

The Trollhättan reached the sea-port of the Swede in safety, whence Mynheer Vanderbrock, after an affectionate parting with the worthy skipper, set off to join his friends in France, carrying with him a ponderous trunk, which the bailie had taken care to line liberally with bright Jacobuses, whose sovereignty was far more widely acknowledged than that of their unfortunate namesake; well knowing that there were in Strathearn and Strathallan who would gratefully, and if need were, with usury, repay him his advances.

Reader, our tale is ended. It adds another to the many recorded instances that bear testimony and tribute to the heroism and humanity of woman. And it may perhaps assist towards unteaching an opinion, as disparaging as it is unjust, and which a great many works of fiction in our day have a tendency to inculcate or encourage, that the rarest acts of female magnanimity have but one origin and object, and that a selfish one; that they always arise from

or terminate in the single absorbing egotistic principle of love.

It may appear to some of our fair readers who have framed their code of equity from modern practice and precedents, that poetical justice required either that Drummond should have fallen in love with one or other of his fair preservers, or that one or both of his fair preservers should have fallen in love with him. We are not insensible to the capabilities of such a denouement,—to the interest and the entanglements that might be thrown around the struggles of Drummond with his first attachment, and his plighted troth with the "Rose of Strathallan,"—the cross-purpose rivalry of the two female friends,—the studious concealment of their growing passion from its object and each other,—and the heroic, bosomed resolve of each in silence and secrecy to sacrifice her own happiness to that of her friend. But we are sober chroniclers, and may not deviate from the highway of history, however dull or however dusty, into the byeways of invention, however fair or however inviting.

Fairest of readers and gentlest of critics! none of these things so fell out. Drummond was married to Matilda Græme. He won distinction and attained high rank in the armies of France, but lived and died an exile from his native land. He lost his wife early, but she left him an only son, whose descendants now enjoy the possessions of his paternal ancestry. The young Laird of Bracklyn fell at the head of his regiment, fighting gallantly at Fontenoy. He was succeeded in his estates by his brother Norman, who, retiring from the army, married his sister's friend, and his boyhood's sweetheart, Esther Macallum. A friend and brother-officer of his having formed an ardent attachment to his sister Ellen, but being a younger son, and without fortune, exchanged the sabre for the coif, and fortunate in his profession as in love, after distinguishing himself as the ablest counsel at the Scottish bar, he was elevated to the bench, and died a senator of the College of Justice. When thirty years after the extinction of the first, a second rebellion broke out in Scotland, Norman and his brother-in-law, the judge, who took an active part in its suppression, used jestingly to denounce their wives as disaffected and dangerous persons, whom it would be their duty to report to their friends, President Forbes and Lord Milton, as suspected Jacobites, and confest harbourers of his Majesty's enemies. And at a later period, when Charles was in hiding after the battle of Culloden, whenever surprise was expressed that, notwithstanding the active search everywhere made for him, and the splendid reward offered for his capture, his place of concealment had remained so long undiscovered, the brothers-in-law would laughingly observe, that it was idle to search for the fugitive prince in the wilds of Arisaig, the mountains of Strathglass, or the forest of Benalder, he being at that moment snug in the Glen of Bracklyn under the protection of their wives, who, seeing their matron forms had now "assumed a proportion too round" for such active duty, had assigned the place of lifeguards and videttes to fairies and spunkies of slenderer waist and lighter foot, watched over by whom the Prince Regent was then lodged in safety and in state in the interior apartments of his Royal castle of Uamh-nam-broc. *(Concluded.)*

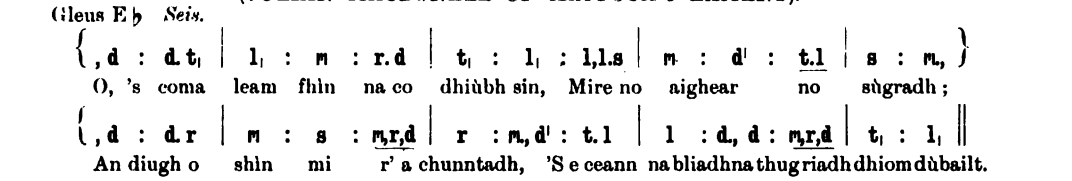
OUR MUSICAL PAGE.

THE following song is from Finlay Dunn's "Orain na h-Albann," where it is called "Julian MacDonell's Lament," and the editor, in a note, says it was called forth by the death and absence of several of the relatives of the authoress. And he also says: "The following remarkable circumstance is related of her, and generally believed in the Highlands. Allusion is made to it in one of her songs:—It appears that she lay in a kind of trance or stupor for three years, during which time she was deprived of the use of speech, and took no nourishment."—C. M. P.

OUMHA LE SILIS NI MHIC RAONAILL NA CEAPAICH

(JULIAN MACDONELL OF KEPPOCH'S LAMENT).

Gleus E♭ *Seis.*



'S i so bhliadhna 's faid a chlaoidh mi,
Gun cheòl, gun aighear, gun fhaoilteas;
Mi mar bhàt air tràigh air sgaoileadh
Gun stiùir, gun seòl, gun ràmh, gun taoman.
'S i so bhliadhna chaisg air m' àilgheas;
Chuir mi fear mo thighe 'n càradh
An ciste chaoil 's na saoir 'ga sàbhadh:
O 's mis' tha faoin 's mo dhaoin air m' fhàgail.
Chaill mi sin 's mo chuilean gràdhach,
Bha gu foinnidh, fearail, àillidh,
Bha gun bheum, gun leum, gun àrdan;
Bha guth a bhéil mar theud na clàrsaich.